

LIFE COACHED

"CERTIFIED"

EPISODE 101 / PILOT

Written
by
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Based on a Story
by
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DRAFT --{ May 11 2020 }--

COLD OPEN

OVER BLACK:

A shitty infomercial begins with motivational saxophones over synth/crap beats. Cheesy titles (in Papyrus font!):

"GROOM UR LIFE!" IT'S YA GIRL PRESENTS: NOW CERTIFIED!!!"

INT. VERNICE'S (SEPIA-TONED) KITCHEN

Overacting at the sink, VERNICE (40s) is "overwhelmed"...

Surrounded by art-directed clutter her countertop is buried in dishes, car parts, old loose food, & random wet laundry.

A cat steps gingerly around the currently-chewed scenery and Vernice (lotsa FACE/BIG hands!) at her "rope's end."

NARRATOR

That's Vernice. Her life? A total mess! Just a chronically absurd and big dumb web of always-toxic relationships. Poor life choices. Unmanageable even!!

VERONICA

(turns to camera)

My mess? Completely unmanageable!

Distracted by a suddenly HISSING VOICE, just off-camera...

LEORA (O.S.)

MEOW. SPPT! SPPT!! SPPT!!!

INT. VERNICE'S (TECHNICOLOR) LIVINGROOM

An empty, well-appointed room. An overly-dressed figure (in heavy pageant make-up) enters, awkwardly back to camera...

LEORA

Sound familiar? Too close to home?

We ZOOM OUT to reveal LEORA (38) -- who turns around all smiles, air-knocking (she thinks) just out of frame...

LEORA (CONT'D)
 "Knock-Knock!" She's a disaster.

More AIR-KNOCKING. She stops to glare just off-camera.

LEORA (CONT'D)
 The fuck is that cat--

JUMP CUT: SAME SHOT -- Leora now sits, all-smiles again...

LEORA (CONT'D)
 Hi! I'm Leora Mitchell. Certified Life Coach. Have you been branded a burdensome failure? Pitied even? Do some or mostly all your friends look at you thinking Jesus Christ!
 (beat)
 If you just answered "NO" to the last one, then likely they do...

INT. VERNICE'S HOUSE / HALLWAY

On crutches, VERNICE hobbles around and out of frame...

LEORA (V.O.)
 Vernice was using food, an extra marital affair, and OTC mood-stabilizers. And all of the time!

Takes a bite of a cheeseburger. Applies some lipstick, then pops some pills. Clumsily manages around walls, furniture.

LEORA (V.O.)
 Using what we call "emotional" crutches...so? What'd did we do?!

Leora JUMPS OUT behind a plant and SLAPS the crutches away! Vernice falls. And HARD. Hits the ground just out of frame.

Takes out a coat-rack on her way down...

LEORA reacts. An off-camera GASP amid her growing concern.

LEORA
 (to camera)
 Don't worry. Cuz those crutches?
 ...They were "emotional" ones.

Off-camera, more whispers. Hushes of rising concern...

LEORA (CONT'D)
 It's just a METAPHOR GODDAMMI--

EXT. VERNICE'S (TECHNICOLOR) BACKYARD

VERNICE sits. Relaxing. Lush greenery & lattice work with a fancy outdoor waterfall sparkling fountain behind her...

VERNICE
 Leora's brand of unique motivation was key as I struggled to overcome and even recognize all of my daily obstacles. Getting to and at what "understandings" triggered all of my chaotic behaviors and now? Even my fibromyalgia is under control.

The CAMERA ZOOMS OUT as LEORA hands her a diploma (McRib coupons) and some fast-food placemats. They pose: FLASH!

LEORA
 See? Just look! I do get results--
 (aside; to camera)
 --no matter what your "fibroses!"

EXT. VERNICE'S BACKYARD

A hideous drawing of VERNICE'S FACE fills the screen...

Spray-painted on butcher paper, the word "FIBROMYALGAZZ" is crudely misspelled across a grotesque, raccoon-eyed monster face with GIANT FOAM TEETH below the sad mascara tears.

LEORA (V.O.)
 Something you can't even spell?!
 That's gonna kick your teeth in?

KICKING them out (ONE BY ONE!) the assault on each "tooth" gets more & more violent. Once satisfied, she PUNCHES OUT the rest of the face -- ripping through what's left of it.

LEORA
(to camera)
UMMM, HELL TO THAT NO...

Behind all the shreds an even uglier hand-drawn face is all smiles -- and with spray-painted text: "THE NEW VERNICE"

LEORA (CONT'D)
Let's meet "Veronica" instead...

VERNICE/VERONICA enters. Holding hands with a 6YR OLD KID.

VERNICE
(fake dumb accent)
The answers? All quite obvious.

6YR OLD KID
(to Vernice)
What'd you do?! Where's Old Mommy?

LEORA & VERONICA
Threw her in the trash, of course!

Quick ZOOM IN.

LEORA
Cuz what do we do with trash...?

INT. SUBURBAN FAMILY LIVING ROOM

On a big flatscreen TV...

VERONICA	YOUNG CHILD
We throw it out!	It gets thrown out!

...a family watches all three plaster smiles FREEZE on TV.

In stunned silence. Dumb-founded faces. All eyes remain fixed where they were...

MICHAEL & TRISH (30s) turn slowly in unison, both eager to clock a response from Leora -- still reacting between them with SHAR-SHAR the family dog (a Shar-Pei) in her lap.

TRISH
So...???!!

MICHAEL
Whaddaya think...?

LEORA
What do I think...?!

Off eachother's look, it's fairly obvious Leora & Shar-Shar don't share Trish's excitement (who can barely contain it).

TRISH
Tell us! Tell us! Tell us!

MICHAEL
Come on, Leora! Say it!

LEORA
(beat)
I think that I hope it's a joke.

OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE

Stylized montage in MACRO CLOSE-UP detailing harried days of a working suburban mom -- all to a 1968 live recording of "You Got What You Wanted" by Ike & Tina Turner...

SERIES OF SHOTS -- INT. MOVING CAR

- 1) TIGHT on manicured lady fingers tap the steering wheel.
- 2) MARC by Marc Jacobs purse next to a car seat.
- 3) A jumbled key chain with baby pictures in the console.

SERIES OF SHOTS -- INT. SUPERMARKET

- 1) TIGHT on wobbly grocery cart wheels moving on linoleum.
- 2) Random signage: NEW ITEM! MARKED DOWN! DEAL OF THE WEEK!
- 3) Items move on a conveyor belt at checkout.
- 4) Blinking barcode scanner, trashy gossip magazines.

SERIES OF SHOTS -- EXT. MOVING CAR

- 1) TIGHT on traffic signage, red lights, stop signs.
- 2) Running errands, dry cleaners, drive-thru pharmacy.
- 3) TIGHT on brake lights, outdoor bank clocks, etc.

SERIES OF SHOTS -- INT. PAPER SOURCE STORE

- 1) TIGHT on letterpress equipment, ink roller, paper stock.
- 2) Random signage: CUSTOM BUSINESS CARDS! DESIGN YOUR OWN!
- 3) Manicured lady nails tapping business card proofs.

SERIES OF SHOTS -- INT. BATHROOM MIRROR

- 1) RACK FOCUS of woman hurriedly primping in the mirror.
- 2) TIGHT on eyelash curling, lipstick, buttoning blouse.
- 3) TIGHT on fingers slipping biz cards in her bra-strap.

TITLECARD.

INT. FAMILY LIVING ROOM

As before.

TRISH
...wait, what?

LEORA
Cuz it's not funny. As a joke.

MICHAEL
Whoa, whoa, hold on.

LEORA
I think it's NOT GOOD, is what I think. I think it's REALLY SHITTY.

TRISH
Look, Jeremy worked HARD on this--

Trish points at the awkward, dejected teen in the corner.

TRISH (CONT'D)
--okay?! And he did it for free!

JEREMY (12) stands up. Stares at his feet. Tries to react but can't. Turns to face the corner again. Finally sits...

LEORA
Oh, cuz it was free I'm supposed to tell him he did a good fucking job?! WERE YOU NOT EVEN LISTENING TO THE COMMERCIAL?!!

MICHAEL
HEY, LISTEN!! You don't have to be so shitty about this you know...he did this as a favor. You need to be realistic. A FREE commercial?!!

LEORA
YOU should be realistic, Michael. Okay, cuz your kid? Clearly isn't good at this. Will he get better?

Sulking in the corner, JEREMY faces the wall -- and barely reacts to SHAR-SHAR running up to jump on his back...

LEORA (CONT'D)

Probably not. But you want me to SAY it was good? Because I don't make it a habit of lying to kids and their faces.

JEREMY tries swatting SHAR-SHAR away...

LEORA (CONT'D)

I just don't do it. Not a liar.

TRISH
WHAT?!!

MICHAEL
DON'T DO IT?!

LEORA

NOT A LIAR, Trish. You know that.
(to Michael)
And you knew that going in.

MICHAEL

Unbelievable! EVEN FOR YOU!!

SHAR-SHAR starts growling. Then BARKING. And biting Jeremy.

TRISH

HE WORKED ALL WEEK ON THIS.

LEORA

Would it matter if he worked all month?!! It's NOT good! And this is NOT a joke to me. And you! HEY--
(to Jeremy)
--THIS IS MY BUSINESS HERE, KID.

MICHAEL
GET OUT.

TRISH
SUCH A BITCH.

INT. BRUNCH RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

Wealthy & worried, LINDA (46) already feels self-conscious to be seated with an empty chair. Waiting. And drinking...

When LEORA finally arrives (in blackout shades) a MAÎTRE D' escorts her over. Digging in her purse, she sits and pulls out a rat's nest of adapter cords to shove into his hands.

MAÎTRE D'
Ma'am? Uhh--

LEORA
Yeah, could you just--

LEORA (CONT'D)
(handing him her phone)
--charge this for me in back? Got everything but the wall pluggy...

MAÎTRE D'
Ma'am, actually we don't have--

LEORA
Thank you so much...
(to Linda)
Most people won't do this--

MAÎTRE D'
But that's what I'm trying to say.

LEORA
--and actually? Most people are dicks about it. What's that about?

That shut him up.

LEORA (CONT'D)
So thanks for not being like that.
Oh, and I'll have a vodka soda...
(checking him out)
Well aren't you just a tasty treat
(to Linda)
Is that on the menu? Sure hope so.
(chuckling)
Also we don't have to talk now but do your eyelashes just... DO that?
Cuz they are out of hand. I mean, just perfection sorry, anyway...

MAÎTRE D'
(almost flattered)
Ahh yes, well. Thank you. Your waiter will be along shortly.

LEORA
VODKA SODA.

She turns back to Linda. Silent. Processing the exchange...

LEORA (CONT'D)
Soooo, Linda. How's it been?
What's happening. What's new,
what's going on...

LINDA
...Uhhh, well. I mean, you know...
basically all the same? But worse.
You know, it's quiet...kids off at
camp. And I wake up...and open the
shutters and...then, I don't know.
Wander around the house for awhile
and before I know it...? It's dark
again. All dark. Outside it's...
(beat; irritated)
Time to close the shutters. Again!

LEORA
Wow.

Grabbing the glass of chardonnay, Leora helps herself.

LINDA
And lately I've been thinking...
thinking a lot...about what you
said last time...and the part
about me being in charge...in
charge of my own feelings and--

Leora spits out Linda's drink, stifling her laughter.

LEORA
I SAID THAT?!!!

LINDA
UH, well, um--

LEORA (CONT'D)
I said that.

LEORA (CONT'D)

(laughs again)

Well maybe that's what you heard
girl, but I sure as shit didn't
say it!

She winks "Am I right?" to the next table...

LEORA (CONT'D)

I mean, lady come on! You've NEVER
been in charge of your shit. And--
(can't stop laughing;
starts doubling over)
--least of all your feelings?!

LINDA

Well, I...wait. I haven't?

LEORA

(baffled)

NO!!! I mean, wha--

(beat)

Okay. First off, anyone in charge
of their feelings ISN'T hiring me.
That's a given. Okay, second off?
Anyone that gives half as many
fucks as you do about what all
these other people think has put
all these other people in charge
of them anyway. Okay. NOT YOU!

LINDA

What people?

LEORA (CONT'D)

Everybody else.

LINDA

Everybody...else?

LEORA

(points around)

See?! That's the problem.

LINDA

(doesn't get it)

Umm, ok. Well, I'm not sure--

LEORA

LINDA. LADY. Do you have any idea how fucking exhausting it is to constantly pull you off a ledge...

(mocking child voice)

MMMMmmmm, nobody likes my new hair. A thousand dollars on highlights!! And nobody NOTICED or I spent THIS on a FRENCH TWIST and I spent BLAH BLAH BLAH to get another BLOW-OUT!

(beat)

IT'S EXHAUSTING.

LINDA

(standing her ground)

Well. Sorry it's so "exhausting" Leora, but that IS what I pay you for.

LEORA

Actually, NO! That's not what you pay me for.

LINDA

Wait, what?!

LEORA (CONT'D)

Wrong again.

LEORA (CONT'D)

You don't pay me to hand out star stickers and tell you BANG UP JOB for making lots of progress when you fucking clearly aren't. Okay?!

(beat)

Cuz you're NOT. Alright? If I came here to have lunch with you, which you're paying for? And told you...

(mocking child voice)

...ohhh, Linda! You're so pretty!! Boy! Really got her shit together, wow, it's like a stranger, I don't even recognize her...

(regular voice)

...then I'd be STEALING FROM YOU. And people would stop and stare, "See her?! THAT bitch got took!" And one thing that I'm NOT Linda, is a goddamn thief.

Leora swigs the last of Linda's chardonnay. She eyes the approaching WAITER -- and the vodka soda in his hand...

LEORA (CONT'D)
THERE YOU ARE! Thank God!
(impressed)
TIMING.

...as she tosses the swizzle stick into Linda's salad.

LEORA (CONT'D)
(takes a drink)
Linda? Take a note.
(gestures to waiter)
Bilko here has what we call
"Meridian Timing."

WAITER
Wait, what's Meridian Tii--

LEORA (CONT'D)
Bilko, great question!!!

EXT. BRUNCH RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Leora lights up next to her car. Shades back on. Checks her phone. Oblivious to the WAITER -- approaching from nearby.

WAITER
BILKO?! Really?!

Startled, Leora JUMPS, spitting out her cigarette.

LEORA
...oh shut up, Steve.

STEVE (30s) -- a scruffy smart-ass. An old friend. He knows where the bodies are buried. Even before Leora married up.

LEORA (CONT'D)
(grabs his pack)
So that's not your stupid--

STEVE
(reacts)
Bilko?!

LEORA (CONT'D)
(grabs his pack)
--middle name?!

Empty. The pack is empty. She looks up and gestures WTF?!

STEVE
Yeah, no. Not even close.

EXT. CORNER STORE - MOMENTS LATER

They exit together. Barely outside she's already lit up...

STEVE
Oh, and you owe me extra for all
that "Meridian Time" bullshit.

LEORA
Extra? She tipped you 30%!

STEVE
Normally? She does. But that's
when I'm not sweeping up half her
goddamn wedge salad off the floor.

LEORA
(smirks)
Half?! You got an Exaggeration
Problem. It's like a Disorder.

STEVE
You just make that up?

LEORA
Yeah. Like *Munch-House* Disorder.

STEVE
It's *Munchausen*. And it's a
Syndrome, not a disordddd--
(catches himself)
Look, whatever. Where's my cut?
I gotta be at rehearsa--

LEORA
Where's my spliff?

He shoots her a look. Starts checking his pockets.

STEVE
Shit. Fine. It's in the office.

INT. BRUNCH RESTAURANT OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

A dark, cramped little office (lined with supply boxes) is lit only by a desk lamp and the glow of a security monitor.

Sitting on the desk, Leora sparks up a joint. She holds in the smoke. Scrunches her face. Then passes back to Steve who somehow grabs it (instinctively), without looking away from the security footage he's scrolling through.

Tapping more keys, he takes a drag with razor-sharp focus.

STEVE

Here. Here! Wait, no--

STEVE (CONT'D)

Here, here, here--

LEORA

I'm watching!

ON-SCREEN: an overhead view of brunch from earlier. Paused on two faces in a moment we recognize. Steve hits PLAY.

Silently, LINDA becomes more & more agitated. Increasingly upset. All opposite LEORA, whose stoic face and folded arms remain maddeningly still. Stone cold. As Linda's gestures escalate. Until finally, without warning: she's had ENOUGH.

And BAM! Leora WHIPS a wedge salad right at Linda's face -- chunks of iceberg lettuce EXPLODE into the air.

LEORA (CONT'D)

Ooo! Ooo turn it up!

Steve taps the volume key. We HEAR the entire room GASP.

ON-SCREEN: Leora cups her mouth like a megaphone...

LEORA ONSCREEN

THIS. IS. NOT. ABOUT. YOOUUUU!!!!

LEORA bursts into laughter and points at the screen.

LEORA

Now that's a tantrum, bitch.

ON-SCREEN: everyone reacts as Linda continues freaking out. She stands up and spins around, and as Steve hits a button everything FREEZES mid-fracas. Leora's chuckle winds down.

Both stare at Linda's FACE -- mid-psychotic break. And the more they stare the more fucked-up it feels. Leora blinks.

LEORA (CONT'D)
 (sucking her teeth)
 Yeeessh.

INT. LEORA'S CAR - EARLY EVENING

Leora sits in the car. Scrolling through her contacts...

LEORA
 Linda...Linda...there she is.

INSERT -- CELL SCREEN: "SCARY WHITE LADY. MET AT COSTCO."

Leora hits a button. Puts it in drive. A cell phone rings.

INT. LEORA'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

MOVING.

LEORA
 Look Linda, I know that lunch was a little rough but this is what we talked about: "Extreme Progress."
 (silence)
 Remember? Okay?
 (more silence)
 And you know if I apologized it cancels out the whole thing. All the shock. The humiliation. All that salad...? For nothing. See what I mean?

A longer pause.

LEORA (CONT'D)
 Hello?

LINDA'S VOICE

Leora... I...I don't think I can do this. I'm just not cut out for progress that's so...extreme!!!

LEORA

Yes you are, Linda! Yes, you most certainly ARE cut out for this...

(beat)

Okay listen, lemme put another way here: you signed a contract. Bound by the terms of the agreem--

LINDA'S VOICE

But I never signed that contract--

LEORA

Doesn't matter. A verbal agreement in this state? Just as strong as pen to paper. It's crazy, I know. Look, bottom line is I want what's best for you.

(switching gears)

Think about it like this: do you like water?

LINDA'S VOICE

Um, I guess...

LEORA

You guess? YOU GUESS?? BITCH YOU NEED WATER TO STAY ALIVE! Say you like water!

LINDA

(stammering)

Ok, I...

LEORA

SAY IT!

LINDA (CONT'D)

I like water.

LEORA

You NEED it!

LINDA

I NEED IT--

LEORA (CONT'D)

YOU LOVE IT!

LINDA
I LOVE IT! I LOVE WATER!! WET
SWEET HOT SEXY WAAAAT--

LEORA
K, THAT'S ENOUGH. Take a breath.

Linda calms herself...

LEORA (CONT'D)
Thank God for small favors, girl.
(beat)
Look, in Orange County? There is a
very smart man who just created an
elaborate system to purify sewage
water to drink. Yeah we're talking
water? That used to be shit! And
not just one person's shit, Linda.
The shit of three million people.
(pause)
You're that water Linda. That's
you... And it's fucking gross.

We HEAR Linda start to sob. Leora grits her teeth.

LEORA (CONT'D)
(did NOT see that coming)
Linda? You uh... You there, girl?

LINDA'S VOICE
I'M DISGUSTING!!!

LEORA
(going with it)
That's okay girl! That's okay! Cuz
guess what?
(pause)
Guess what Linda?

LINDA'S VOICE
(beat; louder sobs)
WHAAAATT???!!

LEORA
I'm here to clean you up! And even
though I can't snap my fingers and
(MORE)

LEORA (CONT'D)

(snaps)

"Taa-daa! You're fixed!"

(beat)

It's not like that. And I'm sorry,
it's gonna be painful. But just
like that very smart man, we're
gonna make this shit drinkable!
Just like him. Just like he did...

LINDA'S VOICE

(calming down)

Who?!!

LEORA

Swear to God I watched some white
lady drink it on 60 Minutes. Last
night!! Sister LOVED IT. Now, are
you with me?

LINDA'S VOICE

(sighs)

Well, I...

LEORA

Good, now--

(looks up)

WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS?

LINDA

Wait, what?

Leora drops the phone. SLAMS on the brakes. Just outside
her home there's a swarm of police.

LEORA

(rummaging thru console)

Aww, shit, what now?!

She grabs a ziplock weed baggie from her blouse. Tosses it
inside a checkbook. Leans down, placing the checkbook under
a piece of CUT-OUT CARPET -- before opening the car door...

EXT. LEORA'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Approaching the house, Leora gets an officer's attention.

LEORA

Hey! The hell's going on here?

The officer puts up a hand and motions to stop.

OFFICER

Ma'am. Please step back. This is an active crime scene, so please--

LEORA

Crime scene?! It's my house!
Where's my mother?? My ki--
(realizing)
Oh shit, my kids!

Pushing past the cop, she races inside.

INT. LEORA'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Inside, the house is a complete disaster.

Leora moves quickly. Straight for her MOM (60s) -- now holding her 10-month-old baby.

LEORA

Mom?

MOM

Leora, baby thank God. I was so worried. I thought...

LEORA

Mom, what's going on?! What happened?!

OFFICER

Mrs. Mueller? I'm Officer Pinkerton. I'm very sorry but it looks like you've had a break-in. Your home's been burglarized. But now that you're here we can take an inventory of any missing items.

LEORA

Burglarized? How the fuck did that happen?

MOM

Leora, please. Language!!!

She gestures to ISAAC (4) -- a cute little curly-haired boy who wanders in, approaching Leora.

ISAAC

Mom, how the fuck did that happen?

LEORA

Honey. Don't say that, okay.

(shifting gears)

Okay officer, so, what do you need from me. So what happens next?

OFFICER

Well please take a look around but don't touch anything as we don't want to contaminate the scene with your prints.

Leora's son drops the toy he was holding.

LEORA

My prints?! Are probably all over the place. I live here, you idiot.

MOM

Leora! What is your problem?! This man's trying to help!

LEORA

Mom, nobody got robbed, okay? And officers, you can leave.

OFFICER

Ma'am with all due respect, we need to take an inventory--

LEORA

(cutting him off)

There's nothing missing. Okay?

(MORE)

LEORA (CONT'D)

There's no inventory to take cuz everything's exactly where I left it!

Everyone looks around the room, then at each other.

MOM

But, but what's all this...MESS?

LEORA

It's called two kids, mom. And I work. Remember?! And my husband's still out of the country! What do you want me to say?!

Just then another cop -- SGT. BRISTOL (50s) waltzes inside removing his sunglasses. Glances down, checking his notes.

Quietly unbothered, a gruff and grizzled Beau Bridges type.

SGT. BRISTOL

Well maybe you could fill her in on what she saw: "a disoriented, narcotized man, black, fleeing the property on foot..."

LEORA

Was he in a FILA track suit?
Looked high as hell?
(catches herself)
Wait, who're you?

SGT. BRISTOL

Sergeant Bristol. At your service.
(flatly smiles)
Miss...?

LEORA

Mitchell. Missus...

Sizing eachother up, they immediately distrust one another.

LEORA (CONT'D)

That's one of my clients. Waits in my backyard sometimes. And it's... well it's complicated.

SGT. BRISTOL
 (flatly)
 One of your...clients?

LEORA
 Look, doctor--

SGT. BRISTOL (CONT'D)
 Sergeant.

LEORA
 Whatever. I'm a Life Coach. Plus
 I'm licensed. Which means I just
 don't disclose confidential
 information regarding the people I
 help. Now, if you'll excuse me, I
 need to get dinner started.

Everyone silently watches them stared at each other.

SGT. BRISTOL
 (finally)
 Uhhh, Ok. If you say so. Sorry for
 the uhh, inconvenience...
 (shouting)
 Okay! Let's wrap it up, people!
 (exiting)
 Just another case of messy house!

He and the remaining officers begin to file out. Everyone
 leaves except for Leora, her Mom, and the kids.

MOM
 I'm sorry Leora, I just thought...

LEORA
 It's fine mom. I'm just busy. You
 know? And building a business on
 top of the rest? I just...

LEORA & MOM
 (reciting together)
 "Can't always do all of it."

MOM
 I know, baby. I know...

Mom scans the room, diplomatically silent.

MOM (CONT'D)

Don't ever need to explain to me.

LEORA

(sighs)

I know. I'm sorry. I mean...

MOM

I'm actually more concerned about
this so-called "client" of yours.
I think the man was narcotized--

Leora shuts her down with a hug and a kiss, picking up the house phone to order some pizza.

LEORA

Mom, I can't talk about it. Do you
want to stay for dinner?

MOM

No honey, I gotta get home. But I
can take the kids tomorrow so you
can have a break...to you know,
relax or...I dunno, tidy up?

Distracted (but on to the next) Leora and her mom exchange a warm, yet knowing look.

LEORA

Thanks mom. Yeah, hi, can I get a
large pepperoni and cheese...?

INT. LEORA'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT EVENING

OVERHEAD SHOT of the baby asleep in the crib; shoes, toys,
and clothes litter the carpet below.

TRACKING LEFT we cross over a huge king-sized bed: Leora
sits up on her laptop, with Isaac (adorably) sound asleep.

She picks up the phone to make a call.

LEORA

Dad?

DAD

Heyyy, sweetie! What's goin' on?

LEORA

Dad, were you at my house today?

(beat)

Dad...?

DAD

(beat)

All the way over there? Why would

I be?

LEORA

To smoke weed in my backyard. And so mom wouldn't catch you.

DAD

Baby, it's not even like that. Ok?

(pause; busted)

And so what if it is...?

LEORA

(smiles)

Ok, Dad. Have a good night.

DAD

Ni-night, sugar!

EXT. LEORA'S BACKYARD - THE NEXT DAY

STEVE holds a summons/cease-&-desist letter from ILCF (The International Life-Coaching Federation).

STEVE

A 17?!!

Both he and Leora sit at the patio table around the remains of some sandwiches. Leora's swapping a corona bottle out of a coozie that reads: "I'M ON A BOAT"

LEORA

That's 17 percent, okay.

STEVE

Well I wouldn't exactly call it an
"incomplete."

She takes a huge swig, rolling her eyes.

LEORA

Uggghh, then what would you call
it, huh? Please enlighten me...

STEVE

This says you only answered 17 of
100 questions, and out of the 17
you bothered to answer, guess how
many you got right?

LEORA

Guessing is for toddlers & pimps,
okay--

She rips her sunglasses off for effect--

LEORA (CONT'D)

--I DON'T DO IT.

STEVE

EIGHT!!!

We hear a bark, and she turns to look out toward the yard.

Isaac chases after the dog with one of her prop infomercial
crutches.

LEORA

ISAAC. BABY! CUT THAT OUT, NOW!!

(to Steve)

WELL STEVE, whatever the number
was, it still doesn't change the
fact that I didn't fucking finish.
Which means incomplete.

(beat; stands up)

SO WHAT'S THE CONFUSION?!

STEVE

Not to mention your so-called
"hours"?

(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)
In the space requesting
"Documentation of Hours" you wrote
"available upon request!"

Getting agitated, LEORA gets up and bombs through slats of horizontal blinds entering the house. Steve remains seated as she barks her replies from inside...

LEORA (O.S.)
BITCH PLEASE! Who the fuck are you
to say what did or didn't happen?!

STEVE
Someone who can READ!!!

Suddenly, a bag of potato chips on the table EXPLODES.

STEVE (CONT'D)
--WHAT THE SHIT?!!

He looks around, shocked & confused, to find ISAAC in the yard. Other side of the pool, laughing his 4-yr-old little ass off.

STEVE eyes an empty bottle of mustard, amid the debris...

STEVE (CONT'D)
Did you throw this...?!

Isaac laughs even harder. We begin to HEAR a disgusting HEAVING SOUND -- Steve scans the yard for the dog...

STEVE (CONT'D)
...or FEED it to Beauregard?!!

Steve spots the dog nearby. Just in time to witness it's HEAVING climax: BLUUUUUGGGH!!!

BLACKOUT.

ACT TWO**EXT. LEORA'S BACKYARD - DAY**

Leora sprays away dog barf with a high-powered garden hose. She tosses it in the grass, handing a garbage bag to Steve.

STEVE

That dog threw up an entire bottle of mustard, okay. For the record. And just so you know.

He glares at Isaac, cowering behind a nearby tree, while Leora sprays a cloud of Febreze in the air all around her.

LEORA

Please: I've got a 10-month-old... Now that? That's some shit to wreck your buzz.

Steve tries not to vomit all the way to the trash bin...

LEORA (CONT'D)

(to Isaac)

Alright baby, now we gonna feed Beauregard any mustard ever again?

ISAAC

(sheepishly)

Nooo...I'm sorry.

LEORA

Ok, then. Ok. Now go play!

Instantly amazed, Isaac grins and takes off. Leora returns to the patio, eyeing the pitcher of margarita supplies out on the table.

STEVE

You talked to Linda, right? She is still gonna pay for next month...

Sitting down, Leora salts & rims her glass.

LEORA

You'll get your money, Steve!

STEVE

Look. Sorry for counting on it,
but you get fired? I get fired.

SPLASH!!! They both wince in sync — Isaac shoves the dog into the pool, tossing the crutch in after, astonished at how goddamn awesome (and totally hilarious!) it all was--

Leora shoots a look. Instantly, Isaac is silent again. And adorably feigning remorse...

ISAAC

...I'm sorry Mommy.

STEVE

(to Leora)

You realize your son's gonna water-drown that dog, right?

LEORA

Really?! Water-drown? Gimme a break, Steve...

(mutters to herself)

...if he does it's the last one.

All three watch the dog struggle to safety.

Isaac springs into gear, to the edge of the pool: his tiny arms stretch, ready to assist the frantic, splashing paws.

For a split second, Steve looks visibly concerned the dog won't make it. And just when it does, he & Leora lock eyes.

STEVE

Look, all I'm saying? Is handle your shit. Cuz stuff like this?

STEVE (CONT'D)

You can't mess around--

LEORA

--strictly, bitch?

LEORA (CONT'D)

I don't mess around.

BAM! She dumps two corona's upside-down into her margarita:
her very own Coronarita.

LEORA (CONT'D)

I got this.

STEVE

Mmmmm hmmm.

(glances at ILCF letter)

How they let you enroll with that
many priors...is still beyond me.

Leora doesn't bother turning his direction to flip him off,
gulping her homemade blend of tequila and beer...

STEVE (CONT'D)

Yeah maybe just get Isaac through
today without having to explain
that mommy drinks and sad wet
doggy "no more breathe today."

LEORA

Uhh, REAL SIMPLE. Mommy drinks?
To get drunk. Ok Miss Hannigan?

STEVE

I'm Steve.

LEORA (CONT'D)

Whatever, Red.

LEORA (CONT'D)

S'not hard. There's a knock life.
(beat; air "knocks")
...it's a difference.

And with thaaat, her eyes shut behind giant sunglasses, but
not before one final swig relaxes her into this chair...

LEORA (CONT'D)

Look, just please keep an eye on
Isaac for me til Mom gets here...
(yawns, eyes closed)
...barely slept at all last night.

She slumps back in her chair, ready for a nap -- blithely
unaware as Steve's glare softens, lingering on her face...

Just for a moment.

Then BARKING! More SPLASHING! Breaks his concentration as more bedlam begins: Isaac! Tossing patio chairs. Into the pool again. And somehow, Leora's already fast asleep...

Her cell BUZZES & CHIMES -- then signals a new message.

INSERT -- CELL SCREEN: "RIVERBROOK KID PLANTATION."

EXT. RIVERBROOK PREP DAYCARE & PRE-K ACADEMY - DAY

A sign at the main entrance bearing the RiverBrook "crest" (an opulent coat-of-arms) is above a marquee that reads:

YES, WE DO LEAD BY EXAMPLE!

Leora paces on her cell outside her parked SUV, anxiously trying to smoke (without being noticed) while clutching some kind of official warning slips (in triplicate!)

...having just come from Mrs. Göring's office.

LEORA

...Yeah, honey. I'm SUPER sorry I put the wrong money in the wrong goddamn account, but--

(beat)

--uhh, well? Suppose that I could understand it's an inconvenience Jan?! Cuz it was SUPER convenient getting called the fuck out as a deadbeat by RiverBrick's VERY OWN Magda-in-Chief, Honky Goebbels!--

A woman suddenly appears -- and (catching Leora mid-drag) not only does her obvious judgment register, but she also happens to be a dead-ringer for Angela Merkel.

LEORA (CONT'D)

--NOT YOU, Magda--

(spits out cig)

--I mean, neverm--

MRS. GÖRING

(she should know this)

It's Marilyn?

LEORA
 (maintains eye-contact)
 Yes. Right.
 (stamping out cig)
 Right!

Mrs. Göring rolls her eyes, handing Leora an envelope.

ADMIN GÖRING
 You dropped this.

Leora accepts.

LEORA
 I'm sorry, Miss Gobhh--Göring.
 Thank you. So...so very much.

Running out of steam, her plastered bullshit smile is quite the contrast to Mrs. Göring's 100% real resting bitch face.

ADMIN GÖRING
 Oh, and Leora? Do be so kind as to have the matter settled by Friday. As you know, the waiting list for re-enrollment can be, what's the word? Inconvenient.

Sudden, incoherent squawking BLASTS from Leora's phone.

LEORA
 (rips phone from ear)
 LOVE YOU TOO HONEY!

She jams the phone inside her purse, zipping it shut.

LEORA (CONT'D)
 Not to worry. It's done.

ADMIN GÖRING
 I'd hate for your son to be penalized over something so trivial as...well? Money.

LEORA

Again, just a misunderstanding.
You know my husband Jan's a big
account executive at--

ADMIN GÖRING

--ThyssenKrupp, yes, I'm aware.

LEORA

Bizactly.

Mrs. Göring cocks her head at that word: "whaaaat??"

LEORA (CONT'D)

Anyhow, given how frequently he is
out of the country, and on so much
business I can assure you that I'm
on top of this shhhi-- I GOT THIS.

(points to herself)

As a mother? And a small business
owner? Juggling these plates...?
And all of those hats? Don't mind
saying I'm pretty much killin' it.
Like, twenty-four ALWAYS.

ADMIN GÖRING

Of course you are, Leora.

LEORA

Hey...gotta lead by example,
right?

She gestures to the marquee -- where a small gust of wind
kicks up, sparking a small fire from Leora's errant cig...

WHOOOOO!!!! Police sirens announce the squad car screeching
to a stop nearby -- taking both of them by surprise.

Two officers jump out of the car -- approaching Leora.

OFFICER #1

There she is!

OFFICER #2

Mrs. Mueller? Mrs. Mueller!
We need you to come with us.

Leora just blinks -- barely escaping Mrs. Göring's face judgment, which is both clear and total as she folds her thick, Aryan arms...

EXT. DOWNTOWN LUXURY HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

The squad car screeches to a stop -- both officers jump out with a frazzled Leora in tow.

LEORA

...jumped out a fucking window?!!

OFFICER #1

That's just the point, ma'am. Not yet.

OFFICER #2

That's where you come in. Like we explained. Sergeant Bristol will try and answer any more questions on the way up...

INT. DOWNTOWN LUXURY HOTEL - MAIN LOBBY

MOVING

The cops continue escorting Leora at a brisk clip flanked by two others: a perpetually nervous HOTEL MANAGER (30s) and someone we recognize -- it's SGT. BRISTOL (50s)...

BRISTOL

...and that's when she demanded to see you personally.

LEORA

Wait, why are we walking so fast?!

...the same gruff and grizzled Beau Bridges type Leora has just begun to place from her house before.

BRISTOL

Now we don't have much time, but I understand Mrs. Coody's a "client" of yours...?

LEORA

Well that depends.

BRISTOL

On what.

LEORA

That's confiden--

BRISTOL (CONT'D)

Certification?

LEORA

Among other things--

BRISTOL

Confidential other things?

LEORA

That's confidential!

BRISTOL

Other licensed things?!

They abruptly stop. The HOTEL MANAGER promptly shrieks!

The group reacts. Unified by silent condemnation. Their expressions are complete disdain: *why such a loud, nelly little outburst? And from out a full, grown man?*

LEORA

(refocused)

Wait, hold up. What the hell am I supposed to even say to her?!

BRISTOL

I would consider everything you've ever said to this woman. Then make sure that it's markedly different.

LEORA

Wait, what?!!

BRISTOL (CONT'D)

Basically the opposite.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

As before.

LEORA

Look, this bitch is a mess, okay. Straight up. I'll level with y'all on that. Sister wouldn't know a real problem if it hit her in the goddamn face.

The wincing HOTEL MANAGER folds a hand up by his neck.

BRISTOL

(to Leora)

Okay. For example, since it sounds like you need one: a real problem is this woman standing on a ledge about to dramatically end her own life. A scenario I'm certain we'd all like to avoid...

(eyes Hotel Manager)

...especially when you consider the thing that hits her in the face at the end?

BRISTOL (CONT'D)

Got a guess?

LEORA

Yeah, I don't gu--

BRISTOL

The sidewalk.

DING!!!

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

We HEAR a TINY, MUFFLED SHRIEK as the elevator doors part. The group quickly exits, all pointedly walking faster down the hallway (than the HOTEL MNGR) to get some distance...

LEORA

OKAY. I get it! Christ!

LEORA (CONT'D)

Just lemme think.

BRISTOL

I'd rather you didn't.

LEORA

What?!

BRISTOL

Why bother. If you just follow my instructions to the "T" then--

LEORA

--nobody's hit in the face with a goddamn sidewalk. Got it.

BRISTOL

(bullshit smile)

Welp. That's my job. Just doin it.

LEORA

Right. Except that you're NOT.

Everybody stops in front of a hotel room door, guarded by more officers. CRACKLES & Bleeps of walkie-talkie chatter emit from radios affixed to their shoulders.

BRISTOL

Excuse me?

LEORA

Doing your JOB?!

(snorts)

Yeah, cuz if that was true, I'd still have Jungle-Gym Braun in my face tryna kick my kid out of her Zig-Zag-4-Beginners Club for tiny trust-fund dickheads!

(points at the officers)

These clowns would be in some bank lobby fuckin playing Candy Crush!

(points to cop nearby)

That Denver-Omelette motherfucker? Eating or sleeping, guaranteed.

(points to Hotel Mngr)

And she'd be tossing salads at home while stupid Linda yelled at her goddamn tennis instruct--

BRISTOL
 EXCEPT NONE OF THAT'S TRUE...
 (total shut-down)
 ...and stupid Linda's on a
 goddamn ledge.

Silence.

And before anyone else makes a peep -- LOUD, FRANTIC RADIO CHATTER over HEAVY FEEDBACK rings out -- and quite suddenly startles the group. Everyone, but the HOTEL MNGR...

Currently slumped on the floor, his back to the group and playing some juvenile-sounding game on his phone.

Officer Murphy grabs his shoulder -- and answers the call.

OFFICER MURPHY
 This is Murphy, come back.

WALKIE VOICE
 ETA on Bristol, over?

Bristol grabs the walkie-talkie.

BRISTOL
 Bristol here. We're comin in.

A split second hesitation. Then a faint, bizarrely familiar cluster of sounds: BLEE-BLEE-BLEET. BLEE-LEE-DOOP. ZZZZTT!!

MURPHY blinks. Then smiles -- he KNOWS that sound:

MURPHY
 ...candy high score...?!

Everyone turns. Fixed on the weird HOTEL MNGR's back. Still facing the opposite way, tap-tap-tapping, still silent. All except for the sound -- BLEE-BLEE-BLEE. BLEE-LEE-LOOP. ZZT.

Before the MIDI CASCADE of a tiny little win -- like a SLOT MACHINE just hit (a mini fortune!) the size of a mousetrap.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
 (knows that sound)
 Whoa fuck.

And without turning around, the weirdo holds up his phone to show off a bright screen of proof -- BLEE-LEE-LEE-ZOOP.

HOTEL MNGR

Who's tossing "home salads" now?

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - SECONDS LATER

Bursting through a door, everyone files in. Everyone (minus HOTEL MNGR) clamors inside the suite rushing past a handful of cops all of whom back up and point to a big open window.

As Bristol ushers a freaked-out Leora close to the window, he maintains a quiet, steady stream of directly whispered encouragement right into her ear. Which grosses her out...

BRISTOL

(really loud whisper)

Okay. Don't freak out but we just don't have a shitload of choices.

(too close in her)

So you gotta follow my voice and follow my lead--

LEORA

DUDE.

She finally recoils. Everyone turns to react. Leora SLAPS and CLUTCHES her ear -- everyone gives a BIG SILENT SHHHHH.

BRISTOL

(whisper yelling)

WHAAAT.

LEORA

(also whisper-yelling)

YER GROSS DUMB MOUTH. ALL HOT-AS-FUCK MOUTH. ALL UP IN MY MOTHER, FUCKING, EAR.

BRISTOL

(whisper yelling)

WELL GODDAMMIT. I'M SO SORRY.

LEORA
 (whisper yelling)
 SO. GROSS. SO. HOT.

BRISTOL
 (whisper yelling)
 I SAID SORRY.

LEORA
 (whisper yelling)
 LIKE FUCKING HUMID.

She starts COOTIE-SLAPPING her own ears again. Desperate to kill the sensation -- another big GROUP BIG SILENT SHHHH!!!

Bristol SWATS the room SILENT. Then expertly GRABS Leora's main slapping hand. Nobody moves. And he's back in control.

And with that, he nods at Leora: *GIRL? YEAH. THIS IS IT...*

Another deep breath. They inch closer to the open window as Bristol begins to address Linda in a calm, soothing voice.

It's friendly, but assertive. Lifelong friends...

BRISTOL
 Okay, Linda? It's Tommy.

We begin to HEAR some QUIET, EXHAUSTED SOBS just outside the big open window as Leora mouths the name ("TOMMY?!") with some random cop across the room, who obliges in-kind:

RANDOM COP
 I KNOW. WEIRD RIGHT?!

Faint SOBS grow clearer now -- blending above the din of downtown traffic and the gathering crowd down below.

LINDA'S VOICE
 Whaat?! WHAT!?!? WHAAAAT!!!
 (pause)
 WHO IS IT?!!

BRISTOL
 Linda. Sergeant Bristol again...
 We've done as you've asked.
 (MORE)

BRISTOL (CONT'D)
Your friend Leora is here. Here to
speak with you.

LINDA'S VOICE
SHE'S NOT. MY. FRIEND...

BRISTOL
Either way, she's here, Linda.
She's in the room.

LINDA'S VOICE
MY FRIEND?!!!

He gestures at Leora to speak.

LEORA
(unsure)
Uhhh, err...Suhh--
(loudly)
SUP LINDA! HEY GIRL...

LINDA'S VOICE
HEY MONSTER!!!

LEORA
Whoa, whoa, whoa, 'MONSTER'?!

Bristol gestures for quiet before engaging Linda once more.

BRISTOL
Friend, monster, whatever the case
may be. And I'm sure the truth is
somewhere...well, in between...
(glances at Leora)
And the good news is she's right
inside our window...and ready to
talk. So how bout it? Let's just
climb back on inside so we can all
sit down and talk this through--

LINDA'S VOICE
I AM NOT CLIMBING BA--INSIDE?!!!

BRISTOL
Now then Linda...after all that
was the arrangement--

LINDA'S VOICE
WELP?! TOO BAD. NOT DOING IT.

LEORA
(to Bristol)
Fuck if I'm climbing OUTside...

LINDA'S VOICE
LEMME SEE THAT BITCH MONSTER'S
FACE!!!

LEORA
(loudly)
Wha--okay. Bitch Monster?!

BRISTOL
Now, Linda, let's just take a deep
breath--

LINDA'S VOICE
YOU HEARD ME. ASSHOLE! IT'S BITCH
MONSTER'S FACE, OR THAT'S IT...
(beat)
AND I JUMP!!!

Everyone reacts as the tension mounts, and with a hand at her back, Bristol stealthily begins to guide Leora forward, inching closer to the window.

Again she recoils at his touch. Ripping away one arm cocked to strike. Her slapping hand. In full bitchslap BEAST MODE.

LEORA
(clenched teeth)
GET. YER GOTTDAMN hands OFFA ME--

BRISTOL
(whispering loudly)
Hey. HEY. LISTEN. STOP. Just stop.
Okay, Listen. Lean out just enough
so Linda can see you.

LEORA
WHAT?!!

BRISTOL

(whispering loudly)

Ever so gently, just lean out
until she can see you.

(louder to outside)

Alright Linda...?! Leora's almost
there. Now just two little secs--

Bristol points a furtive index finger: Leora first, then
back out the window. Then back and forth. Back and forth.
Repeating wildly until Leora puts up her hands in defeat.

LEORA

(mouths words)

OKAY. FINE. FUCK. OKAY.

Taking one deep breath, Leora approaches the window. Slowly
leaning out. And trying not to look down.

LEORA (CONT'D)

Okay Linda. Here I come.

EXT. PENTHOUSE WINDOW

Outside, LINDA (in a word) is a fucking mess: pilled-out,
shitfaced. Her crazed, ZUUL-like stare is framed by dark,
smeared make-up. Textbook "raccoon eye" territory...

She clutches the wall on a ledge -- just a few feet from
the window.

Leora's head appears. Slowly. Leaning stiffly out. As Linda
turns, locking eyes on Leora's paralyzed face: her mouth?

Just a thin, flat line.

They exchange more looks. The awkwardness mounts. And Leora
slowly opens her mouth. An exhale...

LEORA

(finally)

.....So.

Leora looks down, startled by how fucking far it really is.

LEORA (CONT'D)
 Fucking shit that's a long way
 down.

LINDA
 Well, that's kind of the point...
 (beat)
Isn't it.

Unsure what to say, Leora remains silent as Linda starts to
 mocking her voice. Childishly. Mimicking her.

LINDA (CONT'D)
*Fucking shit that's a long way
 down fucking shit that's a long
 way down fucking shit that's a
 long way down...*

Linda chuckles to herself. Starts laughing. Even harder.

LINDA (CONT'D)
 (manic & crazed)
 And you said I suck at "Attainable
 Goals." Who's "Most Wrong" now...?
 Bitch Monster?!

LEORA
 Look lady, how bout we pump the
 breaks on the name-calling cuz--

LINDA
 YOU SHUT UP!!! THE ONLY THING
 WE'RE PUMPING BREAKS ON IS YOU.
 YOU. AND YOUR GODDAMN MOUTH!!!
 (beat)
 I came to you for help! I paid
 you! And for help!
 (beat)
 Fucking MONEY. For chrissakes!

LINDA (CONT'D)
 ...and now look at me!

LEORA
 Linda, I--

Linda shoots her a look. Leora shuts the fuck up.

LINDA
And look at YOU. YOU. YOU.

Leora gestures to herself, whispering, "Me?"

LINDA (CONT'D)
YESSS. YES YOU.
(beat)
Crock of Shit. A talking Crock of
Shit. You put me out here, Leora.
(looks down)
And now...?
(back to Leora)
As a token of my thanks, you get
front-row seats to all yer "hard"
work...and WORK that PAID OFF!!!

Linda's eyes FLASH as she shifts her weight, preparing to jump.

CLOSE on Leora. Her mind racing for a solution...

Linda is in position. Mere seconds from launching herself off the ledge. And into the sidewalk below.

CLOSE on Linda's face. Her eyes shut tight. Squeezing just as hard as she can. Tears begin to form once more. As she hears a SINGLE CLAP. Which jolts her eyes back open again.

Panicked, she seizes up, instinctively clutching the wall again. Another CLAP. Then another. Linda turns to see Leora smiling a proud, shit-eating grin. Winding down one of her signature "BITCH-U-GOT-THIS" slow-claps again...

LEORA
Linda! Finally got it! I knew you
would girl! I mean, GODDAMN I AM
PROUD OF YOU.

Linda blinks. Does not compute.

LINDA
(pause)
Wha...?

LEORA

Figured it out, girl! And right in
the clutch, too. GOTT-DAAYYUM!
(to people down below)
CLASSIC LINDA!!!

Leora lets out a laugh before jamming both pinkies in her
mouth, sounding off a loud, celebratory whistle.

LEORA (CONT'D)

YEAHHHHH!!! YES. YAAAAASSSS!!!
(smiling and waving)
Yeah!!
(points to Linda)
Yeah HER! Yup. THIS stupid bitch!
(laughs)
I know, right?!!

We HEAR Bristol's voice from inside the room...

BRISTOL'S (O.S.)

--THE FUCK IS SHE DOING?!!

...but Leora continues to address the crowd below.

LINDA

HEY. HEY!! SHUT UP!!! ENOUGH!!!

LEORA

(to crowd)
It's all about her today, kids.
Yeahhhh!!! And then it won't be...
like...EVER AGAIN! HAHAHA!!! WHUT!
(laughing harder)
And she would be pissed about it
but the motherfucker's so stupid
that she also forgot: "What good
is talking shit once they clown
yer dead ass inside a pine box?!"
Whaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaat...
(HUGE LAUGH)
OH "CLASSIC" LINDA. WOMP!!

LINDA

Hey. Hey! You don't get to turn
this shit around--

LEORA

Gotta stop you right there, girl.
I mean, imma letchu finish...?!

She gestures all around her -- the whole situation.

LEORA (CONT'D)

We already out here and errything
cuz you're a "Lady-Means-Biz-Ness"
bitch I get it! And we'll get back
to that. But before we do? I think
you know how all this plays out...

LINDA

How all...how all what plays--

LEORA

I mean, it doesn't matter...or
anything, and it's not EVEN gonna
matter...to anyone. Cuz like, you
know...you'll be in the ground and
shit. Umm... And THAT'S FER TRUE!!

Some commotion on the street down below grabs Leora's
attention again...

LEORA (CONT'D)

(to the crowd)
Right?! TRUST. YESS.

...and she gleefully "air-bumps" someone from the crowd.

LEORA (CONT'D)

(to Linda)
I mean yeah ok, fine. Will this be
bad for business? Mmmmm...yeah?!
A little Rough. Not gonna lie.
(beat)
Should I be worried?

Linda is even more confused now. Leora sucks her teeth.

LEORA (CONT'D)

(thinking)
Mmmmm...who's to say?
(beat)
(MORE)

LEORA (CONT'D)

But one thing's for sure. All your friends? Everyone you know? Like, Kindel? And Madison. You know, yer little Cracker Coven? OOF.

(shakes her head)

Gonna be talking mad shit now.

LINDA

The hell are you talking about?!

LEORA

The wrong kinda, too!

LINDA

So what! They hate me anyway!

LEORA

Wrong Linda! Wrong again! They don't hate you, girl! They just don't like you very much!

INSERT -- INT. PENTHOUSE -- Bristol SMACKS his own hand to his very own face -- and outside, Linda stares dumbfounded as the rant continues...

LEORA (CONT'D)

Not everybody's gonna like you, Linda! Ok? And I got the numbers.

(beat)

Believe you me! I've been iced the fuck out of enough RiverBrick Dildo Luncheons to know. Ok?! No matter WHAT. Was NEVER gonna be like them, Linda. EVVV-ERRRR...

LINDA

I know... I know! I WAS THERE!

(beat)

It's awful! THEY are awful. Awful. And SO exhausting.

LEORA

RIGHT. And you spend all your time almost every waking second tryna impress these bitches. For what?!!

LINDA
EXACTLY!!

She stops, letting that one sink in.

LEORA
Look, everybody's got shitty friends, Linda. Nothin new there. But you don't get to stick it to 'em once you're outta options.
(pause)
Look, girl. You can always jump off a building. ANY day. Of ANY week. That's why we're in AMERICA, Linda! You got a right. You got a right to HAVE that choice...

(beat)
Just consider this: you really want out...? Bitch with YOUR husband's money?! We could get you set you up on a Fuckin Junkie's Island paradise! Getchu some island ass?! And I'm talkin Ruling-Class, Next-Level Man-Dick. The kind they rent for NOBILITY, girl. And then get you mixed up in a shitload of Jamaican Benzo Fury?! Bitch, I guarantee you'd be dead in a week.

EXT. LUXURY HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

An EMT shuts the back doors of an ambulance before giving it the old "tap-tap-away" -- signaling the driver inside.

Through the windows a disheveled (and highly sedated) Linda is tended to by EMT medics, and the ambulance pulls away to reveal LEORA -- cringing and waving. Next to Bristol...

BRISTOL
Well 72-hours of observation is pretty customary, but I'm told her husband and the Solicitor General play golf together, so...she might be out tomorrow night.

LEORA

Ohhh, great! Feel safer already.

Leora squints as a flood of NEWS CAMERAS and MEDIA LIGHTS suddenly blast across her face while an antsy throng of press snarls behind police barricades nearby.

BRISTOL

Ya know? I been doing this thirty some-odd years. And I have seen a lotta stunts and "Nutso" shit.

LEORA

Great story, The Commish. Look, I gotta go--

BRISTOL

(stops her)

Just one more thing...

LEORA

Oh. Sorry. "Kojak?" No.

(guessing)

"Hill Street Blues?"

(flustered)

Shit, see this is why I don't guess in public--

BRISTOL

--You never forget that the jumper is always in control. Approaches like yours usually end with uhh...

BRISTOL (CONT'D)

Sidewalk splat.

LEORA

Sidewalk splat?

LEORA (CONT'D)

Yeah. That's gross.

Bristol pulls out an envelope. Unfolds the document inside.

BRISTOL

But you got lucky.

(keeps unfolding)

(MORE)

BRISTOL (CONT'D)

And someone looking to become an accredited life-coach isn't gonna get too far with this many priors.

He presents the document - police letterhead, her name, address, basic information and the words OFFICIAL DOCUMENT.

She looks closer.

INSERT -- PRINTED TEXT -- that reads: "PRIORS.....NONE."

LEORA looks up at BRISTOL. He nods and smiles.

BRISTOL (CONT'D)

But you don't seem to have any.

Stunned, Leora smiles back.

BRISTOL (CONT'D)

But you do have to stay at least 200 yards away from Miss Linda Bitch Monster. For forever. And at all times...

(beat)

Oh, and ya still can't vote.

LEORA

What?!

BRISTOL

Just a joke.

TWO-SHOT -- Leora and Bristol, who stand in silhouette against a bank of blinding TV MEDIA LIGHT and a mob of frothing reporters.

As BRISTOL exits frame, Leora turns toward the light.

ANGLE-ON on her face. Psyching herself up. For any of their questions. All of their questions. None of their bullshit.

TIGHT SHOT -- LEORA'S cleavage stash of BUSINESS CARDS as she reaches in her bra strap to get a few ready.

Leora's thumb and index finger reach into the frame to grab one -- as her neon manicure sparkles in the light.

BLACKOUT.