

YOUNGER

"You're the New Me"

by

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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - MORNING

LIZA AND MAGGIE, EACH HOLDING COFFEE, MANEUVER THEIR WAY THROUGH THE RUSH-HOUR CROWD.

LIZA

So, you really got up early just to check out a new gallery downtown?

MAGGIE

Yeah. But mainly to make sure that you got to your office on time.

INT. EMPIRICAL PUBLISHING BUILDING - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

MAGGIE FOLLOWS LIZA INTO THE LOBBY. LIZA STOPS, TURNS.

LIZA

Huh?

MAGGIE

Ever since you got back with Josh, you've been in a daze.

LIZA

What are you talking about?!

LIZA ALMOST WALKS INTO A POTTED PLANT UNTIL MAGGIE REDIRECTS HER TOWARDS THE ELEVATOR BANKS.

LIZA (CONT'D)
(admitting)

Okay. I am in a daze. It's because... things don't feel settled yet. Like I might lose him again.

MAGGIE HITS THE ELEVATOR CALL BUTTON.

MAGGIE

Well, if doesn't work out with Josh,
there's always that hot, handsome boss
man you've told me about.

THE ELEVATOR ARRIVES, EMPTY. MAGGIE MAKES SURE LIZA GETS IN.

EXT./INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

LIZA IMMEDIATELY TURNS AROUND...

LIZA

What "hot, handsome boss man"?

... JUST AS CHARLES JOINS HER. LIZA FREEZES. MAGGIE THROWS
HIM A SEXY WINK AS THE DOORS SHUT. HE TAPS THE TOUCH PANEL.

CHARLES

We've got to stop meeting like this.

HE GLANCES AT LIZA, SMILES THAT WINNING SMILE.

LIZA

(nervous laughter)

Is... that what we're doing?

A MOMENT OF UNCOMFORTABLE SILENCE.

CHARLES

So. Boyfriend trouble?

LIZA LOOKS AT HIM. HOW MUCH DID HE OVERHEAR?

LIZA

Uh, no, no. Everything's great. Well.
We broke up. But then we got back
together. And now we're in some kind
of... holding pattern.

CHARLES HOLDS HER GAZE. BING! THE ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN...

INT. EMPIRICAL PUBLISHING - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

... AND LIZA RUSHES OUT.

LIZA
(off the coffee she's
holding)

Well, Diana likes her coffee piping
hot, so --

CHARLES CATCHES UP TO HER.

CHARLES

Not so fast, young lady. I need you
for the next few days. And nights.

LIZA FREEZES.

LIZA

"Nights"?

CHARLES

Romance novel convention. Vegas.
Starting tonight. I must have a top-
notch assistant with me. That's you.

HE TAPS INFORMATION INTO HIS PHONE.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

I just sent you the details.

LIZA'S PHONE PINGS. SHE CHECKS IT HESITANTLY.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Clear it with Diana, and I'll see you
later in Vegas. For romance.
(smiles broadly)

Novels, that is.

HE WALKS OFF. LIZA STANDS, MOUTH AGAPE. KELSEY WALKS BY.

KELSEY
(off Liza's open mouth)

That's not really a good look.

LIZA
(blurting out)

Charles just asked me to go to Las Vegas with him. Tonight.

KELSEY
Business. Or pleasure?

LIZA
What? No! "Romance novel convention."

KELSEY
You know, I never pictured you as the type to sleep your way to the top, but, wow, was I ever wrong.
(sly wink, whispered)
Text the dirty details as they happen.

KELSEY WALKS OFF. LIZA NOTICES DIANA BY HER OFFICE, GIVING HER THE EVIL EYE.

DIANA
You. Here. Now!

INT. DIANA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

DIANA STANDS, ARMS CROSSED, AS LIZA ENTERS.

DIANA
In addition to my coffee being ice cold, what were you and Charles "discussing"?

LIZA LOOKS AT THE COFFEE SHE'S HOLDING.

LIZA

Actually, it's somewhere between
lukewarm and hottish.

DIANA GIVES HER AN ICY STARE. LIZA GIVES HER A FROZEN SMILE.

LIZA (CONT'D)

Uh... Charles wants... uh...

DIANA

Complete sentences. If you can.

LIZA

Charles said...

LIZA LOOKS BACK TO THE OUTER OFFICE. KELSEY IS GIVING HER
"THUMBS UP." DIANA SNAPS HER FINGERS ANGRILY.

LIZA (CONT'D)

Charles said he wants you to go to Las
Vegas with him. For the romance novel
convention. Starting tonight.

DIANA

(ecstatic)

I knew it! He was just too shy to ask
me himself.

LIZA

Exactly.

DIANA STARTS THROWING THINGS IN HER PURSE.

DIANA

As of today, you're the new me.

LIZA

The new who?

DIANA

Run the office until I come back.
(dreamily)

If I come back. The only thing on my
calendar for the rest of the week
starts with a capital "C."

SHE LEAVES DRAMATICALLY. LIZA STARES AT THE COFFEE.

LIZA

Now it's ice cold.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE**INT. MANHATTAN BAR - THAT NIGHT**

LIZA, KELSEY AND LAUREN CLINK GLASSES AND TOSS BACK SHOTS.

LAUREN

To the new head of marketing!

KELSEY

And the youngest one in the history of
the company!

LIZA

Guys. It's just for seventy-two hours.

KELSEY

Were you dying when Diana said "You're
the new me"?

LAUREN

(to Kelsey)

If she was the "new her," she would be
dying. What is she, like ninety?

LIZA THROWS LAUREN A LOOK.

LIZA

Everything isn't about age. It's
about... skills. And she obviously
thinks I have some.

KELSEY

But she didn't know you were going to
use them to send her off to Vegas so
you can take over her job. Well-done!

LIZA FAKES A SMILE, CLINKS GLASSES WITH KELSEY AS LAUREN
SNAPS PHOTOS OF THEIR WOOZY FACES.

LIZA

Tell me you're not posting those.

LAUREN

Posted.

LIZA AND KELSEY SHARE A NERVOUS GLANCE. LAUREN GETS A PING.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Trending!

LIZA

You just took them.

LAUREN

Not you, fame-whore.
(off her phone)

There's a pop-up tattoo festival this week. It's going to be Gigantor.

KELSEY

(to Liza)

Omigod, that Japanese tattoo book! We have to launch it now!

LIZA

It's not coming out for another three months.

KELSEY

You're the acting head of marketing.
Act!

LIZA

Uh... okay. Tomorrow night. The warehouse. We'll have... free music, free shots, and... free tattoos!

KELSEY

That's my girl!

LIZA
(almost proudly)

Well, I do know the best tattoo artist
in the business.

LAUREN

Omigod, I've got it: We'll hire naked
models for Josh to ink!

LAUREN AND KELSEY GO TO MAKE A HIGH-FIVE. LIZA STOPS THEM.

LIZA

You know what, Josh is way too busy.

KELSEY

Liza! Confidence. Josh isn't
interested in some hot model.

LAUREN
(to Liza)

Exactly. Look at you.

LIZA CAN'T DECIDE IF SHE'S BEEN COMPLIMENTED OR INSULTED.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
(tapping on her phone)

I'm sending invites now.

LIZA

Wait, wait! Let me double check
tomorrow's schedule!

SHE DIGS AN ENORMOUS DATE PLANNER OUT OF HER PURSE. KELSEY
AND LAUREN STARE AT IT, HORRIFIED.

LAUREN
(off the planner)

What is that?

LIZA
(quick thinking)

My grandmother... I mean, my great-grandmother gave it to me. I didn't want to insult her by not using it.
(off their shocked faces)

I mean, insult her memory. She's long gone. I mean, I never even met her.

THEY CONTINUE TO STARE AT HER. SHE THROWS THE DATE PLANNER BACK IN HER PURSE. TAPS ON HER PHONE A FEW TIMES. SMILES.

LIZA (CONT'D)

Let's do this!

KELSEY AND LAUREN LOOK AT EACH OTHER: WHO IS SHE?

INT. FIVE STAR HOTEL LOBBY BAR - NIGHT - SAME TIME

CHARLES SITS AT THE BAR, NURSING A DRINK WHEN DIANA DRAMATICALLY SWOOPS IN.

DIANA

Charles! I've arrived!

CHARLES HIDES HIS SHOCK.

CHARLES

Wait. Where's Liza?

DIANA

Liza?
(thinking she understands)

Oh. Her. She's taking care of things back at the office, working overtime. It's a great way for her to atone for the "Babushka" debacle.

SHE PERCHES ON A STOOL, SNAPS AT THE BARTENDER.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Dirty martini. Three olives. And I'll
be counting.
(off Charles's drink)

And another one for the gentleman.

CHARLES WAVES OFF THE DRINK.

CHARLES
(re the assistant job)

Diana. You fully understand what we're
doing here, right?

DIANA
(clueless)

Do I ever!

CHARLES

Well, I must say. I admire your work
ethic. See you in the lobby tomorrow
morning. Nine sharp.

HE STARTS TO WALK OFF.

DIANA

The lobby? But what about the room?

CHARLES

Oh. I almost forgot.

HE TAKES A CARD KEY OUT OF HIS POCKET.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

I'm going to hit the gym and head up.

DIANA
(sexily)

See you soon.

HE LEAVES.

DIANA (CONT'D)
(shouting)

You know what they say about Vegas!

DIANA KISSES THE CARD KEY, NOT REALIZING IT'S ONLY FOR HER ROOM.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Yes!

EXT./INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

LIZA KNOCKS ON JOSH'S DOOR. WAITS IMPATIENTLY. KNOCKS AGAIN. JOSH OPENS IT. SHIRTLESS. DAMP. WET HAIR.

LIZA

Omigod, I'm sorry. You're, uh...
entertaining someone. I'll text you
later. Or not. In fact, forget I ever
existed.

SHE STARTS TO WALK OFF.

JOSH

Liza. I just took a shower.

LIZA
(thinking she knows)

Oh. I see. She already left. Anyway...

SHE KEEPS WALKING OFF. HE GRABS HER.

JOSH

There's no one here.

LIZA
(relieved)

Oh. In that case, I came by because...
(feasting on his naked torso)

... I have a... proposal.

JOSH

I thought we were taking things slow?

LIZA

A business proposal. Tomorrow night.
Live tattooing at the warehouse. For a
book launch.

JOSH

Sounds cool.

LIZA

Five thousand.

JOSH

Five thousand tattoos?

LIZA

Dollars. And if you say no... ten
thousand. Dollars.

JOSH IS SPEECHLESS.

LIZA (CONT'D)

Please say yes.

JOSH

First, I don't care about the money.
Second, what happened to "Hi, Josh,
good evening"? And third, yes, I'll do
it. On one condition.

LIZA

Oh, don't worry. You'll have total
artistic freedom.

JOSH

No. I'll do it if you spend the night.

LIZA

I thought we were taking things slow?

HE PULLS HER INTO THE APARTMENT.

JOSH

You're not getting any younger, Mrs.

Robinson.

HE PUTS HIS ARMS AROUND HER.

LIZA

You did not just "Mrs. Robinson" me.

JOSH

What? I've heard of the Beatles.

HE STARTS TO NUZZLE HER NECK.

LIZA

(to herself)

It was Simon and Garfunkel.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. DIANA'S HOTEL ROOM - NEXT MORNING

EMPTY MINI-BAR BOTTLES ARE STREWN ACROSS THE NIGHT TABLE...
AND THE BED... WHERE WE SEE DIANA, ON TOP OF THE BED COVERS,
STILL IN THE DRESS SHE WAS WEARING LAST NIGHT.

HER PHONE RINGS. SHE GROPEs FOR IT.

DIANA
(hungover, dreamily)

Charles? When are you coming up?...
(shocked awake)

What?!
(looks at her watch)

I'll be right down.
(shocked further)

What?! You want me to bring a tray of
hot coffees for the authors? And...
danish?... gluten-free?

SHE CLICKS OFF, SPINS AROUND, GETS A GLIMPSE OF HER HUNGOVER
SELF IN THE MIRROR, SCREAMS.

INT. EMPIRICAL PUBLISHING - OFFICE - DIANA'S OFFICE - LATER

LIZA, IN A SMART BUSINESS SUIT, SITS AT DIANA'S DESK, TALKING
TO A YOUNG FEMALE TEMP.

LIZA

So, I just need you to confirm with
the caterers, lock in security, Uber
the books over to the site... and then
treat yourself to a nice lunch.

SHE HANDS THE TEMP SOME MONEY.

LIZA (CONT'D)

Oh. And call the modeling agency and
make sure all the models are male.

THE TEMP SMILES, LEAVES. KELSEY, WHO HAS OVERHEARD THE WHOLE EXCHANGE, POKES HER HEAD IN.

KELSEY

Wow. Wish I worked for you. Can I have some lunch money, too, boss lady?

LIZA

Even better. I'll take you out on my expense account!

THEY HIGH-FIVE.

INT. HOTEL - ELEVATOR - SAME TIME

AN IRRITATED DIANA, DRESSED TO THE NINES, IS CARRYING A TRAY OF HOT COFFEES AND DANISH... AS IS ANOTHER WOMAN OF SIMILAR AGE, BUT DRESSED WAY DOWN.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN
(off the coffees)

It's really a drag to be an assistant at our age, isn't it?

DIANA

I am the head of marketing at Empirical Publishing, not an "assistant."

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN
(sincerely)

But you still do coffee runs? How egalitarian of you. Bravo!

DIANA THROWS HER DAGGERS.

DIANA
(to herself)

When I get back to the office, heads will roll!

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN
(off Diana's manicure)

By the way, how do you get that Fifth
Avenue polish on our salaries?

INT. WAREHOUSE - THAT NIGHT

DANCE MUSIC FLOATS OVER AN ECLECTIC MIX OF HIPSTERS AND CELEBRITIES SIPPING GLOWING COCKTAILS AS THEY WAIT THEIR TURN FOR JOSH, WHO'S CENTER STAGE. HE'S FLANKED BY HUGE MONITORS THAT SHOW CLOSE-UPS OF HIS DETAILED TATTOOS AS HE WORKS, CROSS-FADING WITH POSTERS OF THE JAPANESE TATTOO BOOK COVER.

HE FINISHES A TATTOO AS LIZA, IN A SKINTIGHT CATSUIT THAT LOOKS LIKE HER WHOLE BODY IS TATTOOED, APPROACHES HIM WITH A GLASS OF WATER. SETS IT NEAR HIM.

JOSH

So. How are we doing?

LIZA
(off the room)

Omigod! The books are being snapped
up, and there's a line out the door of
people waiting to get inked. It might
be five thousand, after all!

JOSH

No. I meant, how are we doing?

SHE GIVES HIM A HOT KISS.

LIZA

Does that answer your question?

THEY SHARE A LAUGH. LIZA SPOTS MAGGIE. WAVES.

LIZA (CONT'D)

I've been looking for Maggie all
night. I'll check in with you later.

SHE KISSES HIM AGAIN AND HEADS OVER TO MAGGIE, WHO'S STANDING AGAINST THE WALL, OBSERVING THE SUCCESSFUL EVENT.

LIZA (CONT'D)

Mags! Where have you been? Did you just get here?

MAGGIE

Of course not. I've been here all night, scoping the place out for hot women, but the place is swamped with dicks.

THEIR POV: A CLUSTER OF SHIRTLESS TATTED HUNKS.

LIZA

Yeah. There was some miscommunication with the modeling agency.
(mocking)

You know how it is. You can't trust those assistants.

THEY LAUGH.

MAGGIE

Well, they are hot.
(fantasizing)

Maybe I'll switch teams tonight. Just for kicks.
(back to reality)

Anyway. What I wanted to say is: This event is amazing. You are so totally getting a promotion.

LIZA

You really think so?

MAGGIE

You know you are! And the best part is: Caitlin's here to see it all.

LIZA

What?

MAGGIE

Yeah, Josh is tattooing her now.

LIZA SPINS AROUND IN HORROR TO SEE JOSH TATTOOING CAITLIN, WHO'S BENT OVER WITH HER PANTS DOWN.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Chillax. I coached her. Your secret's safe. She's not going to call you "Mom."

LIZA LOOKS AT THE MONITORS. HER JAW DROPS.

LIZA

She doesn't have to. Josh is tattooing it across her ass.

CLOSE ON MONITORS: JOSH IS TATTOOING "MOM" ON CAITLIN'S ASS.

LIZA (CONT'D)

I'm stopping this right now.

SHE HEADS FOR THE STAGE, BUT MAGGIE DRAGS HER BACK.

MAGGIE

Hey! Helicopter Mom! Back off. If Caitlin wants her ass inked, what's it to you?

LIZA

Excuse me? She is not old enough to realize the repercussions of what she's doing.

MAGGIE

Oh. But you, at "twenty-six," are?
(to herself)

That's rich.

LIZA THROWS MAGGIE DAGGERS, HEADS TOWARDS THE STAGE, BUT STOPS WHEN KELSEY AND LAUREN RUSH HER.

KELSEY

(off event)

Liza! OMG! You did it!

LAUREN

Outdid it! Frankly, I had my doubts.

CAITLIN (O.S.)

Mom!

EVERYONE SPINS AROUND TO SEE CAITLIN MAKING A BEELINE FOR LIZA. KELSEY AND LAUREN ARE FLABBERGASTED.

KELSEY

LAUREN

Mom?

Mom?

LIZA THROWS A LOOK AT MAGGIE, WHO THROWS A LOOK AT CAITLIN.

CAITLIN

(cluing in)

Oh. I mean...
(to Liza)

"Liza!" Look, look! Don't you love it?

SHE YANKS DOWN HER JEANS, SHOWS HER NEW "I LOVE MY MOM!" TATTOO ON HER UPPER RIGHT CHEEK.

CAITLIN (CONT'D)
 (to everyone)

Next up, open bar. Free shots! Whoo-
 hoo!

(off Liza's shocked face)

"Liza," you're the best mom....
 (off everyone's faces)

...mambo dancer... teacher... in the
 world!

CAITLIN DOES A FAKE MAMBO STEP. LIZA STANDS, FIGHTING A GRIMACE.

KELSEY
 (to Liza)

Okay, the suspense is killing me. How
 do you two know each other?

LIZA AND CAITLIN SHARE A NERVOUS LOOK. MAGGIE STEPS FORWARD.

MAGGIE

They're... sisters, can't you tell?

LIZA FAKE SMILES, STANDS NEXT TO CAITLIN; TRIES TO ADOPT THE EXACT SAME POSE. FAILS.

LIZA
 (to Kelsey)

Yeah. Can't you tell?

CAITLIN ADOPTS LIZA'S EXACT POSE. SUCCEEDS.

LAUREN
 (believing them)

Omigod, of course. It's obvious.
 (inspired, to Caitlin)

I christen you, "Little Liza."

CAITLIN
 (firmly)

"Call me Caitlin."

LAUREN
(shudders, to Kelsey)

And they both have the same nasty

attitudes. Figures.
(snaps fingers at Liza)

Hey. Head of Marketing. We want our
tats. Use your executive powers to
jump us in the line. Now.

LIZA LEADS THEM OFF, BUT GLANCES OVER HER SHOULDER TO MAGGIE
AND CAITLIN TO GIVE THEM THE EVIL EYE.

CAITLIN
(to Maggie)

Aunt Maggie, thanks for bringing me.

You and Mom are the best.
(kisses her on the cheek)

I'm gonna grab a drink.

SHE STARTS OFF. MAGGIE GRABS HER, SWINGS HER AROUND.

MAGGIE
(now the stern mother)

Oh no you're not. It's time to go
home, Missy.

CAITLIN

What?! Come on!

CAITLIN TRIES TO PULL AWAY; MAGGIE HOLDS FAST.

CAITLIN (CONT'D)

Okay, okay! Just let me give the
tattoo guy my number. He's mega-hot.

MAGGIE CAN STILL SEE LIZA GIVING HER THE EVIL EYE.

MAGGIE

I don't know. My gaydar is going ga-ga.

CAITLIN

He's gay?

MAGGIE

Totes.
(a knowing smile)

The best ones always are.

CAITLIN NODS HER HEAD SADLY AS MAGGIE LEADS HER OFF.

INT. EMPIRICAL PUBLISHING - OFFICE - NEXT MORNING

LIZA IS COMFORTABLY ENSCONCED AT DIANA'S DESK, SIPPING COFFEE, CHECKING HER EMAILS WHEN DIANA AND CHARLES STORM IN.

LIZA

Oh. Good morning...? I thought you'd be back this afternoon.

DIANA

Well, as usual, you thought wrong.

CHARLES

So. Liza. Accounting just forwarded me an astronomical bill for last night's party. Care to explain?

LIZA LOOKS AT DIANA SHEEPISHLY.

LIZA

Diana left me in charge. She said I was the new her.

DIANA
(total denial)

I would never say such a thing.

(MORE)

DIANA (CONT'D)

You could never be me. Look at my desk. It's an absolute disaster.

LIZA LOOKS AT THE DESK. IT'S THE SAME AS WHEN DIANA LEFT.

LIZA

This is how you left it.

DIANA

Step away, peon. Now!

LIZA JUMPS UP. CHARLES APPROACHES HER; SHE JUMPS BACK.

CHARLES

Liza, this is strike two. I'm afraid I'll have to put you on official probation.

LIZA

For doing my job?

DIANA

No. For doing my job. Instead of doing your job.
(sincerely, to Charles)

And Charles, I am so sorry those danish weren't gluten-free.

HE SHAKES HIS HEAD, BITTERLY DISAPPOINTED.

LIZA

Look. This was obviously some big misunderstand --

CHARLES

Official probation. Understood?

LIZA SEARCHES FOR THAT WINNING SMILE; IT'S GONE.

LIZA

Understood.

HE STARTS TO HEAD OUT.

LIZA (CONT'D)

But, if I do end up losing this job...
do you think you might still need a
babysitter?

HE THROWS HER A LOOK.

CHARLES

You know, I'm not sure you'd be a
positive influence on my girls.

HE LEAVES. LIZA'S FACE FALLS.

DIANA

(over-the-top cheerful)

Bye-bye, Charles. Had a fabulous time
in Vegas! Loved every minute of it!
(to Liza)

Close the door. Tight.

LIZA DOES AS SHE'S TOLD.

LIZA

Look, I didn't mean to --

DIANA

First. Fumigate this place. You have
violated my zone with your presence.

Second. Yes, the party was
astronomically expensive. But...
(smiling)

..the book sales are still going
through the roof! I got the PR report.

(MORE)

DIANA (CONT'D)

The party was written up in every major paper. I'm impressed.

LIZA
(grateful)

You are?

DIANA

Third. You did me a huge favor. Charles obviously cannot appreciate my finer qualities. He had me fetching his coffee like I was YOU. Which I am clearly not.

LIZA
(happily agreeing)

Clearly.

DIANA

So, don't worry about probation. You have my full protection.

LIZA

Oh, Diana, I don't know what to say.

DIANA

Say nothing. Just get my coffee. Now!

LIZA

Right away! And... thank you so much!

SHE PAUSES, OPENS HER ARMS IN A TENTATIVE EMBRACE.

LIZA (CONT'D)

Hug?

DIANA GIVES HER A DEATH STARE.

LIZA (CONT'D)

Right. My bad.

LIZA RUSHES OUT.

TAGEXT. BROOKLYN BAR - NIGHT

KELSEY AND LIZA ARE HEADING FOR THE BAR.

KELSEY

I'm so glad you didn't get fired.

LIZA

That makes two of us.

KELSEY

Good thing Charles and Diana didn't see those pictures of us that Lauren put on Instagram.

LIZA

(panicked)

What pictures? I didn't see any pictures.

JOSH (O.S.)

But I did.

LIZA WHIRLS AROUND TO SEE A SMILING JOSH APPROACHING HER.

LIZA

(nervous)

What "pictures" are we talking about?

JOSH

(to Liza)

You're number one on the list, and...
(to Kelsey)

... you're number two.

KELSEY LAUGHS AND HEADS TO THE BAR.

KELSEY

See you guys inside.

LIZA
(to Josh, scared)

What "list"?

JOSH SHOWS HER HIS PHONE.

JOSH

"Hot drunk female execs in NYC."

ON HIS PHONE SCREEN: THE "DRUNK" PICTURES LAUREN TOOK OF LIZA AND KELSEY, NOW WITH RATINGS NUMBERS NEXT TO THEM.

LIZA

That bitch!
(considering)

Although, we do look kinda hot.

JOSH

Correction. Smokin' hot.

LIZA TAKES JOSH'S HAND.

LIZA

In that case, let's work on the drunk
part.

SHE LEADS HIM INTO THE BAR AND WE...

FADE OUT.