

HACKS

"Grow Up"

by

Ray Remo

March, 2022

ray@rayremo.com

WGAE Reg. I362455

COLD OPEN

EXT. LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA - LATE NIGHT

Rural Pennsylvania. Peaceful, quiet country, slowly being developed, and ruined, by humans.

Miles of corn fields stretch in the b.g.; commercial property, motels and shops in the foreground.

From on high, the camera slowly pans DOWN to the BIRD-IN-HAND FAMILY INN sitting along Route 30, a main drag. Deborah's huge TOUR BUS pulls into the parking lot.

INT. TOUR BUS - CONTINUOUS

The enormous tour bus DEBORAH has rented for her tour slowly comes to a stop. AVA is very unconscious; her head leaning into the aisle, the final STOP of the bus's brakes causing DROOL to exit from her mouth.

DAMIEN **scowls** at her.

Deborah goes to exit the bus. She is carrying a huge Louis Vuitton handbag which SLAMS Ava in the face as Deborah passes.

DEBORAH

We're here.

AVA

(reacting to being  
hit by the bag)

Christ!

(then confused)

Where's here?

DEBORAH

Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

AVA

Pennsylvania? Wow. Last thing I remember was getting gas somewhere in Ohio.

DEBORAH

Yes. Steubenville, Ohio. Dean Martin's hometown.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AVA  
(groggily)  
Rat Pack.

DEBORAH  
Speaking of gas...we're trying to  
make this new act perfect, so  
we'll be doing a lot of traveling.

AVA  
I know. What's your point?

DEBORAH  
My point is you may want to  
consider what you're putting into  
your body for dinner being that  
we'll be doing most of the driving  
on this little road trip *together*  
and mostly at night.

AVA  
I don't follow.

DEBORAH  
From Steubenville to Lancaster is  
a four-hour ride. You farted for  
three of them.

AVA  
Oh my God, really?

DEBORAH  
Maybe don't load up on tacos  
before boarding a bus with your co-  
workers.

ANGLE ON: DAMIEN, with a look of total DISDAIN.

AVA  
So sorry about that. They told me  
years ago I was lactose intolerant  
but I just don't want to believe  
it.

DAMIEN  
For the love of God, *believe* it.

AVA  
And the prices? I mean, for five  
dollars I got four tacos, a side  
of nachos and a soda!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DEBORAH

They should throw in a new pair of underwear, too.

(disgusted, tired)

Damien is coming with me.

(points at Ava)

That puts *you* in charge of the bags.

AVA

Me? That's not my -

DEBORAH

He got *no* sleep because of your...gas leak. All you need to do is be sure the driver unloads everything. The rest of this set -

(she holds up her

Vuitton bag)

Is worth more than your salary for the year. Two years.

AVA

Okay, okay.

Deborah and Damien EXIT the bus.

AVA

(to the driver)

I guess it's just you and me.

The BUS DRIVER, an older man, gives a HUGE SMILE.

BUS DRIVER

Yessss.

CRINGE. Ava nervously smiles back, slightly creeped out.

**END OF COLD OPEN**

**ACT ONE**

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Bus Driver and Ava are unloading the bags from the bottom of the bus. He loads one final bag to the pile.

BUS DRIVER

There we go. I figured you had to be Hollywood people, renting a big ol' bus like this for only a few people.

AVA

Actually,  
 (using air quotes)  
 we're more like "Vegas people," not "Hollywood people," or at least my boss is. Well, I'm more "Hollywood people," than she is, but I'm "Vegas" for now. Eventually, I'd like to be, like, a "gritty New York indie person" and get something entered at "Sundance" or "Tribeca."

ANGLE ON: Bus Driver nodding blankly.

BUS DRIVER

Okay...um...

AVA

Sorry. I don't know why I was air-quoting so much. My boss is a comic and we're traveling around the country so she can hone her show.

(changing subject)

So, is, uh, is that everything?

BUS DRIVER

I think so.

AVA

(realizing)

Oh wait, one of my bags isn't here.

The bus driver LEANS to look into the bin under the bus.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUS DRIVER  
 (pointing behind him  
 to the pile of Louis  
 Vuitton)  
 Did your bag look like these?

AVA  
 Um, no. Mine is like, gray. Gray  
 and red. Well, it's mostly  
 gray...but it has a huge red  
 bullseye on it.

The Bus Driver stops looking and stares, confused.

BUS DRIVER  
 You mean a Target bag? Like the  
 ones they give away for free at  
 the store?

AVA  
 Actually, they charge a nickel.  
 But yes, that's the one.

BUS DRIVER  
 Oh.

BEAT.

BUS DRIVER  
 (walking towards the  
 rear of the bus)  
 Well, I loaded that in the back  
 here, with the garbage. I didn't  
 think to look inside it.

AVA  
 Totally understandable. I'd do the  
 same.

The Bus Driver stops at the rear of the bus, bends down  
 and tries to PULL on the latch. It doesn't budge.

BUS DRIVER  
 This is always sticking. Just  
 give me a second.

The Bus Driver gives the latch another YANK.

AVA  
 No worries. Sorry about that. I  
 should have just held onto the bag  
 myself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Another YANK.

AVA (CONT'D)  
I was just so tired when we left  
Ohio -

BUS DRIVER  
OOOF!

The latch POPS open, the Bus Driver FALLS into Ava, who catches him.

The Target bag falls out; its contents loudly SPILL down a storm drain, CLINKING and CLACKING off the metal.

AVA  
Oh shittttt!!

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

DEBORAH and DAMIEN approach the front desk; he stops her midway.

DAMIEN  
I know I never do this and maybe I shouldn't do this, but I need to ask your *help* with something.

DEBORAH  
Sure, just take a steamy hot shower and Ava's farts will wash right out of your hair.

She chortles to herself; he does NOT laugh.

DEBORAH  
Sorry.  
(getting serious)  
Of course. What is it?

DAMIEN  
I'm going to break up with Jerry.

DEBORAH  
No! Why?

DAMIEN  
We're having problems.  
(re-thinks)  
Well, no. *I'm* having a problem and I just can't deal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEBORAH

What's the problem? You better have a good reason for breaking up with the best-looking stuntman I've ever seen!

DAMIEN

Well, I'm having trouble getting lead in the pencil.

DEBORAH

(lost)  
What?

DAMIEN

You know - the troops don't rally when they hear the bugle playing...?

DEBORAH

The bugle? What the hell - Oh.

DAMIEN

I can't bring the beef to the butcher.

DEBORAH

Yes, got it. Thanks. Well, first things first - have you been checked by a doctor?

DAMIEN

Yep. All good physically. The thing is, I think I *know* what the issue is.

DEBORAH

Okay, so then?

DAMIEN

It's...it's his *job*. This has been building for a while.

(flustered)

I'm always so nervous he's going to get hurt when he does those big action movies. He was in all nine of the Fast and Furious movies and almost signed up for F10 until I talked him out of it.

(more flustered)

I mean, those movies make so much money, who knows how many more Fs there will be?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

DEBORAH

Sounds like there will be *zero* effs in your house if you don't work this out.

DAMIEN

Very nice. Do you always have to find a punchline?

DEBORAH

Yes. It's like a sickness. Or a gift.

Deborah RINGS a bell on the front desk.

FRONT DESK CLERK (O.C.)

Be right out.

DEBORAH

Listen - you have to talk to him. You can't sacrifice your relationship over this. It's just a blip.

DAMIEN

But it's *not* a blip. What am I supposed to say, "It's me or your job?" I can't do it. I can't be *that* person.

DEBORAH

So your plan is to never have another erection -

The Front Desk Clerk DARTS her head out the doorway.

DEBORAH

Oh, hello. Checking in, please.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Ava and Bus Driver enter, meeting Deborah and Damien. Bus Driver is pushing the luggage cart; Ava is holding her now-empty Target bag.

Deborah hands her a room key.

DEBORAH

Here's your room. 125.  
(to the bus driver)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

We got it from here. Thanks for the help. We'll see you tomorrow.

BUS DRIVER

Okay, Miss. Good night, all.

He EXITS.

AVA

Listen, we may have a problem. He dropped my luggage out there -

(moves the Target bag  
behind her back)

Some things fell down the storm drain. And I lost my...uh...I lost a device.

DEBORAH

Christ, I don't care if your vibrator is missing. Make due for a few days!

DAMIEN

Ew. Why am I hearing this?

AVA

I didn't say anything about a vibrator! It wasn't that kind of device. It was my vape! And all my weed gummies!

DEBORAH

God. What is *wrong* with your generation? What ever happened to smoking joints?

AVA

They've joined big ol' hairy pussies in the dustbin of history.

DAMIEN

Ugh. Why are they "big?"

(sighing)

Anyway, I'm sure there's a shop somewhere you can find another vape. I'm going to my room. I'm exhausted.

DEBORAH

Me too.

Ava grabs her stomach.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AVA

Oh, man. Those tacos.

DEBORAH

Yeah, I'd crack a window if I were you. Or find yourself a cork. I have work to do. Good night.

Each of them go their separate ways, Ava being the last to exit, holding her stomach.

**END OF ACT ONE**

INT. JIMMY'S OFFICE - MORNING

JIMMY is at his desk, sipping his morning coffee and looking at a sheet of MEMOS. He is confused.

JIMMY

Kayla, can you come in here,  
please?

KAYLA enters.

KAYLA

Good morning, boss.

JIMMY

Good morning, Kayla. So, a couple  
of things. First, these memos  
you're leaving me? I'm not  
getting this 3-letter, uh,  
*shorthand* you used.

Jimmy holds up the memo sheet.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

It just says, "BBC times 3."

KAYLA

Oh, that's right. Billy Baldwin,  
Brooke Burke and Bill Burr all  
called after you left yesterday.

JIMMY

Um, okay, but Kayla, these  
abbreviations I'm never going to  
understand. Plus, BBC, it has  
that other connotation...

KAYLA

You mean the British Broadcasting  
Company?

(doing a Crocodile  
Dundee imitation)

*Ello, mate? Fancy another shrimp  
on the barbie, do ya?*

JIMMY

Well, that's not British. And no,  
that's not the connotation.

KAYLA

Okay...Something involving Bobby  
Brown or Barry Bonds?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY

Getting warmer.  
(holds up another  
piece of paper)  
And what about this one?

KAYLA

Oh, the guy who played Bilbo  
Baggins, he called, too. Don't  
know his name. That's why there's  
a question mark after BBC, silly!

JIMMY

(sighing)  
Just write out their full names  
when they call, okay? And if you  
don't, by some chance, know their  
*actual* names, maybe use IMDb?

KAYLA

No, I am DB!

JIMMY

What?

KAYLA

Just a joke, Jimmy, to lighten the  
workload.

JIMMY

You haven't *done* any work today.

KAYLA

I'm still recovering from  
yesterday's workload.

JIMMY

*Okayyyy...well*, now I do actually  
have work for you to do. I need  
you to call up and get me Pit Bull  
in here as *soon* as you can,  
please.

KAYLA

(now doing British  
accent)  
Jolly good, Jimmy! Peace and  
love, peace and love.

Jimmy sips his coffee, TIRED eyes glaring at Kayla as she  
exits.

INT. DEBORAH'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

There is a huge FRUIT BASKET with CHOCOLATES and a BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE on Deborah's night stand.

Deborah looks in the mirror, sullen. She PULLS BACK her face. She LIFTS her eyes. Then she takes three fingers, makes a mock gun, and holds it to the side of her head.

A KNOCK at the door; Deborah answers and Ava enters.

AVA

You're not ready to work? I had an idea about the alcoholism bit.

DEBORAH

I don't think so. I'm actually feeling out of sorts. I don't know. Touring never bothered me before. Maybe I'm too old for all this.

AVA

If you're worried about sounding old, maybe don't use phrases like "out of sorts?"

(then)

You're never too old to re-invent yourself.

DEBORAH

Is that a quote from a fucking greeting card? So on my deathbed I can become a heavy metal star?

AVA

Well, I mean, there are limits.

DEBORAH

Great. Listen, my stomach is not good. I had that coffee in the lobby this morning to wake up. Big mistake.

Deborah burps into her hand.

AVA

Well, maybe that's not your age, just your karma for mocking me and my intolerance of lactose!

(noticing the basket)

Nice basket! Yums. Chocolate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEBORAH

It's from Jimmy. His dad used to send the same baskets.

(burps again)

God, this is awful. I haven't felt this nauseous since I was in Louis CK's dressing room waiting for him to finish masturbating.

AVA

Yikes. Stomach must be pretty bad, then. Want me to go get you something? While I'm out, I can look for a new vape.

DEBORAH

Oh, enough with the drugs, goddamit. Grow up. Here, have some fruit. Get a sugar high.

Deborah unwraps part of the fruit basket.

AVA

You know, you could be a little more understanding. This only happened because you left me alone to carry the luggage!

DEBORAH

You mean your fucking Target bag?

(burps again)

You know what? Good idea. Go to the drugstore. And take Damien with you. He needs to get out.

AVA

Why? Is he "out of sorts" too? Who am I on tour with, the Golden Girls?

DEBORAH

He's having...issues...in the *men's department*.

AVA

The men's department? What does that even -

Deborah SNATCHES a BANANA from the fruit basket. She POINTS it at Ava, close to her face.

Ava moves her head side to side to avoid it; Deb CHASES her face with the banana.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AVA  
Okay! I get it!

There is a KNOCK; Ava opens the door to Damien.

AVA  
(way too nicely)  
Heyyyy, Damien. How are youuuu?

DAMIEN  
I'm...fine?  
(to Deborah)  
Club owner called. Said we can  
check out the venue at 2PM.

Ava reaches into the fruit basket for chocolate.

DEBORAH  
Thank you, Damien. If you don't  
mind first going to the pharmacy  
with Ava. I need a Maalox or a  
Prilosec or something.

DAMIEN  
Lobby coffee?

DEBORAH  
Yep, and looking at Ava first  
thing in the morning is hard  
enough on the intestines.

DAMIEN  
Amen.

ANGLE ON: Ava, mouth COVERED in chocolate. She FROWNS.

CUT TO:

INT. PHARMACY - LATER THAT MORNING

Ava and Damien enter. Ava goes directly to the counter  
to ask the PHARMACIST a question.

AVA  
Excuse me, do you have a CBD  
section?

PHARMACIST  
Yes, just around this corner here.  
Aisle three.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

AVA  
And is there anything *stronger*  
than CBD around?

The pharmacist has heard this question MANY times.

PHARMACIST  
I get one every day.  
(clearing his throat)  
We can't just give out medical  
marijuana, ma'am!

AVA  
Oh no, I didn't mean -

DAMIEN  
That's exactly what she meant.

The pharmacist walks away in a HUFF.

AVA  
Why don't we split up? I need to  
look for a few *feminine* products.

DAMIEN  
Fine. Meet back here in ten.

Ava goes one way, Damien another. She goes on a TOUR of the store as "**I Love It**" by Icona Pop plays:

Ava SPRAYS several air fresheners in the air and RUNS through them to smell them.

She holds up clip-on hair extensions next to her head to see how they look, DANCING in the mirror.

She DRIBBLES one of the bouncy balls in the toy aisle.

She tries a personal massager on her neck, which she LOVES.

Suddenly, the over-the-counter ED section catches her eye. She takes a bottle and contemplates buying UPSURGE brand erectile dysfunction pills for Damien. *Hmmmmmm*.

INT. JIMMY'S OFFICE - DAY

Jimmy sits at his desk, flipping through papers. He calls to Kayla who is conspicuously working on one of her fingernails at her very MESSY desk, on which is an open takeout FOOD CONTAINER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY

Kayla?

KAYLA

Yes, boff?

JIMMY

Do you have to make it *so* obvious that you're giving yourself a manicure instead of actually, you know, *working*?

KAYLA

(game show buzzer)

*Errrrrrr*. Wrong. Not doing that.

JIMMY

I can see you! You're manicuring your nails.

(looks closer)

Or at least...manicuring a nail?

KAYLA

Nope. What happened is last night, I was fooling around with my boyfriend and I just noticed now that I have some leftover *residue*, shall we call it, under my nail. Gotta clean it up because, you know, Covid.

JIMMY

Okay, so not at all appropriate to announce at work, Kayla.

KAYLA

Relax, Jimmy. I'm just kidding anyway.

JIMMY

Good. But still inappropriate.

KAYLA

I'm not kidding about the butthole residue part, just the boyfriend part. He's not my boyfriend.

JIMMY

God Almighty, Kayla! I don't want to hear any more! Can you please get me Pit Bull? I've been asking you all morning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KAYLA  
They're actually on their way.  
His handler called.

Jimmy, surprised, walks out of his office and over to Kayla.

JIMMY  
He's coming? You got him?? Wow!  
I don't know what to say. Great  
job, Kayla!  
(then)  
Ummm, but do you think we could  
maybe clean your desk up a bit  
before he gets here?  
(re: food container)  
Can you at least move your lunch  
off the desk?

KAYLA  
Oh, that's not mine. That's  
yours. Came 20 minutes ago. I  
tried a piece of your chicken.  
(finishing her nail)  
I'll clean all this up after *my*  
lunch. I promise.

JIMMY  
Wait, you're leaving? Now?

Kayla grabs her purse, HORRIBLY and LOUDLY singing Dolly Parton's, "9 to 5."

KAYLA  
*Workin' 9 to 5, what a way to make  
livin'...*

She EXITS.

KAYLA (O.C.)(CNT'D)  
*"Barely gettin' by, it's all  
takin' and no givin'..."*

Jimmy eyes his lunch and, in one motion, slides it and EVERYTHING ELSE off Kayla's desk and into the trash bin.

BACK TO:

INT. PHARMACY - DAY

Damien picks up a second medication for Deborah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SFX: RINGTONE - Damien's phone rings on his way to the counter. The Caller ID shows JERRY calling.

DAMIEN  
Oh shit. Shit!

Damien contemplates not answering but then does.

EXT. MOVIE SET - DAY / INT. PHARMACY - INTERCUT

JERRY  
Hello? Dame?

DAMIEN  
Heyyyyy, how's Cali?

JERRY  
I'm glad you answered. I've been getting your voicemail every time I call the last couple of days.

DAMIEN  
Oh, I know. Believe it or not, Pennsylvania is just as crazy as Vegas. Soooo busy.

Over the loudspeaker, an announcement is made:

LOUDSPEAKER  
Will the owner of the brown and white horse please remove it from the handicapped parking space. Brown and white horse. Thank you.

JERRY  
(having heard the announcement)  
Um, yeah, must be. I haven't heard from you.

DAMIEN  
I'm sorry.

JERRY  
Damien, is everything alright? We haven't been...We haven't been ourselves lately. Is there something you want to tell me?

DAMIEN  
No, I...I just -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Damien PANICS and begins MOVING THE PHONE away from, and back to, his face, pretending the connection is bad.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)  
The signal here is so bad...

He walks down the aisle.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)  
Can you hear me, Jerry?

Ava, still massaging herself and now WRAPPED inside of a thick blanket, comes walking around the corner and SEES Damien. Their eyes lock; he is EMBARRASSED.

DAMIEN  
Let me call you back, Jerry!

Damien hangs up.

AVA  
What was that?

DAMIEN  
That was me avoiding my boyfriend.

AVA  
Um, Deborah kinda told me - not in any detail - that you were having issues.

DAMIEN  
Yeah. He and I need to have a talk. I guess I'm avoiding it.

SFX: An alert on Ava's phone. Message from Deborah. She reads it: WHERE ARE MY PILLS??

AVA  
Oh, *speaking of the Deborah...*her stomach must be bad.

DAMIEN  
You know, I don't think it's the coffee that's bothering her. When she got that fruit basket from Jimmy this morning, she tried to remember the last time she got one from his dad, which was, like, a "thing" he did years ago for his clients on the road.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AVA  
Yeah, she mentioned that.

DAMIEN  
Well, she stopped counting at 23  
years ago and looked like she  
wanted to cry.

AVA  
I guess even Deborah can be  
sentimental and -

SFX: Another message from Deborah: Correction - WHERE  
THE FUCK ARE MY PILLS??!!

AVA  
We should go.

Ava unwraps the blanket. The UPSURGE pills fall out and  
onto the floor. Damien sees them; Ava SHEEPISHLY smiles.

DAMIEN  
Yes, we should.

CUT TO:

INT. DEBORAH'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Deborah opens the door to Damien.

DAMIEN  
Here you go.

He hands Deborah the bag.

DEBORAH  
Thanks.

DAMIEN  
Umm...so Jerry called while we  
were out.

DEBORAH  
Okay, good. And?

DAMIEN  
Well, it's possible that I  
panicked and pretended...I  
couldn't hear him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEBORAH  
(takes one pill)  
And he believed it?

DAMIEN  
I made it quite believable, but  
who knows.

DEBORAH  
Damien, do you know why I'm out on  
the road, touring?  
(takes another pill)  
Because in order for the act to be  
good, it has to be honest.

DAMIEN  
I guess.

DEBORAH  
You have to do the same with  
Jerry. Be honest and see where it  
takes you.

DAMIEN  
I know. You're right. It's just  
hard.

DEBORAH  
It is?  
(smiling)  
But, I thought *it wasn't* hard.

DAMIEN  
God, I hope your new act has  
better material than that.

DEBORAH  
Oh, it does.  
(grabs Vuitton bag)  
Come on, let's go check out this  
club for tonight's show.

INT. FUNNY FACTORY COMEDY CLUB - DAY

Deborah and Damien enter to find the club owner, FRANK,  
and his manager, DOUG. Frank is on his cellphone.

FRANK  
Yeah, she just walked in. I'll  
take care of it. I'm not worried.

Deborah shoots Damien a look of "WHAT IS THIS NOW?" as

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Frank ends his call.

FRANK

Ms. Vance. Nice to meet you. I'm Frank. This is my manager, Doug.

DEBORAH

Thank you. This is my assistant, Damien. You dealt with him, I believe.

They all shake hands.

DEBORAH

Nice club. And a beautiful bar.

FRANK

Thanks.

DOUG

(snarky)

I was thinking, for your set, your demographic, should we do Banana Daquiris with Ensure?

FRANK

(to Doug)

Or maybe Metamucil Martinis?

Frank and Doug chuckle to themselves; Damien and Deborah  
ROLL THEIR EYES.

DEBORAH

Aw. It's always cute when the club owners think they're funny, too.

FRANK

Listen, I'll be honest. I was out of town when my booker set this up. I mean, I respect you. I do. I know you're a "grand dame" of comedy or whatever. But my usual headliner wants to keep his spot in the lineup. And he caters to a younger crowd - a crowd that spends money.

DAMIEN

Are you saying you want Ms. Vance to be an *opening* act?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

FRANK

Not me. It's him.

Frank points to a promotional poster for his usual headlining act: HARRY HANDS and HIS FURRY FRIENDS, a desperate-looking man surrounded by animal puppets.

FRANK

He's a Prima Donna.

DAMIEN

I can see why.

FRANK

I know we can figure something out. Where there's a will, there's a way, right, Ms. Vance?

DEBORAH

Actually, this time, there's no fucking way. There are maybe five people I'd open for. Everybody else is *behind* me in line as far as dues paid.

FRANK

That's only because almost everybody in front of you is dead.

This STINGS Deborah.

DOUG

Besides, people love the puppet thing. Gotta do what the customers want, right?

FRANK

Yeah, I don't know what you want me to do.

Deborah throws her purse over her shoulder and puts her sunglasses on.

DEBORAH

Simple. Stick your hand up Doug's ass here and give the people what they want.

Deborah exits; Damien trails her, SMILING.

**END OF ACT TWO**

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

AVA is at the counter talking to the FRONT DESK CLERK. She holds up a MENU to ask:

AVA  
And what part of the pig is the  
"hock?"

The phone rings. Front Desk Clerk ROLLS HER EYES and answers it, ignoring Ava.

Damien and Deborah enter.

DAMIEN  
So, there's been a change of  
plans.

DEBORAH  
The club owner was a tool. I  
cancelled the show tonight.

AVA  
*What?!*

DEBORAH  
Maybe if I was 30 years younger or  
I let him stick his hand up my  
ass, we could've had a show!

AVA  
Uh...what am I missing here?

DAMIEN  
Not important. Bottom line is  
there's no gig tonight.

FRONT DESK CLERK  
Unless you'd maybe want to perform  
*here*, Ms. Vance.

Deborah, Damien, and Ava all turn to the clerk.

FRONT DESK CLERK  
We have a room here, The Common  
Room, we use for small shows. It  
would be an honor to have you.  
We'll cancel our usual act - Mario  
the Marionette.

DAMIEN  
(under his breath)  
Lots of puppetry in this town...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEBORAH

See that? They'll cancel their act. Now *that's* respect.

(to the clerk)

You sure I'm not too old for you?

FRONT DESK CLERK

Actually, tonight is our Senior night, so it works out perfectly!

DEBORAH

(less than thrilled)

Oh...great.

AVA

(to the clerk)

Thanks, but we're looking to cultivate a woke, hip crowd...not a broken hip crowd.

DEBORAH

Careful. I'm not that far behind in that department. And on second thought, it's a good way to get honest feedback on the act. Old people don't lie because they don't have to.

(to Front Desk Clerk)

It's perfect.

FRONT DESK CLERK

Does 8 o'clock work?

DEBORAH

It does. See you then.

INT. JIMMY'S OFFICE - DAY

Jimmy is busily answering his own phones, doing Kayla's job AND his. His desk is a MESS.

JIMMY

James Lusaque's office...please hold.

(clicks a button)

Shit! Hung up on that one.

Phone rings again.

JIMMY

James Lusaque's office?

INT. JIMMY'S OFFICE / INT. HOTEL LOBBY - INTERCUT

AVA

Kayla, you're starting to sound exactly like Jimmy.

JIMMY

Don't get me started on her. What can I do for you, Ava?

AVA

You know Deborah is now canceling gigs and taking work in hotel lounges? Actually, motel lounges!

JIMMY

She's been doing this longer than you or I have been alive so maybe, I don't know, trust her?

AVA

And another thing, I can't sleep because I have no gummies. Or a vape! I'm weedless, Jimmy!  
WEEDLESS!

JIMMY

(seeing Kayla return)  
I can't tell you how little I care. Goodbye.

Jimmy hangs up. Kayla enters.

JIMMY

Kayla! A two-hour lunch?! Really??

KAYLA

Actually...my lunch was only an hour. Thennnnn, I called my guy and we had phone sex. Had to wait for him to finish. Common courtesy, dude.

(then)

He's my boyfriend, now, BTW.

JIMMY

Oh my God! Stop! Kayla, where is Pit Bull? You told me he was coming hours ago!

KAYLA

Hmmmmmm. Let me call.  
(walks to her phone)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAYLA (CONT'D)

In other news, my sushi was de-  
lish-usssss.

Jimmy tidies up his desk as best he can.

JIMMY

(to himself)

It's like working with the chubby  
kid from "A League of Their Own."

KAYLA

(hanging up phone)

Okay, they're on their way up with  
him now.

JIMMY

Right now?

(looking around)

Okay, I guess this is as good as  
it gets then.

Jimmy adjusts his outfit; checks his breath.

JIMMY

He's such a big name to come here  
for an in-person meeting. I guess  
he's heard good things about the  
firm.

KAYLA

Who's that?

JIMMY

Pitbull.

(tilting his head,  
confused)

Pit? Bull?

KAYLA

Ohhhhhh.

In the distance we hear a DOG BARK. Jimmy REALIZES.

JIMMY

Kayla -

Through the glass we see a man with a leash; another DOG  
BARK.

JIMMY

Please tell me you didn't get me -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

More DOG BARKS. Jimmy's office door opens, revealing a man with a pit bull on a leash.

JIMMY

A goddam dog.

MANY more dog BARKS.

KAYLA

(impersonating Pit  
Bull)

*Mr. Worldwide!*

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Damien and Ava are at the desk, waiting with the Front Desk Clerk. A few customers hang around the desk.

FRONT DESK CLERK

We may have a small turn out tonight. There was a major accident on Route 30.

AVA

Oh, no. Everybody okay?

FRONT DESK CLERK

Yes, I think so. You know what it is? This time of year, with all the tourists taking horse-and-buggy rides, the roads are just *saturated* with manure.

DAMIEN

Sounds like my love life.

The phone rings; Front Desk Clerk answers.

AVA

Is there anything I can do?

DAMIEN

Not really. I promised myself I'd call Jerry tonight. Thanks for asking.

Front Desk Clerk hangs up the phone; Deborah enters.

DEBORAH

Okay, let's hit it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRONT DESK CLERK  
Ms. Vance, just letting you know  
our room, it only holds 25  
people...and right now we're at  
nine.

DEBORAH  
Nine? People?

FRONT DESK CLERK  
Yes. This time of the year, with  
all the tourists taking horse and  
buggy rides -

DEBORAH  
You know what, it's fine. Point  
me in the right direction.

LARRY LOOMAN, a fan, stops Deborah.

LARRY  
Hello, Ms. Vance. My name is  
Larry Looman. Just wanted to say  
I'm a big fan!

DEBORAH  
Well, thank you.

JUDY  
I was a comedy writer years ago.

DEBORAH  
Oh, fantastic! Where did you  
write?

LARRY  
I did dozens of different  
television jobs. I worked at the  
Sid Caesar Show.

Deborah's eyes light up.

DEBORAH  
Really? Wow!

LARRY  
I mostly got the guys lunch and  
coffee and if I felt brave, I'd  
give an idea or two. But in a  
writing room with Mel Brooks and  
Neil Simon, I was over the moon if  
they used even a word of mine, let  
alone an entire joke.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DEBORAH

Amazing!

LARRY

(pointing to Ava)

And who is this? Your daughter?

DEBORAH

God, no. More like a ward of the state...*of comedy.*

(waving her over)

This is Ava, she's writing for me.

LARRY

Oh, a joke writer? Okay, you have a really old man here.

(points to himself)

Give me an old man joke.

AVA

Uh...I...I don't really like doing, you know, personal attack jokes. Especially not about the elderly.

LARRY

(to Deborah)

Is she serious?

DEBORAH

Yup. Her generation. They don't know the difference between a joke and an insult.

LARRY

(to Ava)

I don't *know* you, dear, so it's not about personal attacks. It's about getting your juices flowing to write jokes.

AVA

Well, that's not really -

LARRY

Your forehead is so big they could show drive-in movies on it.

AVA

I'm sorry?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

DEBORAH

If she ever needed plastic surgery, they'd have to call in FEMA because her face is a disaster.

LARRY

When she was in high school, her nickname was BVD because she was in every guy's pants.

DEBORAH

Oh, not just guys. She's bisexual, Larry.

LARRY

That's because neither team wants her!

Ava covers her forehead. Deborah and Larry enjoy a hearty LAUGH.

AVA

What the hell just happened?

DEBORAH

(to Ava)

Give us a minute, would you?

Deborah nods a "Thank you" to Ava, who crosses off.

DEBORAH

Thanks, Larry. I needed a laugh. I'm feeling my age being out on the road like this again.

LARRY

(points to himself)

Your age?

Deborah SMILES.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Listen, you've been doing this a long time and if you're still bold enough to get onstage and state some uncomfortable truths, that's all that matters.

(kisses her hand)

Boldness knows no age.

Deborah SMILES and gives him a WINK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DEBORAH  
Thanks, Larry.

Ava INSERTS herself between them.

AVA  
(overexcitedly)  
You're so old that when a girl  
offered to deepthroat you last  
week, you went looking for  
Woodward and Bernstein!

Larry and Deborah give each other a nod.

DEBORAH  
Needs work.

LARRY  
Not bad. A bit dated.

AVA  
So are you!

LARRY  
Better!

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - LATER

Damien takes pictures of Deborah with fans. An OLD LADY  
attempts to take a selfie with Deborah; Ava photobombs.

OLD LADY  
(annoyed)  
Can you not?

AVA  
Sorry.

Lobby door opens and JERRY enters, carrying a duffle bag.

DAMIEN  
Oh my God! What are you doing on  
the east coast?

JERRY  
Well...that's where you are.

Damien smiles.

JERRY  
Can we please talk?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAMIEN

Yes. Yes we can. Let's drop your bags in my room and then we can go out.

JERRY

Sounds good.

(walking away)

Funny, I totally forgot that I had edibles in my duffle bag. I was scared TSA was gonna bust chops.

AVA

(thrilled)

Did I hear somebody say, "edibles?"

DAMIEN

You did.

AVA

Fuck, I can finally sleep!

DAMIEN

Do it nowhere near me, and you can have all you'd like.

Deborah walks over.

DEBORAH

(kissing Jerry hello)

I thought I saw a gorgeous man!

JERRY

Deborah! Looking younger than ever.

DEBORAH

I love this guy.

DAMIEN

Me too.

AVA

Hey, you guys wanna grab some Chipotle after?

DEBORAH, DAMIEN, JERRY

No!

**END OF SHOW**

**TAG**

INT. HOTEL COMEDY ROOM - NIGHT

Front Desk Clerk happily announces Deborah to a VERY SMALL ROOM of people with only nine audience members.

FRONT DESK CLERK  
Ladies and gentlemen, we have a very special guest tonight, all the way from Las Vegas...Ms. Deborah Vance!

Deborah enters, UNDETERRED by the lack of an audience.

DEBORAH  
Oh, wow. It is small in here!  
This the Danny Devito Lounge or what?  
(then)  
Look out, because if one of us farts we're all getting pink eye.

AUDIENCE LAUGHS.

DEBORAH  
This room is so small, old, and musty I gotta ask, did they model it off of Donald Trump's penis?

AUDIENCE LAUGHS.

DEBORAH  
Speaking of...if Shaq came up here and whipped it out, one of us ladies is getting pregnant, am I right?...And this guy in the front row is going very gay, people.

AUDIENCE LAUGHS.

DEBORAH  
I mean, this room is so small, if Jeffrey Epstein were here he'd try to fuck it!

AUDIENCE LAUGHS.

FADE TO BLACK.