

CASTED

Written by

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INT. CONFERENCE ROOM OF MAGIC PIXIES CASTING OFFICE - 10:30  
AM PACIFIC TIME, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 2002

Within the sprawling office of a bustling Hollywood  
unscripted casting office, resides three co-existing teams.  
This development cooking series is spear headed by the  
Casting Director, JACQUELIN, a 60 year old Australian white  
woman, known for her off-color humor, with her trapped  
audience. The staff is folded in at the crusts of an all too  
large conference table, stockpiled with cooking Tupperware  
and sacks of cake ingredients. Avoidant GLENN, a mid-30's  
asian gay man, expects IRIS, a middle aged Latina producer,  
and JEAN, an early 20's over-it PA, to do the heavy lifting.

JACQUELIN

He said, I know you don't have a  
Hil-TON of experience, but I'm  
flying you to Paris tonight.

Everyone fake laughs.

GLENN

(under his breath)  
Another virgin joke. Original.

JACQUELIN

I'm not a whore!

GLENN

You point that out all of the time.

JEAN

Glenn your measurements are way  
off.

GLENN

This is my weight.

JEAN

The cooking measurements.

GLENN

I'm not touching the flour, I'm  
allergic.

JEAN

You're allergic to everything.

GLENN

Yeah, it sucks to be me!

JACQUELIN

That's not really a thing. Is it?

IRIS

Glenn, why don't you label. We know how much you love those.

MICHELLE, a just-passed middle-aged woman on a mission with a bob cut, darts towards Danny's office, as sneakily as any person can in an all glass office.

GLENN

What in the--

Iris' pager goes off. She struggles to silence it.

JACQUELIN

Please don't tell me it's your kids again. We said no kid talk at the adult's table.

IRIS

Speak for yourself, Glenn is here.

GLENN

(producing ring box)

Hey. I'm the most adult one of us. I'm actually promise-proposing to--

Pager goes off again.

JACQUELIN

If you can't silence that outside garbage, hand it to me.

(reading pager)

What's Project 212?

IRIS

(grabbing pager)

I'd tell you but you don't want to hear about kids.

JACQUELIN

UGH.

IRIS

He's in a magic show...

JACQUELIN

Please stop talking.

INT. DANNY'S OFFICE - AT THE SAME TIME

Michelle stands opposite DANNY, the company's youngest CEO, a straight-than-not man with charisma to match his full head of hair, in ill suited, clunky office.

The transient vibes are personalized by a trail of paper airplane decorations. He ignores his ringing office phone.

DANNY

Please stop talking. I need to concentrate.

(throwing airplane)

Kobe!

(misses)

Goddamn it.

MICHELLE

Shaq-killing it!

Danny circles his desk, and removes the telephone. Sitting.

DANNY

I'm now ready to look at your proposal.

MICHELLE

Good, it only took you four months.

DANNY

I'll re-look at it.

(flipping through folder)

How many shows have you casted?

MICHELLE

None but I have cast 14. 15 if you count that Girls Misbehavin' garbage.

DANNY

That was a gold mine.

MICHELLE

(folding paper airplane)

It was repulsive. Women have what to look forward to with that as an example? Go to prison! Then you can make it big as a reality TV star!

DANNY

4 seasons in, we're adding 2 new cities this fall...

MICHELLE

How? Is that what it's come to?

DANNY

America loves garbage.

MICHELLE  
(throwing paper airplane)  
Give them something better.

The paper airplane bumps heads with the trash can. Kerplunk.

DANNY  
(relieved she missed)  
You're one of the best people that  
I have in this office.

MICHELLE  
(perusing his space)  
Even though I'm not technically on  
staff right now? You need to water  
these plants.

DANNY  
Yes. We can't afford you. And  
never, those plants are fake.

MICHELLE  
(sprinkling soil on desk)  
No they're not.

DANNY  
Don't dirty my desk.

MICHELLE  
If I'm the best, does that make  
me... Better than Jacquelyn?

DANNY  
Much. That was a trap. Do not tell  
Jacquelyn I said that.

MICHELLE  
Oh, I'm certainly going to tell  
Jacquelyn what you said.

DANNY  
Fine. Now, I'm busy. Shut the door.

Michelle shuts and locks the door.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
I know that you love a younger man,  
but I meant with you outside of it.

INT. CASTING OFFICE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Michelle leans against the freshly slammed door, searching  
for sanitary wipes within her vintage, designer hand bag.

Before her lives a sprawling community of cubicles, busy and loud. The teams are sectioned off, and spaced out. The company owns the entire floor. The conference room to the right remains filled but quieter than the cubicles, and directly across from it is the entrance with a sign-in sheet before an old elevator. It's easy to see how they afforded this massive space. Tucked in an unmentionable corner are the Dubber (dub room) and the Editor's bay. Past show posters, and a framed soccer jersey, sprinkle around as decor.

MICHELLE

Casted? CEO of a major fucking casting company and he doesn't even know the proper term is cast.

EDUARD, a middle-aged-but-don't-tell-him-that gay Italian man speaks a decibel above the other cubicle goers, in the middle of the room, on a company rotary phone.

EDUARD

(to phone)

Well, I casted the most recent season of True World.

MICHELLE

(half to self, then all)

Cast. You cast. Never casted. Does everyone in this office know that?? It's CAST.

Michelle removes her pager and types speedily.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

All remain in the conference room as before. Iris' pager goes off, reading "DubRoom Naur".

JACQUELIN

It's magical that they still have things to page you about. What could be the update. He killed a bunny?

IRIS

Yes. Couldn't get it outta the hat.

JEAN

It... suffocated?

GLENN

(gagging)

I swear I'm not being dramatic, I'm just allergic to flour.

JACQUELIN

Come off it, that's not even a thing. Who still uses a pager? Everyone point. Shame. Shame. Shame--kidding. But please get with the 21st century and buy a texter.

Michelle is pushing LIV, the accountant and self-appointed HR rep, around, causing quite a stir in the hall.

JEAN

Is that Michelle?

IRIS

Look at me. Look at me. Look at--

JACQUELIN

We already are, cause of the sounds you're making.

GLENN

Sorry. I'm just having a reaction to the flour. Or it could be the Slim Fast. I haven't eaten anything else in six days.

JEAN

You don't need Slim Fast.

GLENN

Shut the fuck up--

Glenn mouths "thank you".

IRIS

Just keep looking.

JACQUELIN

What're you distracting me from?

Iris spots Glenn's ring and throws it "into" a flour bin.

GLENN

(dumping out container)

Very funny. Oh my god, where did my ring go?? Everyone help me, look.

Glenn begins dumping everything back onto the table, but the ring is nowhere to be found. A scream emits from elsewhere in the office. A door slams.

JEAN

I need a break.

IRIS  
(standing)  
Stay! He needs help. Glenn needs  
lots of help.

JACQUELIN  
If you waste even an ounce of this,  
it's coming out of your salary.

GLENN  
I regret making this mess. But PS I  
really can't touch any of this.  
Allergic. Highly.

Iris' pager goes off again, reading, "Upd8, Editor Bay".  
Hiding her pager, she pats the ring now in her jacket pocket.  
Michelle hides poorly at the doorway, as if forgetting that  
she's surrounded by glass, gesturing her pager, wildly.

MICHELLE  
(whispering to Iris)  
What is taking so long?

JEAN  
Hey girl! Are you back in office?

MICHELLE  
Hi everyone. Pretend I'm not here.  
(grabbing Iris)  
Walk with me. Now.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS CHASE

Iris is chasing Michelle as she darts for the Editor's Bay,  
both are chased by Jacquelin. None of them are fit enough to  
truly be doing this. They round the second corner.

JACQUELIN  
Michelle! Aren't you going to say  
hi? Michelle I can see your Black  
Swan ass from here.

MICHELLE  
And I can smell you from here  
Jacquelin.

JACQUELIN  
Whoever smelt it dealt it!

IRIS  
We'll be right back. I'm just  
giving her some updates about my  
son.

(MORE)



IRIS (CONT'D)

You know, cause she's unemployed and can now go pick him up and take care of him. It's really more of a charity case.

EDUARD

(into phone)

How old were you when the Swat team arrived? 14? 4? What do you mean you were 4? You're selling drugs at 4 years old? Started at 3? This is jealousy, not judgement.

Glenn is fully throwing up in a trash can.

INT. EDITOR'S BAY - HEARTBEATS LATER

Iris slams Michelle into a wall, and shuts the door behind her. Michelle barricades the door, wincing with injury. Iris huddles with her to the ground.

IRIS

I don't know if I'm impressed with myself or embarrassed. Who am I?

MICHELLE

The latter. I will be billing you for this bruise.

IRIS

I'm getting really good at lying! That's so bad, isn't it? I told Jacquelin that Project 212 was about my kid's magic show.

MICHELLE

Though I don't normally commend lying, I think, for this, we can make an exception.

IRIS

And? What did the little baby boss have to say?

MICHELLE

(carefully chooses to lie)

The little Rugrat said it's a go.

IRIS

Where have I heard that before? Last year...

MICHELLE

Goddamn twin towers took out our entire momentum.

IRIS

And the people. So many people. May they rest in peace? Hello.

MICHELLE

Yes... of course...

IRIS

Little insensitive, even for you.

MICHELLE

Shall I issue an apology?

IRIS

Nah, I don't really care. How much of a go is Project 212? I don't wanna cancel another activity in the hopes that it pans out.

MICHELLE

Why, do you have big travel plans to the Tupperware store?

IRIS

Lots of kids activities coming up. They're at that age where... you wouldn't know this, but I don't wanna miss anything. They still like me.

MICHELLE

If I had kids, I would love getting away from them.

IRIS

Not when it's a big competition. Like the Olympics.

MICHELLE

Jr. Olympics, hah. Anyone can beat an 8 year old. Your son qualified?

IRIS

Two years ago? No, he didn't. I'll have that apology now.

MICHELLE

(trying to stand)  
It's a go.

(MORE)

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Consider the towers resurrected,  
large and dominating the NYC  
skyline once more as the eye sores  
that they were.

IRIS

Are you actually injured?

MICHELLE

No, I'm just old.

IRIS

(trying to stand)  
OK, and let's just avoid any  
further 9/11 references.

MICHELLE

(lifting Iris up)  
No promises.

IRIS

On the scale of this kills 99.9% of  
germs to you've probably contracted  
HPV, where are we?

MICHELLE

It's about 90%!

IRIS

(opening door)  
I have to get back to work.

MICHELLE

Sifting through flour?

Glenn is in the conference room holding a sifter, screaming,  
and coughing as Jean pours from one container to the next.

GLENN (O.S.)

Some got on me! Get it off!

IRIS

It's not just any flour. It's for  
the testing of--

MICHELLE

Glenn's patience?

IRIS

He's allergic. I guess I should  
give him his ring back...

MICHELLE

Allergic to flour? That's not a thing.

IRIS

We're testing final talent tomorrow.

MICHELLE

What talent? On a development? This show is never going to happen.

IRIS

America loves to eat. It's definitely going to happen. Even though--

MICHELLE / IRIS

The show is so stupid.

MICHELLE

Don't you wanna win an Emmy. This could be our Emmy.

IRIS

(shutting door)

The category has only been out for unscripted for one year. It's so shallow. Dreaming of an Emmy, let alone at our age.

MICHELLE

Then at what age am I supposed to win a trophy? This is my peak. Or maybe I already peaked. But if I wanna win an Emmy, fucking who cares? And I do! As if you're not thinking about it, too.

IRIS

I'm not not thinking about it.

MICHELLE

So let's do it. Let's win an Emmy.

IRIS

(peering out door)

We don't even have permission yet from our local teenager over there.

INT. CASTING HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Danny, across the hall, through glass walls, applies the second Proactiv step on a zesty acne bump, in his zen office.

INT. EDITOR'S BAY - CONTINUOUS

Michelle and Iris stand on opposite walls from one another in the small, dark, clammy Editor's bay, where EDITOR hovers in a rolling chair between them, nameless, and largely unnoticed by everyone. He's worse for wear, with sloth like reflexes.

MICHELLE

We basically do. 80%!

IRIS

Earlier you said 90%.

EDITOR

Yeah, why is it going down?

Michelle and Iris look at Editor. Iris sniffs him.

IRIS

Honey this is not healthy habits.

MICHELLE

It smells like piss in here.

EDITOR

It might be piss. I never get to leave.

IRIS

Fuck it. Let's build out the team.

Michelle and Iris do their secret handshake, nod and Iris exits. Michelle fumbles around in her purse for perfume, spraying.

EDITOR

You guys are so cool. Thank you for treating me like a human. Please don't leave me in here.

JACQUELIN (O.S.)

(snapping fingers)

Iris! Now!

EDITOR

(grabbing Michelle's wrist, in trance)

Warning!

(MORE)

EDITOR (CONT'D)

Your palm reads of a great fission  
to come in the work place. With  
this pivotal moment in your  
career... friendship will be  
tested.

MICHELLE

I don't have friends.

EDITOR

Not plural. Just one.  
(snapping out of trance)  
Ooh do you think that could be  
about you and Iris?

MICHELLE

Stick to editing, Editor.

EDITOR

I come from a long line of witches  
and prophets. I also have a name!  
I'm not just "editor", my name is--

Michelle has left the perfume behind, as the door slams shut.

INT. CASTING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Eduard B-lines to Michelle, hastily paging Danny's pager.

EDUARD

Thanks a lot, prison hung up on me.

MICHELLE

Everyone shit on me. I can take it.

EDUARD

Do you know how hard it was to get  
a soon to be released has-all-of-  
her-teeth redhead first time  
offender on the phone?

MICHELLE

(sitting at a cubicle)  
Can I phone a friend? Ring ring,  
calling any of your exes.

Liv is conveniently walking by. Michelle rummages for snacks  
in the cubicle she has decidedly taken up.

EDUARD

(exiting)  
Liv! Liv, talk to her. I can't.

LIV

It's so good to see you again--

MICHELLE

Cut out the ass sucking bullshit, you leech. You don't even have a real role here.

LIV

HR is a real and necessary role--

MICHELLE

It's bullshit. And you know it.

LIV

Only one of us is employed currently. And you know it. Should I have security escort you out?

MICHELLE

(eating all found at once)  
I'm completely capable--

LIV

I think you'd enjoy him! We all know how much you love younger men and he is only... 52.

MICHELLE

How old do you think I am?

LIV

I have your records. HR, remember.

MICHELLE

Self appointed! You're an accountant.

EDUARD

(back on the phone)  
Everyone can you please be quiet, some of us are trying to work?? Now was the coke dealer your second baby daddy or third? Oh it was your literal father. Plot twist!

MICHELLE

You're so preoccupied with me that you forget to see the real problems in this industry, don't you Liv?  
Exhibit A.

PAN TO:

Harvey Weinstein and Miramax produced poster of Chicago.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - BUT ONE MOMENT LATER

Michelle hovers in the doorframe, holding Glenn's poster, as Jean attempts to hold down the fort with Glenn. Liv walks by.

MICHELLE

Glenn?

JEAN

(bolting up)

You handle him. I have to pee.

GLENN

(eyes swollen and puffy)

What? Forgive me if I'm in the middle of a crisis.

Is she holding my poster? Do not rip my poster!

MICHELLE

So you admit that you brought this into the office? This company has no affiliation with this stupid movie.

GLENN

Stupid? That's an early release one-of-a-kind poster of what is sure to be one of the greatest movie musicals of all time.

MICHELLE

Get your head out of Bridget Jones' ass and just take it home. It could get... damaged... here.

GLENN

Don't you dare!! I won't be going home at this rate.

JACQUELIN

(walking in)

God Glenn, you need to go to the hospital.

IRIS

(sliding into the room)

Poof. Magic. Just like my kid.

JACQUELIN

Explains why your kid's bad at it.



IRIS  
Ignoring. Glenn, I found your ring.

GLENN  
Yay! Omg, where was it. You weren't in here.

IRIS  
Yes, I was! Your vision is just really bad. Because of the flour.

JACQUELIN / MICHELLE  
Not real.

Jacquelin and Michelle size each other up.

GLENN  
(to Iris)  
Did you have my promise ring this whole time? You bitch.

JEAN  
(running back in)  
All of this for a promise ring??

GLENN  
I can't get married.

IRIS  
Yet! One day. One day you will.  
Now, everyone talk. Talk!  
(in Glenn's ear)  
You wanna act like you're still busy, or what?

GLENN  
I have that meeting.

JACQUELIN  
What meeting?

IRIS  
For transpo. Because everyone has to come in tomorrow for this wonderful, delicious cooking show test.

GLENN  
Yes. What she said.  
(whispering to Iris)  
You're getting good at lying. A little too good.

IRIS  
(whispering to Glenn)  
I'm dangerous. I will bring you ice  
for your eyes, Glenn. Go sit down  
while you make the calls.

Glenn collides with a glass wall. Jean walks him out.

JACQUELIN  
(to Iris)  
I know you're up to something.

Iris exits.

INT. BREAK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Iris grabs the ice, but is too tempted by the potentials of danger. She looks for something dangerous and wild to do, finding the perfect victim: the coffee maker. It takes much effort to harm. It's indestructible, so she un-plugs it. Jean walks in.

JEAN  
I thought you were bringing ice?

IRIS  
Jean...

JEAN  
(grabbing ice, exiting)  
You're acting rabid. I'm not taking  
the bait. I love you but not that  
much.

CARMAN, an equally anxious as she is fierce Indian woman,  
glides in on her very long legs and super pumped heels.

IRIS  
Carman, guess what, we don't have  
coffee? And it's after noon.

CARMAN  
(pressing many buttons)  
This is blasphemy. What do you  
mean? What are we gonna do? Where  
the fuck is the coffee?? Fuuuuuuck.

Jacquelin walks in. Followed slowly by Glenn, then Jean.

JACQUELIN  
You are all so dramatic. can't get  
it to work Fine. Jesus. Coffee run!  
(MORE)

JACQUELIN (CONT'D)  
beat I said coffee run. Where the  
fuck are the PA's?

GLENN  
(with ice over both eyes)  
I'm incredibly busy... with my  
meeting, but I popped in just to  
update you all that I let both the  
PA's go this morning. Bertha was--

No one cares. Iris literally shrugs.

INT. BREAK ROOM - EARLIER THAT DAY

BERTHA, the world's hottest PA, is seen strutting around the  
break room as if it is Baywatch. Male PA lifts the water  
cooler over her head, in final effect, water spills  
everywhere, making a royal fucking mess.

INT. BREAK ROOM - NOW

Carman nearly slips on where the cooler was spilled.

CARMAN  
Is that why the floor is so wet??

JEAN  
So what if she's clumsy?

GLENN  
Listen, little lesbian that could--

IRIS  
Hey!

GLENN  
Not you.

JEAN  
I'm bi.

GLENN  
Bye. That's not why I fired her.  
Even though she did create quite a  
fall hazard.

Everyone exits for the hallway. Editor enters the break room,  
and immediately slips, hits his head, concusses.

## INT. CASTING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The entire office is invested in this, cause it means not working.

EDUARD

Did you say Bertha is gone?  
(to phone)  
Yes, I accept the charges.

GLENN

A name like that? Bertha! And she's that hot?

IRIS

Yeah, Bertha's a name reserved for fat, ugly people--no offense, Glenn--not for the office Pamela Anderson. Get it, that's what PA stood for with her.

CARMAN

I don't care what she did so long as she's gone... Did I say that out loud? I meant to say-- oh darn. Sexism, not OK. I love women in business.

EDUARD

It's ok, hon. Even I was intimidated by her sex appeal.  
(to phone )  
Great hon, when was the first time you ever got tazed?

GLENN

(removing ice)  
You'll love this, actually.

ENTIRE OFFICE

Put the ice back on!

GLENN

We technically fired her after catching her in the dubber\* with what's his face.

## INT. THE DUBBER - EARLIER

The hottest PA's ever, Bertha, and Male PA, are having sex over the top of an old VCR bin.

INT. BREAK ROOM - BACK IN REAL TIME

As invested as ever, the office cohorts on this. Michelle wheels in.

IRIS

Chair! We called him chair.

MICHELLE

He had a face you could sit on.

IRIS

That's my seat. Don't act like you wouldn't.

EVERYONE

Oh, I would.

LIV

(walking by)

That could be a write up. But I agree.

MICHELLE

See, she can't even threaten us.  
Her job is bullshit.

GLENN

And thus concludes, why they had to be fired.

Everyone scatters back to their corners, murmuring agreements of the inappropriate nature in the PA's behavior(s).

JACQUELIN

Fine. Jean, you go get the coffees.

IRIS

Jean, is on life alert duty for our fallen hero here. She's the only one that's allowed to drive the PVan.

CARMAN

(exiting)

I resent that name. Sounds like a penis is making its way to you, unwarranted.

MICHELLE

I'll go.

JACQUELIN

Nice try. I don't want to be  
poisoned today.

Michelle laughs way too hard at this.

GLENN

Whoa, I think we just witnessed a  
villain origin story.

EDUARD

(to phone)

What do you mean you're on death  
row? I can't consider you now? I  
can't wait for you to appeal it.  
Good luck... in the after life.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - WE DIDN'T SKIP A BEAT

Jacquelin sits at the table, trying to make sense of all the  
Tupperware before her. Michelle follows. Everyone else  
lingers behind, watching.

MICHELLE

I'm serious. I don't mind.

JACQUELIN

I'm not going to entertain this.

MICHELLE

Why would the office favorite do  
anything other than try to help.

GLENN (O.S.)

You don't even work here!!

JEAN (O.S.)

Lay your head back, and shut up.

JACQUELIN

That's right. And now you're  
begging to do PA work, is that why  
you're here? Begging for work?  
Stealing snacks from random  
cubicles? I saw that. I pity you.  
Oh how the mighty have fallen.

MICHELLE

Or have they? Because according to  
Danny I am... the favorite.

JACQUELIN

What? You're lying.

MICHELLE  
I never lie.

JACQUELIN  
When did he say that to you?

MICHELLE  
This morning. Right... in... there.

Jacquelin attempts to flip the very heavy conference table. It moves a considerable height. Many of the Tupperwares shuffle, dissolve, and mix.

JEAN (O.S.)  
I'm not cleaning that up.

JACQUELIN  
Nope. I'll get the coffees.

MICHELLE  
Oh, thanks. I'll have--

JACQUELIN  
I'm not getting you one. Only for my team.

INT. CASTING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

All the office sharks have been listening, and now pounce, lurching their orders simultaneously unto Jacquelin. She is pressed against the elevator.

JACQUELIN  
What do I look like a fucking waiter? You'll have whatever I bring back for you you ungrateful little bitches.  
(presses button nonstop)  
I'm doing this because I'm a great boss who loves her staff. And you know that I am 100% better than stretched putty neck over here.

Jacquelin curtsies as the elevator doors close.

LIV  
(strolling by)  
She's not even paying for it, she took the P-Card.

MICHELLE  
Great. That should keep her out of my hair for a while.

GLENN

She's a terrible boss. But she needs to be casted in something we do.

EDUARD

Can I interview her, this bail bondsman won't return my calls?

MICHELLE

For the last time, it is cast!!!  
Not casted. You need to all know that for when--

Iris shakes her head no. Michelle fondles her pager.

Iris pulls Michelle towards the conference room.

IRIS

Excuse us, one second. We will just be in--

MICHELLE

My office for just a quick second.

GLENN

That is a shared conference room.

MICHELLE

It's my office. And if everyone--

IRIS

I think it's too early to tell them.

GLENN

Tell us what?

MICHELLE

If you would like to roll over from this train-wreck of a development deal that you're currently on, which, let's face it--is never going to happen, onto an actual show-- a show about--

IRIS

Shut. Up.

GLENN

Say no more, I'm so sick of flour. Have at it ladies.



MICHELLE

There he goes! He's finally back from lunch.

The clock on the wall reads 4:00 PM.

IRIS

You shouldn't have told them that.

MICHELLE

Maybe, but I'm not tiptoeing around this anymore.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - HEAVY SIGH OF A MOMENT LATER

Jean shuts the door, sitting beside or Iris.

GLENN (O.S.)

Sure, everyone abandon me. I'm totally healed now.

JEAN

You're mostly healed.

IRIS

Is he?

JEAN

No. What kind of show was she talking about?

IRIS

I can't confirm what it is until it's 100%--

GLENN

(scooting chair in)

I'll give you a hint! Pretend I'm Michelle. You know how I'm always known around the office for being fashionably late?

JEAN

To which, I'd say, are you? You're literally here when you're not even employed.

IRIS

To which I would say: that's very on-trend, don't you think?

Both Iris and Glenn are posing. Glenn starts coughing and wheezing.

IRIS (CONT'D)  
It's a show about--

JEAN  
Geriatrics.

IRIS  
It's a fashion show.

INT. DANNY'S OFFICE - MEANWHILE

In Danny's office, he's clearly packing up.

MICHELLE  
Before you head home--

DANNY  
I wasn't.

MICHELLE  
We all know you like to beat the traffic.

DANNY  
No. I'm a very professional... professional. Why are you still here? I'm not paying you for this day.

MICHELLE  
I was waiting for you to give me an answer. All day.

DANNY  
And you blew up my pager. I couldn't get it to stop dinging. So-

Danny's pager is now just a heap of rubble, underneath the sad dying plant.

MICHELLE  
I need a yes or a no.

DANNY  
Are you really demanding something of me right now.

MICHELLE  
Fashion week only happens for one week.

DANNY  
Two weeks. Spring and fall.

MICHELLE

Does it look like spring? We need to book this now. This is a slam dunk, why are you hesitating?

DANNY

Because it's expensive. The company isn't thrilled to have a whole team travel like we used to. Especially with so many failed developments.

MICHELLE

This will be like LA casting on coke.

DANNY

LA is already on cocaine.

MICHELLE

OK, then LA on poppers.

DANNY

What?

MICHELLE

It's something Eduard was talking about on his phone calls. This won't be like auditioning just one season, but future seasons, too. We probably won't even need the Miami trip, like I pitched.

DANNY

Miami's definitely out of the question.

MICHELLE

Do you want your legacy to be these low budget ill-behaved celebrities cooped up in insert random frat house vibe?

DANNY

(grabbing bag, leaving)  
It's pretty epic to me.

INT. CASTING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Danny leads Michelle into the hallway.

MICHELLE

Because you're what 25? How long will that legacy last?

(MORE)

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

When this network's audience grows up, just a little. Don't you think that they're going to want a glimmer of reality beyond that thin scope. College isn't relevant forever.

DANNY

OK. So we give them models, right when they're at the pinnacle of fading youth?

MICHELLE

Wait a minute, did you read the pitch? We're talking about designers. It's a show for fashion.

DANNY

Right, but no one wants to watch me build a dress. Everyone wants to see the model. America's best model. America's Next Best Model.

MICHELLE

That's a really clunky title.

DANNY

It's the one the network likes. You got your show.

MICHELLE

This isn't my show.

DANNY

You blew up my phone all day for this, and it isn't your show? Book it. This is a win. But this time really don't tell Jacquelin anything. I will tell her... myself.

MICHELLE

(in elevator doorway)  
I won't.

DANNY

I gave you a moment there to offer.

MICHELLE

That's what that dramatic pause was?

Michelle is hit hard by the door.

DANNY

For God's sake, shut the door--

Michelle steps into the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - STEAMY CONTINUAL

The door closes behind Michelle. She and Danny are together.

MICHELLE

I hope you didn't mean with me  
outside of the door. Or are you  
still in a rush?

DANNY

(unbuttoning his pants)  
You know I always take my time.

INT. CASTING HALLWAY - A PRE-VIEW

Editor leans in his editor bay chair to watch as Michelle and Danny throw their shit on the floor as the elevator door closes. Editor's chair collapses. He collides with the floor.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MINUTES LATER

NYC maps have been thrown around the conference boards. Glenn is making phone calls, as Jean snaps polaroids of Carman, modeling in the corner of the room. Jean hands the photo to Iris as she rolls out the build a team-list.

Michelle swivels in her chair, she and Iris are alone. She downs water from a mug labeled with written-in-sharpie "cast not casted".

MICHELLE

So refreshing. I almost forgot  
there's no coffee--but let's not  
rush back Jacquelin.

IRIS

I want Jean.

MICHELLE

We all do. Too bad, Jean's my  
associate.

They do their version of rock-paper-scissors, which is really an injury game from hair, knee-brace, taint. Iris wins.

IRIS  
I'm in my villain era, bitch.

MICHELLE  
Bitch, did you just call your new boss a bitch?

IRIS  
I sure did. I've changed a lot since the last time you worked with me.

MICHELLE  
Last week? OK! You can have her. But that means I get to interview a young impressionable.

IRIS  
Nope, you can have her. I don't want a lawsuit.

MICHELLE  
You just want the eye candy for yourself.

IRIS  
No comment.

MICHELLE  
Now, who else can we pull from the office?

Iris unfurls a map of the office, as she points through options and marks off the restricted areas.

IRIS  
Of the three shows on-going, we can't pull from Girls Misbehavin'.

MICHELLE  
Unless we do a trade-off with one of the development shows. The question then being: Do we pull from the hoarding development? Or the agoraphobes development?

INT. OFFICE CUBICLES - SOME TIME

Iris blindly picks someone that is scared to leave their desk and plop them into a different, fully functional and now confused team.

IRIS  
That clears us for NYC sass.

MICHELLE  
I've grown to love little Eduard.

EDUARD  
Great to be loved but I'm in the  
middle of a call. I'm not wrapping  
this out on this till EOD. Bye  
ladies. Bye bye. Ciao.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUAL

Iris uses her hands to trace across the map.

IRIS  
Now, what we really need is legs.  
Tall, gorgeous legs.

MICHELLE  
Easy Rosie, before you have your  
big O'Donnell.

INT. OFFICE CUBICLES - CONTINUOUS

Michelle and Iris peek around the office on the quest for  
good legs. They peer under the stalls of the bathroom, at the  
copier, and from under the conference table, until they  
finally land on--

MICHELLE / IRIS  
Carman.

CARMAN  
Are you ladies looking up my skirt?  
I don't mind.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUUM

The map is completely marked up, except for the one section  
Iris is now circling.

IRIS  
Her development ends next week,  
with no extension - they'll be  
happy to cut her early. And  
whatever we do, we must agree: no  
Jacquelin.

MICHELLE

Non-negotiable. We also don't need Glenn. And that's team.

GLENN

(peers up from laying on the ground)

Oh, really. I guess you can just kiss this pipe dream goodbye then.

MICHELLE

See, this isn't the gay sass that we need for this trip.

GLENN

Then I guess you also won't need the plane tickets and accommodations that I booked for this trip either.

Phone rings. Glenn exits, knowingly, to retrieve it.

MICHELLE

I'm surprised, frankly, that you like him.

IRIS

I never said I like him. I borderline hate him.

MICHELLE

Is it that trope lesbian versus gay thing.

IRIS

I resent that, but yes. He gets the job done. And if he gets on our nerves, we can just usher him towards a theatre.

MICHELLE

Don't be stereotypical.

IRIS

I'm not. Look at him.

Glenn is dancing back to his desk. Jacquelin returns, swooping him up.

The ladies attempt to cover everything their footprints in the office, expediently flipping over the boards to the other side, turning over maps, and sifting through the flour.



JACQUELIN (O.S.)  
My office, let's go!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Everyone is seated like knights of the oblong table, as each is handed a bold, sometimes disgusting choice of coffee by Jacquelin. Michelle is skipped over. Then returned to.

JACQUELIN  
I saved the best for last!  
(serves the middle finger)  
But here's some great news, because  
a free look is always free. And I  
know that your broke ass could use  
a bit more free right now. There's  
a young hottie at the local coffee  
shop. Looks just like Brad Pitt.

IRIS  
Yeah right.

JACQUELIN  
I would never lie... about Brad.

MICHELLE  
Which phase? Thelma and Louise or  
Fight Club?

GLENN  
Who cares, it's Brad freaking Pitt.

JACQUELIN  
She does, she's a cradle robber...  
Thelma and--

Michelle books it faster than a top performing triathlete.

JACQUELIN (CONT'D)  
Great. That should keep her out of  
my hair for a while. Let's wrap up  
these containers, please.

The containers are a fucking disaster.

INT. CASTING HALLWAY - NOT A MOMENT LATER

Iris has pulled Jacquelin into the hallway.

IRIS  
Why are you sweating so much.

JACQUELIN

Oh I'm sorry that I ran all the way around town to get you coffees.

IRIS

I'm asking as...

JACQUELIN

A friend, I know.

IRIS

As... someone that already went through this.

JACQUELIN

Through what? Menopause? It's so good to have us sisters stick together.

IRIS

Us, what? Danny didn't speak to--

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jacquelin walks back into the conference room, Iris has no choice but to follow, as she airs her own laundry.

JACQUELIN

But the only change that I'm going through is that men will stop, pausing to look at me.

JEAN

They stop pausing?

GLENN

Oh, honey that's tragic. Never admit that aloud.

JACQUELIN

No, they stop, and pause to--

GLENN

Does she expect us to believe that she's not gone through menopause yet?

JACQUELIN

Let's just chalk this up to a Queen's English difference.

GLENN  
(under breath)  
Says the Australian.

JEAN  
Naur.

JACQUELIN  
Quoting my dialect to me back like  
that is actually racist.

JEAN  
I don't even think it would qualify  
as appropriation.

JACQUELIN  
(to Iris and Glenn)  
Can you believe these white people?

GLENN  
Excuse me, cunt?

LIV  
(peaking her head in)  
Jacquelin can I speak with you  
outside for a minute? I have Danny  
on my cell.

GLENN  
Yeah, you better tell her!

Jacquelin walks out of the conference room with Liv.

MICHELLE  
(appearing out of nowhere)  
Of course Danny snuck out. He's  
such a weak man.

GLENN  
Where the f--

MICHELLE  
I took the HR loophole. He wasn't  
Thelma, and not really Louise, but  
he was pretty damn close.

IRIS  
Did you get his number?

MICHELLE  
Better yet, I got his resume.

Producing a two page long, stapled resume for "JJ".

EDUARD (O.S.)

Whore!

INT. CASTING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Eduard sneezes, on the phone. Everyone peaks their head out of the conference room, and slowly meanders off to grab snacks and pee.

EDUARD

(to phone)

Horrible. It's horrible that you went through all of those drug charges and for what, just poppers?

GLENN

(sitting, to Michelle)

You know we all saw you ride the elevator with Danny.

MICHELLE

Oh yes, I rode that thing up and down.

JACQUELIN

(at elevator)

Listen Big Bird, that doesn't even make sense, we're on the top floor. So technically you rode it down and then back up. Do we have to take this?

LIV

(to phone)

Yes, she's already angry.

(to Jacquelin)

He's saying we need to go further outside.

JACQUELIN

Outside of the building?

INT. CASTING ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Everybody stares out the window, eating and watching on as Jacquelin and Liv, three levels below, on the street have quite the display of emotions.

CARMAN

My great-uncle died on the plane.

JEAN

What is she talking about?

GLENN

Hello, context clues! I'm assuming she's breaking the news that the cooking show is in fact... canceled.

JEAN

I meant Carman.

CARMAN

9/11.

JEAN

Oh... OH!

MICHELLE

Carman, I'm so sorry.

(to Iris)

See, I'm not insensitive towards 9/11 victims.

IRIS

Really, M? Carman, so sorry for your loss...

GLENN

Jacquelin really is not receiving this message well.

MICHELLE

She's going to receive it even worse when she realizes I'm her boss now.

IRIS

(pulling Michelle aside)

I thought she wasn't coming onboard. What else did you agree to?

GLENN

Sex. Clearly.

MICHELLE

(pulling Iris away from)

He increased the budget. We needed another producer.

IRIS

Be honest, you just wanted to have a power trip over her.

MICHELLE

That might've played a small factor in the matter. But very small. We really needed to cushion this blow.

IRIS

And working for you is cushioning after not only her development is canceled by her son, but that he greenlit yours in place of it.. And he's doing it... over the phone?

MICHELLE

Sort of a... double whammy.

IRIS

I swear to god if you do a 9/11 joke right now.

EDITOR

Carman, which plane was it. First or second?

(off of the stares)

What? Feels like a major difference.

CARMAN

It was the second one!! OK? Which is way worse. Because we thought he was fine. And then it hit. Which is why I don't want to do this show in NYC. I don't want to be there, let alone fly on a plane. Are you happy, Peter?!

EDITOR

At least you knew my name. Ok, I'm going back to my dungeon.

MICHELLE

Would it help if I give you a Xanax.

CARMAN

I don't think I can ever get on a plane again. I already had what was considered an irrational fear before it, and now...

EDUARD

It's like nobody wants to work anymore--

MICHELLE

What about two Xanax? And a Tito's!

IRIS

How is that gonna help--

CARMAN

That actually sounds lovely.

Michelle is dispensing goodies out of her bag.

MICHELLE

See, this is why I'm the office favorite.

JEAN

Eduard, what the fuck?

EDUARD

You what the fuck? What are you even doing, PA? In my day you would've been out back getting whipped. Am I really the only one working??

(to phone)

Hello!! Sorry, yes I'm still here. Sorry, I didn't know if you were still there. I thought all those tears were static, I'm so sorry.

IRIS

(to Michelle, pointing)

I think you hate the wrong gay. See I don't get why you dislike as much as you do but you like that?

GLENN

That over me? Yeah, I heard you.

MICHELLE

Xanax?

JEAN

Did Jacquelin just get into a random car?

EDITOR

I miss everything!!

EDUARD

(to phone)

What do you mean you're not recording? We sent you the VCR tape.

(MORE)

EDUARD (CONT'D)

This whole thing needed to be recorded, or I can't submit you. I'd have to start this entire interview over. Fuck it. Their problem now.

Everyone claps for Eduard hanging up. And they boo the Girls Misbehavin' team.

JEAN

HR is coming back up!

MICHELLE

Disrespectfully, who gives a fuck. She's not even HR. If she was, look at us. She'd have to fire the whole team. We're either high on pills, drunk, or so checked out that we might as well leave.

Michelle walks Carman away.

IRIS

That's a great idea! Michelle?

LIV

Why is everyone still standing around?

All scream.

IRIS

How did you get up here so fast?

LIV

HR loophole. The stairs always move faster than that loud elevator... Back to work.

EDUARD

Don't lump me in with them. I've been working all day.

GLENN

But what do you have to show for it?

CARMAN

(to Iris)

Can I talk to you?

IRIS

You don't have to come. We can find someone else.



CARMAN

Like hell you will. I didn't work these legs out all summer long not to strut them around in NYC during fashion week like these other models.

IRIS

You don't think it will be traumatic?

CARMAN

He was a very distant uncle. And can we focus on the legs please? Michelle said you need these legs to recruit more models. That is an honor. I have had a rough year after the divorce, so this is now the pick me up I need.

IRIS

What do you mean models? We're supposed to be recruiting fashion designers.

CARMAN

Models. Modeeeeeeeels.

Michelle walks Iris away, toward the dubbing room.

INT. DUBBING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rushing into the dubbing room, crammed with VCR bins, of which Bertha and Chair are on the opposite side of, naked and hiding.

MICHELLE

The network decided they want the show, just with models.

IRIS

That's not our show? Who gave them that option?

MICHELLE

I didn't. I didn't! You know these networks want looks first.

IRIS

You mean over story because there's no substance to that.

(MORE)

IRIS (CONT'D)

And don't give me the, models have stories too bullshit. I cannot believe I trusted you with this.

MICHELLE

He promised to do the show about designers next year. If this does well in the ratings. It's too much of a risk right now.

IRIS

If, if if. Let's talk definites. Listen Miss Emmy, this isn't going to win any awards.

MICHELLE

Don't say that.

IRIS

No one is going to award the people who casted pretty people with no substance, an Emmy.

MICHELLE

Did you just say casted?

IRIS

Yes. Is that all you heard?

MICHELLE

No! But the verbiage is a big deal, it's literally our profession. We need to say the correct terms--

IRIS

You're making a mountain out of a mole hill when the actually big deal is that this is not the show I was promised. This is not the show we fought for.

MICHELLE

I'm not dismissing it. I want that show, too. But we have to play the game.

IRIS

I am so tired of playing the game. You know--no, I'll say it. This isn't just me. This is my mother's legacy. Seamstress from the Bronx, whom never got her time of day.

(MORE)

IRIS (CONT'D)

There are so many other women, and men, so many actual people out there with real talent that don't have opportunities. I want this for people like my mother.

MICHELLE

I want that, too.

IRIS

Then you should've pulled more strings on this. You have sway with Danny.

MICHELLE

Where? I'm twice his age, which means I have to play twice as hard and speak half as fast. Do you know how hard I pulled to even be heard about this, at all? I risked having security eject me today. This is not a contest. At least it's not one against you and me. I'm with you on this. We are on the same team. And if... if you won't do it, I won't do it.

IRIS

You'd not do the show?

MICHELLE

If that's what you choose, I'm with you. I need a job, but I'll find another job. This is our thing.

IRIS

Of course I'm going to do the show. But I'm allowed to not happy about it.

MICHELLE

I can work with that. I live 99% of my life unhappy. At least, when I'm around Jacquelin that is.

IRIS

So long as this year is about the models but next year is actually about the designers.

MICHELLE

Deal. We will do that show next.

IRIS  
Michelle.

MICHELLE  
I promise. I don't lie.

They do their secret handshake. Hot male PA peeks his head up. They scream.

CHAIR  
That's so cool, I wanna learn that.

IRIS  
Bertha? Are you still here, too?

BERTHA  
Yeah. Sorry. Do you still need a PA?

IRIS  
Honey, that ship has long sailed.

MICHELLE  
We're fully staffed. I hired a--

IRIS  
We hired a barista.

MICHELLE  
In training. He's not a full blown barista yet.

BERTHA  
Ouch.

CHAIR  
You really get around. And I thought I was a whore.

IRIS  
Bertha, Chair, get the fuck out of here.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Bertha and Chair are being escorted out by security. Michelle and Iris squeeze each other's hand. Liv approaches.

LIV  
Your interview is here. I had them go to the conference room... your office.

MICHELLE

Thank you.

They walk together towards the conference room.

LIV

Good luck getting Jacquelin out of there for it...

MICHELLE

Hi, everyone. Hey, everybody that's left for Project 212 -- the fashion show.

IRIS

About models.

MICHELLE

You can all go home now. Pack your best for tomorrow we head to NYC fashion week!

JACQUELIN

(walking into the hall)

No, no they can't. I have them until the end of the day. And I need you to all wrap out of this first.

(beat, looks around)

OK, you can go. I'm not heartless. Chop chop we have a big flight tomorrow!

As everyone leaves, Liv walks by, stops, pulling Jean aside.

LIV

(referencing Tupperware)

Jean, can you return this on your way home?

JEAN

I have to pack.

LIV

Was more of a nicety, me asking you. So just need you to just put this all back in its initial containers and get that refund for me, tonight. Thank you so much.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME TIME

Iris and Michelle walk in on MATTHEW, a hot interviewee that awaits his trial.

IRIS  
Hey, I'm sorry--

MATTHEW  
(packing resume)  
You're already fully staffed aren't you? It's OK. Get an MFA, they said. It will help, they said. I'll just return to the car I borrowed from my grandad, and ignore that I fed the meter for entirely too long with coins I needed for laundry.

IRIS  
I was going to say, I am sorry for the mess in this conference room--

MICHELLE  
My big, big office.

IRIS  
But I enjoyed whatever that was you said.

JEAN  
(entering with brooms)  
Don't mind me. I'll just be sweeping up this fucking mess until I die. Hope I can sleep on the plane.

MATTHEW  
Sorry. I knew I blew it. I'm a terrible interviewer.

MICHELLE  
You are. But also, MFA? So unnecessary.

IRIS  
Way over qualified.

MICHELLE  
We'll see you tomorrow at LAX.

MATTHEW  
I'm hired?

MICHELLE  
Is that how you celebrate?

MATTHEW  
Great. What do I wear?

MICHELLE  
Who cares? Nothing, preferably.

IRIS  
She's kidding.

MICHELLE  
(exiting)  
Don't speak for me... I'm not. As  
if you don't wanna see that tight  
chiseled little body.

JEAN  
(following)  
And he doesn't have any clean  
clothes, anyway. Naked it is.

MATTHEW  
This industry is so sexist.

Matthew takes a moment, acknowledges Jean. Steps over her,  
exiting.

JEAN  
No one's going to help me clean  
this up?

EXT. 405 - HOUR LATER

In the car, Michelle can't pay attention to music. Nothing  
will blare out the doubts in her head as she hyper fixates on  
her palm and the Editor's forewarning. As her foreshadowed  
panic attack escalates, she veers into the next lane, horns.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF MICHELLE'S WOODLAND HILLS HOME - 9PM

Suddenly parked, Michelle jolts to reality, when Danny knocks  
on the window.

DANNY  
Honey. I hate to interrupt your  
little Bell Jar moment here... but  
are you going to come in tonight?  
The kids are starting to get  
worried.

KID  
(banging on door)  
Mommy!

Michelle nods and gets out of the car.