

THE HIGH LIFE

"Me?!?"

by
Chris Kelly

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

1

Emma casually walks around the living room, eyeing the clock. Gleefully, she marches up to her bedroom door and knocks.

EMMA

Well?

CLAIRE (O.S.)

I'm not so sure about this! To be honest, it's not really my type.

EMMA

Claire, come on, it can't be that bad!

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Actually, it can be. Emma, let's not do this!

EMMA

We have to! Come, stop being the usual super self-critical Claire. I'm sure you're sexy.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Me and sexy are two words never to be combined.

With that Emma tries to open the door, but it doesn't budge an inch.

EMMA

Let me in, so I can be the judge!

CLAIRE (O.S.)

In a second, I just want to change first.

EMMA

Don't! Come on, Claire, it's no longer the early 1900's. Women no longer need to be wrapped up so all you see is their face. We can show as much skin as we like. Contrary to popular belief, we have free will.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

That's great and all, but Em, this style is more you. My style is more ...well, me.

(CONTINUED)

EMMA

Claire you may be the teacher when it comes to education, but it's time you step out of your shell.

(pause)

Can I at least see you?

A few moments pass, before an audible click is heard. The door swings slowly open, and out steps Claire into the living room, shoulders hunched, and looking nervous.

EMMA (cont'd)

I'm good! Its way better than I thought it would be!

Claire is wearing a small red dress, with spaghetti straps over the shoulders. For once her hair has been let loose and falls across her back. Glasses are gone! Makeup has been applied to the face, the Claire of old is nowhere in sight.

CLAIRE

(skeptical)

We are two sides of a very different coin. All right, you've seen the outfit, give me a few minutes to change and w-

EMMA

Claire, you're hot, deal with it. Beauty is the price we as young women must pay. It is our sworn duty to go out, have fun, look good, and drink alcoholic beverages.

CLAIRE

Fine, I'll go out like this one time. Any other occasion, my clothing is entirely up to my discretion.

Emma looks Claire up and down, and smirks.

EMMA

We'll see.

CLAIRE

Emma, I'm my own person and it's-

EMMA

Time to have a girl's night! New town, new rules, let's go see where the night takes us.

With that, Emma marches for the door, until Claire looks at Emma's casual jeans and simple t-shirt.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

CLAIRE

Wait, aren't you going to go
change?

EMMA

(mischievously)

Nope, this is your night to look
good. It's all part of the fun of
seeing my masterpiece at work. Now
let's go see you work your magic.

Claire smiles nervously, and averts her gaze to the clock.

FADE TO:

2 INT. CLUB - 2 HOURS LATER

2

As Blink 182's "First Date" comes from the DJ's sound system,
we move through the variety of people, rarely seeing faces in
the flashes of the lights above. People continue to move to
the beat as we rest upon two figures.

Emma and Claire casually dance with each other, Emma feeling
the music, while Claire dances, but looks around at others.
Some glance in her direction, causing a blush that shows,
despite the dimmed lights.

EMMA

(victoriously)

Told you this would be fun!

CLAIRE

Right, right! You win, the evening
has been successful.

EMMA

And it's only just starting!

CLAIRE

Just starting? Emma, it's almost
eleven!

EMMA

(shrugs)

The night is young.

As the two continue the dance, Claire notices several guys
looking in her direction again, and after double-checking she
knows they aren't looking at Emma.

CLAIRE

(nervously)

Maybe we should go home. We can
stay up, watch a movie with the
guys, it'll be fun.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

Emma seems to be deep in thought.

EMMA
You know what you need?

CLAIRE
Sleep?

EMMA
(laugh)
We can sleep when we're dead. Come on!

The dancing duo head through the crowd, catching several more looks at Miss Rooney along the way.

CLAIRE
(curious)
where are we going?

EMMA
To get you and me a drink!

CUT TO:

3 INT. CLUB - 1 HOUR LATER

3

The club, still packed, and busy as ever, has the music turned down. At an oval table with an overhead light lies two drinks. The girls sit on opposing sides, as their discussion deepens.

EMMA
Alright, so what's the worst thing you've ever done?

CLAIRE
(thoughtful)
To be honest, I have never actually done anything bad.

EMMA
Honestly?

CLAIRE
I'm telling the truth.

Emma looks dumbfounded, but as the moment passes the light overhead reflects a dangerous smile.

EMMA
Interesting.

CLAIRE
'Interesting' good, or
'interesting' bad?

(CONTINUED)

EMMA

Good, it means I can keep a close eye on your progress.

CLAIRE

(confused)

Progress on what?

EMMA

As you learn to live a little. With me as your mentor, your life will never be boring!

CLAIRE

Since moving here, I find that statement will probably be true.

The two women talk as a man in his young twenties walks up, heading straight for Claire. Emma smiles and winks at Claire, but Claire doesn't look so thrilled. Claire looks like a deer caught in the headlights until the guy casually kisses her hand.

MAN

Good evening, name's Mike, and who would you be?

CLAIRE

Hi, I'm Claire Rooney, and that young woman to your right is my friend Emma.

MIKE

That's an odd name for you.

(to Emma)

Would you mind if I stole your cohort for a bit?

EMMA

Not at all! I'll be on the dance floor if anyone needs me.

The pole dancing princess gets up, not noticing Claire trying to get her attention while Mike isn't looking in her direction.

Mike turns back to her as soon as Emma is out of sight and takes her seat. He looks Claire up and down, not caring about the crimson shade rising in Claire's cheeks.

MIKE

So, what do you do for a living?

CLAIRE

Currently I'm a teacher at high school, and yourself?

MIKE

Well if you're a teacher, I guess that makes me the student.

CLAIRE

(nervous)

If you say so.

MIKE

Let me show you my project, you can mark me afterwards.

Mike leans in for a kiss, and Claire immediately pulls back, a look of disgust across her face.

CLAIRE

What are you doing?

MIKE

Sorry, I forgot I have to pay for such a lady's services.

Horrified, Claire watches as a hundred dollar bill is placed onto the table for her.

CLAIRE

I'm sorry, but you're mistaken, I'm not in such a career path.

MIKE

Playing nice tonight, are we? I'm cool with that.

Under the table his hand reaches Claire's leg, which of course, by reflex, jumps away as quick as lightning.

CLAIRE

Look, I'm not lying, I'm not in the career path you think.

MIKE

I know you're not really a teacher, 'Miss Roon.' We can stop acting now.

CLAIRE

(outraged)

I'm not a hooker!

MIKE

Please! The dress with the make up? You're not fooling anyone. Although I like your act. 'Claire,' very unoriginal name, most have unique names such as Serenity, or Spice.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

I'm not a hooker!

By now people are looking over at the unfolding scene, and the man angry, at sniggers from people at the bar, like a predator turns back towards Claire.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

I'm flattered though, that you think my body is... good?

(beat)

I think.

He's now inches away from her face, his hand a few centimeters from her shoulder. A tap to his shoulder causes him to look around.

SPLASH! Alcohol goes all over Mike's face, and before him stands a smiling Emma with an empty glass.

EMMA

She says she's not a hooker, my guess is you should believe her. That is, unless you want your status here to sink any lower than it already has.

Mike glares daggers and as he steps towards Emma, but soon retreats when several people at the bar stand up, and shoot a "You wouldn't hit a girl" look at him.

The two girls start preparing to leave with haste, paying the barmen etc.

CLAIRE

Thanks, can we go home now?

EMMA

This has been enough adventure for one night, and a nice beginning to your story.

CLAIRE

Beginning? Can't it be the end of this new me?

EMMA

As a writer, you should know its not the end that matters, it's the journey.

CLAIRE

Life of a writer be damned. I quit!

EMMA

Or, a start to a better story,
where you have to resort to being a
prostitute to earn money so you can
buy a flight back to your original
home.

CLAIRE

I'm not going to be a hooker!

The pair marches silently away, but just as they're about to
head through the door Emma turns to Claire.

EMMA

But with that dress, you could be...

Claire looks down at her attire and back to Emma, but Emma is
gone. Several people begin to look Claire up and down and
whisper among themselves. Fists clenched and voice raised,
Claire shouts out to the world.

CLAIRE

I'M NOT A HOOKER!!

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

4

The entire group is spread out on the floor and the couch as Claire stands before them, recounting the night's events. Shock appears across everyone's faces, except for Emma who watches everyone's reaction with interest.

WAYLON

What did you do?

CLAIRE

Nothing, Emma stepped in and then we left.

LEE

You and hooker definitely aren't two subjects I'd put together.

CHRIS

(nods)

Like Michael Jackson and little kids. Many shades of wrong.

Silence encompasses the apartment as everyone looks to the other for a change of topic.

CLAIRE

Alright, I'll be in my room.
Preparing to get rid of that thing!

Claire leaves. As silence once again is about to make a return, Waylon speaks up.

WAYLON

So, what's everyone doing today?

LEE

I thought we'd all work on the project.

A communal groan from everyone emerges, leaving Lee looking crestfallen.

LEE (cont'd)

What? Guys, this is the whole reason we came here in the first place. Doing nothing gets us nowhere.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

I don't know, I do like nowhere so far, it's right up there with relaxation and what's that thing? Oh yeah - fun.

Lee scans everyone in the room, looking for someone to back him up.

LEE

Guys, please?

IAN

Lee, it's Saturday. As in our day off after working for five days? All I want is a few beers! Then I'll help out.

LEE

Drinking doesn't help writing, it messes it up.

IAN

I think it gets my creative juices flowing.

WAYLON

They all raise valid points, let's just take the day off.

LEE

You do nothing all week! You're helping me today. Free will be damned.

WAYLON

I think Chris says it best when he says "you're not the boss any more" Besides, my lack of nothing is meant to inspire you folks to write.

(beat)

And if I started working now... I'd be setting a bad example!

EMMA

I think the project has lost the battle today.

CHRIS

Well, with that decided, I'm off. Everyone, I bid you all good-byes, enjoy your day off.

With that he stands up and as he collects his things, Lee looks over to him.

LEE

You can't just go off when you feel like it, we're a team!

CHRIS

(bored)

I'm going out because I have to, not because I want to. I have work today, notice my lack of enthusiasm.

WAYLON

Oh, right, I almost forgot. Good luck, and try not to spill coffee on the customer this time.

EMMA

See ya later.

IAN

Oh, and before you forget, Chris, the customer is always right, don't argue!

CHRIS

(muttering)

This is why I don't tell you people my schedule...

The door clicks shut, and an expectant Lee looks to Claire as she reemerges, store bag in hand.

LEE

Claire, you're the voice of reason, you get what we do here, and why we're here. Help explain to them that we need to do some more work on the project! You know I value your opinion.

WAYLON

Is that some strange way of hitting on her, making her feel obligated to side with your grace?

EMMA

As leader of my own movement, I deem that it could be either.

With a glare shot at Waylon, Lee patiently looks at Claire.

CLAIRE

Lee, you know I care about our work here, honestly I do....

LEE

But...

CLAIRE

Its just after last night, I want to return the dress. I think I want my wardrobe to be safe for a while. Sorry.

With a grin from Waylon, and a victorious one from Emma, Lee sits down head in his hands.

LEE

Alright, I respect your choice.

Shoulders slumped, he looks at the gang one last time, searching for a glimmer of hope. None arrives, so he gets up and heads in the direction where his room lies.

As the door slams shut, those left look at each other slightly confused. Until Ian stands up.

IAN

We won!

CUT TO:

Cars whiz past the many side stores, with music loud, as people fill the sidewalks, everyone with his or her own destination until Waylon, Emma, and Ian come into view.

EMMA

You guys think it was right to leave Lee alone at the apartment?

WAYLON

Yeah, the guy doesn't know the meaning of the word relax.

IAN

Besides, he was glaring at us the whole time, everyone leaving him alone is probably best.

EMMA

Alright, I'm sold. So where are we off to?

WAYLON

Library? We could impress Lee by bringing back several books, then we can go about what we want.

(CONTINUED)

IAN

No! I work there, the place is quiet, and very eerie. And when you see a child come in, and with manners, quietly sit down and read a book?

(shudders)

It's like a place full of little lost souls.

WAYLON

Alright, no impressing Lee. How about the movies?

EMMA

I veto that notion! And anyone who challenges me, I can raise the point that there's no good movies out at the moment.

IAN

We could just do nothing.

WAYLON

I do nothing 24/7, it's about time I do something.

People start to take notice at Waylon's comment.

EMMA

Are you feeling alright?

IAN

Waylon wants to do something, maybe we should celebrate.

WAYLON

Nothing strenuous, and we tell no one I did something. I have a reputation to uphold.

IAN

You sit on the couch wait for us to come home, and insult us incessantly!

WAYLON

And I take pride in it!

SWITCH TO:

The store contains a variety of different outfits, and a few potential customers mill around aimlessly, looking through racks and shelves.

(CONTINUED)

A desk sits in the center, where a manager is seated at the till, her nametag tells us her name is KIM. Bored out of her mind, she looks up when the clang of a bell catches her attention.

Claire enters holding a store bag, glances around and spotting the manager, making her way over slowly.

At the front of the desk, she puts the bag down, and lets out a sigh.

CLAIRE

Hi.

The manager looks up, spots Claire and takes note of the bag, putting on an overly cheery smile.

KIM

Welcome to Today's Trends, can I help you?

CLAIRE

I'd just like to return this dress.

KIM

Certainly. Just let me take a look to make sure the merchandise hasn't been damaged.

Pulling the bag over and examining the dress, her eyes look to the dress and then to Claire, curiosity aroused. Checking to make sure tags are still there she places it back in the bag.

KIM (cont'd)

All seems fine. Now all I need is a receipt.

CLAIRE

Oh, hang on, let me check.

Searching through her pockets, and emptying her purse, she has no luck.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

I don't have it here, but I can promise you I bought it here, I came here with a friend.

KIM

How very nice, but I can't accept the item without a proof of your purchase.

CLAIRE

But I see the rack with said dress.
(diplomatically)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Can you make an exception, just this once? Please?

KIM

I'm sorry ma'am, but no receipt, no return. It's the company's policy.

CLAIRE

Not even this one time? I know I don't have a receipt, but I can tell my friends about this place.

(beat)

And the more customers, the merrier, right?

Kim doesn't answer, just points to a sign overhead with the policy written for all to see.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

You know, it may be the fact that I got this as a birthday present. A friend of mine thought it suited me, and, well, you know when returning a gift, you don't want to ask her for the receipt. That's rude, I love her dearly I wouldn't want to come across as ungrateful.

KIM

(not buying it)

No receipt, no return.

CLAIRE

I know, I know, policy. But it's just a rule, and some rules are meant to be broken. Please, this purchase was more a mistake than anything.

KIM

If I'm caught accepting I could lose my job. No receipt, no return.

CLAIRE

(hopeful)

No one ever has to know...

KIM

Ma'am I've done all I can, when you have a receipt I will gladly accept the dress back. When that moment happens, the rules are followed, and order is maintained. You can return the dress and live happily ever after.

6 CONTINUED: (3)

6

CLAIRE

I'm new to the city, this country actually, and have been having an enjoyable stay here. You wouldn't want to ruin that, would you?

KIM

(yells)
Security!

Two men dressed in black emerge from the back of the store.

CLAIRE

Alright, alright, I'm gone!

With that she leaves the store with the bag in a huff.

7 EXT. TODAY'S TRENDS - CONTINUOUS

7

Outside the store Claire glances at the building, focused on the windows with the clothes displayed, oblivious as the sea of people goes around her. She glances at the dress within the bag, and back to where the title of the store is in big thick, colorful letters.

CLAIRE

I'll be back.

CUT TO:

8 INT. FOOD 4 ALL - MORNING

8

The restaurant appears to be empty. All of the tables are in perfect condition, as the menus are on them with clean utensils. In one corner sits an old man reading a newspaper, but despite that the only activity is the workers talking behind the counter, Chris and his friend BRENT.

BRENT

So there we are, in my car, coming back from a night out. I'm thinking it's the perfect opportunity to ask her out, when she asks me if she has a chance with a certain guy. I mean, I'm nice to her, I practically worship her, and she thinks of me as a nobody!

CHRIS

So, you're stuck in the friend zone.

BRENT

Stuck? The mortgage has been paid, and a will has been signed.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Dude, just go for her. Truth of the matter is, yeah, to her you're a nice guy, but in just being that, her view of you is as a good friend. Do something outrageous, catch her attention. Just don't eye another girl at the time, that never ends well.

BRENT

Life would be easier without women.

CHRIS

Oh, come on, we argue, go for them, and sometimes we succeed. It makes life interesting. Much like this customer entering will.

Brent looks up and spots the small man in his forties with glasses, wearing a tweed suit along with dress shoes. The customer looks around and grabs a small booth.

BRENT

Guess it's time to work.

CHRIS

Tell me how it goes.

BRENT

Oh no, this one is for you.

CHRIS

Me? Brent, I don't have a problem with money, gladly I would work the till, please. All customers do is bitch about their life when they come here alone.

BRENT

I've been here longer than you, and therefore possess more authority. Go serve him.

CHRIS

Technically, you're scaring the newbie off.

BRENT

You really don't enjoy work, do you?

CHRIS

Not particularly. It's not so much the work as it is the responsibility.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS (cont'd)

Then there's the being organized and punctual. And don't get me started on being polite to people who are rude.

BRENT

Tell you what, if something bad happens I won't tell the higher powers. Deal?

CHRIS

Glad to know I have your faith.

BRENT

And Chris?

CHRIS

What?

BRENT

Try to not be blunt. We want people returning.

CHRIS

I'm not blunt, I'm to the point.

(beat)

Okay, point taken.

With that he heads out of the counter and towards the customer. For a brief second he turns back and looks at the counter longingly, wishing for the protection of not communicating with people. Glancing back, determination is etched across his face as he marches towards battle.

CHRIS (cont'd)

(whisper)

Here we go.

We're back on the same street, we left the trio. Emma stops them.

EMMA

Alright guys, this is getting us nowhere, we're right back where we started. So this begs the question, what are we going to do?

WAYLON

We could go bug Chris.

IAN

I'm up for that. We can see how long it takes before he yells at a customer.

WAYLON

More importantly, we can do what's best for him.

EMMA

What's that?

WAYLON

Get him fired.

EMMA

We can't get Chris fired!

WAYLON

I bet we could. All right, so it took the five of us to get Lee fired, but I have faith that the three of us can do it, with of course Chris' help.

IAN

Why would he help us get him fired?

WAYLON

We talk, I know what gets him pissed.

EMMA

You two stop. I'm putting my foot down. This is a good experience for him, and God help me I'm being the voice of reason. I'm turning into Claire!

WAYLON

Emma, it's in Chris' best interests.

IAN

People everywhere will thank us.

EMMA

Guys, I'll admit first hand he isn't the best waiter.

Both shoot looks of stating the obvious.

EMMA (cont'd)

But come on, hearing what he's done when I come home from work brightens up my life. It makes my job look better and me more capable.

WAYLON

(nods)

The stories are mildly
entertaining...

IAN

Besides I bet he gets himself fired
without any help.

WAYLON

So if we're not bugging Chris, what
are our other options?

IAN

Want to head back to the apartment
and bug Lee?

EMMA

I'm game.

WAYLON

A another one of my favorite
pastimes.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

10

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

10

Emma, Waylon, and Ian sit on the couch, each wearing an expression of shock. Moments pass before Emma speaks up.

EMMA

Where could Lee have gone?

IAN

Who knows?

WAYLON

Why would he go out, and not invite us into his plans? We're his equals!

IAN

Maybe he has a date?

EMMA

And as equals we have every right to know about his personal life.

WAYLON

Damn straight!

IAN

Its just not fair. Here we are, taking time from our lives to annoy him, the least he could do is leave a note so we can set about our mission.

EMMA

So what shall we do?

IAN

We could help Claire look for her receipt.

WAYLON

You guys saw her, she's pissed. Claire is never pissed. The best thing we can do is sit here, and dedicate the moment to memory.

EMMA

No, let's help.

With that she gets up and heads towards her bedroom, as the two guys stand and watch.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

IAN

Emma is a brave woman.

WAYLON

Or very dim.

(beat)

And possibly suicidal.

CUT TO:

11 INT. EMMA AND CLAIRE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

11

The room is in ribbons. Clothes are strewn about everywhere, and the blankets have been stripped from the beds. Claire is nowhere in sight.

With another glance around Emma takes a step in, afraid to disturb whatever storm has been there.

EMMA

(unsure)

Claire?

A shuffle is heard from below. Scanning the floor we see a blanket rise, and as it falls off Claire is revealed, hair everywhere and looking crazed.

CLAIRE

Can't talk, must search!

She prepares to dive back into the colossal mess until Emma takes hold of her.

EMMA

You need a hand?

(looking around)

I think you've searched everywhere here, lets search the rest of the apartment.

CUT TO:

12 INT. APARTMENT - LATER

12

The guys search through the couches, lifting up cushions, while Emma goes through the laundry. Claire is looking through the kitchen and lets out a groan.

CLAIRE

We'll never find it. Stupid policy!

EMMA

We'll find it. Don't worry.

(CONTINUED)

WAYLON

Now everyone here besides me is an optimist. But, by being rational I can tell you all that the receipt is not here.

EMMA

The receipt is definitely here.

CLAIRE

Where?

EMMA

We don't know yet.

CLAIRE

I think he's right, it's gone.

EMMA

It's just lost. And that means we haven't found it yet.

CLAIRE

Stupid clothes!

WAYLON

I agree, you women shouldn't have to wear such confinements.

EMMA

(scowls)
You're sick.

WAYLON

I'm supportive of my good friend.

CLAIRE

Guys, lets just call it quits. We've been at this for ages. Damn that stores policy!

IAN

(thoughtful)
The stores policy just says you need a receipt right?

CLAIRE

Yeah.

IAN

Maybe... well, maybe you can convince someone else to purchase the dress, then take their receipt. Problem solved.

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

CLAIRE

Ian, you're a genius!

With that she gets up, grabs the dress, but before she goes, she returns and gives Ian a quick kiss before she's off.

WAYLON

I was being supportive!

CUT TO:

13 INT. FOOD 4 ALL - MORNING

13

CHRIS

Good morning, sir, welcome to Food For All, may I help you?

MATT

You certainly can! What are the specials?

CHRIS

Today's specials include pancakes with some kind of special syrup.

MATT

What kind of syrup?

CHRIS

I don't remember, let me go check.

MATT

That'd be nice.

As he turns to head back, the customer calls him again.

MATT (cont'd)

Excuse me! God, do you know the meaning of the word waiter? As in, you wait for me to finish!

CHRIS

I'm sorry, I'm new, and I'm not with it this morning.

MATT

Obviously! Now, before you run off again, do your job and take my drink order.

CHRIS

Certainly, what would you like?

(CONTINUED)

MATT

Besides some decent service, I'll have a mocha, don't sugar it thank you. I wouldn't want you to mess that up, I can handle it myself.

CHRIS

Alright, is that all?

MATT

(beat)

For now, yes. But if you could find someone whose decent with their job you can send them over instead.

CHRIS

(whispers)

I'll try!

Behind the counter both workers stare each other down, until Brent relents and laughs it off.

BRENT

It couldn't be going that bad.

CHRIS

It can, and it is. I told you, me and customers don't mix. He's asked for someone else to serve him.

BRENT

Just try again, I'm sure you're over exaggerating. You can do this.

CHRIS

I'm usually optimistic, so know I speak the truth when I say it couldn't be worse.

BRENT

It's just one customer, just please him, the sooner you serve him the quicker he'll leave.

CHRIS

(beat)

I'm going to remove the sexual overtones from that statement.

A ring from the front sounds, and a few people walk in. Looking around, they spot Chris' customer from hell, and go to sit beside him.

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

CHRIS (cont'd)
It just got worse...

CUT TO:

14 EXT. LA - PARK - SAME TIME

14

The picturesque park contains everything a park should except for kids. There's the swing set along with the slide and many other activities for youngsters. Very green grass, park benches, tables, and a variety of trees offering shade to those wanting to refresh themselves from the sun. The sun shines brightly down as a man walks across the scene. Head low, and not looking where he's going.

We know who it is when the glasses appear, as he looks up to the sound of birds. It's Lee. He has bloodshot eyes and is talking to himself.

LEE

So, you see, the problem is no one's willing to work.

(beat)

No, I understand that they want a break. It's Los Angeles, city of opportunities.

A little kid walks by out of nowhere, and stares curiously at the stranger.

CHILD

Hello? Are you okay?

He walks on, not hearing a thing.

LEE

The genius of Buffy, though, is that it has a strong fan base, and still does. Man, if the six of us could produce a hit like that...

A middle aged woman appears and takes the boy's hand. This is his mother, MARY.

MARY

Come on sweetie, let's go.

CHILD

But we just got here!

LEE

It takes practice. And if you don't do it long enough, and consistently, you lose your ability. Like with women.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

(glancing at Lee)

There's something I forgot we had to do. We'll come back later, with daddy.

CHILD

We aren't going shopping, are we?

LEE

Critics? Who needs them? I don't give a damn what people think of me! In fact, I think I'm talented, handsome, and possess a child like air. But not in a paedophilic way.

MARY

(worried)

No, no, we're... off to get ice cream!

CHILD

Double chocolate?

MARY

Sure!

Mother and son hold hands and walk away as Lee looks like he's going to tip over.

LEE

We're going to make it, dammit! Even if I have to sleep my way to the top!

CUT TO:

Despite several people ignoring her, Claire looks fiercely at the dress and at the citizens passing by - shopping bags, children they are all potential shoppers.

With a deep breath, she heads into the crowd, to be a salesman to anyone she stops.

CLAIRE

Would you like to buy this dress?

WOMAN

No, thank you.

Dissolve to the same scene, a little later.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Want to buy a dress, go to this store behind me!

The people ignore her and continue towards their destination.

Dissolve to a little later still.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Hey, you! Yeah, you, you want to buy this dress? I think it's just for you!

The person turns around - and it's a man. Shock covers both of their faces.

MAN

I, uh, don't really think it's my type.

CLAIRE

Sorry...

The man continues, until Claire pushes her way back towards him.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Have a wife?

He starts to walk around her until a hand clasps his arm.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

(hopefully)
A girlfriend?

Dissolve to even later.

Claire stands onto of a bench waving the dress, and finally people start to take notice.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Attention, Los Angeles!

(pointing)

The store behind me has a special sale on, only today! Buy this dress while it lasts! Look cool and enjoy a night on the town!

(falsely)

Happiness guaranteed?

The moment quickly passes, and people continue like nothing ever happened.

Dissolve to even later still.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
 You! I've seen you here a few
 times...
 (confusion)
 Don't run away from me!

Dissolve again. Same place. Just later on.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
 The money that goes towards this
 purchase goes to charity!

History again repeats itself and no one pays Claire any attention. Tired, she looks again at the store, and at her purchase.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
 Time to try a new approach.

CUT TO:

16 INT. APARTMENT - SAME TIME

16

The same trio sits exactly where we left them, each one looking bored in their own unique way.

WAYLON
 Alright, Emma, pay up.

EMMA
 No, it hasn't happened yet.

IAN
 What? Why do you have to pay
 Waylon?

WAYLON
 Bet.

EMMA
 I said Claire would keep the dress,
 while he said she'd try and return
 it the other day.

WAYLON
 She's gone to return the dress!

EMMA
 It hasn't been returned yet.

IAN
 How much is at stake here?

WAYLON
 Five bucks!

(CONTINUED)

IAN

Five bucks isn't a lot.

WAYLON

When you don't do anything, you'll come to appreciate what you can get.

(glaring at Emma)

That is, if people followed through with their word.

EMMA

Technically, you owe me five bucks. You heard the woman, no receipt, no return.

WAYLON

She's still trying to return it.

Emma reveals a slip of paper to the guys. Shock appears across their faces simultaneously. The receipt!

EMMA

No receipt, no return! Without this the dress is hers. So is that five bucks.

WAYLON

You're cheating!

EMMA

No, I'm winning!

WAYLON

I can't believe you lied to Claire, your good friend. And she's worried sick.

EMMA

I didn't lie to her.

(shrug)

I just didn't tell her the whole truth. Besides, I found it while we were looking, so asking if she needs help was genuine at the time.

IAN

A few months living with us, and you've already been corrupted.

EMMA

What can I say, I learn fast.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. TODAY'S TRENDS - LATER

17

Claire stands outside the store, only this time people are looking in her direction. She is wearing the dress and walks around, showing off what the audience needs.

CLAIRE
(uncomfortable)
Not only does it flatter my body,
it... it... It makes me feel empowered!

Women look upon her with disgust. However, the males in the area are defiantly watching her with interest.

STRANGER
It's a bit early for your type of
business, isn't it?

STRANGER #2
its almost noon, minors are about!

CLAIRE
I'm not a hooker!

Switch to later:

Claire stands proud trying to be like a statue, every now and then catching whispers.

MOE (O.S.)
Think she's expensive?

BILL (O.S.)
Check out the babe, I'll definitely
come back to get her while she's on
sale.

MARIE (O.S.)
Some women have no respect for
anyone or themselves.

ASHLEE (O.S.)
Someone's in the wrong area for
that type of work.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. PARK - LATER

18

Lee is under a tree now and, as the light breeze blows across his face we catch the words he's saying.

LEE
I know they try. I think. But
sometimes I wonder, you know? Is it
enough?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LEE (cont'd)

Despite how happy they all seem, do we actually stand a shot at this? In the long run is it going to pay off? There's so much that can go wrong, and, well, with the amount of time we aren't spending on the project, it's time wasted.

We turn around and look from Lees POV. Before us is a writer, talented and successful, despite what companies said about his ideas. JOSS WHEDON, dressed casually, without a shadow of a doubt stands in front of him.

LEE (cont'd)

Really, I think that I'm worried...

Joss nods as Lee has a lost expression about his face.

CUT TO:

Despite the opinions, Claire remains, only breaking out of her reverie when a familiar face addresses her.

MANAGER

Excuse me, can I ask what you're doing?

CLAIRE

Trying to get your store some business.

MANAGER

Why? People are complaining inside, claiming some crazy woman is scaring potential customers off.

CLAIRE

I'm just trying to get some people to buy this dress.

MANAGER

Do you have a license?

CLAIRE

I'm not trying to sell this dress, trying to sell what's in your store. Nothing wrong with that, is there?

MANAGER

(confused)

Why are you doing this?

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

I may not have a receipt, but if someone else happens to purchase a receipt, and then casually that receipt winds up in my hands, logically I can return this horrible thing.

MANAGER

So that's why! I thought you were just out for vengeance.

CLAIRE

I will get my receipt.

MANAGER

Good luck, there aren't many people who'd buy that outfit.

With a simple shrug and a laugh the manager heads back inside, looking back once and laughing yet again.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

20

EXT. PARK - DAY.

20

Back with Joss and Lee. Lee has finally stopped talking, a distant look in his eye.

JOSS

Lee, maybe the problem isn't with your writers. Maybe it's with organization.

LEE

What do you mean?

JOSS

You want to work, and so do they, but they want to have fun while doing it. Why not set up a schedule? You never want to force out any type of writing just to get it out there. It has to be the best at the time. And since this is a group effort, you're going to need everyone involved, but keep their interest.

LEE

That makes sense.

JOSS

What else is troubling you?

LEE

Its just this place, Los Angeles, there's so many people out their striving for the same thing..

JOSS

Nothing like friendly competition to make life entertaining.

LEE

I just want to know the odds of us getting what we want here.

JOSS

That all depends on you guys. Truth is, yeah, everyone needs a little luck. But whatever's in the cards at the moment, if you're not happy, you can always change the deck.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

LEE

You mean... leave my friends?

CUT TO:

21 INT. FOOD 4 ALL - NEXT.

21

Chris arrives at the table taking note of the extra two people.

CHRIS

Hi, welcome to food fo-

MATT

See, this is the idiot I was telling you about. Doesn't have any sense, expects us to serve ourselves. Probably some rich kid trying to make a point to daddy.

THERESA and LEX are the two people who have joined him.

CHRIS

If you say so, now can I take your-

THERESA

You poor thing, out in this city, sun must have gotten to your skull. Maybe you should head back to your parents.

LEX

Back where your kind belongs. It's best for you, and for us.

MATT

That's what I've been saying to myself.

CHRIS

People! I have other customers to serve, so order and I can get your food!

(beat)

Please?

THERESA

With a mouth like that, maybe he was kicked out of the house?

LEX

The poor parents, raising a spawn like that.

(CONTINUED)

MATT

Probably trying to teach him a lesson. Have you learned some respect yet now?

Chris is about to respond until Brent intervenes over the speakers.

BRENT

Breakfast orders will only be taken for the next five minutes, and then we start lunch, Thank you.

The trio give their orders at last, and Chris looks up once more.

CHRIS

Is that for here? Or to go?

CUT TO:

Cards are upon the table, Waylon watching Emma's every movement.

IAN

Are we playing for cash?

EMMA

Why not.

WAYLON

Will people pay their debts today?

IAN

I will!

EMMA

(cooly)

I will.

(to Waylon)

If you will.

WAYLON

Of course I'll pay! I'm a man of my word. We made a bet and you owe me.

EMMA

No, we did make a bet, but you never said we couldn't intervene.

WAYLON

It was implied.

(CONTINUED)

IAN

Technically, Emma has a point.

EMMA

Alright, guys, I'd like to do something with my day, and winning money off you two sounds productive. So let's play.

WAYLON

We'll play, then.

Waylon stands and gets his coat. Ian stares at him curiously.

IAN

Where are you going?

WAYLON

To help Claire.

EMMA

Hey, that's not fair!

WAYLON

You asked if I was playing, so I'm getting into the game. I'm going to win this bet.

EMMA

Well then, I'm coming with you.

IAN

Good cop, bad cop?

WAYLON

No you're not, unless you want Claire to know you have the receipt.

She sits down, defeated for the time being and turns to Ian. As the door slams, the players pick up their cards.

IAN

Let's play...

CUT TO:

Claire sits against the wall, looking saddened and hopeless. She ignores the random comments she hears, and only looks up when someone's shadow falls across her.

WAYLON

Hey, Claire.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Hey, where are the others?

WAYLON

They're off causing chaos, mayhem,
and other terrible deeds. I thought
I'd come see how the sale is
looking.

CLAIRE

(looks down at herself)
Its hopeless! I've tried talking to
people modeling it.

WAYLON

And no receipt?

CLAIRE

Nope, unless you count complaints,
and people asking if I'm open for
business.

WAYLON

(angry)
Who asked that?

CLAIRE

Random guys. At least this time
when I said 'no,' they backed down.
I think it's the public eye.

WAYLON

You can't let them win! You know
they aren't right. The rest of us
know you aren't a sexually active,
costly woman who's into that type
of business.
(beat)
Somewhere in there is a compliment.

CLAIRE

(defeated)
If the dress fits. I know you guys
don't think of me like that, you
live with me, but if the public
thinks so, that's what matters in
this city. It doesn't matter who's
on the inside, or how talented you
are, The outside counts, because
it's judged before the product is.

WAYLON

Don't think like that.

CLAIRE

Everyone else does.

WAYLON

Despite what I'm about to say to you, know that I'm substituting for Chris, since he's good at this type of thing. So if anything comes out wrong and is offensive, blame him for working.

CLAIRE

Its okay, I don't need a speech. Let's just go home.

WAYLON

Despite your participation, listen to me. Claire, ever since I've known you, I've held some kind of respect for you. You have your faults, everyone does.

CLAIRE

Thanks.

WAYLON

You're your own worst critic. And that's about all I can think that's bad about you. You're responsible, dedicated, and very talented. You see the world in a way others can't. And despite your lack of confidence when it matters, you're there, letting us know. Without you, our adventure here probably would have ended. You're definitely the most diplomatic. We need you, and who cares what a bunch of random civilians think, we'll never see them again! Them not seeing you again is their loss, not yours.

A moment passes, as Claire contemplates, and looks up at Waylon.

CLAIRE

Thanks, this time I mean it.

WAYLON

Good, now let's sell this dress!

Claire stands up, as Waylon scouts the area.

CUT TO:

Lee's jaw remains open, shock and surprise mingling across his whole body language.

(CONTINUED)

JOSS

I'm not saying that at all. I'm saying where you end up is your responsibility. We make choices and they lead us down paths. There are definitely bumps along the way, but if we see a dead end we can always go back.

LEE

(beat)

Do you ever speak in plain English, without the metaphors?

JOSS

Only when I have burnout.

LEE

Man, to be as successful as you, living your dreams. How do you do it?

JOSS

Practice and patience. Your unit seems young, just give them time.

LEE

I think time is the enemy.

JOSS

Deadlines suck, it's true, but nothing's perfect. Work can always be improved upon. And that is the joy of the journey, you get better as you go.

LEE

Mr. Whedon, these are great lessons and all, but how do we make it?

Joss grins and takes out a sharpened HB 2 pencil, handing it to an astounded Lee, who holds it and looks upon it, like he's won the lottery.

JOSS

That pencil is where everything begins, Lee. Now all your team has to do is put it to paper.

LEE

Understood.

Joss starts to leave a wise Lee standing there, but speaks up once more.

JOSS

Before I go, though, I have a question for you.

LEE

Yeah, sure, anything.

JOSS

What made you do this in the first place? What drove you to these people?

A few seconds pass to ponder.

LEE

I wanted to start a new chapter.

He looks up but no one is around. Lee looks at his hand - and sees that the pencil is still there! With a grin, he nods once and starts to walk towards the park exit.

CUT TO:

Claire looks shocked at Waylon.

CLAIRE

Did you really have to hit him?

WAYLON

Of course, he insulted you!

CLAIRE

More will insult me.

WAYLON

I'll teach them a lesson too.

(beat)

Although why people think you're a hooker is beyond me. Hookers are sad, angry people.

(beat)

Not that I know any, of course.

CLAIRE

I appreciate you defending my honor.

WAYLON

To be appreciated, it's so uncommon nowadays.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

And thanks for checking up on me. I hate to admit it, but if you hadn't hit him, I think I would have.

WAYLON

Really? You, of all people?

CLAIRE

Yeah, it's been a long day, and I'm just sick of being associated with that term. I think that new dress really brought about a whole new me. I'm scared of myself.

WAYLON

Well, to be honest, back at the apartment hunting for the receipt you were pretty scary, in a determined, focused type of way.

CLAIRE

Was I?

WAYLON

Woman with a mission.

CLAIRE

I think an apology to everyone is in order then...

WAYLON

What for? You didn't do anything wrong. Everyone's allowed to get angry every now and then. Besides, you left a lasting impression I won't soon forget.

CLAIRE

Oh? What?

WAYLON

Do me a favor, and remind me never to get on your bad side.

Claire bursts into laughter as Waylon watches on. Truly believing his words.

CLAIRE

Want to head home? I think we've done all we can for today.

WAYLON

We can't be defeated. I think our problem isn't in the product, it's in the sales pitch.

CLAIRE

You may be onto something there.

WAYLON

(eyes her)

You have this look in your eye,
what are you going to do?

CLAIRE

Something that pre-LA I would never
have done.

WAYLON

Kill someone?

CLAIRE

Too much effort. Besides, that
would really have a negative affect
on my conscience.

WAYLON

Who wants a guilt trip?

CLAIRE

Exactly.

WAYLON

Well, it's the thought that counts.

Claire stands once again on the bench, and WHISTLES. Several people stop to look, and as Claire continues to whistle more join the flock.

CLAIRE

In today's society, there are many
different viewpoints when it comes
to fashion. What we wear and look
like is important not only to the
male eye, but to our own.

(pause)

Looking at my outfit, most of you
assume I'm in a certain line of
field work. You probably think I'm
naïve, lost cause, someone who's in
trouble, and someone who's strayed
off the right path. Looking back, I
realize all of those statements are
connected to the same theme.

Judgment. You're judging me based
off what I wear, when in reality
you don't know me! You have the
nerve to say something offensive to
me, and it's ridiculous! I could be
someone helping raise money for
charity, a famous actress; I may
very well own my own store!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE (cont'd)

I could be intelligent, sophisticated, adventurous, humorous, and dare I say it, nice. However, you don't give me a chance to show you who I am, you automatically criticize by thinking what I am. I look at this outfit and you know how it makes me feel. Empowered. I can stand before you all and not care anymore, I've faced my fears and I know who I am.

(beat)

I'm not a prostitute, but who cares if I was? They're people too! I feel more sorry for the majority though. Sure, they may sell themselves out for money, but they don't charge you by the looks of someone. We don't even know their back-story, but I feel a connection with them. What they do shows courage. We think they're the helpless, when really it's our society that won't even associate itself with the others, who are just people. Their jobs help our economy. The world would be a better place if there were more hookers! They know where they stand, and know people judge them, but they do it anyway. For once in your lives think outside the box, put yourselves in their shoes! Could you do it? They can. It's ironic, because even though we feel such a career path is disgusting, it's making someone happy, and isn't that what any of us really want?

WAYLON

(beat)

Amen.

The audience is stunned, and as the silence wraps itself around the scene as if to stay, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

26

INT. FOOD 4 ALL - MORNING

26

Back at the food court, with Chris still under attack from the hostile customers.

MATT

Do we get a discount for bad service?

THERESA

Its only fair.

CHRIS

I'm sorry, but you've gotten your food, eaten your food, and now it's time to pay. If you have any further complaints, please take it up with the manager. My job is done.

LEX

How dare you! We're talking to you about a serious matter, and you try and leave?

CHRIS

I'm a waiter, I serve the food, I don't get paid to get bitched at buy a bunch of nobodies. That's just extra. Really, it should come with a warning on the application. My job with you is done. Now pay and leave.

MATT

This is an outrage! Insulting us to our faces?

CHRIS

I've complained about you behind your backs already, I felt like a change of scenery. Oh, and before I forget...

(smiles)

Have a nice day.

Chris walks away, not letting any curses he hears bother him.

CUT TO:

27

INT. FOOD 4 ALL - SHORTLY AFTER.

27

Chris and Brent at a booth, on break.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

For the record, I told you so.

BRENT

At least you didn't start it this time.

CHRIS

(beat; smiling)

That's true. I call it a successful morning - besides their tip, that is.

BRENT

(surprised)

They tipped you? How much?

CHRIS

It wasn't cash, so much as advice.

BRENT

Which was?

CHRIS

McDonalds is hiring. They wrote it on the receipt, it was thoughtful.

BRENT

Woah, now that's new.

CHRIS

I know.

BRENT

Tell you what, if they ever come back here, you don't have to serve them.

CHRIS

That's a nice offer, but I can clearly say they won't be coming back.

An evil smile appears, and after a minute the penny drops and Brent realizes his cohort has taken action.

BRENT

What did you do?

CHRIS

Lets just say Chris got creative, and there was more in that meal than the menu advertised.

BRENT

You didn't...

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS
Oh, but I did.

BRENT
(shakes head)
You definitely make this job
interesting.

CHRIS
On the karmic scale, they started
it. I just took action.

BRENT
You're never going to do something
like that to me, are you?

CHRIS
No.
(beat)
Well, maybe. Another customer like
that, anything's possible.

BRENT
(beat)
You want to work the till for the
rest of the day?

CUT TO:

At a local bar, two stools hold Waylon, and Claire, watching
a game on the TV, as the barman serves them their drinks.

CLAIRE
I can't believe it.

WAYLON
I know, when was golf considered a
sport?

CLAIRE
Not that, just today.

WAYLON
It was a pretty good speech on your
part.

CLAIRE
You think?

WAYLON
That dress is now a hit; you saw
how many women bought it!

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

The number was surprising. I didn't think the speech would work. It was plan 'Z.'

WAYLON

Goes to show, expect the unexpected.

CLAIRE

And I did get the receipt.

WAYLON

You won. So, what other adventures are on your agenda?

CLAIRE

I don't think I'll have any more adventures for a while. Although, I do have a plan.

WAYLON

What?

CLAIRE

I'm going to try be me for a while. Possibly try making Emma more reasonable.

WAYLON

Sounds like the next adventure is planned. A battle of wills. Each girl trying to change the other.

CLAIRE

Indeed. You want to go home, see how everyone's day was?

WAYLON

Might as well.

CUT TO:

Everyone is present at the apartment, tired and defeated as they watch TV.

CHRIS

I never want to work again.

EMMA

Okay, so the trio has insulted you, then what happens?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

I serve them breakfast, learn
McDonalds is hiring, and they will
never again have my presence, the
end.

IAN

Your job is so much more
interesting than mine.

CHRIS

That's my day, how was someone
else's?

CLAIRE

I returned the dress.

All eyes look in her direction.

WAYLON

It involved a speech. You shoulda
been there.

EMMA

You returned the dress. Did Waylon
actually help you?

WAYLON

I provided moral support.

CLAIRE

I hope I never see such a dress
again.

CHRIS

At least your reputation is saved.

IAN

You needn't worry, unless Emma
takes you shopping again.

EMMA

She was trying something new!

WAYLON

At a certain cost. In the end,
people, you have to ask yourself
'is it worth it?' What's this
situation doing for you? It's a
price several of us must pay.

Emma glares at a victorious Waylon.

IAN

Now, Lee, I notice you're being silent, what did you get up to on this lovely Saturday?

EMMA

Was it a date?

CHRIS

Since when did Lee get a life?

LEE

For your information, I do have a life. I went for a walk, came home, end of story.

WAYLON

(suspicious)

You're not telling us something.

LEE

Really, I just went for a walk. To think and... question.

CLAIRE

What was your conclusion?

LEE

I realized that we need to work on the project.

IAN

Not now, daddy, I just want to go to bed.

LEE

But at the same time, we need to have fun.

CHRIS

You've added it to your vocabulary now? Wow, must have been a good walk.

LEE

So, looking at both angles I think its fair that we set up a schedule, so that we do get time off. But also definitely get work done on the project. It makes sense.

WAYLON

So plan 'get organized' is going into motion then?

CLAIRE

It's a good idea.

EMMA

Sounds fair.

LEE

So is everyone in agreement? We all need to be in on this.

CHRIS

Definitely shows signs of working in this situation.

IAN

It's about time we all agree on something.

LEE

Alright, so it's settled.

WAYLON

We don't have to start work now, do we?

LEE

Its Saturday night. There's no way I'm going to take on you lot at this hour!

The group accepts this. And continues to watch TV.

CUT TO:

Chris and Waylon lie in their couches in the darkness. The room is oddly quiet.

CHRIS

So I see you won the bet.

WAYLON

Of course. Emma is smart, I'll give her that. But she's not ready to deal with the sensei.

CHRIS

I think the fact that she took Claire's receipt is interesting.

WAYLON

That was a twist, but in the end I won.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

You're going to have to be careful.
Soon she'll be better than us.

WAYLON

Not going to happen.

CHRIS

Well, we are manipulative bastards.

WAYLON

This is true.

CHRIS

Maybe we should start a production
company of our own? Manipulative
Bastard Productions?

WAYLON

It can be exclusive. We can invite
the others and even have a
password.

CHRIS

Possibly add uniforms.

WAYLON

We need a slogan!

CHRIS

(thinks)
'Plotting your demise since the
womb?'

WAYLON

It's catchy.

CHRIS

Think the world's ready for it?

WAYLON

I say the world doesn't get a vote.

CHRIS

You know what we're missing,
though.

WAYLON

Money and power?

CHRIS

That'll come with time. We need
minions.

WAYLON

Like little spies?

CHRIS

Yup. Midgets, the perfect cover. No one expects the little people.

The conversation continues, as we move to one of the other rooms.

FADE TO:

31 INT. THE GIRLS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

31

A lamp is on, casting light upon Claire and Emma talking.

EMMA

Fine, I'll stay away from your wardrobe. For now.

CLAIRE

That's a relief.

EMMA

Although, the dress is a hit now, proving I have good taste.

CLAIRE

After I tried selling it for a day!

EMMA

You get credit for helping the product. So with me not affecting your wardrobe, that leaves help with your personal life.

CLAIRE

I have a boyfriend. My personal life is also mine.

EMMA

True, all right I'll settle for being your role model.

CLAIRE

If you say so. What exactly am I supposed to do with you as my role model?

EMMA

Watch and learn.

The two share a laugh, as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW