

LINDA FROM HR

“PILOT”

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ACT ONE

INT. LINDA'S HOME - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

TIGHT on two NOSTRILS. Flaring. And **SNORING**. Loudly.

REVEAL LINDA PLUGH (36, feeling the weight of every year) staring at her **SNORING** husband, DAN (38, decent, boring, balding) asleep next to her. This is her morning soundtrack.

She looks at the alarm clock - **5:54am**. Closes her eyes. **SNORE**. And she gives up on those extra six minutes. She shuffles to her closet and blindly grabs her usual, boring, grey sweater.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

She turns on the portable heater in the cold bathroom and stares in the mirror. She notices a grey hair. BEAT. She leaves it alone. Then steps into the shower.

INT. LINDA'S HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

Linda, on autopilot, goes through the routine of packing two brown bag lunches for her kids while staring out at the frigid Ohio morning.

HOWIE (O.S.)

Mom! Your daughter stole my candy bar! I'm having her arrested!

ALEX (13, punk clothes, shaved head) enters, eating a Twix, followed by HOWIE (14, chubby, awkward), dialing his phone while holding a fundraising box of candy. On it is a "Before" pic of him, nose prominent, and an "After" pic with Brad Pitt's perfect nose photoshopped over his.

ALEX

He's calling the cops. Please. If you love me at all, let this happen.

HOWIE

I'm selling that candy to pay for my nose job! (TO LINDA) Which you should be paying for. It's so unfair! Alex gets Dad's nose and I get yours.

ALEX

You also got her tits.

Linda takes the candy from Alex, the phone from Howie and, to his surprise, hands him a \$20 bill.

HOWIE

Whoa. Thanks, Mom!

LINDA
It's from your sister's allowance.

ALEX
What the shit, Linda?

LINDA
You can earn it back by apologizing
to your brother and telling him he
doesn't need a nose job.

Alex, with fake earnestness, approaches Howie, serenading him
to the tune of *The Sound of Silence*.

ALEX
(SINGING) Hello, Howard, my small
nosed friend / I've come to say
sorry again / You're the hottest
man I ever knew / If I weren't your
sister I would fu--

HOWIE
Mom!

She hands him another \$20 as Dan enters, wearing his sleep
pants and a "Bright Smiles Dental" t-shirt. He holds x-rays.

DAN
Okay, I'm totally breaking
dentist/client confidentiality--

ALEX
Dental tech/client confidentiality.

DAN
--but guess who's pano this is?
Here's a hint... it's Nick Lachey!

HOWIE
Great nose.

DAN
He was in town visiting his
parents. They were at the mall and
someone just popped him! Now I'm
doing his crown. This could be big!

LINDA
Can you pick up dinner tonight?

DAN
Yeah, sure. I'll grab Panera on the
way home. (THEN) It's between me and
Abhinay for head dental tech.

(MORE)

DAN (CONT'D)

This could seriously put me over the top. I'd be the first white guy at Bright Smiles to hold that title.

On the fridge, we spot a Bright Smiles holiday card. It's an office full of Indian dentists and dental techs in bad holiday sweaters. And oh so white Dan Plugh.

LINDA

But we always get Panera. How about we try something new?

DAN

Panera's right near work. And you love Panera. (TO KIDS) Your Dad could be the Jackie Robinson of teeth.

A car horn honks. The kids' ride.

LINDA

Panera's fine. (TO KIDS) Ride's here.

EXT. LINDA'S HOME - A MOMENT LATER

Out of an SUV steps SIERRA (37, the cool girl from college you never imagined a Mom). Howie and Alex, cold, try the door, but it's locked. Sierra holds up her key remote.

SIERRA

Get in quickly, get in quietly. You wake 'em, you feed 'em.

The door opens revealing her TRIPLETS, asleep in car seats. Her 11-yr-old SON sits motionless and terrified in the back. Howie and Alex cautiously crawl in. Sierra turns to Linda.

LINDA

You look like shit.

SIERRA

You too. Triplets till 4am. Debugging a client's server till 6. What's your excuse?

LINDA

Same old, same old.

Suddenly, we hear WAILING from the car.

SIERRA

Son of a bitch! (GETS IN CAR, TO KIDS) One of you better start lactating. (LINDA) Call you later.

Sierra drives off. Linda goes to open her minivan and realizes Dan's Honda Civic is blocking her.

INT. LINDA'S HOME - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

LINDA
(CALLING OFF) Dan! You're blocking
me in. You need to move your car.

Linda crosses her bedroom and enters the bathroom. Dan's in the shower masturbating. BEAT. She closes the door.

EXT. LINDA'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Linda moves both cars herself in the freezing cold.

INT. PITTS & GAMBLE - PARKING GARAGE - MORNING

Linda, in her minivan, listens to a travel guide on CD. The TRAVEL NARRATOR is overly chipper and insufferably British.

TRAVEL NARRATOR
There's no escape quite like swimming
the warm, crystal clear waters of
Australia's Great Barrier Reef.

REVEAL Linda, inching into the garage, down to the bowels where the rank and file park. She gets to her spot, 863. But the car beside her parked like a dick. She can't fit.

She drives back to level one, pulling up next to an executive spot labeled "L. HANNIGAN, CYBER SECURITY." She calls to a GUARD.

LINDA
Someone's blocking my spot and
Hannigan's on vacation and... you
don't care.

He just stares at her. So she just parks.

INT. PITTS & GIMBLE - 7TH FLOOR - DAY

Linda gets off the elevator and walks through the maze of cubicles, past the WORK COUPLE giggling by the water cooler, past the WOMAN plucking her chin hairs at her desk, past TIRED DAVE, who sits in his cubicle, head drifting back and jerking forward as he fights off sleep.

She reaches her double cubicle shared with GORDON (40's, always chubby, recently divorced) who looks at his computer screen.

GORDON
Hundred and three.

Linda sits, opens her inbox, her screen filled with e-mails.

LINDA
Hundred and eight.

Without looking away from her computer, she takes a jar labeled "Vacation" and holds it out. Gordon puts a quarter in. He then excitedly rolls his chair over, right beside her.

GORDON
Hey, you'll never guess what happened to me last night.

LINDA
Who is it this time.

GORDON
This is not just another girl. Madison is... The One.

He shows a pic on his phone of a young PARTY GIRL who looks less like "The One" than the one who will give you crabs.

LINDA
She's ten.

GORDON
Twenty one. But she has an old soul. I asked if she wants to meet my parents and she sent me this.

He shows a text -- "<33".

GORDON (CONT'D)
What the hell is this? You have kids. They text. Is she asking if I'm less than 33 or maybe that's my mouth and those are supposed to be her boobies? I'm so in love and so confused.

LINDA
I'll forward to my daughter and hope she doesn't know. Speaking of under-aged girls...

Linda opens an e-mail flagged **URGENT**-- "YEAR END PEER REVIEWS DUE IN 2 WEEKS."

LINDA (CONT'D)
Amber's year end peer reviews. Seriously? Ten this year?

GORDON

52 questions each. It was easier to buy my house... and then give it to my ex-wife. (NOTICING) Shit, shit, shit, Amber alert.

Gordon rolls his chair back and pretends to look busy as...

AMBER (25 Head of HR, a business school wonk who desperately wants her employees to like her) walks up to the cubicle and leans on Linda's desk in a forced attempt at casual.

AMBER

So... what do you think?

She holds up a t-shirt of a rainbow arcing above a thumbs up.

GORDON

Love it. Totally support the cause. I think my Uncle Randy's gay.

AMBER

It's for my Interpersonal Employee Grievance Rainbow Program. I'm giving them as holiday gifts to everyone in HR.

She points to a poster on the wall, "The Interpersonal Employee Grievance Rainbow", her version of colored terror threat chart.

GORDON

(NODDING AT POSTER) Oh, that rainbow. Love that thing. Good stuff.

AMBER

So, Linda, I was reviewing some files and noticed you weren't using my system properly. (SINCERE) Is there something about it not working for you? Feedback is a gift.

LINDA

No. It's... really great.

AMBER

(TOUCHED) Oh, wow. Thank you. That means a lot. Especially coming from you. I mean, it's women like you who laid the groundwork for me.

LINDA

Just doing my part.

AMBER

How about I send you my Ted Talk. So you can review my program again. Oh, and here. This week's employee grievances files (PLACES FILES ON DESK) And remember. The key to conflict resolution lies...

GORDON

...over the rainbow!

She tosses him the t-shirt. He winks awkwardly. She leaves.

GORDON (CONT'D)

(TO LINDA) Think she likes me?

Linda looks at the stack of files, petty complaints that will occupy her day. Then, her e-mail **PINGS**. It's Amber's Ted Talk.

LINDA

No.

Linda deletes the Ted Talk e-mail without opening it.

INT. PITTS & GIMBLE - MEDIATION ROOM - LATER

Linda sits across from TODD (30's, what passes for hipster in Cincinnati) and STAN (50's, wears camo, never ironically).

TODD

(HEATED) Twenty six fucking minutes! That's how long it took him to cook his stupid lasagna in the company microwave.

STAN

Directions clearly state twelve minutes, remove plastic wrap, rotate, twelve minutes. I can try to speed up the plastic wrap part.

TODD

All I need are three goddamn minutes. My fiance bought these Weight Watchers meals so we'd look good for the wedding. But this dick screws me every single day.

Todd, seething, holds up his mostly frozen meal, a sad, brown, liquid moat surrounding a glacier of salisbury steak.

TODD (CONT'D)

What are you gonna do about this?

Linda glances at the rainbow poster on the wall. When she speaks, she's repeating something she doesn't believe.

LINDA

According to the Grievance Rainbow, this is a level blue, which calls for resolution by employee self-reflection.

TODD

What the hell does that even mean?

LINDA

I... don't know.

TODD

Can't believe they pay you for this.

Todd storms out. Stan remains seated.

STAN

I would like to file a complaint against Todd for calling me a dick.

Linda looks at her stack of employee grievance files, more people ready to hate her.

INT. PITTS & GIMBLE - BREAK ROOM -- DAY

A sign reads "Happy Retirement, Doris." Kenny Rogers's "Through The Years" plays over a slide show of DORIS (60's, loves QVC shopping, Pandora charms) and her years at the company. Linda, in the back, slices a shitty supermarket cake. Amber takes the mic as the slide show ends.

AMBER

For 43 years, Doris gave her life to this company. Today, may she RIP... Retire in Peace.

She holds a foam headstone with Doris's name and retirement date.

AMBER (CONT'D)

But that's not all. As a special treat, a message from our very own CEO Don Pitts!

A Skype video appears. DON PITTS (38, the reason there was an occupy Wall Street) graces them. From his yacht. He faces camera at an odd angle, addressing a corner of the room.

DON PITTS

Thank you, Doris, and everyone in HR! At Pitts and Gamble, we're not just a family company, we're a family. Happy Holidays!

Don Pitts's hand reaches out and the picture goes to black, but not before we hear: "who took my fuckin' harpoon?" The employees beeline for cake as Amber comes over to Linda.

AMBER

Linda when you're done with the cake, I'm gonna need you to pull some ETLs?

LINDA

More layoffs?

AMBER

Right sizings. Don says we'll need about 500 of them. Maybe make it 501.

Amber nods towards Tired Dave, asleep in a chair, holding his cake. She exits.

Linda looks up at the screen where the final slide of a young Doris remains. She looks over to Doris now. Her youth traded for a slice of retirement cake.

LINDA

43 years in the same cubicle.
Gordon, promise me, when I retire,
don't buy me this cake.

Gordon stands next to her, devouring his free cake.

GORDON

(MOUTHFUL) Why? You don't like chocolate? Can I have yours?

INT. FOOD COURTYARD - DAY

In the courtyard shared with other office buildings, Linda sits alone, picking at her salad, listening to her audiobook.

TRAVEL NARRATOR

269... 270 steps. We are now at the top of the Sacre Coeur. Look out and take in the Parisian splendor.

Linda looks at her view. All cafeteria. No splendor. Suddenly, she turns and sees ALAN (35), wearing an Ernst and Young badge, standing beside her. He's handsome and... kind of Sacre Couer.

ALAN

Save me. I can't spend my lunch break with accountants listening to their bad jokes.

He motions to a group of accountants, then at the open chair.

LINDA
(BEAT) How bad?

ALAN
What do accountants say when boarding
a train? Mind the GAAP. G-A-A-P.
Stands for Generally Accepted--

She pushes the chair with her foot. He sits, mouths "thank you."

LINDA
You work at Ernst & Young?

ALAN
Cleveland office. Here for two weeks
on a project. Flew in this morning.

Alan removes a NINJA TURTLES INSULATED BAG and takes out his
lunch: PB&J. Animals crackers. Juice box. She gives him a look.

ALAN (CONT'D)
What? You haven't heard of the
kindergarten diet? It's all the rage.

She laughs, surprising herself. Because it's not that funny.
Unless someone this handsome says it.

ALAN (CONT'D)
My son's six. He threw a tantrum on
the way to the airport. Apparently
he's "too old" for PBJ. So--

Alan holds up a PB&J and takes a sip from his juice box.

LINDA
When my daughter was 11, we were best
friends. Now she's "too old" for
me... (SHOWS PIC ON PHONE) and hair.

ALAN
Kids suck. But someone has to bury us.

She laughs again.

ALAN (CONT'D)
You have a nice laugh. (SHE
BLUSHES) I'm Alan, by the way.

He hands her half the PB&J. BEAT. She reaches to take it.

LINDA
Linda.

As she takes it, their fingers touch. They both let it linger for a hair, the attraction evident.

INT. LINDA'S HOME - BEDROOM -- 5:58AM THE NEXT MORNING

Linda's in bed, on her phone, Googling "Alan, Ernst & Young, Cleveland". She finds his LinkedIn page. His handsome face smiles at her. It's been awhile since she's felt excited about something...and it's interrupted by a long, soft fart.

She looks over at Dan, asleep, clueless. He lets out another small burst. She looks back at Alan. Then gets up and goes to the closet. Instead of her boring grey sweater, she reaches for... something new.

INT. LINDA'S HOME - BATHROOM -- MORNING

Linda's in the shower. She grabs the large Kirkland brand shampoo she uses every day. Then stops. She opens the shower curtain, and, with the water still running, steps out.

Dripping on the floor, she crosses to the cabinet under the sink. She removes a fancy, small bottle of shampoo she took from a nice hotel. She smiles and runs back into the shower.

INT. PITTS & GIMBLE - MEDIATION ROOM -- BEFORE LUNCH

Linda wears a blazer and a skirt, her hair a little shinier. She's made an effort. And looks good. Opposite her sits Stan and Todd, who holds a huge frozen food box.

TODD

Seven layer lasagna! Family sized!

STAN

I skipped breakfast.

TODD

You're a dick, Stan!

Linda looks at the Todd/Stan file. Thick and full of protocol stickers. She closes the file. Time to try something new.

LINDA

Todd's right. You're being a dick.

STAN

What?

TODD

Thank you!

LINDA

Which doesn't make sense. Because you're a good guy. Great peer reviews, coordinate the Thanksgiving food drive, and...

(MORE)

LINDA (CONT'D)
 you're lactose intolerant. (OFF HIS
 LOOK) I bought your birthday cake
 last year. You can't eat lasagna.
 So what's going on?

STAN
 (BEAT) Todd stole my parking spot!

TODD
 No I didn't! They gave it to me after
 I broke my foot at the team builder.

STAN
 Looks healed to me, but I'm still
 walking the ten minutes from lot C!

TODD
 It's... not totally better.

LINDA
 Todd, you get the spot the first and
 third week. Stan, fourth and second.

TODD
 (RE: POSTER) What about the rainbow?

LINDA
 Screw the rainbow. Any more
 microwave hoarding, I'm giving the
 spot to an intern. We good?

They nod. Then leave. Linda, feeling alive, gets up, looks at
 the Rainbow chart on the wall, shakes her head, then tosses
 the Todd and Stan file in the garbage.

INT. FOOD COURTYARD - DAY

Linda looks for Alan but doesn't see him. She sits, dejected.

ALAN (O.S.)
 What do you call an accountant
 talking to someone? (BEAT) Popular.

Linda kicks out the chair. Begin MONTAGE. The camera rotates
 around their table. With each turn, Linda wears new outfits.
 Their chairs get closer. The camera stops. They're seated beside
 each other. Their flirtation has blossomed into full attraction.

LINDA
 When's your flight?

ALAN
 Tomorrow. 5am. Spirit Airlines. So
 you know I'm really important.
 (MORE)

ALAN (CONT'D)
 (THEN) I can't believe it's already
 been two weeks.

LINDA
 I got you something for the flight.

She hands him a *Spiderman* bag, with PB&J and a juice box.

LINDA (CONT'D)
 Goodbye, Alan.

She walks away, fighting the urge to turn around one last time.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Linda's alone. The doors close. A hand stops them. Alan enters.

ALAN
 I wake up every morning and come to a
 boring job where I put boring numbers
 into boring spreadsheets. It's really
 boring. But for the last two weeks, I've
 wanted nothing more than to come to work.
 I've been excited to. And that's because
 of you. (TOUCHES WEDDING RING) I'm not
 looking to blow anything up. But maybe...

PING! The elevator door opens at Linda's floor. LONG BEAT.

LINDA
 I'm... sorry. I can't.

She steps out. And the doors close.

INT. LINDA'S HOME - EVENING

Linda walks into her lifeless suburban house. She's antsy. A
 mix of excited and disappointed by what happened with Alan.

LINDA
 Get your stuff, we're eating out!

No one answers. She marches up the stairs to...

INT. ALEX'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...where Alex sits on her bed, guitar in her lap.

ALEX
 Knock much?

LINDA
 Get your Dad and brother. I don't
 feel like being stuck in the house.

ALEX
Can't. Band practice.

REVEAL a BOY on the floor, twirling drum sticks. She starts to close the door, stops, and leaves it open. She goes to...

INT. HOWIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

... to find Howie on his computer. He turns, casually.

HOWIE
Can I donate sperm for nose job money?

LINDA
No.

HOWIE
You're ruining my life!!!

She closes this door. One door left. She enters...

INT. DAN'S HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

...to find Dan meticulously making a dental crown. A smiling color photo of Nick Lachey is on his work table.

LINDA
Let's go out. Fuck the kids. They can raise themselves tonight. We'll eat, drink, go to bed after ten. Just us. Like old times. What do you say?

She *needs* him to say yes...

DAN
Gonna turn in early. Game day tomorrow. Putting in Nick's crown. But I got Panera.

LINDA
Right. (BEAT) I'll just... finish my peer reviews. Goodnight.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Linda's big night has become a boring Panera sandwich and peer reviews, one of which is open on her laptop -- "Give three examples of how Helen Bowersox utilized an action oriented approach to solving a problem."

Linda mindlessly types words like delegate and facilitate when, from upstairs, Alex and her band begin to play--

ALEX (O.S.)
 Everyday's the same! Sweater made
 of lame! One day I became! Linda
 from HR! Linda froooooom HRRRRRRRRRR!

Linda's finishes typing and e-mails her reviews to Amber.

She sits alone in the kitchen as the song plays. She looks at her phone beside her. BEAT. She types two simple letters -- "Hi." BEAT. Hits send. CUT TO:

INT. HOLIDAY INN EXPRESS - NIGHT

"Linda from HR" keeps playing as Linda and Alan furiously make out, ripping each others clothes off, falling into bed.

ALAN
 You are so damn hot.

LINDA
 (BETWEEN KISSES) I... haven't...
 felt like this... in--

And he's inside her. He thrusts... twice, grunts like a female tennis player, cums, and rolls off.

ALAN
 Wow. That was magic! You good?

He motions down there. Linda just stares up at the ceiling.

ALAN (CONT'D)
 (TAKING THAT AS A YES) Cool. Hungry?
 Think I saw vending machines. I have
 quarters in the car--

He waddles naked to the bathroom, closes the door. For the first time, Linda notices the tacky carpet, fraying curtains, generic artwork. The sad, seedy home to her unexpected affair. Disgusted by what she just did, she grabs her clothes off the carpet, crosses the parking lot to her minivan and drives off.

INT. LINDA'S HOME - NIGHT

Linda enters. Everyone's asleep. She goes to the washer, tosses in her "affair" clothes and sets it to hot. She goes to the bedroom. Dan's asleep. She crawls into bed. This never happened. She closes her eyes. Her phone buzzes. A text from a private number -- "**You work for us now.**" Then another text. It's a video. Of her. And Alan. Fucking.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. LINDA'S HOME - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The video of Linda's affair plays. Loud. Panicked, she turns down the volume and looks at Dan. He stirs, but doesn't wake.

Linda rushes into the bathroom, trying not to freak out.

She texts back -- **"Who the fuck is this?"** BEAT. **"Undeliverable."**

She texts Alan -- **"We need to talk."** BEAT. **"Undeliverable."**

Panicked, she turns on the tap as white noise and calls Alan. She gets the **"No Longer In Service"** message.

She goes to his LinkedIn profile. It's gone. Suddenly, another text comes in from the private number:

"H&H Internet Cafe in Covington. Computer station 4. You have one hour. Or we release the tape."

LINDA

What the shit?

She checks her watch-- **12:48am**. She exits the bathroom and tip toes out, looking back to make sure she doesn't wake Dan.

She descends the wooden stairs, cringing with each creak. She reaches the front door, turns the knob slowly and sneaks out... only to come face to face with Alex, sneaking in. They stare at each other, both caught. BEAT.

LINDA (CONT'D)

I.... forgot something at work.

ALEX

I... forgot something at school.

They know they're lying to each other. Neither wants to tell the truth. Linda feels the need to say something.

LINDA

Don't forget to brush your teeth.

Alex heads up. Linda heads out.

INT. LINDA'S CAR - NIGHT

Linda, frustrated, makes annoying turns on side streets as she follows the Waze app. 54 minutes to her destination.

LINDA

Where the hell are you taking me, Waze?

Suddenly, the phone rings. From "Unknown." Linda answers, nervous, thinking it's the people who sent the video.

LINDA (CONT'D)
... hello?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Is this Linda? Linda Plugh?

LINDA
Yes... who is this?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
It's Amber. Berman. Your boss. From Pitts and Gamble. Did I wake you? I woke you. I'm so sorry.

SPLIT SCREEN with Amber, in her apartment, sitting on her bed, surrounded by work, face dabbed with acne cream.

LINDA
Amber? What the hell. It's one am.

AMBER
I'm sorry. I tried e-mailing you but--

Linda checks her phone. A bunch of **URGENT** e-mails from Amber.

AMBER (CONT'D)
It's about the year end peer reviews. They were due--

LINDA
Yeah, I sent them to you.

AMBER
You did. But you didn't... fill out your ME-EO's. (PROUD) It's something new I added this year. Your chance to be the CEO towards your peers--

LINDA
(RE: WAZE) Left on Lemp?! I can't make a left on Lemp. (THEN, TO AMBER, RUSHED) Sorry, I'll do your ME-E things at work tomorrow.

AMBER
Thing is, they were kind of due yesterday because we're reviewing them at the manager's meeting tomorrow at 8am. And I have everyone's but yours. So it would look really bad if--

LINDA
I'll get them to you by 7.

AMBER
Great. Now you're acting like a
real ME-E--

Linda hangs up on her boss just as she pulls up to...

I/E. H & H 24 HOUR INTERNET CAFE - CONTINUOUS

She jumps a curb, takes out a bush, then slams her brakes, stopping across three parking spots. She bolts out of her minivan into the sad, Russian internet cafe and approaches the OLD RUSSIAN MAN at the front desk.

LINDA
I need a computer. Terminal 4.

OLD RUSSIAN MAN
(HEAVY ACCENT) Membership. One
year, 150 dollars U.S. Unlimited.

LINDA
I don't need a membership, I just
need the computer for a few--

OLD RUSSIAN MAN
Members only. Membership. One year,
150 dollars U.S. Unlimited.

Annoyed, she hands him her credit card. He slowly types up a membership form. It's taking forever.

OLD RUSSIAN MAN (CONT'D)
E-mail address?

LINDA
(EXASPERATED) Whatever 72 @ hotmail.

OLD RUSSIAN MAN
O-K. Email sent. Click link.

LINDA
Wait, no, I didn't know you were-- can
you send it to another e-mail address?

OLD RUSSIAN MAN
One e-mail per membership. New e-
mail. New membership. Membership,
one year, 150 dollars U.S. Un--

LINDA
(OVER IT) Linda dot Plugh at gmail.

She's already holding out her credit card. Again. We SMASH CUT TO a camera flash.

INT. H & H INTERNET CAFE - MOMENTS LATER

The annoyed image of Linda is now the ID picture on her new membership badge, which is around her neck at terminal 4.

She swipes her badge. The screen unlocks. And, on the desktop, is a single folder -- "LINDA."

She looks around, freaked out. But no one's watching. She clicks. There's one file. A video. She clicks. It plays.

A PERSON wearing a military uniform and a distorted Santa mask appears, talking to camera in an altered Christian Bale/Batman voice. We'll come to know this entity as BLACKVINE.

BLACKVINE

Happy Holidays, Linda. And welcome to the revolution. We are Blackvine. Sorry to bring you in under such circumstances. But not all soldiers are volunteers. And we needed you. Don't be ashamed. The world is full of cheaters. And you happen to work for one of the biggest. In his first year as CEO, Don Pitts laid off 500 employees. As a reward, he's about to give himself a bonus... of \$40 million dollars.

Linda reacts to this news, surprised. And disturbed.

BLACKVINE (CONT'D)

Seems he likes fucking strangers even more than you. But that's all about to end. (THEN) In the back of this computer is a jump drive. Get it now. We'll wait.

Linda gets the jump drive. Blackvine is still waiting. It's a poorly timed, pre-recorded pause that goes on too long.

BLACKVINE (CONT'D)

Good. The jump drive in your hand contains malware known as the Tiny Tim virus. It's crippling, completely untraceable and worth more than your house. So... careful. You will install it in your secure work computer and Tiny Tim will do the rest.

(MORE)

BLACKVINE (CONT'D)

On Christmas eve, the \$40 million will be re-directed from Pitts's offshore account to where it belongs... the bank accounts of the 500 employees. And no one will know how it happened. A true Christmas miracle! But if you fail...

We see the video of Linda having sex with Alan play on the computer screen.

BLACKVINE (CONT'D)

... we release the video on your company's home page. It's time to change the world. Welcome to the revolution, Linda Hannigan.

And with that, the video and the Linda folder disappears, deleting themselves.

LINDA

Wait, what? No, no, no, no, I'm Linda Plugh, not Linda Hannigan!
(YELLS AT THE COMPUTER) You have the wrong person! I'm Linda Plugh!!

But she realizes she's just a crazy woman yelling at a dark computer screen at 2am. She only has one option. She takes a breath, takes out her phone, and dials.

LINDA (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE, NERVOUS) Hey... it's me. Yes, I'm okay. But... something happened. (BEAT) We need to talk.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP ON LINDA

Her face filled with pain, as she holds out her phone, playing the video of the affair. It ends. BEAT.

LINDA

Please, say something. Anything.

SIERRA (O.S.)

I am so jealous.

INT. SIERRA'S HOUSE - TRIPLETS ROOM - NIGHT

REVEAL Linda is sitting opposite Sierra, who is breast feeding two kids at the same time.

SIERRA

Look at those abs! Like eight little sex springs. When Steve and I have sex it's like two whoopee cushions sitting on each other. Play it again!

LINDA

I'm not gonna-- Sierra, I cheated on my husband!

It's the first time she's said it out loud. The guilt hits her.

LINDA (CONT'D)

I cheated on Dan. My marriage... my kids. I'm a horrible person.
(BREAKING) What've I done?

SIERRA

Hey. Hey. Come on. Look. How old were you when you married Dan. Twelve?

LINDA

Nineteen.

SIERRA

And how many humans have been in your resource?

Linda doesn't answer. Which is all the answer Sierra needs.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

Do you still love Dan?

LINDA

Yes! God, yes. Sure, he can be a little... Dan. But he's a good man. This... this wasn't even about him. Or Alan. I just... I wanted to feel--

A baby CRIES. It's the third one in the crib.

SIERRA

Sorry. Gotta rotate the herd.

She rotates and moves everyone down one teet, dropping a full baby back into the crib and latching the hungry one.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

So what are you gonna do? Tell Dan?

LINDA

I don't want to lose him.

SIERRA

You're not actually thinking of stealing 40 million dollars?

LINDA

Of course not, though that prick Pitts deserves it. But I'm not Linda Hannigan, head of Cyber-Security. The woman's beyond paranoid. Cameras everywhere in her office. I can't do this... and I need to find these bastards and tell them that. Then maybe this all goes away. You have to help me! You're great with computers.

SIERRA

I did graduate third in my online coding class. Second if you don't count Asians.

LINDA

So you'll help me find Blackvine?

SIERRA

Find Blackvine? Aw, sweetie. You don't find them. They find you.

Sierra Googles "Blackvine" and shows Linda the long list of their hacking escapades-- Google, FBI, N. Korea, etc.

LINDA

C'mon Sierra. Please. There's gotta be a way...

SIERRA

(THINKING) What about Alan? He must work for them. If we find him--

LINDA

Thought about that. I don't even know his real name.

SIERRA

Don't need it. We can buy a back door channel into Facebook's facial recognition software. If "Alan" ever posted a pic, we'll nail him.

LINDA

Yeah, Sierra! Mom-Vine these bitches!

Sierra grabs her laptop and types in a complicated URL.

SIERRA

Meet the Dark Web. The other Amazon.
Coke, Ketamine, Oxy, credit score of
790, bookmark that...

LINDA

How do you know about this place?

SIERRA

It's where I buy diapers in bulk.
Much cheaper than Costco. Okay, here
we go. Gonna run you two grand.

LINDA

Two thousand dollars? (SIGH) Fine.
This has become a really expensive
Tuesday night.

Sierra grabs a still image of Alan from the sex video on
Linda's phone and runs it through the software.

SIERRA

This is kinda fun... (OFF HER LOOK)
for no one. Just a tragic situation.

The software wheel spins, searching, searching...

SIERRA (CONT'D)

...bet he was huge.

LINDA

Sierra!

The software PINGS!

SIERRA

Got something! Take that Rachel Kwan.
Ready to meet the real "Alan?"

Linda looks at the computer. Her face drops. Sierra laughs.

LINDA

It's not funny.

INT. LINDA'S CAR - NIGHT

CLOSE on Waze-- 58 minutes to destination. PING! A text from
Amber-- "**Going to bed.**" Then a sleepy emoji. "**Excited to read
your Me-E-O's.**" Then a string of emojis that, honestly, we
don't know what they mean.

LINDA

Shit. (TO PHONE) Call. Gore-DON.

PHONE
Call-ing Gore-DON.

It rings. Goes to voice mail. She calls again. Gordon picks up.
SPLIT SCREEN with Gordon, having fallen asleep on his couch,
the cats he got in the divorce next to him, TV still on.

GORDON
Linda!? What the fuck?

LINDA
I need you to finish my peer reviews.

GORDON
What?! No! It's 3:14 you psycho.

He hangs up. We keep the split screen. He closes his eyes.

LINDA
(TO PHONE) Call Gore-DON

Gordon's phone rings. He grab his phone, annoyed.

GORDON
What!!

LINDA
I didn't do the stupid Me-E-O's.
Look, I'll take your worst grievance
files. Sharon "Reply All" Washlack
and Kathy the chin hair plucker.
Please, Gordon. I wouldn't ask if I
wasn't desperate.

Gordon sits up as a cat jumps off him. He turns off the TV.

GORDON
Throw in Steve Gorbos, the serial
hugger. He popped in to the end of a
marketing meeting and went to town.

LINDA
I need it by 7. I'll send you my log-in.

Linda hangs up and goes back to her Waze app.

INT. STALLION'S BAR - NIGHT

A GUARD checks her bag. Linda eyes the empty, seedy bar.

GUARD
Your phone was ringing.

He hands it back already answered.

SPLIT SCREEN with Dan, pacing in their bedroom, concerned.

DAN

Linda? It's 3am. Where are you? Is everything ok?

STRIP CLUB PA (O.S.)

Ladies. Who's ready for some more hot action at Stallions, Ohio's number one all nude male revue!

DAN

Are you... at a strip club?

LINDA

...yes? It's (THINKING FAST) Sierra. She called. Drunk.

STRIP CLUB PA(O.S.)

Up next, our neighbor from the north, the Canadian Bacon... Dusty!

LINDA

Sorry, sweetie, I gotta go. She's about to put a dick in her mouth.

DAN

What? Jesus! Go go, go!

She hangs up as "Summer of '69" by Bryan Adams plays, setting the tone for sexy. From behind a dirty red curtain emerges a Mountie riding a hobby horse. It's Alan. Or... Dusty, it seems.

DUSTY

Who says all Canadians are polite?
I am one, naughty Mountie.

Dusty rips off his Mountie costume, revealing just a Canadian flag G-string. He does a few cock thrusts then spots Linda--

DUSTY (CONT'D)

(BEAT) Hi, Linda.

He bolts through the curtain and out the back door.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. STALLIONS - CONTINUOUS

As Dusty runs out the back door, Linda gives chase to...

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

...where Dusty jumps on a vespa and clumsily sputters off at 30 MPH in the 10 degree night wearing nothing but his Canadian g-string.

LINDA
 Seriously?

Linda runs over to her Minivan, starts it up, and peels out.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

And in the most pathetic chase scene in TV history, minivan Linda pursues Vespa Dusty, both going under the speed limit. Linda pulls up beside him and rolls down her window.

LINDA
 Pull over!

DUSTY
 No!

LINDA
 Pull! Over!

DUSTY
 Leave me alone!

Linda is getting pissed. She throws crap from her van at him. Her kid's DVD's. Hand sanitizer. Altoid tins. Etc...

DUSTY (CONT'D)
 Stop it! You're littering!

She grabs a Vitamin Water Zero and tosses it. It hits Dusty in the head. The shock causes him to swerve, hit the guard rail and flip into the ravine. Linda slams on the breaks.

LINDA
 No no no... I just killed a stripper.

She gets out into the freezing cold night, takes a breath, then looks down. It's dark. She can't see. She turns on her iphone flashlight and climbs down the ravine, slowly. She hears whimpering and comes upon Dusty, his Vespa lying on top of him, bleeding from the leg... and crying like a child. It's pathetic.

DUSTY

You crazy bitch! You ran me off the road! Oh, it hurts. I think I'm gonna die. It's bleeding so bad. I'm so cold. Help me. Please, Linda. Help Alan.

LINDA

Stop, just stop. You got the wrong Linda. I'm not Linda Hannigan! Tell your hacker friends they got the wrong person or I'll leave you here to--

Suddenly, we hear a siren's WAIL, and, from the street above, blue and red police lights swirl in the night.

DUSTY

No, no, no! I can't get arrested. I'm here illegally! They'll deport me! I can't go back to Canada! Help me. Get rid of them!

LINDA

You get rid of them! Go sleep with the cop, record it and threaten his marriage and family like you did mine. I don't give a shit what happens to you.

DUSTY

(BEAT) They'll release the tape. Getting me arrested won't help you. But get rid of the cop, and I will.

We see a flashlight shining down the dark ravine. BEAT. Shit. The stripper is right.

LINDA

Fine. Stay quiet.

DUSTY

What are you gonna do?

Linda starts to walk up the ravine.

LINDA

I have no idea.

The flashlight shines on her face as she walks up. It's held by OFFICER PUGILOWSKY, a middle aged man with a middle aged mustache.

OFFICER PUGILOWSKY
 Hold it. Hands where I can see them.
 What are you doing down there?

Linda raises her hands.

LINDA
 I hit a deer. He ran down here
 somewhere.

The Cop comes towards her, shining the light in her face.

OFFICER PUGILOWSKY
 I didn't see any damage on your car.

LINDA
 I... didn't hit him hard.

Linda is starting to lose this one. We hear a noise near
 Dusty. The cop shines his light around the ravine. His beam
 sweeping closer and closer to Dusty.

OFFICER PUGILOWSKY
 You alone?

LINDA
 Yeah. I mean, yes, officer... (SEES
 HIS NAME TAG) Pugilowsky.

His flashlight beam is about to reveal Dusty.

LINDA (CONT'D)
 Pugilowsky. Wait, you don't happen
 to know Sharon Pugilowsky, do you?
 At Pitts & Gamble?

The officer turns to Linda, not realizing his light is
 shining on Dusty's shoe. If he looks down, it's over.

LINDA (CONT'D)
 Sorry, I... I'm Linda. From HR. We
 have a Sharon Pugilowsky in
 marketing and I thought...

OFFICER PUGILOWSKY
 She's my wife.

LINDA
 Sharon's your wife? Oh, wow. Sharon
 didn't tell me her husband was a
 cop. That's so great. Hey, uhm.
 Forgive me for asking but... is
 everything okay? With Sharon I
 mean.

OFFICER PUGILOWSKY

Why?

LINDA

I'm sure it's nothing. It's just... recently, I've gotten some complaints. She's been coming in late.

OFFICER PUGILOWSKY

...I didn't know that.

LINDA

No, yeah. It's not everyday. But... It's been noticed. And, you know, there have been layoffs. Departments downsizing. The bosses are always looking for an excuse.

OFFICER PUGILOWSKY

(DEFENSIVE) They can't do that! She's worked there for 12 years!

LINDA

I know. And she's really good at her job. Everyone loves her. So that's why I was just wondering if... everything is okay?

The officer is silent. This better work. BEAT.

OFFICER PUGILOWSKY

It's our son. He... fell off the wagon. Again. It's been really hard on Sharon.

LINDA

I have a son. I can't even imagine how hard that must be.

OFFICER PUGILOWSKY

Sharon can't lose her job. We need the insurance for a new rehab program. Mine isn't as good as--

LINDA

It's okay. I wish she had told me. Look, I'll take care of it. Just focus on your son right now. That's what matters. I'll make sure Sharon gets all the support she needs at work.

OFFICER PUGILOWSKY

Thank you. Linda. Really. Thank--

He hugs her, overcome with emotion.

LINDA

Oh, wow. Okay. Yeah.

OFFICER PUGILOWSKY

It's just been so hard.

LINDA

I know. There there. Come on. I'll help you back to your car.

She puts her arm through his and they climb up the ravine. We stay below as we see them get into their cars. Linda starts her car. The officer drives away. After a moment, Linda turns off her car and goes to retrieve her broken stripper.

EXT. PARKING LOT / INT. CAR - NIGHT

The car is parked behind a gas station. Dusty, in the passenger seat, is squeezed into Howie's small softball uniform for warmth. He sips gas station tea while Linda puts gauze on his leg. Dusty is talking, excitedly.

DUSTY

--and then he started crying! You made a cop cry! It was so awesome! (THEN, REALIZING) Hey, were they really going to fire his wife?

LINDA

She's never been late a day in her life.

DUSTY

Damn. Pugilowsky got played. How did you--

LINDA

I've spent 15 years in HR. Everyone has secrets. (THEN) I helped you. Now it's your turn. Call Blackvine.

DUSTY

Okay. Who's Blackvine?

LINDA

What do you mean who's... the people you work for.

DUSTY

Stallions? Pretty sure they're just strippers...

(MORE)

DUSTY (CONT'D)
 oh, you mean Black Ryan? He
 retired. Got crabs, moved to Tampa--

Linda takes his tea and starts pouring it out the window.

DUSTY (CONT'D)
 Hey. That's my tea.

LINDA
 Then start making sense. How do I
 get in touch with Blackvine?

DUSTY
 Seriously, I don't know what that
 is. All I know is that I got an
 anonymous e-mail saying they knew I
 was here illegally. They said
 they'd report me unless I slept
 with Linda Hannigan in room 201 of
 the Holiday Inn Express. I was
 scared. I just did what they asked.

LINDA
 Then why didn't you sleep with
 Linda Hannigan?!

DUSTY
 I thought I did! I waited in the
 parking lot and saw you get out of
 Linda Hannigan's spot and when we
 met, I said, "Hi, I'm Alan" and you
 said, "Hi, I'm Linda" and when we
 made love, you were all "Oh, Alan"
 and I was like "Oh, Linda" so...
 you know... it's kind of both our
 faults. But, I promised to help
 you, so...

Dusty pulls out a phone from his g-string.

DUSTY (CONT'D)
 (INTO PHONE) Okay, Google. Find
 Blackvine.

GOOGLE NOW
 Blackvine Bait and Tackle Shop in
 Anchorage, Alaska is 63 hours by
 car in moderate traffic.

DUSTY
 There. Now we're even.

Linda looks at Dusty. Oh, God. He's an idiot.

LINDA

Oh, God. You're an idiot. I can't believe I cheated on Dan with... a truck stop stripper.

DUSTY

(OFFENDED) Hey! I'm not a stripper. That's what I do to pay the bills. I'm a gigolo. We seduce the body and the mind. And it worked on you, with my accounting jokes and my fake son and that really great "boring life" speech I memorized from *Degrassi: The Next Generation*.

LINDA

Get out of my car!

She leans over and opens the passenger door.

DUSTY

Fine!

He gets out.

LINDA

And leave my son's uniform!

DUSTY

Oh, come on, Linda! It's freezing.
(OFF HER LOOK) Fine!

He takes off the uniform and puts it on the seat. He's about to slam the door, then stops. BEAT.

DUSTY (CONT'D)

Hey, listen. For what it's worth, I'm sorry. You're a cool lady. And I really did look forward to our lunches. If you ever need my help...

He reaches into his g-string and pulls out a Stallions Male Revue business card in the shape of a cock.

DUSTY (CONT'D)

...or know anyone having a bachelorette party.

He smiles and places the card in her hand.

LINDA

Goodbye... Alan.

She drives away. She looks down at the card in her hand and puts it in her purse. Then she sees Howie's baseball uniform, stained in stripper blood.

INT. LINDA'S HOME - DAWN

Everyone is still asleep. Linda enters quietly. She walks to the washing machine, her affair clothes still wet. She puts them in the dryer and puts Howie's stained uniform in the washer. She turns it on.

Linda walks to the living room, where Alex's guitar is discarded on the couch. Linda picks it up and puts it on the guitar stand.

She notices the coffee table covered in celebrity magazines, Howie having cut out noses of men he wants to look like. She straightens up. Not out of annoyance. But with love. She doesn't want to lose this.

She reaches her hand into her pocket and pulls out the jump drive, staring at it.

Just then, her phone PINGS. It's a text from Gordon -- **"Fell asleep. Did half. I'll keep the chin plucker."**

She looks at the time-- **5:29am**. Panicked, she sits at the table, opens her laptop and frantically begins Me-E-O'ing.

Suddenly, she hears footsteps. And turns to see Dan coming down the stairs, worried.

DAN

What happened? Is Sierra okay? Why on earth was she at a strip club? At 3am? On a Tuesday?

LINDA

She and Steve been having a hard time lately. She called drunk and needed a ride. I didn't want to wake you, so...

DAN

Wow. That's crazy. They seemed fine at dinner last week. Can I help? Maybe I should talk to Steve and--

LINDA

No! No! That won't help. At all. It was just... one bad night. She's going to be okay. (RE: LAPTOP) You should go back to bed. I really have to finish these peer reviews or I'm screwed.

BEAT. He looks at her. She looks tired. He sits beside her, opens his laptop, and looks over at the name on one of her incomplete peer reviews.

DAN

Dave Kerwin? Good or do I shit on him?

Linda looks at her husband. Moved. She puts her hand over his.

LINDA

You can take half a shit.

And as the sun comes up, they bullshit peer reviews. Together.

INT. CAR - MORNING

Linda drives to work. Her travel book is playing.

TRAVEL NARRATOR

--that's the thing about eating
hand churned gelato along the Ponte
Vecchio, once you've had a taste,
you will never be able to go back
to that same, boring, ordinary ice--

She ejects the CD, flings it out the window and blasts music.

INT. PITTS & GIMBLE - PARKING GARAGE - MORNING

Linda passes Hannigan's spot. Only this morning, it has a car in it. The door opens and LINDA HANNIGAN (49, head of Cyber-Security, the reason woman should've always been allowed to serve in combat) emerges. She's coiled, tense, precise.

Hannigan puts a club on her wheel. Then alarms her car. Twice. Yeah. This will be a challenge. PING! Text From Sierra:

Sierra-- **"U told Dan I WAS AT STRIP CLUB?? WTF?!!"**

Linda-- **"Explain later. Owe u. I'll carpool for a month."**

Sierra -- **"A DUCKING YEAR!"**

Sierra -- **"DUCKING AUTOCORRECT!"**

Linda smiles, puts down her phone and parks in her spot.

INT. PITTS & GIMBLE - LOBBY/ELEVATOR - MORNING

Linda waits for the elevator. Looks at the jump drive in her hand. Even though she's being blackmailed and may lose her family, it doesn't feel like an albatross. It feels like a weapon.

The elevator door opens. From across the lobby, we see a young man, OREN (24, tall, good looking), sprinting with a Starbucks coffee cup. Linda holds the door. Oren enters. The doors close.

OREN

Thanks. She'll kill me if this isn't exactly 205 degrees.

LINDA

You're one of Linda Hannigan's assistants, right? She still making you drive to the Starbucks in Norwood?

OREN

She says the roaster is better. I don't know what that means, but...

LINDA

Tell me you're at least charging the company mileage.

OREN

Wait, we can do that?

The doors open. Linda and Oren step out and walk to his work space, a double cube across from Hannigan's command center.

LINDA

Of course. I'll show you how.

Oren puts down the coffee and drops a food thermometer into it, watching it nervously. He motions to the empty desk.

OREN

It's been six months since Darren quit. No one will even interview. I'm alone here with cyber Ike Turner. (RE: COFFEE) 202. I'm screwed.

LINDA

Let me go through our resumes. See if we can't find someone.

OREN

He better be tall, dark and willing to put up with a lot of shit.

Oren, scared, enters Hannigan's office. Linda reaches into her bag and pulls out Dusty's cock shaped card. Dials. BEAT.

LINDA

How many words can you type a minute?

END OF SHOW