

HOUSE OF MOORE

Written by

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OPEN ON:

ECU shots of the female body - almost abstracted - sensuous and provocative. Over these images, SUPERIMPOSE:

Everything has beauty, but not everyone sees it. - CONFUCIUS

And then, on another card:

All you have to do in life is look twice as good as the bitch standing next to you. - PARIS HILTON

MUSIC BLASTS, reveal the half-naked bodies are models at:

INT. BACKSTAGE/ MOORE RUNWAY SHOW - NIGHT

You can feel the juice. That mania and frenzy backstage during a runway show. Our CAMERA makes its way through the intoxicating pandemonium and onto

THE RUNWAY

Which is, like the best of these shows, pure spectacle. Ours has waterfalls and rain - it's O, David LaChapelle-style. You've never seen anything like it - and that's the point. As we soak in the visual splendor:

WOMAN'S VOICE

Let me just begin by saying that I think I'm probably the worst person to be telling you this story.

As we see more shots of this fantastically cool world:

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Because even if you're watching this and thinking how ridiculous fashion is - and c'mon, it is - it's also artistic and surprising and daring. Which is everything I'm not. And that's not me fishing for compliments by the way, just explaining why I shouldn't be telling this story.

(pause)

But you'll see.

BACKSTAGE: CAMERA finds DYLAN MOORE, the iconic, Donatella-like Creative Director of Moore, final-checking models:

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

My mother, on the other hand, is all those things. This is her show, and its fate rests on -

CAMERA swings to reveal a woman in the front row wearing dark sunglasses (you know who I'm talking about).

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Her. If she pushes back those Dior shades even a nanometer, it means she hates the clothes, you're dead in the water - but I'm getting ahead. I should introduce myself.

CAMERA moves off of Dylan, swinging past avant-garde dresses, hair sculptures, etc. until we hear -

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Hold up, you missed me.

CAMERA swings back to reveal a hyperventilating assistant -

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

No, that's not me either.

CAMERA moves up, revealing a 6' Nordic goddess -

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

I wish. Lower... Lower...

CAMERA moves lower and lower, finally revealing a woman's face, smooshed into the floor, frantically fixing a hem on Nordic's gown, pins in her mouth. This is LES MOORE (20s).

LES (V.O.)

Yep, that's me.

Three things you'll notice right away. She's plus size, she's dressed all in black, and even the camera had a hard time picking her out in a crowd. That tells you a lot.

NORDIC GODDESS

By the way - happy birthday Les!

ON LES - face ingloriously squished, pins in mouth:

LES

Ank oo.

CAMERA moves from backstage to -

THE RUNWAY SHOW

And swings past an empty seat. Then it swings back -

LES (V.O.)
*Whoops. That's supposed to be my
 half-brother. So where is he?*

SMASH TO:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

GRAHAM MOORE (20s) is the most beautiful man in the world, the guy every girl and guy wants to sleep with - and do. And um, are about to. Graham is missing the show for an admittedly very sexy REDHEAD, who slams him against the wall:

REDHEAD
 I'm gonna do you ALL! NIGHT! LONG!

Graham bites his lip - his mother's going to kill him.

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Back to Dylan, staring eagle-eyed at Sunglasses. Nothing - which is a good thing. A *great* thing. A smile starts to form at the corner of Dylan's lips. She glances at Les, Les beams, they share the moment, then -

The models go out for their final walk, Dylan just behind. Rapturous APPLAUSE. At the end of the runway, Dylan shoots a triumphant glance at Sunglasses and sees -

IN ECU and SLOW MO: *An index finger pushes back the shades!*

FREEZE FRAME ON Dylan, thunderstruck -

LES (V.O.)
*Now I get why in the overall scheme
 of natural disasters and Middle
 East crises, this isn't such a big
 deal. But for my mother it is, and
 to explain why, I need to take you
 back ten days.*

A THREE-SECOND HYPERSPEED REWIND through everything we just saw (plus a whole bunch of other stuff) until we end on:

CLOSE ON a DOCTOR'S FACE:

DOCTOR
 Your mother is in a coma.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

Dylan gasps. Les goes very white, Graham looks stricken. He puts his arm around his mother. Tableau: a grieving family supports each other. It's important that our first image of

the family together is the family together. No matter what (and there will be lots of what's), they love each other.

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - LATER

Dylan is absolutely wrecked, Graham continues to console her. Les brings them coffee, making her way through the crowded cafeteria. Then she tries to figure out where to sit.

And this is one of those agony moments for plus-size people in crowded places - squeezing in and around people who already think you take up too much space. (So trust me here - this one brief moment will make your heart ache for her.)

Dylan slides over on the banquette. The RUDE WOMAN on the other side does not, muttering under her breath as Les wedges her way in. Dylan catches it; Mama Bear emerges:

DYLAN

Sorry, what was that?

LES

It's okay -

RUDE WOMAN

What?

DYLAN

Because it sounded like you said something about my daughter "fatassing" her way in here -

LES

Mom -

DYLAN

Oh sweetie, I'm just chatting with the nice lady about asses. And I was about to ask if it was hard to get her head so far up her own.

Smiling sweetly, Dylan sips her coffee.

INT. LILLIAN'S UPSCALE HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Les thoughtfully places framed photos next to LILLIAN (70s). The photos tell a story: of Lillian, looking Coco Chanel-like, fitting a model; of Dylan, younger and heavy (Dylan grimaces at this); of Les, always on the sidelines, smiling at the other people in the picture, never the camera.

Les gazes at her grandmother tenderly, squeezes her hand. Then she hugs Dylan, who's so grateful:

DYLAN

I'd be lost without you. You are the invisible glue of this family.

(MORE)

DYLAN (CONT'D)

And I don't say it enough - to
either of you - I love you.

(pause, softly)

I just need a moment with Grandma.

More hugs, then Les and Graham leave Dylan to be alone with her mother. A quiet, tender mother-daughter moment:

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Remember Fluffy the bunny? I loved him so much. You gave him to me as a reward for not eating candy.

(smiles at the memory)

One night you found a Swedish Fish under my pillow, so you set Fluffy free. On Fifth Avenue.

Dylan leans in.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Do you understand that you are the worst person on earth? You *literally kill small animals.*

(standing)

And for the record, I'm not crying because you fell into a coma. I'm crying because you fell into a coma ten days before fashion week.

Dylan turns over the photo of her with Lillian and walks out.

SMASH TO:

MAIN TITLES: HOUSE OF MOORE

EXT. MOORE FASHION HOUSE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A Gehry-like building right on the river. And can we just say - *it's awesome.* A LACKEY with a package runs inside -

INT. MOORE FASHION HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A FAST AND AMBITIOUS TRACKING SHOT follows the lackey as he races through the coolest space ever - a modern, light-filled, fashion Valhalla. Everywhere there are ten-foot tall Avedon photos of Moore designs through the years (*there's Kate Moss! there's Gisele!*), giving us a sense of the label's style and long-term success.

With Dylan's show around the corner, the place is a beehive of activity. Like an Olympic baton racer, Lackey bobs and weaves between MOVING RACKS and SEWERS and LORD KNOWS WHAT THEY DO HANGERS-ON racing every which way, until he reaches

DYLAN'S OFFICE-STUDIO

And hands off the package to Dylan's assistant, SANVI (20s, Mean Girl fashionista). Sanvi opens the package, revealing beautiful hand-embroidered fabric. She walks it in to Dylan.

SANVI

Love.

DYLAN

It's good, right?

SANVI

Obsessed.

Carrying the fabric, Dylan walks out past

GRAHAM'S STUDIO

DYLAN

Where are the new belts?

Graham races out after her, showing her some samples -

GRAHAM

Here they are.

DYLAN

Too Courtney Love - no.

SANVI

So Courtney.

Graham shoots Sanvi a look as they arrive at

LES'S SEWING WORKSPACE

As Dylan approaches, Les discreetly slides a GRAPHIC NOVEL-LY SKETCH under some fabric (more on her sketches later).

DYLAN

This is the fabric for the ones -

LES

- with the things -

DYLAN

- but not the others -

LES

- with the yeah, I got it.

DYLAN

(heading out)

And Les, I want you on it. It needs
the best, and that's what you are.

Les catapults to Cloud 9. Because when Her Majesty publicly
praises you, you are untouchable. After Dylan and Sanvi are
gone, Graham takes the fabric from Les's hands. Eyes
twinkling, he starts to sneak her out, whispering:

GRAHAM

Walk this way.

LES

What? No -

GRAHAM

Before she comes back. *Quickly.*

LES

Nononono - I have this plus four
hundred thousand fitting fixes.

GRAHAM

Nope, no more fixery fixter fixits
for anyone but yourself. Tomorrow's
your birthday, you've been working
twelve hours straight, we're taking
a break to invite Lusty Crush to
the after party tomorrow night.

LES

My lusty crush Crush?

(off Graham's nod)

No way. I have all this work *and*
Grandma's lawyer is dropping off
her birthday present.

GRAHAM

Ooh - twenty-fifth, that's the big
one. That's when I got the Picasso,
and she likes you ten times more.
Don't use work to avoid life, we'll
be back in an hour tops, text Crush
we're on our way, *let's go.*

LES

(pulls out phone)

What if he says no?

GRAHAM

You said you had a connection.

LES

What if I read it wrong?

GRAHAM

What if you never take a chance and spend the rest of your life under the covers living vicariously through Master Chef Junior?

LES

Is that an option?

GRAHAM

Come on.

And they're out - laughing. These two love each other.

INT. DYLAN'S OFFICE-STUDIO - DAY

Dylan contemplates two outfits. LOUIS ROSE (40s, dangerous-sexy) enters. Dylan doesn't turn, she knows it's him, that's how much electricity they have. A His Girl Friday pace, fast:

DYLAN

(re: outfits)

Which one? And I know why you're here, by the way.

LOUIS

You don't actually.

DYLAN

Company's struggling, clothes aren't selling, show has to be a hit. Miss me?

LOUIS

Every breathing second.

DYLAN

I miss you too - I think this one.

She pulls one of the outfits off the rack.

LOUIS

Looks less like last year.

(off Dylan's look)

Uh oh, wrong answer. Can I still kiss you?

DYLAN

Last year tanked. If it looks at *all* like it, I'm writing my own obit.

LOUIS
It doesn't.

DYLAN
Are you saying that because it's true or because you want to kiss me?

LOUIS
Which answer gets me the kiss?

DYLAN
Why are you here?

LOUIS
To wish you luck. Can't the Chairman of the Board wish his Creative Director luck?

DYLAN
You never come to wish me luck.

LOUIS
Then I'm not very good at my job.

DYLAN
You're very good at your job. So if you're here wishing me luck, it means you think I need it.

LOUIS
You don't. You're one of the most successful designers of all time. At one of the most successful labels of all time.

DYLAN
Okay, so why are you here?

LOUIS
The board is nervous.

DYLAN
Thank you.

LOUIS
These last couple weeks - things are changing. While your mother was around, they wouldn't cross her. They would never have asked the questions they're now asking.

DYLAN
About me.

LOUIS
About the bottom line.

DYLAN
Which is money.

LOUIS
Which is what we're losing.

DYLAN
I know. But here's what I don't understand about boards. My mother founded this company and *with my help* appointed all of you. So we hire the guys who can turn around and fire us? I feel like Caesar.
(shaking her head)
I live for it, you know. *This*.

She looks around, breathing it in - the sketches, the outfits. We feel the passion, she does indeed live to design.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
And with her gone, it's all on me.

A flash of vulnerability - then it's gone.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Fire me, I'm writing *your* obit.

She kisses him.

EXT. FASHION DISTRICT - DAY

CRANE DOWN through Fashion Design Mecca. Color, fabric everywhere. Les and Graham emerge from the subway. As Graham walks, heads turn. He is *that* gorgeous. He doesn't notice it, but Les sees the looks: what's that guy doing with that girl?

Catching her reflection in a window, Les averts her eyes.

GRAHAM
People in their twenties should not have to sneak away from their mother.

LES
Least you don't also live with her.

GRAHAM
Time for you to move out.

LES
Time for you to move on.

GRAHAM

It's my last show. This time I mean it. Please God let me mean it. And let me end up any place where Courtney Love is not an adjective.

LES

Be the change you want to see.

GRAHAM

Except Ghandi didn't have Dylan Moore for a mother. And she's not letting me go, not while my accessories are the only thing keeping the label afloat.

LES

I told you to get out two years ago. Your show was the Second Coming. That was an actual quote.

GRAHAM

Instead I had to go get sober.

LES

Which is a good thing.

GRAHAM

They say. I wish I were like you - content.

For some reason, this rankles.

LES

I'm not *content*.

GRAHAM

Yeah you are. That's *good*.

LES

Every day I think, when I finish this stitching I'm going to move to Africa and volunteer in an elephant orphanage. When I get to the end of this hem, I'm going to drive to Maine and open a pie shop. Complete that lining, work in one of the world's last remaining bookstores. But I don't do any of it.

GRAHAM

Why not?

LES

I get that epic fail feeling.

They reach their destination - a design showroom complex.

LES (CONT'D)

Like the one I'm having now. What if he has one of those weird big girl fetish-things?

GRAHAM

Be the change you want to see.

LES

I'm telling you, this is the same feeling I had when I went trick or treating in third grade. Remember?

Graham nods, he remembers. He smiles reassuringly.

GRAHAM

You can do this.

INT. DESIGN CENTER COMPLEX HALLWAY - DAY

En route to Crush, Les and Graham hear what sounds like a party in one of the showrooms - CLUB MUSIC, GLEEFUL VOICES.

When they pass the door, Les clocks something, but doesn't stop. As they near another showroom -

LES

I'm going to choke.

GRAHAM

You're not going to choke.

INT. DESIGN SHOWROOM - DAY

She chokes. We can tell from the panic in her eyes. And Graham's glazed look. And the way Crush Guy is frozen. Les is at the end of a long story she should never have told:

LES

...because I went trick or treating as a sailor, but everyone thought I was the Stay Puft Marshmallow Man.

(LONG SILENCE)

You know him? All um - white and puffy and moved his arms...

She moves her arms up and down slowly like in Ghostbusters. More silence. *It's. Excruciating.*

LES (CONT'D)

I just uh - need to go to the
bathroom.

She walks out. When she gets behind Crush Guy's back, she looks at Graham and pretends to commit hari-kari.

INT. DESIGN CENTER COMPLEX HALLWAY - DAY

Les passes the cool kid party going on in the other showroom. This time her curiosity gets the better of her, and she peeks in the doorway. Only it's not a party, it's a trunk show - *just for plus-size women.*

Dorothy sees Oz: a bright, brash, exuberant world. Inside, the crowd samples the kind of clothes plus-size women have always been told to run screaming from - form-fitting, sleeveless, bold patterns, etc.

One woman stands out - a plus size blogger/ model (in this world, they do both) whom we'll come to know as SERENA. She's got swagger, she's a goddess of self-love. Serena catches Les standing at the door. A flicker of recognition - Les is, after all, from a famous fashion family. Serena smiles.

SERENA

You coming in?

Les (titillated, also freaked) shakes her head and ducks away, bumping into Graham. He looks inside, eyebrows raised. It could mean anything, but Les reads it as judgment:

LES

I know - wide pride, so wrong,
right?

Okay, so there's some self-loathing here. Inside, Serena frowns. As they walk away, Graham puts his arm around Les.

LES (CONT'D)

So anyway, I choked.

GRAHAM

We'll YouTube some shirtless Ryan
Gosling scenes, you'll feel better.

INT. LES'S WORKSTATION/ MOORE FASHION HOUSE - DAY

On Les's sewing table sits a BEAT-UP SEWING MACHINE and a LARGE ENVELOPE. Joining Les are Graham and BARB (70s, Les's best sewer friend, a Betty White warmth-humor). Les stares at the sewing machine, a little confused.

LES
Grandma's old sewing machine?

GRAHAM
(trying hard to spin it)
She's giving you something with
sentimental value. I think she
meant it as a compliment.
Because you're a great sewer.

Les doesn't buy it - or if she does, it doesn't feel like
such a great compliment. Barb picks up on it:

BARB
Don't forget the large envelope.

GRAHAM
Good things come in large
envelopes.

BARB
Things like big checks.

GRAHAM
Or a deed to a house.

BARB
Or big checks.

Okay, Les is excited now. Savoring the moment, she slowly
opens the envelope. She peeks inside. Slowly, her face falls.

BARB (CONT'D)
What is it?

LES
She gave them *back*.

GRAHAM
She gave what back?

LES
Birthday cards. All the birthday
cards I ever made for her.

GRAHAM
That's the present? There's nothing
else in there?

Les shakes her head. Graham reaches for the envelope, but Les
jams it into her bag, crushed by disappointment.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

C'mon Les, Grandma had a weird sense of humor. And in the end there, her mind was really going.

BARB

She was batshit crazy and mean.

LES

Not to me. *Never to me.*

Les shoves the sewing machine under the table.

GRAHAM

LES (CONT'D)

Les -

Please don't.

Les looks at him, so hurt. We don't even understand all the layers of hurt - not yet. Dylan arrives, oblivious.

DYLAN

Where are the ruching fixes?

LES

(mumbling)

Almost done.

Stressed beyond belief, Dylan struggles not to explode:

DYLAN

You understand I want your happiness, right?

(as they hesitate)

That's a rhetorical question, of course I want your happiness, jeez.

(shaking her head)

Okay, let me tell you a story.

Once, before one of my mother's shows, I ran out of time and took a short cut - I back-stitched instead of ladder-stitched. She attacked me with pinking shears. Not literally - well, kind of literally - but you know what? I never screwed up like that again. She wanted me to be the best version of myself. Because she knew *that's what brings happiness*. So when the ruching isn't done or the belts suck, I'm hard on you. *Because I want the best for you.*

LES (V.O.)

Let's actually rewind that, because in thirty seconds, you won't believe it. Even though it's true.

REWIND FOOTAGE, REPLAY:

DYLAN

...I'm hard on you. *Because I want
the best for you.*

SMASH TO:

INT. RUNWAY SHOW - NIGHT - PRESENT

And we're back, right at the moment when Sunglasses pushes back her glasses. UNFREEZE FREEZE FRAME on Dylan on the runway. Stunned, Dylan stumbles, bumps into models. We can actually hear GASPS from the audience. When she gets

BACKSTAGE

The crowd has prematurely broken out champagne and cake. Which only makes what's about to come worse. So much worse.

First, there's Dylan's primal scream, somewhere between a Charlie Brown "ARGH!" and a Tarantino "FUCK!" Either way, it's an attention-grabber. In the silence, an ill-timed champagne cork POPS. Dylan grabs a bottle.

DYLAN

No please, go on - have some more bubbly. Because we're on the [BLEEP]ing Titanic and you incompetent mother[BLEEP]ers are sitting around with your thumbs up your [BLEEPS] like a bunch of [BLEEP]wads. Thank you for [BLEEP]ing it all up for me, thank you for [BLEEP]ing it all up for Moore, you have successfully [BLEEP]ed this label -

LES (V.O.)

*I think you get the gist, so I'm
going to fast-forward a bit...*

FAST-FORWARD through more ranting footage. It goes too quickly to hear what Dylan says, but it's pretty funny to watch. She mimes pulling something out of her ass, imitates Linda Blair from The Exorcist and for some strange reason strikes a Saturday Night Fever pose. And there's a lot of BLEEPS. Some people record on their cells. In the bg Graham tries to slip in inconspicuously. BACK TO REAL TIME:

DYLAN

Oh thanks for showing Graham. If you spent half the time working that you spend [BLEEP]ing, your
(MORE)

DYLAN (CONT'D)
 accessories wouldn't look like such
 [BLEEP]ing cheap pieces of [BLEEP]
 from a [BLEEP]ing Walmart -

Next to Graham, Les nervously eats cake, which prompts Dylan to snap - well, *more*. She strides towards Les, hissing (just to her, but those nearby can still hear it - *and record it*):

DYLAN (CONT'D)
 What are you doing? Do you not see
 that eating this makes you that? Is
that the best version of yourself?
 (grabbing the cake)
 I spend my life defending you and
 you spend your life making me have
 to - *why*? You want them to call you
 these things? Fatass? Fat Sack of
 Fat, so fat even Dora couldn't
 explore her - that's what you want?
 Sorry, I don't get it, because
Being. Fat. Sucks.

FREEZE FRAME on Dylan as POUNDING MUSIC kicks off a

HYPERSPEED OLIVER STONE-LIKE SEQUENCE: the rant goes meme and gif crazy, choice lines taken out of context and repeated ad infinitum: *Fatass, so fat even Dora couldn't explore her...*

And now they start overlapping, FASTER and LOUDER, more and more of them, repeated over and over: *FatsucksFatsucksFat...*

Then Armageddon really kicks in: BLOGGERS (including one called "HeyFatChick") virally shame the House of Moore: *Dylan Moore, What the Frock?/ When Fat Shaming Went Out of Fashion/ Just the Evil Weigh She Is/ Forgive Moore? Fat Chance.*

We're at supersonic speed as headlines overlap with KELLY RIPA/ JIMMY KIMMEL/ WHOOPI GOLDBERG:

KELLY/ JIMMY/ WHOOPI
*Fat shaming taken to a new
 extreme... Meet Fashion's New
 Antichrist... Most hated woman in
 America...*

And still more: more images, more headlines, more memes, more gifs, more comments, more noise CRESCENDOING TO CACOPHONOUS CLIMAX as we hit the

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

OPEN ON: The sexiest Victoria's Secret ad you've ever seen. Tons of cleavage and smooth abs and falling rose petals. Eric Clapton's cover of "You Are So Beautiful" plays.

LES (V.O.)
*It's the morning after, and I'm
 starting here, because you'd rather
 watch this than what I'm doing -*

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Les kneels in front of the toilet. SONG STOPS.

LES (V.O.)
*Here's how I fix things for myself.
 It makes me feel better. And after
 last night, I feel awful.*

She puts her finger in her mouth. FREEZE FRAME.

LES (V.O.)
*But who wants to watch that? Let's
 go back to what we want to see:*

SONG RESUMES. We see the ad plus SIX HUNDRED SHOTS of models in ads/ TV shows/ websites flash by at the speed of light.

LES (V.O.)
*Beauty hits, six hundred of them.
 That's what the average American
 woman sees each day. That's a fact.
 (as the images fly by)
 And the one thing I know for sure
 is that if I looked like that, if I
 had that body, I wouldn't have
 these problems.*

The SOUND OF A TOILET FLUSHING -

LES (V.O.)
Right?

BACK TO LES

Post-purge, gazing in the mirror (which is where the CAMERA is, so it's like she's looking directly at us). Uncertainly:

LES
Right?

SONG ENDS.

INT. DYLAN'S OFFICE-STUDIO - DAY

Dylan sketches like a demon: this is a woman who responds to crisis with *more* focus. Sanvi enters, Dylan barely looks up.

DYLAN

At our first interview, I asked for your credentials, and you told me a story. Do you remember the story you told me?

SANVI

That when Vogue turned me down for a job, I sent fake tweets from Anna Wintour's account singing the praises of TJ Maxx.

DYLAN

So I'll be needing those IT skills, now that I'm being cyber-attacked.

SANVI

I can hack anything.
(handing her an itinerary)
And here's the information for the Harper's Bazaar party tonight. I take it you'll still be attending?

DYLAN

I'm the most hated woman in America, why wouldn't I?

SANVI

You're Malala standing up to the Taliban.

A very guarded Les arrives at the door.

LES

I heard you wanted to talk to me.

DYLAN

Can you believe how they've come after me?

LES

Look, I know you're about as open to apologizing as Trump is to climate change, but -

DYLAN

Apologize? They took everything out of context and screwed me with a capital F.

SANVI

You're Christ on the cross.

DYLAN

You know what I was trying to say.
I don't want you to suffer. Now I'm
the mother who eats her young?

LES

(can't hold back)
But saying those things to me in
front of everyone *hurt*.

DYLAN

Then let me apologize to you in
front of everyone.

LES

I thought you just said -

DYLAN

I shouldn't have to, but it's the
strategic thing to do. Come right
out in the face of it - apologize,
defuse. So we'll do an interview
together. Online, maybe HuffPo.

LES

An interview?

SANVI

(under her breath)
Yeah I know, I didn't think it was
your strong suit either.

Maddeningly, she says it so only Les can hear her.

DYLAN

And you can explain how I've always
been accepting of you.

SANVI

(under her breath)
And there's a lot to accept.

LES

(ignoring it)
That's not true. One year you
bought me Spanx for my birthday.

DYLAN

So? Spanx is great. I wear Spanx -

LES

For my *eighth* birthday.

From Sanvi, a low whistle. Les shoots her a look. But it's important to note Dylan believes she did the right thing:

DYLAN

And you looked good, so I helped, right?

(pause)

Listen. I've made gazillions for Moore. I am a Moore. This Judas board doesn't care. They can vote me out, they can bring in someone else - but you can help me fix this. You, Les.

THE INTERVIEW - TAPED AT THE FASHION HOUSE

In keeping with our kinetic visual style, we cut between a computer screen, the Huffpo camera POV, "behind the scenes" shots, etc., overlapping bits of the interview.

But whether because of nerves, lack of conviction or general unwillingness, Les sounds very half-hearted:

LES

My grandma fell into the coma, so my mom was under a lot of stress, even if she didn't like her -

Dylan shoots Les a glance - that's not helpful.

DYLAN

I too was heavy. And as a mother it hurts when your kid gets called names, that's what I was saying -

LES (CONT'D)

She wants me to be the best version of myself, and she *thinks* she's being supportive of me -

Dylan shoots Les another, sharper look. So Les tries harder.

LES (CONT'D)

It got taken way out of context. She didn't mean it, it was nothing. My family just teases each other. When I was baby she sang me "I'm a Little Fatpot," it's no big deal -

BOOM! HYPERSPEED SEQUENCE: VIRAL RESPONSE

Now Les gets slammed by bloggers (including one called HeyFatChick) for being a patsy. That she was clearly a reluctant participant makes it worse: *Daughter Defends Fat Shaming...Moore Misery...Hey Les: Where's your Fattitude...?*

The last beats of this sequence show 1) a door locking 2) a hand flushing a toilet 3) Les looking at her reflection in a bathroom mirror. Stress-management, Les-style.

EXT. MOORE FASHION HOUSE - DAY

Drained and miserable, Les leaves. Serena waits for her.

SERENA

Remember me? From the trunk show?
I'm Serena. But you might know me
by my online name, HeyFatChick.

Les starts to walk away. Serena follows.

SERENA (CONT'D)

We both know what you said in that
interview was bull. Normally I
wouldn't get too hot and bothered
about it except that you are a part
of the Moore dynasty. So if you
could be brought over from the Dark
Side, it'd mean something. Like it
or not, your family name gives you
a platform, Mommy Dearest's tantrum
just made that platform bigger and
fortunately for you I'm hosting an
event tomorrow night where you can
correct the record - for real this
time. That's why I took three un-
air-conditioned trains all the way
from Queens to track you down. And
I like my air conditioning.

Les abruptly stops and turns.

LES

For *who*?

SERENA

What?

LES

You said, it would mean something.
For who?

SERENA

For the body positive movement.
(as Les turns away)
What?

LES

It's funny, people aren't usually
so up front about using me for my
(MORE)

LES (CONT'D)

family connections.

(as Serena interjects)

Honestly, I kind of appreciate it. But here's the thing. I read your blog. I'm "a self-loathing Uncle Tom shilling for my mother, the Lucifer of the Fat Shaming movement..."

(Serena winces)

What else? Oh right - "...who's been swallowing this crap for so long it's starting to taste like food. Time for her to put on her big girl panties and deal."

SERENA

So maybe I overstated -

LES

Tell me something. Your whole HeyFatChick thing is that body size doesn't define you, right?

SERENA

Right.

LES

But you're only here talking to me *because* of my body size.

(as Serena hesitates)

All you see is a fat girl whose last name is Moore. You don't know me at all.

Beat. Serena is impressed.

SERENA

But now I know I *really* want you on my side.

Les shakes her head and walks off.

SERENA (CONT'D)

I warn you, I'm very pushy!

(as Les keeps walking)

Seriously! I'm a human cattle prod!

INT. PLAZA HOTEL/ HARPER'S BAZAAR PARTY - NIGHT

The coveted Fashion Week ticket. Here and throughout, the clothes are a character, they boost your serotonin, they make your heart beat faster, you want them. Dylan, dressed to the nines, shows up to much head turning (*the cojones!*) She gets in the face of one GAPING LOOKY-LOO:

DYLAN

Surprise!

Dylan searches for Louis - but when she spots Graham in another group, she detours and kisses him:

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Can't talk, too busy being a social fruitfly.

She smiles and waves at another GAWKING GUEST, then sees Louis, mid-conversation with ZHIYONG XI (20s, newest flavor of the month designer).

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Louis!

LOUIS

Dylan.

DYLAN

Zhiyong. I saw your collection.
 (with a big smile)
 Very brown!
 (pulling Louis away)
 Sorry, I need this guy.

LOUIS

You're evil.

DYLAN

I have a reputation to protect. So here's how I see it - business is bad, my show tanked, the world hates me and my apology bombed. That how you see it too?

LOUIS

For what it's worth, the apology was a good idea.

DYLAN

Les blew it. But Hillary and I, we get beat up no matter what.

LOUIS

Are you seriously comparing yourself to Hillary Clinton?

DYLAN

Yes. What's the board going to do?

LOUIS

I don't know.

DYLAN

So I *am* on the chopping block. Hey, you know who else was controversial? The Apple guy.

LOUIS

Now you're Steve Jobs?

DYLAN

He kicked up duststorms, you didn't see anyone running around firing him, did you?

LOUIS

Yeah, actually, they did.

DYLAN

And their shares dropped to two cents, and they begged him to come back. And then he - I don't know - did a little thing called *revolutionize the world!*

(pause)

Who could possibly take over? Brown Zhiyong?

(gestures to another guest)

Mad Max?

(It'll be funny when you see it.)

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Come on, Louis -

Louis gives nothing - but just then, Graham laughs loudly. Louis glances over at him; when he looks back, Dylan knows.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

You're joking.

(slowly)

You're not joking. Of course - he's still the shiny new thing, he keeps it in the family...

(pause)

So I'm getting replaced by my son-
aw shit.

LOUIS

What?

DYLAN

I'm like my own Greek myth.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - NIGHT

Moments later. Lasering in on Graham, Dylan takes his arm and escorts him out of the party.

DYLAN

Who's talking to you?
(off his confused look)
From the board, who's talking to
you?

GRAHAM

I have no idea what you mean.

DYLAN

I can't tell if you're lying.

GRAHAM

Let's assume I'm not. Because I'm
not.

DYLAN

Who's talking to you about being
creative director?

GRAHAM

Wait, *what?* Of Moore?

DYLAN

(studying him)
I don't know - you're an addict,
you know how to lie.

GRAHAM

They're considering me?

DYLAN

Among others. But yes.

GRAHAM

Oh. *Oh.*

First there was the adrenaline rush, now the ramifications
sink in. Suddenly it all just got very awkward. Dylan and
Graham have arrived

OUTSIDE THE PLAZA HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

At that iconic intersection of Central Park South/ 5th Ave.

DYLAN

Graham, listen - if it's not me, I want it to be you. As long as it stays in the family, that's all that matters.

(as he interjects)

Because I want it to work out for you, I just need to warn you - you'll be under a lot of scrutiny. So unlike your first show, you can't um, you know - use someone else's designs.

Boom! But before Graham can say anything -

DYLAN (CONT'D)

It's okay, it's okay - I don't know the particulars, I don't know what was taken or who from, it was whispered in my ear. Of course I made sure it never went further. The truth is, I understand why you did it - we all get scared, we all struggle with feeling like a fraud, it's part of being an artist.

What she's doing - it's working. He's unnerved.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

And I don't think it will come up when the board vets you.

Graham looks at her - she wouldn't. *Would she?*

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I'm so proud of you.

She kisses him on the cheek and ducks into a waiting car.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Hidden by tinted windows, Dylan exhales. Yes, regret.

EXT. ALICE IN WONDERLAND STATUE/ CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

TILT DOWN from the glittering Manhattan skyline (as seen from Central Park) to reveal Graham, waiting next to the Alice statue. Les rushes up.

LES

This better be an emergency.

GRAHAM

It's an emergency.

LES

Because we designated this place for emergencies only. And once your emergency was do I sleep with this model or her model brother.

GRAHAM

The board is considering me for Creative Director.

LES

(reeling)

Whoa. Does Mom know?

GRAHAM

She told me.

LES

Wow, she must be devastated.

She should have said, how great for you. But she didn't.

LES (CONT'D)

And how great for you.

GRAHAM

(pushing down hurt)

Do you think she would sabotage me?

LES

How could she sabotage you?

GRAHAM

Because she's a direct descendant of the Borgias.

LES

No, I mean you're talented, you've proven yourself, if they want you, they want you. What could she do?

Ah. So she doesn't know about the (alleged) theft.

LES (CONT'D)

I'm happy for you. But I also feel bad for her.

GRAHAM

(irritated)

How? How can you be so intensely faithful to her?

LES (V.O.)

A lot of people wonder about this.

In three NANOSECOND FLASHBACKS we see:

- Les (4) sobs in the playground. 4-year-old MEAN GIRLS smirk. Dylan throws sand in their faces.
- Les (7) sobs at a birthday party. 7-year-old MEAN GIRLS smirk. Dylan drives a meat cleaver into the birthday cake.
- Les (14) sobs outside of school. 14-year-old MEAN GIRLS smirk. Dylan grabs the ringleader's iPhone and crushes it with her stiletto.

BACK TO PRESENT:

LES (V.O.)
...but I have my reasons.

Graham stares at her, conflicted. And still hurt.

GRAHAM
 Sorry, Les. Depending on how this all goes down, you might have to make a choice between us. And no choice is still a choice.

Graham walks off, leaving Les feeling guilty and ripped apart (something she'll be feeling a lot).

INT. LILLIAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Les rubs Lillian's hands. Sun streams in; CAMERA DOLLIES around them:

LES (V.O.)
I know what you're thinking. She gave me a beat-up sewing machine and some old cards, so what am I doing here? But you don't know the whole story. You don't know what she did for me growing up. The tea parties. The magical scavenger hunts. So I still love her - and right now, I needed her. Even if it meant I could only hold her hand.

Les holds Lillian's hand, gazes at her. Love in her eyes.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Les waits for the elevator. Her eyes flicker to one of those cheesy inspirational posters on the wall. It's a sunset with the Confucius quote from the beginning: *"Everything has beauty, but not everyone sees it."*

The elevator opens, it's full. Les looks at all the people staring at her like - well, like how people in crowded elevator stare at the fat girl who wants to get in. It hurts.

INT. GRAHAM'S STUDIO/ MOORE FASHION HOUSE - DAY

The next morning. Early. All alone, Graham looks from the empty dress form in front of him to the photos on the wall (of his show). Old demons roar; insecurities swirl. He looks back at the empty dress form, the writer's blank page.

EXT. ROOFTOP GARDEN/ DYLAN'S 5TH AVENUE PENTHOUSE - DAY

And it overlooks Central Park. Dylan and Louis breakfast on the terrace, very Merchant Ivory. Dylan shows Louis sketches.

LOUIS

They're good.

DYLAN

They're *inspired*.

LOUIS

And you want me to take them to the board so they won't try to replace you. Except they already want to.

DYLAN

But Graham's not ready.

LOUIS

But Graham's not the only contender. He's not even the leading contender - don't ask, there's a slew.

DYLAN

How many constitute a slew?

LOUIS

More than you can knock out.

(pause)

Look, we've been more on than off the last six years, I know you. You grew up the ugly fat girl, your mother taught you clothes can transform you, this is your whole life, you have nothing else.

DYLAN

Yes.

She looks at him, as raw and exposed as she will ever be.

LOUIS

But the board doesn't give a shit.

Beat. Dylan nods, gets up, hides her (real) hurt.

DYLAN

I'm going to check on the food.

EXT. MOORE FASHION HOUSE - DAY

As Les arrives for work, she sees Serena waiting. Les turns right around -

SERENA

Good morning!

- then sighs and turns back.

SERENA (CONT'D)

I'm back.

LES

Awesome.

SERENA

I'm hosting the launch party for Full Figured Fashion Week. All the top plus size designers, bloggers and models will be there. I want you to come.

LES

Because it's good press for you if I get photographed there?

SERENA

Yes. Plus you have a temper. I like temper.

Les shakes her head and starts inside -

LES

Thank you though.

SERENA

Okay, have a nice self-loathing life!

LES

I'm not self-loathing.

SERENA

When you look in the mirror, do you think you're beautiful?

LES

Nobody does.

Beat. Serena looks at her.

SERENA

Did you know that the number one magical wish for girls between 11 and 17 is to be *thinner*? That's a waste of a magical wish. What we're doing, it's not just clothes.

(pause)

I'll make you a deal, okay? Forget the party, just come with me now, everyone's getting ready. You'll meet the other women, see what we're up to. All you have to do is come for an hour, then I'll never blog about you or your mother again.

Les hesitates.

INT. GRAHAM'S STUDIO/ MOORE FASHION HOUSE - DAY

The empty dress form mocks and tortures Graham. Finally, he picks up a piece of charcoal and starts to sketch.

MUSIC MONTAGE - Graham designs: drawing and draping, cutting and sewing. Hit the sensuousness of the silk, the way the thread pulls through fabric, etc. It's beautiful to watch.

EXT. SERENA'S QUEENS FACTORY BUILDING - ESTABLISHING

Les in tow, Serena opens the door to the industrial-chic ex-factory where she lives and works.

INT. SERENA'S QUEENS FACTORY BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

As Serena walks Les inside, Les sees a quote painted on the wall: *A waist is a terrible thing to mind.*

SERENA

Used to be my father's bra factory, so there's some good double D juju here.

They round the corner to the factory floor, which is now a large exhibition space. There's a whirlwind of activity prepping for the evening's multi-media event (DJs, lighting designers, slide projections, caterers, etc.)

There's also a makeshift BACKSTAGE AREA with sewing machines and makeup stations (later this will be curtained off). About eight designers fit outfits on plus size MODELS.

SERENA (CONT'D)

It's two months to Full Figured Fashion Week. Tonight is to show we're a player - make a splash, get the community amped, give a taste of some of the clothes. And party like it's 1999, of course.

There's a LOUD CRASH across the room.

SERENA (CONT'D)

I'm going to put out six fires,
I'll be right back.

Serena rushes off. Left alone, Les observes everything, equal parts nervous, skeptical, intimidated, curious. She looks at the clothes particularly intently.

WOMAN (O.S.)

You don't want to be here, do you?

Les turns to see KIM (30s, Amy Schumer-ish), who clearly recognizes her.

LES

No, no, of course I do -

KIM

Really? Because you look like you'd rather staple your left breast to a burning building.

Kim grins. Les isn't sure what to say. Awkward silence. They watch as someone puts up a banner advertising Full Figured Fashion Week. The slogan reads: *"One size does not fit all."*

KIM (CONT'D)

Personally, I wanted to go with
"Who wants a six pack when you can
have the keg?" But I got outvoted.

Now Les can't help but smile.

INT. GRAHAM'S STUDIO/ MOORE FASHION HOUSE - DAY

Graham finishes his creation and surveys it. It's gorgeous. We don't need proof of his talent, we can see it.

Then Graham unexpectedly rips it apart - he hates it.

INT. SERENA'S FACTORY BUILDING - AN HOUR LATER

Serena finds Les, who's been watching everything eagle-eyed.

SERENA

Sorry, six fires turned into ten.
What do you think? Honestly?

LES

I didn't sprint for the exit.

SERENA

Victory. Now tell me what you think.

(as Les hesitates)

At least you can see - it's not just fashion, it's a movement.

LES

But maybe that's why the fashion doesn't always work. Sorry, you asked me to be honest.

SERENA

Go on.

LES

Just my opinion. But some of the clothes in here aren't as good as they should be. As they need to be, if you want the respect of the fashion world. In certain cases, it's just a fit issue - which is in itself not really acceptable. But some of them are just not well-designed. I feel bad, everyone seems really excited, but my guess is there is such a demand for something other than the elastic waistband and the muumuu that there's a kind of gung-ho it's-all-awesome free-pass attitude.

(pause)

Sorry.

SERENA

Can you make them better?

LES

You mean help with the fit?

(Serena nods)

I could. But I can't.

SERENA

Why not?

LES

I can't work for the competition. It's a conflict of interest. I'd be cheating on my designer. Who happens to be my mother.

SERENA

We're a little more kumbaya in our thinking. We work together.

LES

Also, I don't want to. The deal was I come for an hour.

SERENA

You're right. A deal is a deal.

(pause)

And I should shut up now, but sadly it's just not in my nature. I misjudged you, and I'm sorry. You strike me as someone who is really interesting and - please don't take this the wrong way - I just don't think you should put up with anything less than the really interesting you deserves.

This hits a nerve. Serena puts out her hand.

SERENA (CONT'D)

Thank you for coming.

INT. KITCHEN/ DYLAN'S 5TH AVENUE APARTMENT - DAY

Les eats take-out lunch - chicken breast, vegetables. The mashed potatoes are pushed to the side. Of course the bread is still in the bag. Dylan enters (takes stock of the food).

DYLAN

So Graham talked to you.

(as Les hesitates)

What's he thinking?

LES

I uh - I don't know.

DYLAN

You don't know you don't know, or you don't want to tell me you don't know?

LES
I don't know.

Les unconsciously takes a bite of mashed potatoes.

DYLAN
Help me here Les, I depend on you.

LES
Because I'm so dependable.

DYLAN
Yes.

LES
(pause)
Do you think I'm interesting?

DYLAN
What? Of course. But also -
scintillating is overrated. You
have a quiet grace.

She means it as praise, which is worse.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
If you don't want to tell me what
your brother said, that's fine.
Here's my new plan - he and I head
Moore *together*. They can't refuse
the two of us - that's how we keep
it in the family. Because Les, they
are looking outside. But the only
thing is, he has to be the one to
persuade the board - that we should
do it together.

Potatoes are gone. Les reaches for the bread. Eating stress.

LES
Why would he do that?

DYLAN
Because you'll convince him.
Graham's not ready to take over,
not yet. He's talented, but he has
more to learn. In a couple years,
yes absolutely, he should lead
Moore, he *will* lead Moore - but for
him to try now, before he's ready -
you know this business. It rips you
apart. It's brutal for anyone, let
alone a recovering addict. And on
top of that, Moore isn't doing
(MORE)

DYLAN (CONT'D)

well. You put Graham solo into that pressure-cooker - struggling label, cutthroat industry - I guarantee he's using again inside a week.

(leaning in)

And Les - he almost didn't make it the last time.

Les is torn apart - she knows what Dylan is doing. But she also knows her mother is not wrong. The bread is gone.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

We have to think about what's best for him, even if he can't see it. You wouldn't be betraying him, you'd be saving him.

Silence. Les feels sick (but not from the food).

LES

I'm gonna go to the bathroom.

DYLAN

(long beat)

Sure, okay. A bit harder with the bread, but okay.

Les starts to walk off, then stops. She slowly turns around.

LES

What'd you say?

DYLAN

I said it's harder with the bread.

Les feels dizzy, a little faint. Her mother knows about her eating disorder - *and she's not stopping her*. Les stares at Dylan, her expression etched with pain.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Oh honey. Of course I knew, I've been there too. You're being resourceful, *I admire you*.

Les bolts out, as the world crashes down around her.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. DYLAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING/ 5TH AVENUE - DAY

Les bursts out and beelines for the nearest bodega.

LES (V.O.)
*The way I saw it, I had two
 options...*

As she speaks, we see QUICK FLASHES of the following:

LES (V.O.)
*Buy Nilla wafer cookies and a pint
 of full-fat milk, willfully ignore
 the cashier's judgmental stare,
 find a private park bench, soak the
 cookies in the milk - makes them
 easier to get back up - then locate
 the nearest public bathroom.*

BACK TO THE STREET: Les pauses outside the bodega.

LES (V.O.)
Or there was Option B.

SMASH TO:

EXT. SERENA'S FACTORY BUILDING - DAY

The door opens. Serena grins, pulls Les inside.

SERENA
 I thought this was cheating.

LES
 Yes. That's the point.

SERENA
 Sounds subversive. I like it.

LES
 There's really not much I can do in
 three hours.

SERENA
 Horseshit.

INT. FACTORY ROOM/ MAKESHIFT SEWING SPACE - DAY

Maybe half of the eight designers need help. Serena brings Les to PIA (20s, so neurotic), who's fitting a pantsuit on a model.

PIA

Oh thank God. The inseams are puckering like jujyfruits and the lining looks like it was sewn by Helen Keller, tell me you disagree. I'm Pia, by the way.

LES

Les.

Les casts her expert eye over the outfit. She starts to pull and pin the fabric. As she checks the fit in the mirror, she catches her own reflection -

CUT TO:

Dylan, staring in another mirror. She looks particularly vampilicious. And no wonder - when she turns, we reveal -

INT. SUITE/ THE STANDARD HOTEL - EVENING

Louis on the couch, dizzying views of sunset-ty Manhattan behind him. The candles and Glenlivet scream tryst.

LES (V.O.)

Turns out I wasn't the only Moore walking the dark side...

INT. NEW YORK HOTSPOT - NIGHT

The 2016 version of Studio 54. A den of fabulousness; also the worst place for a recovering addict. Which is exactly what Graham thinks when he enters and sees 1) someone's cocktail 2) someone's 420 vaporizer 3) someone's bullet snorter. He takes a deep breath. CLUB MUSIC CONTINUES UNDER:

INT. BACKSTAGE AREA/ SERENA'S FACTORY BUILDING - NIGHT

Les hands off Pia's top to the model, who tries it back on. The fit is much better, but...

LES

The waist cuts too low. We could bring this up - and if you have more of this fabric, maybe a belt?

PIA

Would it be weird if I asked you to marry me?

INT. STANDARD HOTEL - NIGHT

Dylan unbutton's Louis's shirt.

LOUIS

Of all the arguments you've made,
this may be the most persuasive.

Dylan smiles, cat that got the canary. (Stay tuned for why.)

INT. NEW YORK HOTSPOT - NIGHT

Graham makes his way through the crowd to a woman in a VIP BOOTH. We recognize her from the photos in his studio: this is LIANNA (20s, supermodel, Rhodes scholar, ex-girlfriend, former muse). Also they did a lot of drugs together (uh oh).

LIANNA

Hey stranger.

They kiss - lingering for a moment.

INT. BACKSTAGE AREA/ SERENA'S FACTORY BUILDING - NIGHT

Les finishes Pia's outfit. It looks a million times better.

LES

Okay, who else needs help?

THREE OTHER DESIGNERS

ME.

INT. NEW YORK HOTSPOT - NIGHT

In the bg, we see the Paris Hilton quote projected: "*All you have to do is look twice as good as the bitch standing next to you.*" Graham finishes telling Lianna the story.

GRAHAM

...so I don't know how my mother
knew about the show, but she knew -

LIANNA

We were very good at getting high.
Less good at keeping secrets.

(leaning in)

But Graham, half that show was
yours and yours alone. And the
other half - well, every designer
gets inspired by other artists. You
think you stole, but I don't see it
that way. Most wouldn't.

(pause)

You deserve to head Moore.

GRAHAM

Then you'd have to come back to
inspire me.

LIANNA

(bittersweet)

How do you know it was me and not
the drugs?

GRAHAM

Yeah, the drugs helped, sorry NA.
But also - I never felt as open as
I did when I was with you. You have
no fear. *That's* what inspired me.

THE CLUB'S POUNDING MUSIC CRESCENDOES, QUICK SHOTS AS:

IN THE HOTEL Dylan kisses Louis... *IN THE CLUB* Graham sexily
dances with Lianna... *AT SERENA'S* Les sews, stitches, cuts,
fits. She offers suggestions, designers nod gratefully. This
is the first time we've seen Les fully in action as a sewer,
and we see just how gifted she is. And how it fulfills her.

MUSIC CRESCENDOES, FAST-PACED EDITING CONTINUES AS:

IN THEIR CLUB Graham and Lianna are hot and heavy in a booth.

IN THE HOTEL

Post-coital. The bathroom door is cracked open - Dylan sees
Louis inside, showering. She sneaks his phone from his pants.

FLASHBACK: At their lunch, Dylan excuses herself (as we saw),
but secretly watches Louis unlock his phone. END FLASHBACK.

Wait... Was she playing him the whole time?!?!

On Louis's phone, Dylan reads texts suggesting that Zhiyong
Xi is now the frontrunner to head Moore. Dylan's eyes narrow.

ANGLE ON: Louis in the bathroom. He's carefully positioned
the vanity mirror - he can see Dylan! Even though she has her
back to him, he can see enough to know it's his phone.

ANGLE ON: Dylan glances at Louis, but from this angle she
can't tell he's watching her.

AT SERENA'S, IN THE BACKSTAGE AREA

Les at a sewing machine. Serena rolls in a rack of clothing.

SERENA

I decided the outfit I picked for
tonight is an abomination against
nature. Bitches, I need help.

Les and the others watch as Serena (completely unself-
consciously) tries on a new outfit -

KIM
Nope, way too Amish.

Serena laughs, tries on another. We JUMP-CUT Serena trying on several different outfits. We saw this montage a hundred times in *Sex in the City*. Except this is different, because Serena is plus size. And completely unafraid: booty shorts, minis, halters - she feels sexy in all of them. Les has never seen anything like it.

LES (V.O.)
Watching her, it suddenly hit me...

Serena smiles at herself in the mirror.

LES (V.O.)
That's what it's like to be in the
world loving yourself.

Unexpectedly, tears spring to Les's eyes - this is emotional for her. And the MUSIC, which grows ever louder, only underscores it.

AT THE HOTEL

Dylan kisses Louis goodbye. As soon as the door closes behind her, Louis reaches for his phone and writes a text:

"She took the bait." Cat got mouse.

INT. LIANNA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Graham and Lianna make love. Out of the corner of his eye, Graham spots a coke vial on the bedside table. He looks away.

AT SERENA'S

Les checks a model, snips her last bit of thread. As the model hurries out, Serena grabs Les, walks her into

THE PARTY

Now packed, in full swing. Pounding MUSIC, projected images, laser lights, very Baz Luhrman. Serena hands Les a drink.

SERENA
Have a Mai Tai. Or six. You deserve
it.

LES
It was nothing.

SERENA
It was not nothing.

Les nods: thank you. As she sips her Mai Tai, Serena walks up on a platform and grabs a mic from the DJ.

SERENA (CONT'D)
 Welcome goddesses!
 (crowd cheers)
 Who wants to see some clothes?!

WHOOPING. The first model walks out. MUSIC CRESCENDOES.

INT. LOBBY/ STANDARD HOTEL - NIGHT

Dylan walks purposefully towards... Sanvi? What's she doing here? Then Dylan hands her a SIM card.

DYLAN
 I'm very glad Anna didn't get you.

FLASHBACK: *What we didn't see before - in the hotel room, with her back to Louis, Dylan switches out Louis's SIM card.*
END FLASHBACK.

Dylan watches as Sanvi does her hackery-thing.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
 He had his chance, all's fair in love and war. He should've fought for me with the board...

Sanvi hands Dylan her phone, where she can now read Louis's texts - including "She took the bait." Aha, mouse outdid cat.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
 But he didn't, so now he's going to be my mole, whether he likes it or not... Now if he wanted me to see the text about Zhiyong, it must mean one of the others is the real frontrunner.

SANVI
 But why does he want to mislead you at all?

DYLAN
 Maybe he doesn't want me to think it's Graham because he's worried I'll sabotage him. Or maybe he's up to something else. Because it definitely feels like he wants to screw me over. Of course I was screwing him over.
 (beat)
 No wonder the sex was so good.

INT. SERENA'S FACTORY BUILDING - LATER THAT NIGHT

Much later. Les polishes off what could be her third Mai Tai. Serena pulls her onto the packed dance floor.

LES

Un unh. No way. Not a chance -

But then she bumps into one of the (really hot) professional dancers hired for the event. Les double-takes:

LES (CONT'D)

JIMMY?

JIMMY GARCIA (20s) breaks into a surprised smile. The loud MUSIC forces them to shout at the top of their lungs:

LES (CONT'D)

OH MY GOD JIMMY FROM MR. TAGGART'S CLASS!

(to Serena)

HE WAS MY TENTH GRADE CHEMISTRY PARTNER!

(to Jimmy)

HI JIMMY!

JIMMY

G'DAY LES! SORRY, I HAVE TO KEEP DANCING OR MY BOSS'LL GET MAD.

LES

NO WORRIES.

(to Serena)

HE DIDN'T LOOK LIKE THIS IN HIGH SCHOOL.

(to Jimmy)

AND YOU HAVE AN ACCENT.

(Which hilariously goes in and out.)

JIMMY

MY BOSS THINKS WOMEN FIND AUSSIE GUYS SEXIER.

SERENA

YOUR BOSS IS CORRECT.

JIMMY

HE GETS MAD IF I DON'T USE IT.

LES

I LIKE IT. HOW ARE YOU?

JIMMY

YEH, GOOD. PUTTING MYSELF THROUGH
BUSINESS SCHOOL. HOW ARE YOU?
I KEEP LOOKING FOR ONE OF YOUR
GRAPHIC NOVELS TO COME OUT.

SERENA

YOU DRAW GRAPHIC NOVELS?

JIMMY

I DID ALL THE LABS, SHE JUST DREW.
CHEEKY BUGGER.

LES

WAIT, DID YOU SAY YOU KEEP LOOKING?

JIMMY

GOODONYA, THAT'S WHAT I SAID.
(glancing over)
MY BOSS IS GIVING ME THE EVIL EYE
FOR TALKING TOO MUCH. I'LL GIVE YOU
MY NUMBER, OKAY? CALL ME.

LES

(Aussie accent)
I RECKON I WILL.

Jimmy grins, Les grins, sparks fly.

EXT. SERENA'S FACTORY BUILDING - NIGHT

The end of the night. Serena walks Les outside to wait for her Uber. Les looks at her cell where Jimmy texted a chemistry equation: $CH_4 + 2O_2 = Call\ me.$ Les smiles.

SERENA

I've been meaning to ask. Is Les
short for Leslie or Elizabeth?

LES

Neither - it's my nickname. My
brother got Graham Cracker, I got
Les - because I was the good girl.
From birth took less, gave less,
needed less - so um, "Les."

(off Serena's look)

I know, I know.

(pause)

My real name is Liv.

Birth of a friendship, they both feel it. A car arrives.

SERENA

Liv is a good name.

INT. UBER CAR - NIGHT

Les looks out the window. Exhausted yet exhilarated.

LES (V.O.)

I wasn't ready to go home. I wanted to tell someone about my night. But I could only think of one person...

INT. LILLIAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Les sits next to Lillian's bed.

LES (V.O.)

We always told each other bedtime stories. Like her scavenger hunts, they were convoluted, things never unfolded like how you thought they should. And usually there was some blood, she was partial to gore. But the stories my grandmother really loved always had a -

A NURSE enters, interrupts.

LES

Oh hey Tina - how's she doing?

NURSE

No change.

(whispering)

But Les - I'm probably not supposed to say this - they've been running some routine tests. One of them turned up elevated levels of secobarbital.

(pause)

Which isn't something someone usually takes voluntarily.

Les goes very, very white. She looks at Lillian. Beat.

LES (V.O.)

As I was saying, the stories my grandmother really loved always had a good twist.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. LES'S BEDROOM/ DYLAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

PAN ACROSS Les's graphic novel sketches strewn across her bed, like she fell asleep drawing (which she did).

LES (V.O.)

*Like my grandmother, my stories
tend to go a little roundabout -
you just have to be patient and let
things unfold when they will.
You'll find out about the coma.
Just not now.*

CAMERA now finds Les, waking up.

INT. LIANNA'S APARTMENT - DAY

At the door, Lianna kisses Graham goodbye. He's sweetly nervous about something, we can tell. She spontaneously grabs a pen and writes on his palm: FEAR. Around it she draws a circle with a line through it. Graham smiles at her.

INT. DIVE DINER - DAY

Graham slides into a booth across from... *Louis*.

LOUIS

Good choice. Love the french toast.

GRAHAM

Plus she wouldn't be caught dead here.

Louis's eyebrows shoot up - no beating around the bush.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

I'm not really the kind of guy who shafts his own mother to get a job. But let's just say my mother was out of the running - okay good, you haven't stopped me, that answers my first question. I know there's other people in the mix, but if it's not her, it should be me. My work speaks for itself.

(pause)

But we both know my mother's not going to walk away without a fight. She practically told me she'd spread rumors that I plagiarized my first show, which is a lie - even

(MORE)

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

the artist who inspired me doesn't see a connection. And I'm sure she'll bring up the drug thing, never mind I'm two years sober.

LOUIS

She'll do whatever it takes.

Graham smiles, leans in.

GRAHAM

But that's what I'm saying - *like mother like son.*

INT. LILLIAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Dylan gazes at Lillian with a mixture of emotions: sadness, resentment, admiration. This is a complicated love.

DYLAN

The irony is, you'd know exactly how to save Moore for us. Without stooping to steal SIM cards. But instead you're still opting to play the Sonny Von Bulow act.

(beat, sighs)

So if I'm you, and you're the most brilliant woman I know, what do you do?

She looks at the picture next to the bedside - Lillian with a younger (heavier) Dylan. She stares at it for a while.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Oh. That's *good.*

(pause)

And they definitely won't see *that* coming.

INT. FOYER/ JEAN-GEORGES RESTAURANT - DAY

As Les enters, she has a little extra spring in her step. As any of us would after a super hot guy gave us his phone number. She wears something a little different - sleeveless, not all black. Then she spots Dylan crossing the street into the restaurant and -

Chickens out. Les throws on her standard black sweater.

INT. JEAN-GEORGES - DAY

Dylan and Les sit across from each other, untouched salads in front of them. No bread basket in sight.

DYLAN

They're not going to replace me.

LES

Really?

DYLAN

I figured it out. How to keep Moore in the family, how to revamp my image problem, how to boost sales.

LES

Aren't you teaming with Graham?

DYLAN

I came up with a better plan.
(leaning in)
You know where the real money is?

LES

I have a feeling you're about to tell me.

DYLAN

Plus size fashion.

Les chokes on her water.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

It was staring me in the face the whole time. I don't know how I missed it. Talk about the Big Idea.

(chuckling at her joke)

Plus size fashion is an eighteen billion dollar industry. You know where all that money is going now? Target. Lame Bryant. If someone from the world of high fashion - let's just say me - could figure out how to create high-end plus size clothing, well that person - me again - and her company - would make a killing.

(pause)

We'll present it as our idea - I mean, obviously everyone will know it's mine, but it looks better this way. I'm bringing in new PR, I set a meeting for us tomorrow at 10.

Beat. Les takes a deep breath.

LES

That all sounds great, and so unexpected - and wow, yes - *really surprising* - and also I just want to say that at some point we might want to talk about what happened yesterday in the kitchen...

She pauses, but Dylan doesn't touch it. Which tells us we'll be exploring that one for some time to come. Les forges on.

LES (CONT'D)

But for right now, for this um, bombshell - the only thing is, uh -
(deep breath)
I need to think about it.

DYLAN

What do you need to think about?

LES

About how this affects Graham, for one thing. But also I've been debating maybe getting out - like out out - of sewing - take a break, find out what I want -

DYLAN

Okay okay, *stop*. Les, I say this with all love - whenever you have an open door, you walk into a wall. This is not the moment for you to eat pray love your way into aimless insignificance. I want you to have happiness, I do. But sometimes happiness comes when we embrace who we are.

LES

(struggling)
Okay mom. Um, so who am I?

DYLAN

You're a great sewer, you're loyal, capable, resourceful - those are good things to be -

LES

If you're a servant in a Victorian novel -

DYLAN

You're our family's invisible glue -

LES

Again, I don't want to be invisible
or glue -

DYLAN

You're looking for self-acceptance,
accept *who you are*. Not everyone
has to have big dreams.

Tears spring to Les's eyes.

LES

That's what you think of me? That I
don't dream? Everyone has to dream.

DYLAN

Realistic dreams. "Dream big" is a
lie printed on posters in
kindergarten classrooms. Part of
this misguided world where kids are
raised to believe they can do
anything - which only hurts them in
the end - every Sammy and Sally led
to think they're so exceptional and
fascinating and special.

LES

Fortunately you didn't make that
mistake.

DYLAN

Because I know my daughter.

It hits Les like a suckerpunch. She can't breathe.

SMASH TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Les flees into Central Park - tears streaming down her face.
When she ransacks her bag for tissues, she sees the envelope
from Lillian. A reminder - man, they all think I'm a nothing.

Furious, Les throws the envelope in the trash, but as she
does THE CARDS FLY EVERYWHERE.

We watch them flutter to the ground in SLOW MOTION, and
discover that the cards are her graphic novel-ly drawings. Up
to now we've just seen sketches: the completed versions are,
well... *remarkable*.

But Les is focusing on something else. Lillian has drawn
circles around the outfits in the drawings with notes:
"*Compare to Gaultier... Like early Wang... THIS IS ART!!!*"

And when you focus in on just the clothes - it's true, the designs are empirically fabulous. Les picks up the drawings, takes them in. It begins to register, maybe her grandmother wasn't dissing her...

There's a note too. But before we see it, we FREEZE FRAME.

LES (V.O.)

So hold on a sec. Because you have these moments, where suddenly it all clicks, like the universe was telling you something but you couldn't quite hear it...

HYPERSPEED FLASHBACK SEQUENCE, NANOSECOND GLIMPSES OF: *the viral rant... the trunk show... Dylan's "Harder with the bread..." Serena smiling at herself in the mirror... The launch party ("Welcome goddesses!")... The cards fluttering down in SLOW MO.*

LES (V.O.)

And then there was this.

BACK TO THE PARK: Les reads Lillian's note. (We don't get to see it yet.)

Les looks up.

INT. LES'S WORKSTATION/ MOORE FASHION HOUSE - DAY

Les quietly packs up her workstation, including the sketches hidden in her drawer and Lillian's old sewing machine.

She's not making a big dramatic show of leaving, but the other sewers are whispering, word has started to spread. Barb smiles - she has a sense of what might be happening. Les mouths: *"I'll call you."* Continuing on, she walks past

GRAHAM'S STUDIO

Where the photos from his show catch her eye. She stops.

Slowly she pulls out her drawings and looks from the outfits in Graham's show to the circled outfits in her drawings and back again.

It's not a one-to-one correlation, but there's definitely a connection.

She turns to Graham, who's watching her, sick to his stomach.

LES

I never saw it. I guess I never wanted to.

GRAHAM

Les -

LES

You got those ideas from me.

But Les isn't angry (at least not yet). She's euphoric. Because this only confirms it - *she's good*.

LES (CONT'D)

You got those ideas from me!

She turns and leaves, Graham in tow, walking down

THE HALLWAY

GRAHAM

Please please let me explain -

But he stops when he sees Dylan coming out of her studio. (Sanvi obviously just told her about Les's departure.)

DYLAN

What's going on, Les? Where are you going?

And the three converge at the

ELEVATOR

Les presses the button.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Les, what are you doing?

The doors open - Les steps in - then she turns back.

Her heart beats hard, but her voice is strong:

LES

Hey... can you call me Liv?

And then the doors shut.

EXT. SERENA'S FACTORY BUILDING - DAY

Outside Serena's, Les sets down the sewing machine to ring the bell - but the action jogs open the top of the bobbin compartment. And that's when Les sees it - the corner of a piece of paper jammed inside.

Les slides open the cover, revealing a folded piece of paper. She takes out the paper and slowly unfolds it; a KEY falls into her hand. Les reads the two lines Lillian wrote:

LES

*A girl and her talent come around,
What was hidden starts to be found.*

Les looks at the key. What it's for, what it unlocks - we don't know - yet. But Lillian's scavenger hunts always lead to good things.

And Les knows it.

INT. SERENA'S FACTORY BUILDING - DAY

Her grin stretching from ear to ear, Serena leads Les down a hallway.

INT. ROOM/ SERENA'S FACTORY BUILDING - DAY

Les is alone in an empty room. It's all white and completely bare - except for the sewing machine, and something Les pinned to the wall:

Lillian's note, the one from the envelope. Les stares at it. And now, finally, we see it.

It says:

LIV NOW

The beginning of a smile on Liv's face, then we

POP TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT