

DOLLFACE

"Pilot"

written by

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HULU

LuckyChap Entertainment & Clubhouse Pictures

COLD OPEN

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

The weekend crowd at a trendy little brunch spot. 20-SOMETHINGS instagram their Eggs Benedict, HIP COUPLES adjust the baby-sized fedoras on their HIP BABIES.

A table of bubbly YOUNG WOMEN clink their mimosa glasses in a cheers. They are the Google image result for "Friendship".

One table over, JANE, 26, looks on at their display of blissful sisterhood. Jane is comfortably disheveled, hair thrown in a pony-tail and wearing a faded, over-sized COLLEGE SWEATSHIRT belonging to her long-time boyfriend, JEREMY.

Jeremy sits across from her, along with their dog BANDIT who lounges under the table. Jeremy pushes food around his plate with the enthusiasm of a dad at a Justin Beiber concert.

JANE

How are the Huevos Rancheros?

JEREMY

They're pretty good.

JANE

Can I have a bite?

JEREMY

I don't love you anymore.

INT. JEREMY'S CAR - LATER

Bandit sits quietly in the backseat. Jane and Jeremy, drained, eyes puffy, are at the end of a very long talk.

JEREMY

I really am sorry, Dollface.

Jane micro-cringes at Jeremy's go-to nickname for her, simultaneously annoyed by its douchiness, and heartbroken she'll never hear it again.

JANE

What about the plans we have coming up, Lake Tahoe in December?

JEREMY

(carefully)

It is *my* company's retreat...

JANE
Ramona's wedding this spring?

JEREMY
You mean Ramona, my sister...

JANE
The apartment?

JEREMY
Is in my name...

JANE
Let me guess, you're keeping the dog?

JEREMY
(offering)
You can have the cat?

JANE
Great, Jeremy. Perfect. Should I be aware of anything else in my life that completely revolves around you?

JEREMY
(sheepish)
That's kind of my sweatshirt...

Jane pulls off the sweatshirt, folding and refolding it.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
You don't have to do that.

JANE
I clean when I'm upset.

JEREMY
I know.

Jane finally stops folding and looks at him.

JANE
Of course you know. Five years.
We've been through a lot together.

JEREMY
Exactly. Imagine doing what we just did like, 10 more times. And then dying. That's what marriage is.
(beat)
I would never put you through something like that, Jane.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Jane and Jeremy get out of his car, alone in the empty lot.

JEREMY

I'll crash with my sister while you
move out your stuff. You're going
to be okay.

JANE

We've hung out basically every day
for half a decade. I don't exactly
know what to do now.

Jane finally hands Jeremy back his sweatshirt. Jeremy fishes
something out of the pocket, and gives it to her.

JANE (CONT'D)

What's this?

Jane examines what appears to be a BUS TICKET.

JEREMY

It's what you do now. It's time to
go back.

JANE

What are you talking about? Go back
where?

Suddenly, a huge GREYHOUND BUS rolls to a stop in the lot.

JEREMY

Back to hanging out with other
women.

Jeremy kisses Jane's FOREHEAD, the international symbol for
"I don't want to have sex with you." Then he's gone.

She watches him drive away. The bus doors HISS open.

BUS DRIVER (O.S.)

Come on lady, I don't have all day!

The bus is the only sign of life for miles. Confused and
alone, Jane hesitantly climbs the steps.

JANE

Excuse me, can you tell me where
this bus is--

Jane stops, speechless. Her mouth HANGS open.

BUS DRIVER (O.S.)
What, ya never seen an old cat lady
before?

Reveal the bus driver is an old CAT LADY. *Literally*. The body of a middle aged-woman with the head of cat. Mom jeans, whiskers, the whole picture.

BUS DRIVER (CONT'D)
Take a seat, ponytail.

Before Jane can say another word, the doors SHUT behind her and the bus ROLLS FORWARD.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT 1

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

Jane notices the other passengers on the bus. They are row after row of freshly HEARTBROKEN WOMEN like herself.

A few pass around tissues, others hold shoeboxes of sentimental items. One SNIFFLING WOMAN up front picks at a carton of ice cream. Jane takes the empty seat next to her.

SNIFFLES
(exploding into sobs)
We just bought a kayak!

Jane shifts uncomfortably, angling toward the bus driver.

JANE
I think I'd like to get off.

BUS DRIVER
No can do, sweetheart. If you're here, it means you've spent so much time on the other side, you need some help getting back.

JANE
Back to spending time with other women? That's really what this is?

BUS DRIVER
Take it from me, ma'am, relationships with other women are sacred and necessary. We need each other to survive. In today's world, the bonds of sisterhood are all you have to turn to.

JANE
The bonds of sisterhood?

BUS DRIVER
Well, you could always try being a guy's girl...

The bus driver slows as she nods towards the window.

INT/EXT. BUS PASSING THROUGH DESERT - DAY

Jane looks out the window to see a huge, BLEAK DESERT. Spread out across the expanse are several 'GUY'S GIRLS'-- chicks wearing tight, fitted FOOTBALL JERSEYS. They each pace around in small circles, talking to themselves like SCHIZOPHRENICS.

GUY'S GIRLS

Anybody want to get wings?/I
totally love video games/I totally
love video games/Anybody want to
get wings?

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

Jane shudders. The BUS speeds past. Suddenly, Jane's seatmate THROWS DOWN her ice cream, erupting.

SNIFFLES

THAT'S IT. I CAN'T DO THIS ANYMORE,
LET ME OFF.

The bus SCREECHES to a halt. The doors fly open, revealing a bus stop with a sign that reads: REBOUND TOWN.

EXT. REBOUND TOWN - CONTINUOUS

Waiting at the stop is a chubby, sweatpants-clad man, probably named GARY. Sniffles RUNS to his arms.

GARY

I live with my mom, wanna get
married?

Sniffles turns and waves goodbye to the bus, her expression bordering on HUGE SMILE and TERRIFYING GRIMACE.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

Back on the bus, Jane looks a shade of white typically reserved for corpses and Olsen twins.

BUS DRIVER

(trying to comfort her)
Don't look so worried, you're smart.
You'll figure it out. Just remember,
women need each other now more than
ever. Turn your back on them and
you'll end up alone... you can *guess*
what happens then.

She stares at Jane with all-too-knowing CAT EYES through the rearview mirror and WINKS.

The bus finally pulls to a STOP. The passengers file out, Jane exiting with them.

BUS DRIVER (CONT'D)
Good luck, kitten!

INT. BUS TERMINAL - DAY

Jane shuffles through the crowded bus terminal. WOMEN from her bus are greeted by GROUPS OF GIRLFRIENDS holding signs with their names. Jane looks lost, not seeing anyone for her.

A tough female SECURITY GUARD approaches Jane.

SECURITY GUARD
You look lost.

JANE
I just can't find... anyone.

SECURITY GUARD
I need you to come with me.

INT. REGISTRATION OFFICE - DAY

The Security Guard leads Jane to a registration desk in what looks like a DMV-type office. A monotone DESK CLERK flips through some files. She wears a pin that says "PEE IN PAIRS".

DESK CLERK
There seems to be a hold on your account as a woman. I'll need to ask you some routine questions. Have you recently slept with a close friend's boyfriend?

JANE
No.

DESK CLERK
Have you recently made comments about a female politician's inability to lead due to her menstrual cycle?

JANE
No.

The Clerk skeptically flips through some files.

JANE (CONT'D)
 (standing up for herself)
 This must be some kind of mistake.
 I mean, I support women. I love
 women... I did a breast cancer walk
 last year.

DESK CLERK
 Says here that was organized by
 your ex-boyfriend's mother?

JANE
 Okay... Oh, I work for a company
 with a female CEO. What's more pro-
 women than that?

DESK CLERK
 I found your problem. Your personal
 relationships have all expired.

JANE
 Personal relationships...? Are you
 saying that I don't have any--

DESK CLERK
 Friends. You have no friends.

The Security Guard stifles a giggle.

JANE
 That's ridiculous. I *totally* have
 friends. I could go see my BEST
 FRIEND right now if I wanted to.

Jane begins to STORM OUT, then turns back around.

JANE (CONT'D)
 Which I don't, because I'm *fine*.

INT. JANE & JEREMY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jane, definitely not fine, plops down on the couch, frustrated.
 Jane and Jeremy's cat, PUMPKIN, hops up next to her and MEOWS.

JANE
 Everyone is making way too big a
 deal of this, Pumpkin. So what if
 I'm not some social butterfly?
 Maybe I like the way I've lived my
 life? Just because Jeremy and I
 aren't together anymore doesn't
 mean I don't have *plenty* going on.

Jane sits in the silence for a moment. Pumpkin stares at her.

JANE (CONT'D)
On second thought I have to go.

EXT. MADISON'S HOUSE - DAY

Jane walks up the driveway and approaches a modest townhouse. She takes a deep breath and KNOCKS. The door SWINGS open, revealing MADISON MATTHEWS, 26, Jane's former best friend. She's confident, strong-willed, and distinctly feminine.

JANE
Hey Maddy!

MADISON
Oh my god. Jeremy broke up with you.

JANE
(thrown)
Whaaaat? No... that's not why I'm--

Madison SLAMS THE DOOR. Jane sighs, knocking again. It opens.

JANE (CONT'D)
Jeremy broke up with me.

INT. MADISON'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Madison storms through her apartment searching through PILES OF CLOTHES strewn all over the place. Jane follows her, ducking as Madison tosses BLOUSES and SKIRTS on a warpath.

MADISON
This is so predictable, Jane.

JANE
(pushing back)
I could have been coming by for something else, you don't know!

Madison stops in her tracks.

MADISON
I don't know? I was your freshman roommate, your best friend, and I'm the only person who saw you cry during National Treasure 2. I KNOW YOU.

She STOMPS into her BEDROOM and continues searching through her CLOSET. Jane follows her, picking up clothes on the way.

JANE
Okay fine, let me explain.

MADISON
(noticing Jane)
Are you picking up my--

JANE
I clean when I'm upset.

Madison takes a pile of folded shirts from her.

MADISON
I remember. Look, as much as I love a totally uninvited visit from someone who completely abandoned me, I'm a little busy at the moment. I was invited to a women's brunch tomorrow celebrating the importance of inner beauty but I obviously can't go if I have nothing cute to wear.

JANE
Okay, I know it's been forever but I really did want to see you how you are.. You still working for that PR lady?

MADISON
With. Not for. Your friend getting promoted to publicist is the kind of thing you miss when you check in less frequently than Kim and Kanye procreate. They've spawned several more ambiguously named humans since the last time you called me.

JANE
Which is why I'm really hoping we can catch up..?

Madison heads back to her closet, but Jane is in her way.

MADISON
(agitated)
You and my clothes are giving me a stress headache, I need caffeine.

JANE
Great, I'll come with you.

Jane offers a hesitant smile. Madison is not amused.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Jane follows Madison as she grabs her ICED COFFEE from a BARISTA and walks to the cream and sugar counter. Next to them, the FEDORA BABY from earlier waits for his hip parents to pour ALMOND MILK into his baby bottle.

JANE

So now Huevos Rancheros are pretty much ruined for me. I have post traumatic eggs disorder.

Madison stirs her coffee.

JANE (CONT'D)

Look, I know I should've been better about checking in the last couple years and I'm sorry. I just didn't know who else to talk to.

MADISON

(finally looking up)
So what do expect me to say?

JANE

I don't know. It's you. Aren't you going to tell me Jeremy's the worst?

MADISON

I've been telling you that since the time he got Clippers tickets for *your* birthday when you don't like sports OR watching basketball.

JANE

I like watching him watch basketball.

MADISON

You know those boyfriend body pillows they make for sad people? You could watch one of those watch basketball.

Jane rolls her eyes.

MADISON (CONT'D)

I don't know what you expect me to say, Jane. I have a full-time job now and the people whose problems I solve actually *pay me*.

JANE

Aren't you going to tell me I should face the world instead of hiding at home? Go out and hit the town?

MADISON

Well no, I would not say the words "hit the town" because I'm not 100 years old and performing in a Broadway Musical.

Jane gives Madison a look-- "*you know what I meant*"

MADISON (CONT'D)

All I did for years was try to get you to do that stuff. The last time I got you to a bar I basically had to drag you kicking and screaming, then you met your boyfriend and didn't come out again for five years. Who knows what would happen if we went out again, you might get married before our second drink.

JANE

I promise it won't be like that, I just want to hang out again. We can do something you'll think is fun, like go to one of those places with the elevated surfaces people dance on-- like you used to with your sorority friends.

MADISON

(laughing)

You hated my sorority friends.

JANE

I did not *hate* them. The whole thing was just a concept... beyond my understanding.

MADISON

Oh sure, *college sororities*, right up there with quantum physics and figuring out what went down between Solange and Jay-Z in that elevator.

JANE

I see a big group of girls like that and I feel totally out of place.

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

Jeremy and I watched this nature documentary about a baby monkey that was raised in a colony of sloths, and when they tried to release him back with the other monkeys he was HIGHLY overwhelmed. That's me. I'm the sloth monkey.

MADISON

You don't put yourself out there. Having a group of girlfriends you can count on is important.

Madison nods at a TABLE OF GIRLS having coffee nearby.

MADISON (CONT'D)

I mean look at them.

On cue, the girls LAUGH and their hair BLOWS IN THE WIND.

JANE

It just looks so *perfect*, I guess it's hard for me to believe that's totally genuine...

MADISON

You don't even know those girls!

JANE

Okay fine then... let's ask them.

Jane walks over to the girls' table.

JANE (CONT'D)

Hi, excuse me, sorry to bother you-- we were just wondering, how do you all know each other?

A STRIKING BLONDE GIRL speaks up as leader of group.

BLONDE

This is my fucking squad. I would literally die for these girls.

JANE

Right, but at a certain point, aren't we influenced by what we see with pop stars and people on Instagram, when really this whole "clique" and "squad" thing is just another way for society to group together women of similar levels of attractiveness that's not rooted in real personal relationships?

The group is speechless. The Blonde narrows her eyes.

BLONDE

We are the 1st Squadron, 23rd
Infantry Regiment of the United
States Army. Bethany took two
bullets to the shoulder for me in
Baghdad and I watched Commander
Carol DIE in my arms.

BETHANY slams down her wine glass, WAILING.

BETHANY

Carol. CAROL. IT WAS MY FAULT!!

Bethany breaks down in SOBS. Madison shakes her head at Jane.

JANE

Oh, oh my god. I am SO sorry...

The group rallies around Bethany to comfort her.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Jane and Madison hurry out of the cafe towards their cars.

MADISON

TWO bullets, Jane.

JANE

I said I was sorry! Look, I was
wrong about them... I'm realizing I
was wrong about a lot of things.

(beat)

I want to fix this. I want to be
friends again.

MADISON

(bewildered)

I love how you question if a group of
strangers' friendship is genuine but
don't ask yourself the same thing.

JANE

What do you mean?

MADISON

You say you want to be my friend
again, but do you even know why?
Remember any inside jokes or things
we had in common?

(beat)

Did you even miss me?

JANE
(taken aback)
Madison, come on. What kind of
question is that?

Madison looks at her for a moment.

MADISON
If that's your answer, apparently a
pretty good one.

She gets into her car, leaving Jane alone on the sidewalk to
watch her drive away.

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

INT. JANE'S CUBICLE - WOÖM OFFICES - DAY

Jane's desk at WOÖM, an upscale lifestyle brand that encourages women to buy things like organic bee pollen and \$200 tampons made from rehydrated coral. Woöm is the brainchild of CELESTE OSLOW, a wealthy, eccentric actress-turned-entrepreneur.

Hanging over Jane's cubicle is a gigantic POSTER of the Earth shaped like an egg, hatching as Celeste emerges from it. Beneath the image are the words, "Woöm: Life Starts Here"

Jane hunches over her desk working intently on a LIST: *INSIDE JOKES WITH MADISON/THINGS WE HAVE IN COMMON*. She moves her pen down the list, reviewing what she's got so far: *Eating food. Went to same college. We both have hands.*

She rolls her eyes, this is useless. Comes to the next one. *Watching Louis CK Stand-Up*. She quickly crosses that one out. *Freshman Spring Break - Aruba*. Jane considers, CIRCLING IT.

Suddenly, EMPLOYEES break for lunch. Jane shrinks in her seat as THE ALISON'S strut towards their usual table on the patio.

The Alison's are the resident COOL GIRLS in the office. ALISON B from Marketing, ALISON S from Branding, and OTHER ALISON B from Digital. The Alison's wake up with perfectly blown out hair, they went to Ivy's, they use coral tampons.

EXT. PATIO - WOÖM OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Jane hovers nervously by the doors with a sandwich. Across the patio, the Alison's enjoy salads and general superiority.

Finally, Jane takes a few anxious steps in their direction, but their table GLIDES FURTHER AWAY.

JANE
What the...?

She takes a few more steps, it glides back EVEN FURTHER.

Jane braces to make a run towards it when BRAD THE TECH GUY blocks her way. Brad is cute but ANNOYINGLY EAGER, basically a LABRADOR or ANYONE WHO WORKS AT TRADER JOE'S.

BRAD
My MAIN JANE. Janey from the block.
No Jane no Gain. Take a walk down
memory--

JANE

Hey, Brad.

BRAD

Nice to see you out of the ol' cubicle for once!

JANE

Yeah well, I'm trying to be more social these days.

Jane peeks over Brad's shoulder at THE ALISON'S in the distance.

BRAD

That's great! Want to sit with me?

Torn, Jane looks from Brad's inviting smile to the table of intimidating girls LOOMING impossibly far away.

JANE

(resigned)

Sure. Just because I'm single now doesn't mean I can't have guys in my life as friends.

BRAD

(perking up)

Wait... you're single now?

JANE

Yeah, it's pretty recent but--

Brad pulls a SMALL WHISTLE out of his pocket and BLOWS.

Four MEN IN SUITS file out. They cover the lunch table with a WHITE TABLECLOTH, litter it with ROSE PETALS and VOTIVE CANDLES. Then they pull out VIOLINS to form a STRING QUARTET, playing a ROMANTIC MELODY behind Brad.

Brad rips off his clothes to reveal a full TUXEDO underneath. He looks at Jane lovingly.

JANE (CONT'D)

Wait. Have you just pretended to be my friend this whole time because you wanted to hookup with me?

Brad opens his hands and releases a DOVE.

JANE (CONT'D)

Oh god.

Jane BURSTS past Brad and the String Quartet, taking off towards The Alison's table in a SPRINT.

The Quartet shifts their melody to a DRAMATIC ACTION THEME a la Mission Impossible. Jane RUNS. Wind whips her face and hair and it's EXHILARATING. Jane FINALLY reaches the table, catching her breath as the Alison's are mid-conversation.

ALISON B

So then I read the rest of Elizabeth Warren's autobiography, went to Pilates, volunteered at a soup kitchen, and gave myself a facial.

ALISON S

Loved her book. I messed around on my bass for a while, harvested some saffron from my spice garden, and made a seasonal seafood paella.

The girls notice Jane standing there.

ALISON B

Oh hey, Jane! What about you?

JANE

(awkward)

Hi guys! Oh, over vacation? I binged like four seasons of Friday Night Lights... great show.

ALISON B

Oh no, we were actually talking about what we did this morning.

OTHER ALISON B

O says the morning is *crucial* to set your intention for the day.

JANE

O?

THE ALISON'S

(in unison)

Oprah.

OTHER ALISON B

(genuinely friendly)

Want to sit down?

Jane sits, pleasantly surprised by the invitation.

JANE

Thanks for letting me crash your lunch.

ALISON B

Of course girl, I feel like you're never out here. You normally work straight through, right?

JANE

Yeah, slow week I guess!

OTHER ALISON B

I know, I think the last time I saw you was at the company Christmas party-- oh my god, are you still dating that cute guy you brought?

ALISON S

Oh yeah I remember him, you guys were completely adorable together.

ALISON B

He seemed really sweet.

JANE

We actually just broke up.

The Alison's freeze, expressionless for a moment.

ALISON S

Oh my god honey, you were WAY too good for him, I could tell.

OTHER ALISON B

We didn't technically meet, but I always got a bad vibe from him. Honestly, I think he was a psycho.

ALISON B

That's crazy, if he dumped you he must be gay. Babe, you dodged a bullet, he's probably a *gay psycho*.

JANE

Thanks... it's been an adjustment but maybe it was for the best.

OTHER ALISON B

Do you need anything? Do you need a hug? Do you need a Xanax?

JANE

I think I'm good. Honestly it's just nice to have people to eat lunch with.

ALISON S

You should keep yourself
distracted. Make sure you do
something fun this weekend.

ALISON B

I heard everyone is going to be at
Tipsy Panther.

JANE

I have been hoping to go out with
my friend Madison this weekend.
Would you guys... want to go
together? Like a girls' night?

Jane waits, the fate of her weekend and, for that matter, her
future, suspended before her...

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT & JEREMY - LATER

Jane glides into her apartment. Pumpkin lounges on the couch.

JANE

They said YES!

Pumpkin MEOWS at her.

JANE (CONT'D)

For the record, I'm not talking to
you. I'm just talking, and you
happen to be the only one here.

Jane opens a storage-type CLOSET in her living room, filled
with coats and suitcases and various BOXES of old stuff.
There are several large boxes marked JEREMY COLLEGE STUFF,
JEREMY CAMPING EQUIPMENT, JEREMY TROPHIES, JEREMY BOOKS.

Tucked in the back corner under Jeremy's roller blades, there
is a single unassuming SHOEBOX marked JANE STUFF.

She pulls out the box and searches through old letters,
photos, a Blockbuster membership card. Finally she finds it:
a dirty tourist T-SHIRT scrawled with the words, "you aRUBa
me the right way!" next to a phallic-looking PALM TREE.

Jane holds the shirt up, nostalgic, and quickly goes to her
LAPTOP on a DESK in the living room.

She logs onto her Facebook page, scrolling through endless
photos of her and Jeremy over the years. She keeps scrolling
until the images finally take her far enough back in time to:
Madison. Jane clicks on the photo she was looking for.

Her screen is filled with an image of our two girls, smiling together on a Caribbean beach, wearing the matching T-shirts.

The photo makes Jane smile. She clicks on another, this one of Madison wearing splattered PAINTER'S COVERALLS. Our view SHIFTS AROUND so that we face the back of Jane's computer, her face reacting to it, and the empty room behind her.

As we pan out, we see a REAL-LIFE VERSION of the Madison wearing coveralls from the photo APPEAR behind Jane.

PAINTER MADISON

Don't be mad but I know how bummed
you were about not giving that cute
guy from the library your number, so
I painted it on the side of his dorm!

Jane smirks to herself. She clicks to another photo (we still cannot see her screen, just her reactions as the memories of Madison come to life behind her). A second Madison appears holding a BARBERSHOP QUARTET-esque uniform on a HANGER.

QUARTET MADISON

You wanted to be more involved on
campus so I got you a spot in the
acapella group. Just a heads up the
only video I could get of you singing
was in the *shower* so some of the Sons
of Pitches may have seen you naked...

Another Madison wearing HANDCUFFS and accompanied by a CAMPUS SECURITY GUARD appears.

HANDCUFFED MADISON

It's not a big deal, you said that
girl in your Econ class was being
rude to you so I simply wrote her a
note about treating people nicely...
with my keys... on her car door...

The room behind Jane is now FILLING with various Madison's, one wearing a BIKINI and SOMBRERO stands on her coffee table.

SOMBRERO MADISON

(drunkenly yelling)
BECAUSE JANE, I CAN'T DO THE BODY
SHOT CONTEST WITHOUT A PARTNER.

Jane can't help but laugh, shaking her head at her screen as the room fills with a CHORUS of Madison's behind her. Jane shuts the laptop and turns around, but the Madison's from her memory have disappeared, and she's alone again.

Jane grabs the Aruba shirt and her keys, heading for the door.

INT. CLOTHING BOUTIQUE - LATER

Jane hurries to a dressing room area, calling to a closed curtain.

JANE

Madison, are you still here?

Behind the curtain, Madison wiggles into a dress.

MADISON

Yeah, what was the emergency text?

(poking her head out)

Can you zip me?.. Oh my god.

Madison takes in Jane's outfit. Jane is wearing the Aruba T-shirt, complete with the palm tree shaped like a penis.

MADISON (CONT'D)

I figured you needed shopping help
but this is worse than I thought.

JANE

The time with the car keys. Or
painting my phone number. Or the
acapella group or--

MADISON

Take a breath. I don't speak mental
breakdown.

JANE

Freshman year spring break! My
bathing suit broke on the beach so
we rushed to that weird little gift
shop and found this shirt, but you
told me it'd be social suicide to
walk around in it alone so you
bought one too, remember?

MADISON

(she remembers)

I do vaguely recall being
propositioned for more than the
typical number of hand jobs that trip.

JANE

You asked me why I wanted to be
friends again. These shirts, all
that stuff you used to do for me...

MADISON

That stuff used to make you *furious*
with me.

(MORE)

MADISON (CONT'D)

If anything it's a laundry list of reasons why you stopped hanging out with me in the first place.

JANE

I know but-- I invited the girls from work to go out this weekend.

MADISON

(surprised)
You did?

JANE

I really want you to come.

Madison softens for a moment.

MADISON

I guess I don't have plans already...
(catching herself)
But just so you know, I threw that shirt away like three years ago.

A charged beat. Madison turns so Jane can zip her up. They assess her outfit in a mirror (TIGHT BLACK DRESS, WHITE COLLAR).

MADISON (CONT'D)

I look like a slutty pilgrim.

JANE

So... you're gonna get it?

MADISON

Definitely.

INT. TIPSYPANTHER - NIGHT

A radio-hit THUMPS, the place is PACKED with GOOD-LOOKING PATRONS mingling and buying drinks. Jane lingers by the bar, trying to act casual. A BEAUTIFUL GIRL headed by stops her.

BEAUTIFUL GIRL

Cute jeans!

JANE

(startled, nervous-excited)
Oh, uh, thank you! You too!

The girl is wearing a DRESS. She gives Jane a polite, confused smile, and walks away. Jane cringes at herself... smooth. Finally, she spots Madison making her way over.

JANE (CONT'D)
Thank god you're here.

MADISON
I think that's the welcome I want
every time I enter a room.
(beat)
What do you want to drink?

JANE
I'll get whatever you're getting.

MADISON
No, come on. Go up there and order
exactly what YOU want.

A no-nonsense, tattoo-sleeved BARTENDER CHICK points to them.

JANE
(trying to be confident)
I want something that tastes good
but is also really strong.

BARTENDER
I can give you Sprite with roofies
in it.

MADISON
(cutting in)
She'll have a vodka soda!

The bartender rolls her eyes and makes their drinks.

MADISON (CONT'D)
Good try. We'll work on that.

Jane takes an exploratory look around.

JANE
So, this is it. I'm here. I'm at a
club... I'm clubbing.

MADISON
(amused)
Let's take it one step at a time,
party girl. You should check-in here
so Jeremy knows you're out and not
thinking about him.

JANE
(re: her phone)
But if I check in just for his
benefit, doesn't that mean I *am*
thinking about him?

ALISON S

Alison is obviously Carrie, I'm a natural-born Charlotte, and everyone knows this one is a Samantha. She's so bad!

OTHER ALISON B

It's true. I'm so bad.

ALISON B

We thought you could be our Miranda!

JANE

Oh sure, sounds fun--

MADISON

Jane. Can I speak to you for a sec?

Madison grabs Jane's arm and pulls her a few yards away.

MADISON (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

JANE

Excuse me?

MADISON

You cannot let those girls *Miranda* you. It's the ultimate insult in female social hierarchy.

JANE

I always liked Miranda. Besides, they were just being nice...

MADISON

Nice? A ginger pixie cut, a pants suits and BRACES sounds NICE to you?

JANE

I invited these girls tonight *for* you. I did all of this so you would come. What's your problem?

MADISON

It's called *looking out* for you.

The Alison's pop back over.

ALISON B

You guys. Alison's cousin got a table at "Hammer and Niall", it's a new club co-owned by Armie Hammer and Niall from One Direction.

ALISON S

I called us all a car, we HAVE to go.

The Alison's head for the door. Jane starts to follow them.

MADISON

Wait, I have to go to the bathroom.

JANE

Okay, I'll meet you outside.

MADISON

Friends don't let friends go to the bathroom alone.

JANE

They invited us to come, I just want to make sure they don't leave.

MADISON

I thought this night was about seeing me?

JANE

(frustrated)

It is! Can you not appreciate that I'm trying here?

Madison's face falls. Jane turns to see if she can spot the Allison's in the crowd. When she turns back, Madison's gone.

INT. BAR BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jane swings open the door, but the bathroom is EMPTY.

JANE

Madison?

Jane looks around, confused, noticing an OPEN WINDOW down the row of stalls. She rushes to the window just in time to see MADISON getting in a WHITE VAN with three MASKED MEN.

JANE (CONT'D)

MADISON!

END OF ACT 2

ACT 3

EXT. TIPSYPANTHER - MOMENTS LATER

Jane BURSTS out of the bar, seeing the WHITE VAN peel around the corner. Seconds later, she sees the Alison's depart in their uber, having just missed them.

JANE

Crap.

She paces nervously on her cell phone.

JANE (CONT'D)

Pick up, Madison. Pick up.

Jane paces down the sidewalk, stopping out of nervous habit to CLEAN UP around her. She compulsively gathers a few pieces of TRASH and tosses them in a garbage can nearby. She keeps moving, inadvertently following the trail of trash to a large PILE.

She grabs a crumpled paper bag and the pile of garbage STIRS. Suddenly, it BURSTS as a HOMELESS WOMAN startles awake. She looks sort of like your Aunt Brenda, if the secret ingredient in your Aunt Brenda's green bean casserole was TONS OF METH.

HOMELESS BRENDA

What the fuck are you doing with my stuff, bitch?

JANE

Oh my god, I'm sorry, I clean when I'm nervous.

HOMELESS BRENDA

What the fuck did you do with my stuff, BITCH?

JANE

I know you're upset right now, but I've been learning a lot about sisterhood this week, and when women use that word with each other, it promotes a negative stereotype of girls everywhere.

Homeless Brenda stares at Jane.

HOMELESS BRENDA

I'm gonna fucking kill you, BITCH.

Jane rushes to the garbage can.

JANE
It's fine! It's all in here!

HOMELESS BRENDA
You threw away my blender!

Jane starts DIGGING through the trash, disgusted.

JANE
One of these things was a blender?
Just as her arms are elbow-deep in street sludge--

JEREMY (O.S.)
Jane?

She looks up to meet the eyes of her former boyfriend,
current waking nightmare.

JANE
Heyyyyyyy, Jeremy.

Jeremy hangs back as a few MALE FRIENDS wait for him at the
end of the block.

JEREMY
What are you doing out here?

JANE
Oh, you know, just a girls' night.

Jeremy looks around.

JEREMY
With her?

Homeless Brenda licks her lips.

JANE
Oh no-- I'm looking for Madison.

Jeremy's eyes WIDEN at the garbage can.

JANE (CONT'D)
No, no, not in here.

Jane pulls her hands out of the trash as delicately as
possible, clinically embarrassed.

JANE (CONT'D)
We were out at some bar and Madison
kind of disappeared...

JEREMY

(scoffs)

Madison Matthews? Didn't know you were still friends with that girl.

JANE

Neither did she apparently.

JEREMY

The guys and I were about to call it a night anyway, you're a mess, why don't you let me take you home?

JANE

But Madison--

JEREMY

Madison's fine. She must've ditched you for a guy. Come on, Dollface.

Jane's eyes NARROW.

JANE

First of all, don't call me that. I HATE when you call me that. Second of all, Madison's not the shitty friend who has been "ditching for a guy" the last five years. *She's* not the garbage person who was so caught up in her relationship that she abandoned an entire GENDER of friendships and is *literally* covered in garbage right now. That person would be me.

(beat)

So I've got go.

HOMELESS BRENDA

You tell him, BITCH!

On cue, Jane's UBER pulls to the curb and she hops in-- the coolest anyone has ever looked driving away in a PRIUS.

INT. PRIUS - CONTINUOUS

As Jane gets into the uber, her phone FINALLY rings. It's Madison.

JANE

(into phone)

Madison?! Thank god, are you okay?

MADISON (O.S.)
(drunken)
I'm in a jungle. I'm in a jungle
and I want chicken fingers.

JANE
What do you mean you're in a
jungle?? Madison??

The phone shuffles around and Jane can hear BREATHING.

JANE (CONT'D)
Hello? What are you doing with
Madison? Who is this?

The voice BREATHES creepily on the other end of the phone.

JANE (CONT'D)
I swear to god if you touch a
single hair extension on that girl
I will find you. I don't know who
you are and I don't know what you
want, but I have a very specific
set of skills. I majored in
Marketing with a minor in Art
History and I'm only good at like 2
board games, but my mom is a
FUCKING lawyer!!

The line goes DEAD.

JANE (CONT'D)
(talking to herself)
Think, Jane. Jungles. Chicken
fingers. Maybe she meant like a
park... or the woods... or the
forest...

Light bulb.

JANE (CONT'D)
I know where she is.

INT. RAINFOREST CAFE - MOMENTS LATER

Jane marches into Rainforest Cafe, in all its technicolor,
jungle-themed glory. Under a GIANT ANIMATRONIC ELEPHANT,
Madison eats chicken fingers surrounded by three MASKED MEN.
Jane RUSHES over, ready to make a rescue.

MADISON

(to the men)

If you think about it, barbecue sauce is just ketchup with an attitude problem.

JANE

(confused)

What's going on, are you okay?

MADISON

Not that I owe you an explanation but yes, I'm just spending time with some new friends of mine.

JANE

So you weren't kidnapped? Why are they wearing masks?

MADISON

Duh Jane, they're the Jabbawockeez.

C-List celebrity dance crew THE JABBAWOCKEEZ, who also wear matching SWEATSUITS, begin an organized HIP HOP ROUTINE.

JANE

You can't just disappear like that.

MADISON

(to the guys)

KB, Swaggerboy, Punkee, can you give us a second?

The Jabbawockeez continue their routine for a table nearby.

MADISON (CONT'D)

You want to talk about disappearing?

JANE

I know, I wasn't around. Is this you punishing me for it?

MADISON

I called you a couple times last year, remember?

Jane manages a meager shrug.

MADISON (CONT'D)

It was my mom. She was really sick. After all this time I still... I needed you to be there.

Jane freezes, flooded with questions and searching for words.

JANE

I'm--I'm sorry, Madison. I don't know what to say. I thought I was holding you back because there was so much you wanted me to do--

MADISON

So I'm the bad guy here?

JANE

No, it's just that being with Jeremy was easier. You were always pushing me to be...

MADISON

What, yourself? Because you're right, that's definitely something Jeremy never did.

Jane doesn't have a response for that one.

MADISON (CONT'D)

I did push you, because you are so much more than you give yourself credit for. Including someone I was *lucky* to call my friend.

(beat)

At least you used to be.

Madison and Jane stare at each other for a moment, then Madison grabs her purse and leaves.

A Jabbawockee comes up behind Jane and puts a reassuring hand on her shoulder. It scares the shit out of her.

END OF ACT 3

TAG

INT. JANE & JEREMY'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - LATER

Jane approaches home, exhausted, heels in hand. A HANDYMAN stands on a ladder, changing a light bulb outside her door.

HANDYMAN
Pass me that bulb?

Reveal the handyman is actually the CAT LADY from the bus.

JANE
You? What are you doing here?

CAT LADY
Oh you know, just fixing the light so people can see the hallway, see where they're going, see when they should call their friend at the end of the night before it's too late...

Jane slumps down, sitting against her front door. She stares at her phone. Finally, she takes a deep breath, and DIALS.

INT. MADISON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - INTERCUT

Madison's phone RINGS on her dresser, but she's getting ready for bed and doesn't hear it. Jane leaves her a VOICE MAIL.

JANE
Madison, I... want someone to make me join an Acapella group. And paint my phone number on the side of a building. And make me run around the Caribbean. And push me and scare me and even piss me off sometimes if it'll make me realize I've got a life to live that's *mine* and no one else's. And you're right, I couldn't handle the person who did all those things for me before. But right now I'd do just about anything to have her back.
(beat)
Oh. This is Jane... call me.

Jane hangs up, satisfied she meant what she said. Madison sits down on her bed listening to the voice mail, and we reveal she's wearing her ARUBA TOURIST T-SHIRT to sleep. She smiles.

END OF SHOW

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