

THE GIRLFRIEND EXPERIENCE

EPISODE 1
"Entry"

Written by

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INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - SILICON VALLEY - DAY

An upscale restaurant -- modern, clean-lines. Power lunches. Clientele -- venture capitalists, young tech-types, middle-aged suits.

CHRISTINE READE, 26, -- polished, but a natural beauty, very well-dressed, but not intimidating -- enters and approaches MARTIN, early 50s, confident, professional, seated at a table, texting.

CHRISTINE
Sorry I'm late.

They kiss each other on the cheek.

MARTIN
No, no. It gave me time to meditate.

CHRISTINE
That's mighty Zen for a lawyer, Martin.

MARTIN
(gestures to his head)
I got a lot going on in this. I'm not just a body, people forget that.

TIME CUT TO:

Seated across from Martin, Christine examines a legal complaint.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Are you sure you want to do this? Once we file, they're going to come after you. They'll do their best to expose you. At the very least, they'll counter-sue.

Christine is focused on the document. Martin presses.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
You know the resources they have at their disposal.

Christine does not look phased. She checks a message on her phone briefly -- just long enough to be clear that TIME IS MONEY -- before looking Martin in the eye.

CHRISTINE
I wouldn't be sitting here if I didn't want it.

Christine notices a BUSINESSMAN, late 40s, having lunch with two other EXECUTIVES, one male, one female, staring at her from across the room.

Martin sees a brief flicker of recognition in Christine's face.

MARTIN

Do you know him?

CHRISTINE

No.

Christine smiles at Martin, covering up instantaneously.

CUT TO 9 MONTHS EARLIER:

INT. AUDITORIUM - STANFORD UNIVERSITY LAW SCHOOL - DAY

Looking tired and slightly disheveled, Christine sits in a packed auditorium, listening to a LAW PROFESSOR, female, 40s, describe the class curriculum, pacing in front of the class.

LAW PROFESSOR

We will also be examining a range of contracts related to intellectual property, including confidentiality agreements, also know as non-disclosure agreements, or NDAs, and non-compete clauses, or NCCs. Unlike patents, if a third party finds out the information contained in these agreements independently, they are not restricted from using or disseminating that information.

INT. REGISTRAR'S OFFICE - STANFORD UNIVERSITY - DAY

Christine waits in line to speak to a REGISTRAR EMPLOYEE, a middle-aged woman. Christine is visibly anxious.

TIME CUT TO:

REGISTRAR EMPLOYEE

Next.

Christine approaches the counter.

CHRISTINE

I just tried to register for my classes. I've been blocked...

REGISTRAR EMPLOYEE
Name?

CHRISTINE
Christine Reade. R-E-A-D-E.

REGISTRAR EMPLOYEE
Id?

CHRISTINE
227639

REGISTRAR EMPLOYEE
Law school?

Christine nods.

REGISTRAR EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)
There's a hold. One of your loans
has been held up. You'll need to
contact the loan originator.

CHRISTINE
Excuse me?

REGISTRAR EMPLOYEE
You'll need to contact your bank.

CHRISTINE
Does it say why the loan is held
up?

REGISTRAR EMPLOYEE
No.

Christine pleads anxiously:

CHRISTINE
That's it? There's no explanation?
There must be more information.

REGISTRAR EMPLOYEE
You'll need to contact your bank.

CHRISTINE
Is there anyway I can register for
classes while I work it out?

The employee shakes her head. Christine becomes increasingly
upset.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

Of course not. I only pay hundreds of thousands of dollars. Why would it be easy?

TIME CUT TO:

Standing off to the side, Christine does her best to remain calm as she speaks to a bank representative on her cell:

CHRISTINE (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

I need to register as soon as possible or I'll lose my classes... Yes. I am currently in school. I am in the registrar's office right now, trying to register for the semester... (Incredulous:) You need proof that I'm in school. I submitted a copy of my transcript with the application... Who has to sign this form?... The registrar. Of course...

Christine laughs at the irony.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

Can I Fedex it to you?

Christine writes down the address, desperate to resolve the situation.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

How long will it take? 48 hours? Are you're sure?

INT. STUDENT CENTER - STANFORD UNIVERSITY - DAY

Christine and JAKE -- mid-20s, boyish good looks, her roommate and fellow law student -- wait in line at a coffee shop. Christine looks stressed.

CHRISTINE

They must have some orientation where they brief these bank fuckers on how to break people like me.

Jake orders as Christine is distracted by her problems.

JAKE

A medium latte and she'll have...

CHRISTINE

Oh... just coffee black.

Christine reaches for some money.

JAKE
It's okay. I got it.

CHRISTINE
Thanks.

Jake smiles, hoping to reassure her.

EXT. STUDENT CENTER - STANFORD UNIVERSITY - DAY

Jake follows Christine outside, weaving through other students.

JAKE
How's the coveted internship going?

CHRISTINE
It sure as hell isn't paying my tuition. I wish I had your money, or should I say your parent's money.

Jake is taken aback, momentarily stung.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry...

Jake recovers...

JAKE
It's okay. I'm no longer under the delusion that you actually care about my feelings. I've fully embraced our loveless domestic partnership...

Looking at her watch, Christine abruptly cuts Jake off.

CHRISTINE
I got to go.

JAKE
I was just joking.

CHRISTINE
Yeah, I was laughing on the inside.

This sort of brutal banter is common for Jake and Christine. Although no offense is supposedly taken, we can sense an underlying tension.

Christine starts to rush off, leaving Jake behind.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
I'll see you at home.

INT. LAW FIRM / COPY ROOM - SILICON VALLEY - DAY

Kirkland & Allen. High-pressure, fast-paced, mid-sized law firm, specializing in intellectual property law.

Christine's hands are full, as she makes copies -- rushed, stressed for time. Another INTERN, 20s, male, interrupts her.

INTERN
Evans wants to see you.

CHRISTINE
Can I just finish this?

INTERN
He said now.

INT. LAW FIRM / HUMAN RESOURCE OFFICE - DAY

Christine enters the human resources office.

JUMP CUT TO:

GEOFF EVANS, early 40s, intern manager, breaks from work...

EVANS
You've been reassigned. You're working directly for David Tellis. His executive assistant is Susan King. Congratulations.

CHRISTINE
When do I switch?

EVANS
Now.

INT. LAW FIRM - DAY

Christine follows SUSAN, early 40s, all-business, as they walk past cubicles and glassed-in offices.

SUSAN
You do know he's a senior partner.

CHRISTINE

Made a senior partner in 2006,
after he oversaw the Kirkland
merger. Yale Law '94. Born 1968 in
Santa Barbara. Divorced. Two
children.

Susan is far from impressed.

SUSAN

Good. You know how to Google.

They come to a stop.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Wait here.

Christine notices DAVID, late 40's, handsome, magnetic,
talking with two ASSOCIATES, outside his office.

DAVID (TO ASSOCIATES:)

I think no news is good news.
Presumably their silence means
they're scrambling to draft a
settlement.

Christine watches David intently, instantly drawn to him.

CHRISTINE

What time does he get to work?

SUSAN

Usually by seven.

David looks up and sees Christine staring. She smiles warmly
before breaking eye contact, realizing she's been caught.
There's an immediate attraction between the two.

DAVID (TO ASSOCIATES:)

Let's just touch base at the end of
the day. I gotta jump on a phone
call.

Susan brings Christine over, as the other lawyers leave.

SUSAN

This is Christine Reade. Your new
intern. She's been integral...

DAVID

On the Harris case... I'm aware.
That's why I snatched her.
Graduated Stanford, right?

CHRISTINE

Yes. I mean still. Not graduated.
Still at Stanford. Currently... At
Stanford.

David nods and smiles.

DAVID

We'll work on that sentence thing.

Christine blushes, slightly.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Good meeting you.

CHRISTINE

You too.

David enters his office and closes the door.

SUSAN

Let's put you to work...

Susan heads to her desk and hands Christine a large file.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

These need to be scanned and filed.

INT. LAW FIRM - DAY

Christine goes through numerous files, tracking and
organizing briefs and depositions.

She glances up at David, working in his office, directly
across from her desk.

INT. LAW FIRM - DAY

Christine walks through the firm delivering files. She stops
and knocks on the glass of one office in particular.

AVERY SUHR, 28, pretty, a little high strung, an executive
assistant, looks up and waves at Christine, smiling.

EXT. LAW OFFICE - CORPORATE COMPLEX - DAY

Christine and Avery smoke by a side entrance.

AVERY

Everyone thinks David is great.

CHRISTINE
Yeah... He's charmingly
condescending.

AVERY
Right?! Makes it impossible to say
no to him.

CHRISTINE
That's why he always wins, I guess.

AVERY
You're kind of set now.

CHRISTINE
I started two hours ago.

AVERY
Yeah, but all David's interns end
up getting hired after graduation.
Stop playing humble. Some of us
will never be hot shot lawyers.

CHRISTINE
You could go back to school.

AVERY
Ugh. Why'd you just take a weird
mom turn?

Avery looks down at her phone and checks her texts.

CHRISTINE
Honey, you can be anything you want
to be. Lawyer, doctor, Bill Gates--

AVERY
Eerily close. But she's a
naturopath from Sonoma so it's more
about achieving my spiritual goals.

Christine watches Avery intently as Avery texts someone.

CHRISTINE
Do you tell them where you are?

AVERY
Yeah... I mean not specifically.
(Lifting up her cell phone.) Like
he knows I am an executive
assistant at a law firm. Just not
THIS law firm.

Avery continues texting. There is a want, a curiosity in Christine's eyes.

AVERY (CONT'D)
Here... he'll love this.

Avery hands Christine the phone and makes a sexy, kissing face. Christine, cigarette dangling from her mouth, takes a photo.

CHRISTINE
Wait... that was a bad angle.

They both laugh. Christine moves to a different position and takes a bunch of Avery laughing with her sexy, kissy face.

Avery and Christine stand close as they look at the photos. Avery starts deleting the ones of her laughing.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
No! Don't delete those! You look better laughing.

AVERY
Ugh. No I don't... I have a double chin.

Avery chooses one of the sexy, kissy photos and starts texting -- reading aloud as she types.

AVERY (CONT'D)
*My... friend... Christine...
took... this...*

CHRISTINE
Don't use my name!

Avery deletes "CHRISTINE" name and types "CHELSEA".

AVERY
*She... is... a ... hot... shit...
lawyer...*

Avery smiles at Christine.

AVERY (CONT'D)
Sent.

CHRISTINE
Wouldn't "hot shit intern" get a better rise?

AVERY

For you maybe, but I sound smarter
if I am friends with a lawyer. It's
all about image.

INT. HOLE IN THE WALL BAR - SILICON VALLEY - NIGHT

Christine stands by the bar with fellow interns, -- male,
female, most mid-to-late 20s -- drinking, discussing work,
letting off steam. One of them, MIKE, tries to impress.

MIKE

...not all of us have the luxury of
interning for senior execs.

CHRISTINE

Um. I believe you are the only one
at this table still schlepping for
a junior partner.

The other interns laugh a little, chiding Mike in jest, but
still embarrassing him.

MIKE

You switched this morning! How can
you be so cocky?!

TIME CUT TO:

Avery and Christine huddle at the other end of the bar,
laughing, as Avery reads her texts out loud.

AVERY

*Is Chelsea as beautiful as you?
-- Yes. She is even hotter and much
smarter. -- I am not sure that is
possible. -- You should meet her.
-- Are you pawning me off? -- No!
OMG You are MINE!!!!*

Christine glimpses a text -- *Seeing you in your work clothes
made me hard* -- just as Avery pulls her phone away.

CHRISTINE

Whoa! Wait! That just got good!

Christine grabs for the phone.

AVERY

No... You'll think it's creepy.

CHRISTINE

No, I won't. Why would you think that?

AVERY

You're just...

CHRISTINE

I'm what?

AVERY

You are open minded, okay? But maybe a little... conservative?

CHRISTINE

I'm not. You don't know me. Show me...

Avery gives Christine her phone and Christine starts to read the texts out loud.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

Seeing you in your work clothes made me hard. -- I'm glad. -- I was thinking about you when I took that. -- In what way? -- How wet I got when you pulled my panties to the side and...

An executive assistant, CRAIG AKERS, mid-30s, good looking, approaches the bar. He looks over at Avery and Christine reading the texts. Avery notices and hits Christine to stop.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

We were just talking about how I am an asshole to executive assistants.

Akers nods, smiling -- yes, she is an asshole.

AKERS

Avery is an executive assistant.

CHRISTINE

Yeah, but she is smart. I would never talk to her that way.

AKERS

Then you're just an asshole intern.

CHRISTINE

I guess that's settled then.

INT. AVERY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Drunk, Avery and Christine stumble into Avery's apartment - a spacious three-bedroom in a modern, luxury, high-rise.

AVERY

Oh good. The cleaning lady came today, so I don't have to be embarrassed.

CHRISTINE

Wow. Nice. How long have you lived here?

Christine takes in the view of the downtown skyline.

AVERY

A few months. "House sitting." So to speak. One of many perks... Look what I found...

Avery grabs a bottle of wine and an opener from a side cabinet. Already drunk, Christine covers her face.

CHRISTINE

I can't afford to be doing this.

AVERY

Come here. Look at this...

Christine follows Avery down the hallway to a marble bathroom, complete with a sunken hot tub.

AVERY (CONT'D)

Wanna take one? Want to?

Avery turns on the jets. Christine is excited by the luxury and wealth surrounding her.

CHRISTINE

Yes! I want this! I want it all!

Avery and Christine start laughing as they start to undress. Suddenly, Avery's phone rings.

AVERY

It's him. (Mouthing the words:) One minute...

Avery motions to Christine to open the wine as she leaves.

Christine pulls her dress back on and opens the bathroom door to eavesdrop on Avery's conversation.

AVERY (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
 No, not at all. No... Just someone
 from work. We went out and had a
 few drinks. Where are you?

Christine inches down the hallway. Hidden, she watches Avery enter a bedroom, continuing to speak. Christine is surprised at the intimate, caring nature of her conversation:

AVERY (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
 ...I'd love that. Of course, I want
 to. I think it'd be good for us. If
 it's important to you, it's
 important to me. We need to spend
 more time together. I miss you... I
 can't wait to see you. I want to
 kiss you... I love you, too...

INT. CHRISTINE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Christine enters a modest two-bedroom apartment, in the vicinity of Stanford.

She sheds her coat and bag as she heads towards the bathroom. She is startled by STACY, sexy, pretty, mid-20s, in a T-shirt and panties, washing her hands - the bathroom door wide open.

STACY
 Who are you? What are you doing here?

CHRISTINE
 What am I doing here? I live here.
 What are you doing here?

STACY
 Oh, you're the roommate. I'm Stacy.
 I'm a "friend" of Jake's.

Stacy smiles. Territorial. Christine barely blinks.

CHRISTINE
 Are you done, Stacy?

STACY
 Sure. It's all yours.

Christine enters the bathroom, shutting the door on Stacy before turning on the shower.

INT APARTMENT / CHRISTINE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Christine answers her cell as she finishes getting dressed and simultaneously packs her bag full of notebooks, etc.

CHRISTINE

Hello, Mom?... Are you okay? Is everything all right? It's just early... I have to go. I'm registering for classes today... Yes... IP and ethics and... Mom, I I have to go. It's not a good time. I'll call you later... Today. Yes, I promise.. I miss you, too.

Exasperated, she hangs up and notices Jake standing in her doorway, half-asleep, as she continues to pack.

JAKE

Be nicer to her. She's your mother.

CHRISTINE

Don't give me a guilt trip. I'm 26 and she still calls me. Every day.

JAKE

You met Stacy.

CHRISTINE

Sure did.

JAKE

Cute, huh?

Christine digs in. She can't resist such an easy target.

CHRISTINE

Yeah. If you like that sort of thing. Will I be seeing more of her in my future?

Jake nods, smiling, immune to Christine's barb.

JAKE

I hope so.

CHRISTINE

I'm happy for you. Sorry to cut this short, but I'm going to be late for class...

JAKE (INTERRUPTING)

I need the rent. It's already the 10th.

CHRISTINE

Can your parents give me until the end of the week?

He hesitates.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

I'll have it for you then. I promise. I'm getting paid on Friday.

JAKE

Okay.

Christine throws a final jab, smiling as she leaves.

CHRISTINE

Bye. Have fun with... Stacy. I'll see you later.

JAKE

Bye.

INT. LAW SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

Christine gathers her belongings at the end of class and approaches one of her law professors, PROFESSOR GREENE, male 50s, as the other students file out of the room.

CHRISTINE

Professor Greene?

PROFESSOR GREENE

You are?

CHRISTINE

Christine Reade...

The professor checks the official class roster.

PROFESSOR GREENE

You're not registered...

CHRISTINE

Yeah, I signed up for your class, but the bank messed up one of my student loans and I'm waiting for it to clear...

He cuts her off, sternly.

PROFESSOR GREENE
Just take care of it by the next
time we meet. Okay?

CHRISTINE
Yes. I will. It should be any day.

Christine leaves, visibly concerned, about her loan.

INT. LAW FIRM - DAY

Christine is researching and organizing depositions, as David looks up from his desk to meet her gaze.

It's maybe romantic? But also awkward. So she just lips --
"You need anything?"

He makes a confused expression. He doesn't know what she means.

Christine gets up and walks over to his office.

INT. LAW FIRM / DAVID'S OFFICE - DAY

Christine peaks in...

CHRISTINE
I was saying do you need anything?

DAVID
I need a lot of things, but I am
fine for now thank you.

CHRISTINE
Just... I am just right out here if
you need anything, like coffee.

DAVID
That is very nice and I am very
aware that you are right out there.

Christine nods and closes the door. She is not quite sure if he is being dismissive or flirtatious.

INT. LAW FIRM / CAFETERIA - DAY

Christine talks quietly to Avery as they eat in the crowded cafeteria, surrounded by co-workers.

CHRISTINE

He's hard to read. But I can't tell if I am just nervous or the tension is mutual.

Avery lowers her voice, when mentioning David's name.

AVERY

I know David. He's not hard to read...

CHRISTINE

Oh, you "know" him?

AVERY

No... Not in the way you are thinking.

CHRISTINE

That was way too convoluted to not be revealing.

AVERY

Swear! Swear! Swear!

CHRISTINE

Sorry, you lost the case.

AVERY

No really. He's too conventional.

CHRISTINE

Oh... so he's heavy on missionary?

AVERY

I didn't sleep with him. It's just the sense I get... Maybe I am wrong. Just seems like he wants his women bred for the yacht club.

Slightly cynical, Christine half-jokes...

CHRISTINE

I like yachts. I could play good girl if I get to hang out on a yacht.

AVERY

Yeah, me too... bad analogy.

INT. LAW FIRM - EVENING

The office is almost empty. Christine gathers files from her desk, occasionally glancing up at David in his office. David signals for her to go home. Christine purposefully pretends she can't understand his gestures.

INT. LAW FIRM / DAVID'S OFFICE - EVENING

Christine peaks into David's office.

CHRISTINE

I am going to make a few copies and then go...

DAVID

Home. Just go. Advantages to West Coast officing... East Coast is asleep already.

CHRISTINE

You want anything?

DAVID

Just those copies.

CHRISTINE

Okay.

Christine starts to leave...

DAVID

But really... I know I rule with an iron fist so if you are tired then just come in early and get those finished.

CHRISTINE

I'd rather just get them out of the way now. Goodn...

David interrupts -- obviously flirting.

DAVID

Are you always such a suck up?

Christine toys with him.

CHRISTINE

Yeah. I am a big kiss ass. Night.

DAVID

Goodnight.

She closes the door, questioning herself. Maybe she shouldn't have said that?

INT. LAW FIRM / COPY ROOM - NIGHT

Avery enters and takes Christine by surprise, as she makes copies.

CHRISTINE
Fuck. You scared me. Don't do that.

AVERY
Sorry. So are you coming?

CHRISTINE
Just drinks?

AVERY
Yeah, just drinks. It's very casual. No pressure.

Avery starts to head out...

AVERY (CONT'D)
Oh, and by the way, I'm "Ashley".

CHRISTINE
"Ashley"?

AVERY
See you soon, "Chelsea"!

Avery winks and smiles as she exits.

INT. HIGH END BAR - NIGHT

High end bar. Soft lighting. Glamorous cocktail waitresses.

Christine and Avery enter and greet three execs, GARRET, CALEB and SAM, all late 40's, drinking at the bar. Garret seems to know Avery very well. It is clear that Sam and Caleb are new acquaintances.

TIME CUT TO:

Avery and Christine and the three men sit on adjacent couches. Avery is very attentive to Garret -- it seems like they are dating. Sam is focused -- VERY focused -- on Christine. Caleb stares at his phone.

CALEB
I gotta take this. It's my wife.

Caleb gets up to leave. Sam and Garret shake their heads.

SAM

He just got remarried.

GARRET

Totally whipped. It is really sweet... but really annoying. Fifty bucks says that's his French exit.

Garret whispers something into Avery's ear and she nods.

Sam puts his arm around Christine -- still casual, but definitely intimate. He leans into her ear.

SAM

You one of those girls? Needs to talk to her man every five seconds?

CHRISTINE

I guess I haven't found someone I would like to talk to every five seconds.

Sam laughs. Leans in closer. Christine allows this closeness, as they speak over the music and clatter in the bar...

SAM

He loves her and she doesn't want him to... You know...

CHRISTINE

Fraternize?

Sam laughs again. He leans in closer this time -- his nose brushing the top of Christine's ear.

SAM

Yeah. We can call it that.

Christine moves into his ear now -- she likes this tease of back and forth whispering.

CHRISTINE

How do you know Ashley?

Sam stays close.

SAM

I don't.

CHRISTINE

How long have Garret and her been--

SAM
Fraternizing?

Christine stays in close and laughs.

CHRISTINE
Yes. We guess we can call it that.

INT. HIGH END BAR / WOMEN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Avery pees in a stall, as Christine washes her hands.

AVERY
I am so glad you are here. Sam
really likes you.

CHRISTINE
Yeah. That seems to be the case.

Avery comes out of the stall and washes her hands.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
He's a patent lawyer.

AVERY
So's Garret.

CHRISTINE
Yeah, but... a little close to home
no?

Avery reaches in her purse and hands Christine some cash,
motioning quotation marks with her hands...

AVERY
"Consulting." It's just drinks. You
don't have to do anything else.

CHRISTINE
Avery... I...

AVERY
He liked you... You liked him...

CHRISTINE
Yes.

AVERY
They don't want anyone to know
either. Just enjoy yourself.

Avery walks out of the bathroom. Alone, Christine fingers through the cash - roughly counting \$600. Christine needs this money. She puts it in her purse.

She looks at herself in the bathroom mirror. Fixes her hair. Puts on lip gloss...

INT. HIGH END BAR - NIGHT

Christine becomes increasingly charged as Sam inches closer to her, whispering in her ear. She glances over as Garrett becomes increasingly intimate with Avery. Christine allows herself to feel the rush of being wanted.

SAM

Are you happy with the firm you're with?

CHRISTINE

Yes, very.

SAM

Cause I might have to steal you. I admit I'm a little jealous that you are seeking counsel from someone else.

CHRISTINE

I assure you this is much different.

SAM

How so?

CHRISTINE

Well for one, I don't whisper in my boss's ear...

SAM

It's loud in here. You want to go some place quieter?

Christine glances Avery waving to her as Sam continues to whisper in her ear. Christine interrupts him as Avery and Garret stand up.

CHRISTINE

You're leaving?

AVERY

Yeah... It's late. Garret and I are going to head out. But you stay and have fun!

Avery and Garret leave. Christine is left behind. A little scorned. A little less sure of herself without her wingman. Sam senses the shift in her demeanor.

SAM
Chelsea? You okay?

CHRISTINE
Yeah.

SAM
You want to get out of here?

The ball is in her court. Christine hesitates, unsure if she's ready to take the next step.

CHRISTINE
I still have my drink.

Christine watches as Sam throws down several hundred dollars on the bill.

INT. LAW SCHOOL / STANFORD UNIVERSITY - DAY

Christine is distracted and on edge as she files out of a class among other students.

CUT TO:

Christine walks through the crowded student center -- students studying, eating, killing time in between classes...

JAKE
Chrissy? Chrissy?

Christine turns, as Jake fights through the crowd.

JAKE (CONT'D)
How's it going?

CHRISTINE
Hey. Let me give this to you now,
while I still have it.

Christine pulls out her check book and writes a rent check.

JAKE
You okay? Haven't seen you around lately.

CHRISTINE

Yeah, I'm fine. Just trying to keep it all together. It's been pretty non-stop.

JAKE

Your loans come through?

CHRISTINE

Finally. Don't get me started. Here you go...

Christine hands him the check.

JAKE

Thanks.

CHRISTINE

Definitely cash it soon.

JAKE

Do I have to worry?

CHRISTINE

No. It'll be fine.

JAKE

Some of Stacy's friends are having a party over in Los Altos tonight? You want to come?

CHRISTINE

Does Stacy want me to come?

JAKE

Yeah, she's the one who asked. She's pretty incredible. We started to talk about our future together. I think she might be the one. It's crazy. I just met her three weeks ago.

CHRISTINE

I should start looking for a new place to live.

JAKE

What are you talking about?

CHRISTINE

Did you tell her about us?

JAKE

No. But she'll understand. It's in the past...

Christine has moved on, lost in her own thoughts. Upset, Jake stops abruptly, mid-sentence. He has had enough.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Are you listening?

CHRISTINE

Yeah, I was listening. Don't be naive.

JAKE

What's wrong with you? I got to go.

Jake walks away, leaving Christine stranded.

INT. LAW FIRM / BOARD ROOM - DAY

Christine and other interns and assistants takes notes, during a packed, senior level meeting discussing the use of pre-emptive lawsuits against one of the firm's clients.

DAVID

We just found out that Apex Software filed a preemptive lawsuit this morning in Federal court against our client, WC Music Group. To bring you all up to speed, in a clear case of copyright infringement, Apex used our client's intellectual property, the song, *Rival*, in a recent viral video promoting one of their social networking apps. We issued a cease and desist letter on March 25th, notifying them of our intention to pursue all possible avenues, only to have them file the lawsuit, asking the court to declare their use a parody and therefore, permissible under fair use.

David continues as he plays the viral video on a monitor.

DAVID (CONT'D)

According to the Supreme Court, in Campbell versus Acuff-Rose Music, Inc., 1993, parody is a "literary or artistic work that imitates the characteristic style of an author or a work for comic effect or ridicule" In what world does this constitute a parody?

There is nothing humorous in the spot. No one responds.

DAVID (CONT'D)

So why did Apex file suit?

The room is silent.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Anyone?

Christine speaks up. Others turn to face her, shocked to hear an intern voice an opinion.

CHRISTINE

Apex is three years old. Their total worldwide sales last year was under \$5 million. 4.78 million.

DAVID

Meaning?

CHRISTINE

It's very possible the lawsuit is solely meant to generate publicity. Create brand awareness.

DAVID

Cheaper than advertising.

David locks eyes with Christine, momentarily, and smiles warmly, signalling his approval. We linger on Christine. She seems happy on the surface, but she is distant. Preoccupied.

INT. MOVING ELEVATOR / LAW FIRM - DAY

Christine has a panic attack in the elevator. She desperately tries to hide her anxiety from her co-workers.

Christine rushes out, of the elevator, as soon as it stops. One of the lawyers present in the Apex Software meeting, (JENNY FISHER) 30s, also getting off, comes to her aide.

FISHER

Are you okay?

CHRISTINE

Yes. I'm fine.

FISHER

Are you sure?

CHRISTINE

I'm fine.

Christine takes a breath.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

I'm fine.

FISHER

Do you want to sit down? Or some water?

CHRISTINE

No. I'm fine. Really. I was just short of breath. I'm good. Thanks. Thank you.

Steeling herself, Christine presses the elevator button, smiling at Fisher as Fisher walks away, still concerned.

INT. LAW FIRM -- DAY

The firm bustles with activity. Christine feigns researching various legal briefs on her computer as she looks at Avery's GFE/Luxury Escort web site: "Ashley Greene":

Christine clicks through the suggestive, semi-naked photos. The images are clearly of Avery, even though her face is consistently cropped just below her eyes.

Christine clicks on the "gift" section and looks at Avery's rates, which start in the thousands of dollars.

There is an accompanying list of luxury goods -- suggestions for clients who want to "spoil" her.

Christine notices several phrases: "exclusive", "play" and "discretion". She sees that "Ashley" is available for "men, women and couples".

Suddenly, Susan approaches her desk:

SUSAN

Can you take these over to Fisher's office?

Christine immediately clicks on a document, covering the Avery's web site, before Susan notices.

CHRISTINE

Yeah. Sure.

SUSAN

Thanks.

Christine gets up as Susan walks away.

INT. COMPANY CAFETERIA - DAY

The scene opens mid-action. Christine pries for information about Avery's experience as a GFE provider as they have lunch. They speak in slight code, surrounded by co-workers.

AVERY

I don't "consult" that many clients. A few a month. It's not something I want to make into a career, but I actually enjoy it. I like meeting new people and I like to "consult" so...

CHRISTINE

And you meet your clients through... Jacquelin... Is that her name?

Avery clocks Christine's intense curiosity.

AVERY

Most of them. Jacquelin, yeah. She takes care of the bookings. I can introduce you, if you want. You'd like her.

CHRISTINE

Introduce me? You mean, she'll interview me.

Avery continues -- seeing part of herself in Christine.

AVERY

Yeah, but of course she'll want to book for you. That's a given. Your smart, hot and funny.

(MORE)

AVERY (CONT'D)

That's not a problem. You just have to want to do it.

A couple of CO-WORKERS sitting beside Christine and Avery look over. Christine looks down. Avery doesn't miss a beat. She uses her confidence as cover.

AVERY (CONT'D)

Just imagine yourself in different situations, with different clients, and imagine how you'd react to them.

Avery reassures Christine about her reservation - *the reservation*:

AVERY (CONT'D)

At the end of the day, if you don't "get along" with a client, you can just move on.

Avery leans in close to Christine.

AVERY (CONT'D)

I get off on it... The rush, all the attention, knowing he wants me, the build up, then the money... And all you really have to do is listen.

CHRISTINE (MOUTHING THE WORDS
SILENTLY)

And fuck.

AVERY

"Consult".

Avery nods, smiling, savoring the moment. Knowing she has hooked Christine.

INT. LAW FIRM - EVENING

The firm starts to empty out, Christine stares at an image of Avery on Avery's GFE web site, on her computer.

She focuses on one phrase, in particular: "occasional activity for me."

Christine decides.

INT. HIGH END BAR - NIGHT

Later that night, after work, Christine returns alone to the same high-end bar she went to with Avery.

Christine feels an initial rush of euphoria as she unbuttons a top button of her blouse and approaches a successful looking EXECUTIVE, late 40s, sitting at the bar.

We focus on Christine -- we are with her, in her world -- as she controls the encounter.

CHRISTINE

Is someone sitting here?

EXECUTIVE

No, please...

CHRISTINE

Are you waiting for someone?

EXECUTIVE

No, I'm here alone. On business.
You know... The standard.

CHRISTINE

Where are you from?

EXECUTIVE

New York. And you?

CHRISTINE

Chicago. The suburbs. I've been
here a while, though. Law school.

EXECUTIVE

Where?

CHRISTINE

Stanford.

EXECUTIVE

That's impressive.

The bartender approaches.

CHRISTINE

What are you having?

EXECUTIVE

A Barolo. It's excellent. I highly
recommend it.

CHRISTINE
Sounds good.

Christine watches the executive as he orders her a drink.

EXECUTIVE (TO THE BARTENDER)
Another glass of Barolo. It's on
me.

The executive leans into Christine:

EXECUTIVE (CONT'D)
You have beautiful eyes. What's
your name?

Excited, she smiles at him, drawing him in.

CHRISTINE
Chelsea.

INT. HOTEL / (MOVING) ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Christine focuses on the executive as she gets off the elevator and follows him. We are with her, in the moment, as she becomes increasingly charged.

EXECUTIVE
After you...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The executive and Christine enter his hotel suite.

EXECUTIVE
Make yourself comfortable.

Christine takes off her coat and sits down on the couch. The executive pours them both a drink and sits down beside her.

EXECUTIVE (CONT'D)
Vodka?

CHRISTINE
Sure. Why not?

EXECUTIVE
Come here...

They start to make out. The camera zeros in on Christine, as she overcomes any final hesitancy and becomes increasingly aroused and intimate with the man.

TIME CUT TO:

Christine straddles the executive as they fuck.

CHRISTINE
Do you like that?

EXECUTIVE
Yeah.

Christine's eyes come alive as she feels an overwhelming rush of control.

CUT TO 9 MONTHS LATER:

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - DAY

Christine notices a BUSINESSMAN, late 40s, having lunch with two other executives, staring at her from across the room.

Martin sees a brief flicker of recognition in Christine's face.

MARTIN
Do you know him?

CHRISTINE
No.

Christine smiles at Martin, covering up instantaneously. Their WAITER appears at their table.

WAITER
Would you care for anything else?

MARTIN
Would you?

CHRISTINE
No, thank you.

MARTIN
Just the check.

WAITER
Certainly.

The waiter leaves.

MARTIN

I don't see the upside. Even if they settle to sweep it under the rug, it can still bring a lot of unwanted attention. It'll become public record and people will assume the worse of both parties.

CHRISTINE

You really think I don't know that?

MARTIN

It's my job to give you my professional opinion.

CHRISTINE

They're accountable, just like everyone else. If they want to get rid of me, they'll have to pay.

The waiter returns and places the check on the table.

WAITER

Thank you. Have a great afternoon.

Martin reaches for the check. Christine cuts him off.

CHRISTINE

I got it.

EXT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - DAY

The businessman catches Christine as she heads towards the valet parking.

BUSINESSMAN

Chelsea...

Christine turns. Her demeanor changes instantly to warmth.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)

Hey...

CHRISTINE

Jeremy... Hi. I was going to come over, but you had company.

BUSINESSMAN

Thanks for being discreet. You look beautiful.

CHRISTINE

Thanks.

BUSINESSMAN

I'd love to see you sometime.

CHRISTINE

I'd like that. How long are you in town?

BUSINESSMAN

Until Thursday. I missed seeing you.

CHRISTINE

Me, too.

BUSINESSMAN

Okay. I'll let you go. I'll call you.

Christine leaves as he re-enters the restaurant.

INT. CAR - DAY

Christine's mind races as she drives her expensive sports car.

INT. CHRISTINE'S APARTMENT - DAY

The camera finds Christine on the phone in her apartment -- a expansive three-bedroom unit in a luxury, modern high-rise -- as she plays a video on her laptop.

CHRISTINE (ON THE PHONE)

I'm uploading it now...

The edited footage has been shot from several hidden vantage points inside a luxury hotel suite at night:

Christine and a man (JACK), early 30s, can be seen engaging in various explicit sexual acts. The man's face has been blurred. He can be heard talking to her, while fucking:

JACK

You like getting paid for sex.
Don't you? It turns you on. Getting paid.

Christine hits enter on her computer and continues watching the video as the upload completes.

END OF EPISODE