

HAUS OF **BOOL** **AWESOME TV SHOW**

BY
DIANA LEVY

"You can walk through a wall when you don't know it's there."

- Natasha Case, CEO & Co-Founder of CoolHaus

"FAIL FAST"

INT. ARCHITECTURE OFFICE - AFTERNOON

It's 1984 meets the trading floor of the Stock Exchange. Rows upon rows of ZOMBIES AT DESKS, sketching frantically. It's totally silent, besides the scribbles of pencil to paper.

REVEAL: ONE EMPTY DESK.

A thunderous sound from the back as the DOOR OPENS.

ENTER: BECCA CAPLAN (25), an avante-garde "good girl," who is privileged enough to find rebellion against corporate America by wearing a vintage kimono instead of a J. Crew blazer.

She is CARRYING A TRAY stacked with ICE CREAM SAMMIES.

Becca starts placing a SAMMIE on every Zombie's desk.

BECCA

Here. Have one of these. Richard
Meier Lemon ice cream sandwich.

One by one, the Zombies take a bite, as Becca moves up the rows.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Meyer Lemon ice cream with ginger
molasses cookies. One for you...

She turns around to address the group.

BECCA (CONT'D)

If we're going to win this museum
bid, we must be inspired by the
best modern museums. Am I right?

The Zombies start to smile as they tear into the sammies.

BECCA (CONT'D)

And who's better at modern museums
than Richard Meier? (calling out)
Amiright?!

The Zombies nod and chew while MORPHING into human artists.

BECCA (CONT'D)

We got MACBA, The Getty...

ZOMBIE 1

High Museum of Art in Atlanta!

Becca shoots her fingers in the direction of the Zombie 1.

BECCA
YES! Grab another sammie.

Becca takes a dramatic pause, the Artists hang on every word.

BECCA (CONT'D)
Look at us all locked up, throwing
our work in the garbage day after
day. That's not architecture!
Architecture is about bringing
special ingredients together to
create a place in the world.

Feeling the momentum, Becca throws her arms in the air.

BECCA (CONT'D)
Like an ice cream sandwich! That's
why, when you really think about
it, *food is architecture.*

Zombie/ Artists CHEER: fully human, fully free, fully woke.

BECCA (CONT'D)
It's Farchitecture!

The Artists APPLAUD and HOLLER, like a rallying cry.

Then SILENCE! Becca's Boss APPEARS.

BOSS
My. Office. Now.

The Artists SNAP BACK TO ZOMBIES as Becca follows her Boss.

INT. FISHBOWL GLASS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Type of office where nothing is comfortable and everything is breakable. The Boss and Becca sit across from each other.

BOSS
Your attempt at starting a
revolution is undermining the work
ethic of my employees.

BECCA
I'm not undermining, I'm inspiring!

BOSS
With ice cream sandwiches.

BECCA

Technically, my manifesto is
Farchitecture. Food plus
architecture. Makes architecture
more approachable, less elitist.

BOSS

Well, did you finish the model for
today's presentation?

BECCA

So funny, ready? My dog ate it.

BOSS

(fed up) That's it. You're done.

BECCA

You're telling me. I spent all
night at the vet! I left Sir Dudley
Majoribanks and the seven-layer,
chocolate cake model unattended and
he went and ate the entire garage.
Thankfully he's ok. I'll have a new
model Monday. Promise.

BOSS

I'm sorry, but you're tardy every
day. You derail my employees. Your
projects are always overdue. And
every bogus excuse makes me either
feel old or crazy.

BECCA

You're not old.

BOSS

You may have been voted best
bullshit artist in high school--

BECCA

(sheepishly) College.

BOSS

But in the real world, time is
money, and you cost too much.
You're fired.

BECCA

What?!

SMASH TO TITLES...

ACT ONE**INT. BECCA'S PARENTS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING**

The walls are lined with Becca's TRI-ATHALON AWARDS, ACADEMIC AWARDS, and A BLUE-RIBBONED BURNED SCIENCE PROJECT.

Becca is lying on the SECTIONAL COUCH next to her parents NANCY (late 50s) and BILL (early 60s), and their GOLDEN RETRIEVER, SIR DUDLEY MAJORIBANKS, watching THE GREAT BRITISH BAKE OFF and eating ice cream.

Nancy is the type of Jewish Mom that seems a little Long Island-y, despite never having been. Bill is a laid back, professorial type, whose leftover ear piercing suggests a former flare from the 90s.

They SNORE as Becca reaches her spoon into their bowl.

Becca's phone RINGS and she JUMPS. Her parents barely stir as she slips into

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

BECCA
(into phone) I'm busy.

INT. KC's TEENY TINY BATHROOM - INTERCHANGE

The type of bathroom where you can pee, wash your hands, and take a shower at the same time.

KC (26) is a party girl/valedictorian type. Her penchant for crop tops leads people to write her off.

SMH, their fault for not understanding new age feminism.

KC
You smell like sad air, I can tell.

BECCA
Yeah, well, I'm eating my feelings.

REVEAL: KC's on the sink tweezing undesirable nipple hairs.

KC
Let's do a Girls' Night tonight!

BECCA
'Girls Night' means acting like
your lesbian-fetishized wing woman.

KC

Sean already agreed to do that.
Come on! I need an infamy night.
One we won't forget.

BECCA

Last time you said that, I ended up
in the ER after running up a down
escalator in your clogs.

KC

And thankfully, you haven't worn
clogs since! See, this could be
just like that: a night that
changes your life forever.

BECCA

That never happens.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

AERIAL night-scapes of the city. Not palm trees, walk of
fame, Rodeo Drive -- no, that's old LA.

ZOOM IN ON...

EXT. ABBOT KINNEY - VENICE - NIGHT

This is new LA.

MONTAGE OVER THREE STRIPS OF SPLIT SCREEN:

Flagship stores celebrate openings, as neighborhood gems
mourn their closings. A place where valets are for bikes, not
cars; where the best meals are served from a truck with no
seating.

EXT. FOOD TRUCK LOT - ABBOT KINNEY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

AERIAL SHOT of FOOD TRUCKS running parallel underneath the
palm-lined boulevard with Edison lights.

ZOOM IN as PEOPLE take photos with CHEFS. *New age autograph.*

EXT. PALMS BOULEVARD - ABBOT KINNEY - CONTINUOUS

TALA ESTRADA (26) emerges out of an UBER. She slams the door
and puts her GOLD VANS HIGH TOP on the curb, her TIGHT VELVET
PANTS splitting from CROTCH TO BUTT.

TALA

Really??? I just bought these.

UBER DRIVER
(out the window) Nice ass!

She turns back around, pissed, but the Uber is gone.

TALA
Thanks, dick. I'll skip the tip.

Tala is the daughter of divorced immigrants, meaning she has an unshakable determination for success/ fear of failure.

A BURNING MAN HIPPIE walks by Tala, in ASS-LESS CHAPS made from raw Indian silk.

TALA (CONT'D)
Same, bro, same.

Tala shakes off her insecurity, MARCHING towards the TRUCKS.

EXT. WEST SIDE OF FOOD TRUCK AREA - CONTINUOUS

Becca, with a small COOLER LUNCH BAG, struggles whimsically through the CROWDS.

KC and SEAN (27) stand in THE CHURRO TRUCK line. Becca WAVES but they don't see her, their heads down in phones.

KC
You have so many matches. How's that possible?

SEAN
Honey, you know I check *all* boxes.

Sean is a social media wiz kid, whose fluid sexuality makes him a magnet for any gay crusader or insecure fashion girl.

KC
I think I'm going to stop wearing bras. All together.

SEAN
(dead pan) Me too.

KC
I'm serious. There was a 15-year study done at a university in France that says bras actually make women's breasts saggier.

SEAN
I take it the study on climate change was taken.

KC
15 years ago? Probably not.

Tala ARRIVES from the other side and sees KC and Sean, but they don't see her either.

TALA
(waving) Hel-lo!

The screen DIVIDES into **SPLIT SCREEN:**

Becca and TALA waving in each half.

Becca notices Tala WAVING at her, but Becca doesn't recognize her. Becca looks around, someone behind her? No one.

BECCA
(mouthing to Tala) Me?

Tala keeps WAVING. Becca WAVES BACK. They walk toward each other, eyes LOCKED.

SLOW-MO:

- A TODDLER THROWS HER HOT DOG IN THE AIR IN A FIT
- A MOB OF CHINESE TOURISTS WITH SELFIE STICKS
- A SHIRTLESS ROLLER-BLADER IN A NEON HEADDRESS BLADES BY

As Becca and Tala get closer to Sean and KC, Sean and KC WAVE but Becca and Tala no longer see them.

Becca and Tala are finally FACING EACH OTHER, a la *RULES OF ATTRACTION*. The screen moves back to:

SINGLE SCREEN:

EXT. FOOD TRUCK LOT - CHURRO TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

When Sean JUMPS out with his phone, startling Becca and Tala.

SEAN
Smile for the fans!

Becca and Tala put their faces together.

FREEZE FRAME as Sean SNAPS a pic.

Becca pulls out an ICE CREAM SAMMIE from the bag.

BECCA
Richard Meier Lemon Ice Cream
Sandwich?

Sean SNATCHES the sammie first, breaking their gaze.

SEAN
Mmmm, yes... Who's Richard Meier?

BECCA
(to Sean) You know the Getty?

TALA
(also to Sean) He was the
architect.

Becca's face LIGHTS UP, glowing from Tala's celestial aura.

TALA (CONT'D)
(to Becca) We share the same alma
mater.

BECCA
We do? How do you know where I went
to school?

TALA
No. Me and Meier.

BECCA
(dying on the inside) Riiiiight.

KC nuzzles Becca's HEAD into her boobs.

KC
Becca this is Tala.

Becca removes her head and gives a self-conscious WAVE.

KC (CONT'D)
(to Tala) Becca and I were
roommates in under-grad. (to Becca)
You've been so MIA, I was beginning
to think you might actually have a
real girlfriend. (to Tala) Becca's
this lesbian, triathlete,
architect, goddess type. (to Becca)
And so is Tala. Well, not a lesbian
but a goddess for sure. A CEO type
of goddess.

Becca and Tala's EYES LOCK and KC sees their connection.

KC (CONT'D)

Now that I think of it, you two
have your life together more than
any of my other friends.

Becca hands them a sammie and Tala immediately takes a bite.

TALA

Holy shit, what is this?

BECCA

Architecturally inspired, gourmet,
artisanal, ice cream sandwiches.

TALA

Doing the Fail Fast thing. Respect.

RECORD SCRATCH. Back to Earth.

BECCA

I'm not failing! Fast or slow.

TALA

(laughing) Relax. It's a business
term. Putting your product out
there to learn what works and what
doesn't quickly. I just assumed you
were doing that.

BECCA

This isn't a business. This is just
an embarrassingly expensive hobby.
Which I could *maybe* parlay into an
ice cream Instagram account.

TALA

Well, I think it's a business.

BECCA

You do?

KC

See? It's no wonder the universe
brought you here.

TALA

You brought us here.

KC SMILES, accepting the suggestion that she's the Universe.

KC

That's right!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. THE BRIG - DANCE FLOOR - LATER THAT NIGHT

They ALL have a PAIR OF TEQUILA SHOTS over vibrating music.

KC (CONT'D)
(screaming) Girls' Night!

They KNOCK THEM back. Left first, then right. Becca WINCES.

KC (CONT'D)
K, I'm done. I just wanted to do
the scream thing. Let's go home.

Becca, Tala and Sean's EYE ROLL IN UNISON.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. KC AND SEAN'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

They're drunk. KC fixes drinks, Sean makes quesadillas, and Becca and Tala are on the floor around the coffee table.

Becca rolls a JOINT, filling the paper with ground up weed.

BECCA
(re: split pants) Cute undies.

TALA
Oh fuck.

Tala drunkenly drops her head DOWN between her legs, then shoots her head UP, mortified.

TALA (CONT'D)
I'm wearing period underwear.

BECCA
It happens.

TALA
I don't even have my period.

Tala NODS IN SHAME as Becca LIFTS her underwear up from the top of her jeans. SAME PAIR.

BECCA
Like I said. Cute.

Tala LAUGHS too hard and BLOWS the ground up weed *everywhere*. New age Annie Hall.

TALA
Wow, I am so uncool--

But Tala loses her train of thought as she watches Becca's tongue glide along the paper.

BECCA
There's extra. I'm always extra.

EXT. KC'S PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Old beer cans and half-filled ashtrays surround Tala and Becca as they sit with their backs to the walls passing the joint back and forth.

BECCA
It's called twanning.

Off Tala, confused--

BECCA (CONT'D)
What happened in there with the undies. It's when two girlfriends start dressing alike. Twat twins. Twanning.

TALA
I've never had a twan.

BECCA
Me neither.

Tala SMILES and hands Becca the joint.

TALA
I'm in love with those sammies.
They're so cool. Are you a baker?

Becca gets cold, remember her new work status.

BECCA
I guess I'm an architect.

TALA
You guess? I love architecture.

BECCA
(covering up) Yeah, well, my dad's an architect.

TALA
I bet those skills help in making your ice cream sammies too.

BECCA
Exactly! So you're smart and cool.

TALA

I *did* go to a porn convention at
the Expo center with Sean.

Tala sneaks a hopeful look for an impressed reaction.

BECCA

I love that place. Did you get
anything?

TALA

(self-conscious) A hair
straightener.

BECCA

(flirty) You're so controversial.

Tala sits closer to Becca as she passes her the joint.

TALA

So if you were to make me a sammie,
what would it be?

BECCA

What was your favorite dish as a
kid?

TALA

(challenging) Dinuguan. Vietnamese
Pig-Blood stew.

BECCA

I'd probably do... a vanilla base
with the pig's blood and add
candied bacon. Vo-nilla Candied
Bacon. After Vo Trong Nghia.

TALA

One of the most successful
architects in Vietnam. Nice.
And what's the CPU on those?

Greek to Becca. Then Tala takes a big INHALE.

TALA (CONT'D)

Cost per unit? Money for supplies?

BECCA

I dunno. 50 bucks at Whole Foods?

Tala COUGHS HARD then coats her throat by CHUGGING her beer.

TALA

Have you ever started a business?

BECCA

Have you?

TALA

No, but I grew up in a gang. That's a business.

BECCA

A gang?? Really?

TALA

Can't vote.

BECCA

(jaw dropping) No!

TALA

Can't drive down Crenshaw.

BECCA

My mom's friend just bought a house there!

TALA

I'm kidding. I'm not a felon. The gang stuff is real though. I got the name Lil' Mischief after giving shwag weed a sales boost with a more marketable street name: Girl Scout Cookies.

BECCA

I love Girl Scout Cookies. Both kinds. Samoas are my favorite. (then) So, senior year thesis/ black market drug dealing, how would you turn this into a business?

TALA

Check it. Overhead on food trucks is cheap. Buy some shit van, make it dope, build a cool brand and drive around selling ice cream sandwiches.

BECCA

(unconvinced) With Dinuguan-flavored ice cream.

TALA

What's cooler than that?

Tala pulls out her PHONE and starts searching Craigslist.

TALA (CONT'D)
I bet we could buy a truck right
now if we really wanted.

Becca sticks out her hand to Tala, who stares at it confused.

BECCA
Let's make a bet: become the next
Ben and Jerry.

TALA
Fuck those guys. Let's be the first
Becca and Tala instead.

BECCA
I never thought of it that way.

TALA
I got it from the Katy Perry
documentary.

They SHAKE HANDS, then Tala's back in her phone, while Becca
admires her multi-tasking.

TALA (CONT'D)
No doors, \$2,500. \$500 deposit up
front. Boom! (reading from phone)
Hey man. Just venmo-ed deposit.
I'll pay \$1500 max on the
difference.

BECCA
He could say no!

TALA
In any good negotiation, you have
to be prepared to walk away.

Tala presses SEND and looks up to Becca, nose to nose.

TALA (CONT'D)
Done. Plus, I like a little
dramatic flair.

BECCA
Me too.

Becca leans in and **KISSES** Tala! SPARKS FLY into the night
sky, exploding into ANIMATED ICE CREAM SAMMIES. Ice cream
sandwich supernovas.

Off Tala-- WOAHH.

ACT TWO**INT. KC AND SEAN'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING**

Becca wakes up SMILING, lying on the floor in spare blankets and couch pillows. She turns over but Tala's gone.

Becca reaches for her phone.

CLOSE UP on Becca's PHONE: TEXT FROM TALA ESTRADA

PHOTO OF A BAGEL with the caption, *"I had to bounce, sorry. But! I found my only cure for a hangover."*

Becca takes A SELFIE. SNAP, SNAP, SNAP of odd, sexy poses with a HALF EMPTY BEER BOTTLE.

BECCA
(to herself) Flir-xting is so embarrassing.

Becca presses SEND.

The text floats out be labeled, DELIVERED as the screen DIVIDES into

SPLIT SCREEN:

Becca stares at the phone, waiting for BUBBLES as...

EXT. TALA'S MOM'S DRIVEWAY - SAME TIME

Tala waits by the Volvo, phone in hand, when a TEXT appears.

She opens it up and sees the PICTURE of Becca and her beer then HIDES her phone, leaving the message unanswered.

SMASH CUT TO:

SINGLE SCREEN:

A MALE VOICE comes from behind.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
You ready, baby?

PULL OUT AND REVEAL: **TALA'S BOYFRIEND!**

... As he KISSES her neck.

DEREK NGUYEN (26) is the tender, sweet, college boyfriend, who looks like he's holding out hope of "filling out."

He assists Tala's mom, CHARISSE (50s), the tiny tyrant type, into the backseat.

DEREK

(to Tala) No phones, ok? You had a late night last night. Let's just go to church and be present.

TALA

Sure. On one condition... (sweetly)
This is the only time I'm going to church this weekend.

Derek LAUGHS.

DEREK

Talk to your mom.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. WHOLE FOODS - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Becca tenderly grabs lemons, pomegranates but there's something about the grapefruit that reminds her about last night.

She checks her phone: no texts, calls, or DMs. Nada.

On Becca's face: happy, nervous, embarrassed.

She SMACKS her forehead in shame as she presses play on *This American Life Episode #533*, "It's Not the Product, It's the Person," and puts on headphones.

IRA GLASS (V.O.)

Super Business Girl is a thing.
It's a website that sells candles.

ASIA NEWSOM (V.O.)

(singing) *Super business girl,*
girl, girl, girl, girl, girl--

People STARE as Becca GROOVES through the aisles.

INT. TALA'S MOM'S VOLVO - SAME TIME

Derek is driving, Charisse is in the backseat, and Tala is staring outside the passenger WINDOW.

Her phone BEEPS and she quickly CHECKS IT.

CLOSE UP: TEXT from TRUCK OWNER

"Got your deposit. Come get her Monday. \$1500 on arrival."

Tala's EYES GET BIG. Shit.

DEREK
(re: phone) Babe...

TALA
It's work. Sorry, it'll be quick!

Tala SCREENSHOTS the message from the Truck Owner and sends it to Becca with the TEXT:

"I put a deposit on a truck last night??? Did I at least try to negotiate?"

Tala sends the message to Becca as the SCREEN DIVIDES.

SPLIT SCREEN:

INT. WHOLE FOODS - COFFEE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Becca waits patiently next to YOGA PANT AFICIONADOS when she hears a BEEP SOUND from her phone: It's Tala.

She reads the text, wiggling her mouth, determining a response:

"Heart eye emoji" OR "shocked/ blushing emoji."

Another TEXT FROM TALA APPEARS.

"So I guess we're picking her up on Monday."

Becca smiles with relief and TEXTS back: *"Thumbs up"* emoji.

Becca shares A CALENDAR INVITE with Tala:

"Pick up truck."

BARISTA (O.S.)
Camel milk latte for Becca.

The Yoga Pant Aficionados ogle Becca's order as she EXITS.

INT. TALA'S MOM'S VOLVO - SAME TIME

Tala's head is in her phone when the TEXT BEEP goes off and then the CALENDAR BEEP goes off too.

DEREK
I told you--

Tala's eyes are down in her phone.

TALA
I know, I know...

She puts her phone down and STARES back outside.

EXT. WHOLE FOODS PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

As Becca walks to her car, when her phone BEEPS again.

Becca checks it and sees TALA ESTRADA ACCEPTED INVITE.

BECCA
(singing loudly) *Super business
girl, girl, girl, girl, girl, girl!*

Becca dances her HALF SCREEN OFF as we REVERT BACK TO:

SINGLE SCREEN:**INT. TALA'S MOM'S VOLVO - SAME TIME**

Tala looks over to Derek. She stares at him objectively, like a piece of furniture she's unsure if she wants to keep.

DEREK
Why are you looking at me like
that?

TALA
I don't know.

Derek TURNS on the RADIO to break the silence but Tala leans forward and SLAMS the button, turning it off.

TALA (CONT'D)
I have a headache.

The car slows down on the side of the road.

DEREK

Well, cheer up. We're not going to church. I have a surprise for you. For both of you.

He smiles at Tala then gives Charisse a WINK. Something's up.

CUT TO:

INT. BECCA'S PARENTS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Becca pulls out the KITCHEN AID MIXERS and INGREDIENTS from this Nancy Meyers-inspired kitchen.

Bill and Nancy ENTER, Bill has one arm around Nancy and one arm around a copy of ARCHITECTURAL DIGEST.

BILL

When are you restarting the demo model? It's due Monday!

BECCA

(lying) Yeah, uh, I'm just getting in the zone, getting the creative juices flowing. No pun intended.

NANCY

This is an expensive hobby, you know. Between the grocery bills and nearly killing Dudley. If you put an ounce of the same energy into your job, you could be a lead designer in no time.

BECCA

You're right. Thank you. Seriously. I love you both so much.

Becca looks in cabinets for ingredients/ change the subject.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Do we have any pig's blood?

NANCY

Pig's blood? Why do you want Pig's blood? You're Jewish.

BECCA

I'm open-minded.

Then a lightbulb: Becca takes a PHOTO of the ingredients with the CAPTION: "Got blood?"

She's WINCES as she PRESSES SEND.

She's now almost manic from the unprompted PHOTO text and lying to her parents.

BECCA (CONT'D)
I'll make them Kosher!

Nancy and Bill STARE at their Becca like she's an alien.

BILL
What's gotten into you?

BECCA
I'm onto something here with these
ice cream sammies.

NANCY
Last time you said that you stopped
shaving your armpits and started
making hemp necklaces.

BECCA
My Ani DiFranco phase is so over.

INT. TALA'S MOM'S VOLVO - VENTURA BOULEVARD - CONTINUOUS

The car is now fully pulled over on the side of the road.

DEREK
Look, babe, look!

He points out the window to a BILLBOARD: A PHOTOSHOPPED SIGN
OF DEREK AND TALA CRADLING A TINY HOME LIKE A BABY.

The sign reads:

THE PAIR THAT CARES

TALA
What the fuck is that?

DEREK
I photoshopped our real estate
agent portraits together.

CHARISSE
I love it! My daughter on a
billboard. Anything can happen in
America!

TALA
Good for you, Ma. (to Derek) How
could you do this without asking?

She leans into the windshield for a closer look.

TALA (CONT'D)
Did you photoshop my chin?

DEREK
Only to make our faces fit better.

TALA
Well they don't. Where are these posted?

DEREK
LA County.

TALA
The entire county! Everyone's going to see this!

That means Becca.

DEREK
Exactly! We could have our own show one day. Like Flip or Flop.

TALA
Aren't they getting divorced?

WIDE SHOT: Derek takes both of TALA'S HANDS over the center console and forces his eyes to lock with hers.

Charisse's face is perfectly FRAMED between them.

DEREK
Tala, we've been together for six years and you've been so patient.

CHARISSE
It's happening! Let me get my camera.

She pulls out her phone but struggles to turn on the camera.

Derek takes a RING BOX out of his pocket.

DEREK
Which brings me to my next surprise.

CHARISSE
Wait, wait, wait--

Charisse sets the camera perfectly between them as Tala starts fanning herself, trying to cool down.

TALA

Jesus.

CHARISSE

It's jeez!

DEREK

(clears his throat) I can't imagine
life without you, Tala. Will you do
me the honor of being my work wife
for life? Will you marry me?

Tala is stunned. Charisse CRIES tears of joy.

CHARISSE

First daughter to go to college.
First daughter to have a wedding.
This is what I came here for. Thank
you, Jesus!

A SEMI-TRUCK HONKS at their precarious location.

Charisse throws TWO MIDDLE FINGERS UP IN THE AIR.

Tala watches Charisse, then looks to the BILLBOARD and back
to Derek, SMILING with a RING.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BECCA'S PARENTS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Becca is at the last stage of the sandwich construction,
figuring out the perfect tilt for the top layer cookie.

She checks her PHONE for messages. Nothing.

Becca moves into the camera and starts SNAPPING PHOTOS.

Theater for no one.

Bill and Nancy RE-ENTER with a GIFT.

NANCY

Bex. You got a sec?

Bill hands her the gift and she unwraps it: A MONOGRAMMED
MOLESKIN with Becca's initials. It's beautiful.

BILL

Every architect needs one of these.
It will help keep you organized.
Get your thoughts on a page instead
of a plate.

BECCA
(confessing) Dad--

NANCY
Then maybe you'll avoid becoming
the most over-educated art
counselor at Camp Monahaka.

They HUG her and we see a tormented Becca, looking guilty,
when the door RINGS. Saved by the bell.

INT. BECCA'S PARENTS' HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Becca opens the door and Tala is standing on the other side.
Becca looks relieved more than surprised.

BECCA
What are you doing here?

TALA
I have your address, remember? We
exchanged numbers, home address,
socials, even Twitter handles. In
case of--

BECCA TALA (CONT'D)
(remembering) The Apocalypse. The Apocalypse.

Tala shows off a giant plastic bag of PIG'S BLOOD.

TALA (CONT'D)
I got an ISO for Pig's blood.

BECCA
Come in.

Tala ENTERS and Becca closes the door as they head into

INT. BECCA'S PARENTS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Becca and Tala ENTER as Nancy ELBOW NUDGES Bill.

Becca walks in like Vanna White presenting Tala.

BECCA
Mom, Dad, this is Tala. We met last
night. She's my new business
partner. We're starting an ice
cream truck together!

It's one sucker punch after another for Bill and Nancy.

BILL
So the ice cream sandwiches are not
just a hobby?

NANCY
And she's a lesbian?

Nancy and Bob look at each other, fearful.

NANCY (CONT'D)
I knew we should have waited on the
moleskin. And it's monogrammed...

Sensing the tension, Tala comes to Becca's defense.

TALA
Don't worry. At *Cornell*, we learned
the business planning stage is most
important and to take our time.

Nancy and Bill suddenly look relieved.

TALA (CONT'D)
And no, I'm not a lesbian.

Sting for Becca. Ding ding for Nancy.

NANCY
Cornell? Really? Nice to meet you,
Tala.

BILL
Well then. We're going for a walk
to quiz each other on the Latin
names of flowers in the
neighborhood!

They EXIT. Tala and Becca are alone again. AUDIBLE EXHALES.

Tala notices the ice cream SAMMIES on the counter.

BECCA
Wow, you really turned that around.

TALA
The Cornell card is a major parent-
panty-dropper. (re: pig's blood) Am
I too late?

BECCA
You didn't have to come.

Tala sets the BLOOD BAG on the counter.

TALA

You were posting videos making my
favorite cookies with a pouty face.

CLOSE UP: Becca puts her face close to the batch of sammies
and Tala follows, like little girls peering into a dollhaus.

BECCA

Vietnamese coconut cookies and
vanilla blood ice cream with
candied bacon. Working on the
cookie tilt. I want it to look like
an actual house.

Tala picks one up and gently pushes one end of the top cookie
DOWN, sending the other end UP AT AN ANGLE.

Classic Coolhaus.

TALA

Like that?

Exactly like that.

Tala and Becca's eyes MEET. The tension could be cut with...

Tala's teeth BITING into the sandwich.

That's when Becca notices the ENGAGEMENT RING on Tala's hand.

BECCA

That wasn't there last night.

Tala drops her hand as Becca nervously STARTS the faucet.

TALA

Listen... You're cool and smart and
this business is going to be huge.
I can't wait to do it with you.

Becca opens the faucet more, so the sound is louder.

TALA (CONT'D)

But it's important you know I have
a boyfriend, who, today, became my
fiancé. And, yes, you're the first
person I wanted to tell--

Becca STOPS the water and turns to look at Tala.

BECCA

I'm the first person you told?

TALA
Besides my mom but she was in the car.

BECCA
Where? The backseat?

TALA
Yeah, actually. But that's besides the point. Because the other point-- the more important point-- is that whatever happened between us last night... it can't happen again.

Tala stares across at Becca standing up against the SINK.
They throw their arms around each other and MAKE OUT.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BECCA'S PARENTS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - 18 MINUTES LATER

Becca and Tala sit on the tile floor. Shirts ON, pants OFF.

TALA
Ok, so starting now this can't happen again.

Tala expects a laugh but Becca's surprisingly solemn.

BECCA
You're right. It can't. I've been a Gateway Girlfriend, or lesbian experiment to a girl with a boyfriend she doesn't love, far too many times. I went to Berkeley--

TALA
(defensive) I love him.

They both pull up their pants when Tala reaches for her shoes.

BECCA
Those are mine.

REVEAL: TWO PAIRS OF IDENTICAL CONVERSE

TALA
You're an 8.5 too?

It's cute until Becca notices BLOOD on the floor. PIG'S BLOOD!

BECCA
Shit. Shit. Shit. My parents are
going to kill me.

TALA
I'll help. What are twat twins for?

Becca watches Tala grabs paper towels, take off her
ENGAGEMENT RING and wrap it in towel.

Protecting it. Respecting it. Tala and Becca's eyes LOCK.

BECCA
I think you should go.

TALA
Me too.

Tala grabs her RING and her SHOES and WALKS OUT as Nancy and
Bill WALK BACK IN and find Becca scrubbing blood.

BECCA
I know, I know, I'm cleaning it up.

NANCY
On our new white marble floors!

BECCA
(upset) I'm sorry, ok?!

BILL
Honey, we love you, but this is all
too much. You've got a great career
that pays you well. It's time to
move out and be on your own.

BECCA
(desperate) No! Look, it's coming
out.

She scrubs HARDER.

BECCA (CONT'D)
Everything will be perfect. I
promise. It'll be like nothing ever
happened!

Dudley Majoribanks walks through, leaving a trail of BLOODY
PAW PRINTS.

OFF ON Nancy and Bill's disappointment.

ACT THREE**INT. BECCA'S BEDROOM - MONDAY MORNING**

Becca wakes up and rolls over for her morning phone ritual.

CLOSE UP: BECCA'S PHONE

- TEXT MESSAGES: NO MESSAGES FROM TALA
- EMAIL: NO EMAILS FROM TALA. WORK EMAIL ACCOUNT: FROZEN
- VIDEOS OF OLD BARACK OBAMA SPEECHES

She CRIES.

INT. TALA'S BEDROOM - MONDAY MORNING - SAME TIME

Tala wakes up to the sound of Derek's fingers tapping his keyboard in bed. She rolls over and does her phone ritual.

CLOSE UP: TALA'S PHONE

- TEXT MESSAGES: NO MESSAGES FROM BECCA
- E-MAIL: MANY WEDDING E-MAILS FROM DEREK.
- VIDEOS OF OLD MICHELLE OBAMA SPEECHES

Tala CRIES too. Derek keeps typing.

INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - BREAK ROOM - MORNING

Bright overhead lighting. Great for imperfections.

Tala and Derek sip coffee together silently.

DEREK

I have a surprise for you.

TALA

Babe, I love you but... I think I hate surprises.

DEREK

Even an office engagement party at lunch?

Just then, Tala and Becca's phones BUZZ at the same time.

SMASH CUT TO:

SPLIT SCREEN:

INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - BREAK ROOM - SAME TIME

TALA'S PHONE in her hand.

CALENDAR REMINDER: PICK UP TRUCK TODAY

EXT. BECCA'S DRIVEWAY - SAME TIME

BECCA AND NANCY walk to her car, Becca's PHONE in her hand.

CALENDAR REMINDER: PICK UP TRUCK TODAY

SINGLE SCREEN:

INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tala love-squeezes Derek's hand and TEXTS the Truck Owner.

CLOSE UP: TALA'S PHONE

TEXT MESSAGE: *"What time do you want to meet?"*

TRUCK OWNER: *"12pm."*

TALA
(suddenly happy) I'm missing lunch
today. Maybe another day?

Derek shoos away the CO-WORKERS WITH BALLOONS AND SIGNS
hiding outside. Tala looks UP.

DEREK
Whatever you need, *fiancé*.

He picks up her hand and KISSES her shiny RING glistening.

INT. BECCA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Becca stares out the windshield as Nancy coffee talks.

NANCY
Rent in Beverly Hills below Olympic
is still very affordable.

Becca FLOATS OUT of her seat through the SUN ROOF, GASPING
for air, only her FEET IN FRAME.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Honey, are you ok?

Becca SNAPS OUT OF IT and back into the driver's seat.

NANCY (CONT'D)
I know it's scary to find your own
place but--

BECCA
Mom, I got fired.

NANCY
What?!?! But we're driving to work.

BECCA
Well, no, I'm driving you to work.

NANCY
And then what were you going to do?

Becca's phone BUZZES but Nancy grabs the phone.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Maybe it's work asking you to come
back! What's your password?

BECCA
4221.

NANCY
Bex, no! That's your social.
Someone could steal your identity.

BECCA
Just-- read me the text.

Nancy types in the passcode.

NANCY
It says truck pick up is at 12.
(looking up) What truck pick up?
Is this about the ice cream? Is
that why you got fired?

BECCA
(defensive) No.

NANCY
You've gone 25 years without doing
anything stupid, don't start now.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SKETCHY PARKING LOT - 12PM

Tala is standing alone in front of a CAR/ TRUCK GRAVEYARD.
Lines and lines of abandoned vehicles.

She's waiting for the Truck Owner, but really, she's holding
out hope for Becca.

Her phone BUZZES.

TEXT FROM TRUCK OWNER: *"Late. Bad traffic."*

Tala deflates. Not Becca and not on time.

She sharpens her pony tail, when Becca APPEARS.

TALA

I was just practicing my beg-for-my-
deposit-back speech.

Tala steps forward, closer to Becca.

TALA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I treated you like some
Hideaway Hoe or whatever. It's hard
to say no when you literally kiss
by the book. I think this business
is really special. I think you're
really special. And we should just
do this. I mean who goes out one
night and meets someone that
changes their life forever? No one.
So let's see--

BECCA

(confessing) I got fired from my
job and my parents kicked me out.

BEAT-- as Becca waits for Tala to respond, unsure of her
reaction.

That's when the TRUCK OWNER arrives with the POSTAL VAN towed
on the back of his PICK-UP TRUCK.

TRUCK OWNER

You ladies ready to buy a truck?

TALA

(to Becca) You bet.

Relieved, Becca hands her CREDIT CARD to the Truck Owner.

BECCA

(to Tala) Fail fast.

TAG**EXT. SKETCHY PARKING LOT- 12:30PM**

Becca and Tala are alone with the postal truck, when Becca dramatically hugs the truck and takes a big INHALE.

BECCA

Ah, my favorite perfume: diesel.

Tala THROWS the keys to Becca, who catches them in a FROZEN ACTION POSE.

She unfreezes.

BECCA (CONT'D)

(flirty) Softball days.

TALA

So gay.

Becca walks into the truck and sits at the driver's seat.

BECCA

Hey, you're not gay yet. So technically, that offends me.

TALA

Just turn the engine.

Becca TURNS the key but the engine isn't turning with it.

She tries to turn the engine again, but nothing.

Tala OPENS the hood and looks up to Becca, WIDE-EYED.

TALA (CONT'D)

Oops.

Becca comes out of the truck and to the front hood with Tala.

REVEAL: A completely empty hood-- no engine, nothing.

BECCA

Oops?! You didn't check if the truck worked before you put down the deposit?

TALA

Excuse me? It's not like you looked under the hood before you handed over your credit card.

They're both wrong, they're both right, they're both stuck.

BECCA

Now what?

They stand helpless as we PULL OUT INTO AERIAL VIEW:

Derek and Tala's REAL ESTATE BILLBOARD hanging over them.

OUT ON-- *Every1's a Winner* by Hot Chocolate.

END OF EPISODE