

SATAN'S SISTERS

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NETWORK DRAFT - REVISED - 1.26.16

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DePasse/Jones Entertainment  
Osprey Productions  
Sony Pictures TV

**ACT ONE**

UNDER BLACK: Grunting. Heaving. S/FX: Tape coming off a roll.

FADE UP TO:

A pair of BREASTS, inside a size-too-small bathing suit top.

WARDROBE WOMAN #1 (O.S.)  
They won't stay in.

WARDROBE WOMAN #1'S HAND tries to push one of the breasts further into the cup. Another PAIR of hands applies the tape.

KEBE (O.S.)  
Ow. Easy. They're real.

For a second, the breast stays in place and then POPS out again (as much as standards allow). PULL BACK to see we're...

**INT. THE LUNCH HOUR STUDIO - BACKSTAGE - QUICK CHANGE AREA**

The breasts belong to KEBE AINSLEY, 24, bubbly, relatable, and the youngest host on "The Lunch Hour". We are in a barely-private changing area. Kebe is being worked on by two WARDROBE WOMEN. She feels badly that she can't "fit".

KEBE  
I swear, I was a D-cup yesterday.

WARDROBE WOMAN #1  
Sweetie, did ya eat something salty last night? You know how the girls retain water.

KEBE  
(recalls, with regret)  
Just a few fries... and chicken tenders. Oh, and then popcorn at the movies.

The Wardrobe Women share a look --

WARDROBE WOMAN #2  
(to other wardrobe person)  
You push, I'll tape.

As they work on Kebe, PULL BACK to see Kebe's CO-HOSTS ARE ALSO CHANGING INTO SUITS. HEATHER FLYNN-KELLOGG, mid-30s, former beauty queen, in a modest one-piece; MO EVANS, 32, meat on her bones, in a robe that covers a slimming one-piece; and MINA SHIRAZI, 30, in a tankini.

MO  
(to Mina)  
Could you look more nauseous?

MINA

I'm about to go on TV in a bathing suit. I pray Kim Jong Un bombs South Korea and we're pre-empted.

HEATHER

That's horrible... But is it a possibility? Because I'm not at my pageant weight.

MO

(re: bathing suit)

This is nothing. Two years ago, Maxine made me do a live pap smear. But it was gratifying to know my twat saved lives.

BACK ON: Kebe. WARDROBE WOMAN #1 finishes stuffing Kebe's breasts into the suit.

WARDROBE WOMAN #1

(panting, re: boobs)

They're in and look great.

WARDROBE WOMAN #2

But now her left butt cheek fell out.

KEBE

That's because this bathing suit is not made for me... It's made for a bony ass white girl like Heather.

HEATHER

(genuine)

That is so sweet, Kebe.

As they work on Kebe's suit, SEAN ROBINSON, 30s, the show's producer, APPROACHES. Sean pops his head in.

SEAN

Back from commercial in sixty seconds --

As Sean speaks to the women, RAMONA DAVIES, 20s, the capable Head PA, enters, checks the hosts' ear buds.

HEATHER

Sean, could you turn up the heat a bit?

MO

Heather's rocking nip.

SEAN

Wardrobe! Heather's nipples.

WARDROBE WOMAN #2 rushes over with nipple covers.

POV from inside the dressing area:

High-heeled sandals walking towards the ladies. The drapes FLY OPEN revealing: MAXINE ROBINSON, formidable, executive producer and creator of "The Lunch Hour", wearing a beach cover-up.

MAXINE  
Oprah may preach Weight Watchers,  
but we are celebrating our curves.

Maxine opens her cover-up, revealing she's in a bathing suit.

KEBE  
Maxine, you are *wearing* that  
bathing suit.

MAXINE  
Pilates, Baby Girl.

Heather and Mo mouth "Baby Girl?" to each other. From behind, HEIDI KLUM in a wrap dress and heels, ENTERS.

HEIDI  
Oh there you are, Maxine.

KEBE  
Heidi Klum! I love you!

The women fawn over Heidi: "You're ah-mazing"; "I love Project Runway", etc.

HEIDI  
And I love you, Ladies of The Lunch  
Hour. I watch you every day. When I  
have time.

MAXINE  
Heidi's our surprise guest for the  
bathing suit segment.

HEIDI  
What do you think of my suit?

Heidi unbuttons her dress, which falls to the floor revealing the flawless Heidi in a tiny bikini. The women react. Maxine exits. Mo dogs her.

MO  
Heidi Klum? Come on, Maxine, this  
segment is about empowering every  
woman to feel comfortable at the  
beach.

MAXINE  
That's right. You should be happy.  
You're always saying how you  
represent the "every woman".

MO

True. And I can assure you that every woman I know would not want to stand next to Heidi Klum in a bathing suit. I'm not doing it.

MAXINE

Fine. I'll tell the audience you weren't comfortable with your body. I'm sure they'll understand.

MO

That's not fair.

Maxine takes a deep breath and then locks eyes on Mo.

MAXINE

Mo, I gave birth to this show when you were still writing fan letters to the *Spice Girls*. This show, my show, is about real women being real. That's who I am. That's my brand. Do not fuck with me on this one.

Mo knows she has no choice. Just then, Ramona races up.

RAMONA

Maxine, we need you. Now.

Ramona pulls blue cards out of her pocket and hands them to Maxine. Then, Ramona escorts Maxine to the stage.

SEAN

Let's go!

RAMONA

Everyone, cell phones to Javi.

ANGLE ON: Javi the PA, 20s, sexy. He's on his phone, texting.

RAMONA (CONT'D)

As soon as he gets off his phone.

Javi quickly puts his phone away, rolling his eyes. Ramona exits, passing by Javi.

RAMONA (CONT'D)

(knowing)

Do not call me 'bitch' under your breath.

The women then hand their cells to Javi.

LAP AUDIO: AUDIENCE APPLAUSE.

INT. THE LUNCH HOUR STUDIO - ON STAGE

"The Lunch Hour" set is decorated with fake palm trees and a cabana. Maxine is on stage, in her cover up -- all smiles. Between the stage and the audience, there are three MONITORS that BROADCAST what the viewers at home are watching.

MAXINE

It's one of the scariest moments in most women's lives -- wearing a bathing suit in public. But today, we're gonna take back the beach.

Maxine opens up her cover-up, revealing her bathing suit.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

The Lunch Hour has never been more real. No Spanx, no camera filters, no lipo... Just five friends having a blast and showing off their God-given bodies.

INT. THE LUNCH HOUR STUDIO - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Mo and Mina are backstage watching Maxine on a quad-split monitor as they wait their turns to go on.

MO

Oh please, Maxine's been nipping and tucking since she turned thirty-five.

Heather, in a near-by make-up chair, chimes in --

HEATHER

Which is the year she celebrated her twenty-fifth birthday.

MINA

(defending Maxine)

Hey, we owe our jobs to that woman.

MO

Calm down. We're among friends. As far as the audience knows, no one touches that woman's flawlessly aging face.

Heather smiles. Mina just shakes her head.

INT. THE LUNCH HOUR STUDIO - ON STAGE

MAXINE

... We all deserve to feel good in our skins. All ages, all sizes. Let's welcome our delightful new co-host, Kebe --

Kebe runs through the cabana, excited to be on stage. She moves and poses to the music.

KEBE

Go on haters, tweet about my  
thighs.  
(poses, shows off her bod)  
Take a screen grab of my junk-in-  
the-trunk. I don't mind.

MAXINE

Good for you, Kebe.

KEBE

If you have enough rehab, 12-  
stepping, and head shrinking,  
wearing a bathing suit in front of  
four million people is nothing.

MAXINE

Our Disney star's all grown up.

KEBE

(off breasts)  
Yeah, and it looks like Mickey and  
Minnie are about to pop out.

The audience LAUGHS.

INT. THE LUNCH HOUR STUDIO - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Mo and Mina are watching Kebe on the quad-split monitor.

MO

(off Kebe, to Mina)  
Fuck that juvenile delinquent. I'm  
the funny one.

RAMONA

Mina, you're next.

Mina begins to head onto the stage.

MAXINE

(on monitor)  
Kebe is wearing a one-shoulder  
maillot...

ANGLE ON: Heather, at a makeup vanity, getting touch ups from  
a MAKEUP ARTIST.

HEATHER

Can you put a little more concealer  
on my arm? I can never find time to  
fake-bake.

The makeup artist adds concealer to Heather's arm. Mo, still  
at the monitor, CLOCKS HEATHER GETTING BODY CONCEALER.

INT. THE LUNCH HOUR STUDIO - ON STAGE

Mina heads out of the cabana and begins to model.

MAXINE

Mina is ready for the surf and sand  
in a flattering tankini --

As Mina turns, GO TO Kebe's POV. She sees a scar on Mina's leg. Kebe GASPS.

KEBE

Is that where you got shot?

INT. THE LUNCH HOUR STUDIO - WINGS - CONTINUOUS

Sean, at the producer's podium, speaks into his headset. A quad-split monitor at his side. On a nearby table, he's got a TOGGLE SWITCH labeled with each of the WOMAN's names as well as ALL FOUR CAMERAS: A, B, C, D. He switches the toggle depending on who he's speaking to.

SEAN

Maxine, go with Mina's injury.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE LUNCH HOUR STUDIO - ON STAGE

Maxine (through ear bud) picks up on Sean's cue.

MAXINE

We've talked about Mina taking  
enemy fire while working as a  
journalist in Afghanistan, but  
we've never seen her scar.

SEAN

Camera A, go close on the scar.

POV: AUDIENCE MONITORS -- a CLOSE-UP of the scar.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Camera B, widen up on Mina.

MINA

Apparently, I've gone from  
reporting in a tank to modeling a  
tankini.

The audience laughs as Mina models.

INT. THE LUNCH HOUR STUDIO - BACKSTAGE

Mo is now standing next to Heather at the monitors.

MO  
 Fuck her and her Pulitzer Prize.  
 I'm the funny one.

In the corner, Mo and Heather notice Heidi Klum at the craft services table. Heidi picks up a large muffin.

HEATHER  
 (re: Heidi)  
 Of course, she can eat anything she  
 wants.

BACK ON HEIDI: They watch as Heidi unwraps the muffin, throws the muffin in the trash, and nibbles the crumbs off the muffin paper. They share a smile.

RAMONA  
 Mo, you're up.

As Mo walks toward the stage, she grabs a small plastic plant off the props table.

INT. THE LUNCH HOUR STUDIO - ON STAGE

Back on stage, Maxine intros Mo.

MAXINE  
 Splish! Splash! Here comes Mo...

Mo enters from the cabana. She's put the plant in the crotch of her bathing suit, making the leaves look like pubic hair.

MO  
 I'm so real, I didn't even wax.

The audience ROARS. Maxine is annoyed but plays along.

MAXINE  
 For your sake, I hope that's not  
 poison ivy.

Mo removes the plant as Maxine continues the intros --

MAXINE (CONT'D)  
 And last but not least, ready for  
 the ocean or maybe just the PTA  
 pool party. Heather, come on out.

Heather walks through the cabana. Her outfit is less revealing than the other hosts.

MO  
 Oh come on, Heather. Show some  
 skin! Even Jesus would want to see  
 your smoking bod.

HEATHER  
Ladies, as the saying goes, "Modest  
is hottest".

MO  
I prefer the saying, "One in the  
pink, two in the --"

MINA  
(cuts her off)  
Heather, I think you look great.

Although Mina cut off Mo, the audience laughs at Mo's joke.  
Mo is a slut for audience attention and thrives on it.

INT. THE LUNCH HOUR STUDIO - WINGS - CONTINUOUS

SEAN  
(into headphone)  
Maxine, intro the suit. We have  
advertisers.

INT. THE LUNCH HOUR STUDIO - ON STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Heather models her suit.

MAXINE  
I love your one-piece. And it's now  
available at Walmart for the every-  
day-low-price of \$12.99.

KEBE  
I'll take two! I love a bargain!

MINA  
Kebe, please be mindful that  
clothing at that price is a result  
of third world nations paying  
workers below-poverty wages.

HEATHER  
Well, if the unions didn't ruin  
American manufacturing --

MO  
Lighten up, Ladies. It's just a  
fashion show.  
(to the audience)  
Now, who wants to see Heather do  
her pageant walk?

The audience hoots and hollers.

HEATHER  
It's been a while, but I still got  
it.

Heather demonstrates a perfect pageant walk.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
 (sweet, proud)  
 And that's how I won Miss Tennessee.

MO  
 (playfully)  
 Maybe you'd have won Miss America, if  
 you walked like me.

Mo imitates Heather's pageant walk, but with more sass. Mo  
 STUMBLES IN HER HEELS. As she does, she BUMPS into Maxine.

MAXINE  
 Whoa. That's our Mo. Charm school  
 drop-out.

MO  
 I can walk in hooker heels, I just  
 slipped on something...  
 (pointing to floor)  
 Oh, look Maxine, it's your vagina.

The audience ROARS with laughter. Maxine affectionately takes  
 Mo's hand, being a good sport.

CLOSE ON THE CLASPED HANDS: Maxine is actually digging her  
 nails into Mo's hand. INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE LUNCH HOUR STUDIO - WINGS - CONTINUOUS

Sean, watching the quad split, sees Maxine dig her nails into  
 Mo. He quickly acts to keep the confrontation off the  
 cameras. Into his headset --

SEAN  
 All cameras, stay on the hosts'  
 faces.

Sean looks at the quad-split. Camera A on Mo's pained face.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
 Camera A, get off Mo. Now!

On Stage, we see that Mo's picking up her foot and she's  
 about to stab Maxine with her stiletto. Kebe sees what Mo's  
 about to do, and she pushes Mo away from Maxine.

Mo goes FLYING into the palm tree, knocking it over, which  
 then knocks over the cabana. Heather races to pick up Mo.  
 It's chaos. The audience thinks it's all fun. They go nuts.

INT. THE LUNCH HOUR STUDIO - WINGS - CONTINUOUS

Sean is furious.

SEAN  
 (into headset)  
 Maxine, bring out Heidi Klum.



MO  
 Who needs God? I've got the  
 internet. I've gone viral.

Mo shoves her phone in Maxine's face. CLOSE ON: Mo's cell's  
 screen. On a loop: "Oh, look Maxine, it's your vagina."

MO (CONT'D)  
 More people will see me talking  
 about your senior vag than watch  
 our show. I'm not going anywhere  
 and you know it.

Mo exits triumphantly. Heather follows. Maxine's shell-  
 shocked. Kebe offers support.

KEBE  
 Maxine, trust me, these things have  
 a 30-second shelf life. Every  
 Friday afternoon, the paparazzi  
 film my 'walk of shame' into the  
 Probation Office --

MAXINE  
 As if parole wasn't hard enough...

KEBE  
 (covering pain)  
 I'll get through it.  
 (then, upbeat)  
 My point is, these videos trend for  
 like 5 minutes till someone posts a  
 rat dragging a pizza or a dog  
 humping a vacuum, and just like  
 that, I'm old news. Trust me, what  
 happened today, will blow over by  
 Monday.

MAXINE  
 (touched, smiles)  
 Don't you worry about me. I've  
 already forgotten about Mo.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. MAXINE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

A furious Maxine with Sean in her well-appointed office.

MAXINE  
 In one second that potty mouthed  
 low-life made me look old and  
 foolish.

SEAN  
 The audience tunes in to see her  
 say things like that. It's why you  
 made her a co-host.

MAXINE

And now she thinks she's running the show. I'm The Left Chair, which means I call the shots. Not her.

SEAN

You can't possibly feel threatened.

MAXINE

Of course not. I'm pissed off. She demeaned me. How can I interview Presidents and Bradley Cooper when all they're thinking about is my aging coot? The network will put me out to pasture --

SEAN

(off photo of young Sean and Maxine on her desk)  
You look as young as the day you sprung me from foster care.

MAXINE

I don't need a kiss on my sagging ass from my own son. But thank you.

Maxine packs up her briefcase.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

I'll be off the grid for the rest of the day.

SEAN

We have a promo meeting.

MAXINE

Tell the women I'm heading to the network to discuss adding another co-host.

SEAN

Are you?

MAXINE

Hell no.

Maxine smiles and heads out...

INT. THE LUNCH HOUR STUDIO - CONFERENCE ROOM

Mina, Mo, Heather, and Kebe are in a conference room. Sean rolls out A LARGE ADVERTISING POSTER of "The Lunch Hour" hosts. The poster is a heavily air-brushed shot of Maxine (in the Left Chair), Heather, Mo, and Mina at the hosts' table. Kebe, on a rolling chair, is gliding in. The tag line reads: "Look who's rolling in for lunch."

HEATHER

... We don't need another co-host.

MO

Sean, don't let them add another comic. All these shows only have one comic. It's like a rule.

SEAN

How about we all play nice and approve the new campaign?

KEBE

(off ad, playful)

Yeah, I mean, I "rolled in" like two weeks ago.

SEAN

And as of now, Kebe's the only one who signed off. Ladies, Maxine was kind enough to give you all photo approval --

HEATHER

All do respect, our agents fought like hades for it.

SEAN

I just need sign-off. Please.

A beat. *Will they agree?* Finally --

Alright.

MINA

Fine.

HEATHER

All eyes on Mo.

MO

No. Everyone's smiling. I'm scowling.

SEAN

You look "edgy", which is what you wanted the last go-round.

HEATHER

If we're being honest, the shadow gives me a mustache.

MINA

I kind of look like a weather girl. And since Maxine promised I'd be doing some investigative reporting, I need to look more serious.

Sean looks at Mina "you too?". Mina weakly shrugs.

MO  
 Three against...  
 (re: Kebe)  
 one. Let us know when you've got  
 another draft. Have a nice weekend.

Mo, Heather, and Mina begin to exit.

SEAN  
 Sorry, Kebe. I tried.

Sean heads off. Hold on Kebe, feeling alone.

INT. THE LUNCH HOUR STUDIO - DRESSING ROOM HALLWAY

The women walk down the hallway to their dressing rooms.  
 Heather heads into hers.

MO  
 Hey, Heath, you got a sec?

Mo is about to go into Heather's dressing room, when she  
 spots the PA Javi down the hall.

MO (CONT'D)  
 Yo, Javi, grab me a case of water  
 and meet me at my car in ten.

Mo enters Heather's dressing room.

INT. HEATHER'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mo and Heather are in Heather's super-feminine dressing room.

HEATHER  
 I know, I cut you off during "The  
 Roundtable" --

MO  
 Don't do it again, but that's not  
 why I'm here. I saw you overdo the  
 body concealer --

HEATHER  
 I'm pale.

MO  
 Heather, we always have each other's  
 back. So, I've gotta ask, is Brad  
 getting rough? And not in a good way.

Mo is trying to be genuine and her concern is real. But  
 Heather is offended.

HEATHER  
 Are you asking if my husband's  
 abusing me?

MO

He's a football player. Maybe he has one of those brain injuries. Remember when Junior Seau's daughter was on --

HEATHER

We're fine. And when you have a relationship that lasts longer than this conversation, then you can comment on mine.

MO

Alright. I guess you're just anemic and bruise easily. Eat some liver.

Mo exits. Heather washes off the concealer, revealing bruises.

TIGHT on a PREGNANCY TEST STICK. PULL BACK TO:

INT. MINA'S DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mina is in her sleek dressing room, staring at the test stick, waiting for the results. The stick turns positive.

MINA

Damn.

She looks in the mirror, choking back emotions.

S/FX: A KNOCK at her door. Mina composes herself. Hides the pregnancy stick.

MINA (CONT'D)

Come in.

Kebe enters.

KEBE

Just want to say thanks for a great week.

(notices Mina looks upset)  
You okay?

MINA

Never better. And don't worry about the promo. It'll happen.

KEBE

See you Monday.

As Kebe exits, hold on Mina. She wraps the pregnancy stick in tissue and tosses it in the trash.

INT. THE LUNCH HOUR STUDIO - STAGE DOOR

Mina heads to the exit. She sees Mo ahead. She calls out --

KEBE  
Mo... You got a second?

MO  
I'm heading to my car.

KEBE  
I'll walk with you.

EXT. THE LUNCH HOUR STUDIO - STAGE DOOR

Mo and Kebe emerge onto the streets of New York. Jaded New Yorkers don't acknowledge them; tourists gawk.

MO  
Disney, what's up?

KEBE  
Why do you hate Maxine?

MO  
I don't hate anyone. Except for  
Jihadi John and that guy who raised  
the price of AIDS drugs by 5000%.  
And sometimes Anne Hathaway, but  
then I start feeling sorry for her.

KEBE  
I'm serious.

MO  
Maxine adores you. She brought you  
onto the show after your arrest and  
does backflips to make you look good.  
She's never been that way with me.

KEBE  
Then why do you even bother doing  
the show?

MO  
(obvious answer)  
It's a platform and a paycheck.

KEBE  
You could be more respectful.

MO  
And you could mind your own fuckin'  
business.

From down the street, TIM EVANS, Mo's brother, a hot, 20s hipster, approaches.

TIM  
Yo! Lunch Ladies!

MO  
 (to Kebe)  
 Tell my brother I invited you to  
 his club tomorrow night.

Tim approaches and addresses Mo --

TIM  
 At least 40 people sent me a link  
 to the "old vagina" video. You're  
 close to a million views on  
 YouTube.

MO  
 Don't I know it.

KEBE  
 Tim, Mo was just telling me about  
 your club.

TIM  
 That's why I'm here. You gotta show  
 up.

Tim hands Kebe a promo card for the club.

MO  
 He wants you to cause a scene and  
 get him some press.

TIM  
 No. That's not it. I need a young  
 demographic.  
 (to Kebe)  
 And it doesn't hurt that you're so  
 fine. Come on, everything's comped.

KEBE  
 Sorry. My party days are behind me.

Just then, Kebe hails an approaching cab.

KEBE (CONT'D)  
 (to Mo)  
 See you Monday.

As the cab drives off --

PAPARAZZO (LAP AUDIO)  
 Hey Kebe!

EXT. DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS -- A LITTLE LATER

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH! A crowd of Paparazzi SNAP photos as Kebe  
 is escorted into the building by THREE UNIFORMED OFFICERS.

OFFICER  
 Move back. Let the lady through.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT -- WOMEN'S ROOM

TIGHT on Kebe inside a stall. She's peeing. Then, she hands the cup under the stall door to a waiting PROBATION OFFICER MARIA GONZALES, late 40s, a bureaucrat.

KEBE

Sorry it's so full. I had a Sprite on the way over.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS -- PROBATION OFFICE -- LATER

Kebe sits in a dingy office across from Gonzales, who reads from a clipboard.

GONZALES

Any drug use this past week?

KEBE

No.

GONZALES

Any urge to use drugs?

KEBE

I've been going to my meetings.

GONZALES

Are you still employed?

Just then, the door opens and Maxine enters.

MAXINE

She's got a great job, she's clean, and this needs to stop.

(off nameplate on desk)

Officer Gonzales, what's it going to take to terminate her probation?

GONZALES

Kebe assaulted her co-star while on a coke binge. She's got another year to go. Now, I realize celebrities think they deserve special treatment. But I don't play that game.

MAXINE

Nor should you. Justin Bieber alone gives us all a bad name. But I'm asking you to treat Kebe like any other civilian. Isn't it customary for an officer to petition the judge to commute parole when the parolee is doing as well as Kebe?

GONZALES

That's right. But I won't do it in this case. Sends the wrong message.

MAXINE

I understand...

(gets an idea)

May I suggest you watch "The Lunch Hour" on Monday? We're doing a segment on Kebe's probation. Every week, you hire three extra security officers to fend off her paparazzi. But if you were to treat her like other parolees, you could save the money and spend it on schools, roads, housing. But I get it, you don't want to send the wrong message.

Off Maxine, not backing down --

EXT./INT. QUIET STREET/MO'S SUV - DAY

CLOSE ON: The Viral Vagina Video on YOUTUBE. 1.4 million hits. REVEAL: Mo is watching the video on her phone as Javi takes her from behind.

MO

Yes! Yes! Yes!

We're not sure if she's screaming in ecstasy or about the video. For Mo, it's the same thing.

MO (CONT'D)

1.4 Million hits and counting. This is so hot!

(calls out)

Yeah! That's the spot. Right there! Right there.

Javi is grunting as he pounds away.

JAVI

I fucking... love you.

MO

Dude, if you're not going to talk dirty, don't talk.

Mo replays the video. Javi's hurt, slows down.

MO (CONT'D)

And don't stop.

As Javi steps it up --

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT -- DAY

The crowd of paparazzi, held back by security, SNAP photos of a happy Kebe with Maxine.

KEBE

... Maxine, that was the bomb.  
You're like a superhero in Dior.

MAXINE

If you weren't ready, I wouldn't have intervened. The Judge still has to rule in your favor.

KEBE

No one has ever done anything like that for me... Let me take you to the Ace Hotel, they have the best molten lava cake --

MAXINE

I prefer their butterscotch budino. But unfortunately, I have a commitment. Rain check?

Kebe nods as Maxine take off toward her waiting town car.

EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE STREET - A LITTLE LATER

Maxine, in sunglasses, the scarf now covers her head, so no one recognizes her. She discreetly enters a fancy townhouse.

INT. SURGERY CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

A distinguished gentleman is kissing Maxine. Is it a date? No, it's DR. NATHAN JACKMAN, a plastic surgeon. Maxine is in an examination chair as the doctor touches Maxine's face.

DR. JACKMAN

We'll inject some fat here and here.

MAXINE

Just make sure I lose the resting bitch face.

DR. JACKMAN

I saw the show today. As long as we're sedating you, I can freshen you up down there, too.

MAXINE

I'm a teenager down there. Just the face, please. And remember --

DR. JACKMAN

*Make it look natural.* Trust me, no one will know you were here.

INT. SURGERY CENTER - OPERATING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Mid-surgery. Maxine is in a deep sedation. Dr. Jackman playfully takes a selfie with her.

DR. JACKMAN  
For my records.

The Doctor injects some fat into her cheek.

DR. JACKMAN (CONT'D)  
Looking good, Maxine.

NURSE  
(off monitor)  
Oxygen level's dropping. Heart rate too.

DR. JACKMAN  
Turn up the O2.

NURSE  
I did.

DR. JACKMAN (CONT'D)  
All the way!

NURSE  
It's still dropping.

DR. JACKMAN  
We have to intubate.

Dr. Jackman is handed a tube and begins to intubate Maxine.

DR. JACKMAN (CONT'D)  
Call the Lenox Hill ER! Alert the on-call team. Now!

As the Nurse races off, Dr. Jackman frantically works on Maxine. And then we hear the dreaded sound --

SFX: Long Beep of the flat-lining heart monitor.

FADE OUT.

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO****INT. EAST SIDE FERTILITY CLINIC - LATER**

Mina and ANDREW, Mina's business-suited husband, 30s, smart, grounded, meet with DR. RACHEL MOORE at her fertility clinic.

DR. MOORE

Normal sperm densities range from 15 million to 200 million per milliliter of semen... Andrew is under 5 million.

ANDREW

I've taken supplements, I've stopped drinking... Is there anything else I can do?

DR. MOORE

I'm sorry.

MINA

Dr. Morrison, there's still a chance we can get me pregnant, right?

DR. MOORE

At his levels, I've never seen it.

MINA

But that doesn't mean --

ANDREW

Honey, she's trying to tell us we need to move on.

MINA

(eyes tear up)

No. I refuse to accept that.

(to Andrew)

You run the White House press office, for god's sake. Call the Surgeon General, maybe someone's working on a new procedure or pill. I know you can get me pregnant. I'm sure of it.

SFX: Mina's phone rings. She eyes CALLER ID: Sean. She quickly composes herself.

MINA (CONT'D)

Babe, it's work.

ANDREW

It's okay. Take it.

Mina steps into --

INT. EAST SIDE FERTILITY CLINIC - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mina speaks quietly into the phone.

MINA

Sean, this isn't a good time. Wait.  
What? Oh my god.

INT. HEATHER'S GREENWICH HOME - KITCHEN

A well-appointed suburban kitchen. Heather helps her children SAVANNAH, 10, and ELLA (Brad, Jr.) 8, with their homework. Ella is wearing a sparkly girl's top and skirt. (NOTE: Ella's body language is female, hair is a boy cut). In the b.g., the Jamaican nanny, AVERLINE, 20s, is preparing a casserole.

HEATHER

(re: Ella's homework)  
Carry the two... I guess.

ELLA

Your hair looks pretty today, Mom.

HEATHER

Thank you, baby.

SFX: Heather's phone PINGS with a text. Heather looks at her phone, gets concerned.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Savannah, please help Ella with  
this...  
(impulsive)  
Freakin' math, excuse my language.  
(to Ella)  
Don't tell Daddy I used that word.  
(to Averline)  
I have to go back to the city.

Heather gathers her bag and heads over to Averline.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Try to get Ella into some boy  
clothes before her father gets home.

AVERLINE

I'll do my best.

Heather rushes out.

EXT./INT. BROOKLYN STREET/MO'S SUV - SAME TIME

Mo, sitting next to Javi, drives down a desolate Brooklyn street. Her cell phone not far out of eye shot.

JAVI  
My crib's right here. I'm good for  
another, if you wanna come in --

Mo looks at his low-rent apartment building.

MO  
I'm not getting out in this  
neighborhood. No offense.

JAVI  
So I got something to ask you. You  
want to come with me to my niece's  
birthday party tomorrow? It'll be  
fun, meet my family, bouncy house --

MO  
Javi, we do it in the car.

JAVI  
Yeah, all the time.

MO  
Because you're a PA with benefits.

JAVI  
I wasn't fronting before. I love  
you.

MO  
No you don't --

JAVI  
I've given it a lot of thought. We  
should take this to the next level.  
Come on, you don't have sex like we  
do unless you feel something.

MO  
It's been great. And I'll really  
miss your dick, but our playdates  
are over.

JAVI  
Mo, give us a chance. I know I'm a  
lot younger --

MO  
Okay, just get out.

As Javi exits the car, Mo's phone rings. It's Heather.

MO (CONT'D)  
Hey, Heath. Did you show your kids  
the vagina video?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HEATHER'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

Heather is in her "mom car", driving into the city.

HEATHER  
Get to Lenox Hill Hospital. It's  
Maxine.

Off a concerned Mo...

INT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM

Mina, Heather, Mo, and Kebe hold and comfort each other. Kebe is particularly distraught. Sean is on the other side of the room, out of earshot. He's on his phone.

KEBE  
A coma? That means she might never  
wake up?

MINA  
Sweetheart, Maxine has the best  
doctors in the country.

HEATHER  
She's in good hands.

MO  
(to Kebe, concerned)  
Let me get you some water.

ANGLE ON: An agitated Sean on the phone.

SEAN  
... I know we have to get ahead of  
the press, but right now I'm  
worried about my mom... Okay, fine.  
Go with something simple: *Maxine  
Robinson, creator of "The Lunch  
Hour", has fallen into a coma,  
following a severe reaction from  
anesthesia administered at an  
outpatient Surgi-Center, while  
undergoing minor throat surgery.*

ANGLE ON: Mo, who is at the water dispenser, but really listening to Sean. Sean notices Mo and decides to continue his conversation outside. As he exits, Mo, with a cup of water, races over to Heather.

MO  
(then, sotto to Heather)  
Sean's saying Maxine was having  
throat surgery. Her voice sounded  
fine when she was yelling at me  
this morning.

Heather shrugs. Mo hands Kebe the water.

MO (CONT'D)  
Here, Kebs.

Sean returns.

SEAN  
Ladies, you can see Maxine now.

HEATHER (PRE-LAP)  
Let's all pray --

HARD CUT TO:

INT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - MAXINE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kebe, Mina, Mo, and Heather are holding hands in a circle around Maxine. Heather's eyes are closed.

HEATHER  
-- for Maxine's speedy recovery.  
Lord --  
(off Mina)  
-- or whatever Muslims believe  
in... no offense -- please give  
Maxine strength.  
(opens eyes)  
Let's all talk to her. Maxine may  
not respond, but she can feel our  
love and support.

MINA  
Maxine, when I was a girl, I watched  
you on TV. You proved that  
aspirations shouldn't be limited by  
gender. I wouldn't be the woman I am  
today if it weren't for you.

KEBE  
You have to get better. I need you.  
Please, wake up.

Kebe tears up. Mina puts her arm around her.

HEATHER  
Mo?

Mo takes a deep breath, then turns to Maxine.

MO  
I'm sorry we fought today. But you  
have to get out of this god damn -  
sorry Heather -- coma so we can  
fight some more. And if you don't,  
I'm gonna kick your ass.

HEATHER  
Maxine, we're here for you.

The women all hold each other; a genuine moment of sisterhood and love for Maxine. And then --

MO

So are we done praying? Because I want to know... are we doing the show on Monday?

MINA

Are you kidding me?

KEBE

How could you be thinking about --

\*  
\*

MO

What? Like you weren't all wondering the same thing.

MINA

Actually, the rest of us were praying for Maxine to live.

MO

I'm sure you threw in a side prayer  
(to Heather)  
To Allah  
(back to Mina)  
for a job opening at CNN.

MINA

It really isn't an act with you. You are as nasty on stage as you are off.

MO

At least I'm authentic.

HEATHER

You know, Mo has a point. Maxine's life was her work. She'd want us to do the show. I can lead the whole audience in prayer.

KEBE

Wow. You even made the coma about you. We all know you want Monday's show because we're promoting your new book: The Subservient Wife.

HEATHER

It's The Fulfilled Life.

MINA

We should cancel. Out of respect.

MO

Why did you even take this job, Mina? You're always whining that "it's beneath your journalistic integrity".

KEBE  
 At least she has integrity.  
 (to Heather)  
 Doing the show right now; it's not  
 very Christian.

HEATHER  
 You have no right to question my  
 faith. You little lesbian --

KEBE  
 I'm pansexual.

As they continue to argue, PULL OUT of the room, into the  
 Nurse's Station. We continue to hear the argument. We CUT TO:

INT. NURSE'S STATION OUTSIDE MAXINE'S ROOM - SAME TIME

KEBE (O.S.)  
 (muffled)  
 Get off me!

MO (O.S.)  
 (muffled)  
 You better move! Kebe's got a  
 history of attacking co-workers!

MINA (O.S.)  
 You keep bumping the bed!

The hospital staff reacts. Sean, on the phone, is mortified.

SEAN  
 I gotta go.

He hangs up and races to Maxine's room. Through the glass he  
 sees Mo's pulling Heather back and Mina holding onto Kebe --

KEBE  
 You better start praying.

HEATHER  
 Trust me, the Lord's on my side.

INT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - MAXINE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sean enters. At first, the women don't see him. Under closes  
 the door and, under his breath --

SEAN  
 Shut the fuck up!

They turn and instantly fall silent. He closes the blinds.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
 This is how you show respect to my  
 mother?! She'd be horrified!

MINA  
We're sorry, Sean.

HEATHER  
We were having a difference of opinion.

KEBE  
Heather and Mo want to do the show on Monday. But obviously, we can't go on without Maxine.

SEAN  
I can't believe I'm saying this, but apparently we can.

Heather and Mo shoot Mina and Kebe a "I told you so" look.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
The network's insisting.

HEATHER  
We're here for you. We'll cancel all our engagements, we'll stay at the hospital 24/7 --

SEAN  
Don't cancel anything. Maxine could be like this for a while. It doesn't make sense to put your lives on hold.

Sean exits.

HEATHER  
Well, I guess that settles it.

MO  
Not everything. Who's getting The Left Chair?

HEATHER  
(admonishing)  
Mo!

KEBE  
Oh my god, you're awful.

MINA  
Excuse me.

Mina exits, follows after Sean.

HEATHER  
(off Mina; annoyed)  
I bet Mina's going to ask Sean for it. For the Left Chair.

KEBE

The only reason that bothers you  
two, is because she beat you to it.

Off Kebe, knowing that she's right.

INT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - NOOK - MOMENTS LATER

Mina and Sean are having a private moment.

MINA

... If anyone can pull through,  
it's your Mom.

SEAN

She looks so helpless.

Mina suddenly feels a little sick.

MINA

Oh God. It's warm in here.

SEAN

No. It's actually cool.

MINA

Whoa. I... I have to sit down.

SEAN

Are you okay?

MINA

Hospitals. They make me queasy.

SEAN

(pointed)

You've been on battlefields and an  
Upper East Side hospital is making  
you queasy?

MINA

Yeah?

He looks at her, "WTF"? No way is he buying her story.

MINA (CONT'D)

Sean, I'm pregnant.

SEAN

Oh. Wow.

MINA

You're the father.

Off Sean, stunned...

END OF ACT TWO

**ACT THREE****INT. KEBE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER THE DAY**

Kebe is asleep in her high-end bedroom. NICOLETTE, her hot girlfriend, in workout clothes, enters, OPENS THE BLINDS.

KEBE

Hey, Babe.

Nicolette crawls into bed with Kebe, kissing her.

NICOLETTE

It's so hot kissing a free woman.

KEBE

Maxine just got my P.O. to petition the judge. I'm not off probation yet.

NICOLETTE

How is Maxine?

KEBE

The same... I don't know what I'd do if I lost her. The woman gave me a job when everyone else wrote me off as a trainwreck.

NICOLETTE

She gave you a job because you scored when you guested on the show. No one in your business does anyone a favor just to be nice.

KEBE

Then why'd she show up at my probation meeting? There was nothing in it for her.

NICOLETTE

As far as you know.

KEBE

(shakes her head)

I need to get my butt to a meeting tonight.

NICOLETTE

How about we watch an episode of *Intervention* and then go out dancing? You love dancing.

(hold up Tim's promo card)

You left this on the kitchen table. Tim is Mo's brother, right? It's his club?

KEBE

Yeah, he wants me there. But I need to be accountable for my actions. I'm not going out 'til probation is officially lifted.

NICOLETTE

I so respect that. But you're under immense pressure right now. You gotta let out some steam. And you're allowed to dance, aren't you?

As Kebe's resolve begins to weaken, Nicolette crosses to the closet, pulls out a hot outfit.

NICOLETTE (CONT'D)

Not to mention, you need a place to wear this dress. I don't think the AA-ers would appreciate the way it hits you in all the right places.

KEBE

I'll think about it, okay?

EXT. RED CARPET - SAME TIME

Heather, in a red-carpet gown, her husband BRAD, in a tux, and her children Brad, Jr. (Ella) and Savannah are walking down a red carpet. Brad, Jr. is dressed in traditional male clothing. Photographers snap photos as Heather and Brad smile and speak to each other sotto.

BRAD

(re: Brad, Jr.)  
He's wearing girl's underpants.

HEATHER

And a shirt and tie. You should be proud that your child can compromise.

BRAD

You're giving into him. You're turning him into a girl.

HEATHER

This is my fault?  
(off his look)  
She's said she's a girl since the day she understood the word. And I don't believe God make mistakes.

A reporter calls out to Heather.

REPORTER

Heather, any updates on Maxine?

HEATHER

Her condition is grave. I ask that everyone pray for her recovery.

Heather smiles for a photograph, then turns back to Brad.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

You've got to start accepting her as Ella. You know we can't keep it a secret forever.

BRAD

His name is Brad, Junior.  
(to a "good old boy")  
Hey Jim! Wearing a cup under that monkey suit?

They now head into the "Step And Repeat" area and pose as a family. Heather and Brad continue to smile and speak sotto.

HEATHER

You've got to stop being so angry.  
Ow!

The camera CLOCKS Brad squeezing Heather's arm. *Was Mo right about the bruises?*

HEATHER (CONT'D)

You're hurting me.

BRAD

And you're destroying our marriage.

The Camera WIDENS and above them is a sign that reads: Family Values Coalition: Family of the Year.

INT. TIM'S CLUB EVENT - LATER

Nicolette and Kebe, now in the dress she pulled from the closet, enter the already-hopping club.

KEBE

... this is the first time I've gone to a club without pre-gaming. And, honestly, I'm feeling a'ight.

Kebe takes Nicolette's hand as they head to the dance floor. Tim, Mo's brother, approaches.

TIM

Hey, Kebe, thanks for coming!

Kebe clocks Tim, checking out Nicolette --

TIM (CONT'D)

And you must be Nicolette. I saw you two making out on TMZ.

KEBE

I swear, we didn't see the cameras.

TIM

It was so freakin' hot.  
 (smiles, holds up cell)  
 Hey, for Instagram. Look like we're  
 besties.

Tim puts his arms around them. Tim snaps a selfie.

TIM (CONT'D)

And that's how you bring the boys  
 to the yard.

(to a waiter)

Sergei, set my girls up with some  
 booze.

(to Kebe and Nicolette)

Champagne?

KEBE

No thank you.

NICOLETTE

None for me.

KEBE

Nic, I'm fine. Have a drink.

Before Nicolette can respond. Tim jumps in, calls to Sergei --

TIM

Get the Dom.

Nicolette covertly looks over her shoulder at Tim, throwing  
 him a flirtatious smile. Stoked, he smiles back.

INT. VIA CAROTTA RESTAURANT - SAME TIME

Mina is out for dinner with her husband Andrew. They're  
 sharing pastas. A bottle of wine on the table.

MINA

... I know we can adopt, and that  
 would be wonderful. But I've been  
 thinking... what about a sperm donor?  
 We can pick a donor that looks like  
 you, that has your intelligence.

ANDREW

You'd be the kid's mother but I'm  
 not really the father.

MINA

Of course you're the father. You'd  
 raise the kid, teach them your  
 liberal politics, pay for college.

Andrew starts to smile.

MINA (CONT'D)

We could pick out a donor and I could be pregnant in a few weeks.

Andrew considers, then --

ANDREW

Okay. But are you going to be able to handle all the stress?

MINA

Stress... Of pregnancy?

Andrew shakes his head 'no'. Then, he smiles. There's clearly something else going on here.

ANDREW

The stress of being pregnant while married to a Congressional candidate.

(off her look; big news)

I was approached by the DNC today. They want me to run.

MINA

(thrilled)

Oh my God. You said it was a few years away, maybe a decade.

ANDREW

I'm ahead of schedule. Mostly because of you.

(off her confusion; genuine)

Mina, you make me a better man. And according to the DNC, you also make me more accessible to the voters.

(then)

And to answer your question: yes to the sperm donor. Yes to having a child. As long as you're by my side, the answer will always be yes.

(raises his glass)

To our sperm donor, whomever he may be.

They clink glasses. He drinks, she puts her glass down without drinking.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Babe, you gotta drink on the clink.

MINA

New studies say that if you're trying to conceive, no booze.

ANDREW

I love you.

MINA

Love you too.

Off Mina, the smallest hint of fear behind her smile.

INT. COMEDY CELLAR - LATER

Mo is on stage performing stand up.

MO

... So I'm driving here and "Just The Way You Are" comes on. Bruno Mars. A Shakespeare of our time. Then, One Direction "What Makes You Beautiful". In that moment, it dawned on me... like a porn star thinking about her life choices when she's in the middle of bukakke... men want the vulnerable girl. They don't want a strong, powerful woman because...

(baby voice)

"She might be mean to me." It's part of that "Men Discovered Everything" thing. At first, it was like Columbus and America, white men and Brooklyn, and now THEY discovered that you are beautiful.

Mo notices Javi entering the club.

MO (CONT'D)

So for research, I'm going to go out to a bar, and the next time a guy approaches me, I'm going to try that...

(Amy's baby voice)

"I'm just a innocent angel... who happens to be eating a breakfast burrito at a bar at 1AM because I got tired running through the field of daises." And then, when I take him back to my place, I'm gonna surprise him Ryan-Murphy-American-Horror style, when I open up my cute, little BDSM closet. Let's see if he still finds me so beautiful when I've got him bent over the bed with a ball gag in his mouth.

The audience ROARS.

MO (CONT'D)

You've been a great audience.  
Good night, everybody.

Mo heads over to Javi, standing at the bar.

MO (CONT'D)

I know I'm sexual napalm, but you've got to get over me. And just so tonight's not a waste, why don't you sit down and I'll get you comped.

JAVI

I can't be out late. I've got a production meeting at the hospital in the morning.

MO

On a Sunday? No one told me --

Javi take a deep breath, and then pulls out a cell phone.

JAVI

Mo, I came here to tell you... I've got a video of us. A sex video. From last week, when we were doing it by the Brooklyn Bridge.

MO

(recalls)

That's why you kept messing with your phone.

JAVI

Yeah. I thought I'd edit it together and surprise you. No one else was going to ever see it.

MO

(excitedly)

Dude, I want everyone to see it. Upload it now. I'll link it to my twitter feed. Me with a hunky guy. Look what it did for Kim Kardashian, and I have talent.

JAVI

Stop. I'm not putting it online. My point is that it shows you having sex with me -- a subordinate, which is a violation of your 'no fraternization' clause.

MO

The hell?

JAVI

Remember that mandatory sexual harassment seminar for all employees? You made me sign you in. Well, I went and I paid attention. I'm going to show the tape to Sean.

MO

He'll fire me. He won't have a choice.

JAVI

I can also file a sexual harassment suit in Federal Court.

MO

Wow. I'm not sure if I'm afraid or turned-on.

(nervous)

Javi, what the hell do you want?

Off Javi, now in the power seat...

INT. TIM'S CLUB EVENT - SAME TIME

TRACK Kebe as she exits the bathroom, heading back to the dance floor.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Kebe, is that you?

Kebe shudders upon hearing the voice. She turns to see SHEREE, late 30s, street, dressed for the club.

KEBE

How'd you find me?

SHEREE

I'm just out for the night, having a good time.

KEBE

(realizes, fuck)

Instagram. I blocked you.

SHEREE

You don't think I got friends? Maybe if you answered my calls, I wouldn't have had to get all gorgeous and come down here.

KEBE

I have a restraining order against you. You need to leave, now.

SHEREE

That's how you gonna treat your mom? Shame on you.

KEBE

I'm calling the cops.

SHEREE

Do what you gotta do, baby. And I'll do the same.

That stops Kebe in her tracks.

SHEREE (CONT'D)

My bank account is empty. If you don't make a deposit... I can make things real unpleasant for you and I know how you hate conflict.

(Kebe deflates, upset)

And what the hell did you do to your hair, girl? You look ratchet.

Sheree heads off. Kebe tries to keep it together, but she's shaken. She heads toward Nicolette and Tim, who are dancing closely. Nicolette is tipsy, bottle of champagne in her hand. Kebe takes the bottle from Nicolette. She considers it for a moment. Upset, she takes a sip. Nicolette sees it.

NICOLETTE

Kebs-

KEBE

I just want to forget about... everything.

Kebe puts her arms around Tim and Nicolette. Nicolette kisses Kebe. Then, as they pull apart, Kebe surprises Tim and plants a kiss on his lips. When she pulls back, Nicolette does the same with Tim.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NICOLETTE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

The threesome's wild. Music, drugs, sex toys in an open chest.

TIM

You guys are out of your minds. Did you rob Sex Toys 'R Us?

NICOLETTE

Tim, why is your shirt still on?

Tim strips it off. Then, he prepares lines of coke on the bedside table; all three lean in to snort.

TIM

It's pretty crazy what happened to Maxine, huh?

KEBE

Buzz kill. I was finally feeling good.

Kebe leans down another line. Nicolette tries to stop her.

NICOLETTE

How about slowing down, Kebs. You have to work on Monday.

KEBE

All the women fighting over  
Maxine's chair. Maybe I don't want  
to go back.

(sniffs line, then)

Let's play another round of Truth  
or Dare? Heads up, the "dare" will  
involve our Green One-Eyed Monster.  
We call him Shrek.

Kebe holds up a green dildo. They all laugh. Suddenly... SFX:  
BANGING ON THE DOOR

OFFICER #1 (O.S.)

Police. Open up.

KEBE

Oh shit.

NICOLETTE

Fuck. Damn my neighbor.  
(loudly, to the Cop)  
We'll turn the music down!

OFFICER #1 (O.S.)

Open the door, Ma'am.

KEBE

(to Nicolette)

I'm violating probation. They'll  
put me in jail.

NICOLETTE

Clean-up fast.

The threesome frantically clean up the drugs and sex toys.  
Scrambling, they get dressed and slam off the music.

OFFICER #1 (O.S.)

Open the door, now! We won't ask  
again!

NICOLETTE

Just a second!

(to Kebe)

Get in the closet.

Nicolette shoves Kebe in the closet. Then, Nicolette calmly  
opens the front door to reveal two OFFICERS.

NICOLETTE (CONT'D)

(politely)

How can I help you, Officers?

INT. CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

A stoned Kebe in the closet. Through a crack in the door, we  
stay with her POV:

OFFICER #1  
Mind if we come in, take a look  
around?

The Officers take several steps into the apartment when  
Officer #1 sees a white powdery residue on the kitchen table.

OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)  
I don't suppose that's powdered  
sugar.

Officer rolls his finger over the powder, runs it between his  
fingers. Nods to his partner.

NICOLETTE  
I have no idea how that got there.

OFFICER #1  
Put your hands against the wall.  
Both of you.

As Nicolette and Tim comply, we HOLD ON a freaked Kebe...

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - LATER

Bright, fluorescent lights. Mo, on the phone, as she goes on  
a late night junk food run, eating Oreos as she shops. She  
listens to the tail end of Heather's voicemail.

HEATHER (VOICE)  
... I'm not available right now,  
but I do want to talk to you, so  
leave a message. God Bless.

S/FX: BEEP!

MO  
(into phone)  
Hey, it's me. Did you know about a  
production meeting at the hospital,  
tomorrow?

S/FX: MO's Phone beeps. Mo eyes caller ID: "NYPD".

MO (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Shit, got another call. Later.

MO (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Hello... Yes, this is Mo Evans...  
(then)  
Oh. Yes, of course. I'll be right  
there.

Mo leaves behind all her groceries, except the opened box of  
Oreos. She hands a ten dollar bill to the check-out woman,  
and doesn't wait for change. HARD CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - NIGHT

Mo exits the precinct with Tim and Nicolette.

TIM  
Thanks for bailing us out, sis.

NICOLETTE  
Yeah, that was totally decent. Kebe will be touched.

MO  
To be clear, I was here for my brother. I didn't know you were a package deal 'til I showed up.

NICOLETTE  
Whatever. Tim, see you later.

Nicolette runs off.

TIM  
(impressed)  
They are crazy, frickin' lesbians.

MO  
They're pansexual and what the hell is wrong with you?  
(off his look)  
I'm bankrolling your club and you think it's okay to just take off in the middle of the night?

TIM  
Everything was under control.

MO  
A salacious threesome, a noise violation, and coke? Kebe is going to get hell'a press. It'll be like my vagina video never happened!

TIM  
There won't be any Kebe press because it was Nicolette's apartment and Kebe was in the closet. No one even knows she was there.

MO  
She could leak it.

TIM  
Are you fucking kidding me! Not everything is about you, Woman.

Mo looks him right in the eye --

MO

Of course it is. That's how I got us to where we are today. Because I am focused on one thing -- my career. And if it weren't for my blind ambition, you'd still be a mechanic's apprentice in South Boston instead of fucking pansexuals in a New York City penthouse. Don't you ever forget that. You know what, take an Uber home and cool off.

AS NIGHT TURNS TO DAY...

INT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

The waiting room is now a makeshift production office. Sean is drawn and tired. Ramona puts cards on a segment board.

SEAN

(to Javi)

... During the production meeting, I'll need you to direct patient families to the third floor waiting room. Apologize and give them a *Lunch Hour* tote bag.

JAVI

No problem.

SEAN

Ramona, stay here and take notes. Speak up if you have thoughts.

JAVI

Hey Sean, I've got some ideas.

SEAN

That's great. But right now, your job is to hand out tote bags.

Javi exits. Mina enters.

MINA

How's Maxine?

SEAN

No change.

Sean motions Mina to the segment board, as a cover so they can speak intimately, whispering.

SEAN (CONT'D)

So for Monday's show --  
(sotto)  
How are you?

Sean gets close to Mina, grabs her hand. The heat between them is undeniable.

MINA  
I'm worried about you. How ya holding up?

SEAN  
Better. Now that you're here. Did you talk to Andrew?

MINA  
It's complicated.

Sean releases Mina's hand.

SEAN  
We've been together for almost a year. You told me you were going to leave him -- even if I didn't exist. You said your marriage was over.

MINA  
(conflicted)  
Please, Sean. Let's not do this. Not now. Not here.

SEAN  
You're pregnant, it's my baby, and I love you. What am I missing? Do you want to be with me, or not.

As Mina considers her response, INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Mo is walking down the hallway, holding a large bouquet of flowers. She fakes heading towards Maxine's room. She acts surprised to see a production office and then backs up.

INT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - SAME TIME

Mina and Sean continue to whisper and fake look at the production board.

MINA  
(sotto)  
... Of course I want to be with you. But there are things about me that you don't know.

Before Mina can continue, Mo enters. Feigns surprise.

MO  
Oh. Is there a production meeting today? I was just coming to see Maxine.

SEAN

I called in a few segment producers since we have to change up the show.

MO

(off Mina; pointedly)  
A few segment producers and Mina?

MINA

I'm just here to see Maxine, too.

MO

How thoughtful.

(then)

Look, I know what's going on.

Sean and Mina look worried.

MO (CONT'D)

You're giving Mina the Left Chair. And no offense to Mina, but she can be dour. And that's not what our viewers need right now.

MINA

Actually, I'm exactly what they need. A grounding force to help them navigate this difficult time.

SEAN

I haven't thought about who's getting The Left Chair.

MO

If you say so. But when you do, remember I'm the only host who can add levity. You know, laughter through tears.

At that, Heathers enters, with the casserole her nanny made.

HEATHER

Hi ladies. Sean, I figured you could use a home cooked meal. Made my famous chicken cobbler casserole.

SEAN

Thank you.

HEATHER

I'm here for you -- and the viewers. You know, they look to me for spiritual guidance, which will be important going forward.

SEAN  
You want The Left Chair?

HEATHER  
If you think I should have it, then  
I will rise to the occasion.

At that, Kebe enters.

MO  
Whoa, Disney, you look a little  
rough around the edges. Bad night?

SEAN  
(to Kebe)  
I suppose you want The Left Chair,  
too.

KEBE  
What? No. I just went to see Maxine  
but she was with her doctor. I'm  
heading back now.

MO  
Come on, Kebe. I'll join you.

Mo and Kebe head off --

INT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

Mo and Kebe head to Maxine's room. As they approach, they see a DOCTOR exit the room. Mo CLOCKS the doctor as he makes a note on Maxine's chart and places it into the "IN BOX" at the Nurses' station. Mo stops short.

MO  
Go ahead without me. I need to pee.

As Kebe disappears inside the room, Mo approaches the Nurses' station. She looks to see that no one is watching. Then, she snatches Maxine's chart. Still holding flowers for Maxine, she dashes into the Women's Room.

INT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - WOMEN'S ROOM/STALL

Mo races into a stall. She rifles through Maxine's chart. Surprised at what she sees. She snaps photos on her cell.

INT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - MAXINE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kebe is at Maxine's bedside. She holds Maxine's hand as she tears up.

KEBE  
Maxine, last night, I screwed up big  
time. I used my mother and the show  
as my excuse. I used you as an  
excuse. I am such a fuck up.

(MORE)

KEBE (CONT'D)  
 I know it's selfish, but I need you.  
 I really need you. I promise I'll  
 never let you down again. I'm sorry.  
 I'm so sorry.

As Kebe continues...

INT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mo exits the bathroom and surreptitiously replaces the chart.  
 Then, she spots Sean walking toward her. Mo intercepts him.

MO  
 Sean --

SEAN  
 What now, Mo?

MO  
 Just in case you're on the fence  
 about The Left Chair, I have  
 something that might help sway you.

Mo holds up her phone, showing the photos of Maxine's chart.  
 Among the doctor's notes we see: "Allergic reaction to  
 anesthesia during cosmetic procedure."

SEAN  
 Jesus, Mo.

MO  
 I really do want to stick to the  
 party line: "throat surgery", but --

SEAN  
 I'll take this into consideration.

MO  
 For the past 20 years, Maxine has  
 claimed she's never had cosmetic  
 surgery. Her brand is honesty and  
 authenticity. It would be such a  
 betrayal if her fans found out she  
 wasn't being real. I mean, how  
 could they ever trust her again?  
 But don't worry. I'll do everything  
 I can to protect her secret.

Then, Mo realizes she's still holding flowers.

MO (CONT'D)  
 Oh. And these are for your mom.  
 Hope she gets better, real soon.

Mo hands him the flowers and walks off, leaving Sean in her  
 wake. *WTF?*

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR****INT. THE LUNCH HOUR STUDIO - HAIR AND MAKE-UP ROOM - NEXT DAY**

SFX: Whir of blow dryers. Mo, Mina, Kebe, and Heather are in their chairs, texting etc, as HAIR and MAKE-UP get to work.

MO  
 (to her hairstylist)  
 I need my hair to look professional  
 yet sympathetic. Is that clear?

Ramona enters with breakfast for the hosts.

HEATHER  
 Ramona? You're back on breakfast  
 duty? Isn't that Javi's job?

Ramona shrugs. Javi then enters, holding the hosts' ear buds.

JAVI  
 I've got earbuds.

He starts to put Kebe's in her ear.

KEBE  
 Ow!

JAVI  
 Sorry.

KEBE  
 Ramona, do my buds. You're the head  
 PA. And you're gentler.

RAMONA  
 I'm not the head PA anymore.

JAVI  
 I got promoted.

HEATHER  
 What? You've only been a runner for  
 a few weeks.

Javi and Mo exchange a look. Mo steps in.

MO  
 Hard work pays off. The producers  
 took notice.

MINA  
 No offense to Javi. But the way men  
 get promoted, it's not right.

MO  
 You're calling sexism in this  
 menstrual hut?  
 (MORE)

MO (CONT'D)

At least Javi never messed up my scone. Ramona, I asked for a blueberry scone and there are no blueberries in this scone.

RAMONA

Because blueberries make your teeth blue on camera. I was trying to help.

Ramona grabs the scone. As Ramona exits, Mo approaches Javi.

MO

(gloating)

You like your new job?

JAVI

It's barely a stepping stone.

MO

I know what you want. And I'll get you there. Just give me some time.

She's keeping her side of their bargain.

INT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM

Sean is in the make-shift production office, watching the quad split from the studio on a monitor. On the set are four STAND-INS for our hosts, who look like our real ones. Sean's talking on a headset to the studio.

SEAN

Camera B, now that we shifted over, you're on Heather. Don't shoot her from the left. It makes her nuts.

JASON ABEL, the young and diminutive Network President, enters. Sean's surprised to see him.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Jason?

JASON

Sean, how are you?

SEAN

It's been difficult.

JASON

We know your mother is your first concern, and she should be, so I just wanted to make sure you're okay to produce the show today.

SEAN

Of course. I've been working all weekend --

JASON  
 Good, good. This is the most important episode you will ever produce.

SEAN  
 The episode without my mother?

JASON  
 We expect huge tune-in. Every segment has to be buzz-worthy. Water-cooler.

SEAN  
 We've got Adele dedicating a song to Maxine. She flew in last night.

JASON  
 Adele, Wow. It doesn't get any better. Who's The Left Chair?

SEAN  
 Mo.

JASON  
 Mo? She's abrasive. Not to mention, not camera friendly.

SEAN  
 At this time, I think it's important to add some levity, you know, laughter through tears.

INT. THE LUNCH HOUR STUDIO - HAIR AND MAKE-UP ROOM

The makeup and hair people apply last minute touch ups. Ramona enters.

RAMONA  
 Sean's on the line.  
 (rolling eyes)  
 Gee, I hope I can press the speaker button correctly.

Ramona presses a button on the SPEAKER BOX on the counter.

SEAN (ON SPEAKERS)  
 Hi, Ladies.

INTERCUT with Sean:

INT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - SAME TIME

Sean is in the makeshift production office.

SEAN  
 I have full faith that we're going to put on a great show --

HEATHER  
Who's The Left Chair?

ANGLE ON: MO, expectant.

SEAN  
Mina. Network's decision.

Everyone reacts: Mo is surprised, Heather is stung, Mina is humble, and Kebe's relieved.

MINA  
Sean, I will do my best to make  
your mother proud.

SEAN  
I know you will. I know you all  
will.

MUSIC: "Lunch Hour" Theme Song.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
I'm at the hospital, but you'll  
still be hearing me through your  
ear buds.

INTERCUT ENDS. The hosts begin to exit the makeup room.

JAVI  
(gloating)  
Phones to Ramona.

Ramona looks at Javi, annoyed. The hosts exit and hand their phones to Ramona.

INT. THE LUNCH HOUR STUDIO - BACKSTAGE - HALLWAY

Javi leads the women to the stage as the hosts walk and talk.

KEBE  
You're going to crush it, Mina.

HEATHER  
You're the right choice.

MO  
Absolutely. Break a leg.

MINA  
Knowing you guys have my back, it  
means the world.

INT. THE LUNCH HOUR STUDIO - STUDIO WINGS - CONTINUOUS

The hosts stand in the wings as the ANNOUNCER introduces the show. Each host does her pre-show ritual: Heather crosses herself; Kebe says an affirmation; Mo punches the air; Mina runs through her blue cards.

## ANNOUNCER

Today on The Lunch Hour, Adele sings a tribute to Maxine, and the ladies discuss Heather's new book. Here they are, Kebe, Heather, Mo, and Mina!

INT. THE LUNCH HOUR STUDIO - ON STAGE

The Ladies hit the stage to thunderous APPLAUSE. They wave and blow kisses to the audience and then head toward The Host table. Mina heads for The Left Chair, but is intercepted by --

MO, who plants her butt into the coveted chair, to the visible shock of Kebe, Heather, and Mina.

MO

(sincere)

I am honored to be sitting in the Left Chair. Just until Maxine is feeling better and ready to rumble.

Audience applauds.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - MAXINE'S ROOM - SAME TIME

MO -- ON THE HOSPITAL'S TV in MAXINE'S ROOM. PULL BACK TO FIND Sean, watching. He's wearing his headset and the TOGGLE SWITCH, which we saw in the Teaser, is near-by. He's furious. (Note: Flanking the TV, a quad-split MONITOR has been rolled in. Maxine, still in the coma, in bed. The room is filled with flowers, stuffed animals, etc.)

SEAN

What the hell, Mo? Fuck! Fuck!  
Fuck!

Sean's phone buzzes. CALLER ID: Jason Abel, the network president. Sean declines it. Then, Sean hears a low moan coming from the bed. He looks over and notices Maxine is stirring. *Is she waking up?*

SEAN (CONT'D)

Mom?

She stirs a bit more.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Mom? Can you hear me?

(calling)

Nurse!

WE INTERCUT BETWEEN THE HOSPITAL ROOM, THE STUDIO, AND THE MONITOR --

INT. THE LUNCH HOUR STUDIO - ON STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Mo continues --

MO  
We want to thank the audience for  
all their get-well wishes.

KEBE  
It really means a lot to us that  
everyone loves Maxine as much as we  
do --

MO  
And let's not forget our viewers  
from prison. At this difficult  
time, they've kept their emailed  
dick pics to a minimum.

The audience titters.

MO (CONT'D)  
Prisoner 58237. Thumbs up.  
(giving thumbs up)  
Actually more like... two thumbs  
up.

Mo takes her other thumb and puts it on top of her thumb --  
making a very long thumb. The audience laughs.

MO (CONT'D)  
It feels good to laugh.

INT. LENOX HILL - MAXINE'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Maxine is now flanked by a DOCTOR and a NURSE. Maxine has  
indeed woken up; her eyes are open. As Sean watches, the  
doctor checks her vitals.

DOCTOR  
(to Sean)  
Vitals are returning to normal.  
She's out of the woods.

MAXINE  
Sean?

SEAN  
Mom, I'm right here.

Sean takes her hand. Maxine is groggy, but lucid.

MAXINE  
Hand me a mirror.

SEAN  
You're back. You're really back.

MAXINE

How long was I out for? Please tell me Trump's not president.

Sean hands her a mirror. But she's now distracted by the TV.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

The show's on?

SEAN

It just started. It's Monday.

MO (ON MONITOR)

... Heather, please lead us in a prayer for Maxine, just make it short and not too Jesus-y.

SEAN

I'll turn it off.

MAXINE

The hell you will. Why's Mo in my chair?

The doctor and nurse exit, Sean gently kisses his mother, wiping away his tears of relief. The Lunch Hour, with Mo leading, continues...

MAXINE (CONT'D)

What happened while I was out?

SEAN

You need to rest.

MAXINE

I've been resting.

Sean knows better than to argue with Maxine.

SEAN

You're trending on Twitter, ahead of Jennifer Lawrence. Everyone sent flowers.

MAXINE

What about Oprah?

SEAN

(covers)  
I'm sure she will.

A NURSE'S AIDE enters with a stack of newspapers. THE NEW YORK POST on top. She looks at Sean --

NURSE'S AIDE

Here are the papers you wanted.

Sean nods. He takes the stack, sees the Post headline, and places it out of Maxine's view. But Maxine notices.

MAXINE

What?

SEAN

*The Post* is trash.

MAXINE

If you won't read it to me, I'll get the nurse.

SEAN

(resigned; reads)

"Backstage Fighting at The Lunch Hour: Hosts vie for Maxine's Chair".

MAXINE

Those ungrateful bitches.

MO

Today's Roundtable is a topic that's had a huge impact on us: Outpatient surgical centers. Shouldn't doctors be performing operations in hospitals?

Maxine and Sean continue to watch the show.

SEAN

How about we call into the show and tell them you're back?

MAXINE

My body wasn't even cold and they tried to take my show.

HEATHER

... we can blame Obamacare for these clinics springing up --

MINA

Here we go.

HEATHER

I'm just saying, doctors are looking for profit centers.

MAXINE

Sean, tell Camera B to shoot Heather from the left.

SEAN

Mom, that's her bad side.

MAXINE  
Exactly. Do it.

SEAN  
(off her look, into mic)  
Camera B, swing left on Heather.

(Note: Each time Sean speaks to the set, he toggles to the appropriate party.) The Camera B OPERATOR looks confused, then swings left. Heather rolls her chair to avoid her bad side being shot.

HEATHER  
(distracted)  
Because doctors have got to make a decent living.

Heather bumps her chair into Kebe.

KEBE  
(to Heather, re: bump)  
What are you doing?

MO  
Personally, I would never use a surgical center. And certainly not at Maxine's age --

MAXINE  
Turn off her mic.

SEAN  
(into headset)  
Camera A. Tell sound to cut Mo's mic.

MO  
When you get older, you --

Mo's mic cuts off. Mo's lips move with nothing coming out. Maxine smiles. Mo looks confused.

HEATHER  
(sotto to Mo)  
Your mic's not working.

KEBE  
(to Mo)  
Are you calling Maxine stupid for choosing an out patient facility over a hospital? If so, you're insulting millions of Americans who've done the same thing.

MAXINE

That's my girl. Sean, have Mina announce that Kebe is going to investigate the safety records of surgi-centers.

SEAN

No, we promised Mina the next investigative segment.

MAXINE

Why are you fighting for Mina?

SEAN

(caught, fumbling)  
She's an experienced journalist.

MAXINE

(pointed)  
Did. She make. A play. For my chair?

SEAN

(resigned; into headset)  
Mina, announce that Kebe is going to --

Mina listens in her earbuds and then, through gritted teeth:

MINA

Kebe, you'll be doing some field reporting on this topic in the next few weeks --

KEBE

That's so exciting. When I was on my Disney show, I played a reporter. Now I'm going to be one!

Mina seethes.

END INTERCUT and RETURN TO --

INT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - MAXINE'S ROOM

Maxine and Sean continue to watch the show.

MAXINE

They should know better than to try and take my job before I'm dead and buried.

MO

(into Mina's mic)  
Please welcome, with a special tribute to our dear Maxine Robinson, Adele.

Adele comes out and sings "Hello".

MAXINE  
That was our best round table ever.

SEAN  
It was awful.

MAXINE  
The ratings will be huge and everyone will be talking about it.

SEAN  
Mom --

MAXINE  
Sean, listen carefully. For the next few days, I'll be running the show from this bed.  
(off his look)  
Trust me, millions of new viewers will be watching, just to see what happens next. By the time I make my triumphant return to pick up the pieces, I'll be so beloved, the network can never get rid of me.

SEAN  
(incredulous)  
You want me to tell everyone you're still in a coma?

MAXINE  
That's right.  
(then)  
Oh and about our new promo campaign, since those...  
(off monitor)  
she-devils won't approve their photos, cut them all the fuck out. We'll just have Kebe rolling on in.  
(then)  
Now, I gotta rest up. It's gonna be a big week.

As Maxine closes her eyes, we pan over to the NEW YORK POST and see the photo on the cover, the women of THE LUNCH HOUR dressed like Prized Fighters in the ring --

FADE OUT.

THE END