



You tickle my ear,
I'll tickle your #* @%!

For a Good Time, Call...

Katie Anne Naylor and Lauren Anne Miller

Based on a true story:

1-866-FSU-TITS

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Call Now! Cum Later!
Classic Phone Sex! Without All the Donkey's!

TITLE CARD: 1999

INT. AMHERST COLLEGE ENGLISH CLASSROOM - MORNING

An eclectic group of freshman English students sit around a large conference table, chatting. LAUREN POWELL, 18, prim, proper, and wide-eyed notices KATIE STEELE 18, wearing a see-through top with a black bra. Lauren leans over.

LAUREN

(whispering)

I can see your bra through your shirt.

(off Katie's nod)

It's just that you don't want people to think you're a slut on the first day of school.

KATIE

Oh. Hey, do you mind if people think you're a frosty bitch?

PROFESSOR RAINEY, attractive and 35, walks to the head of the table wearing a smart sweater vest.

PROFESSOR RAINEY

This is freshman English. We write, we read, we talk. We should get to know each other.

Lauren starts taking notes. JESSE LAWSON, 18, a gay bear type, hurries inside and sits between Katie and Lauren.

LAUREN

(whispers as she writes)

Know each other...

PROFESSOR RAINEY

I'm Tate Rainey and I'm from Jacksonville, Florida. One of the hardest things I've overcome is that although my penis is straight, my ass is gay.

The class shoots to attention. A few laughs trickle out.

JESSE

(quietly to Katie)

Score!

(notices Lauren's horrified look)

Kidding. I like your headband.

They smile at each other. Professor Rainey continues.

PROFESSOR RAINEY

See? The ice is broken. And I'm kidding. I'm not gay at all. But in college we can say whatever we want! Now, something I really did overcome is writer's block after my divorce. Not exciting, kinda sad, but true. Who's next?

Lauren shoots her hand into the air and stands up.

LAUREN

I'll go! My name is Lauren Powell and I'm from Stamford, Connecticut. And it was so hard for me to overcome my craving for ice cream sundaes. My dad made me one every night until high school when I had to stop cause I watched my weight.

There are mostly eye-rolls, but it's so sweet a few people smile. The biggest eye roll comes from Katie who pipes up.

KATIE

I'll go next!

Lauren awkwardly sits. Katie remains seated.

KATIE (CONT'D)

My name is Katie Steele and I'm from Baltimore, Maryland. Something I had to overcome, is a misdemeanor I got for flashing at a high school football game.

JESSE

You can get arrested for flashing?

KATIE

You do when it's your vag! And I'm 18 now, so it's not on my record anymore. I've overcome!

The class explodes with laughter. Over Jesse, the two girls stare each other down as another student starts talking.

INT. FRATERNITY HOUSE - EVENING

Lauren, wearing an Amherst shirt, wanders through the crowded, smokey room carrying an empty diet Coke can. She taps a DUDE on his shoulder.

LAUREN

Excuse me, do you know where the recycling is?

The DUDE ignores Lauren. She taps another person on the shoulder. When she turns around, it's Katie, who double fists beers, and wears an outrageous and very revealing outfit.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

(earnestly)

Oh, hi! Hey, I hope you're keeping your skirt on at this party!

KATIE

I'm just hoping they'll have ice cream later!

LAUREN

(ignoring the insult)

Do you know if there's any recycling around?

KATIE

Recycling!? This is a party, earth girl!

She grabs Lauren's can and throws it on the floor.

KATIE (CONT'D)

(tousles Lauren's hair)

Now you go have the time of your life!

Lauren gives Katie a judging look while Katie hurls herself onto the keg to do a kegstand.

INT./EXT. LAUREN'S CAR - A LITTLE LATER THAT NIGHT

Lauren drives away from the now broken-up party. She sees Katie doing the electric slide on the sidewalk, stumbling in her giant wedges - her revealing outfit almost revealing too much. She's wasted and has a party of her own. Lauren watches Katie and debates picking her up. The good person in her wins and she rolls down her window.

LAUREN

Hey!

KATIE

Lauren Powell! Fan of the ice cream sundae!

LAUREN

Yes, that's me. Do you maybe need a ride?

Katie shrugs and then hurls herself into Lauren's car and immediately starts playing with the radio.

KATIE

Ugh, I hate Dave Matthews! What station is this?

LAUREN

It's a cd actually. But this is a live cd. Have you ever seen Dave live? Or were you busy showing off your girl parts?

Katie is almost impressed by the insult.

KATIE

Oh man, I just realized I haven't peed in like, four beers.
(sees a big gulp cup)
Is this yours?

LAUREN

Sorry, I think it's empty.

KATIE

Perfect.

Katie jiggles off her underwear and tosses them on the dash. She starts to maneuver herself over the cup.

LAUREN

What are you doing?!

KATIE

I told you I had to pee.

LAUREN

Stop! You can't do that! This is my new car!

KATIE

Oh come on, I do this all the time. It'll be fine!

LAUREN

No! Don--

The sounds of Katie's pee can be heard hitting the cup.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
 Ohmygod, ohmygod. I can't believe
 you're doing this.

Katie finishes up and holds the cup up triumphantly.

KATIE
 Finished! See, no spills at all.

Lauren sighs.

LAUREN
 Fine. Okay.

Katie starts to put the lid back on the cup.

KATIE
 I told you, I do this all the--

SPLASH! Lauren hits a bump and pee goes everywhere! SILENCE.

Lauren pulls the car over to the side of the road. The area couldn't be scarier and is populated by SHADY LOOKING DUDES, SMALL CHILDREN selling drugs, and a PROSTITUTE getting spanked right there on the sidewalk.

LAUREN
 Get out.

KATIE
 Here!?

LAUREN
 (firmer)
 Get out.

KATIE
 But these people will kill me!

LAUREN
 (re: the spanked
 prostitute)
 Oh I think you'll fit right in with
 those two! GET OUT OF MY CAR!

Katie collects her shoes and what's left of the pee-filled cup and teeters out of the car. Lauren speeds off and then veers back in reverse. She tosses Katie's panties at her head.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
 I HATE YOU!

KATIE

Fine! I HATE you too! And you should
just chill out! Urine is sterile!

Lauren speeds off leaving Katie in Scarytown. Unfortunately
for her, Katie's revealing outfit makes her fit right in.

THE SPANKER

(to Katie)

Twenty-five to join us. And you can
give or receive.

Katie wimpers and walks off.

TITLE CARD: NEW YORK CITY, 10 YEARS LATER

INT. MORTY BRONSTEIN'S OFFICE - LOBBY - DAY

The phone rings in the most organized office reception area
ever. Out the window is a great view of New York City and on
the walls are framed book covers and literary awards. Lauren,
reading a manuscript, answers it.

LAUREN (ON THE PHONE)

Morty Bronstein's office?

MORTY (O.S.)

(yelling from other room)

Lauren!

LAUREN (ON THE PHONE)

I'm sorry, he's unavailable at the
mom--, yes, he's reading it now.

She looks down at the manuscript that she's reading.

MORTY (O.S.)

(yelling from other room)

Have you seen my insulin injection?

LAUREN

Yes, I know he's had it for six mon--
Well, I can tell you that it's just
great and has tons of promise... I'm
practically an agent... We'll return.

Lauren hangs up the phone with a sigh. She opens her desk
drawer and pulls out a box of syringes. She brings it into--

INT. MORTY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MORTY, 85, adorable, wrinkled, and knocking at death's door, sits in his chair - which is huge compared to his little old man body. His office is a disaster area with piles of manuscripts floor to ceiling and papers everywhere.

MORTY

There she is! Dear, would you mind doing the injection for me today? The arthritis in my right and left hands is acting up and I don't think I can reach around.

He maneuvers his body out of his chair and lowers his pants - exposing his upper right butt cheek. Lauren grimaces and steps toward Morty with the syringe.

LAUREN

Fine, but can we talk about the Joe Kreitman manuscript after?

MORTY

Of course, dear. You're so on top of things. Oh, I saw that thing on the machine you made. Impressive!

LAUREN

The *website*? On the *computer*?

MORTY

Sure, dear. Very lovely. Injection, please.

Lauren forces a smile and braces to inject Morty's butt.

LAUREN

Okay, on three. One, two, three.

She pokes him with the syringe and he screams like a baby.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - SIMULTANEOUS

Crowds of TOURISTS brush past Katie, also now 28, as she hands out comedy fliers.

KATIE

You like comedy?

An UNAMUSED WOMAN pushes the flier back at Katie.

UNAMUSED WOMAN

I don't do comedy.

Katie shrugs. She takes off her jacket and ties it around her waist, revealing a cleavage-baring top. She wipes sweat from her brow before she spies a HOT TOURIST in a Stetson hat.

KATIE

Hey there, cowboy. Would you like to get into some comedy tonight?

HOT TOURIST

I reckon I might! Will you be there?

KATIE

I can be wherever you want me to be. Just take a flier you sexy stetson.

The Hot Tourist takes the flier as he passes. Katie rolls her eyes and sighs. Then, she pushes her boobs together with her arms and tries again with ASIAN TOURIST MAN.

KATIE (CONT'D)

You like comedy?

INT. KATIE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

A pole dancing workout plays on the television, as Katie talks on the phone while swinging on a stripper pole. Katie pants and sweats, but continues to juggle the phone/workout. STRIPPER WORKOUT LADY bounces around on the screen.

STRIPPER WORKOUT LADY

Now roll those hips, you sex kittens! Let your breasts jiggle and focus on your core!

Katie rolls her hips very sexually.

KATIE (INTO PHONE)

(panting)

Jesse! You're smart and you deserve to do what makes your heart sing. We go over this all the time! Do not settle! I won't allow it. You're too talented.

STRIPPER WORKOUT LADY

Wrap an arm around that pole and glide and grind. You're a cat in heat!

Katie tries gliding and grinding with the phone, but can't do it. She slips off the pole and lands on her butt.

KATIE

Shit.

(into phone)

Do not sign that shitty contract.
Your book is better than that. I'll
call you back.

Keys jangle from Katie's front door, as she starts to pick herself up. It opens to reveal her landlord HENRY, 55, and a young perfect looking couple, JAMES and CARRIE.

HENRY

Like I said, this unit is full of
windows, gets lots of light.

KATIE

Hullo? Excuse me?

STRIPPER WORKOUT LADY (O.S.)

Feel the pole between your thighs!

Henry and James raise an eyebrow and peek toward the TV.

HENRY

Take a look at the bedroom-- it has
a walk-in closet.

(to Katie)

I told you I'd be coming by. How's
the packing going?

James and Carrie smile awkwardly and go to the bedroom.

KATIE

Packing? What the hell. You can't
just drop in on me, Henry. I live
here!

HENRY

Katie, I told you 60 days ago that
the building is no longer rent-
controlled come June 1st. You don't
qualify for the new rate with your
income.

KATIE

And I told you that this was my
grandmother's apartment. And I've
been here for 5 years! I'm not
going anywhere!

HENRY

Are those the certified letters I
sent you?

Three PINK ENVELOPES on the table are peeking out from underneath a pile of catalogs.

STRIPPER WORKOUT LADY (O.S.)

Use the big pole to guide your muscles.

HENRY

You've got four days, Katie. I'm sorry.

James and Carrie emerge from the bedroom, beaming and nodding with interest.

KATIE

Oh stop nodding you cake toppers! One day, the drain in the sink is going to clog, and you're not going to know why. But I'll know.

Henry ushers Carrie and James out the door. Katie walks to the doorway.

KATIE (CONT'D)

That's fine! I deserve better than this craphole apartment anyway! Have fun with my grandmother's ghost! She's a night-walker!

Katie slams the door with frustration.

INT. CHARLIE SHEER'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - THAT SAME NIGHT

Candlelight and the Boyz 2 Men song, *I'll Make Love To You* fill the boyishly boring apartment. Slightly tangled in their sheets, Lauren and her boyfriend, CHARLIE SHEER, 30 and looks like Mr. Right, make really boring love.

INT. CHARLIE SHEER'S APARTMENT BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lauren and Charlie brush their teeth while wearing matching pajamas. Him with just the pants, her wearing his top. They have a whole routine with her moving her head up when his is down and vice versa. When they are done, the routine continues with a towel exchange. Finally--

CHARLIE

Office?

Lauren nods enthusiastically.

INT. CHARLIE SHEER'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lauren and Charlie laugh together in bed watching *The Office*. They aren't touching. It goes to commercial.

CHARLIE

Well, I have some news. Weiner can't do the Rome office stint, so I get to go to Italy for the summer.

LAUREN

What?! That's amazing! I've never been to Italy before. All cobble-y streets and statues, old churches and yummy food!

Charlie takes a beat.

CHARLIE

I think...I think this is a good time for us to evaluate where we're at.

LAUREN

(hopeful)
Really?! Ohmygosh. Okay, wait.

Lauren runs out of the room and returns again a moment later with a camera.

CHARLIE

What's that?

LAUREN

I want to document this. If I don't my sister will KILL me!

Charlie's face falls.

CHARLIE

Honey, I'm not proposing.

LAUREN

Oh. Then what are you doing?

CHARLIE

Here's the thing. I think we're both ignoring something really obvious here and have been for a while now.

LAUREN

Ignoring what?

CHARLIE

We both jog an 8 and a half minute mile. We always go to Sarabeth's for brunch on Sunday. We switched from sour cream to greek yogurt together. We dress alike.

Charlie nods at Lauren's pajama top.

LAUREN

I'm not following.

CHARLIE

Lauren. Snap out of it. Last winter we built little ships together inside glass bottles. We always win at Taboo! And charades!... Our relationship is boring.

Lauren looks punched in the stomach.

LAUREN

But we just had great sex with each other!

CHARLIE

That was great? Look, every moment we spend together is fun, it's nice, but nice is not a way to live! We have no excitement. No passion. We have...Scrabble night.

LAUREN

You love Scrabble! And I have passion! I can loosen up! Look!

Lauren jumps up and attempts to dance sexily, unbuttoning several of the buttons on her pajama top. It's all wrong. Charlie grabs her and makes her sit down.

CHARLIE

Lauren. Stop. We're just friends, okay?

Lauren starts to cry.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Please don't do that. I know you'll see what I'm talking about soon. Once we have some distance, and you have your own place and--

LAUREN

My own place?! I can't afford my own place! Couldn't I just stay here?

CHARLIE

The thing is, I'm gonna give up this place when I leave for Italy. In four days.

LAUREN

How could you do this!? We've been together for three years! So what if we're friends! You're my best friend!

CHARLIE

Laur--

LAUREN

No! You are the worst person ever!

Lauren jumps up and starts grabbing her things from the room.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

You think I'm boring!? What about you, Mr. I only wear khaki pants and eat only plain chicken!? You're the one that loves the missionary position! I look good on top. My breasts look amazing. You don't deserve my breasts!

Lauren now starts throwing the things she's grabbed at Charlie: a shirt, a shoe, a book, her purse, etc. He's ducking and running around the room and saying 'I'm sorry' with every object hurled at his head.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Fine! I'll find a new apartment! A great apartment! And I'm gonna have crazy sex there! And be exciting! And you'll have missed it all!

Lauren hurls a heavy book-end at Charlie's head. He ducks out the door. The second he's gone, she sobs.

INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT- DAY

Katie stands in the middle of an empty living room, with the BUILDING MANAGER. She shrugs.

KATIE

It's...not bad. I came in a taxi,
today, but how far is the train?

BUILDING MANAGER

10 blocks to the J-M-Z train. And
then you just switch to the L train
or the F train after 6 stops and it
gets you right into the city.

KATIE

Huh. How long does it take exactly?

BUILDING MANAGER

An hour? But there's lots of people
that commute from here or take
bikes to the train.

Katie peers out the window as a DELINQUENT cuts off a bike
lock and steals a bike, peddling away at the speed of light.

INT. TINY, AMAZING NEW YORK STUDIO- DAY

Lauren perches on a window seat, gazing at Central Park. Her
broker, EILEEN, a mid-40's, Jewish-mom type, smiles broadly.

EILEEN

It's everything you're looking for! A
real grown up apartment: Doorman,
windows, full kitchen, and not more
space than a young single lady needs.

LAUREN

Single. Great. How much is it again?

EILEEN

Well, with first month, last month,
security deposit, and a broker's
fee...\$8000 to get in the door. And
then it's just \$2500 a month.

LAUREN

(sarcastic)
Wow, what a steal.

INT. STATEN ISLAND APARTMENT- DAY

A FAT LADY with way too much cleavage smiles broadly at
Katie, as they walk around an over-the-garage apartment.

FAT LADY

Do you have a car, I hope?

Katie shakes her head.

FAT LADY (CONT'D)

Well, in that case you just walk to
the ferry and sail right to the city.

Katie turns to see Fat Son leaning in the doorway, smoking a
cigarette. He looks very "Staten Island" douche-y.

FAT SON

Or I could drive you. I'm in and
out of the city all the time.

(pointing to the main
house)

And I just live right there.

INT. TERRIBLE EAST VILLAGE STUDIO- DAY

Lauren and Eileen stand next to one another in what is sadly
NOT a broom closet, but an actual apartment. An arms reach
away from the kitchen sink is a free-standing bathtub. A bed
has been folded down from the wall.

EILEEN

You can afford it! A place all to
yourself. Lots of privacy.

Lauren eyes the single, tiny window in the apartment.

LAUREN

I can't breathe.

Eileen cheerfully wedges open the window, struggling. It
springs open. Loud screams from the building next door erupt.

CRAZY LADY (O.S.)

Is this about the baby?! I HATE you!

CRAZY MAN

(in Spanish)

You enrage me, woman!

CRAZY LADY

Speak English! You've been here 12
years!!!

LAUREN

I'm not sure this is right either.

EXT. NYC STREET NEAR GRAMERCY PARK - AFTERNOON

Jesse, the guy who sat between Lauren and Katie in freshman English, struts down the street with Lauren while eating Taste-d-Lite.

JESSE

Lauren, I know you refuse to see it, but Charlie's right. You're so not crazy for each other. You are best friends.

(re: the ice cream)

Am I getting fat? Should I not be eating this?

LAUREN

It's fat free. And I'm *totally* crazy for him!

JESSE

Oh come on. We haven't been lingerie shopping for that guy in forever.

(grabs his stomach)

But look at this.

He sighs and eats another spoonful.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Brace yourself. I'm gonna lay it out there. Your relationship has run it's course. He's gonna go to Italy and meet some woman who can make pasta with her nipples, and you're gonna stay here and take over Morty's business and get your life on track.

LAUREN

Maybe it'll only be a break?

JESSE

Up.

Lauren knows he's right.

LAUREN

So my boyfriend is breaking up with me, and kicking me out of my apartment. I can barely afford any place that doesn't have rats or screaming immigrants. What am I going to do?

(MORE)

LAUREN (CONT'D)

I'm 2 days from moving back to Long Island to live with my parents! I'm 28. I can't do that.

Jesse spies an open house in a beautiful old building right on Gramercy Park.

JESSE

You can live here!

LAUREN

Please. I can't afford a place around here.

(looks at the sign)

And it's for a two bedroom. Are you moving in with me?

JESSE

Uh, no. I live alone. But let's just go look. For our dream lives.

He grabs her arm and drags her inside.

INT. INCREDIBLE GRAMERCY PARK APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Lauren and Jesse stand in the doorway with their mouths wide open. The apartment is a NY dream: Large windows, beautiful wood floors, an open kitchen, and molding to die for.

JESSE

Tears of real estate happiness are welling up inside.

LAUREN

I would do anything for a place like this.

JESSE

Sex for money?

LAUREN

Funny. I'm gonna go look around.

Just then Jesse spies Katie on the other side of the apartment. He panics and pushes Lauren in the other direction.

JESSE

Uh, great! Go look! Over there!

Jesse goes over to Katie.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Hey you!

KATIE

Hi! What are you doing here? You have a great place.

JESSE

I just looovve apartments, so I had to take a look! Does your being here mean you finally came to terms with getting kicked out of your place?

KATIE

Whatever. That place sucked anyway. I would give anything for this place. But I could barely afford half. I can't live on Staten Island. What am I gonna do?

JESSE

Sex for money?

Katie looks as if she's almost considering.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Uh, I'll be right back, okay?

INT. BEDROOM 2 IN THE AMAZING APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Lauren looks dreamily at the large closet in the bedroom.

JESSE

Could you afford half of the rent?

LAUREN

Hmm, maybe. It'd be a stretch. But I could do it with my raise I'm gonna get. I am 28 years old. I deserve this place right? I could make it a world with no Ikea. But, I don't want to live with a stranger. Wait, are you thinking about it?!

JESSE

No. Again. I live alone. But, uhm, I think I know someone that you could live with that would love this very grown up apartment.

LAUREN

Who is it?

JESSE

She is so much fun, and I know would be into living here and making it great and you probably don't even remember her, but she was in our major at Amherst and she's lives in NY and works in advertising. She's tons of fun and--

LAUREN

She once peed in my car?

Jesse smiles and puts out jazz hands. Lauren rolls her eyes and walks out of the bedroom.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

No. No. Absolutely no. I HATE her.

INT. INCREDIBLE GRAMERCY PARK APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Just as Lauren walks out of the bedroom she slams right into Katie.

JESSE

Oh boy.

The girls look at each other with hatred until Lauren remembers her manners.

LAUREN

Well hey, you! Nice to see you!

KATIE

It's good to be seen.

Lauren forces an awkward hug that neither are happy about.

KATIE (CONT'D)

So. What have you been doing lately?

LAUREN

(overselling)

I work for Morty Bronstein. His clients have published over 75 literary masterpieces. I'm pretty much his right and left hand. He's retiring soon and I'm going to take over the business. You?

KATIE

(lying through her teeth)
Well, I'm doing some ground-breaking stuff in advertising. I've single-handedly pushed forward a great campaign for a chain of comedy clubs here in Manhattan. Our ads are...all over Times Square.

Jesse chokes back a laugh, then nods.

LAUREN

Sounds great. Congratulations.

JESSE

Okay you two. This is a fantastic place and you're both insane if you let it go. So, I want you both to close your eyes and imagine:
(they reluctantly close them)
A big beautiful couch in the corner. Cute frames with nothing inside hanging on the walls. Brunch at a small table by the large windows.

KATIE

You just described Monica and Rachel's apartment.

LAUREN

I love brunch.

KATIE

Of course you do.

JESSE

I'm not done. This is not an apartment for someone fresh out of college. This is for someone who's got their shit together. Someone who's making their life happen! This place is for the two of you! Now on the count of three, I want you to both open your eyes and forgive each other for your silly pasts and get ready to step into the future of your incredible apartment. One... Two... Three.

The girls open their eyes.

LAUREN

That was so nice, Jesse.

KATIE

Almost as nice as kicking someone out into a world full of murderers, rapists, and drug dealers.

LAUREN

When it's hot outside, my parents say that the car still smells like pee.

KATIE

I was almost arrested that night for being a prostitute.

LAUREN

You *peed* in my car.

KATIE

This isn't going to work.

LAUREN

No, clearly it's not.

They angrily part ways. As they head for the door, they overhear JACK, the real estate broker, talking to MARIA, another interested person.

JACK

It's really a lovely building. Quiet, friendly neighbors, and of course, that key to Gramercy Park.

Both Katie and Lauren's eyes grow wide. They rush over.

KATIE

Key to Gramercy Park?

LAUREN

It's so pretty in there!

Katie links her arm with Lauren's.

KATIE

We'll take it.

Lauren looks at Katie's linked arm and pulls her aside.

LAUREN

(whispering)

What do you think you're doing? I don't want to live with you!

KATIE

(whispering)

I don't want to live with you
either! But come on, look at this
place. And Gramercy Park?!

LAUREN

(takes a beat, then)

Can you afford half of the rent?

KATIE

I can make it work. We'll take
turns being in the living room. And
you can have all the brunch you
want.

Lauren looks at Katie. She looks around the place.

LAUREN

(to herself)

I should make bold choices. Bold
choices.

(to Katie)

Ohhh man. Okay. Let's do it. But no
Ikea in the living room!

They march back over to Jack.

KATIE

Sorry lady, but get outta my
apartment!

LAUREN

Where do we sign?

INT. KATIE AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT, KATIE'S BEDROOM- DAY

Katie unpacks garbage bags. A pedicure chair sits in the
middle of the room. Lauren wiggles a pillow into a shabby
chic pillow sham as she leans into Katie's doorway.

LAUREN

Is that a pedicure chair?

KATIE

Yeah. Isn't it funny?

LAUREN

Funny furniture? Hmm. Keep it in
here, please.

KATIE

Whatever. Nice pillow case. Pottery
Barn?

LAUREN
Pillow *sham*. Anthropologie.

KATIE
Where yuppy hippies go to die.
(beat)
So, I was thinking we could divide
up the bills. Like you pay them for
the first three months, and then
I'll pay them the next three.

LAUREN
Nice try. But I don't think so. Who
knows, in three months, you could
run off and join the circus.

KATIE
Good one. I was kidding.
(beat)
What time do you leave for work in
the morning? So we can figure out
the shower.

LAUREN
8:30

KATIE
Me too. Shit. You can shower
anytime before 7:30. Are you going
to come into my room all the time?

LAUREN
I was trying to be nice.

KATIE
Next time, send a fruit basket.

Lauren shrugs and walks off.

LAUREN
Fine. And don't forget to bring the
least to that place on twenty third
tomorrow!

INT. MORTY BRONSTEIN'S OFFICE - MORNING

Lauren sits in front of Morty in his office. A humidifier
runs in the corner.

MORTY
So what's the occasion?

LAUREN

You just called me in here.

MORTY

Oh right. You're so smart. That's why I hired you.

(off Lauren's smile)

And that's why you're gonna be great out there on your own.

(Lauren's smile falls)

I'm tired. I'm old. Let's face it, I don't do anything anymore. It's time to close the old place down.

LAUREN

But what about your clients? I was thinking that I could--

MORTY

I took it upon myself to make this easy for you and set them up with fancy young agents.

LAUREN

And what am I?

MORTY

You? You're a secretary.

LAUREN

But I've worked as your assistant for 5 years. I know your business inside and out. I've been doing it on my own for the past year at least!

MORTY

But you're a woman and women are secretaries, not agents.

LAUREN

What is this, 1954?

MORTY

A great year... Look, you make a wonderful coffee, but you're just lacking something to make you an agent.

LAUREN

What? What am I lacking?

MORTY

A penis.

Lauren is crushed.

INT. APARTMENT LEASING OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Katie steps up to the teenage RECEPTIONIST, who is texting on her phone and laughing to herself.

KATIE

I'm just dropping off the lease for apartment 12-F. In the Gramercy Park building?

RECEPTIONIST

Oh, yeah. So, I'm such an idiot. I sent over, like, the wrong lease. That one was for 14-F.

She pulls out a lease from her drawer.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Can you sign this one for me instead? My dad's bugging out. Is your roommate here?

Katie shakes her head. Clearly she's alone.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Shoot.

(looks around)

Um, that's okay. It'll be just be under your name then. I mean, it'll technically be your place, but if that's okay with you, it's okay with me.

Katie thinks about it for a moment.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

You can forge her name on it too, if you want. I don't care.

Katie smiles sweetly.

KATIE

That's ok. We're best friends. She won't mind if it's just my name. Forgery is so wrong.

RECEPTIONIST

Great.

Katie hands finishes signing the lease and hands it over. She walks out triumphantly, giving the girl a pageant queen wave.

INT. KATIE'S APARTMENT KITCHEN - THE NEXT DAY

Katie, over-dressed for work in a suit, eats a bowl of fruit loops. Lauren emerges from her room, in her pajamas, with an empty red wine bottle and puffy eyes.

LAUREN
Do we have recycling yet?

KATIE
Again with this.

Lauren looks less than amused.

KATIE (CONT'D)
There's a box under the sink, Earth girl.
(notices the pajamas)
Casual Tuesday at work?

LAUREN
I'm going in an hour late today.

Lauren mopes over and tosses the bottle. She looks toward the living room and sees the pedicure chair and a stripper pole.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Um. What's happening in there?

KATIE
I exercise on the pole. And the chair is for my back. I told you.

Lauren collapses at the table.

LAUREN
Whatever. I don't have the strength.

KATIE
Your eyes are all puffy. Were you smoking weed this morning?

LAUREN
No. Gross.

Lauren sits at the table. Silence. Then...

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Have you ever been in love?

KATIE

Ehh, I can't be tied down. I don't have time to waste on personal relationships. Women will stab you in the back, and men only wanna stab you wherever you'll let them - if you know what I mean.

LAUREN

Then I doubt you'd understand. I was with Charlie for 3 years! I thought he was my person! same plans, same dreams, same bed. And now he's gone.

KATIE

Your person? Gross. Jesse told me you might be in denial about your boring relationship.

LAUREN

Whatever. And what do you mean women will stab you in the back?

KATIE

Women are bitches. Bye woman!

LAUREN

Where are you going?

KATIE

To the bathroom. Jeez!

LAUREN

(under her breath)
Why don't you just pee in this candle-holder?

Lauren slumps in her seat. A moment later, Katie emerges and heads to the door.

I'm going to work. See ya. Wouldn't wanna be ya.

And she's out the door. Lauren sighs, takes off her blazer, heads to the couch and turns on the TV.

INT. KATIE AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT- LAUREN'S ROOM - THAT AFTERNOON

Days of our Lives plays on the TV while Lauren back in her PJ's, sits at her desk looking at her bank account online.

ANGLE ON THE COMPUTER: Checking 2537: \$2047.34. Lauren sighs and clicks another window to a completed Monster.com job application. She hits *submit job* and picks up her cell phone.

CHARLIE (O.C.)
Hey, it's Charlie! Leave--

Lauren hangs up. She dials her phone on speaker.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LAUREN'S PARENTS LONG ISLAND HOUSE - KITCHEN -
SIMULTANEOUS

ADELE, 58, and adorable, chops vegetables while SCOTT, 60, with an lovable comb-over, paints a chess set.

ADELE (ON THE PHONE)
Hello?

LAUREN (ON THE SPEAKER PHONE)
Hi, mom.

ADELE
Oh hi, sweetie! Hold on, let me get dad.

Adele brings another phone to Scott even though they're in the same room.

SCOTT (ON THE PHONE)
Hi my sweetie. How's the new apartment? And your roommate?

LAUREN
Apartment's great. Roommate's whatever. But, uhm...Morty's finally retiring.

SCOTT
That's my girl!

ADELE
And you're finally taking over! This is great!

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Uh, no. He's just retiring. I'm not taking over.

SCOTT
But what about our plan?

LAUREN

Yeah, well, since I'm a girl, and Morty's a sexist old-man, there is no more plan.

ADELE

What?

LAUREN

Mom, I wasted 5 years of my life giving insulin shots to someone that thinks because I have a vagina, I'm incapable of doing more than looking pretty. It's over and I don't want to talk about it anymore.

Silence. Adele stops chopping.

ADELE

Honey, nice girls don't say vagina.

SCOTT

(chipper)

Well, okay. This is no big deal. You're smart, you're professional--

ADELE

You're beautiful. Who wouldn't want you?

SCOTT

Exactly. Let's make a new plan. Where are you applying?

LAUREN

I've already applied at Random House. And I'm doing Penguin and St. Martins tomorrow. The big ones. I'd really like to start doing something more fulfilling.

ADELE

Ahh, the Random House dream. Scott, doesn't Diane's neice work there? I think she does. I could call her.

LAUREN

No, no. Thank you, but I want to do this on my own, okay?

SCOTT

Okay, that's fine. Do you need money? What about rent in that new apartment? What do you need?

LAUREN

You guys are the best, but I have a little in savings for rent this month. And I know I'll get a job soon. Thank you, but no thank you. I'm 28, I just can't have you guys helping me out anymore.

ADELE

Well you can always move back in with us.

Lauren smiles and nods un-easily. That's the last thing she wants to do.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - A BIT LATER

Lauren, wearing a proper shirt and her pajama pants, fights her way through times square while drowning her sorrows in an extra large bag of chocolate covered popcorn. Some of it's on her face.

Meanwhile, only a few feet away is Katie. Her power blazer is now wrapped around her waist. She hands a YOUNG MAN a flier.

KATIE

Hey, you like comedy?
 (off the man's confused
 look)
 English?
 (more confusion)
 No? Great.

She hands him the flier and then pushes her way through the crowd. She doesn't know it's her, but she taps Lauren on the shoulder.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Hey, pajamas, you like comedy?

Lauren turns around and sees that it's Katie. Both of them are *shocked*.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Oh. It's you.

Lauren grabs the flier.

LAUREN

Is this your job?

KATIE

No. Yes. It's a grass roots campaign.
You can't ask anyone to do anything
you wouldn't do yourself!

LAUREN

(judge-y)

I see.

Katie registers the pajamas and the fact that it's mid-day.

KATIE

What's with the popcorn and
pajamas?

LAUREN

This...is part of a major book deal
I'm brokering. Yeah.

KATIE

You're such a liar!

LAUREN

You're not doing anything
ground-breaking in
advertising!

The girls stare each other down. Lauren breaks first.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Fine. Morty retired. I lost my job.

Katie almost feels bad, but then takes advantage.

KATIE

And this is how Miss productive
fills her time?

LAUREN

Yeah, clearly I should take notes
from you on how to have a
successful career.

KATIE

If you'll excuse me, I have some
important work to get done.

LAUREN

Why not save your breath and just
wear a sandwich board?

KATIE

Unemployed.

They both turn and huff off in opposite directions.

KATIE (CONT'D)

You better be able to pay your rent
next month!

LAUREN

Madison Avenue is *that* way!

INT. KATIE AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT - LAUREN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lauren, still in her pajamas is splayed across her bed with a pile of gossip rags. She listens to her iPod, but then casually pulls it out of her ears and stands up. She shoots to attention when she hears...

KATIE (O.S.)

(sexually)

Mmmm. Oh yeah. That's it.

Lauren's eyes go wide.

KATIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Fuck your nasty little slut! Ride
me!

Lauren doesn't know if she should throw up or run. She grabs her purse and heads for the door.

INT. FANCY LOUNGE- NIGHT

Lauren stares at Jesse, who sits across from her. He takes a big sip of his way too girly drink and sets it down.

LAUREN

You're not going to say anything?

JESSE

Am I surprised she talks dirty when she's getting some action? No, not really.

LAUREN

How can you even like her? She's disgusting and rude and socially inept. She can't even be fake nice!

JESSE

Is it possible that you're upset about getting fired and how your dream of taking over Morty's clients has been crushed? And maybe Katie isn't the problem?

LAUREN

No. That is not possible. I am fully qualified to work somewhere else and I will. This is a minor setback. But that girl, oooh, I loathe her. She lies about everything. She doesn't work in advertising. She. Hands. Out. Fliers! And you didn't tell me!

JESSE

Please don't put me in the middle. She's great at handing out those fliers, she's talkative and outgoing. Give her that, at least.

LAUREN

I am not giving that girl anything. I just hope I don't have to meet whoever she's sleeping with when he comes out of our bathroom and has inevitably peed on our floor, fondled my toothbrush and left small curly hairs by the sink. I'm sure he's disgusting.

JESSE

You're the one wearing pajama pants in a bar.

INT. LAUREN'S BEDROOM- A LITTLE LATER

Lauren enters the apartment, tentatively listening for Katie. It is silent. With relief, she heads to her room, until--

KATIE (O.S.)

Yess! Yess! Yessss! Beat that meat!
Do it for ME!

Lauren throws her purse down and charges to Katie's door, but then chickens out. Lauren crumples into her own room.

KATIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'm so close! Don't let me down,
baby. Oh GODDDDDDDDDDDDDDD!

INT. KATIE'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

Katie hums "Eye of the Tiger" while pouring herself a bowl of Lucky Charms. Lauren enters, with rage in her eyes.

LAUREN

Listen, whatever 12 hour porn shoot you were doing last night was ridiculous. We share a wall.

KATIE

I wasn't shooting any porn. I was *working* all night long, thank you.

LAUREN

(a lightbulb goes off)
Oh my god, you're a prostitute.

KATIE

Shut up. I told you, I was *working*.
Not as a prostitute.

LAUREN

Come on! Beat that meat!? Gross! If you want to have guys over, that's fine, but just a little warning would be appreciated.

KATIE

NO ONE WAS HERE!

LAUREN

Whatever. Could you clean some of your moldy mushu pork out of our fridge?

KATIE

Why? To make room for your veggie dogs and soy milk? What sort of a person pickles their own beets?

LAUREN

The type that values nutrition, has a real job, and a basic sense of cleanliness!

KATIE

(slams her bowl of cereal into the sink)
Real job? As I recall, you're REALLY UNEMPLOYED. Hey, you know, I used to work at Barnes and Noble on 83rd, if you want to stay in the book industry. I could make a call.

LAUREN

Oh, did you work in their advertising department too?

(MORE)

LAUREN (CONT'D)
 Writing about sales on chalkboards
 out in front of the store?!

Katie scoffs while throwing on her blazer.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
 (re: the blazer)
 Big meeting with the hot dog vendor
 today?

Katie opens her mouth for a comeback and then stops.

KATIE
 You know, you're feistier than I
 thought.

Lauren is shocked by the almost compliment. Katie grabs her
 briefcase and slams the door shut.

INT. KATIE AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT KITCHEN - EVENING

Lauren pushes Katie's moldy food around in the fridge. She
 starts taking anything edible out and piles it on the
 counter. Once there's a pile of very random foods on the
 counter, she digs in. She takes a bite of a peach, a spoonful
 of peanut butter, a pickle.

LAUREN
 Mmmm. You're a good little peach.
 Bet you wouldn't mind a little of
 this...

Lauren tops her peach with some peanut butter and takes a big
 bite. She sighs with pleasure. Just then, Katie's voice is
 heard from inside her bedroom.

KATIE (O.S.)
 Rip off those pants! I can't wait
 to get inside there!

LAUREN
 (eyes bulging)
 Ohmygod.

KATIE (O.S.)
 Pull that cock out big boy!

LAUREN
 No. No. No. NO!

Lauren rushes to Katie's door, about to knock. She listens
 through the door and hear the slight noise of mattress
 springs getting a workout.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Ugh, grooossss. I can't do this.

She turns to walk away.

KATIE
You got me soooo wet! THAT'S. WHAT.
I'M. TALKING. ABOUT!!!!

Lauren storms back to the door and POUNDS it with her fist. Unexpectedly, it flies open! It reveals Katie, all alone in the room, fully clothed, jumping up and down on her bed, with the phone to her ear!

Lauren is stunned. Katie's face goes white.

KATIE (INTO THE PHONE) (CONT'D)
(quickly)
Uh, just cum on my face. Gotta go.

Katie looks at Lauren, wondering what she's going to say. Lauren is silent.

KATIE (CONT'D)
Your dad called?

INT. KATIE AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lauren sits on the couch with her arms folded. Katie studies her from the pedicurists chair.

KATIE
Listen, I've been doing--

LAUREN
Oh I know what you've been doing.

KATIE
If you would only let--

LAUREN
You are so disgust--

KATIE
It's not even a big--

LAUREN
How could you even--

The phone rings from inside Katie's room.

LAUREN
Well are you gonna get it, Miss Cleo?

KATIE
Miss Cleo is a phone psychic.
I enact phone fantasies.
(Lauren is silent)
Fine. Do you want the story?

LAUREN

Sure. Story me away!

KATIE

Ok. When I first got to New York, I had no money. I didn't have a grand plan, like I'm sure you did, OK?

(Lauren nods)

I saw an ad for a dirty hotline and had a little phone interview and I got the job. I'm creative and am really good at knowing what guys want to hear, so I was great at it. I did it for a while and then stopped when my grandma died and I got her place with rent control. But then we moved in here, I needed to make more money for my half of the rent, so I got back into it.

(sincerely)

It's the only thing I've been good at since college. Obviously, I don't really have a fancy advertising job.

Lauren takes a deep breath.

LAUREN

So, how does it work? How do you get the calls?

KATIE

It's easy. I just call, tell them when I'm "on," and they forward the calls. I get 2 bucks a minute, which adds up to be just enough to cover my half of the rent.

LAUREN

\$2.00 a minute? How much are these guys paying?

KATIE

I think \$6.99? I know, how can they afford it, right? It's a decent living for me though. Except that I always go over on my cell minutes.

Lauren's logical side takes over.

LAUREN

Ok, first off, get a landline. Are you retarded?

(MORE)

LAUREN (CONT'D)

And listen, I think you should know if you're really good at it, you're wasting your time getting only 2 bucks a minute. You're the one doing all the work and this stupid company is making 3 times as much as you for doing nothing. It's actually offensive how short-sighted you are. Get your own hotline.

KATIE

Ok, rude. I've thought of that. But I just don't know how to even begin.

LAUREN

Whatever. You're just lazy. Call the phone company. Tell your clients. Done.

(off Katie's enlightened look)

So...how do you know what to say?

KATIE

Uhm, I just say what I normally say during sex. I know every button on a man and just when to push. When to cradle his-

Lauren puts a hand up to get Katie to stop talking.

LAUREN

Maybe I don't really want to know.

KATIE

You must know some dirty words. Did you talk during sex with Charlie?

LAUREN

Um... I would tell him he's sexy.

KATIE

I need a cold shower after that one!

The phone rings again from Katie's bedroom.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Just so you know, I'm going to keep doing this. I have a gift. And if I don't, I can't pay my half of the rent. But I'll try to keep it down.

Katie slips in her room and shuts the door. Lauren shakes her head and then laughs to herself.

INT. KATIE AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Lauren sits on the couch reading the Random House website. Katie breezes through the front door holding a large shopping bag and heads to her room.

KATIE
(rushing to her room)
Did the phone guy come today!?

Lauren rolls her eyes. Katie strolls back into the living room holding a pink telephone.

KATIE (CONT'D)
Yes he did! And look what I bought.
It's your color, isn't it?

Lauren barely looks up.

LAUREN
Great.

Katie sits down and stares at Lauren reading.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
What?

KATIE
That was nice of you to suggest I
get a land line.

LAUREN
It was common sense.

Lauren goes back to her computer. Katie's pained to say...

KATIE
Help me make this a business.

LAUREN
Uh, no thanks.

KATIE
But you seem to know how to do this
stuff. Help me and I'll pay a
hundred bucks of your rent until
you get a job.

LAUREN
No.

KATIE
Okay, forever.

LAUREN

I don't want to waste my time helping you with your disgusting habit. If it helps you pay the rent, fine. Keep it quiet, keep it in your room, I don't want to know about it.

KATIE

Stop acting so high and mighty. I know you're interested.

Lauren's not a great liar, but tries to cover.

LAUREN

Interested? I have an interview at Random House tomorrow. It's my dream job and I'm perfect for it. I couldn't be less interested!

KATIE

Oh reeeally. Well, hey, that's fine. Go to your interview. You'll answer all the questions just right. You'll sit there all prim and proper. It'll be just *perfect*. No way you won't get that job and have to slum it with me, right?

Lauren, a little unnerved, rolls her eyes and heads to her room.

KATIE (CONT'D)

You're not better than me. You're not better than phone sex!

INT. RANDOM HOUSE OFFICE LOBBY - AFTERNOON

Dressed in a sharp interview suit, Lauren anxiously waits in the shiny fancy lobby lined with best sellers. She looks at the walls as if she were a kid in a candy shop. RACHEL RODMAN, a precise woman, looks around for her.

RACHEL RODMAN

Lauren Powell?

LAUREN

(jumping up)
That's me!

INT. RANDOM HOUSE OFFICE - RACHEL RODMAN'S OFFICE - LATER

Lauren sits across from Rachel with the most excited smile and talks a mile a minute and a bit like a crazy person.

LAUREN

It's just always been my dream to work here! I'm so good with words, and books, and authors! No one works harder than me, either! You wouldn't believe it, when I was younger, I'd do three book reports when everyone else would do one!

RACHEL RODMAN

That's very impress--

LAUREN

Right? And I've helped so many friends with their books. So I know I can do that. I'm such a good helper. The other night I helped my roommate practically triple her business.

RACHEL RODMAN

Oh, what kind of business?

Lauren starts to build speed as she answers. Rachel tries to keep up.

LAUREN

Uhm, she's a listener. I mean, she works on the phone. But, god, she's not a telemarketer or anything. I hate those people. I guess she's pretty good at it. She says she's creative, but I don't really know. I mean, who knows what she says to those people. Or how she can even sleep with herself at night. At least she can pay her half of the rent. I meant, right? And I can't imagine what they say to her! But, let me tell you she can be loud! I guess you'd have to be though! To say that kind of stuff!? I'm so better than that! This is way more my speed. I'm perfect for this place, right?! I could never do phone sex!

As soon as the words are out, Lauren realizes what she's said.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Oh god. I didn't mean to say that.
I'm just really nervous. Please
don't judge me.

Rachel goes white. She puts down Lauren's resume.

RACHEL RODMAN

Well okay. Look, Miss Powell, I'm
so sorry, but looking at your
resume, you're just not qualified
right now. We'll be hiring again in
three months. Best of luck to you.
And your, uh, roommate.

EXT. LOU'S PLEASURE WORLD/TIMES SQUARE - LATE AFTERNOON

People bump into Lauren left and right as she wanders
aimlessly down the crowded NYC street. Her phone starts to
ring. The caller ID reads: PARENTS. She's stopped at a
crosswalk and looks up and sees: LOU'S PLEASURE WORLD. She
ignores the call from her parents and walks away with
purpose.

INT. KATIE AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT - KATIE'S ROOM - EVENING

Katie sits on her computer trying to design a website. It's
such a disaster.

KATIE

Fuuuck!!!! Work stupid thing!

She clicks a button five times and nothing happens. She puts
her head down. Lauren comes to the doorway.

LAUREN

Fuck Random House. I'm in. I want
to make a third of the profits. And
I'm not getting on the phone. This
is strictly business.

KATIE

I don't want you on the phone. You
wouldn't have any idea what to do.

LAUREN

That website looks like shit. Scoot
over.

INT. KATIE AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Katie carries a glass of wine to Lauren, who sits on the couch with her laptop. Lauren shows Katie the website that she is putting together. It's got pictures of hot naked girls and graphics of dildos, lips, and handcuffs.

KATIE

Oooh, I like the lips. Maybe I should kiss some paper, and we can scan it in so it's more real?

LAUREN

These men want to jerk off to your voice. They don't give two shits if the lips are real. Let's work smarter, not harder. What's the name of your company?

KATIE

The name?

INT. GROCERY STORE - AFTERNOON

Katie and Lauren walk through the cereal aisle.

KATIE

Names are so much pressure.

LAUREN

I thought you're so creative.

KATIE

I am, I am.

She grabs a box of Lucky Charms.

KATIE (CONT'D)

What about 1-900-Get-Lucky?

LAUREN

That's so boring. You want something emotional. Sexy.

They enter the produce section. Katie grabs a head of lettuce.

KATIE

1-900-Toss-My-Salad?

INT. GRAMERCY PARK- AFTERNOON

The girls sit on a bench reading magazines.

LAUREN

I think you need a concept. Like, what makes your line different?

KATIE

It's sex talk, what needs to be different?

LAUREN

I mean, like why would they call you, and not just watch porn? I mean, I know what's available out there online and stuff.

KATIE

You would be *horrified* at what's available online and stuff.

EXT. NYC SIDEWALK RESTAURANT - EVENING

Lauren eats salad, while Katie eats a burger. Katie notices her comedy fliers in her bag. She grabs one.

KATIE

Hey! We should make fliers!

LAUREN

Wow, that's actually a good idea.

KATIE

What do you mean 'actually?' I have good ideas.

LAUREN

Sure. Just now you did.

INT. DUANE REED DRUGSTORE - EVENING

The girls buy shampoo and toothpaste at the register. Katie eyes a Martha Stewart Magazine.

KATIE

I think the concept of my line is that it's classic and old-fashioned. No trends. Like a nice black suit, it's always in style. None of that crazy shit that's online.

LAUREN
Classic phone sex. Good angle!

KATIE
Yeah. Wholesome sex talk. Without
all the donkeys.

The CHECKOUT GUY looks at them funny.

EXT. UNION SQUARE FARMER'S MARKET - MORNING

The girls stroll through the market.

KATIE
How about 1-900-Phone Sex?

Lauren pretends to fall asleep.

KATIE (CONT'D)
Fine.

Lauren picks up a grapefruit and smells it.

LAUREN
Mmmnn. That smells good.

The noise she makes is very sexual. Katie gets an idea.

KATIE
What about 1-900-Mmm-Hmmm?

LAUREN
You mean like 1-900-M-M-M-H-M-M-M?

KATIE
(super sexual)
Mmm-Hmmm... Yes! That's our classic
phone sex number!

She gets the attention of PEOPLE around them. Lauren is so embarrassed and starts dragging her away.

KATIE (CONT'D)
(shouting)
For a good time, call 1-900-mmm-
hmmm!

INT. STARBUCKS - AFTERNOON

The girls sit side by side drinking frappucinos and looking at a computer. ANGLE ON the computer: The phone sex flier.

It's so amateur and is a lot like the website - cheesy graphics, etc.

KATIE

Do you think we should put some
boobs on there?

Just then a 16-Year-Old-Boy, BARISTA walks by. 'Boobs' catches his attention. Katie notices.

KATIE (CONT'D)

(sexually)

Call 1-900-mmm-hmmm. I'll tell you
all about boobs, friend. And don't
be scared. We're bondage free!

His eyes go wide and he runs away. Lauren shakes her head.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE- DAY

The girls are dressed super sexily. They hand out cheesy
PHONE SEX FLIERS to people rushing past in Times Square.

KATIE

I didn't know you had it in you.

LAUREN

What?

KATIE

To look that hot.

LAUREN

I can look hot.

KATIE

Sure. Now you do.

(hands a flier)

You like phone sex? Yeah, you do.

A grey-haired OLDER MAN takes the flier with a smile and
keeps walking. Lauren approaches a group of BUSINESS MEN.

LAUREN

Who likes phone sex? You, you,
and...yes, you, you know it!

More RANDOM MEN take fliers. Katie turns and notices the huge
TOYS R US store across the street. A handful of DADS stand
around looking bored. Katie grabs Lauren's arm and they cross
the street. They now stand in front of the toy store.

Katie holds one out to a YOUNG DAD. The flier reads: TICKLE MY EAR, I'LL TICKLE YOUR \$%*@! CALL NOW! CUM LATER! CLASSIC PHONE SEX WITHOUT ALL THE DONKEY'S!

YOUNG DAD

Whoa! This is...interesting.

Young Dad quickly folds the flier in half and shoves it in his pocket. Next to him stands a 4 year-old LITTLE BOY.

KATIE

Are you going to get a new toy today? Mmmm...I think toys are fun!

Lauren grabs Katie by the arm and drags her away.

KATIE (CONT'D)

What are you doing? I was helping him!

LAUREN

How? By molesting his child?

KATIE

Noooo. Look, that little boy is so young that I'd bet anything that the mom *never* has sex with the dad. I am simply giving him a very safe outlet to exert his sexual energy.

LAUREN

(considers this)

That's a good point. I like it.

Katie winks over her shoulder at Young Dad.

INT. LOU'S PLEASURE WORLD/TIMES SQUARE- DAY

Lauren and Katie enter. They are greeted by an enthusiastic INDIAN MAN.

INDIAN MAN

Oh. Hello girls. Are you in the mood for pleasure?

LAUREN

We were wondering if you might want to help us spread the pleasure all around.

INDIAN MAN

How can I help? We sell dildos,
strap-ons, hot lube, vibrating
eggs, vibrating nipple clamps...

Katie wanders the aisle, looking at everything.

LAUREN

You see, my girlfriend and I--

INDIAN MAN

Girlfriend? Oh that is so sexy. I
have sexy women who do sexy things
in my sex shop! What a great day.

LAUREN

We run a little phone sex line. And
we made these grrreat fliers. I was
hoping you could maybe sneak them
inside the bags when you ring
people up? Or maybe leave them on
your counter here, by the register?

He looks at the fliers. Katie starts wandering the aisles and
stops in front of some vibrators. She picks up one that says
"MY FIRST VIBRATOR! Perfect for beginners, virgins, and
newbies!" She turns the package around to investigate it.

INDIAN MAN

(re: the tame flier)

These look like they are for guitar
lessons. Not sexy talk.

LAUREN

Well, you're right. They're not as
raunchy as they can be. But the
thing is...

(Lauren thinks about it)

In today's scary sex world, we are
a breath of fresh sexual air. We
see our line as a classic. Like The
Beatles of the sex industry.

The man looks at the flier and notices the Donkey line.

INDIAN MAN

Without all animals. Ok. I like you
girls and your sex line, very much.
I'll hand out the fliers.

LAUREN

Thanks a million. My name is...Lexi
and over there is, uh, Paris.

INDIAN MAN

Hi, Paris!

Katie gives a little wave, but returns to looking at the vibrator with interest. Lauren walks up.

LAUREN

We're all set. Put that down. You have a million of those. Your vagina will thank you.

Katie puts it back quickly, as if embarrassed. The girls walk out of the store.

INT. BORING ACCOUNTING OFFICE - EVENING

DALE, 42, chubby and balding, holds the phone sex flier while talking into the phone. He pants and hits buttons on his calculator feverishly.

DALE (ON THE PHONE)

Oh I've got a big return for you this year!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. KATIE AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Katie's on her pink phone while Lauren cringes and works on an excel spreadsheet.

KATIE (ON THE PHONE)

Do my taxes! Do 'em! I've got all my receipts for you! And I've been so bad!

DALE

Are they all messy in your box? I can sort them. Sort them hard!

KATIE

Yes, reach in my box! Grab my receipts! Give me a big refund!

DALE

I've got them! All those receipts!
(climaxing)
I'm calculating! I'm calculating!

Dale collapses with pleasure.

KATIE

Dale? You all done?... Great. Make sure you give us a call again soon!

Katie hangs up and looks at Lauren.

KATIE (CONT'D)

What was that? Like ten minutes?

LAUREN

Twelve! And at \$6.99 a minute that's a lot! Look at this.

She turns her computer to face Katie. Katie looks confused.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

I just want you to know how awesome I am. We've made \$3000 in three weeks.

KATIE

No shit. Really?

LAUREN

And I've been thinking, maybe we can get a sucker to work for us the way you worked for that other place?

KATIE

I think you'd be a great sucker.

LAUREN

Of your dad.
(she's proud of her joke)
No. I'm not doing it.

KATIE

I was kidding. I would never let you do it. You're prude and buttoned-up and it would never work. Even your pajamas go up to your neck!

Lauren looks down at her pajamas and sighs. The phone rings.

LAUREN

I'll put an ad on craigslist. That thing's full of dirty stuff.

KATIE

Dirty stuff? Are you turned on by saying something that sexy?

LAUREN

Answer the phone.

Katie smiles and answers.

KATIE (ON THE PHONE)
1-900-mmm-hmmm? Hey, didn't you
call me yesterday, big dick boy?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MESSY BROOKLYN APARTMENT - SIMULTANEOUS

SEAN, 28 with messy hair and a cute face, sits in his dude-ish apartment.

SEAN (ON THE PHONE)
Ha. Uh, yeah. That's me, I guess.
How's it going?

KATIE
I just love to hear your voice. Let
me just put you on with billing,
okay? And I'll be right back.
(hands the phone to
Lauren)
A repeat caller! Damn, I'm good!

Lauren smiles and takes the phone.

LAUREN
I'll just need your credit card.

INT. KATIE AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT- LAUREN'S ROOM - LATER THAT EVENING

Katie is passed out on the couch, while Lauren sits in the pedicure chair looking at her laptop. She looks at Charlie's facebook pictures of him in Italy. He's happy and carefree. The pink phone rings again, but Katie's fast asleep. Lauren looks at the phone and raises an eyebrow.

LAUREN
(quietly to herself)
Hey there, cowboy. I just stepped
out of the shower, actually...

Lauren laughs to herself. She reaches for the phone, when...

KATIE (O.S.)
What do you think you're doing?

Lauren turns to see Katie's eyes are open.

LAUREN

(pause)

I don't know what came over me! I think wanna do it with you.

KATIE

I'm sorry, I just don't have those kinds of feelings for you.

LAUREN

Shut up. I want to be our second operator.

KATIE

I don't think so.

She gets up. Lauren follows her into the kitchen.

LAUREN

I was just thinking maybe Charlie was right. I am boring.

KATIE

You are. But I just don't believe you can do it.

LAUREN

I can! I know I can. Look, this past month of doing this with you has been cooler than everything I've ever done. It's the first time since I was five that I haven't had a plan for every moment of my day. And I like it!

KATIE

Sorry. You've got a great head for business. No doubt. But--

LAUREN

But nothing. We are 5 years out of college. You own a collapsible stripper pole. Until I helped you, you handed out comedy fliers in times square and worked for a shitty phone sex line at night. Is that really your dream?

Katie shrugs and walks back to the living room. Lauren follows.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

I didn't envision myself living with you.

(MORE)

LAUREN (CONT'D)

I didn't see myself ending up as a home health aide that masquerades as a literary agent's assistant. I NEVER saw myself getting fired. None of this is ideal.

KATIE

But you're like a Disney princess.

LAUREN

There's no market for that?

KATIE

Say "dripping-hole-clenches" while swinging on the pole.

LAUREN

What does that even mean?

KATIE

Do it.

Lauren reluctantly and very stiffly swings on the pole.

LAUREN

Dripping. Hole. Clenches?

Beat.

KATIE

We've got a lot of work to do.

INT. KATIE AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM- MORNING

Lauren and Katie sit across from one another on the couch, both with their cell phones to their ears. A huge box of sex toys sits between them.

KATIE

Okay, let's simulate a call.

Lauren nods. Katie takes a dildo and puts it in her mouth.

KATIE (ON THE PHONE) (CONT'D)

(with her mouth full)

Umph, I loaf your coth in my mouf!

Katie gestures for Lauren to do the same thing. Lauren hesitates and grabs a dildo. She stops and giggles.

LAUREN

I can't. I want to, but I just can't.

58 Katie takes out the dildo.

58

KATIE

Pull yourself together! You have to
take this seriously. I'm going out.
You stay here. Listen for my call.
FOCUS!

Katie leaves the apartment.

EXT. GRAMERCY PARK / INT. KATIE AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT,
LAUREN'S BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Katie dials her phone while watching kids play.

KATIE (ON THE PHONE)

I was hoping you'd answer.

Lauren sits in her room and grabs the pink phone.

LAUREN (ON THE PHONE)

(attempts sexy)

I've been waiting for your call.

KATIE (ON THE PHONE)

Tell me what you're wearing, you
dirty little slut.

LAUREN (ON THE PHONE)

It's this really cute dress from
Ella Moss!

KATIE (ON THE PHONE)

NO! You're wearing a lacy pink
thong and a bra that's so tight
around your heaving breasts.

LAUREN (ON THE PHONE)

Ugh, ok. Sorry.

(sexy)

I'm wearing a lacy pink thong and a
bra that's so tight around my
heaving breasts.

KATIE (ON THE PHONE)

I want you to know how tight my
pants are around my cock right now.

MONTAGE (Music Up):

-Lauren and Katie sit at their KITCHEN TABLE. There's a
chalkboard on the wall. There are three columns of words:
adjectives, nouns, and verbs... all sexually charged.

KATIE (CONT'D)
 Now, you're just going to say the
 words as I point to them.

Lauren cringes and nods.

LAUREN
 Hard. Cock. Jams.

KATIE
 Say it like you mean it.

LAUREN
 (reluctant)
 Slippery. Snatch. Opens?

KATIE
 Next.

LAUREN
 Throbbing. Tip. Oozes?

KATIE
 It's a start. Let's keep going.

-Katie and Lauren are in line at STARBUCKS. They see a GUY IN
 AN UGLY SWEATER.

KATIE (CONT'D)
 (coughing)
 Ugly sweater!

LAUREN
 I was just thinking the same thing!

They share a smile.

-Katie comes out of a dressing room at BLOOMINGDALES. She
 wears a sweater that has a much higher neck than she's used
 to. Lauren is impressed.

KATIE
 I look... like you.

LAUREN
 I know!

KATIE
 I'll buy it if you can convince me
 I should.

LAUREN
 Here?

Katie nods. Lauren looks around. She sighs.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
That sweater makes me feel so hot.
I want to rub your breasts in that
sweater. I want to rub my own
breasts looking at you in that
sweater.

KATIE
Keep going, and I'll wear it home.

-Katie and Lauren are at the KITCHEN TABLE looking at the chalkboard. Lauren has a bit more confidence.

LAUREN
Sensitive. Nipple. Hardens.

Katie beams.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
(excited)
Tight. Asshole. Burns.

KATIE
Mmm...maybe burning is not a good
one.

Katie erases burns from the list.

-Back at STARBUCKS, the girls stand in front of the 16-year-old boy Barista that Katie freaked out with the number before.

KATIE (CONT'D)
Ok. This isn't just a job. It's a
lifestyle. You ready?

Lauren nods. They step up to the counter.

KATIE (CONT'D)
I'll have a hazelnut latte with an
extra shot. Venti. And I like it
(sexily)
Really hot.

LAUREN
And I'll have a sugar free, decaf
ice-coffee. Tall.

Lauren hesitates. Katie nudges her.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
(reluctant, then sultry)
With heavy cream. Please.

The barista is uncomfortably turned on and turns away. Lauren looks to Katie for her approval. Katie is full of pride.

-Lauren continues telling Katie how great the sweater is at BLOOMINGDALES.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Just the thought of your body
underneath that soft, supple
cashmere... That sweater would look
even better with your pants off. On
the floor of my bedroom. Then, you
could take the sweater and tie my
hands with it. And then, my body
will be all yours. Do you mind if I
rub my nipples while I do this?

Just then, a WOMAN pokes her head out of one of the dressing rooms giving them a quizzical look. Katie gives her a little wave. The woman goes back in her room. The girls laugh.

-Lauren, now dances on a chair at the KITCHEN TABLE.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Slippery! Tit! Ride! Slippery! Tit!
Ride!

END MONTAGE

EXT. GRAMERCY PARK- CONTINUED FROM THE SCENE BEFORE MONTAGE

Katie sits on the bench in the park with her phone.

KATIE (ON THE PHONE)

There ya go! I just blew my load
all over your tits! I'll be right
back.

She shuts her phone with satisfaction. JOEY, 6, waddles over.

JOEY

What's a dirty slut?

INT. KATIE AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT - KATIE'S ROOM - EVENING

The pink phone rings. Katie answers.

KATIE (ON THE PHONE)

1900-mmm-hmmm?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT./EXT. RANDOM TRUCK STOP - EVENING

LOU, 45, chubby, scruffy, and clad in flannel, lays in the bed of his truck. He talks into the phone. A flier is next to him.

DALE (ON THE PHONE)

(lying)

Well, hey there. This is my first time calling, but I've heard that maybe it's possible to talk to you and a friend? I'm real lonely.

KATIE

Oh, really? I think we could do that. Can you hang on there Mr. Mr?
(covers the phone and
shouts)

LAUREN! GET IN HERE!

A moment later, Lauren pokes her head in the door.

LAUREN

You need me to run the card?

KATIE

Yes. And then, I need you to stay. It's time for your first call and it's a special one. A two on one. Rare and we can charge double.

LAUREN

Are you sure we're there?

KATIE

Let's just do it.

INT. KATIE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The camera pans across romantic candles, leading us to Katie's tangled sheets. Lauren and Katie sit on opposite sides of the bed. They look at each other and softly smile. Katie's pink phone sits between the two of them on speaker.

KATIE

(softly)

You're gonna be sooo good.

She seductively hits the "speaker" button on the phone.

KATIE (CONT'D)

(seductively)

You still there?

(MORE)

KATIE (CONT'D)
It's Kitty, and I've brought a
friend. Her name is...

Katie looks at Lauren. Lauren panics for a moment. Katie softly touches her leg and nods. Lauren's panic fades.

LAUREN
Angel. I'm Angel. And I've heard
you've been a bad boy and I'm here
to save you.

Katie beams. So does Lauren. It's on!

Lou takes a disgusting and sensuous bite of a chili dog.

LOU
Oh, I need to be saved. What do you
look like, my Angel?

KATIE
You should see her, bad boy Lou.
Her skin is soft, milky, supple.
I'm caressing it with my tongue.

Lauren is flattered. She mouths "thank you!"

LOU
Which part are you caressing?

LAUREN
My nipples. And it feels soooo
good. The way Kitty touches
anything ignites such fire. I feel
like my insides are burning!

Katie smiles at Lauren, blushing slightly.

LOU
Oh, yeah, burn, burn! Now, kiss
each other.

Lou caresses his own nipple through his flannel shirt.

Lauren looks at Katie. She doesn't know what to do.

KATIE
I was hoping for that.

Katie starts making out with her hand and moaning. She nudges Lauren to do the same. Lauren laughs and copies her.

KATIE (CONT'D)
Hmnmnmn. She's such a good kisser,
Louie. You should see her lips.
(MORE)

KATIE (CONT'D)
So plump and beautiful. So wet and
luscious.

LOU
Really? Is she wet anywhere else?

LAUREN
Wha-! I mean, ohhhh yeaaaah I am.

LOU
Angel, what do Kitty's panties look
like?

Katie lifts up her skirt with pride. Lauren laughs at first
and then notices how cute they are!

LAUREN
They are so cute! And very sexy.
Pink and lacy and her ass is--
(surprised)
So tight! Wow!

KATIE
(mouthing)
Stripper pole!

LOU
Spank her! Spank her!

Lou spanks himself!

Katie and Lauren hear his slaps. Lauren doesn't know what to
do! Katie just starts smacking her thigh. Lauren follows!

LOU (CONT'D)
Are you spanking each other?!
Angel, you're no angel!

Lauren's so into the spanking, she forgets her name until
Katie nudges her.

LAUREN
Oh, shit. Sorry. Uh, you make me
such a bad girl! And so does Miss
Kitty.
(really looks at Katie)
She is so pretty, Lou. Her eyes are
beautiful. And her hair is soft
around her face.

Katie is so flattered.

KATIE
I'd kill for Angel's breasts, Lou.
Her whole body is... is...

LOU
Is what? WHAT?!

KATIE
HOT!

LOU (O.S.)
Oh man, oh man! You girls are wild!

KATIE
(honest)
Angel is really nice, too. She's
kind and friendly. So sweet and
honest.

LAUREN
(flattered)
And Kitty's fun and outgoing. She
is always having a good time.

LOU (O.S.)
Uh, okay. Do you have strap ons?

Lauren looks at Katie. "Do they?"

KATIE
(getting back to sexy talk)
You bet we do. That's the best
part.

Katie grabs the box of sex shit from under the bed and pulls
out a wide belt. It makes noise as she plays with it.

LOU
I hear it! Now fuck her! Fuck her
like a bad angel!

KATIE
You got it!

Katie pulls out a packet of pudding from under the bed. She
smears the squishy liquid on the speaker of the phone.

KATIE (CONT'D)
Did you hear that?

LOU (O.S.)
Oh god! Oh god!

Katie starts jumping on the bed. Lauren follows! They jump and make sexy noises while the bed creaks and squeaks.

Lou honks his loud semi-trunk horn!

LOU (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm cumming!!! AHHH!!!!

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Sunlight streams into the living room. Lauren is sprawled across the couch and Katie is in the fetal position in a chair. Katie's eyes slowly open. She sees Lauren still sleeping. She tries to get up quietly, but knocks into the coffee table. Lauren's head pops up. She has *major* bed head. Katie is frozen. They look at each other awkwardly.

Katie pulls a blanket around her fully clothed body.

KATIE
Hi.

LAUREN
Hey.

Silence.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Uhm, did we...?

Katie can't look her in the eye. She nods.

KATIE
Look, I don't want--

LAUREN
(with complete excitement)
That was the best night of my life!
That was so exhilarating! So fun!
Thank you so much!

KATIE
Really?! That's so great! You were so amazing and everything I thought you'd be! So willing, so open, so vocal!

LAUREN
I know! I'm such a slut!

KATIE
A slut that made \$400 in one night!

LAUREN
Really?! Get outta town!

The girls laugh. A moment later, the laughter fades and they just smile.

KATIE
(gestures to herself and
Lauren)
Well I never saw this coming.

LAUREN
Seriously.

KATIE
I have a friend who's a girl. And I
like it! You can stay.

LAUREN
What?

KATIE
Uh, nothing. What time is it?
(looks at a clock)
Whoa, it's noon. We're so women of
the night. I'm gonna go hand out
some more fliers I think. Ooh, I
almost forgot.

Katie runs into her room and then returns with a pink phone.

KATIE (CONT'D)
For you. You've earned it.

LAUREN
Really? I'm touched.

KATIE
Yup. But, don't forget. With great
power, comes great responsibility.
(beat)
I gave it to you because you said I
have a sexy ass!

INT. KATIE AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN- EARLY EVENING

Lauren cooks chicken in a pan while holding a pink phone to her ear. Steam rises from the pan.

LAUREN (ON THE PHONE)
I'm soooo hot for you, Greg... My
breasts are heaving.

She pokes the chicken breasts and juice oozes from them.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. POLITICAL OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

HAROLD ALEXANDER, 57 and gray, sits in his desk chair, in his fancy office. An American Flag hangs next to a picture of George W. Bush. A window looks out at the Capital. He talks into the phone.

HAROLD (ON THE PHONE)
I bet they are. Are you grabbing
them while you say the pledge? Say
the Pledge of Allegiance, baby.

LAUREN
Oh, I pledge. Pledge to your giant
hard flag.

Lauren can't believe she said that as paints sauce onto her chicken.

HAROLD
It's waving for you! Tell me, do
you vote, Delilah? You do don't
you? How often do you vote for
yourself?

LAUREN
Oh I vote all day every day.
(pokes her chicken)
I vote so hard! I'd love to have
you in my voting booth, Harold.
Come in my voting booth!

Just then, Katie walks in the door holding a shopping bag. Lauren motions for her to be quiet and goes back to the call.

HAROLD
I think I'm gonna pass a bill,
Delilah!

Harold grabs a copy of the bill of rights.

LAUREN
Yeah you are! Make it a good one!
Free healthcare for everyone!

Harold is too close to realize that non-sexy statement.

HAROLD
Legislatiiiiioooonnnnn!

LAUREN
Oh Harold. It's like the 4th of
July... You too. You have a great
night then. Call me back soon. Bye
bye!

Lauren hangs up the phone. She and Katie laugh.

KATIE
That seemed... patriotic.

LAUREN
Well, I might not be quite as good
as you on the phone, but I'm
learning.

KATIE
And I'm not as good as you with the
business stuff. But together, we're
a great team.

She hugs Lauren and hands her the shopping bag.

LAUREN
Did you just hug me and give me a
gift? I'm starting to not know who
you are anymore.

KATIE
I just came from the ATM and let me
tell you, it was good. It was
reeeeaaal good. That's a present
and I got one too. We're going out!

LAUREN
But I cooked dinner.

KATIE
And you're still boring. Open it.

Lauren pulls a beautiful purple purse from the bag. She's
ecstatic!

LAUREN
Let's go out!

INT. SWANKY LOUNGE - THAT NIGHT

Jesse watches in awe while Katie and Lauren are in a world for two laughing, dancing, and wearing fancy outfits. Lauren brushes hair from Katie's face.

KATIE

I like it in front because it covers up the bags under my eyes from staying up all night.

LAUREN

You're the one that answered that 4:00AM call!

KATIE

But you were so on. We couldn't--

JESSE

(interrupting)
Hello? Who are you and where are Jen and Angie?

KATIE

Who?

JESSE

Aniston and Jolie? They *hate* each other. Well, they should at least. Nevermind. Look, when you (points to Lauren) called to go out I thought 'Fine, Lauren rarely leaves the house after 8:00PM, so I'll go but I'm not going to sit through a bitch fest about Katie.' Then, I arrive and find none other than you *and* Katie as fric and frac. You even have matching purses! I might have expected this from you (points to Lauren again) But Katie, matching purses?!

Katie and Lauren look at their matching purple purses which dangle from purse hooks on their table.

LAUREN

We're friends now.

JESSE

But you *hated* each other.

KATIE

And now we don't. I'm thinking of ordering those mini-sliders.

(to Lauren)

If I get them, will you get the tuna rolls and we'll share?

LAUREN

Oooh, totally. With a side of fries?

Katie opens her mouth to say "yes."

JESSE

Something's going on here. Are those Rebecca Minkhoff purses?

(to Lauren)

Didn't you lose your job a month and a half ago?

Lauren nods.

KATIE

She got a great severance.

Jesse looks at Lauren who stares down at the ground.

JESSE

I know someone who's not a good liar. Someone who hates lying. Who thinks that with every lie, one bad thing happens in return. Someone--

LAUREN

We're running a phone sex line!

Jesse's shocked by Lauren's pride in that sentence.

KATIE

I can explain, ok?

JESSE

The sex for money suggestion was a joke!

LAUREN

Please don't think I'm a whore.

JESSE

A whore!? This is awesome! Tell me everything.

KATIE

I've been doing it on and off since college.

(MORE)

KATIE (CONT'D)

This one caught me one night and has since revolutionized the whole business. And let me tell you, she is *good*.

Lauren smiles with pride. Jesse is stumped and impressed.

JESSE

This is why you disappeared the last month. I thought you were in a deep depression. This is... shocking.

KATIE

I know. I didn't think little bo peep had it in her either!

LAUREN

We should do a little bo peep call! A whole thing with nursery rhymes!

JESSE

OMG, this is crazy. Who are you? I want to write a book about it. What are the calls like? Are they all so creepy?

LAUREN

Well, yes. 99% of them are insane.

KATIE

But, the 1% isn't so bad.

Katie grins. Jesse's interest is piqued. Lauren rolls her eyes.

LAUREN

Will you stop talking about that guy? He calls a phone sex line. You can't like him.

KATIE

(ignores her, to Jesse)
He's so funny and nice. I call him Big Dick Boy.

JESSE

Big Dick Boy? I like it!

KATIE

His real name is Sean, and I really like talking to him. Which I do almost every night.

LAUREN

He probably looks like Shrek and is a total deviant.

JESSE

What kind of stuff is he into?

KATIE

He likes superhero movies, bike riding, watersports--

JESSE

He likes when girls pee on him?

LAUREN

Or he likes to pee on girls?

KATIE

Eww. No. He has a jet ski.

JESSE

I meant, what is he into, sexually?

KATIE

Oh...I can't tell you that. And we don't even have phone sex that much anymore! We just catch up and he's just so fun to talk to.

LAUREN

This is crazy. I have nothing left to say about it.

JESSE

This has you dead in an alley written all over it.

KATIE

We're just talking! What's the big deal?

LAUREN

We just care, okay?

JESSE

Okay, stop. I love you two together. Look at the love between you former enemies!

A HOT WAITER comes over.

WAITER

Did you wanna order some food?

Jesse begins to order. Katie and Lauren smile at each other and then shyly look down at their menus.

INT. KATIE AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT - KATIE'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Katie rolls around on her bed and laughs hysterically into the phone.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MESSY BROOKLYN APARTMENT - SIMULTANEOUS

SEAN (INTO THE PHONE)
I'm coming, I'm coming!

KATIE (INTO THE PHONE)
No, you did not say that!

SEAN
Well, I had the pizzas and the table was waiting for them, so what else what I going to say?! So, I was bringing them over, everyone's shouting, the opera guy is singing, and all of a sudden, I slip, and both pizzas land right on me!

KATIE
(laughing)
Well that does sound like a stressful day. Let's see what we can do to de-stress you.

SEAN (ON THE PHONE)
I like that. I actually had something in mind.

KATIE
You did, did you? You want me to tell you what I'm wearing?

SEAN
Actually, I was thinking that I could see it?

KATIE
What?

SEAN
A couple of weeks ago you mentioned you live in NY.
(MORE)

SEAN (CONT'D)

Well, I assumed you do because you said you like to see movies in Times Square. I live in Brooklyn. I didn't want to freak you out or anything, so I didn't tell you. But, I don't know, we get along so well on the phone, and we haven't had phone sex in a week, but we still talk everyday. Maybe we could meet up? Like maybe Friday?

Katie is silent.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Please don't freak out. I'm not crazy, I promise. Even though I call you, I swear I'm not psycho. We can meet in public.

(Katie's still silent)

I'm sorry. This is weird. I've ruined everything now. I shouldn't've-

KATIE

Okay. Let's do it.

SEAN

Really? You don't have-

KATIE

I want to.

SEAN

Oh man, Roxy, I can't wait to meet you.

KATIE

Oh uh, yeah. My name's Katie.

INT. KATIE AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT- AFTERNOON

Lauren, in her pajamas, sits at the coffee table with her laptop. Katie sheepishly comes out of her room.

LAUREN

That's \$3,537 for July. No...for those *two weeks* in July. We're so rich! Should we call a lawyer? Wait, how long was that call you were just on?

KATIE

I have a situation. Remember last week when I mentioned that I kinda sorta talk to that guy a lot?

LAUREN

The one that looks like Shrek who you're not supposed to talk to anymore?

KATIE

We have a date on Friday night.

LAUREN

You've got to be joking!

KATIE

No. He lives in Brooklyn. I like him.

LAUREN

You can't go on a date with a guy who calls phone sex lines. That's insane. No. Over my dead body. Or yours. Which it will be after you go out with this murderer rapist.

KATIE

Please? I haven't been on a date in 8 months.

LAUREN

Okay. Fine. Only if you do it my way.

INT. KATIE AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT- LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER THAT NIGHT

Lauren holds out a pair of tiny Spanx (an undergarment like bicycle shorts) to Katie, who stands in her bra and underwear.

LAUREN

Put this on.

KATIE

Way too small for me. It would never fit.

LAUREN

That's the point! He can never get this off. It's rape-prevention wear and part of STEP ONE! Put IT on.

Lauren thrusts the biker short panty thing at Katie. It looks like it would fit a Barbie doll. Katie grumbles and starts ungracefully shoving herself into it. Lauren goes into the kitchen and comes back out holding a can of RAID.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Step two: Protective spray.

KATIE
He's a human, not a roach.

Katie yelps as she hops and falls from the halfway on spanx.

LAUREN
Pull yourself together! I don't have mace, so this is for you to put in your purse. If anything happens, spray this. Right in his eyes! Got it?

KATIE
What the hell purse would that even *fit* in?

Lauren pulls out a giant Land's End tote bag.

LAUREN
You can borrow this. I've filled it already with some other stuff.

Katie peeks inside and sees: a knife, scissors, glue, a small radio, and small pillow.

KATIE
Uh, thanks. I guess. These'll be great for the arts and craft portion of our date.

Katie finally gets the underwear on. Lauren pulls out a pair of NAIL CLIPPERS from her own purse.

LAUREN
Oh yeah, I don't have a Swiss Army knife, but with this you could...

KATIE
Clip his nails?

LAUREN
No. The sharp thing, just pull it out and poke him with it!

KATIE
Right in the cuticle?

LAUREN

Anywhere! This is a risky move and I'll only allow it if you agree.

KATIE

Okay, okay. Gimme the clippers. Hell, put'em in my tote bag.

(stands proudly in the spanx)

I am ready to survive date rape! Now, do I have to keep these on until Friday?

LAUREN

No. Cause I'll be there to chaperone.

EXT. NYC STREET - NEWSTAND - EVENING

Lauren and Katie hold up magazines in front of their faces.

LAUREN

At first, maybe it was just phone sex, and then, over time, he became more and more obsessed. He clips your number from his phone bill every month and tapes it on his walls. He makes drawings of you and what you might look like. Finally, he's decided it's time to kill you and has tricked you into thinking it's ok.

KATIE

You might be even scarier than him.

Katie peeks over the top of her magazine. She sees two guys across the street at another newsstand. They also hold up magazines and Sean looks over his and sees Katie.

Katie covers her face with her magazine.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Ohmygod, ohmygod. He's across the street. I just know it's him.

LAUREN

Really?

She peaks over her magazine. And then hides again.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

I saw him! He's on the move! I'm calling 911.

Lauren reaches for her phone when Sean and JOE, 28 walk up.

SEAN
Hey, I'm Sean.

Katie puts down her magazine and faces Sean. She likes what she sees. Lauren looks down and notices his heavy black boots. She grabs Katie.

LAUREN
He's wearing serial killer boots!

KATIE
(notices them)
Oh, stop it. He's cute.

Katie rushes back to Sean. Lauren pushes her way in.

KATIE (CONT'D)
Hey, sorry about that.

LAUREN
Hi, I'm Lauren. Katie's friend.

SEAN
Hey, nice to meet you.
(to Katie)
You're so pretty.

KATIE
And you're... not a serial killer?
Right?

SEAN
Not in a few years!

Lauren and Katie uncomfortably laugh.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Kidding. So kidding.

LAUREN
Should we all go get some food?

KATIE
(whispers to Lauren)
I can do this. I have *the kit*.

LAUREN
Oh, I don't know if--

KATIE
(to Sean)
I'm ready.

And they're off. Lauren is left with Joe - who's really not attractive and looks unshowered.

JOE

Wanna catch a movie?

She shuffles away.

INT. KATIE AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Lauren sits on the couch, flipping through a magazine. She looks restless, and rifles around. She spies a small wood BOX on the coffee table and cautiously opens it. Inside is a half-smoked JOINT and a LIGHTER.

Lauren stares at it and closes the box. She goes to get up and then opens the box again, chuckles to herself.

LAUREN

Oh, what the heck.

Lauren lights the joint. She smokes. Coughs a little. Smokes some more and then begins to grin. She moves to the stereo and puts on *I Wanna Dance With Somebody* by Whitney Houston.

Lauren sets down the joint and grabs her phone.

INT. BARCADE - BROOKLYN - THAT SAME NIGHT

Katie and Sean play skeeball at the crowded and very cool bar/arcade. He gets 100pts every roll!

KATIE

Wow! You've got a strong arm.

He holds a skeeball tightly.

SEAN

Oh, nothing can escape this grip!
(Off Katie's wide eyes)
I used to play at the Family Fun Center every Friday and Saturday night growing up. I even won some tournaments!

KATIE

(sarcastic)
Weird that you'd have to call up a phone sex line just to meet a girl.

She smiles. He loves it.

SEAN

So maybe the ladies weren't as turned on by it as I would have hoped...Listen, I know it's weird that I called a phone sex line. This only makes me more of a loser, but my high school girlfriend went to BU and I went to USC-- we had a lot of phone calls and, you know. After we broke up, it was just what I was used to. So I do it here and there when I'm lonely. And then there was you. And your line feels safe. Cause some of that shit out there is nuts.

She winks and rolls a ball. She gets 20 points.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Let me show you how it's done.

He walks over behind her and grabs her hand that has a ball in it. He helps her throw it. She gets 50! They cheer!

INT. KATIE AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT, LAUREN'S ROOM- A LITTLE LATER

Lauren lays back on her bed in something frilly and sexy. She dials Charlie and waits.

LAUREN (ON THE PHONE)

Hey, sexy.

CHARLIE (ON THE PHONE)

Hello?

LAUREN

It's me, Lauren. I missed you. It's been like 2 months. Don't you miss me?

CHARLIE

Oh, hey. You know, it's awfully late here. I was sleeping.

LAUREN

Oh, does that mean you're in bed?

CHARLIE

Yes, yes it does.

LAUREN

Because I'm in bed, too, Charlie.
I'm wearing a sexy little pink
teddy. It has a matching thong.

CHARLIE

You don't wear those.

LAUREN

I do now. But I could take it off
if you like?

CHARLIE

(weirded out)

Uh... I, uh, really gotta get back
to sleep, but I'm glad you called.

LAUREN

You have to go? Are you kidding?
I'm just getting started.

CHARLIE

I've got a really early meeting.
I'll call you soon though. Bye.

Lauren stares at the phone, dumbfounded.

EXT. BARCADE - BROOKLYN - THAT SAME NIGHT

Katie and Sean leave the bar laughing and having fun. She
starts heading toward the subway.

SEAN

Where ya going?

KATIE

The subway?

SEAN

But my car's right here.

Katie sees it: It's a dark window-less van.

KATIE

That's... yours?

SEAN

Ha! I'm kidding. What am I? A
rapist?

KATIE

No! I didn't say that, did I?

SEAN

That's mine over there.

He points to a beat up Honda Civic. Katie exhales.

INT. SEAN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Sean moves a large box of black trash bags, a rope, and video camera off the passenger seat for Katie to sit.

SEAN

Sorry about all my stuff.

Katie stares at the trash bags.

KATIE

Whatcha puttin' in those big boys?

SEAN

I find that after I cut up my dates, the trash bags make the clean up and disposal of them really easy.

She freezes.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I'm kidding! I'm not a serial killer, or rapist, or strangler, or anything harmful, okay? I make movies. Not dirty ones either. The bags darken rooms when we are trying to make it night.

KATIE

Oh man, I'm sorry. Lauren totally freaked me out. I like you.

SEAN

I like you too.

INT. SEAN'S CAR/EXT. KATIE AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT - THAT SAME NIGHT

Katie and Sean make out in the car. It's sweet and soft. They separate and look at each other. Then, hungrily, he goes back in for more. His hands start moving around her back. He slides his hand around her waist and then starts to move it up her shirt. That's when Katie abruptly pulls herself away.

KATIE

This was fun! Let's hang out again soon!

She turns and runs inside leaving Sean dumbfounded.

INT. KATIE AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER

Lauren sits with a musical keyboard on her lap.

LAUREN

He doesn't think I'm sexy? Hmph!

She hits record and then moans repeatedly. She then presses a key and it plays the sound back. Lauren laughs to herself. Katie comes running in the front door.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Look what I did!

Lauren hits a bunch of keys on the keyboard and a chorus of sexual noises play. She's so proud and then notices Katie's panicked face.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Ohmygod! Is he chasing you?! I'll call the cops!

Lauren reaches for the phone, but Katie stops her.

KATIE

No! No, stop. It was... great. He's so cool. And it was never awkward, I mean, it was the best date I ever had, until... Well, we were kissing.

Katie crumples and puts her head in her arms.

LAUREN

What? Did he rip my spanx?

KATIE

No...
(muffled)
I'm a...

LAUREN

Werewolf?

KATIE

Virgin.

LAUREN
I'm sorry, what?

Katie sits up.

KATIE
You heard me.

LAUREN
You're not serious.
(off Katie's nod)
Well I'll be damned. Since when?
(Katie looks at her)
I mean, why? How?

KATIE
So, I was at the mall having Bourbon chicken with my sister when I was 13. She told me, don't have sex in high school. Only sluts do that. Then, for your first time, just be in love. And after that, just have fun. And I was never...in love. Or no one was in love with me, I don't know. I created this whole fake slut thing cause I was embarrassed, and it got so out of control. And now, men just expect it and I clam up and...I'm scared now. That I won't be good at it.

LAUREN
But what about... Dripping hole clenches?

KATIE
I'm a sham, okay?! I'm all talk! Literally!

Lauren takes a deep breath. She sits down next to Katie.

LAUREN
If you had said you were a European Princess I would have been less shocked.

Katie whimpers.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Oh, Katie. Okay, you know what? Tina Fey lost her virginity at like 28! And, you're going to be great at sex.

(MORE)

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Trust me, if your body can keep up with your mouth, you'll be mind-blowing. And being in love when you do it? That'll only make it better. If Sean is a great guy he'll wait, and it will be so much better than having your first time with just anyone. It will have been worth the wait. I'm so...proud of you.

KATIE

Did your mom say that to you when you told her you were a virgin?

LAUREN

My mom doesn't even think girls should say the word vagina.

KATIE

I'm such a loser.

LAUREN

Listen... You didn't see yourself as a virgin at 28. But I didn't see myself as a phone sex operator, either, you know?

KATIE

It isn't exactly your dream.

LAUREN

Exactly. But, I kinda like it. And what I'm saying is...where we are now...

KATIE

...isn't that bad?

INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM- DAY

Lauren, Katie and Jesse stand around wearing name tags. A large banner reads: AMHERST LITERARY LUNCHEON. WELCOME GRADS! A GROUP OF BITCHES cluster nearby, gabbing about themselves and eating cream puffs.

JESSE

It's so good to see all these friendly Amherst Lit faces. I can't wait to tell them I'm working on my novel. Has anyone seen that guy Gary? He's got to be gay by now.

KATIE

I think your brilliant story about a young man in clown college who truly finds himself after having a homo-erotic relationship with an acrobat will be misunderstood by this crowd.

JESSE

You're right. It's too layered.

Lauren looks distracted. She waves to AUDREY, a late-20's fellow Amherst grad, from across the room. Audrey comes over.

LAUREN

Shit. She's coming over. She probably thinks I work at Penguin by now and can help her network.

KATIE

Well, she's in for a real fucking surprise, am I right?

Katie does a motion where she mimes talking on the phone while sucking a penis. Lauren laughs and relaxes.

LAUREN

Yeah, you're right. I'm very successful. I'm going to be honest and just...rock her world.

JESSE

This oughtta be good.

Audrey squeals and throws her arms around Lauren.

AUDREY

Lauren Powell! I haven't seen you at one of these luncheons in two years! This is fantastic.

Lauren nods and steps back, but Audrey holds both of her hands, a little too intimately.

LAUREN

What are you up to these days?

AUDREY

Oh, you'll never believe it. I work at the Paris Review. I just had lunch last week with Augusten Burrows.

Audrey continues to hold Lauren's hands in hers while she talks, now waving both their arms up and down.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Could you die? Could you just die?

Lauren dies a little inside and snatches her hands back.

LAUREN

I've actually left publishing for now.

(drops her voice)

There's just no money in it.

AUDREY

(super judgey)

Oh, I see. That's sad.

Audrey's judgement makes Lauren lose a little confidence.

KATIE

Audrey, is it? I'm Katie Steele. Do you remember me?

AUDREY

I think so. What are you up to now?

Katie looks to Lauren. Lauren nervously smiles.

KATIE

Lauren and I run a phonesex business. We've got a hot line that rings off the hook and our customers couldn't be more fulfilled. They usually jizz in under 10 minutes. We have an Excel spreadsheet with average call times. Lauren did it. She's so smart.

Beat.

AUDREY

You're kidding, right?

Lauren finds her words.

LAUREN

Actually, it's just a more modern form of storytelling. We're about to make our first TV commercial. You know, cable access kind of thing. Keep your eyes open for it!

AUDREY

(so fake)

Wow. I would have thought you'd be running Random House or something.

(MORE)

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Things change I guess, right? How wonderful for you.

LAUREN

Yup. I get to spend the day with my best friend. And make a shit load of money!

She puts her arm around Katie, which surprises Katie. Audrey just nods and walks away. Katie is touched by what Lauren said. Lauren smiles, but watches Audrey go - thinking about what she said. She's in her own world, while--

JESSE

You're shooting a commercial?

KATIE

Hell yeah, we are. Sean shoots things!

JESSE

Like people?

KATIE

Shut up.

INT. LAUREN AND KATIE'S APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sean angles the camera to focus on Lauren, who is in a bubble bath, looking very unhappy and wearing a wig that covers most of her face. Katie, sans wig, stands by in slutty lingerie. She leans over to put lip gloss on Lauren.

LAUREN

Unbelievable.

KATIE

Oh come on, you look fantastic!

SEAN

You're a natural.

Lauren covers her nipples with her hands.

KATIE

Yeah, that's it, push them together. You've got a great rack.

SEAN

Okay, we're rolling. Lauren, just say your lines. Or ad lib. Just go for it.

Lauren cocks her head so her wig hides half her face.

LAUREN

Having a slow night? Why not get things warm and...bubbling hot? I can help you climax. You'll erupt like...like a volcano.

INT. KATIE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Katie is on all fours and wiggling her butt. Sean and Lauren, now in a towel exchange looks.

SEAN

Maybe a little less gyrating.

LAUREN

A lot less.

KATIE

Fine! But I'm wasting my talent here. I'm ready.

SEAN

Rolling.

KATIE

1-900-MMM-HMMM. We're right here waiting for you to dial us up. You can dial us up all. Night. Long.

Katie licks her lips with fervor. She fans herself with her hand and licks them again. Lauren tries not to laugh and Sean elbows her. She signals Katie to continue.

KATIE (CONT'D)

What are you waiting for? Just put your finger right on the button and press. Oh yessss. Press that button for me so we can be together. Press it now. 1-oh yesss-900-Mmmmmmm-Hmmm!

SEAN

Jesus. I don't know whether I'm turned on or terrified.

LAUREN

Me either.

INT. LAUREN AND KATIE'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN- A LITTLE LATER

Katie and Lauren now wear only aprons and high heels. In front of them is a bowl of whipped cream and a pile of cherries. Sean hangs behind the camera.

LAUREN

Mmm, I love a nice bowl of cream.
Don't you?

KATIE

Would you like to taste my cherry?

SEAN

Like anyone would believe you're a
virgin, kitten.

Sean chuckles. Lauren and Katie share a look. Lauren pats Katie's arm.

KATIE

Sweet and creamy. I love a late
night treat that fills me up.

Katie licks the cream off her fingertip and reaches for the phone.

LAUREN

Do your nights get long and hard?
Let's talk about our delicious
fantasies together.

CLOSE UP: Katie's finger touches the keys on the phone sexily while she speaks.

KATIE

1-900-MMM-HMMM. Ask for me, Tasty
Cake.

LAUREN

Or for me, Sweet Lady Luck.

Sean looks in the lense and then up at them.

SEAN

And cut! I... gotta go to the
bathroom.

INT. KATIE AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT, KATIE'S ROOM- EVENING

Katie and Sean kiss on the bed. It is very passionate. Katie pauses.

SEAN
Is this okay?

KATIE
Here's the thing. I've never...

SEAN
What? Had sex with a serial killer?

KATIE
No. Or with anyone. Ever. Except on
the phone. But I want to. With you.
Right now. Really.

Sean is shocked.

SEAN
Well that's a surprise. The best
surprise ever. Are you sure?

She kisses him.

INT. KATIE AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT- LAUREN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lauren edits the commercial footage on her computer. She cracks herself up. Her cell phone rings. It reads: Mom and Dad, but Lauren's doesn't notice. She answers on speaker phone.

LAUREN (ON THE PHONE)
1-900-Mmm-Hmmm?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LAUREN'S PARENTS LONG ISLAND HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS

Scott is in the kitchen on the phone.

SCOTT (ON THE PHONE)
Oh, I must have the wrong number.

Lauren shoots to attention and looks at the caller ID.

LAUREN
Dad! Wait! Sorry about that.
(covering)
That's just a joke Katie and I have
when we answer the phone sometimes.

SCOTT
I see. Funny! Mom's getting on.

ADELE (ON THE PHONE)
Did you get the check we sent?

SCOTT
You never cashed it, sweetheart.

LAUREN
Yes, I got it. No, I'm not cashing
it. I don't want your money. I'm 28
years old remember?

SCOTT
We saw your email about Random
House calling you in again
tomorrow. That's great!

ADELE
Let me call Diane's daughter for
you, so we can make sure it happens
this time!

LAUREN
No, that's okay. I'm doing okay
this summer all on my own. I think
I'm gonna go to the interview.

ADELE
You *think*?! But it's Random House!

LAUREN
I know. But, I've changed a bit.
What I want now is different. And
that's ok. I just want to figure it
out by myself, ok?

SCOTT
Fine, fine. You'll do it on your
own. This was always your dream.

Lauren looks to Katie's wall and is filled with guilt.

LAUREN
Yeah. It was. Hey, I gotta go.

SCOTT
We might stop into the city
tomorrow.

LAUREN
Sure. Sounds great. Love you. Bye.

Lauren hangs up before they can say another word.

INT. KATIE AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT- KATIE'S ROOM- CONTINUOUS

Sean and Katie make out. He takes off her top. He moves toward her panties and she flinches.

SEAN
Here, you lay back. Relax, I have
an idea.

Sean fumbles around on the night stand. In the meantime, Katie's phone rings.

SEAN (CONT'D)
(over his shoulder)
Grab it. I'll just be a sec.

KATIE (ON THE PHONE)
Hello?

SEAN (ON THE PHONE)
It's me.

Sean turns around and we see he is on the phone. Katie giggles.

KATIE
Well, this is silly.

SEAN
I think it might be just what we
need. To get back to our roots.
Tell me what you're feeling.

Sean reaches his hand down, seemingly to Katie's panties. Katie moans into the phone, this time for real.

KATIE
That feels really nice. Just like I
imagined it. Do you...like that?

SEAN
Ohhhh, yeah. I like that. I like
that a lot.

Katie and Sean lock eyes. They start kissing again, but still hold their phones to their ears.

SEAN (CONT'D)
You feel so good. I've been wanting
this since the first time I heard
your voice.

Sean rolls on top of Katie.

KATIE

It's what I've wanted, too! And
you're so hard and you're...inside
of me!

SEAN

Yes. Yes. I am!

Katie and Sean toss their phones away and wrap their arms
around each other.

INT. KATIE AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT- LAUREN'S ROOM - MORNING

Lauren, in gym clothes, peeks out her door and sees Katie at
the kitchen table. She shuts her door again and takes a
beautiful interview suit off a hanger. She begrudgingly
shoves it in her gym bag and walks out the door.

INT. KATIE AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Katie, with full bed head, eats a bowl of Frosted Flakes.
Lauren enters carrying the bag.

KATIE

Hey, what's in the bag?

LAUREN

(uncomfortable)

Uhm, I'm going to the gym.

KATIE

Yeah, your ass is getting fat.

Lauren laughs and heads to the door. She pauses and turns
around.

LAUREN

Hey... I have something I want to
say.

KATIE

Great! Cause I have something I
wanna say!

LAUREN

Okay. Me first. I just want you to
know that I love what I'm doing.
This has been the best summer of my
life. I love our business. And... I
love you. You're awesome, Katie.
You're my best friend.

(beat)

(MORE)

LAUREN (CONT'D)

I'm really sorry about kicking you out of my car and into scarytown.

KATIE

I did urinate in your new car.

LAUREN

There was a bump!

KATIE

Thank you!

(laughs)

I don't know why I was such a jerk to you either. I just didn't think you knew how to have fun.

LAUREN

I have had my lame moments. But you just were so crazy all the time!

KATIE

I fear normalcy. And maybe take that to an extreme.

LAUREN

Yeah...

KATIE

Should we hug or something?

LAUREN

Yeah. Let's hug.

Both laughing and awkward, the girls hug.

KATIE

(seriously)

I love you too, Earth Girl.

They separate.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Okay, my turn! I had sex with Sean last night!

LAUREN

WHAT!?

KATIE

I know! Let me tell you, owww at first, but then... outta this world!

LAUREN

Yay! This is so fantastic. I want to hear more details, but I have to go. We'll celebrate tonight at our little premiere party!

KATIE

Oh, I've got details. Like, why does their stuff just run right out when you're done? And it's so warm! Who knew that!?

LAUREN

(laughs)

I know. Okay, we'll talk more later.

She moves to the door.

KATIE

Have fun at the gym! Make sure they're still getting my monthly donations. Assholes.

LAUREN

(hesitant)

Thanks.

INT. KATIE AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM- DAY

Katie stands precariously on a chair as she hangs DILDO STREAMERS. Behind her, a banner made of thongs says, "WE DID IT!" The phone rings. Katie hops off the chair.

KATIE (ON THE PHONE)

Hi, Jesse.

JESSE (ON THE PHONE)

Who's going to eat my famous bean dip while watching her phone sex commercial premiere tonight?

KATIE

I am! I am!

JESSE

That's right. Hey, is Lauren back?

KATIE

No. She probably got sucked into yoga or something.

JESSE

Yoga?

KATIE

Yeah. She's at the gym.

JESSE

Uh, sure. Right. The gym.

KATIE

What? Are you acting weird?

JESSE

No. No, nothing.

A seed has been planted in Katie's head. There's a knock at the door.

KATIE

Someone's here. Gotta go.

Katie hangs up and thinks for a moment about what Jesse said. Then, she opens her front door to reveal Scott and Adele.

INT. RANDOM HOUSE OFFICES - AFTERNOON

Lauren sits in her wrinkly suit in front of Rachel Rodman.

RACHEL RODMAN

I'm so glad you came in again. We have some open positions now, and I haven't been able to stop thinking about your last interview. Hey, how's your roommate's phone sex line?

Lauren looks caught.

RACHEL RODMAN (CONT'D)

You know, my husband started travelling a lot and I don't know much about phone sex. Do you ever overhear anything your roommate says?

Lauren uncomfortably smiles.

INT. KATIE AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM- A LITTLE LATER

Katie brings out a few glasses of ice tea on a tray, hands shaking, to Scott and Adele. Scott sits on the couch as Adele noses around.

KATIE

(flustered)

It's just so nice to finally meet you. Your daughter is lovely and amazingly well-parented. She's the only honest person in this city!

Scott beams and takes an ice tea off the tray.

ADELE

We're very proud of Lauren. It really is an amazing apartment, and that key-

KATIE

(beaming)

To the park! I know. That's what sold us, too.

Adele glides around the room, stopping at the musical keyboard and punching a few keys-- one elicits a small moan, the next is panting, the third key has the soundbyte, "ohhhhh yessss!" all in Lauren's voice! Scott turns toward the noise and spills his tea on his khakis.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Stoop sale.

Adele nods, as if that explains it.

INT. RANDOM HOUSE OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Lauren encourages Rachel who holds a phone to her ear.

LAUREN

You can do it. Just say it.

RACHEL RODMAN

Dripping! Hole! Clenches!

LAUREN

That was really good.

RACHEL RODMAN

Wow that felt great. Really great. So I have this job open for you. When can you start?

INT. KATIE AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT- LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Katie runs off at the mouth. Scott and Adele are freaked out.

KATIE

We weren't *best* friends in college, but now- I mean, she's like a sister to me. And that makes you guys my parents, too! Mom, Dad? Should we hug?

Adele and Scott share a look.

ADELE

Do you know when Lauren will be back?

SCOTT

(gestures at the "CONGRATULATIONS" banner)
It's great that you're already prepared to celebrate! We're sure she's going to land that job, too!

Katie freezes.

KATIE

Job?

SCOTT

Random House has always been her dream. We knew they'd call her back in. I'm sure her interview must be done by now.

It clicks in Katie's head.

ADELE

This whole Morty thing worked out for the best. New apartment, new job, and I'm sure a new boyfriend is around the corner. Lauren just needed a fresh start.

Katie crosses her arms over her chest and fakes a smile.

KATIE

Oh, she'll get a fresh start alright.

EXT. KATIE AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT- EVENING

Lauren, all lit up and back in her gym clothes, skips up the steps to the apartment while holding a cake box. She looks down and smiles at it through its cellophane window. It's in the shape of two phones humping each other.

INT. KATIE AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT- A LITTLE LATER

Lauren throws open the door, once again clad in gym clothes. She holds a cake box triumphantly.

LAUREN
Honey, I'm hoooooome!
(noticing her parents)
Oh, whoa. Hi guys.

Adele moves to hug Lauren. Katie forces a smile on the couch.

SCOTT
Hi, sweetheart! How was the
interview?

KATIE
Yeah, how was it, princess?

ADELE
(noting Lauren's outfit)
I'm assuming you didn't wear this
to Random House?

Lauren takes a deep breath, setting the cake on the table. Adele peeks at it-- the cake has two phones humping one another and says, "WE FUCKING DID IT!" Adele is confused.

KATIE
It's a little casual, don't you
think? I mean, for such a dream job-

LAUREN
I, uh, had to drop by the gym, too.
I wore a suit, Mom.

SCOTT
I love this place! But let's get
over to Sarabeth's, your favorite.
I want to buy you and this lovely
Katie lunch and hear all about it.

Lauren looks to Katie, terrified. Katie grabs her jacket.

KATIE
Do tell.

INT. SARABETH'S RESTAURANT- A LITTLE LATER

A bottle of champagne sits on the table. Lauren peeks over her menu to look at Katie, who is clearly about to blow.

ADELE

Did you tell them about all the books you worked on for Morty?

LAUREN

Yes. Of course I did.

SCOTT

I'm sure you'll hear back in 48 hours. I just have a good feeling.

KATIE

(sarcastic, to Lauren)

This must be so overwhelming.

Lauren nods and gulps from her champagne glass.

SCOTT

Wait, I'd like to make a toast! To my wonderful daughter, who, five years after Amherst, has finally blossomed into the young woman she always wanted to be.

Adele raises her glass to Lauren. Katie taps their glasses a little too hard with her own.

LAUREN

Dad, stop. We, uh, don't want to jinx it.

SCOTT

Fine. Katie, I don't know if we know what you do. Advertising was it?

KATIE

Well, Scott, thank you for asking. Actually, Lauren and I--

LAUREN

We were just talking about Katie's career path actually. She's thinking of changing careers.

ADELE

That's wonderful. Lauren gives great advice. What are you considering?

LAUREN

Actually, it's complicated--

KATIE

I thought you'd never ask. I've actually been doing something with Lauren this summer that I just love and has made us both so happy.

(to Lauren)

It was "the best summer of your life" was it not?

Lauren tries to talk, but Katie stops her.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Oh, I'll tell them. I tell it better.

Lauren's eyes go wide, pleading for mercy. Katie just steam rolls ahead. Lauren tries to stop her, but can't.

KATIE (CONT'D)

She's so modest. What a head for business on this one! You see, I used to work for this crappy phone sex line. Don't worry, I was a virgin, not some sexual deviant-- But it entailed pretty flaccid profits, if you know what I mean. Then Lauren helped me launch my very own phone sex hotline! Well, it's ours now, isn't it? Business is booming. Our very first TV commercial airs tonight on Channel 47. It's tasteful, I promise. And things really couldn't be better!

SCOTT

Are you serious?

ADELE

Lauren?

Lauren breaths heavy. She's panicked.

LAUREN

I can explain.

(to Katie)

First, I think you should go.

KATIE

(sweetly)

But I'm not finished with my cordon bleu. *Best Friend.*

LAUREN

(pissed)

I should have never moved in with you. You irrational lunatic. You've ruined everything!

Katie stands up, angrily. While taking her purse off its hook on the table she snags the table cloth and some of the glasses spill. It's a whole scene.

KATIE

I'm a lunatic. Great. It's been a pleasure. Thanks for lunch.

(to Lauren)

THIS IS WHY I'M NOT FRIENDS WITH GIRLS!

Katie storms off and leaves Lauren alone with her parents.

EXT. SARABETH'S RESTAURANT- CONTINUOUS

Katie walks past the front of the restaurant. Lauren can't see her, but Katie looks longingly at her. Lauren's head is hung and her hands are over her face. Katie wipes away a quick tear and resumes her angry strut down the street.

INT. SARABETH'S RESTAURANT- CONTINUOUS

Lauren pulls her hands from her face and takes a deep breath.

LAUREN

You know what, guys? I'm...not apologizing for this. Not this one. I haven't made a wrong move since I stopped sleeping in a crib.

Scott opens his mouth as if to speak.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

(putting her hand up)

Hear me out. I've done everything exactly right, not just for you, but for me. I thought that was who I was. But...this is who I am. I did just have the best summer of my life. It was fun. My ideas made this business better and that means more to me than all the A's I got in school. When I worked for Morty, I was bored, Mom.

(MORE)

LAUREN (CONT'D)

I kept thinking it would get more fun or more challenging if it were Random House, but the truth is, I don't want to sit next to a stack of bad manuscripts all day. If I've learned anything from all this, it's that I have no idea what the hell I want! But for right now, I want to run a phonesex line with my best friend. Who I think is really hurt right now because I snuck to a job interview behind her back and lied to her. And don't say anything mean about Katie, Dad. She's so earnest and funny and alive and--

ADELE

I thought she was fun!

SCOTT

(scratches his chin)

This is just a shock, Lauren. I'm not sure what to say. You don't want the job at Random House if they offer it to you?

LAUREN

They offered it to me this morning. I turned them down. I wanted to tell you, not like this, but... This is the right thing for now. I'm happy.

ADELE

That's all we care about, right Scott?

(Scott kinda nods)

So, you're more of a business manager, you're not actually a phone sex operator, are you?

The CREEPY WAITER drops the check on the table. He nods knowingly at Lauren, who blushes her answer.

INT. KATIE AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Half of Lauren's belongings have been thrown into the living room. Katie dumps a pile of Lauren's clothes when Lauren walks in the door.

LAUREN

I understand why you're upset. But I told my parents everything.

(MORE)

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Let me explain to you. I didn't mean what I said back there.

KATIE

(loses it)

I can't believe I fell for your lies! You're such a bad liar!

LAUREN

I'm sorry. I was afraid you would flip out--

KATIE

Oh, I'm going to flip out! Why would you lie to me? Why do you need another job? Do I not provide for you? Did I not give you "the best summer of your life?" MmmHmm?

Lauren feels bad.

LAUREN

Oh, man. Ok. I just felt like I had to go to the interview, it was Random House! It's been my dream to work there, but then--

KATIE

But then, what?! You decided you could sow your royal oats with me for a summer and then go back to your perfect little life when the opportunity knocked?!

LAUREN

No. Come on, you're acting crazy.

KATIE

Yeah! I am! Crazy to ever move in with you! You with your perfect little sheets, and your pink toothbrush, and your sitcom parents on the phone at the same time!

LAUREN

Hey! Don't you insult my parents!

KATIE

Is that the best you got?

LAUREN

Don't make me do this.

KATIE

Oh you do it, Cinderella!

Lauren tries to hold it in, but it rises to the surface.

LAUREN

Fine! Your whole life's a mess!
Always has been! You're such a
fake! You lie about your fake job!
You lied about your experience!
Always pushing your sex and your
confidence - what a lie! You're
messy, you're dirty, and you're a
lost soul who has lost her mind!
That is, if you ever had one!

KATIE

I've lost *my* mind? Please! You're
the one who lives in candy land
where everything is perfect! Look
at you, up there on your pedestal
looking down on me. You've always
thought you were better than me and
everyone! You think you can teach
me about sex?! Without me, you'd be
stuck in the missionary position
forever!

LAUREN

Well at least I don't do everything
in my power to be different!

KATIE

Well at least I don't do everything
in my power to be boring and the
same as everyone!

LAUREN

You *wish* you were a whore!

KATIE

You're such a judgemental bitch!

They are both seething mad.

LAUREN

You know what? I don't have to take
this. You're insane. Just take your
stripper pole and shove that inside
you!

Katie is shocked by that one. She walks over to the stripper
pole and dislodges it. She starts swinging it around and
walking toward Lauren like a mad woman.

KATIE

Oh, you mean this stripper pole?

She swings it toward Lauren's head. Lauren screams and grabs a large dildo that happens to be on the coffee table on a stack of napkins like a paper weight. She swings it at Katie.

KATIE (CONT'D)

You spoiled whore!

WHOOSH! The pole whizzes by Lauren's head.

LAUREN

You lunatic cunt!

SMACK! Lauren hits Katie in the arm with the rubbery dildo.

KATIE

Ow! Mary Poppins!

LAUREN

(swings again)

Lindsay Lohan!

Katie uses the pole as if she were a ninja - which she's clearly not.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Watch where you're swinging that thing!

She flails around with the dildo.

KATIE

You watch where you're swinging *that* thing! Liar!

LAUREN

Why should I listen to you? Without me, you'd still be a virgin, who's stupid enough to run up her cell phone bill for \$2 a minute!

Katie stops in her tracks. Lauren stops too- mid-dildo swing.

KATIE

You know, since you think I'm so stupid, I don't even know why you're still here.

LAUREN

What?

KATIE

Ever since college, you've always thought you were better than me. So go take your perfect dream job at Random House, and go live your perfect little life.

Lauren takes a beat.

LAUREN

(almost sad)

You really want me to leave?

KATIE

No, I don't *want* you to leave. I'm *making* you leave. This is my apartment.

LAUREN

What? No it's not. It's ours.

KATIE

Yes. It is. That day I turned in the lease, they had given us the wrong one. I resigned the right one with only my name. So it's actually *my* apartment. Please leave. Now. Enjoy Long Island.

Lauren looks at Katie. They're both hurt, but with all that's been said, it's too late now.

LAUREN

Fine. I judged you. And maybe I thought I was better than you. But today, you've made me realize one thing: I am.

Lauren sets the dildo down and marches to the door. She opens it and stands in the doorway.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

I hope that last night, when you lost your precious virginity... you got crabs. Have fun on Staten Island. You'll never be able to maintain the business without me.

And, she's gone. Katie stands there alone, angry, and hurt.

INT. JESSE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lauren pouts on the couch, while Jesse makes tea. The phone rings.

JESSE (ON THE PHONE)
Hello?...Hey, you...She might be here. No, that's not why I'm not coming! I have...pink eye...I think you guys need to talk about it.

Lauren jumps up and takes the phone from him and hangs it up.

LAUREN
Unstable bitch.

INT. KATIE AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM- LATER THAT NIGHT

Katie scowls next to Sean on the couch.

On screen, the commercial plays. Katie is sad while she watches Lauren's scene.

INT. JESSE'S APARTMENT - SIMULTANEOUS

Lauren sits next to Jesse on his couch also watching the commercial. She looks away when Katie is on the screen.

INT. SCOTT AND ADELE'S LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Scott and Adele watch the commercial on TV and are shocked.

INT. KATIE AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT- LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

The commercial ends. Katie frowns and flips the TV off.

SEAN
Well, I think it's AWESOME! Look at that camera work! Your phone's gonna ring off the hook!

Katie shrugs and gets up and tears down some decorations.

KATIE
Yeah. I'll have more business than ever and no one to help take the calls. She's right. I can't do the business stuff.

(MORE)

KATIE (CONT'D)
I'm gonna go start packing. Ever
take the Staten Island Ferry?

Sean tries to hug her, but Katie huffs off.

MONTAGE (MUSIC UP):

-Katie is in her half packed BEDROOM on a phone sex call.

KATIE (ON THE PHONE) (CONT'D)
(mildly enthusiastic)
Sure, just flip me over and do me
from behind. No, really, I like it.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PRISON - SIMULTANEOUS

An INMATE in an orange jumper is at a pay phone in prison.

INMATE (ON THE PHONE)
Can you be a little more
enthusiastic? This is my one phone
call.

She sees Lauren through her cracked door putting her key on the counter. Lauren, holding a box, leaves without looking toward Katie's door.

KATIE
What? Oh, yeah, I'm cumming. Sure.

-Lauren sits at her desk at RANDOM HOUSE. An INTERN drops a huge stack of manuscripts on her desk.

-Katie fights her way through the crowd outside BLOOMINGDALES. TWO GIRLS with huge brown bags chatter excitedly while cutting Lauren off. She purposely knocks into them with some force.

KATIE (CONT'D)
Excuse me!

-Lauren is at the counter at STARBUCKS. It's the same Barista.

STARBUCKS BARISTA
Where's your friend?

LAUREN
I don't know who you're talking
about.

-Katie sits at the kitchen table in her APARTMENT with Sean. She has a starbucks cup in front of her that reads "Fuck This" and a box of donuts sits between them.

SEAN

Don't worry, you'll find another roommate. I could always move in?

KATIE

Yeah... We're not there yet. I'm just getting comfortable with you not being a murderer.

She grabs a donut and takes a bite.

- Lauren and Jesse are at a RESTAURANT having brunch, but are both on their laptops. Lauren types an email. It reads:

TO: Katie.Steele@gmail.com

Katie,

I'm not really sure what to say, but I miss

She stops typing and shuts her laptop.

-Katie is on the phone in her almost packed BEDROOM.

KATIE (ON THE PHONE) (CONT'D)

A 2-on-1? Oh, sorry, we don't do those anymore... Um, I guess for about three weeks?... You can still just talk to me... Hello?

Katie hangs up. She gets up and walks out of her room. She opens the door to Lauren's bedroom. She stares at the empty space.

END MONTAGE

EXT. SWANKY OFFICE BUILDING IN MIDTOWN - AFTERNOON

Lauren, in a trench coat, waits outside an office building. Then, Charlie walks out. Lauren steps out in front of him.

LAUREN

There you are!

CHARLIE

Whoa. Lauren. Hi.

They hug awkwardly. She smiles.

LAUREN
Wanna get a drink?

INT. LOUNGE - A LITTLE LATER THAT NIGHT

Lauren and Charlie chat comfortably at a bar.

LAUREN
I pushed open the door and there she was! Fully clothed, jumping up and down with the phone to her ear!

CHARLIE
You must have lost it!

LAUREN
Oh, I did. Big time. But then, all my plans for taking over for Morty, and finding something else to go along with my plan, just fell to shit. And I couldn't stop thinking about you saying we were boring, so, I did it. And, you know what? I'm kinda awesome at it.

CHARLIE
And that phone call in Italy was...

LAUREN
I guess I thought that I could phone sex you back into love with me.

CHARLIE
(touches her hand)
Lauren...

LAUREN
I feel like I finally figured out that it's okay to not have a plan all the time. Not everything has to be perfect and tied up with a bow. Katie made me realize that. Right before she lost her mind and kicked me out.

CHARLIE
I'm sorry. Really.

LAUREN
No. If this
(gestures to him and her)
Didn't end the way it did, I would have never had this summer.

(MORE)

LAUREN (CONT'D)
 So, thank you. I'm sorry for
 throwing things at your head.

The check is set down between them. Charlie grabs it.

CHARLIE
 I got it.
 (winks)
 You can pay me back with a phone
 call later.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - A LITTLE LATER THAT NIGHT

Lauren and Charlie stroll through Times Square.

LAUREN
 Well I was so afraid she was going
 to get raped, I made her wear my
 spanx!

CHARLIE
 Your Mrs. Doubtfire underpants?
 (does impression)
 Heelllooooo!

LAUREN
 Yes! Oh man, what a crazy bitch.
 If you had told four months ago me
 that I'd say this, I would not
 believe it, but... I miss her.

CHARLIE
 I miss you.

Charlie stops and looks at Lauren. She stops too.

LAUREN
 I miss you too. You were my best
 friend.

They look like they might kiss. Then, Lauren extends her hand
 for a shake.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
 Friends?

CHARLIE
 Definitely.

He takes her hand and then pulls her in for a hug. A FAT DUDE
 comes up to them with a flier.

FAT DUDE
You like comedy?

Lauren spins around.

LAUREN
What?

FAT DUDE
Do you like comedy?

Fat Guy holds out a flier, like an olive branch. Emotion fills Lauren's face.

LAUREN
Yes. Yes, I do.

Lauren turns to Charlie.

CHARLIE
Go. Go to your new best friend.

She starts to run.

LAUREN
(to Charlie)
I'll call you, okay? And you'll just have to wait to see what kind of call it is!

CHARLIE
I'll be sitting by the phone!

He smiles. She smiles back and then turns and runs downtown.

She pushes past people, jumps in front of taxis. She pulls out her phone and dials Katie.

INT. KATIE AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT, LAUREN'S ROOM- CONTINUOUS

Katie sits on the floor in Lauren's empty room. She wears the sweater Lauren sexy-talked her into buying. Sinéad O'Connor's *Nothing Compares 2 U* plays from her laptop. Her cell phone rings, but she doesn't look over.

EXT. MIDTOWN NEW YORK- CONTINUOUS

Lauren races down the street.

LAUREN
Oh, come on. Answer!

Katie's voicemail picks up. Lauren redials the phone.

INT. KATIE AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT, LAUREN'S ROOM- CONTINUOUS

Katie sings along to the music.

Her cell phone rings again, but she just wallows. Then, the pink phone rings. Katie sighs and answers.

KATIE

Mmm-Hmmm?

LAUREN

It's me. Don't hang up!

KATIE

Do you have a credit card I can bill for this call? Otherwise I need to hang up.

LAUREN

(out of breath)

Katie. Stop. I made a huge mistake, okay? I never meant to hurt you, I didn't mean any of those horrible things I said to you before. You're the best thing that ever happened to me! I had no idea how lost I was until you found me. And I'm so sorry. You're better than me, okay!? You're my best friend. You're my person!

Katie is silent, shocked. A tear rolls down her cheek.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY SIDEWALK- CONTINUOUS

Lauren waits for Katie to say something back. She looks nervous, but keeps running down the street.

LAUREN

I love you. And I'm...I'm out of breath because, oh god, you've been running through my mind all day and I'm coming!

INT. KATIE AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT- CONTINUOUS

Katie looks up, shocked.

KATIE
You're coming? To me? When?

LAUREN
Soon. I'm close. I want to do this
with you! Please let me come inside!

Katie thinks for a moment and then jumps up.

KATIE
Come inside! Come inside! You know
what? I'm coming too!

She runs out of the room.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY SIDEWALK- CONTINUOUS

Lauren rounds the corner, past Gramercy Park. She's on the
block before the apartment!

LAUREN
I'm close! I'm close!

INT. KATIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Katie bounds down the stairs.

KATIE (O.S.)
Here I come! This feels so good!

Katie runs faster. As she approaches the exterior of the
building, Katie bounds outside and hurls herself into
Lauren's arms.

KATIE (CONT'D)
Oh my gosh, you're sweaty.

LAUREN
I couldn't get here fast enough! I
feel terr--

KATIE
Wait. *I'm* sorry too. When I found
out about the job, I just felt so
insecure about us. And I should
have trusted you. I shouldn't have
just freaked out like that and told
your parents. I lost my mind, okay?

LAUREN

I'm quitting Random House tomorrow, okay? It sucks compared to what we do. But yes, you were nuts!

KATIE

I swung a metal pole at your face and I was terrible and you were right about me!

LAUREN

No, I wasn't. I was mean. I really don't think those things, okay?

KATIE

Ok. I didn't mean what I said either. Except you do really live in Candyland sometimes. But it's ok!
(notices the trench)
Wait, what are you wearing?

LAUREN

I just saw Charlie. And I thought maybe I'd show him how I grew over the summer, so...

Lauren throws open her trench coat to reveal her sexy bra and panties underneath.

KATIE

You went outside like *this*! You are so fucking cool. I have so much to tell you! I think I might try anal!

LAUREN

Oh my!

KATIE

You wanna move back in? I think we can still keep the place.

LAUREN

Please? Jesse is about 2 days away from kicking me to Long Island. He's such a boy.

The girls hug again. They make their way inside the building.

KATIE

Thank god, because word must have gotten around about our 2-on-1's and I've had to turn down so many. We should charge triple for those, don't you think?

INT. WAREHOUSE - AFTERNOON - THREE MONTHS LATER

Audrey, from the Amhearst luncheon sits in a leopard print cubicle while on the phone. She reads from a Jane Austen novel.

AUDREY (ON THE PHONE)

'It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife.' Now spank that meat, and pull my corset tight! My bosom heaves for you!

Next to her cubicle is a zebra print cubicle in which Jesse sits.

JESSE (ON THE PHONE)

Yeah, put it in my ass!

He is beyond excited about this.

Lauren and Katie walk past the cubicles. They give a thumbs up to Audrey and Jesse as they head to an office.

LAUREN

Who knew there was such a big market for those two?

They enter the office and close the door. On the door is a sign that says: "1-900-Mmm-Hmm."

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END

OVER THE END CREDITS, WE SEE MORTY, CHARLIE, HANK, PROFESSOR RAINEY, SCOTT, AND THE STARBUCKS BARISTA ON PHONE SEX CALLS.