

"HOW TO TEACH FILTHY RICH GIRLS"

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Based on the novel by Zoey Dean

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Question #1

Choose the most correct definition for the following concept:

YOUR TWENTIES

- A) The greatest time of your life marked by endless freedom, zero responsibility and low body fat.
- B) The worst time of your life marked by endless debt, zero income, and low self esteem.
- C) Somewhere in between

ACT ONE

Mika's "Love Today" plays. Loudly.

INT. MEGAN'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Steam fills the tiny bathroom, we can't see anything until an arm wipes away the fog from the mirror, revealing...

MEGAN SMITH, 23 and pretty in an understated way. She pulls a well-worn towel around herself and stares at her reflection. She seems determined. Like Anne Hathaway in *Devil Wears Prada*. She picks up:

A box of AT HOME HAIR COLORING. The woman on the box has gorgeous, red hair.

ON Megan, in the mirror. She takes a deep breath and instantly, a professional smile appears. This is what we call Practicing The Pitch. Half-naked.

MEGAN

Clubbing. What does it actually mean? In truth, there are many definitions.

JUMPCUT TO:

INT. MEGAN'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Megan, now applying the goopy red dye to her hair using the plastic gloves. It's a mess, but she's doing her best to keep it neat. Her speech doesn't skip a beat.

MEGAN

In medicine, clubbing refers to a deformity of the fingers associated with diseases like lung cancer, or tuberculosis.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. MEGAN'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The dye now completely applied, she SCOOPS her hair into a clip and covers it with a plastic showercap.

MEGAN

Clubbing seals is also a common practice of fur trappers in Namibia...

PULLS several antiseptic wipes from a cannister.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

This occurs despite the efforts of Alicia Silverstone who is member of PETA...

WIPES down the bathroom tile, eliminating any traces of dye.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

... and the lead actress in one of my favorite movies, "Clueless."

ORGANIZES the remaining products on her sink and heads out to...

INT. MEGAN'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

It's a dump the size of a pea, but organized within an inch of its life. Megan, still in showercap and towel, makes some ramen noodles over a boiler plate as she continues her speech.

MEGAN

But today, clubbing has taken on a whole new meaning. In much the same way the noun "party" was appropriated by the youth culture and transmogrified into the verb "to party"--

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Megan? You're sounding newscastery again.

She stops stirring her ramen, dropping "the voice."

MEGAN

I am? Crap.

She plops down on her bed, in front of her laptop and picks up the document beside it. She re-reads it with a critical eye.

ANGLE ON: The desktop, where a cute guy, CHARLIE, is in the video chat box. He smiles when she comes into view.

CHARLIE

Just a little. And since when is "Clueless" your favorite movie?

MEGAN

Since I found out it was my boss's favorite movie and maybe it's because I said "Namibia." Regular people don't bring up Namibia in every day conversation. It's hard to make it sound casual.

CHARLIE

So skip that part. The baby seals thing is a downer anyway.

MEGAN

I never said they were babies. Just regular, grown up seals. Old seals.

CHARLIE

Does not make it better. And I hate to be nitpicky, but wasn't this supposed to be about an actual club opening?

MEGAN

Yeah.

CHARLIE

And instead you chose to pitch a story about clubbing in general *because...*?

Embarrassed, Megan says nothing. Finally, Charlie realizes:

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You couldn't get into the club. Dude...

MEGAN

It's fine! No big whoop. This is a better story, anyway. Covering a club doesn't take much skill. But dissecting the culture of clubbing? That's inventive.

But clearly she's a little worried. As she starts crossing stuff out on her document...

CHARLIE

Nice showercap, by the way.

MEGAN

I'm dying my hair red. You know why? Because red is bold. Red grabs people by the collar and says: *"Promote me! I'm ready for greatness!"*

CHARLIE

Makes me think of Angie Everhart. Which inevitably leads to porn.

MEGAN

I've paid my dues, Charlie. Done the coffee runs. Xeroxed my butt off. Mastered the conference call which is no small feat. It's time to earn some cash so I can pay off my Yale loans and get started on my real life. You can even come out and visit me then, because my real life will be so fun I'll want to share it with the world. And by share, I mean gloat.

CHARLIE

If you get the promotion, would you be able to leave that smoky rat trap you call home?

MEGAN

Welcome to New York, amigo. This rat trap happens to cost a fortune, and what do you mean smoky?

Megan finally looks up and notices... it is a little smoky. She sniffs. It smells smoky, too. What the hell..?

She gets up and cautiously moves towards the front door which is when she instantly feels -

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Heat... There's heat. It's fire!

(screaming to her laptop)

Oh my God, Charlie! My building is on fire! What do I do?

CHARLIE

Get out of there!

She frantically starts picking up random items, not sure what to bring and what to leave behind.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Hurry, Megan!

She grabs the laptop and looks right at Charlie.

MEGAN

I'll call you later if I don't die.

She slams the laptop closed and heads towards the escape. A BEAT when she realizes she is still wearing nothing but a towel and a goopy showercap, but has no time to fix that.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - MOMENTS LATER

Megan stands awkwardly on her fire escape clutching her laptop, her boiler plate and two extra bags of Ramen noodles.

Beat. Beat.

She looks down through the grate and sees a MOTHER and LITTLE BOY standing below, looking up at her.

LITTLE BOY

I can see your va-jay-jay.

Megan smiles weakly, and attempts to cross her legs into a pretzel. WAILING SIRENS of an incoming fire truck fade into...

INT. SCOOP OFFICES - HALLWAY - THE NEXT DAY

The DING! of an elevator door opening, revealing:

Megan with BRIGHT RED hair. Her clothes so new they still have the tags on them. She clutches her laptop to her chest as she bravely walks down the hallway. All eyes are fixated on Megan.

MEGAN

Hi, Steve. How's it going? Barbara...

INT. SCOOP OFFICES - DEBRA WURTZEL'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Megan sits in one of the chairs, going over her pitch. Across from her, behind the assistant desk, sits PENNY. She can't stop staring, which Megan pretends not to notice. Finally:

PENNY

It's just soooo red.

MEGAN

I know, Penny.

PENNY

Like your scalp exploded into flames... Oh!
Is that why you smell all smoky?

MEGAN

(sigh)
Yes, Penny.

Suddenly, the door opens revealing DEBRA WURTZEL, late 40s. She ushers out another young hopeful, giving him a pat on the back.

DEBRA

Great work. Really fun stuff --
(then, off Megan)
Whoa! Megan... I didn't recognize you.
That is a color.

MEGAN

Everybody loves Lucille Ball, but nobody
ever does anything about it, you know?

Debra nods, not sure what to say to that, except:

DEBRA

Come on in. Let's hear what you've got.

As they walk into her office, Penny whispers to Jake:

PENNY

Her head was literally on fire.

INT. DEBRA WURTZEL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Megan is mid-pitch. She's bull-dogging through it. Debra leans back in her chair, hands under her chin, looking disappointed.

MEGAN

... The term "bouncer" has an equally fascinating history --

DEBRA

I'm gonna stop you here. Not because I'm falling asleep - which I am - but you seem to have totally missed the point of this assignment, Megan.

MEGAN

On the surface, yes --

DEBRA

There's nothing below the surface. That's what you're not getting. Scoop is a tabloid magazine. I'm not interested in the anthropological significance of anything. I don't even like saying anthropological significance because it gives people the wrong impression.

Megan tries to explain, but Debra holds up her hand. So much for not being interrupted...

DEBRA (CONT'D)

Not done yet. When I ask you to cover a club, that means I want cell phone pictures of models doing coke, or actresses puking up their drinks while adopting children from really sad countries, and before you can ask - NO. I don't want a story on the really sad country.

MEGAN

Sad countries. Negative. Okey dokey.

DEBRA

This was supposed to be a fluff piece.

MEGAN

Absolutely. And believe me, it was my intention to deliver the fluff. I went to Smash and stood in line for five hours. Apparently, my Banana Republic trousers were the wrong way to go. New information. Glad to have it. So next time --

DEBRA

There won't be a next time. You're not getting the promotion, Megan.

Megan takes this in. She starts to nod in that methodical way that's odd looking but sometimes helps stop people from crying.

MEGAN

Okay. That's fair.

DEBRA

And I can't keep you in your current position any longer.

MEGAN

Right, so... what?

DEBRA

It's been ten months. I've kept you this long because I like you. You're bright and hardworking and exceptionally quick with the coffee. But we've hit the wall, honey.

Megan can't help it - her eyes begin to well up. Uncomfortable, Debra looks for a tissue box, but all she has is the damp napkin sitting beneath her iced latté. She hands it to Megan.

MEGAN

I'm sorry. It's just, my apartment burned down last night. Did I mention that? The whole building. Poof! Gone. So that happened. And now this is happening. I'm being fired from a job I didn't even want in the first place.

DEBRA

What do you mean you didn't want it?

MEGAN

I mean, of course I wanted it, but maybe it was for the wrong reasons. Like stability and a cute business card. Your magazine is great, but it's not the kind of writing I ultimately want to do. This internship was just supposed to put me on track.

DEBRA

"So what *do* you want to write about," she asked, wishing she could get back to her own work...

Megan takes a moment. It's a fair question and one she hasn't asked herself in a while. Then, very simply:

MEGAN

People that matter. People who are changing the world through art or diplomacy or science. Years from now, I want to be sitting across from Hillary Clinton sharing a mug of jasmine tea while she explains her theories on education reform. And when we're done, I'll write the biography on this country's first woman president and be able to tell my daughter I played a part in America's history.

DEBRA

You have a daughter?

MEGAN

My future hypothetical daughter which is about as likely as my Hillary interview given the fact that I haven't had sex in two years and I'm a homeless person with Peppermint Patty hair. Everything is bad.

Debra can't help but smile. But Megan feels silly. She stands:

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Ms. Wurtzel. Thank you for the opportunity. I really did learn a lot.

She starts to walk out, but Debra stops her.

DEBRA

Here's the thing. There are no tracks. You want to write about fancy people, you gotta travel in fancy people circles. Get to know them. Get them to trust you.

MEGAN

Thanks. I'll check out fancypeople.com and see if they have any internships available.

DEBRA

Or I might be able to help. Tell me, have you ever flown on a private jet before?

Megan looks at Debra who clearly has an idea brewing. And from that arch in her eyebrow, it's a doozy...

EXT. PALM BEACH - DAY

Over various GLAMOUR SHOTS of Palm Beach we hear:

DEBRA (V.O.)

A dear friend of mine is interviewing people right now. It's not a writing position, but academic excellence is a must. If you get the job, you'd be mingling with the richest people in the world. Leaders of industry, heads of state, Hollywood moguls. The job itself might not be glamorous, but your surroundings will be. Those who know the area refer to it as Palm Beach. Those who live there simply call it... The Island.

As a private jet lands on the runway...

EXT. LES ANGES - MORNING

TIGHT ON a pair of dirty Keds as they step out of a limousine.
PULL OUT to reveal Megan as she takes in her surroundings.

MEGAN

Whoa.

CONTINUE PULLING OUT to take in the spectacular enormity of the estate called *LES ANGES*. Megan's hair is already starting to explode from beneath its tightly wound band thanks to the moist heat. She tries to smooth it down as the DRIVER appears beside her, taking her crappy, canvas bag.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Humidity. It's the work of the devil.

INT. LES ANGES - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Megan is ushered down the marble floored hallway by the driver. The squeak of her shoes echo, but she cannot contain her awe.

MEGAN

I'm gonna assume everything that looks real is real. Even that Picasso. Which normally I would say "No way can that be real!" but I'm guessing this one is.

DRIVER

Yes.

MEGAN

So cool. Is that me squeaking?

DRIVER

Yes.

As she tries to soft-shoe down the hall, they round a corner...

INT. LES ANGES - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

A door is opened revealing LAUREL LIMOGES, early 60s, waiting inside. She radiates elegance and warmth and the vitality of a woman half her age. She speaks quickly, with great energy.

LAUREL

Megan Smith. Fantastic that you're here.

MEGAN

Hello, Mrs. Limoges...

LAUREL

Call me Laurel.

(then, noticing)

Solid handshake. I like that in a woman. And your hair is wonderful. Red is a very bold choice. You're not afraid of many things, are you?

MEGAN

Snakes. And sharks. Mainly just those two things. Oh, and terrorism. So, snakes, sharks and terrorism.

Megan wishes she could swallow those last two sentences, but Laurel seems charmed. Her smile puts Megan at ease.

LAUREL

Relax. Debra already warned me you were quirky. What's more, I despise interviews so the quicker we turn this into a chat the happier we'll both be. Can I get you anything? Marco makes the most heavenly peach bellinis.

Before Megan can answer, Laurel hits an intercom button:

LAUREL (CONT'D)

Marco? Can we get a plate of chocolates and two bellinis?

(back to Megan)

I'm obsessed with chocolate. My mother used to send me to school every day with a Hershey bar in my lunch bag. It was extravagant, but it was something special she could manage for me. And even when we couldn't manage, she found a way.

MEGAN

Did you grow up in Palm Beach?

LAUREL

I grew up in Hancock, Maine. My father owned a locksmith business and was always being called away in the middle of the night because someone had locked themselves out of their house and he was the only person within 100 miles who could rescue them. I used to want him to ride up on a white horse to complete the metaphor. So yes, I am really screwed up when it comes to men.

Megan laughs, spontaneously. Which catches her off guard. She wasn't expecting this woman to be so real.

MEGAN

You seem like you've done pretty well for yourself. With or without a man.

LAUREL

With for awhile. And now without. My husband passed away several years ago. A year after, my daughter and her husband were killed in a plane crash. Suffice it to say, I do not miss the nineties.

MEGAN

I'm so sorry --

The BUTLER enters with the plate of chocolates and a phone.

BUTLER

Excuse me. Senator Martinez on the line.

LAUREL

(to Megan)

Right. This'll just take a second.

(then, into phone)

Mel, it's not gonna happen... Yes, I know you're waiting for my check, and I'm waiting for your help with the school for Cuban refugees... Because it's a pet project of mine, that's why... Why don't we continue this conversation on the dance floor Saturday night. Oh, and if you see Ted by the water cooler, tell him to keep his tennis balls out of my pool, would you? Thanks.

With that, she hangs up. Megan is awestruck.

MEGAN

Ted as in... Kennedy?

LAUREL

Great senator. Lousy neighbor. Where were we again?

MEGAN

The nineties.

LAUREL

Right. So. My dear husband left me a small cosmetics company which I turned into a large cosmetics empire. And my daughter left me two grandchildren. Twin girls. Rose and Sage. Which is why you're here.

MEGAN

(confused)

You want me to take them?

LAUREL

I want you to teach them. They're delightful teenagers. Strong spirits and good hearts. But their grades are lousy. They need a proper tutor. Someone who can guide them through their coursework. Keep their GPA up and ultimately land them spots at Duke.

MEGAN

Duke is a great school.

LAUREL

But not as good as Yale.

Megan blushes, unsure if this is a test. Laurel smiles.

LAUREL (CONT'D)

You should be proud. Graduating magna cum laude is quite an accomplishment. Although how you wound up working at a tabloid rag after that is a bit of a mystery.

MEGAN

I know. Turns out, a Yale degree doesn't guarantee you a staffwriter gig at the Atlantic Monthly. Having connections is more important than having good grades.

LAUREL

And having money is more important than both of those combined, but we pretend that isn't the case. Idealism keeps us young.

MEGAN

I'm pretty sure I lost my idealism in the fire. Along with my good butt jeans.

LAUREL

I think we can find you another pair.

MEGAN

Thank you. But the thing is... I've never taught anyone anything. I'm a writer.

LAUREL

The girls are in school most of the day. That time can be spent however you wish. I doubt you'll have a problem finding things to scribble about in our little community. It's full of terrible people who love talking about themselves and all the wicked things they do.

MEGAN

Like preventing Cuban refugees from attaining economic independence?

LAUREL

See? Spunky. I want you to take this job. Room and board are covered, and a vehicle at your disposal. I'll give you fifteen hundred a week, and if you succeed in getting my girls into Duke I'll cover the remainder of your college loans. Before you answer, let me show you the room you'd be staying in.

INT. LES ANGES - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Laurel opens a door and Megan peeks inside. The room looks like a suite at the Four Seasons. Megan speaks without thinking:

MEGAN

Yes. Yes. A thousand times yes.

Laurel smiles. Then checks her watch.

LAUREL

Fantastic. You should meet the girls right away. School starts next week and I'm fairly certain there was a summer reading list floating around? You might want to make sure they're up to speed.

MEGAN

Absolutely. Um, do you want to introduce me to them, or --

LAUREL

I would, but I have three angry Parisians waiting for me. The French are always late for dinner, but surprisingly punctilious when it comes to conference calls. The girls are down the hall, sixth door on the left. Wonderful meeting you, Megan.

Laurel gives Megan another warm smile before disappearing down the stairs. Megan looks into her room again.

MEGAN

I love you, Room.

Newly invigorated, she walks down the hall. When she gets to the 6th door, she takes a deep breath, smiles, knocks and --

INT. ROSE AND SAGE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- opens the door. If Megan's room was a suite, this is an oasis. Two California king-sized beds sit on their own little dais at least 20 feet apart from each other. Before Megan can even take in the spectacle she says, loudly:

MEGAN

Good Morn --

Suddenly, a figure pops up from underneath one of the billowy comforters. The sleep mask covering her eyes does not stop her from grabbing the TASER GUN under her pillow and ZAPPING the shit out of Megan. She falls down like a french fry.

The girl on the other side of the room slowly rises from under her comforter and assesses the situation. Then, with a sigh:

ROSE

Wake up, Sage. I think you just tased our new tutor.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. LES ANGES - KITCHEN - MORNING

To save time, let's assume every room in this place is awesome. Megan is currently propped up on a bar stool at the center island, looking faint from her recent Taser attack.

Eyeing her from across the room is MARCO (late 30s) and his too-too fabulous boyfriend, KEITH (late 30s). Picture Will and Jack, if they had wound up together.

KEITH

Did the Taser do that to her hair?

MARCO

I'm going to assume so...

MEGAN

I can hear you. I'm not deaf. Breathing, however, is surprisingly difficult.

MARCO

We're so sorry. Here. Have some Eggs Benedict a la Marco.

KEITH

Or don't, if you care about keeping that pretty little figure. Beyoncé would weep for your tush.

MEGAN

Wow, really? That's so nice.
(then)
Who are you?

KEITH

I'm Keith. That's Marco. We're your very own welcoming committee. Welcome! Now try the coffee. It's the best in town.

As Keith pours her a cup...

MEGAN

No offense, but we're in Palm Beach. I hardly think that this is the --
(she sips)
Yup. Best coffee ever. In my life. Ever.

KEITH

That's my baby's special brew. He's gonna have his own five star restaurant someday and drown me in diamonds and pearls. I can't wait to quit my day job.

MARCO

Keith is a stylist at one of our premier salons. He loves his day job.

KEITH

I ADORE my day job, but it's still a j.o.b, you know what I'm saying, honey?

MEGAN

My j.o.b. just shot me in the face.

KEITH

It's a Taser. You'll live.

(to Marco)

Now can we please take five more seconds to discuss the Varvatos problem? We cannot be wearing the same designer to the first event of The Season.

MARCO

(explaining to Megan)

The Season is a big deal around here. It's a pretentious way of describing --

MEGAN

-- a series of charity ball events hosted by the rich and famous whose proceeds go to the poor and miserable.

KEITH

Ooo. She's bitchy. I love her.

MARCO

I see you've done your research.

MEGAN

Well, I didn't actually need to research --

Before Megan can further explain, we hear the sounds of approaching high-heels. Keith shudders.

KEITH

The monsters have risen from their gilded cages. Must flee.

(to Marco)

You have three days to find a new outfit and I love you.

Keith quickly downs the rest of his coffee and walks out right as two of the most gorgeous 16 year old creatures waltz in.

Meet ROSE and SAGE BAKER. In SLOW MOTION, no less. Non-identical, but equally hot. Intimidating without saying a word. Rose approaches Megan while Sage approaches the fridge.

ROSE
You must be Megan. We are sooo sorry --

SAGE
Where are the raspberries?

As Marco hurries over to the fridge to find the berries:

ROSE
-- It's just that everyone knows not to come in our room before noon, so Sage was just being safe by shooting you.

MEGAN
It's hard to argue with safety.
(then, starting over)
I'm Megan. Your grandmother hired me --

SAGE
We know who you are.
(giving her a once-over)
Jesus. I puke cuter than that outfit you're wearing.

MARCO
Be nice, Sage.

SAGE
I am. Constructive criticism saves lives, Marco. Speaking of which, someone stopped taking their Propecia...

As Marco checks his bald spot in the toaster oven, Rose continues to Megan:

ROSE
Also, we're under strict orders to get eleven hours of sleep otherwise we would have totally gotten up earlier to meet you.

MEGAN
(genuine concern)
Oh, I didn't realize. Are those doctors orders, or --?

ROSE
Our photographer.

MARCO

Rose and Sage have a photo shoot coming up for OceanSide magazine. It's a very big deal. In fact, why don't you girls show Megan the wardrobe choices?

MEGAN

Or we can go over the books you read --

ROSE

We didn't read any.

MEGAN

So just the wardrobe then. Yay!

Megan forces a smile and follows Rose upstairs. Sage lags behind, bored. She throws Marco a look before exiting.

SAGE

She fits in about as comfortably as a splinter in my ass cheek.

And she's gone. Off Marco, back to his bald spot...

INT. ROSE AND SAGE'S BEDROOM - DAY

TIGHT ON two doors opening to reveal THE BEST CLOSET EVER. Megan steps inside, trying not to let her jaw hit the floor.

ROSE

... It's a really huge honor. Usually, the magazine only picks one girl to feature at the beginning of the Season, but they said they would make an exception for us.

Megan brushes past a sweater and suddenly, BEEPS and FLASHES start going off around her causing her to crash into several racks of clothing and shoes.

MEGAN

Sorry... Ouch. Pointy shoes..

SAGE

(annoyed)

Great. You just activated the Oracle.

MEGAN

"Who is the Oracle?"

(then, inner geek)

High-Five on the Matrix reference!

The girls do not high-five. Megan lowers her hand.

ROSE

The Oracle is our wardrobe database.

Rose heads over to their computer station and turns on the 40 inch flat screen monitor. We see Megan's picture on screen. A few clicks here and there, and she's a computerized dress up doll. It's ultra high-tech, and impossibly cool.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Sage built it last year. It helps us keep track of what we wore, when we wore it and who we wore it with. That way we never have repeats. Plus it's faster to mix and match virtually, and a lot easier on the skin. I chafe easy.

MEGAN

Wow, this is advanced. You really made it yourself, Sage?

SAGE

Why are you so surprised? Did Laurel tell you we were stupid or something?

Megan senses she's entering hot button territory and decides to quickly retreat.

MEGAN

No, not at all. In fact, she was excited to discuss the books you guys read. Or didn't read, as it turns out.

SAGE

We only had to pick one so that we could write a book report later, or whatever.

MEGAN

One book. Great. That makes it easier...

A slightly concerned Rose goes through some papers on the desk and hands the summer reading list to Megan.

ROSE

We were planning to do it, but then we got so busy...

Megan skims the list. Her Type A personality comes busting out.

MEGAN

Okey dokey. Not a problem. We have five days and one of your choices is *The Great Gatsby*, which is a favorite of mine.

(MORE)

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Nine chapters, so we'll do three a day - one in the morning, two in the afternoon leaving the evening for discussion. Day Four we'll construct a different thesis for each of you so by the time you start school, you'll be ahead of the curve--

SAGE

(to Rose)

Did she say "okey dokey?"

MEGAN

This is great. I am loving this plan. Grab your books and let's meet in the library in 4.2 minutes to read the preface together. All right, Team Baker? Woo!

With that, Megan walks out, full of energy. The girls stand there, like a hurricane just hit them.

INT. LES ANGES - LIBRARY - 16.8 MINUTES LATER

Megan sits by herself.

MEGAN

The "woo" killed it. Next time, no "woo."

INT. LES ANGES - KITCHEN - DAY

Marco is slicing and dicing when Megan walks in, high strung.

MEGAN

Marco, have you seen the twins?

MARCO

They left. Something about meeting makeup artists for the shoot yadda yadda. We're gorgeous billionaires blah blah. I swear, if they weren't my ticket to owning a cafe, I'd have had them killed years ago.

MEGAN

Sounds fair. But I need to get them started on this book, or we won't have --

MARCO

Let's put that neurosis in neutral, shall we? The girls will be back. Meantime, why don't you take the new car out for a spin?

He throws her a set of car keys. Megan considers them.

MARCO (CONT'D)

This is Palm Beach, baby. Live a little.

INT. MEGAN'S AUDI - DAY

"Xanadu" plays as Megan expertly makes her way through the streets. (That's right. Xanadu.) Megan happily sings along.

MEGAN

A place! Where nobody dared to go..!

She checks out the fancy dashboard.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Oh, Car. I may love you even more than Room.

She turns up the music and VROOMS ahead...

EXT. PALM BEACH ROAD - DAY

The AUDI heads down Southern Beach Blvd taking us out of the ritzy Palm Beach and onto I95. She dials her cell, then:

MEGAN

Charlie?

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Hey! How'd it go with the interview?

EXT. FORT LAUDERDALE ROAD - DAY

40 miles never looked so far apart, as Megan makes her way down one of the main streets of Fort Lauderdale.

MEGAN

It went well. Ish.

She rounds a corner...

EXT. CARLO'S CRAB SHACK - CONTINUOUS

... and attempts to parallel park in front of this local hotspot. Great food without the tourists. It's hip without being pretentious.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

So were you out all night celebrating?

MEGAN

Not exactly.

She gets out of the car and walks inside.

INT. CARLO'S CRAB SHACK - CONTINUOUS

The place is busy, but Megan finds a small table near the back.

MEGAN

I didn't actually get the Scoop job. But Debra recommended me for a different position which I did wind up getting --

CHARLIE (V.O.)

I wanna hear all about it. Lemme call you when I'm out of work, okay?

MEGAN

No problem. But before you hang up, would you mind taking my order?

Suddenly, the waiter standing a few feet away turns around.

Meet CHARLIE HOGAN. The Lloyd Dobbler of his generation, but with a tan. He grew into his looks after high school, which makes him appreciate them more but rely on them less.

CHARLIE

Holy Shiite.

He turns off his bluetooth and beelines for Megan, pulling her into a bear hug. It's sweet.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

MEGAN

Officially? I'm the new tutor for 16 year old billionaires, Rose and Sage Baker. Unofficially, I'm dying for a chowder bowl.

CHARLIE

You're working for the Baker twins? How did that happen?

MEGAN

Technically, I work for their grandmother Laurel, who is amazing. Not at all what you'd expect. She's exactly the kind of person I could write a book about someday from a uniquely feminist perspective --

CHARLIE

Easy there, Paglia. I'm still processing the first part. The "I'm a tutor for evil twin billionaires" part.

MEGAN

They're not evil. I mean, yes, they tased me, but that was mainly a precautionary measure. And even though the taller one does seem to possess a certain Eva Braun quality, it's not like I can afford to be picky right now. I'm homeless, remember?

CHARLIE

My job comes with a hairnet. I don't judge.
(then, cautious)
Does your dad know you're back?

Megan's shoulders noticeably tense up at the mention of her father, but she tries to play it cool.

MEGAN

First of all, I'm not "back." Sure, I'm back in the state, but states are awfully large. It's not like I'll be running into Pops at the Bath & Tennis Club --

Before Charlie can argue, they're interrupted by a too-handsome-for-his-own-good SLICKSTER. Early 20s, oozing charm and money.

SLICKSTER

I hate to interrupt, but we've been waiting for our check --

MEGAN

Sorry. It's my fault...

SLICKSTER

(to Megan)
You look familiar. Do we know each other?

MEGAN

Don't think so.
(then, to Charlie)
I should go. The girls will be back soon--

SLICKSTER

(offering his hand)
It was lovely meeting you.

MEGAN

Except we didn't actually meet. I'll call you later, Charlie.

With that she walks off. Charlie looks at Slickster.

CHARLIE

Gimme two more seconds and I'll knock five bucks off your check.

Before Slickster can answer, he rushes out...

EXT. CARLO'S CRAB SHACK - CONTINUOUS

... and up to Megan. He stops in his tracks when he sees how smokin' the car is. She smiles, loving it.

MEGAN

Oh yeah. I got all kinds of bling going.

And then she accidentally sets off the alarm. Oopsie.

CHARLIE

Very nice. Look, about your dad --

MEGAN

Charlie --

CHARLIE

It's just, I see him around, you know? And your sister...

MEGAN

Oh my God. Please don't tell Lily. That's the last thing I need right now.

CHARLIE

So you want me to lie to your whole family?

MEGAN

Omission, Charlie. Lie by omission. And if you start to feel guilty, just remember the key point.

CHARLIE

Which is?

She flips her shades down and gets into the car.

MEGAN

I'm not back.

With that, she shuts the door. Off Charlie, all kinds of smitten. And we're not just talking about the car...

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. LES ANGES - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Marco is flipping through a tabloid, waiting for his duck to roast when Megan rushes in. Without looking up:

MARCO
Downstairs. Gym.

MEGAN
Thank you!

She runs off. Marco shakes his head sadly at the picture.

MARCO
(re: magazine)
Poor Rumer Willis. She never wears it better.

INT. LES ANGES - GYM - MOMENTS LATER

State of the art, of course. Complete with treadmills, pilates reformers and gyrotonics machine. The girls, in matching spandex, are finishing up their cardio when Megan walks in.

MEGAN
How's the workout going, ladies? Ready to work out your minds?

SAGE
You cannot be this much of a nerd.

MEGAN
Actually, this is just the tip of my nerd iceberg. Now let's go. We've got studying to do --

SAGE
And we have thirty more minutes of core work left. Sorry.

Megan takes a moment, not sure how to proceed.

MEGAN
Look, I'm not gonna play this game. You have a book to read, and my job is to make sure you finish it. So tell me the best way to make that happen and I'll do it.

Sage pointedly ignores her. Rose feels badly and tries to break the tension.

ROSE

Have you ever tried gyrotonics before? It's so fun. It will totally change your life.

Megan recognizes the challenge in Sage's eyes and decides the best way to earn her respect is to show no fear.

MEGAN

I'm always up for a little life changing.

Rose helps Megan strap herself into the machine. It's clunky and awkward. As she attempts to work out:

MEGAN (CONT'D)

So. Jay Gatsby and Daisy Buchanan --

SAGE

(bored)

-- are doomed 'cause Daisy's a gold digger and Gatsby's a scam artist who's probably gay anyway. Big who cares.

MEGAN

Does that mean you did read it?

SAGE

I didn't have to. I skimmed a few pages and it's obvious the guy is a closet case.

MEGAN

Interesting theory. The man does own a lot of shirts. But you might want to read the whole book before --

SAGE

I don't need to waste my time on Fitzgerald when I could be reading Hemingway.

MEGAN

Okay. Great. Is Hemingway one of your options?

SAGE

You want me to confine my appreciation of literature to whatever some tenured hag puts on a summer reading list? Nice.

Megan doesn't know whether to be impressed or horrified. Rose looks uncomfortable by all the smarty pants talk.

ROSE

Can we get back to the fun stuff? Like our very own Megan Smith.

(MORE)

ROSE (CONT'D)

Graduated Yale with a BA in English Lit.
Thesis topic: Phallic Imagery in the Early
Works of James Joyce.

MEGAN

I called it "Penises in Dublin." And I
take it you Googled me.

ROSE

(sad for her)

We tried. But you weren't very Google-
able. You don't even have any web images.

MEGAN

I know. It's something I aspire to.

SAGE

What about boyfriends?

MEGAN

What about them?

SAGE

Have you ever had any, or is that also
something you aspire to?

MEGAN

I had one. Freshman year of college, but
he took time away from my studies and made
out with my sister when I brought him home
for Thanksgiving, so--

ROSE

Your sister made out with your boyfriend
behind your back!? That's awful!

MEGAN

No, that's Lily. And it actually happened
in front of my face so I got to watch the
whole thing. Extra fun for me.

ROSE

Were boobs involved?

MEGAN

Sadly, yes.

ROSE

That's the most tragic thing I've ever
heard. Even worse than when Max threw a
sheep at me on the same day he threw a
groundhog at Melissa.

SAGE

First off, it was a ham not a sheep, and B, Max is a douchebag. You're way too good for him, Rosiepants. I told you that.

Rose beams from her sisters' love and Megan smiles. They may be rough on everyone else, but they're sweet with each other.

MEGAN

You guys are lucky. I'd give anything to have the kind of relationship with Lily that you two have. It's really rare.

(before it gets too mushy)

Almost as rare as the love between Gatsby and Daisy...

As they continue to work out their bods and their minds...

ESTABLISHING SHOT - PALM BEACH - MORNING

Sun. Sand. Ocean. This place even wakes up gorgeous...

INT. LES ANGES - MEGAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Megan wakes up to the smell of a perfect french roast. Her frizzy head emerges from her comforter to find a silver tray with croissants, beignets and a pot of coffee beside it.

MEGAN

I'm so happy.

INT. LES ANGES - LIBRARY - MORNING

Now fully dressed and de-frizzed, Megan sits in the library going over her lesson plan for the day. *The Great Gatsby* is open on the couch beside her.

LAUREL (O.S.)

"What'll we do with ourselves this afternoon? Cried Daisy, and the day after that, and the next thirty years?"

Megan is startled to find Laurel standing a few feet behind her. She smiles at the interruption.

LAUREL (CONT'D)

Get a job, I used to say. The idea of contemplative aristocrats drove me batty when I was young. Of course, then I became one, and my opinion changed.

Megan laughs. Laurel does not. Megan's laugh becomes a cough.

LAUREL (CONT'D)

So. How is it going with my girls?

MEGAN

Great. We're still finishing the book. Actually, starting it, and then we'll finish it. There's a whole plan in place.

LAUREL

I'm sure there is. But don't fret. You're not being graded on your lesson plans.

MEGAN

Thank you --

LAUREL

-- You're being graded on their grades. How they achieve the A is of little importance to me. But if they fail, you fail. Or was I not clear about that?

Megan starts to sweat a bit. Clearly, it's not all chocolate and bellinis with her new boss.

MEGAN

No. You were. I mean... that makes sense.

LAUREL

Fantastic! Now I'm off to meet the caterers. The first ball of The Season and they thought they could get away without stone crabs. Can you imagine?

MEGAN

I can't imagine how you stay sane given all you have to do every day.

LAUREL

It's only the appearance of sanity that counts, dear. Remember that.

With that, she walks off. Megan watches her go, impressed, then opens a clean page of her notebook.

She scribbles: ***The Unauthorized Biography of Laurel Limoges - Appearance Is Everything.*** As a smile creeps onto her face...

INT. ROSE AND SAGE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The door is partially open, but Megan knocks anyway, extra loud, trying to be funny. Their moment yesterday has emboldened her.

MEGAN

It's Megan. Don't shoot! I know it's early, but I was thinking we could...

But the girls aren't there.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

... not get any work done again.

INT. LES ANGES - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Megan rushes in...

MEGAN

Marco, do you know where --?

... but stops when she sees THE SLICKSTER! He's sharing a plate of eggs with Marco, looking unbelievably sexy in his sweaty, tennis whites. His real name, as it turns out is --

MARCO

Megan Smith, meet Will Phillips. Will, this is Megan. She's the new tutor.

From behind Will, Marco mouths to Megan:

MARCO (CONT'D)

HE. IS. GORGEOUS.

WILL

A-ha. A formal introduction. Now you'll have to shake my hand.

As Will goes in for the handshake, Marco continues to mouth:

MARCO

(now confused)

DO YOU KNOW HIM?

Megan shakes her head "NO" at Marco, which she then tries to play off as shaking dandruff out of her hair. It's weird.

WILL

Do you have water in your ear?

MEGAN

I was going for dandruff in my hair, but yours is better. What are you doing here?

WILL

I live next door. I like to drop by after my tennis lessons just in case Marco has anything amazing cooking in the kitchen. Which he always does.

Will turns to Marco who smiles.

MARCO

You're very sweet. Did I mention Megan is an aspiring writer?

Intrigued, Will turns back to Megan, allowing Marco to mouth:

MARCO (CONT'D)

HAVE BABIES WITH HIM.

WILL

Really? What kind of writing?

MEGAN

Um... all kinds, really --

WILL

Then you have to meet my dad. He used to run Random House before he started his own publishing company. But you probably knew all that since you're from here --

MARCO

You're from here?

MEGAN

No. Not here.

WILL

You know about Carlo's Crab Shack, which means you have to be a local.

MEGAN

I grew up in Ft. Lauderdale but I haven't lived there in years. And I've never lived here, so the point is I'm not "back" which I feel is an important distinction.

Marco looks at her like she's insane. Which she kinda is.

WILL

So you've been doing the long distance thing with your boyfriend?

MARCO

You have a boyfriend?!

MEGAN

He's not my boyfriend. He's my friend. I don't have a boyfriend.

(realizing how that sounds)

Not that anyone cares. Or I care. I don't care. I mean, I could've dated Charlie years ago, but I didn't want to risk losing the friendship. So... yeah. That's what happened there.

Beat. Beat. Then, very casual:

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Have you seen Rose and Sage?

MARCO

They left for their photo shoot.

MEGAN

That's today? Crap. I really need to work with them...

Will chuckles at her frantic state, which irks her.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Are you mocking me?

WILL

Not at all. I think you're cute.

MEGAN

And I think patronizing and mocking live together in a very small house.

MARCO

Why don't you go down to the shoot? You can probably get a few hours of work in while the lights are being set up.

MEGAN

Great idea. Where's the shoot?

WILL

I can take you.

MEGAN

That's okay. I can drive myself.

WILL

I'm sure you can, but it'll be faster if I drive. Trust me.

Marco starts mouthing so quickly it's impossible to even understand what he's saying. Off Megan, amused...

INT. DOLPHIN STADIUM - VENDOR AREA - DAY

A football game in progress, Will finishes paying for popcorn, beers and some hot dogs while Megan scours the stadium looking for the girls.

MEGAN

The girls didn't mention the shoot was at a football game.

Will's eyes twinkle flirtatiously. Megan realizes she's been duped. Furious, she walks away. Will rushes to catch up.

WILL

Wait! C'mon...

MEGAN

You think it's funny, but I'm gonna lose my job over this and unlike you, I don't have a trust fund to fall back on. Some of us actually need to work.

WILL

I'm down with working. Seriously. Wait.

He holds onto her arm to prevent her from walking further.

WILL (CONT'D)

There's no way those girls were gonna do homework while they're in the middle of their first photo shoot. Sage would have skinned you alive just for showing up.

Megan thinks about this. He's right. She then realizes his hand is still holding her elbow. He notices it, too and quickly moves it away.

MEGAN

I take it you know them pretty well.

WILL

I know lots of folks. From all different circles. That's what makes me so smart.

MEGAN

If you were *really* smart, you'd know I'm not a football kinda girl.

WILL

I figured. But the Dolphins are playing and I happen to have awesome seats.

MEGAN

Of course you do.

WILL

Do I detect judging in your tone? Because judging and small minded-ness live together in a very small house.

She can't help but smile as he leads her...

INT. DOLPHIN STADIUM - MOMENTS LATER

... down the rows of seats towards the field. Yes, his seats are on the 50 yard line.

WILL

Actually these seats are a future tax write-off, so I don't feel bad about spending the hundred grand. It's all work-related.

MEGAN

If you tell me you want to be a football player I'm going to laugh. I won't want to, but it will be unavoidable.

Will smiles and points out the photographers on the field.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Sports photography?

WILL

It's crazy competitive. Pretty lucrative, too, but that's not why I like it.

MEGAN

Why do you like it?

ANGLE ON: The football field, as photo-journalists get into the fray, snapping wildly, risking limbs for the perfect shot.

WILL

'Cause it's all about instinct. People think it's about being in the right place at the right time, but it's more than that. It's what you do when you're there. No time to think about angles or lighting. No waiting for inspiration to strike. You take action or you miss the moment. And when it's over, it's over. No do-overs.

Megan can't help but be impressed.

MEGAN

I tend to miss my moments. More of a
stewer than a do-er, as my dad would say.

WILL

What's your dad do?

MEGAN

Drinks too much. Wallows in the past. Fun
stuff like that.

WILL

You close with him?

MEGAN

Not really. You?

WILL

Not really.
(then, eye twinkle)
Look at that. Something in common.

MEGAN

I'm not sure having a messed up
relationship with your father is enough
common ground to warrant a date.

WILL

I didn't ask you on a date.
(off Megan's blushing)
But I might...

It's getting hot in here. Mercifully, Megan's cell phone rings.

MEGAN

Hello? ... Sage? What's wrong? Slow
down... I'm on my way.

Off Megan, rushing towards the exit...

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOURINT. PHOTO SHOOT - DAY

A basic warehouse space, with a cheesy backdrop and a stripper pole in the center. A mess of LIGHTS, MAKEUP ARTISTS, and ASSISTANTS running around make it look busy.

Megan arrives expecting a life or death situation, only to find Sage wearing something so skimpy it would make Tyra blush.

SAGE

Thank GOD you're here.

MEGAN

What's wrong? What happened?

She quickly grabs a clipboard away from the PHOTOGRAPHER'S ASSISTANT and thrusts it in Megan's hands.

SAGE

We need your signature. Apparently, being under 18 is like a thing to these people.

MEGAN

This is the life or death situation? What am I signing?

The assistant tries to explain, but Sage cuts her off.

SAGE

A waiver. Just do it.

(to the photographer)

Our guardian is here and she's clearly over 21. If her crows feet don't make it obvious enough you can check her license.

MEGAN

Where's Rose?

SAGE

Rose is hiding because she knows if I see her I'm going to take my mascara wand and shove it so far up her nose, she'll have to buy another new one. Nose, not mascara.

ROSE (O.S.)

I said I was sorry! I forgot!

SAGE

Unacceptable!

MEGAN

What did she forget?

ASSISTANT

They were supposed to get a signature from their mother --

SAGE

Grandmother. Our mother is dead, thank you very much. Feeling stupid yet?

Megan is momentarily stunned. It's not often Sage allows such a raw emotion to come to the surface. For the first time, she seems like a real girl in pain.

MEGAN

Sage...

ASSISTANT

I'm sorry. Their grandmother was supposed to sign the form before they showed up. It's basically like a permission slip.

MEGAN

So why don't you just call Laurel?

SAGE

We already did, but she's in a meeting and not taking calls. Which is fine because all we need is someone over 21 who's responsible for us. It's no big deal.

Megan is about to sign the form when she spots Rose peeking out from behind a dressing curtain. She's dressed equally scandalous, but unlike Sage she looks terrified. She clearly doesn't want to be doing this.

Megan puts down the pencil. Sage lets out an exasperated sigh.

SAGE (CONT'D)

I'm seriously gonna kill you.

MEGAN

I just want to see if they have any other outfits. Didn't you guys bring clothes from home?

ASSISTANT

Kevin is insisting on the Cavalli. The other stuff didn't work.

MEGAN

Well you can tell Kevin that I don't think this works. For one thing we need about 10 more yards of fabric. Preferably the kind that I can't see through.

SAGE
This is not happening...

MEGAN
And that pole you've got over there better
be for firemen, because these girls are not
getting on it.

ASSISTANT
Are you messing with me?

MEGAN
Do I look like I'm messing with you?

The assistant sighs and walks over to the PHOTOGRAPHER. As she relays the information to the clearly agitated man, Sage sticks her fingernails into Megan's arm.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Ow ow ow...

SAGE
What are you doing?

MEGAN
I'm trying to stop you from doing something
I think you're going to regret...

SAGE
The only person who's gonna regret this
moment is you.

With that Sage walks away. Megan turns towards Rose but she's scurrying towards her sister, avoiding any eye contact with Megan. Sigh. She dumps the waiver in the trash and walks out.

EXT. FORT LAUDERDALE - LOW INCOME HOUSING - DUSK

Sad houses with crummy lawns. Megan's new car looks out of place as it cruises towards a small home. She allows the car to idle in front as she DUCKS DOWN.

INT. MEGAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON Megan crouching as far underneath her seat as possible. After a moment, the passenger door opens. She looks up to find:

CHARLIE
Do you think your dad hangs out in front of
my house or are you afraid of carjackers?

MEGAN
Just get in.

INT. SHENANIGANS - LATER

A dive bar where the local kids hang out. Charlie is well known and well loved. Megan sucks her drink through a straw:

MEGAN

... Obviously, you gotta be willing to cut the girl some serious orphan slack. And I am. I feel badly for her. It's just that while I'm feeling badly, I also feel like giving her a huge wedgie. Is that wrong?

CHARLIE

(attempting to help)

Just because she had a bad thing happen doesn't give her the right to be a bitch. Your mom left you when you were seven.

MEGAN

Not by dying. By choice. Which I used to think was worse, but now I'm not so sure. And they didn't just lose their mom. They lost BOTH of their parents. I'd be angry, too. I wouldn't be a slutty ho-bag, but I'd be pissed. More alcohol, please.

Charlie calls over to the pretty bartender, MADISON.

CHARLIE

Madison? Can we get another Jack and Coke?

She flashes a flirty smile at him as she heads over.

MADISON

Whatever you need, CK1.

(then, to Megan)

Didn't you go to my high school?

MEGAN

Public high school by definition belongs to the state, so it couldn't have been yours. But I did attend Franklin High if that's what you're asking.

MADISON

(to Charlie)

Are you sure she needs another? She seems pretty wasted already.

CHARLIE

That's not wasted. That's just her.

Madison pours the drink and walks off. Megan watches her go.

MEGAN

Why does she call you CK1?

CHARLIE

It's a long story.

MEGAN

Like a sex story?

CHARLIE

Okay, now I am cutting you off --

MEGAN

No! Wait. Let's go back to my slutty orphans. What am I gonna do?

CHARLIE

Do their homework, collect your paycheck and get some of your own writing done. It doesn't sound like the grandma cares how they get their grades --

MEGAN

She doesn't! That's what's crazy. I thought she was this really cool person, and maybe she is, but she's not winning any parenting awards, know what I'm saying?

CHARLIE

But you're not their parent either. Or a relative. Or even someone they've known for more than 48 hours.

MEGAN

It's a good point. And I'm happy you bring it up. The thing is, I don't know why I care. I just do.

CHARLIE

Because you think you can save them.

MEGAN

No. A little. But not in the Woody Allen hooker-saving way. These girls are smart. They can do so much more with their lives than they realize. And if I can help them live up to their potential, what's wrong with that? I mean, maybe they need me.

CHARLIE

Or maybe you need them.

MEGAN

So what if I do? People who need people are the luckiest people in the world.

CHARLIE

Hey, if you're just using them for the connections, that's cool --

MEGAN

I'm not using them! Jesus, Charlie. I'm lost, okay? This was not the plan. The plan fell apart and now I'm just trying to stay afloat and you're making me feel like a bad person.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry --

MEGAN

I don't know how I got here, but I don't have anywhere else to go. Can you understand that? I'm out of options.

He nods, and Megan goes back to her drink. Before Charlie can apologize further, Madison returns.

MADISON

I hear Fergie is coming to town next weekend. You going?

CHARLIE

Yeah, I'm thinking about it.

MADISON

Cool. Maybe I'll see you there.

She walks away. Megan looks at Charlie as if he's a totally new person. Someone she hasn't known all her life.

MEGAN

Look at you with all the moves. I guess everyone changes except me.

CHARLIE

That's not true. You've changed.

MEGAN

I have? How?

CHARLIE

You used to be the most focused person I knew. Goal oriented, psychotically motivated and ambitious. Now you're all over the place.

MEGAN

Is that a good thing or a bad thing?

CHARLIE

Maybe it's both.

Megan looks at Charlie. For a moment, it seems like maybe he has more to say. But... he doesn't.

INT. LES ANGES - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Megan, squeaky shoes in hand, tiptoes towards her room. She opens the door and is surprised to find...

INT. LES ANGES - MEGAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

... Rose, sitting on her bed, leafing through the books on her nightstand. She stops when Megan walks in.

ROSE

Sorry for stalking. I just wanted to say thanks. I couldn't before, because, obviously.

MEGAN

Sage would have smashed your head against the stripper pole.

ROSE

Right. But I was glad you came and, like, took over. I had a feeling it was gonna go down that way. The photographer had a lot more Google images than you and they were all pretty skanky.

Which is when it suddenly dawns on Megan:

MEGAN

You didn't forget to give Laurel the form.

Rose smiles, sheepishly. She starts to go, but Megan stops her.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

You don't have to do everything your sister wants you to. You know that, right?

ROSE

It's not like that. I mean, it is, but not because I'm scared of her. I mean, I am, kinda, but that's not the main reason.

MEGAN

So what's the main reason?

ROSE

I don't want to make her sad. If I told her I didn't want to do the stuff she wants to do, it'd be like I was judging her.

MEGAN

Okay. But what do you want to do?

Rose considers for a beat, then:

ROSE

I wanna get into Duke. I think Mom would've been psyched if that happened.

Megan smiles.

MEGAN

Then I guess we're gonna have to get you into Duke. Which means you're gonna have to finish that book.

ROSE

I just did and I cannot believe Daisy left Gatsby like that! How do you walk away from someone you supposedly love?

MEGAN

People do it all the time.
(then, a confession)
I did it. To my sister.

ROSE

Yeah, but that's 'cause she snaked your dude. Totally different.

MEGAN

But I left before she did that, remember? The dude snaking happened when I came home for the holidays, which means she probably did it just to get back at me.

ROSE

Get back at you for what?

MEGAN

For leaving her alone with our sad dad. Our mom took off when we were kids and he kinda sucked at being a human after that. I couldn't wait to bail on the whole situation. I didn't think twice about what it would mean for Lily.

Rose tries to absorb this.

ROSE

But you had to go to college. I mean, you couldn't not go to Yale just to hang with your sister, right?

MEGAN

That's what I tell myself. But lemme ask you this - if you got into Duke and Sage didn't... would you go?

Rose's brain looks like it might explode at the sheer notion.

ROSE

You have to get us both in, okay?

Megan laughs. It's almost a hug moment, but luckily there's a knock at the door. The butler pokes his head inside:

BUTLER

Megan? Laurel wants to see you downstairs.

Off Megan, knowing this can't be good...

INT. LES ANGES - LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

Megan walks in and is not surprised to find Sage sitting on the couch. Laurel is mixing a martini.

LAUREL

Come in, come in. Can I get you anything?

MEGAN

Oh, um...

SAGE

You're totally fired.

Laurel gives Sage a reprimanding look, then turns to Megan.

LAUREL

Clearly, my granddaughter is upset.

MEGAN

(relieved)

Oh. Phew. I thought that was real--

LAUREL

No, no. You are fired, but that's not the way we let someone go. Right, Sage?

SAGE

I was just trying to be direct.

MEGAN

I'm not sure I understand...

SAGE

Yeah, right. Don't act all innocent --

LAUREL

Sage was looking to work with you this afternoon, but apparently you've been disappearing since the moment you arrived. Is that true or false?

Megan looks to Sage who raises her brow. She's screwed.

MEGAN

I guess, technically, it's true-ish. But if you let me explain --

LAUREL

There's no need. I'm afraid it's simply not a good fit.

SAGE

That's the understatement of the year.

LAUREL

All right then. Your flight leaves in the morning. Marco will fix you a treat to bring on the plane.

SAGE

Which is awfully nice of us, considering.

Normally she'd let the comment go, but suddenly she realizes - this is her moment. And she's gonna take action.

MEGAN

Considering what?

Sage looks to Laurel, who seems surprised by Megan's tone.

LAUREL

Megan --

MEGAN

Excuse me, Laurel, but I was talking to Sage. No offense, but you clearly have no idea what's going on with your own family. Unless you wanted your only granddaughters to be photographed looking like underage porn stars for the entire Palm Beach community to enjoy. Maybe next time, you'll pick up the phone when they call.

(then, back to Sage)

Considering what?

Again, Sage looks to Laurel but gets nothing in return. She's on her own. She rolls her eyes.

SAGE

Whatever.

MEGAN

Don't stop now. You're running this show, aren't you? You decide what happens to me, what happens to Rose... But with great power comes great responsibility - shout out to Uncle Ben. So if you're gonna make all the decisions, you better understand the consequences. You don't care about school, that's fine. You want to do the wasted heiress routine? Good for you. It's a little played, but clearly nobody's gonna stop you. However, you might want to consider your sister before you drag her down the sorry path you're so hell-bent on cruising. You can take it. But I'm not so sure about Rose.

(starts to go, then)

Uncle Ben is Spiderman's uncle. Not mine. Just wanted to make that clear.

With that, Megan walks out. Off Laurel, watching her go...

FADE OUT.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVEINT. LES ANGES - MEGAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

MEGAN'S POV: Her sleepy eyes flutter open to find MARCO and KEITH hovering over her, examining her face with dread.

KEITH

Hell's bells. It's worse than I thought.

MARCO

Can you do anything to fix it?

Megan thinks she must be dreaming until Keith reaches into his man purse and pulls out a tube of Preparation H and begins to dab it under her eyes. Now she's awake.

MEGAN

Not that I don't enjoy a good hazing, but it usually comes at the beginning of a job. Not the end.

She attempts to swat them away and sits up. They GASP.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

What?!

MARCO

Your hair! It's like a giant, tangerine Chia Pet! This is never going to work.

KEITH

Don't worry, baby. We can always wig her if we have to.

MEGAN

Seriously, guys. I have a hangover the size of my Aunt Paula's ass, and my Aunt Paula is not a small woman. Can you leave me alone?

MARCO

I wish that was an option, but I have my orders.

MEGAN

Right. I forgot. Look, I don't need any plane snacks. Although, I wouldn't mind a cup of your special brew...

MARCO

There's no time for that.

MEGAN

Sure there is. My flight doesn't leave for three more hours --

KEITH

Your flight was canceled.

MARCO

Technically, the flight still exists but you aren't going to be on it.

MEGAN

What?

MARCO

Please don't argue. I have less than 8 hours to get you ready for the first event of The Season and that afro you're sporting is the least of our problems.

KEITH

He gets a little Cruella when he's stressed.

MEGAN

I don't think you understand. I was fired last night.

MARCO

Yes, and apparently rehired this morning. I received word at 5:00 AM thank-you-very-much with instructions to have you ready to attend tonight's festivities. Your job is to keep an eye on the girls and make sure they don't get into trouble. Good luck with that, by the way.

MEGAN

This is insane. Where's Laurel?

Megan marches out of her room, leaving our flustered duo behind.

MARCO

Is it too early for a cocktail?

As Keith hands him the flask from his sport jacket...

INT. LES ANGES - LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

Megan walks in to find Laurel standing on a ladder, attempting to find a book on the top shelf. Before Megan can speak:

LAUREL

Fantastic. Can you hold this steady for me, dear? I am trying to locate a book...

Megan, too confused to argue, complies.

MEGAN

Okay, but I just came in to ask --

LAUREL

It's called "Leaving Cuba" by Kathlyn Gay. It's not down there, is it? I want to leave it on Mel's seat tonight...

Megan attempts to stay in control of the conversation. Which is hard to do while holding a ladder.

MEGAN

Marco told me that I wasn't fired.

LAUREL

That's right. I've changed my mind.

MEGAN

Why? I mean, what caused that?

LAUREL

You did. Quite bold the way you took Sage in hand last night. I don't think I've ever seen anyone try it before. Maybe it's in the other library...

MEGAN

You have another libr--? Wait. Not the point. The thing is, Laurel, I can't live this roller-coaster kinda life, always wondering if I'm about to be fired because I told Sage she has to do her homework.

LAUREL

Completely fair, which is why I drew up a contract. Barring any illegal activities on your part, I can't fire you for the next six months or you can sue me for all I've got. And I've got quite a lot, haven't I? Two libraries at least.

Megan wanders over to the table and sure enough - there's a contract. Megan is speechless. By now, Laurel is down.

LAUREL (CONT'D)

Have a lawyer read it before you sign. Oh, and the next time you have an impulse to give me a dressing down - fight it.

MEGAN

Right. Okey dokey then.

Megan takes the contract and starts to walk out.

LAUREL

They need you, Megan. I can't do it. I lost their respect much too long ago, and don't have the energy to get it back.

Megan catches a glimmer of hurt in Laurel's eyes. The first we've seen. But it passes quickly.

LAUREL (CONT'D)

What is that goop on your face?

MEGAN

I'm pretty sure it's hemorrhoid creme.

Off Laurel, laughing out loud...

INT. LES ANGES - MEGAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Megan enters to find Keith and Marco wading through curling irons, flat irons, and two tons of makeup product.

MEGAN

Boys? We got work to do.

Here goes the ultimate movie-makeover montage. Hair. Makeup. Clothes. Shoes. Fabulous. You get the idea. Resulting in...

INT. MAR A LAGO - BALLROOM - NIGHT

... The most stunning Megan we've ever seen. Her entrance does not go unnoticed, and not just because she is having difficulty walking in heels. Marco and Keith are behind her.

KEITH

Glide, dear. Glide.

MEGAN

You glide. I'm balancing the weight of a small country on a pair of toothpicks.

She makes her way inside and we catch a few familiar faces: Laurel, Sage, Rose. Even Charlie, working as a cater waiter, drops his dumplings. And then Will approaches.

WILL

Not too shabby.

MEGAN

Is that supposed to be a compliment -- ?

Suddenly, Megan's face turns ashen as a gorgeous YOUNG WOMAN approaches Will's side, slipping her arm into his nook.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

Her boobs spill out over the top of her dress and her lipstick is several shades darker than it needs to be. Introducing:

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Lily.

LILY

Hi, Megan.

Megan looks to Will, who is clearly not surprised by the exchange. Instead, he simply grins:

WILL

See? I knew you looked familiar.

Off Megan, too stunned to speak...

END ACT FIVE

ACT SIXINT. MAR A LAGO - BALLROOM - SAME TIME

Right where we left off. Megan attempts to act blasé despite the ulcers currently developing in her stomach.

MEGAN

You said I looked familiar. You didn't say I looked like my sister who is apparently, your girlfriend.

LILY

Please. I don't do "boyfriends."
(to Will)
And she looks nothing like me.

WILL

There are similarities. But I didn't put it together until I found out you were from here. Then I remembered Lily once talking about an older sister named Megan --

MEGAN

You talk about me?

LILY

Not positively.

MEGAN

Of course not.

WILL

(to Megan)

But when we were talking about your family, you never even mentioned you had a sister --

LILY

Of course not.

MEGAN

We weren't "talking about my family" --

LILY

Thanks for calling to let us know you're home. Dad was so happy to hear from you.

MEGAN

I'm not home. This is not home.

LILY

It's also not New York. Or did you even live there?

The conversation is cut short by Rose who rushes up with champagne in hand. She's adorably tipsy. Sage clocks this, and seems less than pleased by all the bonding.

ROSE
 Meg-a-poo! You look so pretty!
 (then)
 Hi, Will!
 (then)
 SO pretty!
 (then)
 Do you know Will?

Megan takes the champagne from Rose's hand.

MEGAN
 And we're done with that...

ROSE
 (to Lily)
 I don't think I know you. I'm Rose Baker.

LILY
 I'm Lily. Megan's sister.

Rose's eyes pop wide.

ROSE
 NO. WAY. This is so cool, I wanna die.

MEGAN
 Take a number.

ROSE
 I can't believe you're here! And Megan looks so pretty so it's all even! Yay to whoever fixed your hair.

MEGAN
 Rose --

ROSE
 (to Lily)
 Look, it's not like I'm taking sides because obviously it's a super long story but I think if you apologized to Megan for making out with her boyfriend --

WILL
 I'm not her boyfriend.

All the women look at Will who suddenly realizes the world doesn't revolve around him.

WILL (CONT'D)
Different guy. Carry on.

LILY
You told her about Evan?

	MEGAN		ROSE
No.		Yes.	

MEGAN
Does it matter?

LILY
It does if you only go around telling your side of the story, like you always do.

MEGAN
Like I "always" do? You don't know what I do on a semi-regular basis let alone "always."

LILY
And whose fault is that?

MEGAN
You're right. Because phones only work in one direction, Lily.

With that Megan walks away, tripping on her heels.

ROSE
Good effort! Who needs more champagne?

INT. MAR A LAGO - BALLROOM - BAR - MOMENTS LATER

We catch up with Megan as she approaches the bar.

BARTENDER
What'll it be?

MEGAN
It'll be a cold day in hell before I apologize to her. Even if I did make a few mistakes, they could never amount to the level of betrayal that she's capable of and trust me that is a *significant* amount of betrayal we're talking about. Brutus. Judas. Santino from Project Runway.

BARTENDER
Whiskey, straight up.

As the bartender goes to prepare the drink, Megan turns around to see Sage standing in the middle of a group of friends. For the first time she looks uncomfortable. Almost vulnerable.

SAGE

It's not that big a deal. It was totally low rent, anyway --

MEAN GIRL #1

That's not what I heard.

MEAN GIRL #2

You must be so humiliated. I can't believe the photographer just walked out like that!

SAGE

I was the one who walked out --

MEAN GIRL #1

That's not what I heard...

Megan listens from the sidelines. She can't help but feel badly. Obviously, the shoot was more important to Sage than she realized. As hard as it is to be 23, it's even harder to be 16.

MEGAN

Sage?

Sage looks at Megan and attempts to shoot real daggers into her heart with her eyeballs. It's scary, but Megan persists.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Sorry to interrupt, but I wanted to let you know that Annie called me back and we're going to set up the shoot for next week.

Sage seamlessly transitions into Megan's lie and introduces her.

SAGE

Everyone, this is Megan Smith. Laurel recently imported her from Manhattan to help Rose with her studies.

MEAN GIRL #1

What did you do in New York?

MEGAN

Mainly magazine work, which is how I met Annie. She rarely works soft news anymore, but when I told her about Rose and Sage, she got excited.

MEAN GIRL #2

Annie who?

MEGAN

Leibovitz. Is there another Annie that means anything?

SAGE

Next Saturday should be fine.

Megan smiles, feeling pleased with herself.

MEGAN

Great. I'll tell her. Have fun, you guys.

Megan walks off, while Sage returns to her posse of newly eager friends. But she turns her head for one moment to watch Megan.

INT. MAR A LAGO - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Megan is searching for the restroom when Charlie rushes up --

MEGAN

Charlie? What are you doing here?

CHARLIE

Cater waiter. Carlo got me the gig.

MEGAN

My sister is in there.

CHARLIE

I saw.

MEGAN

With Will.

Megan doesn't register the hurt look on Charlie's face.

CHARLIE

How do you know his name?

MEGAN

It's a long story. I have to go hide now.

CHARLIE

Megan --

But she's gone. So he says to no one in particular:

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You look beautiful.

INT. MAR A LAGO - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A five star powder room complete with satin couches, gilded mirrors, the works. Several GIRLS vj for the best spot at the mirror, reapplying makeup, etc.

Megan enters and sadly realizes the bathroom is not the place to be alone. She takes her drinks and heads to...

INT. MAR A LAGO - BATHROOM - TOILET - CONTINUOUS

One of those stalls that's so big it comes with your own hamper, which turns out to be a great place to put a drink. Megan sits on the toilet and takes a sip of whiskey.

MEGAN

This is good. A little "me" time...

She is quickly interrupted when a pair of blood red heels enters frame. Right under Megan's door. She pauses. The feet wait. She slurps. The foot taps. Finally:

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I don't want to do this with you, Lily.

SAGE (O.S.)

Who's Lily?

Megan exhales a sigh of relief and opens the door.

MEGAN

Sorry. I thought you were my sister.

SAGE

Hardly. I just came in to find out what time the shoot is.

MEGAN

What shoot?

SAGE

The Leibovitz shoot.

Megan looks at Sage like she might be dumb after all --

MEGAN

Sweetie, I didn't actually... I mean, I thought you understood --

SAGE

Oh, I understood what you were doing. And now you need to understand what I'm doing.

(MORE)

SAGE (CONT'D)

I expect a photo shoot with Annie Leibovitz as promised. Or did you think you could make me a liar and a loser in front of all my friends, *sweetie*?

The bitch is back and the sequel is scarier than the original.

MEGAN

I don't know what you want me to say. I'm sorry --

SAGE

Well, gee, that's not what I want you to say. In fact, I don't want you to say anything. I want you to do. I'm sure you'll figure out a way, what with all your Manhattan connections.

Megan is too stunned to respond.

SAGE (CONT'D)

Oh, and stay away from my sister. I know you're *dying* to be her role model, so you can feel better about your own pathetic relationship with Slutty McBoobJob out there, but the position is already filled. So back off, or I'll make your life more miserable than you can possibly imagine.

MEGAN

Sage, I really think --

But Sage is finished with the conversation. She smiles.

SAGE

Congratulations on getting to keep your job. It's gonna be super fun.

With that Sage walks out. Megan leans back, accidentally setting off the TOILET FLUSHER.

MEGAN

That would be the sound of my life going down the toilet. A really fancy toilet.

As she knocks back the rest of her whisky...

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW