

The Bridget Show

"Pilot"

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ACT ONE

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

A daytime talk show is in progress. BRIDGET O'SHEA, the beautiful, buoyant clear-eye host of the show, walks around energetically with a hand-held mic. On stage, a middle-aged married couple (DOTTY and GUS) sit on a couch crying their eyes out. Bridget addresses the crying woman.

BRIDGET
So what are you feeling now?
Really feeling?

CRYING WOMAN (DOTTY)
(BAWLING) I'm just so happy.

BRIDGET
Oh, clearly. (THEN) Yes, you
and your husband have more
problems than most -- what, with
the drug abuse, embezzling and
the borderline illegal animal
cross-breeding hobby of yours.
What do you call that, Gus, a pig-
dog?

Reveal that Dotty's husband Gus, an overweight man with crutches beside him holds some strange animal that looks to be a half-pig, half-dog.

GUS
I'm calling it a "Pog".

BRIDGET
But you now see that you have no
choice but to follow the advice
I've been preaching for years.
If you want to live a full life
and have a healthy relationship
you have to...

She holds the microphone to the audience, they shout in unison.

AUDIENCE
Let - it - go!

Bridget holds up a book she's authored that reads "Let it Go!"

BRIDGET
Just like my book says.

We angle on DR. MACY DAY, overweight, self-assured black woman, who's a guest therapist on the show.

MACY
Now, wait a minute, Bridget. I'm
not sure she should "let it go".
Her husband forced a pig to make
love to a dog. Sounds to me like
it's time to get angry.

CHYRON UNDER MACY: Dr. Macy Day - Author of "Time To Get Angry"

MACY (CONT'D)
 You've got to tell a man 'you're
 not making the rules, I am.'
 It's time to get angry!

Some applause for this.

BRIDGET
 Well, not every relationship is
 that simple. Look at Brent and
 me. He's famous and rich and good-
 looking... but I'm with him
 because he's my soul-mate. My
 incredibly rich, handsome, famous
 soulmate. Okay, I lucked out.
 But I want to put as much energy
 and passion into making my
 relationship work as I do for
 this show. I want to be as happy
 as Dotty. (DOTTY CRIES) And,
 that's why I have an announcement
 to make.

Cut to backstage. We see Lucy St. John, Bridget's assistant.
 Lucy's book-smart, British-ish, but uncomfortable in her body
 and Marty Roth, Bridget's middle-aged business manager (think
 Jeffrey Tambor.) Marty holds up a bottle of champagne which has
 a large number 7 affixed to it.

MARTY
 She's going to announce the
 network deal!

Back on stage.

BRIDGET
 ...The network has offered me
 seven more years of hosting this
 program.

Audience applauds. From o.s. we hear Marty;

MARTY (O.S.)
 Yes!

BRIDGET
 But I've decided not to take it.

MARTY (O.S.)
 No!

BRIDGET
 The time has come for me to
 leave. This is my last show.
 It's come time for me to --

Bridget holds her mic to the audience..

AUDIENCE/MARTY
 (ROUGHLY TOGETHER) Don't go./
 Stay here. / We need you.

The upbeat THEME SONG of the show plays "leeeet iiiit goooooo!"
 It's a happy tune.

INT. BRIDGET'S GIANT DRESSING ROOM - BACKSTAGE - LATER

Promo posters of the show are everywhere. Along with banners that read "Seven more years." Marty is hyperventilating into a large gift bag with a giant '7' painted on it. Bridget is a sea of calm amidst the cacophony around her. Macy approaches.

BRIDGET
 Macy, I'm sorry to spring that on you. I just thought it made better television this way.

MACY
 Yeah, but the 'gotcha' moment was on me. I've been relying on this gig. I'm not happy about this.

BRIDGET
 Well, "not happy" is kind of step up for the woman who's trade-marking "it's time to get angry."
 (THEN) Macy... you deserve more than a once a month appearance on a show. This is your chance to soar.

MARTY
 And your chance to fall, Bridget. Let me tell you how show business works. Once you leave, you never come back! Look at Larry King!

BRIDGET
 Larry King's been on TV every night for thirty years.

MARTY
 'Cause he knows once he leaves we're not letting him back in!
 (TO LUCY) Do something. You're her friend.

LUCY
 I think we have to support her. And maybe she's right. I can't be an assistant my whole life. This is just the kick in the bum that I need to go out on my own.

BRIDGET
 Oh, you don't have to leave. I'm still going to be writing. You're welcome to stay on and run my office.

Bridget on the other hand always seems to find the camera, and further, flash a brilliant smile for it.

"BRENT AND BRIDGET DOUBLE DOWN IN VEGAS!" Bridget smiles and reaches out to include Brent, who's covering his face while getting in a cab.

"BRAD, ANGELINA, BRENT, AND BRIDGET ARE A DAR(LING)-FOUR." They disembark a small plane in front of small sign that says "Darfur airstrip". The first three cover their faces. Bridget is the fourth, beaming and pointing to the others.

"TROUBLE IN PARADISE?" A series of three photos. 1.) Bridget, upset, eating her dessert at a table set for two in a fancy restaurant. Brent is walking away with his phone to his ear. 2.) Bridget even more upset reaching for his dessert to eat that, too. 3. Bridget, her mouth full, a little chocolate on her cheek, noticing the camera and smiling weakly.

And finally;

"DUMPED!!" in the NEW YORK POST in huge letters. Underneath are two separate pictures. One is a blurred picture of Brent turning away. The other is the same shot of Bridget with the chocolate on her cheek alone in a restaurant.

EXT. NEWSSTAND - DAY

BRIDGET (O.S.)
Boy, they really like that one of me.

Pull out from the NEW YORK POST to newsstand. Title reads: Five Years later. Bridget is there regarding the paper. (a smaller caption reads "1/2 Pig, 1/2 Dog, goes on rampage in Bronx.") The vendor, Jesus, makes a sad "awww" face to her.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
No, don't make that face. For the record, I wasn't dumped. And I'm happy to be a regular person again. Back in the 'hood. "I'm still Bridget from the block!"
(NO REACTION) No, that one's not still playing in the 'hood? The point is, I'm done with limos. I'd rather take the bus!

She gestures to a bus that passes, but on the side there's a giant ad running the length of it that reads; BRIAN KINKAID GET'S THE ANSWER ON:GLOBAL WARMING. THIS FRIDAY. (Note: from our angle we can only make out part of his face.)

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Or walk. I'd rather walk.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

A series of shots as Bridget walks to her office at Columbus Circle. Everyone she passes gives her sympathetic looks. She struggles to not be rude, but defends herself.

1.) A woman with a small child passes. She makes an "Awww" face.

BRIDGET
I'm fine. It was mutual.

2.) A street person selling old paperbacks from a blanket on the street makes the face. Awwww.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
I'm actually very happy.

3.) Two Gumbas fight in front of a pizzeria.

GUMBA #1
You can't show me respect?

GUMBA #2
You stab my cousin with an ice-
pick and I'm supposed to respect
you?

They see Bridget and both immediately make "awww" faces.

BRIDGET
We both wanted to focus more on
our careers.

They don't buy it and still look sad, then resume fighting.

4.) Bridget passes a group of nuns, all of whom make awww faces.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
We've all been through it --
well, not "all"...

5.) A man with an ice-pick in his shoulder is being led into an ambulance -- he makes "awwww" face.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Really?!

Bridget shakes it off and keeps her head held high as she enters the Time Warner Center.

INT. TIME WARNER CENTER - DAY

Bridget enters and sees a bank of TVs. On one of them we see a promo for "The Macy Day Show." It's a modern-looking version of Bridget's set. Macy has lost a hundred pounds but has gained a brighter outlook.

INT. MACY DAY SHOW (ON TV)

ANNOUNCER (V.O)
All this week on the Macy Day
Show, Macy takes on forgiveness.

MACY
First rule of forgiveness, get on
over it!

Applause. Music. An announcer continues as we cut back to;

INT. TIME WARNER BUILDING - CONTINUOUS WITH BEFORE

BRIDGET
How is that not just "Let it Go"
with a little sass?

She turns for for agreement to the man next to her. He turns his whole body back to her, as we now see he's in a neck brace and halo. He notices who she is and makes an "Awww" face.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Oh, come on.

Marty approaches. He holds up a bottle of champagne with a big #11 on it.

MARTY
Hey, there's our girl. Back to
the office on the eleventh floor,
huh? Look what I got you!

BRIDGET
How nice. Who was it supposed to
be for?

MARTY
(CAUGHT) A client of mine who
filed for chapter-- Hey, it
doesn't matter. They won't let
him drink it in prison anyway.
How you holding up?

Marty holds up the "Dumped!!" paper and makes the "awww" face.

BRIDGET
I'm fine. I wasn't dumped. It was
mutual. It was my birthday, we
were at the ballet -- together
for the first time in who-knows-
how-long, and he gets called away
because of a coup in Thailand.

As she continues we see some grainy TMZ footage from across Columbus Ave of Bridget and Brent arguing on the steps of the Lincoln center.

EXT. LINCOLN CENTER - NIGHT (WEEKS EARLIER)

Brent has his back to us, but wears a distinctive tuxedo jacket.

BRIDGET (V.O.)
And it all came out. I said I
couldn't be second place in his
life anymore. If he was going to
put his career first, maybe it
was time for me to do the same.

After a moment Bridget and Brent embrace each other goodbye. It's a sad moment. Then Bridget notices the cameraman (our POV) across the street. And suddenly goes into a big bright smile.

INT. TIME WARNER BUILDING - CONTINUOUS WITH BEFORE

BRIDGET

And that's what I'm ready to do.

They cross to the elevators over the following.

MARTY

Listen, you've been there for me since Sylvia died, and I am always going to do the same for you. Whatever you want.

BRIDGET

Well, I was thinking about that seven year contract I walked away from five years ago.

MARTY

I can't get you that.

BRIDGET

Oh, I know that. I'm a realist. I'll just take the last two years of the contract.

They enter the elevators.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

MARTY

Listen, the only opportunities right now will be if you're willing to talk or write about Brent dumping you. (CORRECTING) Mutually dumping you.

BRIDGET

I'm not going to do that. I have to get on TV as a self-help expert, not a person who needs help.

MARTY

As your friend I completely agree. However, as your business manager I have to say "don't listen to your friend." You've got to get some cash flow back in.

BRIDGET

Am I in trouble financially?

MARTY

Oh no, you're one of the lucky ones. You've only lost twenty percent of your money.

BRIDGET

That sounds like a lot.

MARTY
 No. You should hear the calls
 I've made telling people they're
 lucky they've only lost fifty
 percent. Listen, my business
 manager tells me I've lost money,
 too.

BRIDGET
 My business manager has a
 business manager?

INT. MARTY COHEN'S OFFICE - FLASHBACK

Marty, is having a panic attack while talking to his business manager, MARTY COHEN, a Barry Sonnenfeld type, who stands on a non-moving elliptical machine.

MARTY COHEN
 Come on, you're lucky. You only
 lost eight percent of your money.

MARTY
 Eight percent?!!

BACK TO SCENE.

MARTY (CONT'D)
 And, look, the market will come
 back. It might take two or three
 years, but we have to be mature
 about this.

INT. MARTY COHEN'S OFFICE - FLASHBACK

Marty is on the floor, rocking.

MARTY
 Two or three years?!!

INT. ELEVENTH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The elevator doors open and Marty walks ~~out~~ Bridget out.

BRIDGET
 Well, I guess that fits into my
 plan about giving up the rich
 life and becoming a regular
 person again... I'm just eager to
 get behind my desk and start
 writing...

MARTY
 Yeah, I'll be down the hall if
 you need me. But let's not talk
 about money. It's upsetting.

BRIDGET
 Always a great thing to hear your
 business manager say.

Bridget enters her office.

INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Bridget enters. The office has two desks, one large, of opulent-carved wood, with a large leather chair. The other one is almost a typing desk, small and metal, with a small chair. Lucy is behind the large desk, which is covered with her papers and effects. Bridget sneaks up behind Lucy who's eating Zweiback cookies.

BRIDGET
(INCHES AWAY) Lucy?

Lucy leaps up and strikes a defensive pose holding the Zweiback cookies as weapons.

LUCY
Oh, God!

BRIDGET
We're you going to fight me off with those baby teething cookies?

LUCY
(A JUMBLE OF DEFENSIVENESS) I didn't expect you! No one comes in here! Are they for babies? What are you doing here?

BRIDGET
I work here. This is where my office is. With you.

LUCY
Yes, but you haven't been here for five years. I didn't expect you.

BRIDGET
Well, I did call, but there was no answer. (then) And no ring.

LUCY
Oh, Yes, I had the phones disconnected. They never rang, anyway. (THEN) Or was that after I had them disconnected. I'm so sorry. I'll move all this.

She starts clearing things off the big desk.

BRIDGET
No. Keep the big desk. You need to learn to be assertive. I need to learn how to be a regular person again. Now let's sit down and get to work.

Lucy sits at the big desk and Bridget at the small. It's plain to see that tall Bridget is physically uncomfortable, and meek, short Lucy is psychologically uncomfortable. They finally settle in. Then.

LUCY
What work is it we're supposed to
be doing?

BRIDGET
Well, I need to get to back out
there as a self-help guru. Let
people know I'm not a victim.

Bridget goes to cross her legs and smashes them on the tiny
desk.

BRIDGET (CONT'D) LUCY
Ow. Dammit. Midget desk! Take my desk!

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
No! We both need this! I just
need coffee to think.

Lucy gets up.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Lucy... we're friends first. I
told you. You never have to get
coffee for me.

LUCY
And yet you have no problem
making me squat in a dumbwaiter
for four hours.

BRIDGET
That was to protect you from
another dating disaster.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - FLASHBACK

Bridget is confronting a man who stands with a woman. Lucy is
sweaty and stands in front of a dumbwaiter.

BRIDGET
Tell Lucy. (NO RESPONSE) Tell
her.

MAN
I'm married!

BRIDGET
To..?

MAN
To two different women.

Both the Lucy and the woman are shocked by this.

BRIDGET
...And?

MAN
(FINALLY) One different man.

BRIDGET
 This is what I'm talking about,
 Lucy. You have to choose better
 men. (THEN) But, you have to book
 him for the show. I mean this is
 a great "Gotcha".

INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS WITH BEFORE

BRIDGET
 And it turned out to be one of
 our biggest ratings getter.

INT. TIME WARNER BUILDING - ESCALATOR - DAY

As Bridget and Lucy ride the escalator to the coffee place. We see a parade of 'Awww' faces going the other way.

LUCY
 (TO OTHERS) Oh, leave her alone.
 Her life is a million times
 better than yours.

BRIDGET
 (MORTIFIED) Shhh. Don't.

LUCY
 (TO OTHERS) At least she had a
 man to be dumped by.

BRIDGET
 Would you stop helping me. And I
 wasn't dumped. But, it's okay.
 If there's one thing I've
 learned, it's I can't control
 other people's behav-- (TO LUCY)
 What are you looking at? Don't
 look over there. Look over--

LUCY
 Check out the hunk.

Angle on a strapping Filipino in scrubs at top of the escalator pushing an elderly man in a wheelchair into the coffee shop.

BRIDGET
 Wow. And he's a nurse, that could
 come in handy. Glad to see you're
 setting your sights a little
 higher.

LUCY
 Oh. No, actually I'm looking a
 bit lower. The hunk in the
 wheelchair.

BRIDGET
 See, I would have used the word
 "heap". (OFF HER LOOK) Okay,
 that's mean, but really -- the
 men you're attracted to. Do you
 ever think maybe you have father
 issues?

LUCY
 Impossible. I've never even met my father. I was raised by two women. And no, they were not lesbians. They were two round best-friends who happened to share the same bed and bath toys.
 (REALIZING) Oh, God.

Bridget rolls her eyes.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - A BIT LATER

Bridget and Lucy have just gotten their coffee. Lucy loads hers up with vast amounts of sugar. Bridget almost says something but thinks better of it.

BRIDGET
 Oh, my gosh. Look. It's Macy.

Macy sits at a nearby table with two other people. Bridget pulls Lucy back so Macy can't see them.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
 She's lost a lot of weight.

LUCY
 According to the tabloids she had her stomach stapled.

BRIDGET
 Well, those are never right.
 (THEN) Though that rings true.
 (THEN) Maybe I can make an appearance on her show. It's forgiveness week. I can forgive her for ripping off "let it go".

LUCY
 Sounds like you're trying to both "eat your banger and play it like a panpipe."

BRIDGET
 I don't understand a thing from your culture.

LUCY
 Oh, no that's an original. I just mean, she might still be upset with you for leaving the show.

BRIDGET
 How could she be? Look how well she's done because of it. She has my old studio. My old dressing room. My old life!

LUCY
 Of course in her mind she probably thinks she's earned it.

BRIDGET
Your "banger" thing made more sense than that. No, I've got to get on that show. It's a perfect next step back to getting back in the game.

LUCY
I shall gather my courage and ask her for you.

Lucy starts off, but Bridget is holding her back.

BRIDGET
What? No! Too needy. I told you, I can't afford to look like a victim. I've got a better idea.

LUCY
That's what you said before I got in that dumbwaiter.

BRIDGET
You pretend you don't know me--

LUCY
Oh, no. I'm sorry. I'm not good at this. And I'm not much of a liar. I go right to giggles.

BRIDGET
You'll be fine. You come by with a cup of coffee, and you spill it right on me. I'll forgive you. Macy will be impressed by my forgiveness and the gig will be mine. Good plan, right?

LUCY
Can't miss. (LUCY GIGGLES)

She gestures to self with her thumb. Lucy spills coffee on her.

BRIDGET
GAAA-- that's hot!

Bridget tosses a little coffee back on Lucy.

LUCY
Ow.

Lucy hits Bridget with a little wooden stirrer. Bridget throws sugar at Lucy. Macy gets up from her seat and approaches. Bridget gives a subtle thumbs up. Lucy does nothing.

BRIDGET
(SOTTO) She's here.

Lucy pretends to slip and spills her coffee on Bridget.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
(IT'S HOT) Gaaa--!

LUCY
(AWKWARD) Oh, dear. I feel
horrible. (SHE LAUGHS)

Macy has approached.

BRIDGET
Oh, no. No apology necessary.
I'm all about forgiveness. I've
been writing a lot about that
lately.

Lucy crosses off. Macy comes over.

MACY
Bridget?

BRIDGET
Macy! What are you up to?

MACY
I've got a show! In fact we're
doing a whole week of shows about
forgiveness.

BRIDGET
(FALSE) I was not aware of that.

We hear Lucy giggle o.c.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
(COVERING, RE: LUCY) Oh, the
English. All those years of
inbreeding and entitlement.
Anyway, I'm doing great. I've
really learned a lot about
forgiveness from my situation
with Brent. (THEN, UPBEAT) We
broke up!

MACY
(FALSE) I was not aware of that.

BRIDGET
(THEN) Okay, so neither of us
have been completely honest here.

MACY
No. But I'll tell you what? I
think you'd make a great guest.
And turnabout is fair play.

BRIDGET
(CONCERNED BY THE EXPRESSION,
THEN) Right. And by that you
mean I gave you your start.

MACY

Oh, that's right you kind of did.
Well, I'm so excited to gotcha.
Getcha. I'm so excited to getcha.

They hug, although Bridget looks a little concerned. Bridget spots Lucy and covers with a thumbs up. Lucy looks up from flirting with the wheelchair man, and thinking she missed a cue quickly douses Bridget with coffee.

BRIDGET

Gaaaa--I FORGIVE YOU!

The old man in the wheelchair looks up to see what the commotion is. He notices it's Bridget, then, you guessed it, makes the "awww" face.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE - DAY

Bridget and Lucy enter in great moods and get settled at their desks (Bridget at the smaller one, Lucy at the larger one).

BRIDGET

All right. I got on Macy's show. Did I tell you my plan would work?

LUCY

Well... perhaps a little too well. I mean, you don't think she's planning a gotcha' moment on you do you?

BRIDGET

I welcome it. Because there's nothing to "gotch." I wasn't dumped. Now we have to get my talking points down on 'forgiveness.' I'll probably need about four minutes of wisdom.

LUCY

That's a lot of wisdom.

BRIDGET

Okay, I'll think and you type.

They sit in silence a beat.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Well, I was thinking, but I don't hear any typing. (THEN) This is a bad plan. We're just a little rusty. Let's think...

Bridget leans back in her chair to think and we hear her knees hit the underside of the desk again. She tries to move the desk goes with her.

LUCY

Are you sure we shouldn't switch desks.

BRIDGET

No! Maybe we'll compromise. I'll take the bigger chair, you take the smaller one. Let's switch.

INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE - TEN MINUTES LATER

Having switched seats, Lucy now sits much lower behind her large desk (APPEARING EVEN SMALLER) and Bridget towers over her desk. But neither wants to complain.

LUCY

I can't reach my pencils.

BRIDGET
How did we use to do this?

LUCY
Well, I would do a rough draft
and then three revisions. Then
you would show up thirty seconds
before air with something you did
yourself that was much better.

BRIDGET
Well, let's do that. I think the
problem is I don't really have
anything to forgive. I need
inspiration.

Zack, Marty's effeminate assistant enters.

ZACK
You have one hundred twenty two
messages. Get your phone fixed.

BRIDGET
Well I have been gone five years.

ZACK
I'm talking about today. I think
they're about this.

Zack tosses Bridget a tabloid.

BRIDGET
(OPENING IT) What's it say, "EVEN
MORE DUMPED?"

CLOSE ON MAGAZINE

Headline reads: Rebound! Will Brent "Get the Answer" from this
one? A picture of Brent and a girl in heavy parkas on a boat in
the arctic circle. They are both shielding their faces from the
cameras.

BACK TO SCENE

ZACK
Who knew they had Eskimo
paparazzi.

Zack exits. This sits there for a moment. Then.

BRIDGET
I'm going to take my desk back.

LUCY
You should take your desk back!

INT. MARTY'S OFFICE - MAIN AREA - CONTINUOUS

The office is a bit of a mess with dead flowers, clutter etc.
Marty sits on a nonmoving recumbent exercise bike talking to
Bridget.

BRIDGET
Okay. What's the story with the new girl?

MARTY
His name is Zack. He's an apprentice from NYU. I get him for free. Why, was he bitchy?

BRIDGET
No, I'm talking about the one with Brent.

She tosses down the paper.

MARTY
I can assure you it's all untrue. (THEN) But I would be lying. They've moved in together. But it's not serious. (THEN) However he is trying to find an heirloom engagement ring that's been in his family for generations.

BRIDGET
Wow. That's a lot of information.

MARTY
Well, I assume you already knew about the ring.

BRIDGET
What are you talking about? Why would I know about the ring?

MARTY
I don't know. You took it?

BRIDGET
I did not - and I'm insulted that you'd suggest that. (OFF HIS LOOK) Okay, the first time he and I had a little spat I did take a few mementos. Some fruit.

MARTY
You took a painting by Gaugin.

BRIDGET
That had fruit in it. I gave it back.

MARTY
After I told you, you couldn't afford to have it insured.

BRIDGET
That was early in the relationship. But, trust me, something's fishy here. And I'm not saying this because this girl Brent's dating is an Eskimo.

MARTY
She's not an Eskimo. She's from
New York. Her name is Gabriella--

BRIDGET
Gabriella? Is she wide? She
sounds like a wide girl.

MARTY
No, she's petite. She wears these
adorable little pencil skirts.
Tighter than the skin on a hot
dog.

Marty gets off the still unmoving cycle, throws a towel around
his neck and gets a water out of the fridge over the following.

BRIDGET
Too skinny. One of those too
skinny girls. Sounds like she
only cares about her looks.

MARTY
She works for the United Nations.
Something about hunger relief for
children.

BRIDGET
(STUCK, THEN.) Wow, talk about
overcompensation. Yeah, this
isn't the kind of girl Brent
would get serious with. I know
him better than he knows himself.
He was probably nursing his heart
ache, met this Miss Pencil Skirt -
- she wants to get serious ----
he didn't have the heart to say
"never going to happen" so
he's... Okay. I got it. He's
pretending he lost the ring.
Because he doesn't want to marry
this girl. Wow, sometimes it's a
blessing and a curse to
understand people as well as I
do.

MARTY
I'll go with curse. And how do
you explain that he hired a
detective to find the ring.
(CASUALLY) Oh, on that point --
give me the ring before you go to
jail!

BRIDGET
I don't have it!

MARTY
I don't need this after a
workout. Look, first things
first, we've got to get you off
Macy's show.

BRIDGET
What? Why!

MARTY
Because she's going to ambush you. She probably has proof that Brent was seeing this woman all along and that's why he dumped you.

BRIDGET
He didn't! And he wasn't! Look, maybe I should snoop around in his apartment. See if I can find the ring. If he hid it, like I think he did, we'll know he's not serious about this skinny skirt wearing over-compensating Eskimo.

MARTY
Uh-huh. And how are you going to get into Brent's apartment?

BRIDGET
You'll have to give me the new key-code.

MARTY
Okay, let me quote a client who makes two percent of my income but takes up fifty percent of my time: Let it go. I say this as a man who cares about you as if you were my own daughter.

She nods. He gives her a kiss on the head. She exits. He watches after her, lovingly.

MARTY (CONT'D)
(re: Bridget) God, I'm in love with that woman.

INT. BRIDGET'S APARTMENT - LATER

Bridget is pacing, speaking into a tape recorder.

BRIDGET
What is forgiveness? Well, it's kind of like forgetting, isn't it? But it's hard to forget-- especially when everywhere you go somebody sticking out their lower lip because they think Brent wants to get married to someone else and therefore was cheating on me all along! Maybe I was dumped! I mean, am I crazy? (NOTICING RECORDER) Oh, great. My tape recorder hasn't been on so that means I'm officially talking to myself. That's not a good sign.

Bridget's door buzzes. Bridget crosses to the door and peers through her peephole.

THROUGH THE PEEPHOLE

In a distorted FISH EYE view. Bridget sees a man holding up a pizza box. He presses his face close to the peephole.

She opens the door revealing CHRIS HOPPER (26) handsome, but with a trace of stoner. A lost, but well-meaning soul. At the moment, however, he's all business.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Um. I don't think I ordered that.

CHRIS

No you didn't. My name's Chris Hopper. I'm a private investigator. Brent called me from Portugal to find a missing ring. And I know exactly where it is.

Off of Bridget's look.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. BRIDGET'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS WITH BEFORE

We pick up where we left off.

CHRIS

...Brent called me from Portugal to find a missing ring. And I know exactly where it is. (THEN) It's a small country on the tip of Spain.

BRIDGET

Excuse me, are you explaining to me where Portugal is?

CHRIS

In other words if Spain were a breast, Portugal would be the nipple. May I come in?

BRIDGET

Yes. And I would have let you in without the pizza delivery disguise. I have nothing to hide.

CHRIS

Neither do I. Full disclosure I'm actually also in the pizza delivery business.

BRIDGET

Don't take this the wrong way, but I can't tell you how encouraged I am that Brent has hired someone like you to find his ring.

CHRIS

You don't recognize me, do you? I'm Chris Hopper, Brent's cousin. We met a few times but I was younger.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Man, I had such a crush on you. But I never did anything about it, obviously. Except... you know.

BRIDGET

Got it.

They nod. Then.

CHRIS

Mastur--

BRIDGET

Yeah, I got it!

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

I remember you. You've kind of been in and out of rehab haven't you? For marijuana, right?

CHRIS
Yup. Two years sober though.

BRIDGET
(JOKING) Not in a row?

CHRIS
(LAUGHS, THEN) No, not in a row. But I'll be honest, this is my first case. Brent gave me the job because he's so super cool and he knows it's one of my dream jobs... along with being Brent himself.

BRIDGET
You want to be Brent himself?

CHRIS
Who doesn't? He does those investigative pieces. He wears those sweet tallored tuxes. I like the way he talks.

BRIDGET
(MISSING HIM) Me, too.

They share the reverie, then.

CHRIS
Well. No further questions.

BRIDGET
Wait... that's it?

CHRIS
Well, if I take more than a half an hour the guy gets this pizza for free. I can't risk another screw up like that.

BRIDGET
I know. It's hard balancing two careers. But you never aksed me about the ring.

CHRIS
Oh, duh! Have you seen this?

Chris produces a crumpled piece of paper with a picture of the ring on it.

BRIDGET
No. It's beautiful.

CHRIS
Yeah. No further questions. (OFF HER LOOK) Well, I don't know what else to ask.

BRIDGET
Well, don't give up. You just have to stay curious. Let's pretend I'm the detective and I'm interviewing you. (THEN) How well do you know Brent?

CHRIS
Great. If I ever get my life together, it will be because of him. He trusts me with his deepest secrets.

BRIDGET
If that's true, then what is the key code to get into his condo?

CHRIS
1 0 1 9.

Bridget makes a note of the number.

BRIDGET
No further questions. (THEN) See? It's that simple. That's the only way for a detective to solve a case.]

Bridget feels pretty good about this. Chris starts out.

CHRIS
Well, there is one other way.

BRIDGET
What's that?

CHRIS
You know. Where you lull someone into thinking they're smarter than you are-- and they end up caught in a trap that they walk right into. Just a thought.

Chris exits. Bridget looks down at the code she's written down. She looks concerned. A moment later he re-enters.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I forgot the pizza! (RUSHING PAST HER) Move, move, move, he's going to get it free! Move!

He grabs the pizza and rushes out. Bridget now really looks suspicious. She glances down the hall and watches him frantically pressing the down button. From a distance.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
C'mon-c'mon-c'mon-c'mon (WAVES AT HER, THEN BACK TO BUTTON) C'mon-c'mon-c'mon-c'mon!

INT. TIME WARNER BUILDING - NEXT DAY

Bridget strides through the lobby, where Lucy catches up to her holding a stack of typed papers.

BRIDGET
Macy's show starts in an hour.
But I've good news for you, Lucy.
I've prepared nothing. This is
your chance to shine. Show me
what you've got, kid.

LUCY
(HANDS BRIDGET PAPERS) I think
you're going to like it!

BRIDGET
(LOOKING UP FROM READING) This
is your letter of resignation.
Why would I like this?

LUCY
Because I've got nothing and it
saves you the trouble of sacking
me.

Bridget hands the papers back to Lucy.

BRIDGET
I'm not going to fire you. Look,
I said I want to be a regular
person -- that means I have to be
responsible for my own work. And
we have time. I'll come up with
something in the limo.

Lucy looks concerned.

EXT. TIME WARNER BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

They exit and look around.

BRIDGET
Where the hell's the limo?

LUCY
(FACING THE MUSIC) I cancelled
it.

BRIDGET
You've got to be kidding me?!
LUCY
(SOBBY) Thought you'd want to
be a regular person--

LUCY (CONT'D)
I should have never turned the
phones back on. But it's just
six blocks. We could walk.

BRIDGET
Do you know how many "awww" faces
I get in six blocks?

LUCY
 (RE: RESIGNATION LETTER) Take
 the letter.

Bridget takes the letter of resignation and lovingly smacks Lucy on the noggin with it. Then hands it back and throws her hand in the air to hail a cab.

BRIDGET
 I should have come up with something last night, but I was so distracted by this Gabriella thing. I was even tempted to go over to Brent's apartment last night.

LUCY
 To return the ring?

BRIDGET
 To find the ring. I'm telling you, Brent's not careless. If he's hidden the ring in his apartment it means he's not serious about this girl. But I was worried it was a trap. And maybe he is serious about her. Maybe it's been going on for a long time. Maybe I'm the one he wasn't serious about. Dammit, why isn't this self-pity week?

A cab pulls up. They start toward it.

LUCY
 Well, I'm proud of you. I certainly wouldn't be able to do this. I'd be worried Macy had some proof that Brent and Gabriella were serious and she was going to 'gotcha' me with it to see my reaction. Like you did on the episode with the man who didn't know he had married a transvestite.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - FLASHBACK

An old Bridget show. The camera is close on David, an older, dignified gentleman.

BRIDGET (O.S.)
 Monica, take off your wig so David can see what you really look like.

The camera stays on David as his o.s. wife takes off his wig.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Lucy and Bridget have gotten in the idling cab.

BRIDGET
 Oh, the look on that poor man's
 face when he saw that poor man's
 face. And that's what's going to
 happen to my face. Dammit, I
 feel like I need to find an
 answer. This is where I'd
 usually ask Brent what to do.

Suddenly, we hear a recorded voice from the cab's speaker.

BRENT (V.O.)
 Hey, it's Brent Kincaid. If
 you're like me, you don't stop
 until you get an answer. And you
 don't go until you buckle up!

They buckle up as Bridget calls to the driver.

BRIDGET
 72nd and Fifth.

LUCY
 Oh, God we're going to Brent's.

EXT. BRENT'S BUILDING - EVENING (LATER)

They approach the building where they see a doorman and a security guard guarding the entrance.

LUCY
 We can't do this. We don't have
 time. I can't walk past them.
 I'm too nervous. I'd giggle and
 give us away.

BRIDGET
 (NOTICING) Let's use that.

She grabs Lucy's arm and they join a group of laughing Korean Businessmen who approach. They fold in with them, laughing their way past the guards.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BRENT'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Bridget punches the code into the keypad. We hear a distinctive beeping tone. The double doors open up automatically revealing a spectacular apartment. Lucy reacts.

LUCY
 Wow. I can't believe you opted
 for "regular".

INT. BRENT'S KITCHEN CONDO - NIGHT

Bridget has a kitchen timer. Lucy has gotten into the cookies and she nervously eats them.

BRIDGET
 Cookies? Really? I thought you
 laughed when you were--

Lucy laugh coughs a spray of crumbs.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Oh, there it is. (WIPING AWAY
CRUMBS, RE: KITCHEN TIMER) I'm
setting this for five minutes.
When it goes off we leave whether
we've found the ring or not.

LUCY
Does it have to be a engagement
ring? Can it be an earring?

BRIDGET
It's not a scavenger hunt. But
yes take any earrings you see.
And relax. We're just going to
calmly take a look around.
Starting (SETS TIMER) NOW!!

They take off running like contestants on a game show. Lucy bolts for the door, Bridget re-directs her.

We see a MONTAGE of their frantic searching. Perhaps a locked down shot of a long hallway, with jump cuts of Bridget and Lucy running back and forth through various doors, sometimes barely missing one another.

Bridget searches drawers near the kitchen, and glances at the timer, worried. It's down to less than a minute. She furtively moves it up to eight.

Lucy near the kitchen, notices the timer on six. She checks her own watch, then throws a suspicious look toward Bridget. She removes minutes from the timer and rushes off.

Moments later. Lucy checks the timer. It reads "nine."

Hallway: The women come face to face. Lucy is holding a tin of cocoa mix and a spoon. Bridget looks to the tin, then up to Lucy's face (ringed by cocoa powder) when the timer SOUNDS. Lucy nervously barks a laugh puffing a giant cloud of cocoa powder.

LUCY
(RECOVERING) It's not in the
cocoa tin.

Bridget steps to the kitchen and grabs the timer to resets it. Lucy follows, and puts down the cocoa.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Oh, come on. Can't we go now?

BRIDGET
I guess we've cut it as close as
we can. If there's a gotcha'
moment I guess I'll just have to
say "all I want is for Brent to
be happy." Or even something
more believable. Let's go.

They start toward the door when they hear the beeping of the entry code. In a panic they run into the master bedroom to hide.

The front door opens revealing Chris wearing ipod earphones with a camera around his neck.

CHRIS
(QUIETLY) The detective is in
the condizinium.

Chris enters takes a photo, and looks around furtively.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Okay, need a little "sneakin'
around" music...

Chris presses play and starts to move.

INT. BRENT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bridget and Lucy scan the room looking for a place to hide. Lucy bolts for the curtains, Bridget shoots into the giant walk in closet.

INT. BRENT'S CLOSET

Bridget nestles in between the clothes. Wider shot reveals she's hiding behind a long row of women's skirts.

BRIDGET (O.S.)
(WHISPER CALL TO LUCY) Wow, this
girl really likes pencil skirts.

INT. BRENT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Angle on the curtains, from behind which Lucy whisper replies.

LUCY (O.S.)
How will we know when he's left?

The door to the bedroom bursts open. Chris enters in a sneaking pose, with his ipod clearly blaring in his ears. He sings along full volume, clearly oblivious to how loud he's being..

CHRIS
(FULL VOICE) *Don't be fooled by
the rocks that I got --*

BRIDGET (O.S.)
(FULL VOICE) I think we'll know.

CHRIS
I'm still Jenny from the block!!

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOURINT. BRENT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chris is snooping around, headphones now off. He's moving toward the closet.

CHRIS
All right... Where do people hide
their "skeletons in the closet?"

ANGLE ON: Bridget in the closet, concerned.

INT. BRENT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

We hear the kitchen timer ding.

CHRIS
Of course! The kitchen!

Chris exits, closing the door behind him. Bridget flies out of the closet to start out. We see now that she's wearing one of Gabriella's tiny pencil skirts, and it severely limits her motion. She's forced to take tiny steps.

BRIDGET
C'mon-c'mon-c'mon-c'mon...

Lucy comes out of the curtain and regards the skirt.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
I just wanted to see if I could
fit. And now I can let it go,
but I can't get it off!

They get to the door and peer around it. In the reflection of the mirror on the wall we see Chris returning with the tin of cocoa and the spoon.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Oh, now he's into the cocoa.

LUCY
He's coming back!

Lucy bolts to the closet. Bridget can't follow as quickly due to the skirt. She hops to the bed, tries to bend to get under it. She can't, so she falls like a board onto the mattress, rolls off, then rolls under the bed.

Chris re-enters with a mouth full of cocoa. He jumps up on the bed, and finds and presses the remote, clearly distracted from his mission. We hear a promo for the upcoming Macy Day show.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Next up -- It's forgiveness week,
and Macy's got a doozy.

MACY
Brent's on top of the world, but
where's Bridget now?

Cut to Bridget under the bed. The irony is not lost on her.

MACY (CONT'D)
And then Felipe's going to show
us how to make "Recession
Meatballs". With the secret
ingredient, no meat!

ANNOUNCER
Set your oven timer for ten
minutes. Macy Day's up next.

CHRIS
(ANNOYED) Ten minutes?

Cut to under bed.

BRIDGET
(WORRIED MOUTHING) Ten minutes?

CHRIS
Might as well check out the
finery.

Chris enters the closet with his cocoa at the same time that Lucy shoots out from the other door. She runs past the bed as Bridget rolls out to follow. Bridget 'pssts!' at Lucy to help her up, Lucy obliges.

INT. BRENT'S HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bridget and Lucy enter as we once again hear the same beeping from the entry code. They freeze then bolt back to the bedroom. A security guard enters.

INT. BRENT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bridget and Lucy rush in. Bridget does a quicker version of her bed-drop and roll, as Lucy starts toward the closet, then remembers Chris, then dives for a hamper in the master bath.

The Security Guard enters talking into a walkie talkie.

WALKIE TALKIE VOICE (O.S.)
Ambrose, you're checking the open
door alert?

SECURITY GUARD
Checking the panel in the closet.

Security guard heads to the closet and enters one door, as Chris, exits now wearing one of Brent's tuxedo jackets. On the other side of the bed Bridget has once again rolled out, but at that moment we hear.

SECURITY GUARD #2
Hey, I'm headin' in, too.

Bridget rolls her eyes, then rolls herself back under the bed. As Chris freezes on the other side of the bed and drops down. The door opens and Security Guard #2 enters.

SECURITY GUARD #2 (CONT'D)
 (INTO WALKIE) Maybe we can watch
 Macy Day on the hi-def in the
 screening room...

Security Guard #1 exits the closet eating from the cocoa tin
 with a spoon.

SECURITY GUARD #1
 Grab a spoon and I'll join you.

Angle on under bed. Chris rolls in and comes up against
 Bridget. They regard each other for a moment, then.

CHRIS
 Hey! Check it out. We're
 dressed like Brent and Gabriella.
 I can't tell you how many times
 I've had this exact fantasy.
 Different side of the bed, I
 guess.

BRIDGET
 Yeah, well... I suppose an
 explanation is called for.

CHRIS
 Ah, there's no excuse. I lost my
 job because of that last pizza
 screw up. I found myself in
 Central Park and -- you know how
 there are those guys when you're
 trying to stay sober they tempt
 you?

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

We approach a out-copping of rocks on which four or five stoners
 are hanging out. One approaches us, the camera.

STONER
 Hey, man... check it out. Take a
 puff. It won't hurt you.

Stoner #2 approaches us, too. We now see it's Chris.

CHRIS
 Yeah, what are you scared?

INT. BRENT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS WITH BEFORE

CHRIS
 Actually they had come up to me
 about an hour before and did
 pretty much the same thing. If
 Brent finds out he's totally
 going to fire me.

BRIDGET
 I guess that's why you're hiding
 from the security guards.

CHRIS
 Yeah, that and I also put in an application to be a security guard. (THEN) I'm such a loser. I'm never going to succeed at anything in life.

BRIDGET
 You were tempted, and maybe you did lose a chance at a job. So you start thinking of yourself as a failure. But, trust me, that happens to the best of us.

CHRIS
 You mean, Brent?

BRIDGET
 No, I mean, me. Have you not noticed that I'm hiding under the bed, too?

CHRIS
 (realizing) I'm the worst detective.

BRIDGET
 Look, I had a chance to move on today, but I screwed up, too. But that's my struggle. And without struggling how can any of us ever grow?

CHRIS
 Yeah. I guess so.

BRIDGET
 I know so. You have to just keep trying to grow. And when you screw up, the only forgiveness you really need is from yourself. (THEN, CALLING OFF.) Tell me you got that down.

Angle on hamper:

LUCY (O.S.)
 Yes, I've written it on Brent's skivvies.

INT. BRENT'S HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

We hear the TV from the screening room in the b.g. Bridget, Chris and Lucy enter quietly.

LUCY
 (WHISPERS) I think we can get to the door. But how do we get past the front desk. Especially with you two in those stolen outfits.

Bridget smiles.

INT. FRONT LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Bridget and Chris cross through, dressed like Brent and Gabriella are led by Lucy, who holds Chris's camera and snaps photos of them. They both cover their faces, and Chris snaps at the doorman.

CHRIS
(AS BRENT) For God's sake how
did the paparazzi get in here...

DOORMAN
I'm sorry, sir, I won't stop
until I get an answer.

CHRIS
Well, and don't go until you
buckle up!

Bridget surreptitiously slaps the back of his head urging him out of the lobby.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - BACKSTAGE - LATER

Marty paces anxiously. A stage manager approaches him. He gestures "it'll be fine". On stage we hear the end of a segment on the Macy Day show (we might also see this on monitors.)

MACY (ON STAGE)
Mmm-mmm. How much you say these
meatballs cost?

CHEF RON (O.S.)
Again, they're not meatballs, and
you can make eight hundred of
them for under twelve dollars.

MACY
Boy, I can't tell the difference!
Let's get them out to the
audience. Y'all want some
recession balls? (APPLAUSE)
Well, forgiveness week continues
after this...

Macy looks off stage to Marty, who gives her a thumbs up.

MACY (CONT'D)
...with our special guest Bridget
O'Shea -- and she's got a lot to
say on the subject. Right after
this. (POPS A 'MEAT BALL')

The place erupts in applause, ushers bring out trays of recession balls, as we go to commercial. Macy enters from on-stage and immediately spits the 'meatball' into her stage manager's hand.

MACY (CONT'D)
What do they make this out of,
Pog? (TO MARTY) Where is she?
She's here?

MARTY
Not as of yet.

MACY
Well, why the hell did you give
me a thumbs up?

MARTY
I thought you were doing a great
job out there.

Just then Bridget rushes up (still wearing the tiny skirt, but
also wearing Brent's tux jacket) followed by Lucy and Chris.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Didn't I tell you? (TO BRIDGET,
COVERING) So your sick brother's
okay? Everything was all right
at the hospital? (NOTICING)
Where you wore a tuxedo?

BRIDGET
It was cold in the pedal bike on
the way over here. (TO MACY) I'm
really trying to be a regular
person again.

MACY
Well, your hair certainly looks
like it. (TO STAGE MANAGER) Let
her use my dressing room.

The Stage Manager leads Bridget off.

MARTY
What are you doing here, Chris?

CHRIS
Oh, I'm the detective Brent
hired.

MARTY
Wow. He must really not want to
find that ring. (TO MACY)
She'll be fine. She's a pro.

MACY
Hey, if she's not, it just makes
better T.V.

Macy starts off.

MARTY
(STOPPING HER) Hey. I want to
make something clear. I care a
lot about that lady. There will
be no 'gotcha' questions... No
'Brent' stuff. And I'm saying
that both as Bridget's friend *and*
her business manager.

MACY
 You're good. Fine. No Brent
 questions. I might have to hire
 you as a business manager myself.

Macy exits. Marty turns to Lucy.

MARTY
 Well, I have to say, as Macy's
 future manager, she's making a
 huge mistake not to go after this
 Brent thing. I mean that's
 ratings gold.

INT. BRIDGET'S OLD DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The place is now covered with Macy paraphernalia. Bridget has fixed her hair, applied a light touch of make up and checks herself in the mirror. She looks great. Lucy pokes her head in.

LUCY
 They're ready for you. (THEN)
 But you might want to lose the
 dinner jacket. It looks a little
 "stalker-y".

Lucy exits. Bridget goes to take the jacket off, then despite herself, wraps herself a little tighter in it and breathes it in -- hugging both the jacket and Brent goodbye.

And then she notices something in the pocket. She reaches in and produces a ring box. She opens it. Sure enough it's an engagement ring. She remembers.

BRIDGET
 He wore this the night of the
 ballet...

EXT. METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE - FLASHBACK (TMZ FOOTAGE)

We see the shot again of Bridget and Brent arguing on the steps in front of the Lincoln center. Indeed Brent is wearing a tux jacket.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS WITH BEFORE

BRIDGET
 He was going to give me this...

She contemplates this. Cut to:

INT. MACY DAY SHOW - MOMENTS LATER

MACY
 ...please welcome an old friend,
 Bridget O'Shea.

Widen to find Bridget next to her on the set. Applause.

MACY (CONT'D)
 So nice to see you, but I've got
 to just jump right into it and
 ask you this outright...

Angle on Marty and Lucy looking concerned. Back to stage.

MACY (CONT'D)
 ...What does the word
 "forgiveness" mean to you?

Angle backstage. All are relieved. Back to stage.

BRIDGET
 You know what? I will answer
 that, but first... I'd like to
 talk about Brent.

Angle backstage: All are stunned. Except for Chris who's
 enjoying the recession balls. Back to stage.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
 Because I want to set the record
 straight. I think Brent was
 going to ask me to marry him the
 night we broke up. But I let
 that moment pass. I was so
 worried about being the second
 most important thing in Brent's
 life -- that I didn't let him
 make me the first. So I've got
 to find a way to forgive myself.
 Because, no... I wasn't dumped.
 I screwed up. (THEN) Boy, did I
 screw up!

INT. BACKSTAGE - THAT NIGHT (AFTER THE SHOW)

People are milling about. The show was a success.

CHRIS
 That was amazing.

BRIDGET
 Thank you.

CHRIS
 (holds up 'meat' ball) I mean,
 eight hundred for twelve dollars.
 We're going to kick this
 recessions ass!

MARTY
 (TO BRIDGET) I can't believe you
 gotcha'd yourself.

BRIDGET
 Well, I was just being honest.
 If I'm going to get back in the
 self-help movement, it seems like
 a good place to start.

MARTY
We'll meet you downstairs for a
drink.

Marty gives Bridget a kiss on the head and starts out.

LUCY
So you really think Brent was
going to ask you to marry him?

BRIDGET
You know what? It doesn't
matter. I've actually learned
how to "let it go".

Lucy smiles and exits. Bridget produces the ring from her
pocket and regards it.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
(TO HER SELF) And now I'm going
to "get it all back."

She smiles to herself, tosses the ring in her bag, then turns to
enter the dressing room with the big star on the door but it's
locked. She turns to the others, but they've crossed off. She
hurries after the others, but is forced to take tiny steps and
hops because of her skirt.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Hey, wait up. Wait... How does
this woman get anywhere?!

END OF SHOW