

Lucy Porter

WRITING SAMPLES



Table of Contents

Samples from...

Silver Spoon..... p.3

Half-hour, Dramedy Pilot

When the matriarch of the dysfunctional family behind one of the midwest's largest restaurant chains suddenly remarries, jeopardizing the future of the company, the family must reconcile their egos to maintain their declining comfort food empire.

Always a Bridesmaid..... p.10

Action Comedy Feature

To counteract the massive debt accrued attending weddings in your twenties, a group of bridesmaids heist their friend's destination wedding.

Minor Characters..... p.26

Half-hour, Comedy Pilot

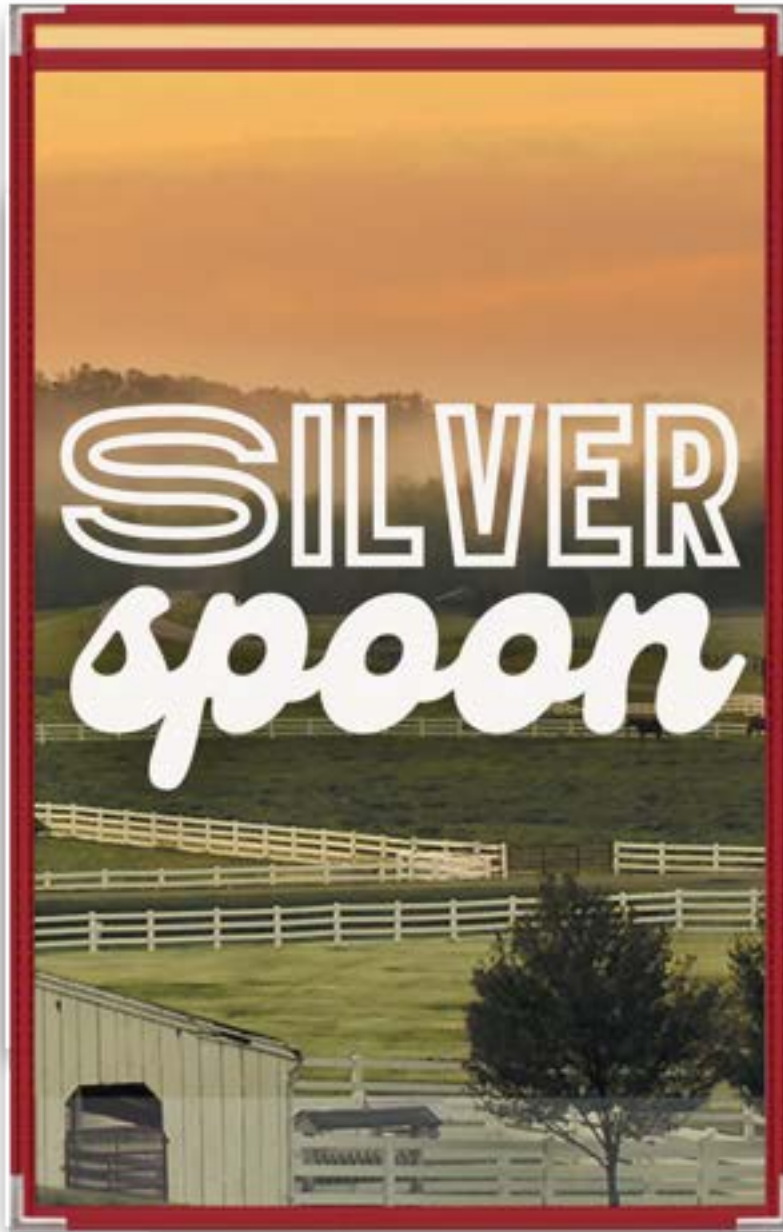
Gayle, once the life of the party, is facing the unsettling realization that she's "going broke" – literally fading out of focus. Desperate to reverse it, she teams up with Amy, a supportive best friend stuck in her own supporting role, to find a protagonist, any protagonist, to latch onto.

Bits..... p.34

Half-hour, Comedy Pilot

A sexually repressed young woman navigates her body image and virginity with the help of her bossy, anthropomorphic vagina.

full scripts available upon request
at lucyporteremail@gmail.com



Written by
Lucy Porter

COLD OPEN

INT. CHALET - KITCHEN - DAY

Sausages squeal in a cast iron pan on an eight-burner stove.

Kitschy decor camouflages state-of-the-art appliances. Glen Campbell's "Southern Nights" plays from built-in speakers.

OPAL COLLINS (early 60s, a lifelong showman, radiates familiarity) glides her spatula across the pan. The squeals relieve into sizzles.

RUDY COLLINS (mid 60s, a greasy smile and palpable charisma) greets her with a pat on the ass and a chuckle. She smiles.

OPAL

If you don't stop and get to work
on those aromatics.

RUDY

Can't expect me to care about
celery with you standing there.

He reaches for a sausage. She swats his hand.

OPAL

That's just about enough from you
Mr. Collins.

She scoots him to his place at the cutting board. He fumbles the large knife around, narrowly missing a finger as he slices into a carrot.

INT. CHALET - ARDEN'S WING - DAY

A pristine, country-ish living room filled with generic, expensive furniture.

ARDEN COLLINS (40, focused in a constant game of social chess) struggles to bend over in her denim jumpsuit as she wrestles shoes on TWIN TODDLERS (4).

ARDEN

Baby, you gotta let Momma help.

PETER LOEMELL (40, even keel observer) straightens his tie in the hall mirror. He blends in with the fashionable but unthreatening home decor.

PETER

Hey, have you heard anything about shifting around our ownership?

ARDEN

What do you mean?

PETER

Maggie Rupert mentioned--

ARDEN

Kitten heels Maggie or adult braces Maggie?

PETER

Heels. From share holders group. She said something about an over-investment with the frozen foods?

ARDEN

As far as I know, the stocks are fine. I'm still waiting for them to give me full data access.

A toddler flops onto the floor in protest.

ARDEN (CONT'D)

You want candy? Momma will let you have two suckers.

Peter rifles through his wallet and grabs a ten dollar bill.

PETER

Girls, look, it's your good friend Alexander. Who's gonna get it?

Peter gives Arden a quick kiss and lures the twins out the door with the cash. Arden grabs her phone from the table.

INT. CHALET - BECK'S ROOM - DAY

In a bachelor pad full of high school trophies and other memorabilia of a washed-up small town star, BECK COLLINS (28, suave, a bit of a dummy) lays sprawled out on the floor in his boxers.

His phone rattles against the tile. He exudes all his effort rolling over to reach for it. He answers.

BECK

What?

ARDEN (V.O.)
Are you dressed? Momma wants denim
for the photos.

BECK
Yes. I even brushed my teeth all by
myself.

ARDEN (V.O.)
Be there in five. We need--

He hangs up. He takes a quick selfie, admires the picture,
then scrambles up hunting for a clean shirt.

INT. CHALET - LAUREN'S ROOM - DAY

Florence + The Machine's "Dog Days Are Over" blasts from a
phone on a side table.

LAUREN COLLINS (26, eager, full of measured individuality)
stares at herself in a mirror covered in motivational notes.

LAUREN
I am confident. I fill any room
with my light. I know my worth and
my worth is high.

The music cuts off, interrupted by a militant alarm on her
phone. She deflates and straightens out her denim dress.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
I am me. "Me" is good.

Lauren takes a long inhale and swings open the door.

INT. CHALET - HALL - DAY

Lauren heads out of her room down a long hallway. Beck walks
out a door a few feet down the hall and joins her in stride.

They round the corner and intercept Arden coming out of her
own separate wing.

Without any formal acknowledgement of each other, the trio in
coordinated outfits, march down the hall of the estate.

INT. CHALET - DINING ROOM - DAY

They emerge into a grand dining room. It's a new money shrine
to a self-made empire.

Peter corrals the kids away from anything fragile. Rudy places a dish of hash browns in front of PENNY ANDERS (50s, Opal's right hand, no air of faux-folksiness).

Rudy lights up as the trio enters.

RUDY
Give me some sugar!

Lauren kisses him on the cheek. The ballet of people move around each other, picking up right where they left off. Arden gives Rudy a big hug then bee lines for the kitchen.

ARDEN
Momma, what can I do to help?

RUDY
Becky boy, what are you drinking?

BECK
This morning? Wouldn't say no to a Maker's if you're offering.

Opal shoos Arden out of the kitchen. She sets a large platter of rolls at the center of the table.

OPAL
I will personally castrate whoever swipes a roll before we sit to eat.

She sneaks a roll to each of the grandkids with a wink.

ARDEN
Do we need butter? Peter could run--

OPAL
Why wouldn't I have butter?

Lauren rushes up to Penny. She pulls out her phone.

LAUREN
Look what I found on the side of the road. I nearly caused a pile up getting a picture.

PENNY
You found marsh-marigold in February?

OPAL (O.S.)
Penny! We need to talk franchises.

RUDY
No business talk at the table.

DOC
Darlin', if I had any worse
eyesight I might say we were twins.

ARDEN
Morning, Doc.

BECK
Did no one think the matching
outfits were too culty?

LAUREN
It'll look good on camera.

BECK
Sure. Just let me know when we get
to the part with cyanide pills.

Rudy plops down at the table, Doc at his right hand. Arden
scoots in next to him.

ARDEN
Daddy, there's a cattle auction at
the ranch on Tuesday. Wanna go?

RUDY
You know the rules, no business
talk at the table.

ARDEN
They're supposed to have that
heifer you've been eying.

BECK
Lauren's right here.

LAUREN
(to herself)
Rise above.

Rudy smacks Beck on the side of the head.

RUDY
Be nice to your sisters. They're
all you've got.

BECK
I've got a trust fund that would
beg to differ.

Opal brings a plate of cinnamon rolls, completing the
cornucopia of heart disease.

OPAL

I'll want thoughts on these. It's a new recipe I want to roll out.

RUDY

Come on now--

ALL

No business talk at the table.

With the cover of laughter, Rudy dips into the kitchen.

INT. CHALET - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The din from the dining room persists as Rudy swipes an extra sausage link off the stove and tosses it into his mouth.

Confusion and panic set across his stately face as he coughs and chokes on the sausage. He plunges his fingers into his mouth, but nothing gives.

Rudy jerks around to get help. His belt loop catches on a drawer handle. He yanks at his pants, his panic rising. His large, decorative belt buckle blocks his escape.

He grasps at his throat. His face purples. Sweat gathers. He slumps over, collapsing head first into the sink.

His body lays completely still underneath the framed poster of Opal above the sink. Big commercial letters read:

"Opal Collins Restaurants: Home Cooking to Die For"

END OF COLD OPEN

ALWAYS **BRIDESMAID**

Written by
Lucy Porter

INT. MARA'S APARTMENT - DAY

MARA (late 20s, radiates a power in her sense of calm) sits in a stalemate with COLIN (late 20s, eager follower).

COLIN

But I don't want to break up.

MARA

Not hating each other isn't enough of a reason to stay together.

COLIN

I disagree.

MARA

Look, Colin, I'm happy--

COLIN

See!

MARA

But I think I could be happier.

COLIN

Happier paying twice what you do for rent? Groceries? Being single isn't cheap, Mara!

He's got her there.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Let's not be rash. We can talk this out when you're back.

He kisses her forehead and leaves her in the living room. The immaculately decorated, expensive living room.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

PAIGE (late-20s, self-proclaimed life of the party) saunters up to the BARISTA (20s, unenthused) behind the counter.

PAIGE

Can I get a double espresso and a cup of ice? Please and thank you.

BARISTA

I know what you're doing.

PAIGE

Patronizing one of my favorite local businesses?

The barista points to a polaroid of Paige behind the counter.

BARISTA

You do this every time. You order a \$2 espresso and DIY a \$10 latte with the milk that we have out for upstanding customers.

PAIGE

So?

BARISTA

You're cheap.

PAIGE

Oh! Lock me up for grand larceny!

BARISTA

Small larceny is still larceny.

PAIGE

Yeah, well, you're a child.

BARISTA

I'm 27.

PAIGE

You're 27? Jesus, you look amazing. Do you do red light therapy?

BARISTA

Get out.

EXT. MARA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Mara and her duffle wait on the steps of the walk up. Paige rolls up in her janky CR-V.

PAIGE

Toot toot! Uber for the light of my life!

INT. PAIGE'S CAR - DAY

Mara slumps down in the passenger seat as Paige belts out "Carrying the Banner" from NEWSIES.

PAIGE

We'll all be out there carrying--

MARA

I couldn't do it.

Paige nearly swerves off the road. She turns down the music.

PAIGE
You're kidding.

MARA
This is the third time he's talked
me out of breaking up with him.

PAIGE
He doesn't have the face of a
negotiator.

MARA
I don't think I love him. I like
him. That's... something.

PAIGE
You're getting walked all over by a
guy who drinks glasses of milk.

MARA
He's never broken a bone. Not even
a sprain.

Newsies echoes around them as they drive in silence.

PAIGE
What number is this for you?

MARA
Um, six. But I've got my cousin's
wedding next weekend too.

PAIGE
How is it our problem that our
friends are happy and in love?

MARA
None of them are actually happy.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Paige and Mara sit squished in a bench facing a wedding. The
BRIDE grips the hands of her GROOM. She speaks between sobs.

BRIDE
I have never, ever been happier.

Mara and Paige try to cover their cringes with smiles.

TITLE: ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT

Mara stands between a chocolate fountain and a cabal of AUNTS.

MARA

So it's not really architecture. I mostly manage and delegate the projects to the actual architects themselves.

AUNT

I've always found blue prints to be so confusing.

MARA

They're pretty straight forward by design...

Paige nabs two glasses of champagne from a SERVER and intercepts Mara and the Aunts. She starts ugly crying.

PAIGE

Mara, I need you right now. I just got the call, they're releasing Andy from prison.

Paige attempts to wink at Mara. She escalates her sobs.

MARA

Oh, no! And the doctors still haven't found that tracking chip he inserted in you.

She turns to the Aunts.

MARA (CONT'D)

Excuse us.

Paige's sobs turn to giggles as they walk away.

PAIGE

A microchip! Fun!

Paige passes her the other champagne. They cheers.

JAMIE (O.S.)

Careful, I roofied those.

Mara and Paige choke on their drinks. They turn to see JAMIE (late 20s, eager, androgynous black sheep) beaming at them.

MARA

Jamie! Where were you?

PAIGE
Yeah, dude, you're so late.

JAMIE
I got held up reuniting a momma
falcon with her newly hatched
eyasses.

PAIGE
Sounds like a pain in the eyas.

Jamie laughs a little too hard.

JAMIE
I've missed your wit.
(to Mara)
And your gorgeous eyes. God, I
could just swim in them.

MARA
Thank you.

Jamie corals them to a nearby table. She shoos away the group
of KIDS gathered.

JAMIE
Who else from college came? Is it
just you two?

MARA
No, Anne-Marie's here.

PAIGE
We haven't even gotten to talk with
her since she's with--

KYLE (late 20s, entitled to your attention and adoration)
approaches with an empty drink and a smug grin.

KYLE
Sorry girls, I'm gonna have to give
you a citation for some grade-A
party pooping. Can't be sitting
down, it's only 9 o'clock!

He leers over the girls in their seats. They all try to
conceal their distaste.

MARA
Kyle. Good to see you.

PAIGE
It's so hard to get you and Anne-
Marie to leave the suburbs lately.

KYLE
We make the trip for the important stuff.

JAMIE
(muttered)
Guess my graduation from the Society of Close-Up Magic isn't important.

He hands his glass to a passing WAITRESS.

KYLE
Here you go, sweetheart.

He turns to Paige.

KYLE (CONT'D)
What's up? I thought you were training for that half-marathon?

PAIGE
I am.

KYLE
Oh! Okay.

He pivots and calls out across the room.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Babe! Baby! Look who I found!

ANNE-MARIE (late 20s, so sweet it borders delicate) runs up.

ANNE-MARIE
My sweet, darling, angel girls!

Mara, Paige, and Jamie spring up to greet Anne-Marie. They pile on a group hug.

PAIGE
What's up, bitch!

MARA
We were starting to think you were ignoring us.

ANNE-MARIE
Never would I ever!

JAMIE
You've switched conditioners.

Paige pulls back, grabbing Anne-Marie's hand.

PAIGE
What the fuck?

ANNE-MARIE
Surprise!

She shows off a giant engagement ring. They press their shock into enthusiasm.

MARA
When did this happen?

PAIGE
You didn't tell us.

JAMIE
Is it a blood diamond?

Kyle swoops in and kisses Anne-Marie.

KYLE
I knew y'all would be surprised.

MARA
Don't say y'all, you're from New Mexico.

KYLE
It's gender inclusive.

He fingers guns toward Jamie.

ANNE-MARIE
Sorry for keeping it from you! I mean, it happened so quickly. Kyle only proposed a few weeks ago, and it's looking like it'll be a super short engagement.

JAMIE
You're with child.

KYLE
No. It's just for the venue. My father has a connection at the Seventh Sense in Douro Valley.

PAIGE
Douro Valley that's in--

PAIGE (CONT'D) ANNE-MARIE
Nevada? Portugal.

PAIGE (CONT'D)

Totally.

JAMIE

I prefer to vacation off the Ionian Sea.

ANNE-MARIE

It's really a perfect venue, but they can only host us in June.

MARA

Next June? That's plenty of time.

PAIGE

My grandparents divorced and remarried each other like three times in one year.

KYLE

Oh, you came from a broken home.

He rests a grossly sympathetic hand on her shoulder.

ANNE-MARIE

It's actually this June. Like three months from now June.

KYLE

It's gonna be dope.

(beat)

Holy shit. Is that Chris fuckin' Trupin?

PAIGE

That guy who convinced pledges to drink lighter fluid?

KYLE

He told them it was kombucha. It was sick.

JAMIE

And twisted.

KYLE

I gotta go talk to him about being a groomsman.

He slams a kiss against Anne-Marie's temple and rushes off, casually touching each of the girls on his way.

ANNE-MARIE

He's so funny.

PAIGE

Totally!

Anne-Marie switches gears, she gets real serious.

ANNE-MARIE

I'm actually mortified that I'm doing this without sending you a cute personalized wine bottle or anything, but how would you all feel about being there? As my bridesmaids!

Mara, Paige, and Jamie go full hear-no-see-no-speak-no-evil.

PAIGE

Oh!

MARA

Anne-Marie, I--

Anne-Marie fights back tears.

ANNE-MARIE

I know I've been MIA lately. But with you all in Chicago, I've been pushing myself to make new friends and it's so hard. Between Kyle's friends' girlfriends and the girls at my firm, I don't have any real, actual people who know me and don't get weird when I don't know how to play pickle ball. Please. Please be in my wedding?

PAIGE

Money's really--

MARA

And Portugal, that's--

JAMIE

We wouldn't miss it for the world.

Mara and Paige are paralyzed as Anne-Marie beams.

ANNE-MARIE

Oh my god! Yay! It'll be a blast. I'll add you to the group chat and the email list and the google drive. Kyle's sister already set everything up. Oh my god, they're playing the cha cha slide!

Anne-Marie wipes her tears and darts to the dance floor leaving Mara, Paige, and Jamie in her wake.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - LATER

Jamie and Paige lean against the wall. Jamie flourishes a deck of cards.

JAMIE
Is this your card?

PAIGE
No.

Mara joins them.

PAIGE (CONT'D)
Can I be a bitch for a sec? Anne-Marie's lost her edge. What is it about falling in love and getting engaged that makes people think Bruno Mars is the king of pop? Okay. Bitch minute over.

MARA
Here, these'll make it all better.

She hands Paige a pair of cheap neon sunglasses that say #EatDrinkAndBeMarried.

PAIGE
Thanks. I'll put them with the watercolor of my old roommate frenching her husband.

JAMIE
I was hoping to get another condescending matchbook. Add to my collection.

MARA
You don't think the trinkets make the small fortune we spend on these things worth it?

They laugh in their shared misery.

JAMIE
Alright. I'm calling it. I've got to get home or Richard Kind is gonna lose it.

PAIGE
What is the lifespan of a rabbit?

JAMIE
He'll likely outlive me. He's a
life sentence, but he's my life
sentence.

Jamie fist bumps each of them. She pulls a card from behind
Mara's ear and shows it to Paige.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Of course that wasn't your card.
This is.

Paige looks at her in awe as Jamie runs out of the reception.
Mara finishes both her drink and Paige's.

MARA
Alright, let's go.

PAIGE
One second.

MARA
Did you not book a room for this
one either?

PAIGE
I do front desk admin for a dance
studio. I don't make hotel room
money. I'll just find a groomsman
who'll let me crash.

MARA
I can't believe that works.

They glance over at the remaining GROOMSMEN by the bar all
giggling, slapping each other's nuts.

PAIGE
Half the time I don't even sleep
with them. I just turn on the TV
and let them explain jokes from The
Office at me until we pass out.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Paige sidles up next to a TALL GROOMSMAN (late 20s, 6'5").
She adjusts her boobs and leans against the bar.

PAIGE

Hi, I'm Paige. What do you say we go back to your room and you help get me out of this hideous dress?

He turns around. Recognition sweeps across his face.

TALL GROOMSMAN

Paige? It's me. Talia and Drew's wedding? You thought it was cool that I wore a bowtie?

Paige comes up blank. She panics.

PAIGE

What? No! You! I remember you!

TALL GROOMSMAN

What's my name?

PAIGE

You... you don't--

TALL GROOMSMAN

I don't what? Have a name?

PAIGE

No, of course you have a name! And that name is, um, so sexy, gosh I'm just flummoxed even thinking of it.

TALL GROOMSMAN

Say my name.

PAIGE

I can and I will.

TALL GROOMSMAN

Don't even have to get the surname, just hit me with my first name and I'll let you crash on my trundle.

PAIGE

I'm disgusted you think that's the only reason I would come up to you! I really expected more from you Jack.

TALL GROOMSMAN

Samuelton.

PAIGE

No, come on. I would have remembered that Hobbit ass name.

TALL GROOMSMAN
Good night, Paige.

PAIGE
I'm sorry! Sammy, you're screwing
me here. Wait! That's what she
said! Michael Scott!

He scoffs and walks away.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Paige crawls into the double bed next to Mara, scrolling on
her computer.

MARA
Look at this.

PAIGE
Hold on, my glasses are from 2009.

She squints and pushes her face inches from the screen.

MARA
This is Seventh Sense. The resort
for Anne-Marie's wedding.

PAIGE
I've never seen so much topiary.

MARA
There better be topiary for \$1,500
per night.

PAIGE
Per? Like each? Like every?

MARA
I knew Kyle's family had money but
I didn't realize it was *money*
money.

Paige feverishly scrolls on her phone.

PAIGE
I'm looking up his dad on LinkedIn.
Do you think he's a mechanic in
Philly?

MARA
He's a paper towel mogul slash rare
art collector apparently.

PAIGE

I don't know, this mechanic looks a lot like Kyle.

MARA

This resort is hosting the first ever display of his collection.

PAIGE

Oh, that's why the wedding's so rushed. To sync up with that shit.

MARA

It's a two-for-one.

PAIGE

Rich people are so cheap.

MARA

He should be paying for our rooms.

She dives back into her computer. Paige considers this.

PAIGE

You're a genius.

MARA

I know. For what?

PAIGE

He should pay for our rooms. And flights. And dresses, and frankly everything else.

MARA

Yeah. Sure. Kyle would never be that thoughtful. And Anne-Marie wouldn't have the guts to ask.

PAIGE

Who said anything about asking? You saw that article. He's the richest man in Albuquerque. But he's also Kyle's dad.

MARA

What a nightmare.

PAIGE

He's going to be so distracted with the wedding we could totally yoink one of those priceless trinkets or whatever and be set for life.

MARA
You're fully insane.

PAIGE
I feel like half of doing crime is
just having the audacity to do
crime in the first place.

MARA
This is a nothing idea.

PAIGE
I actually think we'd be really
good at it. I'm killer at puzzles
and with all the pilates you do you
could dodge lasers or whatever. And
blueprints! Mars, half your job is
blueprints!

MARA
What are we even discussing here?
This is robbery. We can't do that.

PAIGE
Please, I've done theft before.

MARA
Stealing earrings from Claire's
isn't theft, it's being a white
girl from the suburbs.

Mara rolls over and turns off the light. She buries herself
in the comforter. Paige opens her phone's browser and types
in "heist how to."



Written by
Lucy Porter

EXT. THE PERIPHERY - DAY

Over the water from a nondescript city, a community of tents hums with people. GAYLE (60s, confidence incarnate, former Samantha Jones type, if a child described an elegant person) parades through town in a fur coat.

She passes a group of MIDDLE AGED WOMEN (mid-50s, former high-powered lawyers) playing cards in the yard of some yurts.

GAYLE
Morning, gals!

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN
Want to play a hand, Gayle?

GAYLE
Want to lose all your money again?

They laugh. Gayle waves and they go silent. She calls out to a tent of MERCHANTS trading food and knick-knacks.

GAYLE (CONT'D)
Gorgeous day, huh?

Their smiles fade as she goes. She passes a YOUNG MAN (30s, former gay assistant to a woman trying to Have It All).

GAYLE (CONT'D)
Oh, honey, I'll be dropping off
scones for you and the others as a
little welcome present.

He stares, unable to hide the horror on his face. Gayle runs her tongue over her teeth, checking for anything stuck. She continues, clocking all the stray looks.

INT. YURT - DAY

Gayle blends in with the colorful, eclectic trinkets filling the apartment-sized tent. She shrugs off her coat and throws it on a patch-work chaise.

GAYLE
People could not stop staring at
little ol' me!

JORN (O.S.)
Oh la la!

GAYLE
No, these were "last dog at the
pound" stares.

(MORE)

GAYLE ((CONT'D))

Not the "respected slash attracted"
stares I'm used to.

JORN (O.S.)

Some folks are allergic to manners.

JORN (50s, former case-of-the-week convict, devoted friend)
walks out from the kitchen. A pear falls from his mouth.

GAYLE

So I didn't brush my hair, sue me!

JORN

Gayle... you've gone bokeh.

Gayle looks down at her left arm, it's blurry from the elbow
down. She screams. Jorn guides her over to the chaise.

GAYLE

I've only been here a baker's
decade. I thought I had more time.

JORN

This is perfectly natural. When a
person's no longer needed for a
story--

GAYLE

Don't talk to me about my changing
body, Jorn.

JORN

You're mad at the situation, not
me. I interpret your words as such.

GAYLE

Keep doing group therapy at me and
I will be mad at you. This'll
happen to you too, you know.

JORN

Men don't bokeh nearly as early as
women, I've got at least fifteen
more good years ahead of me.

Jorn pats himself on the butt. Gayle springs up. She examines
herself in a mirror mosaic on the wall.

GAYLE

I can fight this. I just need to
find a shiny, young thing to latch
onto for a bit until I get myself
back in focus.

JORN

You can't reverse a bokeh.

GAYLE

Why not? Before I came here I
helped countless women navigate
love and life in New City.

JORN

You could just enjoy the rest of
retirement? One of the newbies
brought me a book about crochet--

GAYLE

How dare you mention yarn toward
me! What would you have me do? Blur
quietly into the night never to be
seen or heard from again?

Gayle fixates on her blurry arm in the disparate mirror.

GAYLE (CONT'D)

No, no, no. Not me. Not I. Jorn,
grab on your good khakis. We're
going to find me a protagonist.

TITLES: MINOR CHARACTERS

ACT ONE

EXT. NEW CITY - DAY

B-Roll of a bustling, generic metropolis.

INT. THE USUAL - DAY

A café packed with maximalist decor and personalities. DAPHNE (mid 20s, endearingly neurotic) sinks into a couch between LEVI (mid 20s, reformed jock) and ASH (mid 20s, free spirit).

 DAPHNE
He thinks I'm ugly!

 ASH
He's a libra, they don't have
opinions.

 DAPHNE
Then why hasn't he called? I had a
good time. I laughed at his jokes.
I wore my most revealing cardigan!

 LEVI
How revealing we talking?

Ash swats at Levi. She nearly knocks over DANNY (mid 20s, A Nice Guy) perched on the arm of the couch.

AMY (mid 20s, the supportive best friend, the friendly barista, the kooky neighbor - whatever you need her to be) leans against the counter. She laughs under her breath.

 DANNY
He kissed you, right?

 DAPHNE
Not. Even. A. Peck.

They retract into awkward silence.

 DAPHNE (CONT'D)
He thinks I'm ugly!

Amy jumps as the espresso machine next to her wails. She stands behind the counter, across the room from the friends.

She stops eavesdropping to load up a tray with funky mugs. She hurries over.

AMY

I've got a black coffee, a vanilla latte, an iced americano, and a hot chocolate--

ALL

With extra cinnamon!

DANNY

Amy! Question for you.

Amy lights up, brightened with attention.

AMY

What's up?

DANNY

Say you were a beautiful, charming, intelligent woman. Say you take time out of your very busy, very fun life to go on a date with some schmuck and he doesn't even kiss you. What would you do?

AMY

I'd say... boys are stupid.

They laugh and turn back to each other, done with Amy. She shakes off the dismissal and returns behind the counter.

Her manager, CARLO (40s, doing the most) furiously cleans the machine next to her.

CARLO

What do you want, Amy? You know how I feel about lingering.

AMY

Just following up about the potential of maybe showing some of my art in the next gallery night?

CARLO

Sure. You know, we'll see.

AMY

Really? Thank you! I appreciate--

CARLO

Yeah, hey, go ahead and clock out, I can't afford to pay you overtime.

Amy floats on the hope. She clocks out, swapping her apron for her tote bag. We follow her out the back.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Alone, Amy hesitates. Even the outdoors are manufactured, an alley filled with purposeful grit.

BAM! A car crashes into the far wall. A MAN IN A SUIT stumbles out. Blood drips from his head. He barks at a phone. Amy snaps back to attention.

MAN IN A SUIT
Tell the shareholders I'm on my
way. I won't let you down, Dad!

AMY
Hey! 4th is closed, take Western.

He nods and hurries off.

AMY (CONT'D)
You're welcome!

EXT. STREET - DAY

Amy walks through a curated metropolitan landscape. She stands at the cross walk. A BALD MAN in a tux rushes up.

BALD MAN
Have you seen a precocious little
girl? Likely with a scrappy pup?

AMY
Do you mean...

Amy steps to the side, revealing a LITTLE GIRL and her dog.

BALD MAN
Allie! There you are!

LITTLE GIRL
Mr. Moneystone, it's okay. I know
we're not the family you wanted.

BALD MAN
You're right. A spunky little girl
and a flea-ridden dog weren't the
family I had in mind. But by god,
if you aren't the family I need.

They hug. Amy continues down the street up to a brownstone.
On the steps TWO TEENAGERS hold hands.

TEENAGER 1

The truth is, Ryder, I love you. I
love you more than sunrises or Uno.
Heck, I love you more than
strawberry milkshakes! Be my date
to homecoming?

TEENAGER 2

I thought you'd never ask.

AMY

Oh, kiss each other already!

They pull each other in for a PG kiss. Generic pop music
plays and fireworks fill the broad daylight. Amy slides
past. She forces a smile and heads inside.



Written by
Lucy Porter

COLD OPEN

INT. RILEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

RILEY (25, plus size, trying hard not to try too hard) wearing only a ratty t-shirt, lays on top of her unmade bed.

She masturbates with a small drug store vibrator.

We hear Vivaldi's "Summer." The music matches Riley's intensity. Her face twists and her toes clench as the orchestra drives through the music.

A muffled cackle leaks through from the other room. A raucous studio audience drowns out Vivaldi and the vibrator.

JIMMY FALLON (O.S.)
Give it up for JoJo Siwa!

Riley huffs and sits up on her bed. No use continuing now.

GINA (brash, bossy, puppeted anthropomorphic vulva) hoists herself onto the foot of the bed.

GINA
Why's it always The Tonight Show?

RILEY
Moseby has this earnest love for
Jimmy Fallon that I'll never
understand.

Riley puts the vibrator on the dresser and grabs her phone.

GINA
Wait, okay, what if just this once
you kept going?

RILEY
I don't want to cum to the cackles
of America's fifth favorite Jimmy.

GINA
All I do is sit around and wait for
your insides to tingle and every
time I'm met with absolute disdain.
Disregard. Disrespect!

RILEY
Sorry to disappoint.

GINA
Other people cherish their
sexuality. Worship it, even.

RILEY
I respect you.

GINA
That's gross.

RILEY
I do want to finish.

GINA
Then you can't just sit around
waiting for something perfect.
You're gonna have to power through
a Fallon cackle or two.

RILEY
There was a moment, but the moment
passed. That's just how the cookie
crumbles.

GINA
This cookie wants to be greased up,
preheated to 350, spread out on a
tray, and baked to golden
perfection.

RILEY
You're losing me.

GINA
I will be back. The next time you
think of young Matthew Broderick or
there's even a HINT of heightened
emotion in the air, there I'll be.

RILEY
Honestly, any era Broderick.

GINA
I promise you Riley Wells, I will
be back and you will cu--

Riley opens the email app and Gina disappears in a puff. She
sighs and sinks back into her bed as Jimmy Fallon's laughter
echoes around her.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE**INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Riley wanders out from her room into an eclectic apartment. It's a colorful collection of repurposed dorm decor and big girl furniture.

MOSEBY (25, reformed sorority girl) buzzes around draped in party supplies.

MOSEBY

Good! You're up! I've been thinking.

RILEY

That must have been scary.

Moseby laughs a little too hard.

MOSEBY

Funny! Gray told me that last week was his half birthday, but get this, he didn't do anything for it.

RILEY

(sarcastic)

You're joking.

MOSEBY

Right! I was like hold up, I might as well make the most of this period of underemployment.

RILEY

Unemployment?

MOSEBY

Potato, potot. I mean, I have all this time on my hands I might as well host a little something. So long story long, we're throwing a party. Tonight. You in? Please say yes, I've already sent a million texts.

Riley hesitates.

RILEY

I kinda had plans.

MOSEBY

With who?

RILEY

Lisa Barlow's going live at nine.

MOSEBY

No, come on. I'm not going to throw a rager while you're locked away in your room watching a real housewife talk about her Arby's collab.

RILEY

First of all, it's Wendy's. Lisa Barlow is way too fancy for Arby's.

MOSEBY

You have to show face or people are going to think I'm a devil monster who's horrible to you. Besides, it's about Gray. And he loves you!

RILEY

He loves me?

MOSEBY

He says you remind him of his grandmother.

RILEY

He's kind of a lot.

MOSEBY

The guy shows up in a fur coat one time! For what it's worth, I think Will's coming.

Riley does her best impression of someone who doesn't care.

RILEY

Oh! Cool.

MOSEBY

I still think he likes you.

Riley's breath catches. She forces a smile.

RILEY

I think he likes everyone.

MOSEBY

Riley. Please. I want to throw ass. And I can't do it while you hermit away.

RILEY

Okay. Fine. Who am I to deprive you of some good ol' fashioned ass throwing?

MOSEBY

Yes! Invite whoever. Get ready, babes. Tonight we're dressing slutty.

Riley forces a smile.

EXT. LAKEVIEW - CHICAGO - DAY

Riley walks down a line of trendy shops. She catches a glimpse of herself in a window.

She pauses, caught off guard by the sudden self-perception. She shifts her posture and tugs at her sweatshirt. She continues.

INT. SPIN CYCLE - LOBBY - DAY

Riley and PILAR (20s, sweet, unassuming) watch with practiced customer service smiles as RIDERS (head to toe brand name athleisure) check in at a row of iPads.

Riley grabs an arm full of shoes and starts to carry them to the back. She stops as hushed voices leak through the other side of the wall. Riley perks up. She leans against the wall.

INT. SPIN CYCLE - LOCKERS - SAME

KAYLA (early 30s, unexpressive to avoid wrinkles) leans on a water fountain. She whispers at CHARLIE (late 20s, unearned ego of a cool senator) as he fills his water bottle.

KAYLA

It's so pathetic.

CHARLIE

You should just lay off her a bit.
Be the bigger person.

Kayla laughs.

KAYLA

Riley's just so boring. It would, like, break the Geneva Convention to make me be friends with her.

CHARLIE

Yeah, but you do have to be her manager.

Riley blinks back her hurt. Arms still full of shoes, she ducks into the lobby bathroom.

INT. SPIN CYCLE - BATHROOM - DAY

Riley drops the shoes on the ground. She paces around the cramped, amenity-filled bathroom. Gina pops up from a basket of organic tampons.

GINA

What's wrong? What's happened? I feel irked.

RILEY

I just need a minute.

GINA

This is about Kayla, isn't it? What'd the mayor of Bitch City do this time?

RILEY

Nothing. Honestly, the way she feels about me has nothing to do with me. If she wants to openly shit talk me at work, so be it.

GINA

You know what you need to do?

RILEY

Kill her with kindness?

GINA (CONT'D)

Backhand her with your kick ass personality.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Oh.

GINA

I'm sick of this fitness influencer wannabe walking around thinking she's better than you.

RILEY

I just need to stay under the radar. I think they're gonna promote me any day now.

GINA

Fine. Then win her over. Do it.

RILEY

That seems desperate.

GINA

Look around. You're pacing in a bathroom that you've already cleaned twice today. You are desperate!

RILEY

I'll be fine. I don't need to prove myself to her or anyone else.

She scoops up the shoes and heads out of the bathroom.

INT. SPIN CYCLE - LOBBY - DAY

Riley walks back into the lobby past Kayla now at her place behind the desk.

KAYLA

Pilar, did I see you were at Burning Man last weekend?

Charlie sits on the bench across from Riley. He gives her a small smile. She looks away.

PILAR

No, no, no, I was burning a man.

They all pause.

PILAR (CONT'D)

My friend had a gnarly breakup so we burned mementos, his hair, et cetera.

KAYLA

That's so fun. I love weird little friend events. Friend-vents.

Riley blurts out.

RILEY

Same! My roommate and I are actually having, like, a petit rager for our friend's half birthday.

CHARLIE

Half? Alright.

They all politely laugh. Riley jumps at the chance.

RILEY

You should all come. There's gonna be, like, alcohol, and dancing, and music...

PILAR

My vision board for this summer included all of those things.

KAYLA

Cute. I do already have plans. I'm sort of booked, socially.

Kayla fights back a smirk. She turns to Charlie.

KAYLA (CONT'D)

But Charlie, you should go! Take that new girlfriend of yours.

Charlie huffs as his personal information is aired out.

PILAR

A girlfriend!

RILEY

I didn't know they were giving those out to anyone who asked.

KAYLA

She's a cutie. Came in for a class.

CHARLIE

It's fine. It's new. She's just a girl. A nice girl.

KAYLA

A nice, *young* girl.

PILAR

Wait, but aren't you like 40?

CHARLIE

I'm 26, Pilar.

PILAR

Oh, wow, that's... wow.

Riley laughs at Pilar's earnest astonishment.

CHARLIE

Riley, thank you for the invite. We will try to make it. There, are we done wasting time talking about my personal life at work now?

RILEY

Please, the shoes practically clean themselves.

Kayla shifts, assuming a moral high ground on a whim.

KAYLA

Actually, Riley, can I talk to you for a sec?

Riley perks up. She tugs down the inside of her shorts and follows Kayla off to the side.

RILEY

Is this about shift lead? I know there's logistics and all that, but I think I could be a really good addition to the leadership team.

KAYLA

Yeah, no, that's awesome. We love that. The owners are still talking but they'll follow up ASAP Rocky.

RILEY

Okay! Cool. So, um, what's up?

KAYLA

It's not a huge deal, but I wanted to let you know, the shorts are kind of a no-go.

Riley looks at the wall full of branded spandex bike shorts, and her own loose running shorts.

RILEY

Oh, is that a rule? No one mentioned--

KAYLA

No, I know, it's stupid, but it's really important. We're the faces of Spin Cycle so we all need to look pulled together. And it's also, like, a safety thing.

RILEY

Sorry, safety for...?

KAYLA

For everyone. Bikes are dangerous. Like, pedals.

RILEY

Okay. It's just that last week
Pilar wore a skort and you said it
looked "chic."

KAYLA

Don't be difficult. It's not very
shift lead of you.

Riley swallows the hit.

RILEY

Are there any other rules that
weren't mentioned during on
boarding?

KAYLA

Nope! But I'll let you know if I
think of anything.

RILEY

I know you will!

Kayla forces a laugh.

KAYLA

You're so funny. Have you heard of
Lena Dunham? I think you'd love.

INT. RILEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Moseby's pregame music blasts throughout the apartment. Riley
freezes in a stand-off against her closet.

RILEY

Slutty...

With an inhale she dives into the mess of hangers. She
wrestles on some spanx and tries on an endless variety of
looks and personalities. Each reject adds to a mountain of
clothes on the bed.

She stops in wide-leg jeans and a fitted top. Riley lingers
for a moment, studying herself in the mirror. Gina emerges
from the pile of clothes.

GINA

Okay, hot!

RILEY

Is it hot or is it cute?

A woman with long brown hair, wearing a vibrant red dress, is seated at a dark wooden table. She is leaning forward with her chin resting on her right hand, looking thoughtfully towards the right. On the table, two tall, yellow candles are held in white ceramic holders with blue floral patterns. The background is a large, painted backdrop depicting a lush green landscape with rolling hills, a winding path, and a dramatic sky with large, billowing clouds. The overall style is reminiscent of a classic oil painting.

Thanks!

LucyPorterComedy.com
LucyPorterEmail@gmail.com
[@JustLucyPorter](https://www.instagram.com/JustLucyPorter)