

AnarcSHE

By

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(Pilot)

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EXT./EST. WEST HOLLYWOOD, CA - DAY

Sunset Blvd bustles with pretty people struttin' and fancy cars revvin' in the SoCal sunshine.

**ZIA** (20s, mixed-race, hip-hop hippie, swirl of dreadlocked hair, an iron fist in a sinsemilla glove) struts down the street chugging a Red Bull.

Passes a HOMELESS PERSON holding a sign that reads --

HOMELESS PERSON  
Spare change for some crack and a handgun?

Zia stops in horror. Then recognizes --

ZIA  
Of course, Ms. Costello. But for gado-gado, no guns...  
(hands her \$5)  
And you should not be smoking crack.

HOMELESS PERSON  
Who says I'mma smoke it--

Zia hands her a brand new VAPE --

ZIA  
(re flavor)  
"Amnesia Mango."

And struts on, answers RINGING cell --

ZIA (CONT'D)  
(Scarlett O'Hara twang)  
*Jackie. My honey buttered biscuit.*

JACKIE (O.S.)  
(Cardi B twang)  
*Zia. My tiny split fig. How many wonders can one cavern hold.*

ZIA  
Well, I just chased my Plan B with a Red Bull so either way this baby's gonna get its *wiiinnnggss*.

(NOTE: Jackie is actually the one with a southern twang)

JACKIE (O.S.)  
You're the Devil, meme-thief.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZIA  
 I'm goofin', sloop. You know--  
 (Tom Waits voice)  
*There ain't no Devil, only God  
 when she's drunk.*

JACKIE (O.S.)  
 Ugh, speak of the devil, I gotta  
 go deal with this Hollywood  
 suckpump.

ZIA  
 Me too. But first, twiddle me  
 this: is it true no one likes a  
 pretty girl who expects big things  
 to happen to her?

JACKIE  
 As long as you act grateful to the  
 point of apologetic.

ZIA  
 Fuck that.

JACKIE  
 Fuck yeah.

ZIA  
 We walk on the snake's head.

JACKIE  
 If we got any anarchy left in us.

ZIA  
 We're just getting started.

Badass beat. Then --

JACKIE	ZIA (CONT'D)	
Call me after.	Call me after.	*

JACKIE (CONT'D)	ZIA (CONT'D)	
Gods peed.	Gods peed.	*

INT. CASTING OFFICE - DAY

**ZIA** auditions in a pink bikini for a **MALE CASTING DIRECTOR**, who stands aside a video camera recording her.

CASTING DIRECTOR  
 (disinterest as reads  
 her headshot/resume)  
 Ok, Zia McCabe--  
 (sudden interest)  
 Any relation to Russ McCabe?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZIA

Who?

CASTING DIRECTOR

(back to disinterest)

Too bad. Alright, you know the deal - it's a family comedy called "L.D.s" and it's about a learning disabled class at an All-American public school - obviously hilarious. So... bring the funny.

ZIA

Ok.

CASTING DIRECTOR

You're reading for the hot, ditzy babe: *Shelby*. And I'll read as your rival: *Sudi*, the smart, mean Indian girl in the A.P. class.

ZIA

Got it.

He hits PLAY on the audition camera.

ZIA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, so wait, why am I wearing a bikini?

CASTING DIRECTOR

Gym class scene.

ZIA

(ok?)

Riiiiight.

They lift their scripts and READ/ACT. He over-acts in a snotty teen-girl vocal fry voice:

CASTING DIRECTOR

*You know that song the Scarecrow sings in The Wizard of Oz, "If I only had a brain?"*

ZIA

(ditzy)

Yeah.

CASTING DIRECTOR

Obvi.

(reads Action line)

"Mean kids laugh."

He puts his down script and hits STOP on the camera.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CASTING DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Good.

ZIA

(re: script)

But we haven't finished the--

CASTING DIRECTOR

Lemme see your breasts.

ZIA

Excuse me?

CASTING DIRECTOR

Take your top off, please.

ZIA

Why?

CASTING DIRECTOR

So I can see your breasts. Acting  
is listening, Mia.

ZIA

Zia. And I'm pretty sure my  
character won't be flashing her  
breasts in a network sitcom.

CASTING DIRECTOR

Your character won't. But you  
will.

ZIA

No I won't.

CASTING DIRECTOR

What am I not hearing right now,  
Zia?

ZIA

I don't know. A squid?  
(ALT: I don't know.  
Your brain?)

A slimey beat.

CASTING DIRECTOR

(curt smile; beat it)

Good luck, mattress.

ZIA

Matt--? Fuck you. I'm not a  
*mattress*.

CASTING DIRECTOR

Are you a model?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ZIA

(proud)  
Fitness.

CASTING DIRECTOR

Are you an actress?

ZIA

(fuck yeah)  
Every day.

CASTING DIRECTOR

Are you a waitress?

Zia doesn't answer. His smug smile says he got his.

CASTING DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

And of course - a singer,  
songwriter, blogger, fooder,  
unicorn, OnlySlammer, sherpa, blah-  
blah-blah.

Dagger. Zia trembles with humiliation.

CASTING DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

(calls out to office)  
Britney!

BRITNEY (O.S.)

WHAT?!

CASTING DIRECTOR

Keep the tits coming.

Zia stomps out --

ZIA

(defeated)  
Anarchy.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

**JACKIE** (20s, not naive about her convictions, still life-learning, speaks with a southern twang and proud of it) sits with **DAVID** (30s, Hollywood douche in a suit) who talks on his cell, ignoring her.

DAVID

... yeah, bro. Oh she's super hot,  
but straight as an eight, so total  
travesty for man's kind... We  
tried to jack her from UTA, but  
dipshit Sussi got bombed at their  
dinner meeting and tried to fanger  
her under the table.. yeah, idiot--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKIE

David--

DAVID

It's like, be a pro--

JACKIE

David--

He shoots his finger up at her: wait for it.

DAVID

Have some class--

Jackie swats his finger away. He stink-eyes her.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Alright, dude, I gotta bounce and head back to *The Kehlsteinhaus* to meet some hack who just got canned from "girls5eva"... I don't know, wrote the word "fat" or some shit. "Harvard Lampoon" my ass.. Bet, see you at *Catch* later.

(Broski-esque)

Jager Bombs!

He hangs up.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Sorry, baby.

JACKIE

What's going on? Where've you been? With what's her twat?

DAVID

(semi-sotto)

And tits.

JACKIE

Excuse me?! Why can't I have one normal boyfriend in this stupid town?

DAVID

You can. You can have me. You just have to share me.

JACKIE

Share? What are you? A Britbox password--?

DAVID

More a Sybian saddle hopefully--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACKIE

The fuck-- Gosh, I just want one normal, healthy relationship. To myself!

DAVID

Hey. Baby. It's not like I like her more. I just like her also.

JACKIE

What the hell does that mean?

DAVID

I'll still hang out with you. And her. It's modern - we can be lovers.

JACKIE

"Lovers?" You mean "fuckers." This isn't Utah and I'm not a "Fundie," David, so you can be your own fucker and go fuck yourself!

Jackie stands, slaps his coffee into his lap...

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Because you'll get more pussy! Now troll on back to your subservient, sheep-ass desk job, statist.

And struts out pissed but --

JACKIE (CONT'D)

(defeated)  
Anarchy.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD - STREET - LATER

Zia speed stomps - pissed and flustered. She takes a big pull off her asthma inhaler with one hand, then a long haul off a vape from the other. Dials her phone:

SPLIT SCREEN with Jackie as she answers and they YELL:

Bar!

JACKIE

Bar!

ZIA

\*

EXT./EST. TRENDY RESTAURANT - WEHO - NIGHT

Fancy cars and pretty people strut West Hollywood, CA.

INT. TRENDY RESTAURANT - WEHO - NIGHT

Zia sits at the busy bar, gulping wine. She looks at the door impatiently to see Jackie hurry in.

ZIA  
(annoyed)  
Finally, thank goddess you're here, ho.

JACKIE  
(tada!)  
In the *fleshlight*.

ZIA  
How was your day?

JACKIE  
Ugh. Today can kiss my ass.

ZIA  
No shit. Today can lick my ass.

JACKIE  
Today can eat my ass.

ZIA  
Today can fuck my ass.

Thoughtful beat.

JACKIE  
I used to really love days like today.

They laugh.

ZIA  
How'd it go with the ex?

JACKIE  
You mean the maniEX? Next.

ZIA  
He is an agent though. Could help us...

JACKIE  
Pfft. Lit agent.

ZIA  
True.

JACKIE  
Whatever that is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZIA  
 (David's cocky voice)  
*"I have taste."*

JACKIE  
 Of my butthole.

They laugh.

ZIA  
 Fuck that mechanical suit in a  
 medicated smile.

JACKIE  
 How'd your audition go?

ZIA  
 Same shit, different head.

JACKIE  
 (affectionate)  
 You're a better singer anyway.

ZIA  
 Only with you.

They smile.

JACKIE  
 Enough foreplay, let's get stooled  
 and make it tomorrow.

Jackie looks to sit down next to Zia but a **GUY** occupies  
 the stool, so Zia interjects --

ZIA  
 (snaps her fingers)  
 Hey. On your feet, infidel. Act  
 like your mom's watching.

Shocked, the Guy looks at Jackie and hops up for her.

JACKIE  
 (to Zia)  
 My hero.

ZIA  
 I'm such a gentleman.

JACKIE  
 A gentleman wouldn't have *Irish*  
*Goodbye'd* me last night. Hope the  
 sex was good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ZIA

Pathetic. He just flopped around on me like a salmon in a bear claw.

JACKIE

You did it outdoors?

ZIA

Total weirdo too. The kind of guy who peeks in the ladies' room when the door swings open.

JACKIE

Sometimes a shit is just a fart.

Zia laughs.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

I mean, what do these mo-mos think we're doing in there? Scissoring each other?

ZIA

I know. I can't believe I'm a product of this town.

JACKIE

Product? You're *princess*.

ZIA

No pressure.

JACKIE

This town beats Dip Spit, Mississippi any day. I know I always say this but you can never let me move back to that town.

ZIA

Never, babe. And that ain't a town, that a gas station.

Jackie takes a pull off Zia's wine.

JACKIE

Oh, did you talk to DJ BigTime? Did your dad hook it up?

ZIA

I hooked it up-- I'm *hooking* it up. I told you I'm not leaning on my dad to launch us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JACKIE

I know, but everybody needs a boost.

ZIA

Not us. We ain't no nepo baby.

JACKIE

I'm literally definitely not.

ZIA

Our celestial talent is our baby.

JACKIE

But our *relativity talent clock* is ticking, our clay is drying, according to you.

ZIA

According to society and Hollywood, I don't make the rules. Yes, because we're women we have to get *white male famous* before we're 25 or we're finished, but we're not cheating our journey.

(then)

Plus my knees are still skinny and my tits still sit! Like hard boiled eggs!

JACKIE

And my ass still has its own orbit and I still flash lash like a baby camel.

(flutters her eye  
lashes)

Naturally!

ZIA

You are blessed in the blinking department.

A sinking beat.

ZIA (CONT'D)

But if we don't get it going soon...

JACKIE

(crumbles)

Ugh. I'll get off the pill, hop back on the Greyhound and back flop for the fattest farmer still single in Dip Spit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ZIA

Jeez, Jackie, why do you always think you need a man?

JACKIE

Life's lonely. Why do you think you need fame?

ZIA

Life's lonely. But - we can have both, a lover and a partner. Just - not now at the same time. One distracts from the other and back again, so we have to focus on one at a time til we get what we want. We get the career so we can get any man, woman, or switcharoo.

Jackie smiles, trying to agree.

ZIA (CONT'D)

And drop em if they pie us or blow any bullshit. Our career is our lover and we don't have to rely on anyone except each other.

JACKIE

One or the other right now? Ugh. Are we... sad?

ZIA

Or just never wanna settle?

JACKIE

(fakes convinced)

Nothing wrong with that. So, we'll never be lonely because we have each other...?

ZIA

Each other.

They semi-smile/touch hands, but we sit on a solemn beat.

ZIA (CONT'D)

But.. I know where he'll be tomorrow night, so we can hustle him.

JACKIE

DJ Bigtime?! F yeah, let's charm that bitch and get him to sign us.

ZIA

He's gonna love "The Troglodykes."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JACKIE

If he has any taste.

ZIA

And our work ethic. Cause we work like dogs.

JACKIE

And not the kind that sleep all day.

ZIA

We're gonna be awesome at being famous.

JACKIE

Eyes on the prize. No distractions--  
(clocks something)  
ooooohhh--

ZIA

(sees him)  
Hellooo.

JACKIE

(wow)  
Jesus wept. Bodzilla is turning my thighs into slip n' slides.

ZIA

You can be an Ashanti or a Beyonce, bitch, but you can't be both.

ANGLE ON a HANDSOME BARTENDER makes eyes with Jackie.

ZIA (CONT'D)

Looks like he wants to give you more than a pour.

JACKIE

(rubs her thighs)  
And I'm happy to give him pearl earrings.

ZIA

Now you're thinking with your head.

JACKIE

His head-- but no.  
(holsters her hands)  
Fuck that. I don't do baristas anymore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

ZIA  
He's a bartender.

JACKIE  
He's broke.

But he's hot, so as he approaches --

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
How do I look?

ZIA  
Like the Helpful Honda guy.

JACKIE  
Don't judge me, hooker.

ZIA  
JK. You look like the Britney  
Spears "Joy of Pepsi" commercial.

JACKIE  
Baaabe. Iconic, sane Brit before  
our time. I'm gonna cry.

Zia heads for the Ladies Room, but Jackie grabs her arm --

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
Where you going, Magellan?

ZIA  
I gotta *Mike Pence*.

JACKIE  
You do not get to squeeze a lemon  
right now, Zia.

ZIA  
Fine, I'll dump a Trump too.  
Couldn't impeach him this morning  
anyway--

Jackie plants her. Bartender zeros in on Jackie --

BARTENDER  
Can I get you anything?

JACKIE  
(sultry)  
Drunk.

He chuckles. Then takes in her --

BARTENDER  
Wow, your eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

Jackie blushes.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

You could rule the world with  
those.

Before she can respond a **DRUNK GUY** stumbles in with --

DRUNK GUY

And rock yours!

Then he falls down, and from the floor declares --

DRUNK GUY (CONT'D)

Peace in the Mick-East!

Zia tips a splash of her wine onto him gangsta-style.

ZIA

Slainte, boyo.

EXT. MOVING, WEHO BIKE RIDE TO BEVERLY HILLS - DAY

On her vintage PK Ripper, Zia fearlessly bikes thru the grime of WeHo to the gaudy of Beverly Hills.

EXT. ZIA'S PARENT'S HOME - DAY

A huge home on a hill sits at the end of a wide beautiful street in an A-List Beverly Hills neighborhood.

Zia rolls up to the huge gate adorned with a big music note symbol and opens the gate with her phone.

She peddles up the long stone driveway to the palace.

DAD (PRE-LAP)

Come by to finally join the family  
biz, Z?

ZIA (O.S.)

I'm too biz-Z.

DAD

(O.S.)  
Clowner.

INT. ZIA'S PARENT'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Zia's in the kitchen with her MOM & DAD - LAKE & RUSS McCABE, 40s. **LAKE**, Black, take no shit cool; and **RUSS**, white, laid back philosophical Harley biker, wise ass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Their home is littered with instruments, gold & platinum records and photos with celeb big shots & legends.

ZIA

(cont from EXT O.S.)

Not until I'm talent, Russ.

RUSS

I told you I'd sign you and hook you up with the best.

LAKE

Let her do it herself, Russ. I applaud her initiative and independence.

ZIA

Thank you, moomoo-mom.

RUSS

The industry's stacked against you, honey, you need an in.

ZIA

My "in" is my aura, pops.

RUSS

Or your "error."

ZIA

If I use you and your management company then I'll just be bashed for nepotism.

RUSS

It's not nepotism, it's legacy.

LAKE

It's cheating. Russ, if she's as talented as she says she is then she'll earn her success.

ZIA

Bravo, momo.

Russ approaches her, grabs her by the shoulders...

RUSS

Tick tock, Z, you hear me?

And turns her into a wall mirror to take in her youth.

RUSS (CONT'D)

Tick tock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ZIA

I know I know.

Zia surveys her young but aging-everyday face - ugh.

ZIA (CONT'D)

But I do need one bitty favor from  
your Hollywood Highness...

Off Dad's "here we go..." face --

EXT. DJ BIGTIME'S MANSION - NIGHT

A raging party. Moguls, models, meatheads and wannabe-  
someones wait in line and usher thru heavy security.

JACKIE

... And how come in the end  
credits, horror movies don't put  
the cast in order of  
*disappearance?*

ZIA

Footnotes for your memoir, mama.

Zia and Jackie approach a big SECURITY GUARD.

ZIA (CONT'D)

Hi, large impressive mountain of a  
man. Me and my girl here are on  
the list under Russ McCabe.

SECURITY GUARD

(sotto)

Sure you are, hotshot.

Security Guard checks the list.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Nope.

ZIA

"Nope?"

SECURITY GUARD

Excuse me.

(half beat)

NOPE.

ZIA

Listen, mother--

JACKIE

Mountain of a Man...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jackie steps in front of Zia.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Her father is Russ McCabe, the music industry titan, and he personally put us on the list for a big meeting with DJ Bigtime.

SECURITY GUARD

And my momma is Bee Johnson and she personally gave birth to me.

JACKIE

I'm catching some sarcasm, Mr. Mountain.

SECURITY GUARD

And I'm catching some annoying, Tik Tok.

JACKIE

Now I'm catching some rude, VH1.

SECURITY GUARD

I can go all night, SnapChat.

JACKIE

Me too, Betamax!

SECURITY GUARD

Beat it, podcast, important people are waiting.

ZIA

(lunging at him)  
"Important people?!"--

Jackie shuttles them away.

SECURITY GUARD

(to other guard)  
"Betamax?" How'd that bitch know whatta betamax be?

JACKIE

I got grandparents, AOL!

MAN (O.S.)

Someone need a man?

They turn to see DAVID - the douchey agent. Ugh.

JACKIE

Hi, David. No we don't need a man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ZIA

We kinda do.

JACKIE

We need an in, not a man. Not this man.

Zia pulls her aside.

ZIA

We need his help, Jac.

JACKIE

We also need your dad's help.

ZIA

I told him to put us on the list but now he's just fucking with me because I won't join his business.

JACKIE

But you'll use him to get into a party?

ZIA

Just.. let David get us in so he feels important and we'll ditch him and find DJ Bigtime.

JACKIE

He's gonna want something for this.

ZIA

So think of something. Use your head.

JACKIE

Zia!

ZIA

Not your chicken head, ho.

Jackie relents. They walk to David who smiles and quickly zips his pants zipper up/down to the JAWS theme song.

INT. DJ BIGTIME'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Our Girls walk thru the rager as David trails. Hip hop blares to this massive music video atmosphere.

Jackie turns to David and grabs his crotch.

JACKIE

I'll meet you in the bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

David grins and turns to head for a bathroom, but the mansion has 15 bathrooms, so David turns back to Jackie --

DAVID

Which one--

But she and Zia are gone.

ANGLE ON ZIA & JACKIE in the crowded party --

JACKIE

There he is!

She points to **DJ BIGTIME** (30s, uber-cool), surrounded by ladies and his entourage.

ZIA

Let's go in.

JACKIE

What are we gonna say?

ZIA

We ain't gonna say shit. We're gonna demand.

JACKIE

Demand..?

ZIA

Follow my lead. And get ready to remix.

JACKIE

(smiles)

"Barroom Hero?"

Zia winks, struts up to DJ Bigtime, parts his people, rips his drink from his hand, downs it and points to the DJ booth stage like "check this shit out!"...

ZIA

(claps hands  
together)

Cocaine and cigarettes! Who's got em?!

She and Jackie approach the DJ in the booth, as Jackie slips him her phone and whispers seductively in his ear, causing him to plug her phone into his system.

Our Girls whip out their personal microphones (don't leave home without them) and the place falls silent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ZIA (CONT'D)

This one goes out to the Boston  
Punks and Skins, a rowdy bunch  
indeed!

JACKIE

(like a chant)

*Face down in the gutter won't  
admit defeat tho her clothes are  
soiled and black! /*

ZIA

(escalating)

*She's a big strong broad with a  
child's mind don't you take her  
booze away! HEY! /*

"Barroom Hero" by the Dropkick Murphys kicks in with a  
pumping hip hop remix beat.

ZIA/JACKIE

*She's been at it for years,  
drinkin' balls and beers / She's a  
hero to most she meets, hey-hey-  
hey / But this arrogant fool  
breaks every rule / It'd be  
nothin' but pride that kills her!*

To a stunned crowd, our Troglodykes bounce around to a  
choreographed dance routine like pros...

They perform their full bit. Then, as they wrap it up --

ZIA/JACKIE (CONT'D)

*Might keep this dame from  
dyyyiiinnnggg!*

Our Girls open their eyes, come back to Earth and look  
out on the crowd. Silence. Uh oh. Now what?

DJ BIGTIME

Who you?!

ZIA

Uhh. The Troglodykes.

Beat. Then the crowd erupts in laughter. Humiliation is  
too small a word. Zia sprints off stage.

Jackie descends the stage and struts up to DJ Bigtime,  
parting the party sea with her big southern smile...

EXT./EST. - THE GIRLS' APARTMENT - WEHO - DAY

INT. THE GIRLS' APARTMENT - DAY

Zia sits hungover on the couch in a onesie drinking wine. A white paste of Nair is painted across her upper lip.

The British TV show "Absolutely Fabulous" plays on her laptop and although looking too sad to laugh, still does.

She throats her wine and looks around for the bottle, but she left it on the counter across the apartment.

She reaches for it, enlisting "The Force" but it's futile. She exhales in defeated frustration.

Jackie enters in a flurry, tosses her purse, gym bag etc.

JACKIE

So that deadbeat barista still  
hasn't called--!

But Zia covers her ears, shuts her eyes, holds out wine glass and yells the NA-NA-NA "I don't hear you" chant...

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Fine! But you gotta stop drinking  
to conclusion!

Jackie grabs the wine off the counter...

ZIA

NA-NA-NA-NA-NA!!--It's my  
Vietnam!!

... takes it to her...

ZIA (CONT'D)

Free Britney!!

JACKIE

She's free.

ZIA

Die Lohan!

Jackie pours. Zia sips, and now satisfied, goes back to normal like nothing happened. Just daily behavior here.

JACKIE

Jeez *szlut*, you look like who did  
it and ran.

ZIA

(so happy; slurs)  
Hey, lover. Hows'was your day?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKIE  
 (re: her nair lip)  
 Oh, is Movember over already?

ZIA  
 You're heartless.

JACKIE  
 Tits trump heart. Why are you  
 drinking at 2 in the afternoon?

ZIA  
 I slept in.

JACKIE  
 Sober up, stew. You sound like  
 Herschel Walker.

ZIA  
 Grab a glassz.

JACKIE  
 No way. One turns into two which  
 turns into ten which turns into  
 Tuesday.

ZIA  
 Come on, side-smile.

JACKIE  
 I'm not a pussy. I'm hungover.

ZIA  
 God's way of saying you're an "I'm  
 With Her" warrior.

Jackie sees a pill bottle on the table --

JACKIE  
 You're popping those pills again?

ZIA  
 They give me tempo.

Sees a burnt joint --

JACKIE  
 And you're smoking grass?

Zia zone-out stares.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
 How stoned are you?

ZIA  
 I could eat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Zia cackles loopily, so Jackie snags the wine & drugs.

JACKIE

Don't go getting all Koyaanisqatsi  
on me, Zia.

ZIA

Where are we? Congress? Relax,  
Jac, I'm straight.

JACKIE

Straight as an eight.

ZIA

Don't hate.

JACKIE

I need you alive.

ZIA

Yeah, for half the rent.

JACKIE

And utilities.

ZIA

You're so negative.

JACKIE

I know. It sucks. But I have a  
surprise for you.

ZIA

(who cares)  
I'm pregnant.

JACKIE

Impossible, throat-hole.  
(moving on)  
You were passed out before I got  
home last night so I couldn't tell  
you, but after you fled our  
performance - bush-bitch by the  
way--

Zia cowers, knowing so.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

I hustled DJ Bigtime into meeting  
with us.

ZIA

(spits out wine)  
You what?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JACKIE

Now listen, if we're gonna make  
"The Troglodykes" our dream--

BEEP BEEP - Jackie gets a text. Reads it --

JACKIE (CONT'D)

It's the barista--

ZIA

Bartender--

JACKIE

He wants to go out tonight...  
Well.. Should I reply?

ZIA

Not til you finish telling me what  
Bigtime said, bitch!

JACKIE

(texting)  
I just did - we're meeting at his  
studio tomorrow to talk about  
working together.

ZIA

He actually liked us last night?!

JACKIE

Saw potential.  
(re Bartender)  
Should I go out with this guy?

ZIA

I thought you were gonna take a  
break from boys for a while.

JACKIE

(as she texts)  
It's one date.

ZIA

(whatever)  
Fuck it, sure. Get you some, ho.

JACKIE

I'm gonna wreck this virgin.

ZIA

He's a virgin?

JACKIE

He will be after I'm finished with  
him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

(ALT: He's gonna wish he was after  
I'm finished with him.)

ZIA

Bold.

(real interest)

How'd you hustle Bigtime?

In her tight, deep tank-top, Jackie leans forward slightly and squeezes her arms in to accentuate her --

JACKIE

Southern charm.

ZIA

My bitch. Let's celebrate!

JACKIE

No!

ZIA

Don't be such a tight ass.

JACKIE

I prefer "anal attentive."

ZIA

Oh I know.

Jackie stink-eyes her. Zia stink-eyes back. A think-off... culminating into --

A DRUNKEN DANCE MONTAGE IN THE LIVING ROOM. The Girls dance wildly and spill wine and pills everywhere.

CUT TO:

The Girls are passed out on each other on the couch. Jackie comes to. Checks her watch. Then hops up --

JACKIE

Shit! I gotta get ready for my date.

And runs into her room. Zia stirs awake...

ZIA

(slurs)

Dates are dumb.

And passes out again.

LATER --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Jackie exits her bedroom dressed up and sexy in tight jeans and low cut top. Zia is awake now, on the couch applying more Nair.

JACKIE

How do I look?

ZIA

(whimsical)

Like a windswept spaniel--

(then)

Wait, is that my top?

JACKIE

Can I borrow it?

ZIA

Since you already pit-crewed it.

Jackie looks at her armpits. Then rubs it in.

ZIA (CONT'D)

Hey!

JACLYN

Just goofin, lovie.

ZIA

Just don't let him number 3 all over it.

JACKIE

Zia! Gross.

ZIA

What's gross is your Eye of Fatima down there winking at me.

Jackie looks down at her tight jeans - and camel toe.

JACKIE

(shrugs)

Better winkin' than stinkin'.

ZIA

And remember, big meeting with Bigtime tomorrow, so don't be out late.

JACKIE

Never.

ZIA

This is gonna change our lives. On our terms.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

JACKIE  
 (lil sexy move)  
 With our *smoooves* and Bigtime's  
 beats "The Troglodykes" are gonna  
 strip the world, pound the  
 patriarchy and sodomize the  
 system!

They high five.

ZIA/JACKIE  
 ANARCHY!!

ZIA  
 Suck it, "TLC!"

JACKIE  
 Eat me, t.A.T.u.!

Weird beat. Then, serious --

ZIA  
 And if it does turn into a sleep  
 over, what's our rule?

JACKIE  
 No "over the hill" on the first  
 date.

ZIA  
 Good girl.  
 (re vagina)  
 Keep it in the valley.

Jackie leans in to kiss Zia bye - who puckers up - but  
 her Nair-lip is too much so she "Ewws" and splits.

ZIA (CONT'D)  
 Stay alive!

JACKIE (O.S.)  
 Jesus hates a pussy!

Zia looks at her empty wine glass, then looks for the  
 bottle - which is across the room again. Ugh!

INT. HIP WEHO RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jackie & Bartender talk over drinks. And shots.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKIE

... people think Anarchy is about some sort of resistance or lawlessness, chaos and mayhem but it actually means "self-ownership" or "against slavery" and is the most peaceful political ideology in the worl--

BARTENDER

Do you workout?

JACKIE

Uhh... I do pilates.

BARTENDER

Pilates, nice. Let me know when you go next time.

JACKIE

You do pilates?

BARTENDER

No. I watch.

Huh? Bartender grabs his shot & raises it:

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

A toast: *Body of Christ*. No homo.

And shoots. Jackie follows, unsure what to say, so --

JACKIE

Lamb of God. Medium rare.

BARTENDER

Not that I'm homophobic.

JACKIE

Oh, totally, I didn't assume. Me neither. I have a gay brother.

BARTENDER

No dur. Everyone does.

Bartender chases his shot with a PILL.

JACKIE

What's the pill for?

BARTENDER

Allergies.

JACKIE

What are you allergic to?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BARTENDER

Myself.

JACKIE

Are you on any other pills?

BARTENDER

Just Klonopin for anxiety, Zoloft for depression, sodium oxybate for narcolepsy and Lunesta for insomnia.

Jackie: wow.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

And of course booze and grass for stupidity.

He cracks himself up. Jackie's speechless but smiles.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

So what do you do, Jenny?

JACKIE

Jackie.

BARTENDER

Oh sorry. Right. That's what I meant.

JACKIE

(anyway)  
I'm an actress, do some modeling but mainly sing--

BARTENDER

So you're a mattress?

JACKIE

A what?

BARTENDER

(chuckles)  
Nothing.

Huh?

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Hey, wanna see something funny?

JACKIE

Please.

BARTENDER

Give me your phone...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She hands it over, and he takes his phone and puts a phone to each ear and says --

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Hey, it's me.

Jackie laughs.

INT. THE GIRLS' APARTMENT - MORNING

Zia wakes up refreshed and hops out of bed heading for...

JACKIE'S ROOM - She bursts in the door --

ZIA

Wake up, bitch!

But Jackie's not there. Zia dials her up on her cell, but it goes straight to voicemail.

ZIA (CONT'D)

Hey, lover, you're not here. Where are you? Got the big meeting.

LATER - Zia gets dressed, leaves another VM, a little panicked:

ZIA (CONT'D)

(little panicked)

Hey, partner, where are you? I hope you're on your way. Really don't want to do this alone.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD - MORNING

Zia walks, leaving another VM, more panicked --

ZIA

Jackie, what the fuck. We got the meeting. Where are you?!

EXT. DJ BIGTIME RECORDING STUDIO - MORNING

Zia leaves another VM, PANICKED --

ZIA

WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOU, BITCH!

She hangs up, exhales, and RINGS the security bell.

An **INTIMIDATING HIP-HOP MAN** (IHOP) in sunglasses opens the door. Grass smoke flows out with him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IHOP

What up?

ZIA

I'm Zia McCabe and I'm here to  
meet with DJ Bigtime.

A beat as he looks her up and down. Then smiles creepily,  
and opens the door. She hesitates, but enters.

INT. DJ BIGTIME RECORDING STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

She walks a dark hallway thru the smoke as IHOP follows  
her. She looks behind her - IHOP still smiling creepily.

IHOP

In here.

He opens a door to a --

RECORDING STUDIO

Zia enters the dark studio to LOUD AGGRESSIVE RAP MUSIC  
and **2 HIP-HOP MEN** doing yoga. A GIRL - **SPICE**, hip hop  
queen bee - lingers. Zia stares in fear.

The music dies, the men turn to Zia and go quiet. Uh oh.

**DJ BIGTIME** slowly turns. Up/downs her.

DJ BIGTIME

You alone?

Zia meekly nods yes.

SPICE

(aggressive)

Who dis ho, Bigtime?

DJ BIGTIME

Calma te, Spice.

(back to Zia)

Where's your partner?

SPICE

Yeah, where the other dyke at?

Off Zia's disappointed face --

INT. THE GIRLS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Zia's on the couch anxiously drinking wine. The bottle in  
front of her this time. She gulps and angrily refills.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jackie enters on her phone, laughing.

JACKIE

Ok, baby, I'll call you later...  
no, you hang up... no, you  
first... haha!! no, you--

Zia jumps up, grabs her phone and hangs up.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Hey...!

ZIA

Where the hell've you been?!

JACKIE

With the barista--

ZIA

Bartender.

JACKIE

What do you care?

ZIA

Oh I care. But do you, Jackie? You  
say you care about making "The  
Troglodykes" successful, but all  
you really care about are  
boyfriends. You'll date any  
dipshit. All he has to do is stand  
there and be six foot two.

JACKIE

Three preferably, but - So? I  
wanna be someone's. Not someone's  
else.

ZIA

Huh? You think you're so smart,  
don't you? Walking around talking  
all Lakshmi Singh and shit--

JACKIE

What's your problem? Why are you  
acting so tuna tartare'd?

ZIA

Remember our meeting today?!

JACKIE

Oh shit. I totally forgot.

ZIA

Yeah! Who's the tuna tartare'd  
now?! I was there!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACKIE

How'd it go?

ZIA

It didn't. He wanted to meet both of us.

JACKIE

So we'll reschedule.

ZIA

No we won't, Jac! That was our shot! He said if we both couldn't show then he wouldn't.. blow.. Or something that rhymed.

JACKIE

Well why didn't you call me?

ZIA

Call you?! I'm not your fucking secretary?! And I did call you!

JACKIE

Stop yelling at me. What are you? Stuck in a well?

ZIA

May as well be with you as my partner.

Zia stands...

ZIA (CONT'D)

Our lease is up next month. But you can move out early. Right into your boyfriend's cleft buttohole.

As Zia storms out--

JACKIE

Oh I'll move out! And leave my magazine rack here for all your issues, bitch!

SLAM!

CUE MUSIC FOR BREAK UP MONTAGE:

-- Zia sits sadly alone at the bar ignoring the 2 **DOUCHEBAGS** haranguing her.

-- Jackie sits bored with Bartender on a Runyon Canyon bench as he shares his modeling pics on his iPhone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- Zia sits on the couch watching TV. She finishes her wine, and sees the wine bottle across the room on the counter. She enlists "The Force" but nada.

-- Jackie mopes down the street eating a sloppy burrito. Then a LEAF BLOWER Guy blows debris on her and she falls.

-- Zia tears up, gets off the couch and approaches the wine bottle... but walks right by it and puts her wine glass in the dish washer.

Her phone DINGS with a text. She reads it...and smiles...

INT. TRENDY RESTAURANT - WEHO - NIGHT

Jackie sits drunk at the bar as Bartender delivers **3 GIRL PATRONS** unopen beers. What the fuck? They try to twist the caps off but they're not twist-offs.

Bartender then shows them iPhone modeling pics.

BARTENDER

... and this is my 2015 Hardees campaign...

The girls eye-roll.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Look - before photoshop..

(swipes screen)

After photoshop. No difference right?

(rubs his face)

Not with these pores.

Jackie waves her empty wine glass, but he ignores her.

JACKIE

Hey, fucko.

He looks at her.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

You hear that?

BARTENDER

Hear what?

JACKIE

The sound of my twat yawning, you boring sack.

Bartender walks over to her, annoyed.

Then hip hop MUSIC CUES, and --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLOW-MO the door swings open and Zia enters with DJ **BIGTIME** and his **ENTOURAGE (SPICE, etc)**. She laughs along with SPICE and looks glamorous.

THIS SEQUENCE IS SLO-MO UNTIL WE GET TO THE LADIES ROOM

Jackie sees this and perks up, suspicious. Then jealous. Zia sees her and flicks her off.

Zia and her new crew sit at the best table. She gulps Dom and laughs it up. Jackie fumes.

Zia excuses herself and heads to the ladies room.

ON JACKIE: Her pissed face as we pan down to her heels kicking off. She stands and follows Zia barefoot.

INT. LADIES ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Zia freshens up in the mirror. Jackie enters.

JACKIE

What the hell are you doing?

ZIA

(applies lipstick)  
Getting hotter.

JACKIE

What are you doing here with DJ Bigtime?

ZIA

Getting famous.

JACKIE

I thought you said we missed our shot?

ZIA

We did. "The Troglodykes" are now "The Troglodyke."

JACKIE

Oh no, you hurt my feeling. Yeah, I can plural shit too.

Beat - then realizing something --

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Wait... you planned this all along. You Beyonce'd "The Troglodykes," you sloo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZIA  
 (sing songy)  
*Don't go chasing waterfalls...*

JACKIE  
 That's Salt n' Pepa, you WAP.

ZIA  
 Whatever.

JACKIE  
 You finally called 'Daddy', didn't you? Cashed in your royalty, you spoiled princess shithole.

ZIA  
 Nope, no Daddy needed. Bigtime called me, so I may be a shithole, but I'll be a rich and famous shithole, and you'll still be blowing a barista--

JACKIE  
 Bartender.

ZIA  
 Exactly. Good luck with that, lover. No - loser.

As Zia passes Jackie to exit...

ZIA (CONT'D)  
 Have fun back in Dipspit with your fat farmer and sad, fameless life.

Uh oh. Jackie snaps - SCREAMS!! - grabs Zia by the hair and whips her into the wall.

We see the heels of a **PEEING LADY** in a bathroom stall.

Our Troglodykes circle each other, trading insults.

JACKIE  
 You betrayed me!

ZIA  
 You ditched me!

JACKIE  
 Oh you wanna turn this rape into a murder? You little transvaginal mesh implant!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ZIA

Let's go - let's turn this cock  
into a spaniel, you ugly river  
boat whore!

JACKIE

I'm gonna take you out back and  
leave you out front, fatherfucker!

ZIA

I'm gonna knock your teeth out and  
eat your butthole with them, ho!

They lunge for each other --

OUTSIDE RESTROOM - **PATRONS** take notice of the SCREAMS and  
chaos. DJ BIGTIME and his CREW notice too.

BACK IN RESTROOM - Our Troggs wrestle on the floor.

JACKIE

Suck my dick!

ZIA

Not after it's been in your  
barista's ass!

JACKIE

Bartender!

The PEEING LADY splits the stall in fear, and makes a  
break for the door and pushes it open revealing --

Bartender outside, peaking in like a weirdo to see --

Zia & Jackie on the ground grappling, hair in hands --  
legs wrapped up like they're... **SCISSORING!**

BARTENDER

I knew it!!

ZIA & JACKIE

Fuck you!!

They untangle, run at him in rage and deck him and  
smother him - tits and ass engulfing him.

BARTENDER

YES!

Jackie head-butts him to shut him up.

ON DJ BIGTIME'S TABLE as they watch our Troggs kick ass.

SPICE

Both these bitches, Bigtime?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DJ BIGTIME  
(knowing smirk)  
Life's lonely without your  
partner.

ZIA (O.S.)  
Hey, DJ Bigtime!

ON OUR GIRLS pinning Bartender --

ZIA (CONT'D)  
The Troglodykes are dead. We're  
"Anarchy" now, baby!

JACKIE  
And ready for chaos and fame,  
motherfucker!

Long beat as DJ Bigtime just stares at them, unimpressed.  
Our Girls faces drop: *Oh shit. What now?*

Then they look at each other - and smile. Turn back to  
Bigtime --

ZIA/JACKIE  
"Anarc...SHE"!!!

Bigtime holds up his hands and slowly moves each index  
finger together to form one, sending the message...

The Girls get it and nod - he'll only work with them  
TOGETHER AS ONE.

Jackie yanks out a nose hair from Bartender.

BARTENDER  
Oww!

DJ BIGTIME  
"AnarcSHE." Dig. Proper primeval.

Off DJ Bigtime's smile, and our Girls' fresh start...  
with each other --

INT. THE GIRLS' APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

Zia & Jackie are passed out in the bath tub, fully  
clothed and a mess. Zia sports sunglasses. They awake.

JACKIE  
What time did we pass out?

ZIA  
Today.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKIE

Ugh. Livin' like a suicide.

ZIA

I was fucker faced.

JACKIE

You smell like your butthole  
smoked your asshole.

ZIA

You smell like your skin is  
shitting.

JACKIE

That's a true statement.

ZIA

Jesus, cults are formed after  
nights like we just had.

JACKIE

We still have all our organs?

They squeeze each others' breasts.

ZIA

Thank goddess.

Jackie drunk chuckles - then HACKS up a loogie. Looks  
around to spit it out. Fuck it - swallows it.

ZIA (CONT'D)

Wanna get brunch?

JACKIE

Starving.

ZIA

But it's gotta be healthy.

JACKIE

Egg whites, kale, coconut water.

ZIA

(sing-songy)  
Because "AnarcSHE" are gonna be  
big, so we gots-to-stay small.

They smile. Then --

JACKIE

But fuck that small shite, right?

ZIA

'Course. We do what we want.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The band's back together.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Still a mess, Zia & Jackie sit on a bench sloppily eating BBQ ribs. They watch something we can't see, riveted.

JACKIE

So sad.

ZIA

Get a grip. Call your sponsor or something, honey.

JACKIE

She can hardly stand up.

ZIA

Certainly can't walk.

JACKIE/ZIA

Oohh!!

ZIA

And she's down.

JACKIE

But she bounces back.

ZIA

And it looks like she didn't spill a drop.

JACKIE

Must be a pro.

They share swigs of BBQ sauce from the bottle.

ZIA

She shouldn't be out in public like this.

JACKIE

Take her act to her own crib at least. Not a public park.

ZIA

What's she doing now?

JACKIE

Oh my god, she's peeing her pants!

JACKIE/ZIA

Ewww!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZIA

What a disgrace.

JACKIE

So glad we don't behave like that.

ZIA

Totally.

We finally see their POV: not a drunk lady, but a **TODDLER** stumbling around in soggy pants and holding a sippy cup looking like she's drunk. Her **MOM** walks her away.

ZIA (CONT'D)

I remember my first apple juice.

JACKIE

I hope she gets the help she needs.

ZIA

Let's get out of here.

JACKIE

(re: full belly)

Good, because I'm about to abort a dump truck.

They stand, leave their trash, and walk into the sunset. We pan down and hold on their trash.

ZIA (O.S.)

Dude, we just gonna leave that there?

JACKIE (O.S.)

Oh yeah...

Jackie goes back to the trash... and grabs the BBQ SAUCE. Leaving the trash, she raises the sauce victoriously --

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Jesus hates a pussy!

Laughing and sharing the BBQ sauce, our AnarcSHE walk off into the sunset, wrapped around each other like the partners they are.

ZIA

We gotta stop being so mean to each other, though. Right..?

JACKIE

Why? I love you. Laughing at and being mean to each other is our love language.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Zia laughs and Jackie joins in. Then --

Fists punch to the stars --

ZIA/JACKIE

Anarc*SHE*!!

END OF EPISODE