

**UNPAID INTERN**

written by

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**OVER BLACK:**

YUPPIE (V.O.)  
Tell me a little about yourself?

ROSIE (V.O.)  
Every time they ask me this, I have  
to pinch myself it's only my future  
at stake.

**INT. TEPEPAS RESTAURANT - BACKROOM - DAY**

ROSIE VASQUEZ (early 20s) stares directly into the piercing  
WHITE LIGHT of a webcam. Her laptop sits on top of a  
makeshift table made from boxes, buckets, etc.

Opposite her, on the computer, is a YUPPIE-type. She's in a  
Zoom interview. God help her...

YUPPIE (ON COMPUTER)  
Uh...Rosie?

Rosie pinches herself...a little too hard.

ROSIE  
Ow!

YUPPIE (ON COMPUTER)  
Huh?

ROSIE  
(tries to be upbeat)  
Oh uh...d-do you want me to start  
from infancy? 2000 was a crazy  
first year. Y2K, hanging chads, the  
Backstreet Boys...

Not much of a reaction. Oof.

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
Just joking...uh-um so last year I  
graduated with a--

YUPPIE (ON COMPUTER)  
Where do you see yourself in five  
years?

Rosie hesitates. How the hell should she know?

ROSIE  
 (doesn't believe herself)  
 Well uh...I-I'm really excited  
 about this position at the DSCC and  
 in five years, I--

YUPPIE (ON COMPUTER)  
 Why do you want *this* job?

Rosie's knee accidentally bumps the table. The mountain of boxes collapse -- her laptop included. Uh oh.

YUPPIE (O.S) (CONT'D)  
 The hell was that?! Hello?! Rosie?!

Rosie stares blankly for a beat. She picks up her laptop and slowly closes it shut, resigned to her fate.

ROSIE  
 (shrugs)  
 On to the next one.

#### **INT. TEPEPAS RESTAURANT - DINING AREA - DAY**

It's a lively afternoon at Tepepas!, a small Mexican dive restaurant. Rosie zigs and zags, delivering one order after another.

Finished, she glides to the kitchen door.

#### **INT. TEPEPAS RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Rosie performs a curtsy.

ROSIE  
 All orders delivered.

The door opens and Rosie tumbles downwards.

Muffled applause from the busboy MAX COHEN (20s), a college-aged kid who looks like puberty quit half-way through.

MAX  
 Bravo! Encore! Encore!

Rosie picks herself up.

ROSIE  
 What can I say? I like to leave the audience laughing. And pity laughs are still laughs y'know.

MAX  
Speaking of pity, how'd your  
interview go? Any pity job offers?

ROSIE  
Oh it was a scene, man. And no, no  
offer. The only person who's  
offered me a job outta pity is  
Señor Becerra.

BECERRA (50s), the chef/owner extraordinaire of Tepepas!,  
overhears this.

BECERRA  
Pity? I only hire the best! It's  
not my fault no one else applied.  
(gestures to door)  
Now back to work before I get my  
nephew to replace you.

MAX  
Oof. The nephew hire.

ROSIE  
The worst type of pity hire there  
is.

# **INT. APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - NIGHT**

Tinder -- the ultimate game of 'Hot or Not.' MIA DANIELS  
(20s) swipes left, left, left...! None good enough.

ROSIE (O.S.)  
Tinder again?

MIA  
I've been swiping for half an hour  
and all I've got to show for it is  
one match.

Rosie rummaging through boxes of cereal. None good enough.

ROSIE  
Well how many have you swiped right  
on?

MIA  
One or two, but I'm playing with a  
weak hand here. This app needs to  
sign some new free agents or I'm  
taking my talents back to drunken  
one night stands.  
(another left swipe)  
(MORE)

MIA (CONT'D)  
I hear you could use a drink too,  
Ms. Interview Killer.

ROSIE  
Does Max tell you everything?

MIA  
Of course! I'm practically his  
therapist minus the copays.  
(another left swipe)  
Y'know he actually had a fun little  
proposal to cheer you up tonight.

ROSIE  
Tonight? Oh no Mia...

MIA  
We're gonna get you drunk, Rosebud.

**INT. D.C. BAR - NIGHT**

Your typical city bar. A little dingy, but that's part of the  
fun, right?

TWO CREEPS (40s) are playing a game of rock-paper-scissors.  
The first game ends in a draw. The second game ends with the  
TALL CREEP winning out.

TALL CREEP  
I like the blonde! You can have the  
Mexican one!

BALDING CREEP  
Good! I like a little spice. Muy  
caliente!

Rosie overhears them from across the bar. She's sheltered  
away with Mia and Max in a corner.

ROSIE  
I'm Puerto Rican you asshole.

Rosie downs a shot of whiskey. She's gonna need it.

MIA  
Damn. Maybe I shoulda stuck to  
Tinder.

MAX  
Hey when you gonna swipe right on  
me? I've been waiting for three  
months now.

MIA  
(shakes head)  
Oh Maximillian...

The two creeps make their way to Rosie and Mia...bleh.

TALL CREEP  
(to Mia)  
So-uh...do you like older guys? I  
make a lot of money. I have a  
condo.

Mia puts her arm around Max.

MIA  
I'm more into scrawny, broke  
college boys.

MAX  
That's news to me.

Mia lightly smacks the back of Max's head.

MAX (CONT'D)  
Ow!

BALDING CREEP  
(to Rosie)  
Hola!

ROSIE  
No habla español.

BALDING CREEP  
Oh I took French in high school.  
Oui, oui!

Rosie rolls her eyes and puts her arm around Max.

ROSIE  
It's Spanish for "we're a  
throuple."

Rosie and Mia simultaneously kiss Max's cheeks.

MAX  
I am no longer a boy. I am now a  
man.

Rosie and Mia smile at each other and nod. Together, they  
push Max towards the two middle-aged creeps and run out.

**INT. APARTMENT - ROSIE'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Rosie at her desk, laptop open. Mia lying on the bed, playing on Tinder. Left, left, left...she stops at Max. Fuck it! She swipes right -- it's a match!

MIA  
I just swiped right on Max.

ROSIE  
Good for him!

MIA  
I know, right?

**ON COMPUTER SCREEN**

A job search website.

ROSIE  
"Fast-paced work environment." Hmm.  
I think that's code for work you to  
death.

The cursor clicks on the APPLY BUTTON.

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
"Entry-level job requires ten years  
experience."

MIA  
Ten years ago you were twelve.

ROSIE  
I'll just say I got a head start.  
Child labor laws my ass.

MIA  
Supreme Court just abolished those  
anyways.

ROSIE  
Thank god for Clarence Thomas.

The cursor clicks on the APPLY BUTTON.

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
(mocking voice)  
"Congressman Brian Meehan is  
seeking a congressional intern to  
join his *dynamic* team. The position  
is unpaid."

(MORE)

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
(normal voice)  
Where's Karl Marx when you need  
him?

MIA  
They love their unpaid interns,  
don't they?

ROSIE  
Welcome to the new and improved  
Roaring Twenties. "A chicken in  
every pot!" As long as you can  
afford it that is...  
(looks back at Mia)  
What is it with politicians never  
paying their employees?

MIA  
Most of their lackeys are desperate  
like the rest you poli sci majors.

ROSIE  
Oh right! Desperation. That's why.

The cursor clicks on the APPLY BUTTON. Desperation's right.

**INT. TEPEPAS RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - DAY**

Rosie uses kitchen utensils as a makeshift drum kit. She  
bangs them against the sink. CLANG, CLANG!

MAX  
Having fun there Ringo?

ROSIE  
Maybe I shoulda been a professional  
drummer? Look how good I am!

Rosie...uh..."demonstrates" her drumming. She's not exactly  
Keith Moon out there, but she's having fun at least.

MAX  
Yeah. And maybe I should try out  
for the NBA.

Max takes a washcloth and...

MAX (CONT'D)  
He shoots!

He hurls it towards a trashcan and...it misses. Badly.



ROSIE  
He misses...

MAX  
Well there goes my career in  
basketball.

ROSIE  
I guess drumming ain't for me  
either. At least we still got each  
other, right Maxey?

MAX  
La di da. La di da.

Rosie's left pocket BUZZES. She takes out her phone. The  
notification is an email. She starts reading.

ROSIE  
Huh...  
(beat)  
Today?

MAX  
What?

ROSIE  
This politician wants to interview  
me today.

MAX  
Hey! Way to go! Gonna be tough  
balancing your career in the White  
House with your fantasy drumming  
lifestyle though.

ROSIE  
Meh. The job's unpaid. Intern shit.

MAX  
Hey Rosie.

Rosie looks up at Max..

MAX (CONT'D)  
Do the interview. Who knows what'll  
happen.

ROSIE  
I love ya Maxey.

MAX  
In the end, all girls say that to  
me.

Rosie smiles and playfully slaps his cheek a couple times.

**INT. TEPEPAS RESTAURANT - BATHROOM - DAY**

Rosie models for herself in the mirror. She stares and pulls out a fake smile. Her smile's a little too enthusiastic.

ROSIE  
(stops smiling)  
Oof. A little too much.

She smiles again, this time more subdued.

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
Much better.  
(practicing into mirror)  
Hi! Thank you for taking the time  
to meet with me today. Oh? My  
resume was so impressive you don't  
even need an interview? And you  
want to make this a paid position?  
(contemplating)  
Hmm. Well I have a few other offers  
so I'll have to get back to you.

Rosie fake laughs.

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
Oh I'd be happy to write a letter  
of recommendation for your nephew!

A toilet FLUSHES. Uh oh. A GIRL leaves the stall, eyeing Rosie worriedly. She starts washing her hands. Awkward...

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
Oh I was uh...uh...just on the  
phone. I swear I'm not the kinda  
girl who talks to herself. I'm not  
a crazy person. Really. I'm not.

The girl backtracks from the sink.

GIRL IN BATHROOM  
I believe you! I believe you!

The girl runs out, terrified! Rosie shrugs then looks back in the mirror. *Deep breath.*

ROSIE  
 Relax, Rosie. Just another  
 interview that will decide the fate  
 of the career you've hedged your  
 education on. Y'know...your average  
 Monday.

Rosie playfully slaps herself. She's fucking ready.

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
 Go time.

Another FLUSH. Not again!

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
 Uh...one more thing. What's your  
 policy on private bathrooms?

**INT. TEPEPAS RESTAURANT - BACKROOM - DAY**

Everything's ready to go.

Rosie sits down and opens her laptop. A few clicks on the  
 touchpad later and voilà -- Rosie on a Zoom call.

Opposite her is BRIAN MEEHAN (40s). He fits the archetype of  
 the perfect politician -- attractive, confident...and just a  
 little bit douchey. Can't forget the douchey part.

BRIAN (ON COMPUTER)  
 Rosie Vasquez?

ROSIE  
 For better or for worse!

BRIAN (ON COMPUTER)  
 Let's hope for better. God know I  
 need it down here.

ROSIE  
 I can't promise anything that's not  
 on the resume.

Brian smirks.

BRIAN (ON COMPUTER)  
 Y'know your resume's the only one  
 that didn't brag about their quote-  
 unquote *Ivy League credentials*.

ROSIE  
 Well I went to College Park. They  
 teach us to be humble.  
 (MORE)

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
That's why I just want to be vice president. Al Gore's sorta my hero.

BRIAN (ON COMPUTER)  
Oh well you can't get much lower than *that*.

They both laugh. So far so good...

BRIAN (ON COMPUTER) (CONT'D)  
So let's avoid the BS. Why should you be my intern?

Rosie freezes. *This* is Brian Meehan?!

BRIAN (ON COMPUTER) (CONT'D)  
Rosie...?

ROSIE  
Oh uh...s-sorry. It's just that it's usually the boss's nephew who does these sorta things, y'know? Nepotism and all.

BRIAN (ON COMPUTER)  
Ha! Well my Uncle's retired, but I'll make sure to tell him I'm doing a good job for him.

Rosie relaxes a little. Crisis averted.

BRIAN (ON COMPUTER) (CONT'D)  
...So?

Rosie ponders about the right thing to say. Fuck it.

ROSIE  
I've applied for hundreds of jobs since graduating. Of those applications, seventy-three have responded. Of those responses, twenty-six have asked for an interview. Of those interviews, zero have offered a job. All I can ask for is an opportunity. In return, well...I'll work my ass off. That I can promise.

BRIAN (ON COMPUTER)  
I know. I can tell.

**INT. D.C. BAR - NIGHT**

Rosie, Mia, and Max in their usual corner. They each have shot glasses of Fireball whiskey. Already a little buzzed.

MIA  
One, two, three!

They all down their shots. Max can't quite handle it.

ROSIE  
Doesn't fireball like...like taste  
like Christmas to you?

MIA  
Do you spend your Christmas's drunk  
or something?

ROSIE  
I'm just saying it's got that  
Christmasy taste to it, y'know?  
Like uh...like, like all cinnamony  
and nostalgic, right?

MAX  
I'm too Jewish to understand any of  
this. L'chaim!

Max goes for a second attempt at the Fireball. He fails miserably, coughing it up.

MIA  
(shakes head)  
Oh Maximillian...

Mia snaps her fingers to the bartender. More Fireball!

MIA (CONT'D)  
I'm happy for you Rosebud, but  
never forget APAB. Can't trust 'em.

ROSIE  
"APAB?" The hell's that?

MIA  
All Politicians are Bastards. APAB.

ROSIE  
Oh c'mon Mia! He's nice. Sorta hot  
too.

MIA  
Well when you put it like *that*!

The Fireballs arrive. Yay -- more alcohol!

MIA (CONT'D)  
So what we drinkin' to?

ROSIE  
Lindsay Lohan!

Mia and Max stare blankly. Um...

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
I just rewatched *Freaky Friday*. Her fashion game was on point. Hall of fame worthy.

MIA  
Huh. As good a reason as any I guess.  
(holds shot glass high)  
To Lindsay Lohan!

ROSIE AND MAX  
To Lindsay Lohan!

They tap glasses and gulp it down.

#### **INT. CONGRESS - HALLWAY - DAY**

Rosie lumbers along one of the long hallways inside Congress. Plaques identify each Congressperson's office.

#### **ON PLAQUE**

A plaque marked **Representative Brian Meehan - Pennsylvania**.

Rosie playfully smacks herself. *Deep breaths*. Here we go...

#### **INT. CONGRESS - BRIAN'S WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

STAFFERS hustle in and out. One of them bumps into Rosie's shoulder, ignoring her as he slides out...douche...

ED MEEHAN (late 20s) sits behind a desk adjacent to the doorway. He looks like he couldn't give less of a shit.

ED  
(going through motions)  
If you want to file a complaint or protest, you have to call in advance.

ROSIE

Hi I'm--

ED

Congressman Meehan is a strong  
advocate for immigrant rights.  
Anything else?

ROSIE

Actually I'm here for the  
internship, but thanks for guessing  
my race. A+! You guessed correctly.

ED

Oh right! The new latina intern.

ROSIE

New. Latina. Intern...

Office activity stops when Brian enters. Staffers fight for  
attention. Pure unadulterated ass kissing. Bleh!

BRIAN

Ed get us some coffee. Rosie and  
I'll be in the office.

ED

But Uncle Bri--!

ROSIE

Ah. The mythical nephew hire. Sad.

#### **INT. CONGRESS - BRIAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

The office is a shrine to Brian's ego -- diplomas, awards,  
pictures. There's no shred of humility.

Rosie copies Brian's diatribes on a notepad.

BRIAN

Ignore the wackjobs and don't  
panic. We have scripts for all  
sorts of things. Just repeat 'em  
and they'll go away.

#### **ON ROSIE'S NOTE PAD**

Rosie writing "Ignore the wackjobs and DON'T PANIC!!!!"

BRIAN (CONT'D)

And Rosie.

Rosie looks up.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I don't want you thinking you're gonna be dishing out coffees all day. If you have an idea for a bill or whatever...just shoot it my way.

ROSIE

Really?

BRIAN

Yeah. I didn't hire you just for your looks y'know.

ROSIE

Uh...

BRIAN

You're an equal here. Work hard and you'll get ahead. That's how I got here.

Rosie smiles, already forgetting Brian's creepy remark.

#### **ON ROSIE'S NOTE PAD**

Rosie writing "President Rosie Vasquez :)"

#### **INT. CONGRESS - BRIAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

RING! RING! Rosie picks up the phone. She's ready.

ROSIE

Good afternoon. Congressman Meehan's off--

An ANGRY CONSTITUENT screeches from the other line.

ANGRY CONSTITUENT (V.O. PHONE)

The American people will not stand for the Hollywood cabal trying to indoctrinate our children by infecting with them with...!

The hell?! Rosie looks at her notepad -- "Ignore the wackjobs and DON'T PANIC!!!" She hangs up. Oof.

RING! RING! Deep breath. Can't be much worse, right?



ROSIE  
Good afternoon. Congressman  
Meehan's office.

ED (V.O. PHONE)  
Hey uh...d-do you wanna go out with  
me sometime?

Rosie looks behind her. It's Ed. Yuck. He waves at her like a fool. She hangs up. It was worse...

RING! RING! Not again!

ROSIE  
(yelling at phone)  
Will you shut up for *one second*?!

Ed cowers.

ED  
Damn. Forget I asked...

*Deep breaths.* Here we go again...

ROSIE  
(somewhat irritated)  
Good afternoon! Congressman  
Meehan's office.

SHEENA (V.O. PHONE)  
What is Representative Meehan's  
position on lowering the costs of  
prescription drugs?

A look of relief washes over Rosie's face. Thank the gods -- a real question! She flips through a pack of scripts.

ROSIE  
(reading script)  
As a staunch advocate for the  
middle class, Representative Meehan  
has dedicated his career to--

SHEENA (V.O. PHONE)  
--standing up to the pharmaceutical  
industry and making sure that every  
American receives the quality  
health care they deserve.

#### **ON DRUG SCRIPT**

The caller finished the script verbatim. Uh...

SHEENA (V.O. PHONE) (CONT'D)  
He had me read that load of crap  
too. Can't believe the schmuck  
still hasn't updated his BS.

Rosie's clearly freaked out. She hangs up in a panic.

**INT. SHEENA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - SAME**

SHEENA KEATON (late 20s) shakes her head as she picks up a leather flogger. She's wearing all-black latex.

SHEENA  
(whips flogger)  
Politicians and their damn intern  
fetish...

**INT. CONGRESS - BRIAN'S WAITING ROOM - SAME**

RING! RING! Oh for fuck's sake! Rosie groans and buries herself in her arms...

**INT. APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - NIGHT**

The door swings open. Rosie slogs inside. She looks like hell. Thank god it's not picture day.

**INT. APARTMENT - ROSIE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Rosie sleepwalks to bed, stops for a beat, then flops face first into the mattress. Just one of those days...

SLAM! Footsteps scurry to Rosie's room. Mia opens the door, wearing nursing scrubs.

MIA  
I swear if they don't get some good  
food in the cafeteria we're gonna  
call a strike. They've had the same  
damn mac and cheese sitting there  
for--

Rosie GROANS into the cushion.

MIA (CONT'D)  
No need to say anymore. I'm no  
doctor, but even I can diagnose  
'let me go to effing sleep'  
disease. Night, Rosebud.

ROSIE  
(muffled)  
Night Mama Mia.

Mia exits as Rosie slumbers to sleep...

**INT. APARTMENT - ROSIE'S ROOM - MORNING**

Rosie mumbling in her sleep.

ROSIE  
Good morning...Congressman Meehan's  
office...good morn--

Mia SPLASHES a bucket of water on to Rosie.

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
(shrieks)  
Good morning! Congressman Meehan's  
office!

MIA  
Good morning to you too...

Rosie exhales. Damn!

MIA (CONT'D)  
(claps)  
That's it! We're going out tonight.  
We need you for Quizzo anyway.

ROSIE  
I don't deserve you.

MIA  
Few do, but you come close enough I  
guess.

ROSIE  
Aw...love ya too.

MIA  
Quick! What was the title of  
Britney Spears' second album?

ROSIE  
*Oops!... I Did It Again.* Don't  
patronize me now.

MIA  
Arrogance like that ensures  
victory. Muhahaha!

Rosie joins in with the evil laughter.

**INT. CONGRESS - BRIAN'S WAITING ROOM - DAY**

RING! Here we go. Rosie wiggles her hand over the phone like she's in an Old West shootout. Move over Clint Eastwood.

ROSIE  
Good afternoon? Congressman  
Meehan's office...?

FRIENDLY CONSTITUENT (V.O. PHONE)  
Hello! I'm curious about  
Representative Meehan's position on  
the minimum wage?

Rosie relaxes -- this guy sounds nice! She scours for the right script.

ROSIE  
(reading script)  
Uh...Congressman Meehan has always  
been a strong advocate for the  
working class. During his time in  
Congress, he's voted in support of  
raising the minimum wage and will  
continue to fight for this just  
cause until it's passed.

FRIENDLY CONSTITUENT (V.O. PHONE)  
That's great to hear! Tell him he  
has my full support!

ROSIE  
Will do, sir!

Click. Rosie beams -- well that was an improvement!

RING! Go time. Rosie swipes the phone without fear. Bring your worst!

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
Good afternoon! Congressman  
Meehan's office.

SHEENA (V.O. PHONE)  
What is Representative Meehan's  
position on climate change?

Oh shit. *Her again?* Rosie panics.

**INT. SHEENA'S HOUSE - LIVING AREA - DAY**

Sheena in her pajamas watching TV. Her phone's on speaker as she twirls her long, blonde hair. No black latex this time.

SHEENA  
...uh hello? As a lifelong  
constituent, I think I deserve at  
least a *response*...

**INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION**

Rosie looks back at Ed. He's oblivious of course. She whispers into the phone anyway.

ROSIE  
What do you want?

SHEENA  
An answer to the question would be  
nice.

Rosie doesn't know what to do. In desperation, she flips to the scripts.

ROSIE  
A-As a staunch advocate for--

SHEENA  
Oh god. Do all of his answers start  
with...  
(mocking voice)  
..."as a staunch advocate blah,  
blah, blah, bullshit, bullshit,  
bullshit, blah, blah, blah."

Rosie looks to Ed -- still oblivious. Gripping the phone, she rushes out to the hallway.

**INT. CONGRESS - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Rosie's striding -- her attention fully on Sheena.

ROSIE  
Can't you waste your rants on  
Facebook like every other nutjob in  
this country?

Sheena casually eating from a bowl of popcorn.

SHEENA

Hey "nutjob's" one thing, but  
Facebook user's a bridge too far!

ROSIE

Ha ha. Maybe you should spend more  
time researching his positions  
instead of calling me?

SHEENA

Research? I don't need to research  
to know BS. When I was the intern,  
he had me set meetings with every  
lobbyist east of the Mississippi.  
(beat)

When I wasn't fetching coffees for  
him of course...

ROSIE

Hey I'm no one's coffee girl!

SHEENA

Must be early days for you, huh? He  
still promising a life of beltway  
glory?

Rosie fidgets in irritation. Who the hell is *she*?

ROSIE

W-well if you know everything,  
maybe you should run against him?!

WHAM! Rosie tumbles to the floor as she turns the corner.

SHEENA

Congresswoman Sheena Keaton...?

Sheena ponders.

SHEENA (CONT'D)

(shrugs)  
I can see it.

Rosie on the floor. She looks up. Oh shit...it's Brian!

BRIAN

Run against who?

ROSIE

Oh uh-uh...

Rosie grabs the phone and disconnects.

**INT. SHEENA'S HOUSE - LIVING AREA - SAME**

Sheena looks at her phone -- disconnected.

**INT. CONGRESS - HALLWAY - SAME**

ROSIE

Uh...uh...my friend! Yeah. My friend Max is in uh...uh...a race! So he's uh...gonna run...in that race. Yeah.

BRIAN

Uh huh...  
(beat)  
Well good luck to him.

Brian continues to his office.

Whew -- well that was a close one! Rosie picks herself up...just as Brian turns back.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Oh by the way, I'm gonna need your help at a party I'm throwing tonight.

ROSIE

Tonight?

BRIAN

If it's no trouble of course.

ROSIE

Well uh--

BRIAN

Great! You're gonna meet a lot of important people. Big first step for you.

Brian continues. Rosie just stands there. Oy.

**INT. QUIZZO BAR - NIGHT**

Quizzo -- the only trivia competition best done drunk.

Mia and Max at a booth. A phone's on the table -- Rosie on Facetime. Gotta love modern technology.

QUIZZO HOST  
Who starred as Sharpay Evans in the  
Disney Original Movie, *High School  
Musical*?

MAX  
Oh shit! Disney's your field.

**INT. BRIAN'S MANSION - BATHROOM - SAME**

Rosie huddled in the bathtub. We hear the muffled sounds of a party -- think more cocktails than ecstasy.

ROSIE  
Oh, oh! Ashley Tisdale! C'mon,  
that's a freakin' layup.

**INTERCUT -- FACETIME CONVERSATION**

Mia jots "Ashley Tisdale" on a dry erase board.

MIA  
You and your damn Disney  
Originals...

ROSIE  
Your goddamn right me and my "damn  
Disney Originals!" It's grade-A  
cinema.

MAX  
I don't know...I kinda liked *Camp  
Rock*.

Mia gives him a look like she's saying "really?!" Max shrugs.

QUIZZO HOST  
Alright answers up!

Everyone throws up their boards. Some right, some wrong.

QUIZZO HOST (CONT'D)  
Ashley Tisdale is the correct  
answer!

ROSIE  
Woo! Disney's my shit, bitch!

**INT. BRIAN'S MANSION - HALLWAY - SAME**

A confused partygoer recoils from Rosie's "celebration."



**INT. BRIAN'S MANSION - BATHROOM - SAME**

KNOCK. Rosie looks to the door. Shit.

ROSIE  
Ah shit. Gotta go guys.

**INTERCUT -- FACETIME CONVERSATION**

MIA  
You telling me I gotta depend on  
Max to carry us through?

MAX  
Hey! When have I ever failed you  
before?

MIA  
(shakes head)  
Oh Maximillian...

Another KNOCK. Rosie tip toes out of the tub, holding a  
pitcher of water.

ROSIE  
You guys better win this for me.

MAX  
Of course! We're like Bonnie and  
Clyde the two of us!

MIA  
Didn't they end up dead in the  
middle of Bumblefuck?

Max shrugs.

Rosie smirks as she disconnects. She opens the door. The same  
confused partygoer from outside eyes her cautiously...

ROSIE  
...What? I like Disney Originals.  
Sue me!

CONFUSED PARTY GUY  
I run the largest personal injury  
law firm in Northern Virginia.

ROSIE  
On second thought, don't sue me.

**INT. BRIAN'S MANSION - SERVING AREA - NIGHT**

Black tie affair. This is the type of party with caviar and cocktails. DC's most powerful.

Rosie waddles through the party, pouring drinks for one guest to the next. So much for "I'm no one's coffee girl..."

BRIAN (O.S.)

Hey Rosie!

Rosie turns around. It's Brian. He waves for her to come over. Towering over him is his father, FRANK MEEHAN (60s) -- commanding in stature and personality.

Rosie trudges to the two Meehans.

FRANK

So this is the new intern, huh?

Frank extends a cup. Rosie starts filling.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Not bad, Bri. Wish she was around when I was in Congress.

Frank grins. Brian laughs, indulging his father -- Ha ha! Sexism! Rosie responds with the death stare. These motherfuckers...

BRIAN

Rosie, this is my father, Frank Meehan.

FRANK

Oh now he starts respecting me. Only took 'em forty-five years.

Frank laughs. Brian follows -- a real Daddy's boy.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Y'know you're already a better intern than he ever was. He spent most of his time getting high in the Speaker's office.

BRIAN

Hey!

FRANK

Well it's true, no?

ROSIE

You interned for your Dad?

FRANK

God knows no one else would hire  
Mr. 2.5 GPA.

BRIAN

Like GPA means anything.

More obnoxious laughter. Nepotism's a real bitch. Fuck. Rosie watches in contempt.

**INT. APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - NIGHT**

Hair frizzed. Makeup running low. Rosie slumbers inside. What a long, fucking night.

She spots an oversized t-shirt lying on the couch. She picks it up. Hmm...did Mia bring a guy over?

MIA (O.S.)

We came in third. All they had were  
these big ass t-shirts. The price  
for winning bronze I guess.

ROSIE

It's perfect.

MIA

First place got you free drinks so  
next time you're comin' with.

ROSIE

Of course! Like I'd miss getting  
drunk for free with you.

MIA

That's a promise, Rosebud.

They smile.

**INT. APARTMENT - ROSIE'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Rosie in bed -- staring blankly at the ceiling. She's wearing the oversized t-shirt. Beat.

ROSIE

Coffee girl my ass!

She jumps up and sprints to the desk, opening her laptop. No fucks left to give.

**ON COMPUTER SCREEN**

A policy report on prescription drug reform.

**QUICK MONTAGE:**

1.) Rosie reading through the report. She jots notes down in her notepad.

2.) Rosie opens a word doc. She starts typing. The long night's getting longer.

3.) Twilight. Rosie types and types and types...and finally stops!

4.) Morning. Pages upon pages shoot out of a printer. Damn.

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
Coffee girl my ass.

The pages pile up...

**INT. CONGRESS - HALLWAY - DAY**

Steely-eyed. Gripping the bill. Rosie's on a fucking mission.

**INT. CONGRESS - BRIAN'S WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Rosie makes a rush for Brian's office.

ED  
Hey can you get me a cappuci--

ROSIE  
(blunt)  
Fuck off.

ED  
Huh?

**INT. CONGRESS - BRIAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Rosie storms in.

ROSIE  
Did you know more than nine-in-ten  
voters believe prescription drug  
prices are too high?

No response. Brian's uh...well...sleeping. Taxpayer's money hard at work. Rosie stares at him in disbelief.

Rosie SLAMS the report on the desk! Brian jumps up from his "break."

BRIAN

I-I plead the fifth!

(spots Rosie)

Oh. Uh...hey. Pretty fun last night, right?

ROSIE

No. But did you know more than nine-in-ten voters believe drug prices are too high?

BRIAN

What?

ROSIE

So let's do something about it.

Rosie gestures to the report. Brian picks it up.

BRIAN

What's this?

ROSIE

Oh y'know. A policy report. Legislation. The things we're supposed to be working on.

BRIAN

Uh...

ROSIE

You asked for my help. Well there it is.

Brian skims through it. It's like he's never seen one before.

BRIAN

This is...a lot.

ROSIE

Well it takes work to do work.

BRIAN

Hmm...I tell you what. I got a townhall up in Philly this weekend. I'll read it over, jot some notes, and we'll work on it next week.

ROSIE  
You serious?

BRIAN  
What? You think they pay me to do  
nothing? C'mon it'll be fun!

ROSIE  
(cautiously)  
...Alright.

Here's to hoping.

**INT. CONGRESS - BRIAN'S WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Rosie walks out of Brian's office, closing the door.

ED  
About that cappuci--

ROSIE  
The "fuck off" still applies,  
Edward.

Ed stares into the distance. Blank stare for a blank man.

RING! It never stops. Rosie picks up the phone.

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
Good afternoon. Congressman  
Meehan's office.

SHEENA (V.O. PHONE)  
Hey.

ROSIE  
You again, huh? Beginning to think  
you got a crush on me.

**INT. SEX SHOP - SAME**

Sheena looking through...well...sex toys. Whips, dildos, etc.

**INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION**

SHEENA  
Well I always had a thing for girls  
who yell at me over the phone.

ROSIE  
Guess I'm off to a good start then.

SHEENA

Guess so.

ROSIE

You want me to read the script or do you wanna skip to the yelling part? I'm good with foreplay if you wanna start slow.

SHEENA

Ha! Well, no. I just wanna say...sorry. You shouldn't be blamed for someone else's dickery.

ROSIE

Oh. Well thanks I guess. Although you guessed right on the coffee girl thing.

Sheena strangles a dildo in anger. Thank god it ain't real.

SHEENA

That dick!

A guy stares at Sheena -- more than a little scared.

ROSIE

No, no! Everything's settled I think.

SHEENA

Ah. Well I promise I'll limit my rants in person. Doesn't really hit quite as hard when you're yelling over the phone to the intern.

ROSIE

Well if it makes you feel better, your rants were always my favorite.

SHEENA

Aww! Hey maybe I'll call once in a blue moon? You know. For nostalgia's sake.

ROSIE

Oh looking forward to it...

SHEENA

So um-uh...hope your life goes amazing, blah, blah, blah. You know the deal.

ROSIE  
Yeah, yeah. You too.

SHEENA  
See ya intern.

ROSIE  
See ya crazy phone person.

They disconnect. Sheena looks at the dildo.

SHEENA  
Am I crazy?

The dildo doesn't respond.

SHEENA (CONT'D)  
That's what I thought.

**EXT. QUIZZO BAR - DAY**

Rosie dances her way to the bar entrance as Mia and Max follow behind.

MIA  
Save the dancing for after we win.  
You're gonna jinx it.

Rosie keeps up the goofiness. She starts humming "Pink Champagne" by Ariana Grande.

MAX  
The hell you doing?

MIA  
She always gets into an old-school  
Ari mood when she's happy.

Rosie grabs Mia and forces her to join in on the dancing.

ROSIE  
*Lemme hear you say, ooh, ooh. Can't  
keep it bottled up...*

Mia can't help it. She loves Ari too. Max is visibly disturbed by his two friends.

ROSIE AND MIA (CONT'D)  
*...Make it pop, like pink champagne  
in the purple rain! We're gonna  
paint, paint, paint the city! We're  
gonna show off all our pretty.  
Pretty, in a pink champagne.  
(MORE)*



ROSIE AND MIA (CONT'D)  
*Let 'em know our names! Screaming  
 so loud, they'll hear us in L.A.--*

Rosie's phone BUZZES. It's Brian. Shit.

MIA (CONT'D)  
*--We're popping, like pink  
 champagne. Aye, aye!*

ROSIE  
 Oh shit. Pause the karaoke there  
 for a sec.

Rosie wanders to a quieter area.

MIA  
 C'mon Max, join in! Ariana loves  
 you too.

MAX  
 Uh...

#### **EXT. D.C. STREET - DAY**

Rosie answers.

ROSIE  
 Hello?

BRIAN (V.O. PHONE)  
 Hey Rosie! Gonna need you up in  
 Philly tonight. Kind of an  
 emergency.

Are you fucking serious?

ROSIE  
 ...What?

BRIAN (V.O. PHONE)  
 Don't ask questions. Please. Got no  
 time for that. Just get here by  
 8:30. I'll text the details. See ya  
 there!

*Click!* Oh he's fucking serious! Rosie glances at Mia. She's  
 still singing. Goddamnit. Rosie starts dialing an Uber.

#### **EXT. QUIZZO BAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Rosie lumbers back to Mia and Max.

MIA  
Thank god! Mr. Cohen over here's  
too shy for a duet.  
(back to singing)  
*Make it pop, like pink champa--*

ROSIE  
I gotta go.

MIA  
Oh c'mon! My singing ain't that  
bad.

Max "coughs." Mia lightly pushes him.

MAX  
Ow!

MIA  
I barely touched you!

ROSIE  
No I mean like I gotta go. Like  
really gotta go. Like get to Philly  
in four hours or I think my ass is  
fired gotta go.

MAX  
Seriously? What kinda asshole is  
this guy?

MIA  
The APAB kind it seems.

The Uber arrives.

ROSIE  
Mia, please. I'm trying to start a  
career here.

Rosie jumps inside.

MIA  
It ain't worth it if you're  
miserable and treated like shit.  
Ask my Dad.

Rosie ignores her as the Uber drives off...

**INT. BUS STATION - AFTERNOON**

Rosie running to the front desk. Huffing and puffing.

ROSIE  
Are there...anymore...busses...to  
Phila...delphia...today?

BUS CLERK  
Uh...

Somehow Rosie finds renewed energy and starts SCREAMING.

ROSIE  
Are there anymore damn busses to  
Philadelphia today?!

Everyone stops to look at her. Uh oh. Was that too loud?

BUS CLERK  
(terrified)  
...Y-Y-Yes!

ROSIE  
(innocent)  
I'll um...have one ticket, please.

The clerk hands her a ticket. He's scared shitless.

Rosie looks around -- a little embarrassed.

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
Uh...thanks...

Rosie runs off!

#### **EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

The bus rolls along I-95. It passes the skylines of Baltimore, Wilmington, and finally Philadelphia.

#### **EXT. PHILLY BUS TERMINAL - NIGHT**

And...she's off! Rosie runs out of the bus.

#### **EXT. PHILLY STREET - NIGHT**

Rosie jogs. She checks her phone. 8:23. Her jogging turns to running.

#### **EXT. UNIVERSITY - NIGHT**

Rosie sprinting at full speed. She squeezes her way through a crowd and into a large college building.

**INT. UNIVERSITY - AUDITORIUM - MOMENTS LATER**

A rather dreary showing -- just a few dozen scattered throughout. Rosie checks the time. 8:31. Close enough, right?

Brian pacing in the front of the room -- looking irritated. Rosie scrambles to him.

BRIAN  
Jesus. Late much?

ROSIE  
It's--

BRIAN  
Late is late. Forget the excuses. I need you on microphone duties.

Um...what?

ROSIE  
...Microphone duties?

BRIAN  
Yeah. You believe this school  
cheaped out on getting a mic guy?

Rosie's face says it all -- unpaid for this shit?

**INT. UNIVERSITY - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT**

Brian in politician mode. He's a natural born bullshitter.

BRIAN  
...to be honest working in Congress  
isn't very fun!

The audience laughs. Ha ha ha...fools.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
But I'm there every day 'cause I  
work for you. And I'll never stop  
fighting for the city I love.

Applause. They're eating his shit up. He revels in the glory. Rosie cringes.

**INT. UNIVERSITY - AUDITORIUM - MOMENTS LATER**

A man raises his arm. Of course he's in the middle. Rosie trips attempting to step over someone's legs. *Silence...*

Faceplanted on the floor, Rosie extends the microphone to the man. He grabs it without much worry for her.

TOWNHALL MAN

Um-uh...what is your favorite amendment?

Still on the floor, Rosie silently mouths "what the fuck?"

BRIAN

Wow. What a great question. There's so many good ones, it's hard to pick just one.

Rosie cringes in disgust. She knows he's full of shit.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

...But if I had to pick, I'd go with numero uno. I mean without free speech, how could I hear all these great questions?

Applause. Seriously? Rosie silently mouths "bullshit."

On to the next one. Rosie spots a woman with her arm raised. It's Sheena. She's incognito -- wearing sunglasses and a Batman hat. Rosie grumbles and trudges her way to the back.

SHEENA

(swipes microphone)

What is your position on lowering the costs of prescription drugs?

That voice. That question. Rosie's face says it all.

BRIAN

As a staunch advocate for the middle class, I have dedicated my--

SHEENA

--career standing up to the yada, yada, yada. Same old, same old Brian.

Sheena thrusts the microphone back to Rosie and storms out. Awkward beat.

BRIAN

No more questions. Thank you for a wonderful evening.

**INT. UNIVERSITY - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT**

Everyone's gone but Rosie and Brian. Brian paces back and forth -- Rosie watching in contempt.

BRIAN  
I shoulda known she'd show up. When  
I said "ignore the wackjobs", I  
meant people like her.

ROSIE  
D'you ever read my report?

Brian looks lost. Sounds like a "no."

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
...nevermind.

Yep. That's a "no."

**INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT**

Rosie slogs herself to the elevators. Waiting with her is LARRY SCHECK (40s) and a little chubby. *Ding*. They go in.

**INT. HOTEL - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS**

LARRY  
Floor?

ROSIE  
Six.

LARRY  
Same.

**INT. HOTEL - FLOOR SIX - NIGHT**

Larry gently knocks on Room 606. Rosie unlocks Room 605. Just as she's about to go in, 606 swings open...

SHEENA (O.S.)  
Took ya long enough. Jesus, Lar.

Rosie turns around. It's Sheena -- back in black latex. Rosie blushes a bit.

ROSIE  
Y-You..

SHEENA

Oh shit! The intern! *The* intern!  
He's a dick, right?

ROSIE

Don't insult dicks. At least some  
of them provide pleasure.

SHEENA

On occasion I suppose...right, Lar?

Larry shrugs.

SHEENA (CONT'D)

Well 'least you realized it early.

ROSIE

Even early's too late for him.

SHEENA

I know. I wasted a year workin' for  
the schmuck.

ROSIE

(depressed)

Oh god I don't know if I can  
survive a year.

SHEENA

Just quit. Trust me. Ain't worth  
his shit. I'm Sheena by the way.

ROSIE

Oh-uh...Rosie.

LARRY

I'm Larry.

SHEENA

No one asked Lar! Now get the hell  
inside before I send you back  
downstairs!

Larry obliges and deflates inside Sheena's room.

SHEENA (CONT'D)

He likes it when I insult him. Sort  
of a dom-sub thing, y'know?

ROSIE

...I take it that makes you the  
dom?

SHEENA  
For him at least. I can play both.

Larry waves a bundle of cash inside. The door's still open.

LARRY  
Hey should I put this on the  
counter?

SHEENA  
(turns to him)  
Shut the hell up Larry! Talk when I  
tell you to talk!  
(to Rosie)  
It's fun being a dom.

Rosie blushes.

SHEENA (CONT'D)  
Gotta go to work now. But knowing  
him, this shouldn't take too  
long...  
(looks to Larry)  
Right Lar?

LARRY (O.S.)  
As always, Sheena!

SHEENA  
See ya Rosie.

Sheena winks and closes the door. Rosie looks on, a little shocked. She shakes her head and turns for her room...

#### **INT. HOTEL - ROOM 605 - CONTINUOUS**

Rosie lumbers to bed, flopping backwards. She closes her eyes. Relaxation. Finally. Enjoy it while it lasts.

She opens her eyes. An idea's forming. Fuck it. She rushes for the door.

#### **INT. HOTEL - FLOOR SIX - CONTINUOUS**

Rosie *repeatedly knocks* on Room 606.

SHEENA (O.S.)  
Quit your simping and let me answer  
the damn door!

Rosie backs off. Sheena answers.



ROSIE  
Run against him.

SHEENA  
This line again, huh...

ROSIE  
No, for real this time. Run against him.

Sheena looks back inside 606.

**INT. HOTEL - ROOM 606 - SAME**

Larry handcuffed on the bed.

**INT. HOTEL - FLOOR SIX - SAME**

Rosie takes a peek inside.

ROSIE  
Damn!

LARRY  
Hi again, Rosie.

SHEENA  
Uh...gimme like five minutes.

ROSIE  
Five?

Sheena shrugs and closes the door. Rosie sits down against the wall. God knows what's going on in that room...

**INT. HOTEL - FLOOR SIX - MOMENTS LATER**

Rosie still sitting...the door swings open. Rosie jumps up as Sheena and Larry exit. All professionally-dressed.

SHEENA  
Any stocks I should pay attention to, Lar?

LARRY  
Clean Theory Tech. CTT. It's a good company.

SHEENA  
C-T-T. Got it. See ya next week.

LARRY  
As always. Nice meeting you Rosie.

ROSIE  
Uh...yeah. You too, Larry...

Rosie waits for Larry to leave.

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
That sounded intense.

SHEENA  
Ever since I watched *When Harry Met Sally*, my fake orgasms have intensified ten-fold.

ROSIE  
Huh. Thank god for Meg Ryan I guess. So uh...my room or yours?

SHEENA  
Well my room's a little mess--

ROSIE  
My room it is.

SHEENA  
(nods)  
Good choice.

# **INT. HOTEL - ROOM 605 - NIGHT**

Sheena lying on the bed while Rosie paces in front -- a little manic. Revenge will do that to a girl.

ROSIE  
This asshole's on the fast track to the White House if we don't stop him.

SHEENA  
Of course. He's been groomed by Daddy ever since he spoke his first lie.

ROSIE  
Ugh...

SHEENA  
Two Meehans. Two bullshitters. Gotta love nepotism.

ROSIE  
So let's do this.

SHEENA  
Usually when people say "let's do this?" to me, they're trying to get me to do anal...not run for Congress.

ROSIE  
Revenge is better than anal.

SHEENA  
Bold claim, Rosie.

Sheena picks herself up, standing on the bed.

SHEENA (CONT'D)  
If we do this, we do it with no bullshitting, no asskissing. I ain't stooping to Meehan's level.

Rosie hops on next to her. Arm extended.

ROSIE  
No bullshitting, no asskissing.

Sheena thinks for a beat.

SHEENA  
You're one crazy bitch, Rosie.

Sheena claps Rosie's hand. And here they go...

**INT. HOTEL - ROOM 605 - MORNING**

Rosie and Sheena lying next to each other in bed. They've been up all night...they look like it too.

SHEENA  
Run it by me again.

ROSIE  
All we need is a thousand signatures to get on the ballot.

SHEENA  
Then?

ROSIE  
Then we need to overcome a massive political machine and beat a family dynasty.

SHEENA  
That's it? Easy peasy.

ROSIE  
Yeah...

Rosie picks herself up, grabbing a pillow. She starts beating it like it's hanging meat in a Rocky movie.

Sheena eyes her worriedly. Uh...

SHEENA  
The hell the pillow ever do to you?

ROSIE  
I'm imagining...  
(slams pillow)  
it's that douchebag boss of mine.

SHEENA  
Oooh good idea. Hold on a sec.

Sheena jumps out of bed and races to the door. She exits.

A few moments later, she reemerges, holding a leather flogger. She takes a pillow and starts whipping it.

SHEENA (CONT'D)  
Take it like a man, you worthless,  
lazy-ass scumbag!

The two girls continue their beatings...

#### **INT. HOTEL - ROOM 505 - SAME**

The floor below. A worried PRIEST looks up at the ceiling, terrified.

SHEENA (O.S.)  
Take it like a man!

ROSIE (O.S.)  
You worthless, little bitch!

The priest starts praying in Spanish, making the sign of the cross. *Jesus.*

#### **INT. HOTEL - ROOM 605 - LATER**

Rosie and Sheena flopped on the bed -- exhausted. What a pillow fight!

SHEENA

That was intense. Real seventh grade slumber party vibes.

ROSIE

Yeah...

(beat)

Hey-uh...what made you finally leave Meehan?

SHEENA

Well. I went to college for this sorta thing, y'know? I was excited at first, but...

ROSIE

But what?

SHEENA

Well being a State Rep wasn't big enough for the schmuck. He wanted to follow Daddy's footsteps into Congress. He wanted the endorsements, the money. And the only way to do that in this business is to kiss ass. I didn't want to spend my life kissing the ass of an asskisser so I quit. Plus he was a creep.

ROSIE

...You're right.

SHEENA

'Bout what?

ROSIE

He is a schmuck.

They both crack up. Yes. He. Is.

**EXT. PHILLY BUS TERMINAL - DAY**

Rosie and Sheena drift with a line as people hop inside the bus. Sheena's shivering. She's wearing her Batman hat.

SHEENA

Damn it's freezing.

ROSIE

Get used to it. We're gonna be canvassing like hell next weekend.

SHEENA

You got it all planned out, don't ya?

ROSIE

What can I say? When I'm out for revenge, I take life by the balls...

(curls up fist)  
and *crush* it.

SHEENA

(playful)

Damn. You'd make a good dom.

Rosie blushes as she steps onto the bus. Sheena grabs her arm.

SHEENA (CONT'D)

Hey.

Rosie looks back.

SHEENA (CONT'D)

Don't let him humiliate you. He doesn't deserve the satisfaction. No boss does.

(winks)

Plus I'm the one who humiliates. Just ask Larry.

Rosie winks back. They smile.

# **INT. TEPEPAS RESTAURANT - DINING AREA - NIGHT**

Rosie, Mia, and Max lying on the floor. Together they make a circle. One waitress, one busboy, one nurse. Three friends.

MAX

So you're a half-waitress, half-intern, and now you're running a sex worker's political campaign...that's one hell of a resume.

MIA

More political spy than intern. Give her credit at least.

ROSIE

Yeah, yeah. Let's go with "spy." Sounds more badass. Secret agent...*Rosie Vasquez*.

MIA  
That is badass.

ROSIE  
I know, right?

MAX  
I gotta update my resume. I still  
got 'babysitting' on there.

MIA  
Being babysat at sixteen doesn't  
count as workplace experience, Max.

MAX  
Ha. Ha. Ha. Funny, *funny* Mia.

Rosie smirks -- thank god for friends.

ROSIE  
So you guys in?

MAX  
Like you need to ask!

MIA  
Of course! Well...on one condition.

"One condition?" Uh oh...

ROSIE  
Oh this sounds devious.

Mia gives off a devilish smirk.

#### **INT. QUIZZO BAR - NIGHT**

Quizzo. The heat of battle. Our three heroes in their  
fortress of solitude -- a booth, drinking of course.

QUIZZO HOST  
(into microphone)  
Name the three cartoon elves best  
known as mascots for Rice Krispies  
cereal.

MAX  
Snap, Crackle, and Pop. C'mon!  
Gimme a challenge at least.

Rosie jots "Snap, Crackle, and Pop" onto the whiteboard.

MIA  
History you know jack of all shit,  
but cereal you're Albert *effing*  
Einstein?

ROSIE  
To be fair, breakfast is the most  
important meal of the day.

MAX  
Exactly. Don't go disrespecting  
cereal.

QUIZZO HOST  
Answers up!

Rosie whips the whiteboard up in the air.

QUIZZO HOST (CONT'D)  
And the answer is...Tony the Tiger!

MAX (O.S.)  
Like hell it is!

QUIZZO HOST  
Just kidding! It's Snap, Crackle,  
and Pop.

MAX  
See?

MIA  
Oh Maximillian...

#### **QUICK MONTAGE:**

A variety of odd-ball answers etched on the whiteboard:

- 1.) Chicago Bulls
- 2.) Battle of Midway
- 3.) 1968
- 4.) Annexation of Puerto Rico
- 5.) Toucan Sam -- Max looks so proud of himself. Mia shakes her head in disbelief...



**INT. QUIZZO BAR - NIGHT**

Rosie stares into the eyes of your typical, obnoxious FRAT BOY. His Delta Omega-whatever comrades huddle behind him.

QUIZZO HOST

Sudden death! Which famed character actor portrayed the supervillain, The Riddler, in the 1966 TV adaptation of Batman?

Oh shit. Both Rosie and the frat boy look lost as hell.

ROSIE

Uh...uh...

FRAT BOY

Batman's that old?

QUIZZO HOST

Ten seconds.

MIA

C'mon Rosebud!

ROSIE

Shit!

QUIZZO HOST

Times up! In the case of a tie, both players are allowed to phone a friend. The first to get the correct answer wins. Go!

The frat boy starts dialing.

MIA

C'mon Rosebud! Free drinks are at stake!

ROSIE

Shit, shit, shit. Uh...

**EXT. PHILLY BUS TERMINAL (QUICK FLASH)**

The same scene as before with Rosie and Sheena. Sheena wears her Batman hat loud and proud.

**INT. QUIZZO BAR (PRESENT)**

Fuck it. Rosie starts dialing...

**INT. GYM - SAME**

Sheena on a treadmill. Her phone BUZZES -- she answers.

SHEENA  
Yo Rosie. What's--

**INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION**

ROSIE  
Who played The Riddler in the 1966  
version of Batman?

SHEENA  
Frank Gorshin.

ROSIE  
Frank Gorshin!

QUIZZO HOST  
Frank Gorshin's correct!

Rosie, Mia, and Max go wild! Sheena hears all of this from her phone -- the hell they screaming about...?

SHEENA  
Uh...yeah! Frank Gorshin!

A fellow treadmill RUNNER eyes Sheena cautiously. Yikes.

SHEENA (CONT'D)  
Got something to say?

**INT. QUIZZO BAR - NIGHT**

Things have settled down quite a bit. Rosie and the gang are at their booth -- this time drunk as hell.

MIA  
Goddamn I love free alcohol. How  
the hell else am I gonna  
rationalize bad sex?

MAX  
Hey don't go disrespecting "bad  
sex!" I take that personally.

ROSIE  
Yeah, yeah! Who needs a trophy when  
you got--

Rosie hiccups.

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
 --free drinks and bad drunk sex?  
 (raises glass)  
 To Sheena, Frank Gorshin and bad  
 drunk sex!

MIA AND MAX  
 To Sheena, Frank Gorshin, and bad  
 drunk sex!

**INT. GYM - SAME**

Sheena still on the treadmill. Sober as a nun.

SHEENA  
 Well I guess there's worse things  
 to drink to.

**INTERCUT -- FACETIME CONVERSATION**

They all down their shots.

MIA  
 First Quizzo, next the White House!

SHEENA  
 Woah! Despite my reputation as  
 such, I ain't no masochist. Let's  
 focus on beating the schmuck first.

MIA  
 (salutes)  
 Sir yes ma'am!

ROSIE  
 Oooh "*beating the schmuck!*" That  
 sounds more like sadism.  
 (raises glass)  
 To beating the schmuck and sadism!

MIA AND MAX  
 To beating the schmuck and sadism!

SHEENA  
 Uh...sure. I can imagine getting  
 drunk to that.  
 (raises imaginary glass)  
 To beating the schmuck and sadism!

The runner from earlier peers over at Sheena.

SHEENA (CONT'D)  
 Who you, the Virgin Mary? I'd like  
 to see your Pornhub history.

RUNNER  
 It's a lot of MILFs.

SHEENA  
 Well as a future MILF myself, I  
 appreciate the support.

MAX  
 MILFs helped me through middle  
 school. Those were tough years man.

ROSIE  
*"Tough years?"* Maxey, you were  
 thirteen beating your dick. It  
 wasn't Vietnam.

Max shrugs.

MIA  
 How the hell d'you convince anyone  
 to sleep with you?

MAX  
 Oh y'know Mia...  
 (winks at Mia)  
 just my natural charm.

Mia blushes and cringes at the same time. She looks over to  
 Rosie and twirls her finger in a circle, making the "cuckoo"  
 sign.

Rosie mimics Mia and nods, smiling all the way.

#### **INT. CONGRESS - BRIAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Brian gazes into an imaginary crowd. He looks so proud of  
 himself -- playing 'make-believe' with Ed.

BRIAN  
 --do solemnly swear.

ED  
 That I will faithfully execute.

BRIAN  
 That I will faithfully execute.

ED

The office of President of the  
United States.

BRIAN

The office...  
(starts crying)  
*of President of the United States.*

ED

And will to the best of my ability.

BRIAN

(still crying)  
And will...to the best of  
my...ability.

ED

Preserve, protect and defend.

BRIAN

Preserve...protect...and defend.

ED

The Constitution of the United  
States.

BRIAN

The-The Constitution...  
(breaking down)  
of the U-U-United States.

ED

So help you God.

BRIAN

So help me...  
(wipes tears)  
God.

ED

(starts clapping)  
Congratulations Mr. President!

BRIAN

I did it. I did it, Dad!

Rosie watches from the corner, holding a cup of coffee. What  
the fuck...

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(snaps fingers)  
Coffee time.

Rosie obliges. Brian waves his hand, expecting more.

ROSIE  
Um...yes sir.

Brian clears his throat -- "yes sir" ain't enough.

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
...Mr. President.

Ed claps. Brian revels in faux glory. Rosie cringes. Oy vey.

**EXT. SHEENA'S HOUSE - SIDEWALK - DAY**

Rosie, Mia, and Max schlepping boxes stocked with signs, pamphlets, etc. They stop in front of Sheena's garage.

**ON GARAGE DOOR**

Taped against the garage door is a PIECE OF PAPER. It reads "Sheena Keaton for Congress HQ :)"

MAX  
Well she's got good handwriting.  
Already more qualifications than  
most of Congress.

Rosie gives a *deep breath*. She sets her boxes down and knocks on the garage. It opens.

**EXT./INT. SHEENA'S HOUSE - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS**

The garage is packed. A few dozen. Mostly women, but a scattering of guys too. A very chatty group -- all friends.

*FWEEP!* Sheena whistles, commanding from the hood of a worn-out car. Everyone looks up.

SHEENA  
Alright, alright. Settle down you degenerates.

HUNKY GUY  
"Degenerates?" You're the biggest one here!

SHEENA  
(provocatively, winks)  
Well you're one to talk.

Plenty of playful "oohs and ahs." Sheena's got the whole room transfixed -- Rosie especially. It's the *IT FACTOR*.

SHEENA (CONT'D)  
Now some of youse wanna call me  
crazy for doing this.

GRREN HAIREG GIRL  
That's 'cause you are!

SHEENA  
(winks)  
I never said I wasn't.

Sheena's friends whistle and holler some more -- she's got them hooked.

SHEENA (CONT'D)  
But when it comes to maniac ideas,  
every Batman needs their Robin,  
right?

Everyone agrees like what she's saying is so obvious.

SHEENA (CONT'D)  
My Robin just so happens to be a  
Rosie.

Rosie blushes as Sheena motions for her to come join her. She runs up. The crowd cheers as she hops up next to Sheena.

SHEENA (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
You're up, Robin.

ROSIE  
(whispers)  
Why can't I be Batman?

SHEENA  
'Cause I am, silly!

Sheena jumps off. Rosie takes in the crowd.

ROSIE  
I wanna talk to you all about a  
subject near and dear to my heart.  
(anticipation rises)  
*Mean Girls.*

Curiosity turns to mild confusion.

SHEENA  
 (whispers, to Mia)  
 Mean Girls?

MIA  
 She always gets into a Mean Girls  
 mood when she's out for revenge.  
 It's only rivaled by her love for  
 Kirsten Dunst movies when she's  
*madly in looove.*

**INT. SHEENA'S HOUSE - GARAGE - LATER**

Rosie commanding from the car. She's got black eye paint  
 under her eyes. A tad dramatic, but okay.

ROSIE  
 The world is run by Regina Georges.  
 Now what do Regina Georges do? They  
 manipulate us. They lie to our  
 faces. They tell us how great we  
 are. They call our bracelets cute.  
 (valley girl accent)  
*Oh my god, I love your bracelet!*  
*Where did you get it? Is it Guuci?*  
 (normal voice)  
 But when we turn our backs, that's  
 when the true Reginas come out.  
 They laugh at us. They belittle us.  
 They take advantage of us. We're  
 the peasants and they're the  
 Queenbees. They even got the gall  
 to make fun of our bracelets for  
 god's sake!  
 (valley girl accent)  
*That is the ugliest effing bracelet*  
*I have ever seen.*

GRREN HAIREED GIRL  
 How dare they!

ROSIE  
 Exactly! How dare they? All our  
 bracelets are cute. No matter the  
 shape, no matter the color, no  
 matter the price!

Rosie's on a roll. Everyone's getting into it now.

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
 Now who does that make us?



MIA  
Lindsay Lohan!

ROSIE  
Yes! We're Lindsay *goddamn* Lohan.

SHEENA  
(whispers to Mia)  
How'd you know that?

MIA  
She forces me to watch her movies  
at least once a week.

ROSIE  
Let me tell you something about  
Lindsay Lohan. She takes shit from  
no one. She's been ridiculed and  
libeled and pushed around...and yet  
she's still here kicking ass and  
taking names. And so are we. I'm a  
Lindsay Lohan.  
(points to the crowd)  
You're a Lindsay Lohan!  
(points to Sheena)  
Sheena Keaton is a Lindsay *goddamn*  
Lohan!

And the crowd goes wild!

Rosie grabs a SHEENA KEATON FOR CONGRESS sign.

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
Every Regina George thinks the  
world owes them the favor of  
electing them Spring Fling Queen.  
(shakes head)  
Well tough shit, Regina. This crown  
belongs to the Lindsay Lohans of  
the world.  
(waves sign)  
This crown belongs to Sheena  
Keaton!

Pandemonium! It's more Coachella than C-SPAN. Sheena runs to  
the front and hops on next to Rosie. They grasp hands and  
raise their arms up -- two Lindsays ready for war.

#### **EXT. ROWHOUSE - DAY**

Rosie holding a clipboard stacked with ballot petitions. She  
knocks. A man in his fifties answers. He scans her  
suspiciously.

ROSIE  
(cheerful)  
Hello! My name's Rosie and I want  
to--

The man SLAMS the door shut. Oof.

Rosie waits a beat, then cheerfully turns around. On to the next one!

**MONTAGE BEGINS:**

Something like "Ultimate" by Lindsay Lohan plays.

**EXT. ROADWAY - DAY (MONTAGE)**

Volunteers stamp **SHEENA KEATON FOR CONGRESS** signs into the ground.

**EXT. PARK - DAY (MONTAGE)**

Volunteers hand out pamphlets. People are more than happy to take them. It never hurts to have an army of attractive twenty-somethings as your volunteers.

**ON CLIPBOARD**

People signing their names.

**EXT. HOUSE - DAY (MONTAGE)**

Max knocks. A gruff-looking man answers. Before Max can get a word in, the man starts berating him. Mia sees this.

She runs up and screams at the man. He's speechless. The man fearfully writes his signature and cowers back inside. Mia and Max smile at one another.

**INT. PHILLY BAR - NIGHT (MONTAGE)**

Rosie and Sheena counting ballot papers. Everyone hovering over them.

**EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY (MONTAGE)**

Sheena talking to students. Rosie's taking signatures.

**ON CLIPBOARD**

More people signing their names.

**EXT. ART MUSEUM - DAY (MONTAGE)**

Rosie and Sheena racing up the famous "Rocky steps." Rosie wins. She jumps in the air like Rocky, mocking Sheena.

Sheena playfully flashes the finger in return. Rosie fakes like she's offended.

**INT. PHILLY BAR - NIGHT (MONTAGE)**

Rosie and Sheena finish counting. They look at each other in disbelief. They jump up in celebration, hugging and screaming all the same.

Everyone starts celebrating with them.

**INT. PHILLY BAR - NIGHT (MONTAGE)**

The song is winding down. Everyone downing shots and dancing. Sheena dumps champagne on Rosie. Big Mardi Gras vibes.

**INT. PHILLY BAR - NIGHT**

Things have settled down. Mia brings four glasses of beer to a booth where Rosie, Sheena, and Max are already sitting.

Everyone's a bit wasted. A few volunteers karaoke in the back.

ROSIE  
(whispers)  
You wanna know a secret?

SHEENA  
(whispers)  
What?

ROSIE  
(motions to Max)  
This guy ain't even twenty-one yet.

Sheena GASPS is faux astonishment. Max tries to chug a beer. He can't quite do it.

MAX

Hey! I'm like uh...like twenty and three quarters. You round that up and I'm like totally legal.

SHEENA

As a future public servant, it's my sacred duty to report you. Now hands up!

Max gasps.

MAX

(tongue-in-cheek)

How dare you! Mia was uh...was uh...was like right when she said "all politicians are bastards." Yeah. APAB.

ROSIE AND MIA

Max!

Mia lightly smacks Max across the back of his head. Max spills some beer. Sheena snickers.

SHEENA

I like that! Maybe "all politicians are bastards" should be my campaign slogan? That's a winning message in the midwest. Battleground states, bitches.

MIA

Even if all politicians are bastards, you're like the cool kinda bastard, right? Like uh...like Ol' Dirty Bastard y'know?

ROSIE

Or the Inglorious Bastards? Yeah. You and Brad Pitt.

SHEENA

Kicking ass, scalping Nazis, and Brad Pitt. Hot.

The background karaoke song ends. Mia taps Max on the shoulder.

MIA

Get up! Karaoke time!

MAX

Oh no...

Mia and Max bumble their way to the karaoke machine.

SHEENA

Now I've done my fair share of dom-sub, and *that's* dom-sub.

Rosie laughs.

ROSIE

You're too honest for politics.

Sheena chugs a glass of beer. Unlike Max, she can handle it.

SHEENA

Eh. I think it's just the alcohol.  
But what do I got to hide, right?

Rosie chugs some herself.

ROSIE

(contemplating)

Yeah...it's the alcohol.

They both crack up.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

(overdramatic)

Oh alcohol! No facade. No inhibition. Screw the haters!

SHEENA

Yeah. "Screw the haters." I like that.

ROSIE

Screw's a fun word.

SHEENA

Don't tempt me now.

Rosie blushes.

SHEENA (CONT'D)

(points backwards)

Pool!

ROSIE

Um...

SHEENA

Oh c'mon. Don't tell me you can't swim, Miss Rosie Vasquez!

**INT. PHILLY BAR - POOL TABLE - NIGHT**

CRACK! A cue ball flies off the table. The dangerous combo of being drunk and terrible. We hear Mia and Max drunkenly singing in the back.

ROSIE

I knew I shoulda taken those swim lessons.

SHEENA

Screw swimming! You're the best campaign manager I could ask for.

ROSIE

Oh my god. I was like thinking uh...like...like thinking you're the best candidate I could ask for.

SHEENA

Really? Oh my god. You're the best!

ROSIE

No you are!

They hug like long-lost friends.

SHEENA

Now watch and learn how it's done  
Miss Rosie Vasquez.

Sheena tries to play. She misses. *Whiff! Whiff!* She throws the cue stick on the table.

SHEENA (CONT'D)

(stares up at ceiling)

Jesus, I know you've blessed me with incredible sexiness and all, but a little coordination wouldn't hurt either.

ROSIE

I went on a date with a Jesús once. Total disaster. Became an atheist that night.

SHEENA

Hot *and* funny. Damn Rosie. Leave a little for the rest of us.

ROSIE

"Hot and funny." I'll make sure to put that on my Tinder bio.

SHEENA

I'll make sure to swipe right.

ROSIE

I'll make sure to swipe right back.

ARIANA (O.S.)

God you two are cringe.

ARIANA SERAFINE (20s) grabs a cue stick from the table and rubs chalk into it. Ariana's on the petite side.

SHEENA

Ariana!

Sheena runs up and hugs Ariana. Ariana drops the stick.

ARIANA

A little too tight there, Sheen.

SHEENA

I can't help it. You're too cute.

ROSIE

Every Ariana's cute. The eleventh commandment. That's how we got Ariana Grande.

ARIANA

"Eleventh commandment?" I thought you were an atheist?

ROSIE

Even atheists believe in the holy divinity that is Ariana Grande.

SHEENA

Screw Ariana. Avril's better.

Rosie and Ariana GASP in horror. The horror!

SHEENA (CONT'D)

Us Avril girls have been discriminated for too long, damnit! You can't tell me she doesn't look hot as hell when she wears that tie.

Rosie and Ari think for a beat. They begrudgingly nod. She does.

SHEENA (CONT'D)

Now excuse me Avril-haters but I gotta get more drunk. Yes. More.

Sheena leaves for the bar. Presumably to get more drunk.

ARIANA  
She's definitely got a thing for  
you.

ROSIE  
(pretends to be shocked)  
What?! No...

ARIANA  
And you got a thing for her too. I  
could see your imaginary boner from  
across the bar. Impressive size by  
the way.

ROSIE  
Now I know you're trolling. My  
imaginary penis is barely five  
inches.

Rosie takes the cue stick and attempts to play. *Whiff. Whiff.*  
Nothing. She eyes the cue stick with a perplexed look like  
it's got a vendetta against her.

ARIANA  
I've got a thing for this. Like a  
human Tinder. I can spot a  
romance...

Ariana snaps.

ARIANA (CONT'D)  
...like *that*. And remember, "thou  
shall not lie to Ariana." The  
twelfth commandment.

ROSIE  
Shit. The twelfth. I forgot about  
the twelfth.

ARIANA  
I knew it!

ROSIE  
Even if you're right, like...how  
would that even work? She's a--

ARIANA  
So? I'm an escort and I have a  
boyfriend.

ROSIE  
Really?



Rosie squats up on the pool table. Ariana sits next to her.

ARIANA

I like him and he likes me. Sheena  
likes and you and you like Sheena.

Sheena returns with a new glass. Presumably more drunk.

SHEENA

What about Sheena? I know, I know.  
She's the greatest, right?

Ari playfully nudges Rosie. Rosie blushes.

**INT. PHILLY BAR - KARAOKE - SAME**

Mia at the karaoke machine -- drunk off her ass.

MIA

Everyone get the hell over here!  
Group karaoke time! That means you,  
Rosebud!

**INT. PHILLY BAR - POOL TABLE - SAME**

Sheena can't hide her excitement. She shoots down a drink and  
forces Rosie and Ariana to the karaoke machine.

**INT. PHILLY BAR - KARAOKE - CONTINUOUS**

Everyone huddled around the karaoke machine.

MIA

Okay, okay! The hell we singing to?

People shout different songs.

SHEENA

Excuse me! Excuse me! As the maid  
of honor in these festivities, I  
think it's only right if I make the  
decision.

Begrudging agreement.

SHEENA (CONT'D)

And as a former skater girl back in  
my more angsty years...

(winks at Rosie)

(MORE)

SHEENA (CONT'D)  
 It's only fair I return the favor  
 and sing one out for the queen  
 skater girl herself, one Miss Avril  
*Lavigne.*

Drunken pandemonium. Sounds like a consensus.

**INT. PHILLY BAR - KARAOKE - MOMENTS LATER**

Everyone singing Avril Lavigne's "Sk8er Boi." Everyone drunk.  
 It'd be cringey if it weren't so amazing. Rosie's beaming.  
 Drunken karaoke brings out the best in people.

**INT. CONGRESS - BRIAN'S WAITING ROOM - DAY**

The daily monotony of nothingness. Rosie looks bored as hell.  
 Completely zoned out. The phone RINGS. No response.

A few rings later...Ed throws a scrunched-up paper ball at  
 her. She snaps out of her mental purgatory.

ED  
 That's annoying me.

ROSIE  
 Ironic.

Ed's not sure if he's offended or not.

Rosie answers the phone.

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
 Yo. Meehan's office.

UNPAID CALLER (V.O. PHONE)  
 (nonchalant)  
 Uh...what is Congressman Meehan's  
 position on equal pay for women?

ROSIE  
 Well I'm supposed to say he  
 supports policies designed to close  
 the wage gap, but I'm a woman and  
 he pays me nothing so...

Rosie turns to Ed.

**ON ED'S COMPUTER**

Porn. Use your imagination.

Ed's too transfixed/horny to pay attention.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

Of course if I was a dude I'd be paid nothing too so I guess that's sorta like equal pay.

UNPAID CALLER (V.O. PHONE)

Unpaid here too.

ROSIE

'Least you're getting valuable experience.

UNPAID CALLER (V.O. PHONE)

You can't pay Sallie Mae in valuable experience unfortunately.

ROSIE

Speaking to the choir, comrade.

The door opens and Brian strides in with Frank. Both laughing their asses off as they head towards Brian's office.

FRANK

...at least Lewinsky gave head before she turned coat. These interns got a death wish, I swear.

Frank stops and puts his hand on Rosie's shoulder. Ew.

FRANK (CONT'D)

No offense, señorita.

Father and son continue to sonny's office.

BRIAN

(snaps)

Coffee.

They exit. Rosie looks on in contempt.

ROSIE

Gotta go. Coffee duties.

UNPAID CALLER (V.O. PHONE)

Same. Lunch duties.

# **INT. CONGRESS - BRIAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Frank behind the desk -- clearly in command. Like he's back in Congress. Brian sits in front like a groveling lobbyist.

FRANK

Right now you're just one of four hundred thirty-five. That ain't special. That's nothing.

BRIAN

You were one of four hundred thirty-five too.

FRANK

Yeah well I didn't have a rich daddy to get me there. No offense to your grandfather, of course. Poor bastard.

BRIAN

So what do I do?

FRANK

Kiss a little ass and clear the field. Donors are like horny school girls. You're young, attractive, charismatic enough. That's enough for these Richie Rich types.

BRIAN

You think I can do it. Really?

Frank cringes.

FRANK

Listen, it's a lot more fun to be one of a hundred. That's why senators are elected president and Representative Joe Schmoe from Bumblefuck isn't.

Rosie enters, handing the coffee off to Brian.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Ah señorita! Beautiful as always.

ROSIE

(in Spanish; subtitled)

Thank you. You look like the crypt keeper had sex with a deformed scrotum.

FRANK

(oblivious)

Gracias to you too.

Rosie smiles, politely. *Cabron*.

Brian sips from the coffee. He recoils from the heat.

BRIAN

Shit!

FRANK

Oh for Christ's sake.

Brian shoots Frank a look -- embarrassed. Rosie sneers as she exits.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Screw her yet?

BRIAN

I wish.

FRANK

Well the last one you let get away hates you enough to run against you so hurry it up or I'll have to do it.

BRIAN

How should I do it?

FRANK

Give her something to do. She's a waitress. She'll probably feel like she owes you.

BRIAN

I guess...

Brian takes another sip. He SPITS the coffee out. Hot!

FRANK

Order a fucking slushie next time. Jesus.

# **INT. CONGRESS - HALLWAY - DAY**

Rosie hiding in a corner -- behind an American flag. She's on the phone with Sheena.

SHEENA (V.O. PHONE)

You look like the crypt keeper had sex with a deformed scrotum...

ROSIE

I hate to insult deformed scrotums like that, but it's the first thing that came to me. What do ya think?

**INT. HOTEL - ROOM 606 - SAME**

Sheena standing on top of the bed. Beneath her is Larry, positioned for...well...a spanking. She's in all black latex, clenching a flogger. The phone's on speaker.

SHEENA

Pretty funny. What do you think  
Larry?

Sheena *WHIPS* Larry with the flogger. He likes it.

**INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION**

Rosie listens on like it's a perfectly normal conversation.

LARRY (V.O. PHONE)

Yes, Sheena! It's funny. Oh god,  
yes it's funny!

SHEENA

See? Even Larry agrees.

ROSIE

Thanks Larry.

LARRY

No problem, Ros--

Sheena flogs Larry again.

SHEENA

When the hell did I give you  
permission to speak?

Rosie listens.

LARRY (V.O. PHONE)

Sorry Sheena!

SHEENA (V.O. PHONE)

You better be sorry.

ROSIE

So how our girls doing?

SHEENA

The Jehovah's Witnesses would be  
jealous at our door-knocking  
prowess. Brian won't know what--

Rosie hears an audible *WHIP* from the other line.

LARRY (V.O. PHONE)  
 Aaagh! More...please!

SHEENA  
 --hit him.

ROSIE  
 Jesus. Is Larry okay?

SHEENA  
 You okay, Lar?

LARRY  
 I'm okay, Rosie!

SHEENA  
 He's okay. So you coming up this weekend?

ROSIE  
 Of cour--

BRIAN (O.S.)  
 --Rosie!

Shit. It's Brian.

ROSIE  
 Damn. Docuhe alert. DEFCON 1.

Sheena *whips* Larry again.

LARRY  
 Aaagh! Why take it out on me?

ROSIE  
 (whispers)  
 Shh. I'm putting you on speaker.

Rosie hides her phone just as Brian reaches her.

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
 Hey!

BRIAN  
 I gotta a job for you.

ROSIE  
 A job? Cool.

Sheena and Larry listen from the hotel room -- both silent.  
 The quietest BDSM scene of all time.

BRIAN (V.O. PHONE)  
You know that maniac who attacked  
me at the townhall awhile back?

ROSIE (V.O. PHONE)  
Oh yeah. The maniac girl. She was  
crazy, wasn't she?

BRIAN (V.O. PHONE)  
She's insane. Like Manson. Deluded  
enough to run against me in the  
primary.

Sheena flashes the middle finger at her phone.

ROSIE  
(pretends to be shocked)  
Wait...what?! She's running against  
you? What an entitled asshole!

BRIAN  
I know, right? Not that it matters,  
really. I mean she's a nobody and  
nobodies don't win. But they can be  
dangerous. They have nothing to  
lose. So I need you to keep tabs on  
her. See what she's doing, what  
she's saying, y'know...a little  
field observation.

ROSIE  
Field observation...okay cool. I  
can do that.

Like his father, Brian puts his hand on Rosie's shoulder. He  
starts rubbing it...

BRIAN  
I know you can.

A couple awkward beats. Rosie's visibly taken aback -- trying  
to hide her disgust as best she can. Brian eventually stops.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
Uh you do you, Rosie. You do...you.

ROSIE  
Uh...yeah. You too.

Brian stands there like an idiot before turning around and  
bumbling off. Rosie waits shellshocked for a beat.

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
What. The. Fuck.



SHEENA (V.O. PHONE)  
Did he just call me a nobody? Only  
my therapist can call me that.

Rosie takes Sheena off speaker.

ROSIE  
He just creepily rubbed my shoulder  
for what felt like an eternity.

Multiple loud *whipping* sounds.

SHEENA (V.O. PHONE)  
If he makes another move, tell me.  
I'll take an Uber and flog his ass  
personally.

ROSIE  
(blushes)  
We'll tag team it.

SHEENA (V.O. PHONE)  
Of course! Batman needs her Robin,  
after all. So...see ya this  
weekend?

ROSIE  
It's a date.

SHEENA (V.O. PHONE)  
Awesome. Can't wait.

Rosie smiles. You can tell she means it.

ROSIE  
Yeah. Me too.

Beat. Then another audible *whip*.

LARRY (V.O. PHONE)  
See ya, Rosie.

#### **EXT. PHILLY PARK - AFTERNOON**

A crowd of a hundred or so are watching Sheena who is quite  
literally standing atop a soapbox. Very old school.

Some supporters, some curious onlookers. A substantial crowd  
regardless. A growing crowd. She's speaking into a megaphone.

SHEENA  
I'm not a complex type of girl--

In the crowd, Larry rubs his ass. Guess it still hurts.

SHEENA (CONT'D)

--but I can't help but be a little confused when we got four hundred thirty-five politicians who spend most of their time begging for money and kissing ass. Someone tell me what that accomplishes? Who does that help?

Someone in the crowd yells "Nobody!"

SHEENA (CONT'D)

You're sure as hell right, "nobody!" I like money as much as the next girl. I mean I ain't gonna buy a PS5 with nothing, right? But goddamn I'd rather go to the hospital without fear of going bankrupt for once than play Call of Duty for the millionth time!

Applause and whistles.

**EXT. PHILLY PARK - BACK OF CROWD - SAME**

Rosie and Mia cheer with the rest of the crowd. Mia whistles.

MIA

I feel ya, sister!

ROSIE

Hell yeah! Screw Call of Duty!

MIA

(to Rosie)

She's standing on an actual soapbox.

ROSIE

Hey we had to use something cheap.

Mia shrugs.

**EXT. PHILLY PARK - SAME**

SHEENA

Mr. Meehan, our distinguished representative, has voted *against* prescription drug reform, *against* healthcare reform, *against* protecting the environment.

Loud booing.

SHEENA (CONT'D)

Now personally, I'm the type of girl who thinks the environment should be protected and workers should be paid a living wage, but that's just me. If Brian Meehan disagrees, it's perfectly in his right to. That's why we have debates and I tell ya what...I'm looking forward to kicking his ass on that debate stage tomorrow night.

Loud cheering.

SHEENA (CONT'D)

(innocently)

Figuratively, of course.

Sheena winks. She's got them in the palm of her hands.

**EXT. PHILLY PARK - BACK OF CROWD - SAME**

ROSIE

"Figuratively" my ass.

Rosie's phone buzzes. She takes a look. It's Brian.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

Speak of the douche.

Mia glances at Rosie's phone. She swipes it from Rosie.

MIA

(answering phone)

Hello! Rosie Vasquez speaking.

ROSIE

Mia!

Rosie attempts to get her phone back. Mia succeeds in repelling any attempt.

MIA  
 Hi Bri! Oh just a cold.  
 (fake coughs)  
 Sore throat, you know.

Rosie stops.

MIA (CONT'D)  
 She's doing terrible! She says she  
 wants to kick your ass tomorrow.  
 Sounds like she means it too. You  
 should call the FBI or something.  
 Oh? Yeah I wouldn't show up anyway.  
 Why give her the attention.  
 Yeah...yeah. I'll keep you updated.  
 No problem. See ya, Bri!

Mia disconnects and offers the phone back to Rosie.

MIA (CONT'D)  
 He's not showing up tomorrow. He's  
 got a *big* fundraiser and "*nobodies*  
*aren't worth the time.*"

Rosie stares blankly at Mia.

MIA (CONT'D)  
 I was good, right?

MAX (O.S.)  
 Eh. I think he's just stupid.

Max sidles next to the two girls. He's stuffing down a  
 hotdog.

MIA  
 Are you questioning my acting?

Max shrugs. Rosie smirks.

# **EXT. PHILLY PARK - SAME**

Sheena finishing up her speech.

SHEENA  
 ...These DC types don't even got  
 the dignity of spending money  
 against us. They don't know who we  
 are. They don't know we exist. And  
 they don't care either.  
 (beat)  
 So let's make them care.  
 (MORE)

SHEENA (CONT'D)  
 Let's make them worry. Let's make  
 them panic. Let's win this thing!

And the audience goes wild! They wave their signs. They jump  
 up and down. Is this C-SPAN or Bonnaroo?

SHEENA (CONT'D)  
 Oh-uh...thanks. Wow...

Sheena jumps off the soapbox and runs through the crowd. She  
 sneaks her way to the back where Rosie and the gang are  
 celebrating.

**EXT. PHILLY PARK - BACK OF CROWD - CONTINUOUS**

Sheena reaches them...a little out of breath.

ROSIE  
 That was amazing.

Sheena lights up.

SHEENA  
 Really? I sorta winged the last  
 half.

ROSIE  
 I mean it. You were amazing.

SHEENA  
 (blushes)  
 Oh-uh thanks.

Rosie smiles. Mia nudges Max. They can see the romance. It's  
 pretty damn obvious.

SHEENA (CONT'D)  
 So we ready to kick some ass  
 tomorrow?

MIA  
 Unfortunately, pretty boy's a  
 little busy tomorrow night.  
 (imitates Brian)  
 Big fundraiser, Rosie. *Big*.

SHEENA  
 (sighs)  
 Why are men so afraid of  
 commitment?

MAX

To be fair, we're afraid of a lot of things.

MIA

So that's why you force me to watch those horror movies with you.

MAX

I thought those were dates?

MIA

Oh Maximillian...

Sheena nudges Rosie. They can see the romance too.

ROSIE

Don't worry guys. Mr. Meehan's gonna show whether he wants to or not.

MIA

How you gonna pull that?

Rosie stares at Max.

MAX

Uh...Rosie?

MIA

Oh! Oh! Makeover?

SHEENA

Shit. Count me in.

Rosie slowly nods.

MAX

Uh oh.

### **MAKEOVER MONTAGE:**

Something like "Glamorous" by Fergie plays.

- 1.) Rosie and Sheena walk into a hair salon. Mia forces Max inside.
- 2.) Rosie shows the hairdresser a picture of Brian on her phone. The hairdresser examines the pictures, then looks at Max. She nods.
- 3.) The hairdresser going to town...there goes his Jewfro.

4.) Max, in full Brian-esque hair design, sits on a bench inside a Men's department store. He looks completely dumbfounded.

5.) Rosie, Sheena, and Mia sifting through the store -- hunting for the perfect set of clothes.

6.) Max comes out of a changing room. He doesn't look half bad! Rosie and Sheena clap. Mia sorta, kinda blushes. She tries to hide it.

7.) Sheena applying makeup to Max. He's starting to enjoy being pampered now.

#### **INT. AUDITORIUM - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT**

Rosie, Sheena, and Mia hovering around Max. They look impressed.

ROSIE

(claps hands, very cheery)  
God I feel like Molly Ringwald when  
she gave that awful makeover to  
Ally Sheedy.

SHEENA

Not gonna lie Max. You look hella  
cute like this.  
(teasing)  
Right Mia?

MIA

(blushes)  
Huh?

MAX

Really?

Rosie and Sheena mock them -- making that "ooooohh" sound you hear in 90s sitcoms.

MIA

Oh shut up.

#### **INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT**

A decisively pro-Sheena crowd. Rosie sits in the back next to Mia and Ariana. She's recording the event off her phone.

The MODERATOR clears his throat.

MODERATOR

So with that let's welcome the  
candidates starting with  
independent business woman Sheena  
Keaton.

Wild applause as Sheena glides to the podium. Sheena  
playfully models for the crowd. They eat it up.

ARIANA

"Independent businesswoman?" I  
should put that on my resume.

Rosie smirks as she records.

MODERATOR

(taken aback)

Um...and uh Representative Brian  
Meehan.

Massive boos. Shouts of "you suck!" and "go to hell!"

ARIANA

Eat shit, slimeball!

MIA

Eat slime, shitball!

Ariana and Mia hi-five.

The audience waits...and waits. No Brian Meehan to be seen.  
The boos turn silent until...

Finally, Max tip toes from the back. The boos return in full  
force. Max plays it up like he's a pro wrestling villain.

MAX

Yeah? Yeah? What you gonna do? I'm  
Brian *effing* Meehan! Your boos mean  
nothing to me! Nothing! Do you know  
who my Dad is?

The moderator looks completely bamboozled...

MODERATOR

Uh...you're not Brain Meehan.

MAX

Says who?

(whips head left to right)

I don't see another Brian Meehan  
here, do you?



MODERATOR  
Should Tina Fey have taken Sarah  
Palin's place in her debate?

The entire audience responds in unison: "YES!"

MODERATOR (CONT'D)  
(shrugs)  
Alright, point taken.

Rosie smiles as she continues to record.

**INT. AUDITORIUM - LATER**

The "debate" continues.

MODERATOR  
We now move to the second round  
where each of the uh...*candidates*  
will ask each other a question. Ms.  
Keaton, you'll have the first  
question for  
Representative...Meehan.

Max waves -- smiling like a doofus.

SHEENA  
Representative Meehan...why didn't  
you show up for tonight's debate?

MAX  
Besides me being an entitled  
asshole?

SHEENA  
I mean that's self-explanatory.

MAX  
Of course. Of course. It's a well  
known fact. Well...  
(beat)  
I don't believe my constituents are  
smart enough to make a decision for  
themselves. Furthermore, I want to  
run for Senate in two years so I  
gotta kiss a little ass to clear  
the field. That's why I'm spending  
the night at a billionaire's house  
fundraising instead of here at the  
debate. Gotta raise money somehow,  
right?

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

All in all, I'm just unsuited for any sorta thing revolving public service. That's why I'm not here.

Silence.

MAX (CONT'D)

Also, I'm an entitled asshole.

Cheers from the audience. The moderator's stunned. Wtf.

MODERATOR

Um...do you have rebuttal?

Sheena "thinks" for a moment.

SHEENA

Nah. I think "entitled asshole" covers the gist of it.

MAX

See? Bipartisanship isn't dead! So let's vote Sheena Keaton for Congress on April 14th!

The audience goes crazy. Max bows. Someone runs up and hands him a SHEENA KEATON FOR CONGRESS sign. He starts waving it around as Rosie continues to record.

# **INT. SHEENA'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT**

A couple dozen Sheena supporters are huddled inside. It's a pretty jubilant mood.

Rosie jumps up on the hood of the car.

ROSIE

(whistles)

Yo!

Everyone looks up.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

First thing's first...

(gestures to Max)

Give it up for our boy Maxey over here.

Wild applause. Mia messes with Max's hair. He loves the attention.

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
He made Pacino look like Pauly  
Shore out there. And a performance  
like that deserves to be seen. So  
do what ya gotta do. Twitter,  
TikTok, Instagram, YouTube. Let's  
get this thing out there!

More applause. Max takes a bow.

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
Now we got a few more weeks until  
election day, so let's not get a--

Sheena jumps up and joins Rosie on "stage." She puts her arm  
around Rosie.

SHEENA  
(a little drunk)  
As much as I love ya Rosie, I say  
we keep the work for tomorrow and  
the celebration for tonight.

Beat. Rosie shrugs.

ROSIE  
Screw it. Hit the music, Mia!

MIA  
On it, Rosebud!

SHEENA  
"Screw's" still a fun word, aint  
it?

Rosie smiles.

#### **INT. SHEENA'S HOUSE - GARAGE - LATER**

Rosie and Sheena are all that remains of the celebration.  
They're lying on the floor, both staring up to the ceiling.

SHEENA  
Do you remember the first time we  
talked?

ROSIE  
You mean when you screamed at me  
over the phone?

SHEENA  
Was I that loud?

ROSIE  
Oh yeah. Oooh yeah.

Sheena snickers.

SHEENA  
Yeah...sorry about that.

ROSIE  
Eh. It was worth it in the long run.

SHEENA  
Yeah.

Silence, then...

Sheena pops up.

SHEENA (CONT'D)  
Let's have a sleep over.

ROSIE  
"Sleep over?"

SHEENA  
Yeah! We'll make a real seventh grade slumber party out of it. Junk food, gossip, Kirsten Dunst movies. Real 2002 vibes.

Rosie thinks for a moment.

ROSIE  
You just *had* to bring up Kirsten Dunst, didn't you...

SHEENA  
(excited)  
I'll get the popcorn.

Sheena runs into the house. Rosie smiles.

**INT. SHEENA'S HOUSE - LIVING AREA - NIGHT**

Rosie and Sheena cuddled up on the couch watching *Bring It On*. Kirsten Dunst. Eliza Dushku. A Y2K Classic.

ROSIE  
You think I woulda made a good cheerleader?

SHEENA  
Gimme a cheer. Quick!

ROSIE  
Um-uh...  
(starts cheering)  
Be aggressive! Be-be aggressive!

SHEENA  
Rosie...c'mon. Kirsten Dunst is  
rolling in her Maserati 'cause of  
that effort.

ROSIE  
(sighs)  
Goddamnit. Alright, hold on sec.

Rosie gets up, standing in front of the TV. She ponders for a moment. Cheer is very serious business!

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
(exhales)  
Alright.

Rosie starts jumping up and down like a cheerleader. It's not even close to perfect, but damnit she's trying!

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
R-O-S-I-E! Spell it out, it says  
Rosie! She may be cute. She may be  
hot. But calm down boys, she ain't  
no Thot!

Sheena claps.

SHEENA  
That's it. I'm making you captain  
of the cheer squad.

ROSIE  
Wow. That's a big upgrade from  
treasurer of the anime club.

SHEENA  
*Of course* you were in the anime  
club.

Rosie fakes like she's offended, then flashes the middle finger. Sheena responds in kind.

ROSIE  
This is way more fun than the  
sleepovers I had in seventh grade.

SHEENA

Well of course. I'm here. What'd you expect?

ROSIE

I don't know. Usually the one's in seventh grade ended with a bunch of sweaty boys crashing it and trying to hit on me.

SHEENA

Lucky for you I'm no teenage boy.

ROSIE

(slight laugh)

Yeah...

Complete silence minus the movie playing in the background. Both waiting for the other to make the first move.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

Truth or dare?

SHEENA

Uh...Truth?

Rosie sits back down. The two stare intently at each other.

ROSIE

Why did you pick Kirsten Dunst?

SHEENA

'Cause Mia told me you liked her.

ROSIE

What else did she say?

SHEENA

Uh-uh. My turn.

ROSIE

Right, of course. You go.

SHEENA

Truth or dare?

ROSIE

Truth.

SHEENA

Do you care about...what I do? For a living I mean.

Silence.

ROSIE

...No.

Sheena smiles, a little embarrassed. In a good way.

SHEENA

Alright...you're turn.

ROSIE

Truth or dare?

SHEENA

Dare.

ROSIE

I dare you to ki-

Sheena kisses Rosie. Finally! Rosie is caught off guard, but returns the kiss.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

(breaking kiss)

Wait. How'd you know?

SHEENA

You said "I dare you to ki-." It was either kiss or kill. I just assumed you meant kiss.

ROSIE

What if I meant to say kill?

SHEENA

Well then this would be extra awkward, wouldn't it?

Rosie laughs. They kiss again, falling into each other's arms...

# **INT. BRIAN'S MANSION - BEDROOM - MORNING**

The door to Brian's bedroom swings open. Frank enters. He looks like he'd rather be anywhere else in the world.

KATHY MEEHAN (late 30s) doesn't look much better. She's smoking a joint. It's been a looonnnnggg night for her.

FRANK

Where the hell is he?

We hear the faint sound of crying arising from the closet. Kathy points to it. Frank marches to the door. He KNOCKS.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
What the hell are you doing?

BRIAN (O.S.)  
(crying)  
You called my Dad?

KATHY  
It was either him or the SWAT team,  
honey.

Brian breaks down. Full on weeping.

FRANK  
(to himself)  
Where did I go wrong?

KATHY  
Gimme the answer when you find out.

Frank and Kathy exchange looks. Both understand each other.

**INT. BRIAN'S MANSION - CLOSET - SAME**

It's dark. All we hear is Brian's crying. *BAM!* The door breaks open. Brian's lying in the fetal position.

BRIAN  
Take a look at your husband. The  
future Senator. God help this  
country.

KATHY  
Oh for god's sake, Brian...

Kathy storms out.

FRANK  
You embarrassed your wife. Good  
job.

BRIAN  
H-How could they?

FRANK  
"H-H-How could they?" How could  
they what?

BRIAN  
Embarrass me?



FRANK

You do that enough in private. The public catches on eventually. Always.

BRIAN

B-But look...

Brian extends his phone to Frank. Frank takes the phone and examines it.

FRANK

You're trending on Twitter. Second only to Kanye. Congrats.

BRIAN

How could she?

FRANK

Who? Kanye?

BRIAN

The intern!

FRANK

Because she has balls. And brains. Unlike you, apparently.

Brian starts weeping again. Frank rolls his eyes. Oy vey.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Look at me.

Brian looks up. He looks like a mess.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You bombed. It happens. Now you're gonna take a shower. You're gonna get dressed. And you're gonna act like everything's fine. Capiche?

Brian nods.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'll handle it. Just look pretty.

BRIAN

(nods)

I-I can do that.

FRANK

So do it! Get up. Andale, andale! Let's go.

Like a loyal dog, Brian follows his father's orders.

**EXT. PLAYGROUND - NIGHT**

Rosie and Sheena are sitting at a swing set. When one swings up, the other comes down.

ROSIE  
If I was born fifty years earlier,  
I totally would've gone to  
Woodstock.

SHEENA  
That's what everyone says. The  
truth is that most people were  
watching *Gilligan's Island* at the  
time.

ROSIE  
That sounds fun too.

Silence.

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
Hey Sheena.

SHEENA  
Yeah?

ROSIE  
You think we gotta shot? For real,  
I mean.

SHEENA  
Maybe. I don't know. It's been  
worth it, regardless.

ROSIE  
(blushes)  
Yeah...

They keep swinging. Beat.

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
I was always too scared to jump off  
these things when I was a kid.  
Andrea Spinozzi used to call me a  
scaredy-cat.

SHEENA

Oh yeah? Well I'd like to see  
Andrea Spinozzi run a political  
campaign. Then we'll see who the  
scaredy-cat really is.

ROSIE

She volunteers at a soup kitchen  
now.

SHEENA

Oh...well damn I feel bad now.

Rosie laughs. Beat.

SHEENA (CONT'D)

Let's jump together.

ROSIE

What?

SHEENA

On the count of three, let's jump.

ROSIE

Wait, wait. I can't. Sheena!

SHEENA (CONT'D)

One...two...three!

The two jump. Sheena's fully committed. Rosie...let's just  
say she needs improvement. It's ok though. She survives.

SHEENA (CONT'D)

Ha! I'd like to see Andrea Spinozzi  
do *that*!

Rosie takes a few deep breaths.

ROSIE

Who's the scaredy-cat now, Andrea?!

They laugh.

SHEENA

Hey don't you got work tomorrow?

ROSIE

Eh. I'll take a sick day.

SHEENA

Yeah. Me too. Co-sick day it is.

Laying down, staring up at the sky, Rosie and Sheena hold  
each other's hands.

**INT. APARTMENT - MIA'S ROOM - MORNING**

Mia in bed with Max. Her phone *buzzes*. Multiple Instagram notifications.

MIA

Ugh. I got like half a dozen guys  
and two girls trying to hook up  
with me. You upload one photo and  
the DM swarm commences.

MAX

That's never happened to me.

Mia gives him a look like she's saying "seriously?"

MAX (CONT'D)

Alright. Point taken. No need to  
brag.

(beat)

The dick pic's mine by the way.

MIA

I saw that. Impressive.

MAX

My pediatrician said the same  
thing.

Mia laughs. She kisses him. The phone *buzzes* again.

MIA

It never ends, Max. It never--

Mia reads. You can see it on her face...something's wrong.

MIA (CONT'D)

--ends...

**INT. SHEENA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING**

Rosie and Sheena in bed. They're sleeping. Rosie's phone  
*buzzes*.

ROSIE

(sleepy)

Goddamn robocalls...

She doesn't answer.

**INT. APARTMENT - MIA'S ROOM - SAME**

Mia dialing on her phone. Max watching her.

MIA  
Come on, Rosebud. Answer.

**INT. SHEENA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - SAME**

The phone *buzzes* again.

SHEENA  
(sleepy)  
Five more minutes, Mom...

Rosie gingerly reaches for her phone. She answers.

ROSIE  
It's too early for the club, Mia.

She listens. Her face getting more distraught. Uh oh.

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
Shit.

Sheena looks over to Rosie.

SHEENA  
That doesn't sound good.

**INT. SHEENA'S HOUSE - LIVING AREA - DAY****ON TV**

Local news. On the TV is a picture of Sheena. The main headline: **SHEENA KEATON - PROSTITUTE OR POLITICIAN?**

SHEENA  
Well at least they picked a good picture. I look pretty hot there.

Brian pops up on the TV. His daddy beside him as usual.

BRIAN (ON TV)  
I can't substantiate these allegations one way or another. I'm a man of policy, not a man of rumors. Either way, I look forward to debating Ms. Keaton whenever she feels up to it.

SHEENA

Funny he says that now. Schmuck.

Rosie turns off the TV. She marches straight for the door.

SHEENA (CONT'D)

Wait...wait Rosie!

Sheena follows her. She grabs her arm.

SHEENA (CONT'D)

Where you going? I thought we were spending the day together?

ROSIE

I'm going to work.

SHEENA

What happened to the co-sick day?

Rosie kisses Sheena.

ROSIE

Just trust me on this one.

Rosie frees herself from Sheena's grasp. She exits. Sheena watches, concerned...

#### **INT. BUS - DAY**

Rosie sitting on the bus. She's pissed -- continuously punching her own palm like it's a punching bag.

#### **INT. UBER - DAY**

Rosie in the backseat of an Uber. Again, she's punching her own palm. The UBER DRIVER sees this from the rearview mirror.

UBER DRIVER

(Russian accent)

Boyfriend?

Rosie, still punching, shakes her head.

UBER DRIVER (CONT'D)

Girlfriend?

She shakes her head again.

UBER DRIVER (CONT'D)

You must be a Jets fan. That's it.

Oddly specific guess...but again, no.

UBER DRIVER (CONT'D)  
Politicians?

Rosie nods.

UBER DRIVER (CONT'D)  
All politicians are bastards.

ROSIE  
I couldn't have said it better  
myself.

**EXT. TEPEPAS RESTAURANT - DAY**

The Uber parks. Rosie exits.

**INT. TEPEPAS RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - DAY**

The doors swing open. Rosie enters.

ROSIE  
(to Becerra)  
I need a bucket of ketchup.

The whole kitchen stops to look at her. Becerra, Max, etc.

BECERRA  
Uh...

**INT. CONGRESS - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON**

Rosie strides across the hallway. And yes, she's holding a bucket of ketchup. Zero fucks left to give.

**INT. CONGRESS - BRIAN'S WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Rosie walks into the waiting room.

ED  
Where the hell have you b--

ROSIE  
Fuck off.

Rosie heads to Brian's office.

**INT. CONGRESS - BRIAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Rosie enters and Brian...is sleeping again. You gotta be kidding.

Fuck it. Rosie WHIPS the bucket of ketchup over the sleeping Brian. He looks like Carrie White on prom night.

BRIAN  
I plead the fifth!  
(realizing)  
Wait...the hell?!

ROSIE  
You want a debate? This Saturday.  
See you then, schmuck.

Rosie turns around, leaving.

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
(cheerful)  
Here's your cappuccino.

Rosie drops the empty bucket on Ed's desk.

**INT. APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - NIGHT**

Rosie lying on the floor, wearing the shirt Mia won for her at Quizzo. She's motionless. The door creaks open.

MIA (O.S.)  
You better not be dead. I come home  
to get away from that stuff.

Mia lies down next to Rosie. She's in her nursing scrubs.

ROSIE  
Why do you always watch those dumb  
movies with me?

MIA  
Why do you always come to the club  
with me? The same reason I watch  
those dumb movies with you.

Mia puts her hand over Rosie's. Silence.

MIA (CONT'D)  
I slept with Max last night.

ROSIE  
Good for him!



MIA  
I know, right? That's what I said.

Rosie smiles.

MIA (CONT'D)  
So how's Sheena holding up?

ROSIE  
I don't know. I'm sorta too afraid  
to ask.

MIA  
Well I'll ask, then.

Mia sits up and dials.

ROSIE  
Wait...wait Mia...!

Mia *shushes* her.

SHEENA (V.O. PHONE)  
(speaker)  
Hello?

MIA  
Hey Sheen.

# **INT. SHEENA'S HOUSE - LIVING AREA - SAME**

Sheena on the phone. She peers out her window. A few media people are set up outside her house.

SHEENA  
Mia! Where the hell's Rosie?

# **INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION**

Mia nudges Rosie.

MIA  
Right next to me.

SHEENA  
Rosie! The hell d'you do?

ROSIE  
Uh...

MIA

All I heard from Max is that she  
borrowed a bucket of mustard.

SHEENA

Rosie...

ROSIE

Well technically it was ketchup.  
And uh well...I may have poured  
said bucket over you know who.

Silence. Beat.

SHEENA

I take it you got no severance pay,  
then?

Rosie brightens up.

ROSIE

No. I end my career in politics as  
I started. Broke on my ass.

SHEENA

You started without knowing me, so  
it's not a total loss.

ROSIE

(smiles)  
Yeah. Guess not.

SHEENA

No excuses for our co-sick day now.

ROSIE

Well-uh...we might have to put that  
on hold until Sunday.

SHEENA

Uh oh.

MIA

What did you do now, Rosebud?

Rosie shrugs.

**INT. APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - MORNING**

Rosie and Mia leaving for work. Mia in nursing scrubs and  
Rosie in her waitressing uniform.

ROSIE (V.O.)  
Student loans.

SHEENA (V.O.)  
(imitating Meehan)  
As the son of a millionaire, I'll  
just get my Daddy to pay them off.

**INT. TEPEPAS RESTAURANT - DINING AREA - DAY**

Rosie waiting tables, taking orders, etc.

ROSIE (V.O.)  
C'mon Sheen. Gotta practice here.

SHEENA (V.O.)  
Alright, alright.  
(clears throat)  
Good jobs require good education.  
No matter where you come from or  
how much your parents make,  
everyone should have the right to  
an education without indebting  
themselves for the next half-  
century. It's time we implement  
policies that will actually address  
the concerns of students, rather  
than ignoring their struggles.

**INT. SHEENA'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY**

Sheena standing on top of the car, commanding attention from  
the soldiers below. Volunteers swipe black eye paint under  
their eyes. It's like an entire army.

ROSIE (V.O.)  
Cost of living.

SHEENA (V.O.)  
To the privileged few in Congress,  
there is no cost of living crisis.  
They don't see it when they go to  
their fundraisers and cocktail  
parties. To the rest of us, though?  
To the rest of us, everyday is a  
struggle.

The garage door opens up. Outside is a swarm of media people.  
They try to swarm Sheena, but Ariana pushes anyone aside like  
a bouncer.

**EXT. SHEENA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Sheena and the volunteers manage to escape the media scrum.

SHEENA (V.O.)

Just four companies control 85% of meat and poultry processing. Just one corporation sets the price for most of the nation's seed corn. They raise prices because they *can*. Even the Monopoly Man would blush at this type of price fixing.

**INT. TEPEPAS RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Rosie helping Max clean dishes.

ROSIE (V.O.)

Britney or Christina?

SHEENA (V.O.)

Can I still pick Avril?

ROSIE (V.O.)

Nope! No cheating.

SHEENA (V.O.)

Fine, fine! Hmmm...I'll be the contrarian and go Christina. Britney can't beat "Aint No Other Man". No one can.

ROSIE (V.O.)

Can't argue with that.

**INT. APARTMENT - ROSIE'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Rosie in bed, on the phone.

ROSIE

You ready tomorrow?

**INT. SHEENA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - SAME**

Sheena in bed, on the phone.

SHEENA

Yeah. I'll be fine unless it's one of those nightmares where I'm in my underwear.

**INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION**

ROSIE  
Hey I'd still vote for you.

SHEENA  
Of course you would. But you've  
already seen me in my underwear.

ROSIE  
That's why I'd vote for you!

SHEENA  
Aww. How sweet.

ROSIE  
You deserve it. Hey-uh we should  
probably get to bed, right?

SHEENA  
You saying I need beauty sleep?

ROSIE  
Of course not!

SHEENA  
I know, I know. See ya tomorrow,  
Rosie.

ROSIE  
Night, Sheen.

Sheena disconnects.

**INT. APARTMENT - ROSIE'S ROOM - SAME**

Rosie smiles for a moment before turning to sleep...

**EXT. SHEENA'S HOUSE - DAY**

An army of media people have set camp outside Sheena's house,  
waiting to ambush her with accusations. It's a madhouse.

An Uber squeezes it's way along the street.

**INT. UBER - SAME**

Rosie, Sheena, and Max inside the Uber.

MAX  
Jesus...

MIA

Next time you take an internship,  
make sure it doesn't lead to a  
media-frienziend riot. Can you do  
that, Rosebud?

ROSIE

I thought you liked cameras?

MIA

Only when it involves Instagram  
filters.

Our trio exit the Uber.

**EXT. SHEENA'S HOUSE - SAME**

Sheena opens the window. She sticks herself out, waving a  
baseball bat in the air.

SHEENA

Hey you assholes wanna play a few  
innings? I'll bat first!

Rosie runs at a MEDIA GUY like she's about to tackle him.

ROSIE

Aaaargh!

MEDIA GUY

What the hell?! This chick's crazy,  
man!

ROSIE

You're damn right I'm crazy!  
(to Mia and Max, pointing  
at house)  
Go, go, go!

Mia and Max sprint to Sheena's. Sheena opens the door half-  
way. Rosie follows them soon after.

**INT. SHEENA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Everyone staring at Rosie while she breaths heavily.

ROSIE

...What?

**INT. SHEENA'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY**

Rosie, Sheena, Mia, and Max sitting in a circle. They're sharing a joint. Max takes a hit...he can't quite handle it.

MIA

I've got so much to teach him...

Rosie and Sheena laugh. Rosie's phone *buzzes*.

ROSIE

Alright, my ride's here. Remember to give yourself like an extra fifteen minutes. Those vultures out there are vicious.

SHEENA

Don't worry. Me and Mia will protect Max.

MAX

You guys are so protective of me. I love you all.

Rosie and Mia stare at each other. They nod, then kiss Max's cheeks.

MAX (CONT'D)

You're the best wingman in the game, Rosie.

Rosie smiles, then looks at Sheena.

ROSIE

See ya there.

Rosie and Sheena kiss. Mia and Max make the same "oooohhh" sound that Rosie and Sheena made at the first debate.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

Love you guys too.

**INT. AUDITORIUM - BACKROOM - DAY**

The lights are out. Candles are scattered throughout the room. Very Zen-like. Brian meditates.

BRIAN

(meditating)

Ummmmmmmm...ummmmmmmmm...ummmmmmmmm...

Frank watches his son in contempt.

**EXT. AUDITORIUM - DAY**

Rosie jumps out of an Uber and runs into the entrance of the building.

**INT. SHEENA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY**

Mia applying makeup to Sheena.

MIA  
I can't believe you picked  
Cristina. Britney all the way.

SHEENA  
Damn. Hey Max, what do you think?  
Be the tiebreaker.

MAX  
Sorry Mia, but--

SHEENA  
See?

MIA  
You're sleeping in the car tonight.

**INT. AUDITORIUM - BACKSTAGE - DAY**

Rosie takes a peak behind the curtain. The room is filling up rapidly. A far bigger crowd than the first debate.

**INT. SHEENA'S HOUSE - LIVING AREA - DAY**

Sheena on the phone.

SHEENA  
Hello? Hello?!

Nothing. Sheena throws the phone at her couch in frustration.

SHEENA (CONT'D)  
No Uber, no taxi, no nothing.

MIA  
The word must've gotten out  
regarding the circus outside.

SHEENA  
Shit!



**INT. AUDITORIUM - BACKSTAGE - DAY**

Brian's giving Rosie the evil-eye. Rosie tries her best to ignore him. She takes another peek into the crowd. She sees Ariana, but no Sheena.

ROSIE (TEXT)  
*Where are you?*

SHEENA (TEXT)  
*F--- Uber. We'll find a way even if  
we gotta walk*

Rosie peeks over at Brian. She's nervous.

**INT. SHEENA'S HOUSE - LIVING AREA - DAY**

Sheena opens her front door half-way. The media scrum jumps at the opportunity and attacks. She closes the door.

SHEENA  
*Shit...*

MAX  
*Is there anyone you know who'd risk  
getting their ass beat for you?*

Sheena thinks. Hmm.

**INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY**

The room's packed. Brian's already on stage. Everyone's a bit antsy.

**INT. AUDITORIUM - BACKSTAGE - SAME**

Rosie pacing backstage. Her phone buzzes.

SHEENA (TEXT)  
*We got a ride*

ROSIE (TEXT)  
*hurry*

SHEENA (TEXT)  
*Don't worry. He's always a little  
fast*

Rosie looks up. Hmm...

**EXT. SHEENA'S HOUSE - DAY**

A car squeezes its way through the street and parks in front of Sheena's house.

**INT. SHEENA'S HOUSE - LIVING AREA - SAME**

Sheena peeking outside her window. She spots the parked car.

SHEENA  
Alright, that's him. Ready?

MIA  
Ready.

MAX  
Aye, captain!

Mia opens the door and...

**EXT. SHEENA'S HOUSE - SAME**

The media flock attacks -- badgering Mia with questions. Mia takes it in stride, acting like the diva she is. These fools think Mia is Sheena. Blonde discrimination.

MIA  
Look Max. They love me.

Sheena bullets past Mia and the media, heading to the parked car.

**INT. LARRY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Sheena jumps inside Larry's car.

SHEENA  
Hit it, Lar.

Larry "hits it" and drives off.

**INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY**

The audience and media is getting a bit restless now. Murmurs of "where is she?" and "is she too embarrassed?" abound.

MODERATOR  
We will give Ms. Keaton another ten minutes to arrive. If she doesn't--

BRIAN

Cut her some slack. Who knows how many sessions she has today?

A few assholes in the crowd laugh at this remark. Ariana gives him the finger.

**INT. AUDITORIUM - BACKSTAGE - SAME**

Rosie watches Brian in contempt. She turns around and sees Frank. He winks at her. Fuck it.

**INT. AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS**

Rosie walks out to the stage. More murmurs. Ariana stands up.

ARIANA

Hey Rosie!

Brian turns his attention to Rosie. He cringes. Rosie walks to the podium and grabs the microphone.

ROSIE

What the hell gives you the right to ridicule someone like that? Unlike you, the rest of us have to actually work for a living to climb the ladder of life.

BRIAN

Why are--

ROSIE

Shut up! I'm not your coffee girl anymore. People like you think just 'cause you got a rich daddy and subscription to Brooks Brothers magazine, you can trample on the rest of us. Trample on the waitresses, the busboys, the nurses, the interns, the students, the sex workers...

Rosie glances at Ariana. Ariana waves.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

The independent businesswomen.

Ariana smiles.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

But us working girls and working boys got nothing to be embarrassed about. Because while you're kissing ass at country clubs and fundraisers, we've got our own little club we like to go to. And our club is a lot bigger and a hell of a lot more fun too. *Friends* only. So keep on defining us by our jobs and status. We don't care. We're too busy having fun.

Sheena and Larry sneak their way through the entrance.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

Sheena isn't just a sex worker. She's funny, she's smart, she's dedicated, and she can beat anyone when it comes to Avril Lavigne or Batman trivia.

Sheena watches Rosie. She's touched.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

And I love her. Because she doesn't look at me as just a waitress or an intern. She accepts me for who I am, flaws and all. So you better shut your mouth or I'll kick your ass.

SHEENA

And I'll join ya!

Everyone turns to Sheena. Wild applause as Sheena runs up to the stage. Brian's completely befuddled.

Sheena climbs up, going to Rosie.

SHEENA (CONT'D)

(mocking)

You loooove me?

ROSIE

Oh shut up.

SHEENA

It's okay. I love ya too.

ROSIE

I know you do.

They kiss. Sheena's entourage cheer even more loudly.

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
Now kick his ass for me.

Sheena winks as Rosie goes to the backstage.

MODERATOR  
Is this a debate or the WWE?

SHEENA  
I promise I won't give him the  
piledriver. I *promise*.

Brian looks terrified. The moderator's exacerbated.

MODERATOR  
Okay, whatever. Representative  
Meehan, what policies do you  
support to lower the costs of  
prescription drugs?

Brian starts up with the same usual, BS answer.

BRIAN  
As a staunch advocate for the  
middle class, I have dedicated my  
career to standing up to the  
pharmaceutical industry and making  
sure that every American...

Sheena looks over to Rosie who is peeking through the  
curtains. She smiles at her. Rosie smiles back.

**INT. BRIAN'S MANSION - SERVING AREA - NIGHT**

Election night. Pretty lame for a victory party. It's the  
usual fundraising crowd. Kathy tries her best to mingle.

KATHY  
(faking everything's fine)  
Oh he'll be down shortly. He's just  
uh...freshening up. That's all.

A waiter comes by. Kathy swindles a cocktail from him,  
gulping it down.

**INT. BRIAN'S MANSION - CLOSET - NIGHT**

Darkness. Brian weeps...again.

FRANK (O.S.)  
Were you this much of a pussy as a  
child? Or did you grow into it?

BRIAN

They're never gonna elect me  
Senator now. I almost lost to a  
whore! A whore! It's embarrassing.

FRANK (O.S.)

You're right. It is. And you know  
what...they shouldn't elect you  
Senator.

Brian stops weeping.

BRIAN

W-what?

FRANK

You heard me. All you got is your  
looks and my reputation. That's it.  
But lucky you, that's enough in  
this business. If it was fair, I'd  
be up there, but it ain't, so it's  
gonna be you. So get your ass out  
here, clean yourself up, and go  
give your victory speech. Now.

The closet door opens. Brian begins to pick himself up...

**INT. BRIAN'S MANSION - SERVING AREA - NIGHT**

Applause as Brian and Frank walk down the staircase. Both  
putting on a fake smile. Both bullshit as usual.

**EXT. PHILLY BAR - NIGHT**

Rosie alone, sitting on the curb.

MIA (O.S.)

They're waiting for you.

Mia sits down next to Rosie. Rosie sighs.

ROSIE

I don't know. I was never too good  
at giving concession speeches. I  
cried and ran home when I lost the  
Anime Club presidency.

MIA

First of all, I'm gonna ignore you  
ever told me you were in Anime  
Club. And second of all, who said  
anything about a concession speech?

Rosie eyes Mia. What's she talking about?

**INT. PHILLY BAR - NIGHT**

Wild cheers as Rosie and Mia enter. Chants of "Rosie! Rosie! Rosie!" The greatest concession party ever.

MIA  
You think Lindsay Lohan would've  
ran away if she lost Spring Fling  
Queen?

MAX (O.S.)  
Like hell she would!

Max slides next to Rosie and Mia.

ROSIE  
You two know me too well.

MIA  
What can I say? Love grows where my  
Rosemary goes and nobody knows like  
me.

**INT. PHILLY BAR - KARAOKE - SAME**

Sheena taps the microphone a few times.

SHEENA  
Can everyone please make their way  
to the karaoke machine. Thank you!

Everyone obliges, making their way over to Sheena.

SHEENA (CONT'D)  
Now normally I spend my failures  
crying out to Lana Del Rey songs.  
And what do you know...  
(gestures to karaoke  
machine)  
We just so happen to have a karaoke  
machine with us tonight.

Sounds like everyone's up for it going by the response...

SHEENA (CONT'D)  
But...  
(shakes head)  
But I ain't the master of tonight's  
ceremonies.  
(MORE)

SHEENA (CONT'D)  
Because I wouldn't be here tonight,  
losing effort or not, if I didn't  
have the Bonnie to my Clyde. The  
Robin to my Batman. The Sasuke to  
my Naruto.

Sheena looks at Rosie. Rosie smiles back.

SHEENA (CONT'D)  
You choose, Rosie.

Rosie beams. She squeezes her way to Sheena.

ROSIE  
You're the best.

SHEENA  
I don't know about that. I mean  
you're pretty good competition.

ROSIE  
Now you're just being a kiss-ass.

Sheena kisses Rosie. The whole bar explodes in celebration.

SHEENA  
Eh. It's okay to kiss a little ass  
once in awhile.

Rosie beams. She takes the microphone from Sheena.

ROSIE  
Y'know...I'm feeling...I'm feeling  
Beyonce tonight.

Pandemonium. Beyonce it is.

#### **INT. PHILLY BAR - KARAOKE - NIGHT**

END CREDIT SEQUENCE:

Everyone singing though a drunken rendition of Beyonce's *Love On Top*. All friends. All happy as hell.

**THE END**