

WILD LIFE

PILOT EPISODE

Written by

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ACT 1

INT. JULIANNA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

JULIANNA BREWSTER emerges from the semi-darkness, dressed for work. She's in her mid-20s, beautiful but approachable, with enough goofy charm around the edges that you don't hate her.

...like Jennifer Lawrence, if Jennifer Lawrence shared an apartment with petite TENLEY MAY and good-naturedly bro-y SHEP BARLOW, who stand in the kitchen, both a tad drunk.

JULIANNA
Morning, roomies.

SHEP
(head in fridge)
It's 3:45, Julianna.

JULIANNA
Still technically the morning.

TENLEY
We're out of mixers--

Shep emerges from the fridge with a clumpy brown concoction.

SHEP
No worries. I threw together Jäger,
vodka, and weight gainer powder.

JULIANNA
I've had that before. They call it
a "Don't."

SHEP
Actually, a "Don't" has crème de
menthe - this is a "Why."

JULIANNA
Okay. Gotta go and quit my job.

TENLEY
You've been saying that for a year.

JULIANNA
Yes, but today I really mean it.

TENLEY
You've been saying that for six
months.

JULIANNA

I'm serious. No two-week notice, no regrets, no fallback plan. I've never felt more alive. Cheers.

Julianna grabs the drink from Shep and takes a shot.

JULIANNA (CONT'D)

(croaks)

...Why.

CUT TO:

INT. RADIO STATION / LOBBY - NIGHT

Elevator doors part to reveal Julianna. She crosses the lobby, which is plastered with ads for "ADAM GREENLEAF - WILD IN THE A.M.!" featuring a handsomely toothy, tanned guy.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

This is K-W-L-D and you're just fifteen minutes from getting "Wild in the A.M. with Adam Greenleaf," L.A.'s number one morning show...

INT. STUDIO HALLWAY

Julianna passes monitors playing Red Carpet footage. The toothy guy, ADAM GREENLEAF, is on-screen in a crisp tuxedo.

A nearby door flings open to reveal a breathless DUSTIN FUNK - mid-40s, a tad effeminate, and wound extremely tight.

JULIANNA

Dusty, you're sweating more than usual, and - I say this as a friend - that's a lot.

DUSTY

Thank you. And you look especially bright-eyed. Juice cleanse?

Julianna fixes herself coffee from one of those pod machines.

JULIANNA

No, I just finally made my mind up about something.

DUSTY

That's wonderful. I love when positive things happen to those who truly deserve it.

JULIANNA
 (genuinely touched)
 Thanks, Dusty.

DUSTY
 I have horrible news. Our phone
 lines are down, Taylor Swift is
 calling in fifteen minutes, and
 Brenda is dead.

JULIANNA
 Oh my God!

DUSTY
 ...to us. She passed on this
 morning...

JULIANNA
 Wait --

DUSTY
 ...from her job.

JULIANNA
 (dawning on her)
 She *quit*.

DUSTY
 Hello?! Yes! Can you believe that?
 Just up and quit - ten minutes ago.

JULIANNA
 What kind of unprofessional a-hole
 would quit a job with absolutely no
 notice? Did she give you a reason?

DUSTY
 That's the most galling part. She
 didn't even tell me why.

SMASH-CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S STUDIO - TEN MINUTES EARLIER

BRENDA, a frazzled middle-aged woman, gesticulates wildly as
 Dusty calmly scrawls on a dry-erase board without looking up.

BRENDA
 --this job is absolute madness. I
 never sleep. I'm forty - I look
 like I'm sixty!
 (MORE)

BRENDA (CONT'D)

I was supposed to be a mother and I
wasted my time, dear God, I've
wasted it all--

CUT BACK TO:

INT. STUDIO HALLWAY

DUSTY

Brenda was the glue that held this
place together. If you and me and
mostly you have to get this show on
its feet, we're going to descend
into chaos--

JULIANNA

Dusty, breathe. Remember: Adam
doesn't need to know that anything
has changed.

DUSTY

Exactly. Now, Brenda left one of
her blazers behind, but as you
know, she had bangs--

Dusty grabs Julianna's hair and raises a pair of scissors.

JULIANNA

Dusty, no - we'll just say she's
out sick.

DUSTY

Perfect - then her death won't seem
so abrupt.

JULIANNA

I'm glad you're listening.

Julianna grabs some papers from a whirring printer, and they
step up to the thick door that leads into Adam's studio.

DUSTY

I'm gonna warn you, it's pretty
ugly in there--

JULIANNA

Please. After three years in this
place, I think I've seen it all...

INT. ADAM'S STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

They enter, and are immediately faced with four inches of middle-aged asscrack, peeking out from ill-fitting jean shorts. The crack belongs to GARY RUTLEDGE - late 30s and balding. Julianna and Dusty recoil.

JULIANNA

Oh sweet baby Jesus--

They are hushed by SCOTT WELLNER - late 20s, handsome in a bookish, ruffled way - as he quietly leans over, ready to pour a bag of Skittles into the tempting asscrack.

DUSTY

Scott, those had better not be the green room Skittles - those are for Robert Pattinson!

The Skittles tumble into Gary's buttcrack, causing him to jerk upward, BANGING his head on the underside of the desk.

GARY

Dammit, Wellner!

A bleary-eyed MELANIE DELGADO - 20s, pretty, surrounded by an air of barely-tolerating-your-bullshit - enters.

MEL

I told you to use peanut M&Ms - it's funnier.

JULIANNA

Alright - we have our hands full today. Phones down, Taylor Swift, blah blah blah, and Brenda is dead.

Everyone stops and looks at her.

JULIANNA (CONT'D)

(annoyed with herself)
...to us. Gary, how long on the phones?

GARY

It's a little difficult to give an accurate estimate - I have a lime Skittle in a very awkward place.

SCOTT

No, you don't - those were tropical flavor.

Julianna slaps Scott in the chest with the papers.

JULIANNA

Don't leave submission packets for other shows in the printer - unless you want me to correct your spelling of "prolapsed."

Scott defensively grabs the papers and double-checks them.

JULIANNA (CONT'D)

I need "Ten Tips for a Rock Hard Beach Bod" in five minutes.

SCOTT

I'll clear some shelf space for my Pulitzer.

The studio door swings open, revealing LISA J - late 30s, African-American, flawless hair and make-up at 4:47 a.m. She absent-mindedly types into her cellphone.

JULIANNA

Lisa J, you look luminous this morning.

LISA J

Today I would like to talk about something of deep significance to our listeners...

JULIANNA

Is it about the dry cleaner in Burbank?

LISA J

No, they got the almond butter out of my chinchilla. What I want to discuss is this:

She holds up a grocery bag that is shifting and WHIMPERING.

JULIANNA

A mystery sack of something moving.

LISA J

Puppies!

Lisa J lifts four puppies out of the bag, depositing them on the console in front of her.

LISA J (CONT'D)

...actually, puppy mills. It's my new cause. I totally love them!

JULIANNA

Alright, but the prevailing opinion is that puppy mills are... not okay.

LISA J

But they make puppies all day.

Dusty looks up at a security monitor - a blurry, black-and-white FORM moves across the screen.

DUSTY

He's in the parking structure, people! Look alive!

Together, Dusty and Julianna peer through the studio door. A SHADOWY FIGURE approaches.

DUSTY (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Good God, he's wearing the white cap. That means he's in a foul mood. Why couldn't it be the newsboy cap? That's his fun hat!

JULIANNA

The important thing is we stick together. It's what Brenda would have wanted, God rest her soul.

DUSTY

Honey, you know I'm with you. I'd never throw a mess in your lap and say, "Here. Fix everything."

The studio door opens. ADAM GREENLEAF - late 20s, face shielded by a ballcap - enters the room.

DUSTY (CONT'D)

(on eggshells)

Hi, Adam. We've got a fun show for you today...

Adam slumps in his seat and slowly scans the room.

ADAM

I can't, you guys... I just can't.

Sideways glances around the studio say, "Uh... holy shit."

ADAM (CONT'D)

There's no gas in the tank. I just can't get up and do this anymore.

Adam looks around, and is met with various gazes - shock (Lisa J), wonderment (Mel), eminent gastric distress (Dusty.)

ADAM (CONT'D)

Sure - I reach a vibrant audience of 12-to-46-year-old women, 20-to-37-year-old homosexual men, and straight bros between the ages of 22 and 24.

(long sigh)

But is that enough? I'm syndicated in every major market. Got my fingers in lots of pies: TV production pies, branded clothing pies, diet product... pies. But I need something else. A change.

Adam locks eyes with Julianna.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Or maybe I just need... a weekend.

Adam grabs his mic and BELLOWS:

ADAM (CONT'D)

It's FRIIIIIIDAAAAYYYY!!!

A bouncy pop song EXPLODES as Adam launches into a ridiculously energetic spiel:

ADAM (CONT'D)

Good morning, Los Angeles - Adam Greenleaf with you, alongside my girl Lisa J.

LISA J

Wasssup L.A.!

ADAM

It's the end of the work week - are you ready to GET WILD?!

The studio crew answers with a practiced WOOOOO! - and then everyone scatters to various corners, working busily.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Well, that's convenient - because you're on K-WILD and my boy Pitbull's got a workout jam for ya.

Adam cues up the song and swings away his mic.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Whew, I'm pumped. Got up to around 80 in the canyon.

Adam turns to Lisa J, arching an eyebrow.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Aston Martin DBS. It's James Bond's car.

LISA J

So awesome...

SCOTT

I'm rockin' the 2002 Honda Civic. It's everyone else's car.

Julianna leans in.

JULIANNA

Taylor Swift in fifteen, Adam.

ADAM

My girl Swifty. We get her that carbonated coconut water she likes?

JULIANNA

It's a call-in.

ADAM

Got it.

(swings his mic back in)

It's a beautiful Friday morning. Captain Lance Burdock, how's the commute looking from Sierra Mist Jet-Copter Two?

LANCE BURDOCK (PHONE FILTER)

There's major congestion on the 101, 405, 170 - basically any freeway with an odd number in it...

Julianna crosses into --

INT. STUDIO BULLPEN - SAME TIME

A bank of computers looks in on the studio through a large window. Julianna gives Dusty a reassuring shoulder pat.

JULIANNA

He hasn't even mentioned Brenda. We get the phone lines up and we're golden--

She notices Gary fiddling with a metal filing cabinet.

JULIANNA (CONT'D)

Gary, I don't want to tell you how to do your job, but that's not a phone.

GARY

But this drawer is loose--

DUSTY

Everything is loose in here! Gary, the sky is falling and you're messing with office supplies.

(sniffs)

Dear Lord, what is that smell?

GARY

(stricken)

That would be me. My wife and I engaged in an impromptu love-making session this morning, and I'm afraid I didn't have time to bathe--

Everyone GROANS. Melanie holds a plastic take-out tray.

MEL

It's Adam's breakfast. Egg whites.

DUSTY

I'll take it.

(to Julianna)

You keep Gary focused on those phones. Ride him hard if you have to.

SCOTT

I think Mrs. Gary already took care of that.

JULIANNA

(to Dusty)

Remember: no unnecessary conversation. Adam can sense fear. He's like a swarm of bees wearing thousand-dollar shoes.

INT. ADAM'S STUDIO

ADAM

(into mic)

--thanks, Captain Lance.

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

That traffic update was brought to you by the hilarious new prank show, "Prizank'd" - premiering next Thursday at 9.

LISA J

"Prizank'd!" Whut-whuuut!!

Dusty sets the tray down in front of Adam, who swings the mic away.

DUSTY

Egg whites, with a side of congealed flaxseed oil for dipping.

Dusty turns for a quick exit -

ADAM

How are you, Dusty?

Dusty freezes, slowly turning back.

DUSTY

I'm good. Thank you for asking.
(struggling to make conversation)
...Eggs whites with green onion and garlic. Woof! I would NOT want to be your toilet.

Adam just stares at him, chewing.

DUSTY (CONT'D)

I'm kidding - I would love to be your toilet.

Adam tilts his head, still chewing.

DUSTY (CONT'D)

I don't know why I just said that. I'm at my wit's end. My brother-in-law just died.

Adam raises an eyebrow, looking vaguely concerned.

DUSTY (CONT'D)

I'm lying. I don't have a brother-in-law - I don't even have siblings! I don't know why I'm saying any of this.

Julianna appears, handing Adam a large green drink.

JULIANNA

Adam, I have your... I'm gonna go with... smoothie? Dusty, we need you to sign off on something... that's over in another part of the building.

CUT TO:

THE BULLPEN -

Julianna huddles with Mel and Dusty.

JULIANNA

Phones are still down. Wellner - beach body tips...

SCOTT

I am printing... now--

Just before Scott hits the button, Gary crosses, kicking the computer plug out of the wall.

JULIANNA

Please tell me you saved that.

SCOTT

I did. But it takes this thing seven minutes to reboot.

JULIANNA

Why are we still using...
(looks at monitor)
...Rite-Aid brand computers?

DUSTY

We had to make cuts to pay for Adam's new studio lighting...

CUT TO:

IN THE STUDIO -

Adam fiddles with a dial on his main console, and the track lighting overhead switches from blue to orange.

ADAM

Cold... warm. Hard news... human interest. Mudslide kills 87... Katie Couric has found love again.

CUT BACK TO:

THE BULLPEN -

DUSTY

Adam can fill time. As long as his voice is still being broadcast...

IN THE STUDIO -

Just then, a puppy tips Adam's green smoothie onto the mixing board with a sickening SPLATTER.

ADAM

That's inconvenient for live radio.

Gary pops up from under the desk. Fresh smoothie dribbles down his head and shoulders.

GARY

It's okay. I just need a wooden trough for drainage, some 300-watt heat lamps, and fifty pounds of rice to leach out the fluids.

ADAM

You can do all that before the break is over?

GARY

Well, no. It would take five to eight days, at best. And even then, it could easily cause more harm than good--

ADAM

(still completely chipper)
I'm gonna turn away from you now.

Adam turns his chair to face the opposing wall.

IN THE BULLPEN -

Julianna looks through the window - at Gary frantically unplugging cables, puppies lolling about, Adam's serene expression slowly cracking - and hears a faint, high-pitched WHINE.

It's Dusty, who is MEWLING with nervous energy.

DUSTY

Fix everything.

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

INT. BULLPEN

Through the window, Gary frantically weaves cables around Adam, who doesn't seem to notice.

DUSTY

We need to buy some time before we're back from break.

SCOTT

Put on the full version of "Layla."

DUSTY

That's not our demographic, you fool!

JULIANNA

We've got a commercial block and then traffic - that'll buy us four minutes. We can get a mixing board from down the hall.

MEL

From who?

SMASH-CUT TO:

INT. ANOTHER RADIO STUDIO - SAME TIME

A diminutive Hispanic guy in a cartoonishly oversized sombrero CACKLES into a microphone.

EL JEFE

Es vierrrrrrrnesssss!!!

El Jefe's SIDEKICK - a man in a gorilla mask and diaper - toots on a vuvuzela as he chases a BIKINI-CLAD WOMAN.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BULLPEN

MEL

El Jefe hates Adam.

JULIANNA

I think that's all for show.

SCOTT
He calls him "El Diablo Blanco."

JULIANNA
(forced chuckle)
See? Classic El Jefe. Wellner, text
those beach bod tips to Adam.

Scott moves to a chair and starts typing on his phone.

JULIANNA (CONT'D)
Dusty, get a hold of Taylor Swift's
publicist--

DUSTY
(cocky)
Way ahead of you--

Dusty spins on his heels and CLANK! - slams his forehead into
the loose filing cabinet drawer. He crumples to the ground.
Everyone just stares, then -

Dusty takes a GASP and starts SNORING, loudly and deeply.

MEL
Is that sound he's making...
normal?

JULIANNA
Wellner!

SCOTT
I'm up to "Number Two: Blast Your
Core"...

JULIANNA
We need to move a body.

CUT TO:

IN THE STUDIO -

Adam looks around. A puppy WHIMPERS. Lisa J cluelessly texts.
Gary struggles to fix the old mixing board.

ADAM
I'm getting a little ramped up
here. Mel - gimme a snickerdoodle
and my carb bucket.

Melanie is at his side, with a cookie and a plastic beach
pail. Adam shovels the cookie into his mouth, haphazardly
chews, and lets the cookie pieces tumble into the bucket.

ADAM (CONT'D)
That didn't satisfy me at all.

INT. HALLWAY

Julianna and Scott awkwardly carry Dusty's unconscious body.

JULIANNA
We'll put him in the storage
closet.

SCOTT
Right, and then I'll move his jaw
up and down while you do his voice.

JULIANNA
Wait. We're taking a proudly gay
man and literally forcing him into
a closet. Is this, like, you know -
a hate crime?

SCOTT
And here I was just worried that
he'd have enough food or oxygen.

JULIANNA
There's no time! I know Dusty, and
he would find this hilarious.

INT. STORAGE CLOSET

Dusty SNORES, buried up to the neck in "K-WILD" T-shirts.
Julianna and Scott look on, slowly closing the door...

JULIANNA
Sleep, dear friend... sleep.

INT. HALLWAY

Julianna dashes down the hall as Scott runs back towards
Adam's studio. Julianna approaches a BRIGHT RED STUDIO DOOR.

INT. EL JEFE'S STUDIO

Julianna enters, and every head turns in her direction.

JULIANNA
Hola. Me llamo Julianna. Por favor,
necesito... uh--

The Sidekick removes his gorilla mask.

SIDEKICK
(haughty)
We speak English.

JULIANNA
I work on the Greenleaf show, and
our board went down--

EL JEFE
No wonder I'm chipping away at his
demo numbers.

Knowing CHUCKLES around the room.

EL JEFE (CONT'D)
What'd Greenleaf pull down last
year - 10 mil? I think he can
afford a new one.

JULIANNA
Well, maybe your executive producer
would take pity on us?

The Bikini Girl steps forward, suddenly all business.

BIKINI GIRL
Nope. We don't loan out equipment.

EL JEFE
Tell Greenleaf that some of us
actually take the art of radio
production seriously.

On cue, the studio erupts into a cacophony of horn BLEATS,
ranchera music, and the sound of a BRAYING DONKEY.

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S STUDIO - ONE MINUTE LATER

Adam glances up at a big LED clock on the studio wall.

ADAM
You know what I hate, more than
anything else in the world?

LISA J
Trans-fats?

GARY
Racism?

SCOTT

Gary?

ADAM

Dead air. And in twenty-seven seconds, I'm going to experience the thing I hate most. And you're going to experience me... experiencing that. I don't have to tell you what kind of experience that's going to be.

The studio door SLAMS open. Julianna, knees buckling, carries the mixing board by herself.

LISA J

Should somebody help her? I feel like somebody should help her.

GARY

I would give you a hand, but I have a triple hernia. My doctor says I can't lift anything above my waist or below my thighs. But if I get my weight belt--

Julianna WHACKS Gary in the hip with the mixing board, and sets the board in front of Adam.

ADAM

Eight seconds.

She feverishly plugs cables into the back of the board.

JULIANNA

Done.

ADAM

(swings in mic)
And we're back. Lisa J, here's something I stumbled across this morning: "Ten Tips for a Rock Hard Beach Bod."

LISA J

Oh, Adam - you don't need these!

ADAM

...of course not. But there's plenty of hard-working folks that do. Alright, let's see... "Number ten: Get plenty of exercise."

LISA J
Mmm-hmm. So true.

ADAM
"Number nine: Work out regularly."

Adam shoots a look at Scott, who gives him a thumbs-up - and then discreetly EXITS the studio.

ADAM (CONT'D)
"Number eight: Join a...
gymnasium."

LISA J
These are great! Great tips.

INT. BULLPEN - SAME TIME

Scott breezes in, followed by Gary, who has both hands up.

GARY
Double high-five! Phone lines are
back up - we're good to go for T-
Swift.

Gary slowly lowers his arms, denied. Mel hangs up her cell.

MEL
Taylor Swift just canceled.

Julianna slams her forehead against the desk in frustration.

JULIANNA
We have nothing to fill that time.

SCOTT
I could probably pound out another
thirty or forty beach bod tips.

Julianna straightens up.

JULIANNA
Gary, give me a microphone and a
hundred-foot cable.

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S STUDIO - MINUTES LATER

ADAM
(into mic)
So, Taylor - you know I can't let
you go without asking you about
your love life...

INTERCUT -

INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM - SAME TIME

Julianna is seated on a closed toilet lid, speaking into the
microphone.

JULIANNA
(flawless Taylor Swift)
Oh, Adam - you are gonna get me in
trouble!

ADAM
C'mon, at least gimme his initials.

There's a KNOCK on Julianna's stall door. She panics.

JULIANNA
Occupied.

ADAM
What's that now?

JULIANNA
I'm so occupied with my career, I
don't have time for love.

LISA J
Sounds like someone else I know...

ADAM
Guilty as charged! Let me guess:
you're curled up in a hammock with
someone special right now. C'mon,
Swiftie - where you at, girlfriend?

Julianna shifts - and triggers the toilet's AUTO-FLUSH.

IN THE STUDIO -

Adam and Lisa J exchange a look of disgust.

ADAM (CONT'D)
 (stiff smile)
 So. Tell us about your new single.

CUT TO:

INT. GREEN ROOM - LATER

Julianna slumps in a plush chair, completely wiped out. We hear Adam wrapping up the show over the P.A.

ADAM (O.C.)
 --I want to thank the lovely Taylor Swift for joining us. Lisa J, can you believe that fifty thousand dollar pledge she made to help shut down puppy mills?

LISA J (O.C.)
 She is such a sweetheart!

ADAM (O.C.)
 She is, indeed. Gang, this is Adam Greenleaf wishing you a fantastic weekend. We'll be back on Monday. Until then - keep the dream alive.

Julianna exhales, letting her head fall back. Through the green room door, we see Adam breeze out of the studio, two FEMALE ASSISTANTS in his wake, all of them texting.

A phone is thrust into Julianna's face.

ASSISTANT
 Adam would like to speak to you.

JULIANNA
 But he just... okay.
 (grabbing phone)
 Hello?

ADAM (PHONE FILTER)
 Jules - Adam Greenleaf. We need to talk, and it's time-sensitive.

JULIANNA
 I'm here in the green room if--

The sound of a GUNNED ENGINE blares over the phone.

ADAM (PHONE FILTER)
 I'm already heading over the hill.
 Come up to the house.
 (MORE)

ADAM (PHONE FILTER) (CONT'D)
 Cynthia will give you the deets.
 (recovering)
 Sorry. Details. I read in GQ that
 we're not supposed to say "deets"
 anymore. Or did I read that in
 Details the magazine?

JULIANNA
 I... don't know.

The cellphone is snatched from Julianna's hand by the
 Assistant, who calmly CRACKS it in half.

ASSISTANT
 (blithe)
 It's a burner.

CUT TO:

EXT. PALATIAL GROUNDS - DAY

Julianna steps toward a sprawling mansion. The front door
 opens to reveal Adam.

ADAM
 Welcome to...
 (unsure of what to say)
 ...my... gigantic house.

INT. SPACIOUS ENTRYWAY - A MINUTE LATER

Julianna and Adam enter a cavernous, austere room.

JULIANNA
 Wow. You have an amazing home.

ADAM
 This is my garage.

Julianna LAUGHS, then realizes he's serious.

JULIANNA
 Where are the cars?

ADAM
 You're surrounded by them. They're
 invisible.

Julianna cautiously reaches out to feel the air...

ADAM (CONT'D)
 I'm kidding. My cars are
 underground - they rise out of the
 floor, just like at Batman's house.

INT. ADAM'S HOME OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Julianna shifts awkwardly in a white leather chair, across
 from a translucent desk. Adam paces around her.

ADAM
 Jules, I needed to know what we're
 dealing with here. So I pulled your
 file.

He brandishes a manila folder, stuffed with papers.

JULIANNA
 I have a file?

ADAM
 Everyone who works for me does.
 (reading)
 Let's see: Graduated first in your
 class at the Academy. Four tours
 with something called Shadow
 Company. More than 175 confirmed
 kills. Very impressive--
 (catches himself)
 Well, dammit. This is Dusty's file.

Julianna GASPS with recognition.

SMASH-CUT TO:

INT. RADIO STATION / STORAGE CLOSET

Dusty SNORES soundly in the pile of t-shirts.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. ADAM'S HOME OFFICE - SAME TIME

Adam takes a seat behind the desk.

ADAM
 Forget the file. How about you tell
 me... your story.

JULIANNA

Well, I moved around a lot as a kid...

ADAM

Army brat?

JULIANNA

Linoleum flooring brat. My dad owned a small chain of kitchen and bathroom refurbishing outlets.

ADAM

Tell me: did he eventually branch out into Pergo, when it was introduced in the mid-'90s?

JULIANNA

How do you do that?

ADAM

What can I say? I've always been a bit of a home flooring nerd.

Adam's phone makes an exaggerated "PLONK!" noise.

JULIANNA

Was that a... Tweet?

ADAM

No, PLONK. It's a new social media service. So far the investors are me, Paula Deen, and the cast of "Bayou Boxers."

JULIANNA

How's that going for you?

ADAM

(cheery)

I'm losing millions. Jules, I want to discuss your future.

JULIANNA

I'm sorry, but I prefer Julianna. It was my Granma's name.

ADAM

Too many syllables. I know what you did today. You lied. You stole. You made false charitable contributions under the guise of a multiple Grammy winner. So I'd like to offer you a promotion.

JULIANNA

(thrown)

To what?

ADAM

Show producer. I need someone who will do whatever it takes to keep my program running.

JULIANNA

I don't know if I can do that. I... had other things in mind for myself.

ADAM

Other than running the number one radio show in the country?

JULIANNA

Look, I know how this job goes. There's no room in your life for anything else. And I'd rather pour my heart and soul into something with - no offense - more substance.

ADAM

Substance? You're talking to the man who introduced America to *maygels*. Kegels... for men.

JULIANNA

I meant to tell you - I don't think that's actually a thing.

ADAM

Yes, I've been doing them for a month now and all I've noticed is a sharp decrease in bowel regularity.

JULIANNA

Honestly? I was gonna quit today.

ADAM

Whoa! You should never walk away from any job. Technically, I'm still employed by the Blimpie's I worked at in middle school.

SMASH-CUT TO:

INT. BLIMPIE'S - DAY

Adam, in an immaculate suit and paper Blimpie hat, chews.

ADAM

Do I taste notes of... paprika?

Two teenaged BLIMPIE EMPLOYEES look at each other excitedly.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. ADAM'S HOME OFFICE

ADAM

...to be fair, I'm really just a glorified shift supervisor.

JULIANNA

I just don't want to end up like Brenda. Exhausted, lonely, and having a complete breakdown because the K-WILD prize van didn't get to Reseda on time.

ADAM

I used to drive that prize van. I slept in that prize van. I celebrated three Thanksgivings in that prize van. The future is shape-able, Jules.

JULIANNA

For you.

ADAM

Just because we play Katy Perry three times an hour doesn't mean we can't change lives. We reach millions of people every morning!

JULIANNA

...I'm overwhelmed. I might vomit.

ADAM

And you would've earned that vomit. This is an extremely important, life-altering decision.

(beat)

But I don't want to rush you. You have exactly two-and-a-half minutes -- the equivalent of a standard television commercial break.

END OF ACT 2

ACT 3

INT. HOLLYWOOD BAR - NIGHT

Julianna is seated across from Tenley.

TENLEY

You said no to Adam Greenleaf?!
What'd he say?

JULIANNA

He made me explain the concept of
people telling him "no."

TENLEY

You're officially my hero.

JULIANNA

(dreamy)

No more waking up at 3:15 a.m.,
which means no more going to bed
after "Jeopardy." No more hours of
research on jeggings. I'm like...

TENLEY

Totally unemployed!

JULIANNA

I was gonna say, "free." Free to do
something I'm passionate about.

TENLEY

You can finally make your movie.

JULIANNA

Yes, my documentary. "Honest
Wheels."

TENLEY

Right. The one about the car who
can't tell a lie--

JULIANNA

No, it's about the country's first
all-female convict wheelchair
basketball league, in post-Katrina
New Orleans.

TENLEY

That sounds so depressing.

JULIANNA
 (sincere)
 I really hope so.

TENLEY
 There better be a part in it for
 me!
 (drains her drink)
 This is gonna be awesome. We can
 party all night, sleep in, you can
 drive me to my auditions...

JULIANNA
 ...yeah.
 (sinking in)
 Yeah. I'm gonna get another drink.

AT THE BAR -

Julianna looks up to see Adam - grinning in an impeccable
 suit - on a TV over the bar.

ADAM (ON T.V.)
 Good evening - Adam Greenleaf
 coming to you live...

Shep slides in next to Julianna.

SHEP
 (nodding to TV)
 Your boy's got a target on his ass.

JULIANNA
 I quit that job, Shep. And he's not
 "my boy."

SHEP
 Armenians are after him. Couple
 heavy hitters. This guy I train at
 the gym is an ex-Navy SEAL. He
 played one in "The Rock," and
 "Transformers 2," and "Navy SEALs."

JULIANNA
 Okay...

SHEP
 And he knows a guy who says the
 Armenians had some deal with your
 boy Adam...

JULIANNA
 Stop calling him "my boy."

SHEP

...they're gonna "make an example of him while the whole world's watching."

JULIANNA

Hold on, dumbass. Are you saying that someone is going to try and *assassinate* Adam Greenleaf?

SHEP

Whoa whoa whoa. How'd you make that leap? It's for "Prizank'd."

JULIANNA

Ugh. That dumb prank show?

SHEP

It's only the biggest hit in Armenia, and they're finally bringing it here. Your boy's gonna get soaked - on live TV - by the Cole Slaw Cannon.

JULIANNA

What?!

SHEP

Relax. It's not really a cannon. It's more of a hose, and they pump the cole slaw--

JULIANNA

Yeah, I got that part.

SHEP

So your boy's gonna be humiliated in front of millions of people. He'll probably never recover. It's gonna be awesome.

BACK AT THE TABLE -

Tenley chats with two WIRY HIPSTER GUYS. Julianna takes a seat next to them, but is lost in thought.

TENLEY

Julianna, this is Brett, and...

BRETT 1

Also Brett.

BRETT 2

Tenley says you used to work for Adam Greenleaf.

BRETT 1

Love that guy! Introduced me to maygels.

Julianna glances back up at the bar, past where Shep is flexing for a COCKTAIL WAITRESS, and her eyes drift to the TV. Adam addresses the camera with painful earnestness.

ADAM (ON T.V.)

"What is the use of living, if it be not to strive for noble causes and to make this muddled world a better place for those who will live in it after we are gone?"

EXT. RED CARPET - CONTINUOUS

Klieg lights sweep the night sky behind Adam.

ADAM (TO CAMERA)

...Winston Churchill said that over a hundred years ago. But he could have just as easily been speaking about tonight, in downtown Los Angeles, at the Third Annual Vitamin Water Ladies' Choice Podcast Awards.

IN THE CROWD -

Two severe-looking men, wearing garish tuxedos, step from a throng of PAPARAZZI. These are THE ARMENIANS. They kneel, affixing an ominous tube to an industrial-sized bucket.

ADAM (TO CAMERA)

...the sights, the sounds - well, mostly the sounds. We are talking about podcasting...

TALL ARMENIAN GUY (O.C.)

Mr. Greenleaf!

ADAM

(cheerfully)

Yeah, buddy--

Adam turns to see the Armenians in a crouched position, raising the COLE SLAW CANNON.

SHORT ARMENIAN GUY
You have been Prizank'd!

They fire. Adam defensively raises his arms.

ADAM
(in mock slo-mo)
NOOOOOOOOO--

Julianna steps in front of him and absorbs the splattery cole slaw blast. She loses her footing and tumbles to the Red Carpet. Paparazzi flashbulbs EXPLODE all around her.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Jules. You okay?

JULIANNA
(flat on her back)
Just paralyzed by extreme humiliation. Can I ask you something?

ADAM
Shoot.

JULIANNA
Why were you screaming in fake slow-motion?

ADAM
Saves time in the edit bay.
(helps her up)
This was all set up. I knew I was going to be showered in rancid cole slaw. That's why I'm only wearing a six thousand dollar suit.

JULIANNA
...but, the... Armenians...

ADAM
(nods to the Armenians)
You mean Babik and Haz?

SHORT ARMENIAN GUY
Actually, I prefer Hazarapet.

ADAM
Too many syllables.
(turns back to Julianna)
Those guys are the hosts for my American version of "Prizank'd" - premiering this week, from A.G.P.

TALL ARMENIAN GUY
(helpful)
...Adam Greenleaf Productions.

ADAM
Jules, you took a full sixteen ounces of hydraulically propelled cole slaw, right in your center of mass. I can only assume this means you're taking the job.

JULIANNA
Actually, I just wanted to stop you from being humiliated.

ADAM
Touching. Cost me thousands in free publicity, but touching.

JULIANNA
But then I thought: maybe I shouldn't let this chance go.

ADAM
It was that whole "reaching millions of people" thing, wasn't it?

JULIANNA
Maybe there's a way that I can do this, and have a life. And if that doesn't work out, hey - I'll just quit, like Brenda did.

ADAM
Actually, after that incident, I'm insisting that all employees sign a mandatory five year contract.

JULIANNA
(strained)
Cool. Okay, well... I'm gonna wash the carrot strings from my hair and enjoy the rest of my weekend--

ADAM
Gonna have to put a pin in those plans, Jules. I need you in the office tomorrow. Go through all the great Topher Grace soundbites I just got. So, change into your spare shirt and I'll run you through it.

JULIANNA
I didn't bring a spare shirt.

ADAM
(shrugs)
You'll learn.

CUT TO:

INT. JULIANNA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Julianna shuffles in the front door. Tenley and Shep are standing in the kitchen, along with the BRETTS and the COCKTAIL WAITRESS we glimpsed earlier.

TENLEY
There she is! You want a skinny
mojito-rita?

JULIANNA
I'll take it with me to bed. Gotta
work in the morning.

INT. JULIANNA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Julianna plops down on her bed, staring up at the ceiling. She blinks... and GASPS.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Julianna guides a disheveled, confused Dusty to his car.

DUSTY
...by the way, hiding me in a
closet? Huh-larious.

JULIANNA
I'm so sorry...

DUSTY
Please, that was the best sleep
I've had in years.
(looks at nails)
Although I don't remember when I
started chewing my fingernails.

JULIANNA
I think the studio has a rat
problem.

DUSTY

That explains what happened to the
Altoids in my pocket.

Dusty gently pulls away from her and walks over to his car...

JULIANNA

Are you sure I can't take you to an
Urgent Care, or something?

DUSTY

Don't you worry about me...

JULIANNA

Dusty?

DUSTY

Hmm?

JULIANNA

You're trying to drive away in a
fire extinguisher.

WIDER -

Dusty is trying to put his keys into a wall-mounted fire
extinguisher.

DUSTY

(suddenly weak)

Yes, hospital. Please take me to
the hospital.

Julianna puts an arm around Dusty and gingerly walks him off-
camera.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW