

IMAGINARY FRIEND

"Pilot"

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ACT ONE

INT. WENDY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

WENDY, 30, our unwilling hero, lies in bed fighting the daylight. Wendy's phone rings. She looks at the phone. Caller ID reveals: "Dad."

Wendy groans and puts her head in her pillow case. A beat of guilt. She answers the phone, through her pillow case.

WENDY

Hi Dad.

DAD (V.O.)

Hey sweetie, am I catching you at work?

WENDY

No...

DAD (V.O.)

Isn't it already 10 your time?

WENDY

Probably.

DAD (V.O.)

Well just wanted to call and say I was thinking about you. I know it's going to be a tough day.

WENDY

Thanks.

Wendy gets out of bed and flips the front of the pillow case up so she can see, but leaves the pillow on her head.

DAD (V.O.)

Are you doing anything special today?

WENDY

Just going to work and trying to ignore the day.

Wendy sniffs her armpits. Good enough.

DAD (V.O.)

Is Dave going to come over later to keep you company?

WENDY

Maybe. He's been weird lately.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Do I hear wedding bells?

DAD (V.O.)

Sounds like Patty picked up the other phone.

WENDY

Patty, if you hear wedding bells you need to get that checked out.

PATTY (V.O.)

Well, my fingers are like a lady's legs in church -- crossed!

Wendy rolls her eyes. She goes to her closet and pulls out a shirt from the 80s - her mother's blouse.

DAD (O.S.)

Okay honey. Just wanted to call and say we're thinking about you and of course your mom today.

WENDY

Okay Dad, I gotta go.

PATTY (V.O.)

Robert, is that a yellow-throated warbler on the feeder?

DAD (V.O.)

Let me get my binocs!

Wendy hangs up. She puts the blouse to her face and inhales.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Wendy approaches the BARISTA wearing her mother's shirt.

WENDY

Vodka latte?

BARISTA

Haha I wish!

A beat as Wendy just looks at her -- she wasn't kidding.

BARISTA (CONT'D)

Um, we don't sell alcohol.

WENDY

Fine. Regular latte. With room.

A SECOND BARISTA notices Wendy.

SECOND BARISTA

Ooh, I love your top! Where'd you get it?

WENDY

Oh, at this cute little vintage shop called My Dead Mother's Closet. Huge selection, since she died in her prime. Want the address?

The second barista just stares at her, scared.

BARISTA

Latte for the sad... the blouse...  
Vodka latte hold the vodka!

Wendy grabs her coffee.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY SIDEWALK - MORNING

Wendy walks down the sidewalk. A BUSINESS MAN passing by Wendy coughs. Wendy whips around and coughs back on him.

Freeze on: an unattractive still of Wendy aggressively coughing on a stranger as Mitali looks on.

**TITLE CARD: IMAGINARY FRIEND**

INT. CHEAPODATE OFFICES - ESTABLISHING

The office of CheapoDate.com [ALTS: Dater.com, PrettyPenny.com] is Internet company cool, with a pen of 20-somethings on the phone making deals. It's *Wolf of Wall Street* meets *Sesame Street*. It's a terrible place to be depressed, which is a shame since this is where Wendy works.

INT. CHEAPODATE OFFICES - KITCHEN - LATE MORNING

Wendy dumps Teddy Grahams into a bowl. AIMEE, late 20's, Wendy's unflappably cheery colleague, enjoys a coffee in her signature cat-eye frames.

AIMEE

My roomies and I are making Ina's perfect roast chicken tonight. It's gonna be so scrumptious.

Wendy looks around - was that to me?

AIMEE (CONT'D)

The recipe calls for fennel but my friend Beattie is fennel intolerant so we're using celery.

Wendy doesn't know what to say.

AIMEE (CONT'D)

And while it's roasting we're going to make memory boards.

WENDY

(trying)

Does one of you have dementia?

AIMEE

No, it's just a fun night yummys and crafties! Johan was supposed to come but he's got a charity event.

JOHAN, 20's, gay, self-important, breezes in and grabs a seltzer from the fridge.

JOHAN

We're gathering all the women named Carol who live in Carroll Gardens and providing a safe space for them to talk about living in a neighborhood that's also your name. It's called "Carols: Stop Singing My Song."

Johan breezes back out.

AIMEE

Such a good cause. So. Wendy. Wanna come over tonight?

WENDY

Oh. I can't. I've got plans with my boyfriend. Also I don't hang out with people for pleasure. But thanks.

AIMEE

Well if you change your mind,  
there's a burlap sack with your  
name on it.

WENDY

Thanks.

AIMEE

Oh my gosh that sounded like a  
threat. Like I was going to kidnap  
you. I'm not going to kidnap you!

WENDY

I didn't think so.

Wendy opens the refrigerator and pours half and half on top  
of her bowl of cookies.

AIMEE

Oh my god what if I was gonna  
kidnap you! And I told you about  
it!? Duh Aimee, don't give it away!

Wendy shuts the refrigerator door, revealing CALEB, 20, in a  
CheapoDate.com polo shirt and khakis his mom probably ironed.  
Under his cocky entrepreneur exterior there's a little boy.  
This is Wendy's boss. Wendy jumps.

WENDY

Dammit, Caleb. I wish you'd wear  
shoes.

Reveal: Caleb is just in socks.

CALEB

Hey, this is a laid back workplace.  
You know my motto: "If you would do  
it on a date, you can do it at the  
office."

WENDY

That's a terrible motto.

AIMEE

Yeah, thanks to that motto, Kate in  
payroll got pregnant in the office.  
During business hours. Right on her  
desk--

CALEB

And HR is handling that. Which  
reminds me, put a baby shower on  
your calendars for Wednesday.

(MORE)

CALEB (CONT'D)

It'll be fun. And legally mandated.  
Speaking of mistakes, Wendy can I  
have a word?

Caleb leaves. Wendy follows.

AIMEE

(calling after him)

Caleb! I just threatened to kidnap  
Wendy, it was so funny!

Aimee mimes kidnapping someone.

AIMEE (CONT'D)

Get in the car, Wendy! We're  
crossing the border!

\*  
\*

INT. CHEAPODATE OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM

Wendy follows Caleb into a conference room.

WENDY

Caleb, I'm --

Caleb holds up a "wait a minute" finger. He takes a seat at  
the head of the table and assumes a "power position" he's  
seen in movies. Once he does:

WENDY (CONT'D)

...sorry I was late.

CALEB

Wendy, I wanted to speak with you  
about your tardiness.

WENDY

I just said I'm sorry I was late.

CALEB

I already planned the beginning of  
our talk. So, I'll continue as I  
planned. Because

(reading off of his hand)

"I am in charge." Wendy, you can't  
afford to be late. You --

MABLE, 20s, the ultra-cool-couldn't-give-a-shit intern  
enters. Caleb is in love with her and Wendy wishes she was  
her. They both stop and stare.

\*

MABLE

Office supply didn't have any  
paperclips so I got you more pens.

She puts a handful of shitty pens on the table.

CALEB  
(meaning it)  
That's perfect, Mable. Thank you  
for your dedication to this  
company.

MABLE  
...Kay.

Mable leaves. She definitely has a cigarette behind her ear.  
Caleb and Wendy are in a trance. \*

CALEB	WENDY
Is she parting her hair in a different place?	I bet it just like falls like that.

Caleb's alarm goes off: "Drink creatine 4 muscles." Caleb and  
Wendy snap back to reality. Caleb quickly silences the alarm. \*

CALEB  
Wendy, you haven't sold a date in  
six months.

Aimee is outside the conference room making a huge jar of sun-  
brewed iced tea. She watches their conversation, concerned.

CALEB (CONT'D)  
And don't tell me it's dangerous  
for women to use the phone during  
their cycle. I Googled that and I  
know...I'm pretty sure...I know  
that I'm pretty sure that I know  
that's not true.

Mable sticks her head in the room, immediately entrancing  
Wendy and Caleb again.

MABLE  
Also tomorrow is my birthday and my  
band, Eyelash, is playing at  
Brickers. If you wanna come.

Wendy and Caleb are speechless. Mable leaves. Caleb and Wendy  
stare after her. Wendy pulls her shirt off her shoulder like  
Mable's.

WENDY  
I bet she spends a lot of time in  
just socks, a flannel and a pair of  
men's underwear. \*

CALEB

And she's always walking down the street saying hi to auto shop workers.

\*

WENDY

She knows all the auto shop workers.

Caleb's alarm goes off again. They snap back into reality. He silences it.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Caleb, you know you don't get muscles just from drinking protein. You gotta lift weights too.

\*

\*

\*

CALEB

Why would you say --

WENDY

You entered the reminder on the company-wide calendar.

\*

Caleb has a brief freak out, then:

CALEB

Ok you know what, Wendy? I need you to get out there and show me why I hired a woman in her 30's in the first place. If you don't make a sale today, we'll have to discuss whether CheapoDate.com, the world's cheapest internet dating site, is the best fit for you.

He storms out.

INT. CHEAPODATE OFFICES - WENDY AND AIMEE'S DESK - LATER

Wendy shuffles back to her desk across from Aimee and plops down. BRIAN, late 20's, African-American, handsome yet over-worked IT guy, addresses the bull pen.

\*

\*

BRIAN

Quick IT reminder to please keep lunch sauces away from your computers. Shouldn't be news that sauce is bad for computers. I'm not going to call anyone out, but --

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

JOHAN

And if that person Wendy could also  
return the community Sriracha to  
the kitchen--

WENDY

Got it Johan, will do.

Brian passes Wendy.

BRIAN

Didn't mean to call you out there.

WENDY

No sweat, Brian.

Aimee liberally lotions up her hands.

AIMEE

Rough day, huh. I'm sorry about  
your conversation with Caleb. I  
didn't eavesdrop -- I can read  
lips. My freshman roommate was  
deaf, so I wore ear plugs all year  
in solidarity.

WENDY

Of course you did.

AIMEE

Anyway, I have a lead on a  
restaurant that I know is  
interested. Wanna give them a call?

She hands Wendy a Post-it with a number.

AIMEE (CONT'D)

What if that was a ransom note?

WENDY

Because of the kidnapping thing  
earlier?

AIMEE

So funny!

Wendy sees Caleb watching her, so she makes the call.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Chez Paul Restaurant, this is Chez?

WENDY

Hi, this is Wendy from  
CheapoDate.com.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

CheapoDate! I've heard great things. Tell me all about it.

\*  
\*

WENDY

Well, lonely people meet on our site and your business sponsors their first date, because these people are apparently too dumb and sad to make plans on their own.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Yeah... I think I'm gonna pass.

Wendy hangs up. Aimee is finishing another call.

AIMEE

(on the phone)

I think an MRI imaging center is a perfect place for a first date! After all, it's what's inside that counts! Fifty dates? Awesome!

Aimee hangs up and re-lotions her hands. Looks at Wendy.

AIMEE (CONT'D)

How'd your call go?

EXT. NEW YORK CITY SIDEWALK - DAY

Wendy sulks down the street with a tote that says "*I've been fired from CHEAPODATE.COM, the world's cheapest internet dating site!*" filled with her personal belongings.

She pauses and changes course.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Wendy stands in front of a grave.

WENDY

Guess you know why I'm here. When you get fired on the anniversary of your mother's death, the person you want to talk to is your mom. But you can't because she's buried in North Carolina. So you pick another person's grave you think she'd find tasteful and you talk to them instead.

\*

The grave reads: "Jeremiah Beecher, Killed at the Battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862"

WENDY (CONT'D)

I got fired today and my  
hemorrhoids are back.

Wendy takes out her phone, dials Dave.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Hey. My day slash life freed up if  
you want to come by?

INT. WENDY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Wendy and her run-of-the-mill boyfriend DAVE, are in bed making out.

DAVE

(passionate)  
Wendy!

WENDY

(not very passionate)  
Dave.

DAVE

(sensual, in her ear)  
Wendy. I want to break up.

WENDY

What?

Dave clears his throat and switches to his normal voice.

DAVE

Sorry. I want to break up. I can't  
be in a relationship with someone  
who won't let me get close to them.

WENDY

We literally couldn't get closer.

Dave gets up and gets dressed.

DAVE

I mean emotionally, Wendy. You put  
up a wall.

WENDY

I do not!

DAVE

You've been on Instagram this entire time.

\*

Wendy has her phone in her hand, still on Instagram.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Goodbye, Wendy.

He leaves.

WENDY

But I lost a follower!... Did you just unfollow me?!

INT. WENDY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Wendy is lying on the couch with American cheese slices on her eyes like cucumbers, wine in hand. Chinese delivery remnants are on the coffee table. She's a few drinks in.

WENDY

I'm sorry I'm not a girly girl who pays attention during sex. I'm sorry I don't wear pink petticoats and that I'm completely emotionally unavailable in bed.

Reveal: DELIVERY GUY from a Chinese restaurant sitting in a chair listening deeply. He is sincere and sweet.

DELIVERY GUY

You're a modern woman.

WENDY

Sorry I ate your other deliveries.

\*

DELIVERY GUY

You expressed yourself. That's all that matters. I'll leave you to your thoughts.

\*

\*

The delivery guy leaves. Wendy takes the cheese off her eyes and eats a bite. She spots a fortune cookie. She smashes it and unfurls the fortune.

\*

WENDY

(reading)

"You can make your own happiness."

Wendy takes this in. She picks up her phone and dials.

MONTAGE OF WENDY MAKING DRUNKEN PHONE CALLS

Missy Eliot's "Lose Control" plays under the montage. [ALT songs: Snow's "Informer", M.I.A's "Bad Girls"]

\*  
\*

- Wendy is on the phone. She grabs vodka from the freezer.

WENDY

Caleb, quick ques: do you go home for lunch, or does your mother come to the office and breastfeed you?

- Wendy swigs from the vodka as she goes through her closet.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Aimee! Those 50s glasses of yours make you look very "wrong-side-of-the-civil-rights-movement".

- Wendy is on the toilet side-saddle, smearing on lipstick.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Your baby's a bitch.

- Wendy is trying to get into an old dance costume.

WENDY (CONT'D)

FYI, I meant to get sick at your wedding. So who accomplishes her goals now, Patty?

- Wendy drinking more. Quick cuts of other insults:

WENDY (CONT'D)

Ground control to major LOSER!

WENDY (CONT'D)

Drove my chevy to the levy and  
TURNED AROUND BECAUSE YOU WERE  
THERE.

- Wendy opens her window, in the dance costume.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Hey New York! Screw you because I'm  
making my own happ --

She vomits out the window.

END OF MONTAGE.

INT. WENDY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Wendy is passed out on the couch, in the dance costume, using the shower curtain as a blanket. She looks like hell. There is clanking in the kitchen. Wendy's eyes pry themselves open.

WENDY

Dave? Is that you? Are you making  
me pancakes with visible butter  
chunks like you know I like?

Wendy crosses her fingers in hope. No answer.

INT. WENDY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN

A young ethnically diverse woman is on the phone. This is MITALI. She's super confident, never apologizes for herself. Oh, she's also completely a figment of Wendy's imagination. \*

MITALI

(on the phone)

You have to know your body type. On  
me, Ann Taylor becomes Elizabeth  
Taylor. Talbots becomes Sexpots.  
Ever since I was twelve. \*

Wendy walks in, hungover, wrapped in the shower curtain. Mitali mouths "Sorry" re: the call.

MITALI (CONT'D)

(on the phone)

Anyway if you know of any  
therapists for people without  
problems, let me know. 'Kay bye. \*

Mitali hangs up.

WENDY

Um, who are you?

MITALI

You're a little foggy, huh? Quite  
the night last night. \*

Mitali pours hot water into a mug with a tea bag.

WENDY

Yeah, it was dope... One sec, I  
gotta make a quick call...

Wendy looks around. Mitali points to the microwave. Wendy opens it and takes her phone out. Wendy dials 9-1-1.

OPERATOR (V.O.)  
9-1-1 what's your emergency?

WENDY  
I have an intruder in my house.

MITALI  
(legit scared)  
Ah!! Where?!

WENDY  
It's you!

MITALI  
Me? An intruder? Is bacon an  
intruder in a BLT? Is Kenny an  
intruder in Kenny Rogers?

WENDY  
They're the same person!

MITALI  
Exactly. Don't open the freezer  
then get mad when there's ice.

WENDY  
That's not a saying.

OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Address?

WENDY  
729 Vander--

Mitali hands her a cup of tea.

WENDY (CONT'D)  
(to Mitali)  
--thank you--  
(to the operator)  
Vanderbilt Avenue, Apartment 2A,  
Brooklyn. \*

Mitali finds a bag of trail mix and starts eating it.

MITALI  
Yes, call the cops. It will be good  
for you to meet new people. \*

OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Now, the intruder, does he seem  
agitated? \*

WENDY

Uh, SHE, it's 2015. And not agitated, she's more...just around? Right now she's eating all the chocolate out of my trail mix.

MITALI

Wasn't much left to begin with...

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Please hold.

WENDY

And I'm on hold. Thanks Congress.

Wendy catches Mitali adjusting her boobs.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Your boobs are fine.

MITALI

They're not fine, they're amazing, thanks to you. They're like two perfect cranberry molds.

\*  
\*

WENDY

What? What does that mean?

\*

MITALI

It means that they're firm, but they go with the flow. Tasteful yet festive--

\*  
\*  
\*

WENDY

No, I mean why are you giving me credit for your boobs?!

\*  
\*

MITALI

Do you really not know who I am?

WENDY

No, chick who showed up in my kitchen on a random Saturday--

MITALI

--Tuesday--

WENDY

Whatever--I don't know who you are.

MITALI

Wendy, I'm Mitali, your imaginary friend. To misquote J-Lo, "I'm not real."

WENDY

Oh that is a good one. That's rich!  
Just quote J-Lo and say no more--

MITALI

Look, your life is a mess. And clearly you are not coping. Or deep conditioning. So you made me up to help you deal. To encourage you to actually live your life and rather than just watching it pass you by with a bag of Pepper Jack Doritos on your arm. But you put me in harem pants and you'll regret it faster than you can say Netanyahu.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

WENDY

I've actually never successfully used Netanyahu in a sentence.

MITALI

You just have to be confident. Throw it away. "Netanyahu."

WENDY

(trying it, awkward)  
Netanyahu... Netanyahu... Hey, catch a cab, Netanyahu!

\*  
\*

MITALI

We'll work on it. I've gotta get to my Non-Natal Yoga class. That's a yoga class for--

MITALI (CONT'D)

--women who never want children.

WENDY

--women who never want children.

WENDY

That's my invention! How do you know about that, the U.S. Patent Office won't even return my calls!

MITALI

Because I'm also your invention.  
(she starts to leave)  
Oh and that unitard? It's a no.

\*  
\*

Mitali leaves. Pokes her head back in.

MITALI (CONT'D)

A hard no.

\*

Mitali leaves again.

WENDY

I still don't believe in you!

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Ma'am officers are on their way --

WENDY

Well it's too late! She left!

OPERATOR (V.O.)

The police are actually responding to a noise complaint from your neighbors. They reported hearing a "sad bitch" talking to herself. Their words.

\*  
\*

WENDY

I wasn't talking to myself! She was here! She gave me a cup of tea --

She looks down - there is no tea in her hands.

WENDY (CONT'D)

What the...

She puts her hand on the burner. It's cold.

WENDY (CONT'D)

So now I'm insane.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Join the club.

WENDY

You're still on the phone?

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Yeah. I've got 18 hours left on my shift. Ever played vending machine Bingo? I just beat my P.B.

\*  
\*  
\*

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO

INT. WENDY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATE MORNING

Two POLICE OFFICERS are leaving. Wendy calls after them.

WENDY  
(calling after them)  
Thanks for stopping by! 10-4! Last  
3 digits of my social! Shouldn't  
have announced that!

Wendy closes the door. She opens her laptop and Googles:

WENDY (CONT'D)  
"Adult imaginary friend."

She hits enter. MOANING sounds come from her computer. Wendy slams her computer shut.

WENDY (CONT'D)  
Of course that's porn.

A beat. Wendy re-opens her computer, curious.

WENDY (CONT'D)  
No, Wendy, now's not the time.

She shuts her computer again.

INT. WENDY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Wendy stands in front of the mirror.

WENDY  
Okay, if I DO have an imaginary  
friend, I'd like to say: no thanks. \*  
I got enough problems and I don't  
need to add "crazy" on top of them.

She thinks for a beat. Then, turning in a circle three times:

WENDY (CONT'D)  
Bloody Mary, Bloody Mary, Bloody  
Mary.

A beat. She runs out scared.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Wendy walks down the street enjoying an iced coffee and egg and cheese sandwich. She spots Aimee coming the other way, holding shopping bags.

WENDY

Crap.

(remembering last night)

Oh, CRAP!

Aimee sees Wendy and tries to hide, but there's no where to go. She ends up circling around like a dog until she gives up. They come face to face.

AIMEE

Hello, Wendy.

Aimee takes off her glasses self-consciously, and immediately goes hella cross-eyed. Puts her glasses back on.

WENDY

Hey. What are you doing out on the town in the middle of a work day?

AIMEE

Oh, you know, just yelling at black children in school busses.

A man on the street hears this, gives them a look.

WENDY

(to the man)

She's not. That's an inside... well certainly not joke... reference... He's gone.

AIMEE

If you must know, I'm shopping for decorations for Mable's birthday party tonight. Caleb let me take the day as long as I mentioned him to Mable in a way that made him seem "tall." So.

Her lip quivers.

WENDY

Aimee, I shouldn't have said --

\*

AIMEE

Well you did. And you ruined craft night. That's like putting hot glue on silk.

\*

\*

Wendy looks at her -- huh?

AIMEE (CONT'D)

It's not something you can undo.  
If you'll excuse me, I've got to  
find an eyelash-shaped cake form.

Aimee brushes past Wendy.

EXT. WENDY'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Wendy approaches her apartment, dejected. She pats her dance costume for her keys. Nothing.

WENDY

Oh no.

She tries the door. It's locked. She shakes it.

WENDY (CONT'D)

No, no, no! Are you kidding me?

She looks up at her open window. Does a half-hearted jump towards it, no luck. She sits on the stoop defeated.

Seconds later, BLYTHE, 30's, Wendy's uptight, cardigan-wearing neighbor, steps over her.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Oh thank god. Hi!

Wendy gets up to follow her in. Blythe stops.

BLYTHE

Can I help you?

WENDY

I locked myself out. I'm in 2A.

BLYTHE

I have no way of verifying that.

WENDY

Your name is Blythe! You live in the penthouse!

BLYTHE

Anyone could have guessed that. I look exactly like a Blythe who lives in the penthouse.

WENDY

I'm the one that steals your New  
York magazines! That's my window!  
That's my puke!

Disgusted, Blythe cracks the door and squeezes into the  
building, closing the door behind her. She checks to make  
sure it's locked. Wendy shouts after her.

WENDY (CONT'D)

I'm glad I steal your magazines!

MITALI (O.S.)

I've never understood cardigans. If  
you're cold, grab a man.

Wendy turns and sees Mitali there in yoga clothes.

WENDY

Oh good! You didn't get my mirror  
message! Can you please help me?  
Mimosa? Malala?

MITALI

Mitali. And yoga was great, thanks  
for asking. I got my splits. Well,  
I've always had them but I just  
reconfirmed it.

WENDY

Look, that's awesome, but I'm  
locked out. Can you like fly up to  
my apartment and open the door?

MITALI

Girl, what.

WENDY

Or like walk through the wall, Oda  
Mae Brown style?

MITALI

I'm not a ghost or a witch. I'm a  
normal girl who happens to be  
imaginary. Meaning I can't touch  
the "real" world.

They sit on the stoop together.

WENDY

Am I gonna die on this stoop?

MITALI

Maybe. But not today. Let's play a game. It's called Be, Beat, or Betrothe. Whoever walks by, you have to say if you would be them, beat them, or betrothe them. Here comes a dude.

A regular Brooklyn BEARDED MAN man walks by.

MITALI (CONT'D)

Betrothe. That belly says he's a generous lover.

WENDY

I'd like beat him. I'm so over beards. It's like how about you grow a personality instead.

A very beautiful and stylish WOMAN walks by.

MITALI

I'd be her. I'd miss being me, but I'd try being plain for a day.

WENDY

How did I create an imaginary friend that's so confident? I couldn't even pull off the pink Razr phone - I ended up coloring it black with a Sharpie.

MITALI

Well, I'm not you. I'm made of things that inspire you. Like you know how you're 100% plain Caucasian?

WENDY

There's some Irish in there.

MITALI

Sure, fine, we'll consider that a culture. The point is, just like you're 90% white and 10% also white, I'm mostly inspired from that picture of your mom the 70s when she's in that red towel shirt.

WENDY

I love that picture. She seems so happy and carefree.

MITALI

And the other 10% of me is a mix of  
your leopard dress from 2nd grade,  
the cool twin from Sweet Valley  
High, and gel manicures.

Wendy thinks about this. The bearded man circles back and  
approaches Wendy.

BEARDED MAN

I'm sorry, a few minutes ago...did  
you say you wanted to beat me?

WENDY

I -- yeah...

BEARDED MAN

I'm picking out a cat today and you  
just put me in a terrible mood.

He storms off.

WENDY

Ok I'm making more enemies, I gotta  
get inside.

MITALI

I have an idea.

EXT. WENDY'S APARTMENT - LATER

There's now SCAFFOLDING in front of Wendy's window.

WENDY

You sure taking this was okay?

MITALI

Yes! You are doing them a favor.  
They keep scaffolding up until it's  
needed somewhere else because they  
don't have storage. Everyone knows  
that.

Wendy starts to climb the scaffolding. She's bad at it.

MITALI (CONT'D)

Yes! You got this girl. Use your  
stomach muscles. And your other  
muscles.

Flashing lights. A cop pulls up. Gets out of his car. It's  
the same cop from before.

COP 1  
Come on lady, you again?

WENDY  
Did you know the word "scaffolding"  
comes from "to scaff" meaning --

INT. WENDY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

The cop hands Wendy a ticket.

COP 1  
Let's make this the last time we  
speak today, shall we?

WENDY  
Thanks for breaking me into my  
apartment.

COP 1  
I'm not supposed to do that, but we  
needed to get you off the streets.

The cop leaves. Wendy looks at the ticket.

WENDY  
Great. \$150 fine. Should I pull  
that money out of my ass or yours?

MITALI  
I was brainstorming! I'm not  
perfect! I may look it, but I'm  
not. And let's not forget that I am  
from YOUR brain. So if you don't  
like my ideas, take a B12 vitamin.

Wendy flops down on the couch dramatically.

WENDY  
How did my life get so terrible? I  
keep wanting to call my mom for  
advice, but I can't. All that I  
have left of her is some pictures,  
some clothes and a voicemail  
telling me she got an overdraft  
notice on my checking account. And  
right now I need more.

Wendy wipes away a tear.

MITALI

Ok I know this is right on the heels of a bad idea -- it may even be rear-ending it -- BUT I have a new idea for getting your job back. And this idea is un-illegal.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

WENDY

I'm still mad but what is it?

\*  
\*

MITALI

What's the one thing that always makes you happy?

\*

WENDY

Picking out ingrown hairs?

MITALI

Chinese food. God, you're gross. I get it, but you're gross.

Wendy sits up.

\*

WENDY

Hey, if you're imaginary, who were you on the phone with this morning?

\*

MITALI

My best friend Trish.

\*

WENDY

Of course I create an imaginary friend with other friends for me to be jealous of.

\*

MITALI

Trish is awesome. Just really cool and chill.

WENDY

Perfect.

END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE

INT. PICTURE-MENU-ON-THE-WALL CHINESE RESTAURANT - LATER

Wendy and Mitali eat at a table under the fluorescent lights.  
The Delivery Guy approaches their table. \*

DELIVERY GUY

So I spoke to my boss.

He plops down on top of Mitali. Wendy winces. Mitali groans  
as all the air is knocked out of her. \*

DELIVERY GUY (CONT'D)

He said we are happy to help our  
most frequent customer.

WENDY

Most frequent? That's embarrass--

MITALI

(bearly getting it out) \*  
Focus. Please.

DELIVERY GUY

Though I don't know how popular a  
date at a place with a D sanitation  
rating will be.

Wendy stops eating.

WENDY

You have a D sanitation rating?

DELIVERY GUY

It used to be an F, but we caught  
what we think was their leader.

Wendy takes another bite.

WENDY

That should bother me, but I'm  
actually fine with it.

Mitali, out of breath, gives her a "wrap it up" finger. \*

WENDY (CONT'D) \*

So how many dates can you sponsor?

DELIVERY GUY

Four thousand dates. \*

WENDY

Holy! How?

DELIVERY GUY

We are owned by Berkshire Hathaway.  
Mr. Buffett is partial to our #5.

WENDY

Thank you so much. \*

DELIVERY GUY

It's my pleasure. And I made sure  
we have plenty of "Lo Mein extra  
sauce extra noodles" on the stove  
for this evening's order.

WENDY

Actually, I have an intimidating  
party to attend tonight. The shut-  
in has become the shut out...

DELIVERY GUY \*

Good for you, modern woman.  
(re: her dance costume)  
Are you the entertainment?

WENDY

Guess I should change first.

The Delivery Guy stands up. Mitali rolls to the ground. A  
beat.

MITALI

OOOOOWWWWWW!!!!

EXT. VERY COOL BAR IN BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Wendy and Mitali approach. Wendy looks nice but casual.  
Mitali is dressed to the tens.

MITALI

You ready?

WENDY

Am I ready? It took you an hour and  
a half to get dressed.

MITALI

So?

WENDY

So nobody can see you!

MITALI

I can see me.

WENDY

Wow. That was profound. And technically I said it because I created you.

A COOL GIRL smoking outside watches Wendy.

COOL GIRL

Who is she talking to?  
(a beat, she looks around)  
Who am I talking to?

INT. VERY COOL BAR IN BROOKLYN - SAME

Wendy and Mitali enter. Wendy surveys the hip scene.

WENDY

It's so cool in here. I feel sick. \*

Wendy beelines for the bathroom. Mitali follows.

INT. VERY COOL BAR IN BROOKLYN - BATHROOM \*

Mitali checks her lipstick. Wendy braces herself on the sink.

MITALI

Take a deep breath. It helps if you repeat a mantra.

Wendy closes her eyes and takes a deep breath.

WENDY

(meditating)  
Sooooon... yi..... Sooon....yiiiiii

MITALI

Is your mantra Woody Allen's daughter-wife?

WENDY

It's the sound that came to mind!

MITALI

Okay, do whatever works.

Wendy goes to sit down.

MITALI (CONT'D)

But do NOT sit on that toilet. Are you trying to be MVP of HPV?

Wendy rights herself.

MITALI (CONT'D)

You're fine. Just go out there and be cool like Trish.

WENDY

I don't know Trish!!

MITALI

Oh. Right. Just act like you own the place. Follow my lead.

INT. VERY COOL BAR IN BROOKLYN - MOMENTS LATER

Wendy and Mitali exit the bathroom. Mitali struts off proudly. Wendy follows Mitali, not strutting.

\*

WENDY

(to herself)

Right. I own the place.

(to a customer at the bar)

Ma'am, there's a \$10 minimum on credit cards.

\*

\*

Wendy follows Mitali through the crowd towards the stage.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Oh God. Here comes Mable.

MITALI

Just relax and be natural. She brings out the self-consciously tall sixth grader in you.

Mable arrives.

WENDY

Happy birthday, birthday grrrl!

Wendy hugs her. It's awkward.

MABLE

Thanks...

MITALI

Don't try too hard.

WENDY

So have you read *The Alchemist*?

MABLE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get a drink.

Wendy gives her a dorky thumbs up. Mable walks away.

MITALI

Your ability to fluctuate from bitchy to needy is unbelievable.

WENDY

Dave never appreciated that about me.

MITALI

Now go do what you came here to do. \*

WENDY

Get blackout drunk and hit on a woman?

MITALI

While I do think you could really benefit from some no-holds-barred sexual exploration, I meant get your job back. \*

Mitali indicates across the room where Aimee, Caleb, Johan and Brian stand. Caleb has "X's" on his hands to show he's under-aged. Wendy groans. \*

INT. VERY COOL BAR IN BROOKLYN - MOMENTS LATER \*

Caleb, Aimee, Johan and Brian chat. \*

AIMEE \*

Fun fact about me: I only date fathers. \*

Wendy approaches. Aimee turns her back, but then looks over her shoulder because being rude isn't in her DNA. \*

WENDY \*

Hey guys, I wanted to apologize for my behavior. Brian, I didn't drunkenly insult you. But I would have had I not passed out. It probably would've been about where you could shove the Sriracha. If I'm being completely honest. \*

CALEB \*

No need to be completely honest. As my therapist would say. \*

WENDY

Well, as a token of my apology, I signed a 4000 date deal at Asia Major. And I'd like to split the commission between Aimee and Johan.

\*  
\*  
\*

AIMEE

Wendy, thank you!

\*  
\*

JOHAN

(hard for him)  
That's actually. Nice. Of you.

\*  
\*  
\*

AIMEE

"Life's most persistent and urgent question is, what are you doing for others?" Dr. Martin L. King.

\*  
\*  
\*

BRIAN

Aimee, no one thinks you're racist.

\*

CALEB

Wait, doesn't Asia Major have an F sanitation rating?

\*  
\*  
\*

WENDY

It just got upgraded.

\*  
\*

CALEB

We can't send clients there. Our insurers will never go for it.

\*  
\*  
\*

Wendy forces a smile and excuses herself, sidling up to Mitali.

\*  
\*

WENDY

Strike two. The restaurant is too crappy to send clients to.

\*  
\*  
\*

MITALI

Well I agree, but it's the only idea I had.

\*  
\*  
\*

WENDY

Well it was a terrible one.

\*  
\*

MITALI

Did you have a better idea?

\*  
\*

WENDY

Yeah, create an imaginary friend who was a tad more smarter.

\*  
\*  
\*

MITALI

"More smarter?"

WENDY

Just leave me alone, okay? I don't need you.

She storms off and back to the group of work friends.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Well it's been real.

She shoots Mitali a pointed look. That was a dig on her.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Good luck with life--

Mable rushes up to the group.

MABLE

I don't know what to do - our backup dancer just cancelled and the vibrations from a body moving through space is integral to our sound.

AIMEE

Oh no! I would totally do it but any form of dancing gives me PTSD. I had a very over-bearing mother.

CALEB

You don't want to see your old boss up there shaking his tail-feather!

JOHAN

And I only tap.

BRIAN

You tap too? That's awesome. I did Stomp for two years out of college.

JOHAN

Stomp? Oh yeah I've passed that before. Sign's kinda peeling off...

WENDY

I'll do it. I didn't go to Marcia Sue's School of Dance for nothing. I went because I had trouble socializing with other children.

Wendy pushes through the group and heads to the stage.

INT. VERY COOL BAR IN BROOKLYN - STAGE

Wendy gets on stage. The band begins to play an indie pop song. Wendy freezes. Mitali jumps on stage next to Wendy. \*

MITALI \*

Just pretend you're Beyoncé! \*

WENDY \*

Why are you helping me? \*

MITALI \*

Because I'm your friend! \*

Mitali does really awesome Beyoncé moves. Wendy copies them.

From the work crew's POV it's just Wendy dancing. \*

AIMEE

I think that kidnapping scare from earlier really knocked her out of her shell.

INT. VERY COOL BAR IN BROOKLYN - LATER

The work crew eats birthday cake.

MABLE

Aimee, this cake is sick. \*

AIMEE

Oh it's nothing. I can bake a cake in my sleep. And I have. My doctors are concerned. Anyway! Here's to Mable and an awesome party!

Everyone clinks glasses.

CALEB

It has certainly been one for the diaries. I mean diaries. I mean ages. \*

BRIAN \*

And Wendy, those moves. Damn girl. \*

Wendy blushes. Johan shrugs. \*

JOHAN \*

It was fine. Little tight in the shoulders. \*

WENDY

It was actually really fun. Mable,  
if you ever have another show...

MABLE

Not for a while.

WENDY

Cool, yeah. Definitely.

AIMEE

Brian, show me some Stomp moves.

Aimee drags Brian onto the dance floor. Johan follows.

JOHAN

I better come to, if you care at  
all about the classics. Gene Kelly,  
Jeanne Tripplehorn...

MABLE

I should go say hi to some friends.  
Besides you two get weird when it's  
just the three of us.

Caleb and Wendy stare at her. Wendy tries to touch her hair.

MABLE (CONT'D)

There it is.

Mable leaves and joins a group of auto shop workers. Wendy  
and Caleb snap out of it.

CALEB

Wendy, you were a real team player  
tonight. Or what I assume a team  
player is. My bones are too soft  
for sports. They call it "Pillow  
Bones". The upside is, it's  
impossible for me to drown --

WENDY

Does this mean I have my job back?

Caleb hesitates.

WENDY (CONT'D)

I got some of Mable's perfume on  
me. I'll let you smell my neck?

A beat. Caleb smells Wendy.

CALEB

I already gave your job to Mable.

WENDY

I let you smell my neck!

CALEB

You can have Mable's old job as my assistant. There's no commission, but you never earned that anyway.

Caleb notices that the X's on his hands are faded.

CALEB (CONT'D)

Great. My X's wore off!

Caleb rushes off.

CALEB (CONT'D)

Mr. Bouncer?! I told you a dry erase marker wouldn't do!

Mitali approaches.

MITALI

I watched the "Single Ladies" video and we were doing the hips wrong. They're less "stir the batter" and more "spread the margarine" --

Mitali does the hips. Wendy smiles at her. Mitali stops.

MITALI (CONT'D)

What? I swear this is right.

\*

WENDY

I got my job back. Well not MY job. But a job.

\*

MITALI

That's great. See what happens when you believe in yourself? Don't forget, you're the girl who won the 3-legged race in Girl Scouts by dragging your partner the whole way.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

WENDY

She was so slow yet so light. I'm sorry for being so hard on you. Though I guess since I created you, I was technically being hard on myself --

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MITALI

No you were being a bitch to me but I forgive you.

\*  
\*

WENDY

So, I guess this is goodbye?

MITALI

Are you kidding? You left 43  
offensive messages during your  
drunken rampage. And your life is  
still a mess. I'm not going  
anywhere.

Wendy smiles - this is what she wanted to hear.

MITALI (CONT'D)

Let's go. My bra is killing me.

WENDY

And yet you made me wear one.

They start heading out. As they're walking out, Brian stops  
Wendy.

BRIAN

Hey, Wendy? I didn't say anything  
back there, but you did actually  
leave me a message last night.

WENDY

Oh god. I'm so sorry.

BRIAN

Don't apologize. Your message  
wasn't bad.

WENDY

It wasn't? What'd I say?

BRIAN

It doesn't matter. The point is,  
you didn't only do harm last night.

He hesitates.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

And, I like your smile too.

He leaves. Wendy is stunned. She stares after Brian.

WENDY

God, I hope he's not the one that  
got Kate pregnant in the office  
during business hours right on her  
desk.

END OF SHOW.