

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. NEW YORK SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

It's late. Only a handful of people in the station.

This makes it especially hard to miss the THREE MID-TWENTIES YOUNG WOMEN standing around in FORMAL GOWNS. Prada, Dior, Atelier Versace.

Their shoes and bling are equally impressive. But while their outfits are lavish, their demeanor is pretty beat down.

The young women in question are:

JANE SLOAN, equal parts passion and determination. She's Type A and driven. She always known that one day she would move to New York. She deeply loves the city, but sometimes gets a little overwhelmed by it.

KAT EDISON, African American, bold, fearless. She was a gifted and overpraised child who grew into a young woman who has absolutely no idea that she's supposed to be intimidated by anyone.

SUTTON BRADY, humble and dependable. Her hard work ethic is a definite byproduct of growing up in tough financial circumstances. She's too classy to flaunt her Ivy League degree, or maybe it's just that in this world it's not cool to admit she had to pay for it herself.

But for this moment, all you really need to know about them is that they've definitely had better days. There's a palpable exhaustion here. Jane tugs at her Spanx.

From the distance, we hear the EXPRESS TRAIN approaching. It doesn't stop at this station, which means that when it passes through, it will be crazy fast and crazy LOUD.

In anticipation, a MAN puts his fingers in his ears. Jane sees this. Something about it gives her pause. She glances at Kat with a quick raise of her eyebrows as if to say, "Shall we?" Kat responds with a tired shrug.

Jane turns to Sutton next. Sutton nods, a defiant smile forming. Together, Jane and Sutton step closer to the edge of the platform. Jane looks away.

Jane and Sutton, now at the very edge, join hands. The train is getting closer. And closer. And closer.

CONTINUED:

Kat can't fight it any longer. She joins her friends, taking Jane's free hand.

The TRAIN explodes into frame. It's so loud that everyone else shrinks from the sound. But not our girls. They lean into it.

AND SCREAM AS LOUD AS THEY FUCKING CAN.

Their screams are drowned out by the sound of the train. Nobody else in the station even bothers looking up. If they notice, they don't care. This is New York.

We FREEZE on the girls mid-scream, hair flying wildly from the wind of the train, and splash our TITLE CARD ACROSS THEIR FACES.

*ISSUES*

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. STEINEM TOWER - MORNING

An impressive building in Midtown Manhattan and home to the nineteen magazine titles by Steinem Publishing.

As Jane, Kat, and Sutton navigate the crowded Monday morning lobby, a CHYRON appears across the screen:

**THREE DAYS EARLIER**

They approach the GUARD DESK, pulling out GLOSS MAGAZINE ID BADGES. Not that anyone needs their badges to know they work for Gloss. "Gloss Girls" have their own look. Stylish but youthful. Professional yet fun.

Jane is about to swipe her badge but stops.

SUTTON

What's wrong?

JANE

(looking around)

Nothing. I just... I want to remember this moment.

KAT

Jane. You've been walking into this building every day for the past three years.

JANE

Yeah. But as an assistant. This is totally different.

Jane looks up at this iconic lobby. She's too awed to notice the crowd of people forming behind her.

SUTTON

Um, there's a line.

JANE

Joan Didion walked through this very same lobby once. And Meghan Daum and Rachel Syme. I think Nora Ephron just emailed that one freelance thing in. But still.

People in line begin grumbling behind her.

CONTINUED:

JANE (CONT'D)

I want to remember what walking into  
Gloss Magazine as a writer feels like.

DELIVERY GUY

Yo! Come on, lady. Move your ass!

KAT

Hey! My friend is having a moment here!

Jane takes out her CELL and films herself walking through  
the turnstile.

She has a SNAPCHAT STORY created and posted by the time  
they reach the elevator bank. She captions it: **First Day  
as A Writer!!!**

INT. GLOSS - MOMENTS LATER

Elevator doors open on the 38th floor and home to GLOSS  
MAGAZINE. The GLOSS LOGO hangs chicly across the wall of  
the bustling office. Racks of CLOTHES line the halls.

The furniture and decor match the vibe of the magazine.  
The best way to describe it is, "Totes on Fleek". If you  
don't know what that means, you don't belong here.

The outer offices are made of GLASS so there are  
spectacular views of Manhattan on all sides.

The bullpen is filled with ASSISTANTS and all the  
millennial flair they bring with them. STANDING DESKS,  
boxes from ONLINE SHOPPING exploits, evidence of JUICE  
CLEANSES and other TRENDY DIETS.

Right now there's a lot of evidence that the 50th  
ANNIVERSARY of the magazine is coming up. There are  
CELEBRATORY BANNERS and COVER MOCKUPS everywhere.

JANE

(excited, rambling)

Lauren already had me email in ten  
pitches to the entire writing staff. I  
got so excited I sent them twenty.

Suddenly Sutton and Kat each take one of Jane's arms...

JANE (CONT'D)

Hey!

...and steer her into...

INT. GLOSS / SHOE CLOSET - DAY

The famed Gloss shoe closet. Aisle after aisle of STILETTOS, BOOTS, BALLET FLATS and wish fulfillment.

JANE

Is this a shoe intervention? Because these are vintage.

But Sutton pulls a bottle of CHAMPAGNE out of her purse.

SUTTON

For the last four years, the three of us have toiled away in the assistant trenches together.

KAT

Whoa, whoa, whoa. I was only in there for two years.

SUTTON

Kat, we're having Jane time now.

KAT

Fine. But my Social Media director salary paid for that Veuve.

SUTTON

When we started as assistants, I had no idea that you guys would also become my very best friends.

(getting emotional)

Jane, we are so incredibly happy for you and so incredibly proud that--

EVIE (O.S.)

Sutton!

Reveal EVIE, (late 20s, assistant to the Editor In Chief) at the door of the closet. She looks frazzled.

EVIE (CONT'D)

Lauren's looking for you. The August presentation to the board got pushed up by thirty minutes!

SUTTON

Crap! Lauren will kill me if I don't have her notes ready.

Sutton hands the champagne to Kat.

CONTINUED:

SUTTON (CONT'D)

Take over. Be emotional. But don't make it about you.

Kat rolls her eyes.

JANE

Forget it. We'll wait until we can all celebrate together.

Jane ducks the champagne into a pair of BOOTS to hide it.

SUTTON

Good luck in your first pitch meeting!  
You're going to kill it. Love you. Bye!

Sutton races out.

INT. GLOSS / WRITERS' CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The WRITERS are taking their seats around a CONFERENCE TABLE. Widen to reveal Jane watching from outside the glassy walls.

ALEX CRAWFORD, another writer on staff, notices her watching the room and walks up to her. He's (late 20s), cute in a khaki pants wearing, bookworm kind of way.

ALEX

Don't be too hard on yourself.

JANE

Huh? Oh. I probably look like a total psycho. I'm just trying to remember every moment today.

(then)

Wait. Why would I be hard on myself?

ALEX

Oh Crap. Lauren didn't talk to you yet?

Right then, LAUREN NGUYEN walks up. She's Gloss's Executive Editor and Sutton's boss. She's 40s, serious, overworked and therefore blunt.

LAUREN

Jane... Hi. Those pitches you sent in... Thank you for getting me so many. You obviously put a lot of effort into your work.

Lauren hears the ping of an email on her phone. She puts up a finger to Jane. *Hang on.* Jane waits, dying a little.

CONTINUED:

LAUREN (CONT'D)

We can talk in more detail later, but the headline is this. No.

JANE

Oh. Uh... All of them?

LAUREN

You're in the big leagues now. So shake it off and get right back at it. We good?

JANE

Totally. It's all a learning experience. And I'm a really fast learner so...

LAUREN

Fantastic.

Lauren hurries off leaving Jane embarrassed in front of Alex. She covers what a blow that was by making a joke.

JANE

Well, at least I won't have any trouble remembering that moment.

INT. STEINEM TOWER / TOP FLOOR CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

The top floor is occupied by the Publishing Group BOARD OF DIRECTORS. Up here it's all cherry wood desks, leather chairs, and right wing attitude.

This monthly meeting is for the Gloss team to present every single page of the magazine to the board for approval. It's an opportunity to express concerns and raise flags.

The BOARD OF DIRECTORS sit around the conference table. Most of them look like Dick Cheney or your grandpa. The one notable exception is...

RICHARD "DICK" MOTT (40s), Jon Hamm looks and charm. He doesn't actually go by Dick. That's just what the Gloss Girls call him. Because, well, they'd like to get on his. He's the lawyer for the publishing group.

Sitting on the Gloss side we find several high level GLOSS EXECUTIVES.

Sitting around the perimeter are the LOWER LEVEL EXECUTIVES and the ASSISTANTS. Kat and Sutton sit next to each other.

CONTINUED:

Lauren leads a page by page POWERPOINT PRESENTATION of the entire magazine.

LAUREN

And moving forward to our health section. We have a fantastic article about the best way to broach uncomfortable concerns with your gynecologist.

On screen we see a page with photos of obvious vagina metaphors -- Orchids, seashells, an emoji peach.

Board President, GIL STEINER, 60s, old school, stuffy, takes off his glasses with a sigh and wipes them clean. He'll never get this magazine. But it makes him a ton of money. So there's that.

RICHARD

(totally professional)

I want to flag a concern about the word, "Punani".

LAUREN

The article specifically says "don't call it your punani".

RICHARD

Understood. But we've been criticized in the past by a small but very vocal Indian group who feels the word has been unfairly misappropriated. I'd rather we swap it out and avoid the backlash.

LAUREN

Any problems with vajayjay?

KAT

Yeah. It's not 2006.

Kat means it as a joke, but Lauren runs this as an absolutely professional meeting and has no patience.

LAUREN

Sutton, can you make a note to have Sage come to my office to discuss punani alts.

Sutton makes the note and Lauren pushes forward. The next page to appear on screen has an X through it.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

We can skip the next two pages. We had to pull the article over a legal issue.



CONTINUED: (2)

KAT

Wait. The Lesbian, Muslim, Artist story?  
We think this will have a huge social  
media reach.

LAUREN

(ignoring Kat, to the board)  
Unfortunately it's a moot point. The  
artist initially agreed to let us run her  
photographs but reneged at the last  
minute.

KAT

Why did she decide to pull out?  
(off Lauren's annoyance)  
I just think this story is worth fighting  
for. It's click gold for us. It hits all  
our boxes. No pun intended. It's "feel  
good", "sexy", just the right amount of  
political, and--

But she stops abruptly. She's noticed that Editor In  
Chief, JACQUELINE CARLYLE, has entered the room and is  
listening to her.

Heads start to turn as everyone realizes Jacqueline has  
arrived. There's a palpable shift in energy. Kinda like  
when the president enters a room.

Everyone on the Gloss side of the table sits up a little  
straighter. iPhones get tucked away. Even the board  
members straighten up a little.

Jacqueline knows the effect her entrance has. And she  
fucking loves it.

JACQUELINE

Good morning, gentlemen. We liking  
everything so far?

Murmurs of praise from most of the board. But then  
there's Gil Steiner.

MR. STEINER

You're definitely pushing the envelope in  
a couple of places, Jacqueline.

He doesn't mean it as a compliment and she knows it.

JACQUELINE

Thank you, Gil. That's our goal.  
(taking a seat, to Lauren)  
Where'd you leave off?

CONTINUED: (3)

LAUREN

Just turning to the Devotion and Desire  
Section.

JACQUELINE

I've got it from here. Gentleman, this  
month I'm pleased to present to you,  
"Ride 'Em Cowgirl. Positions Guaranteed  
to Make You Yeehaw."

The article is accompanied by some super sexy photos. The  
older board members stare dryly. But Richard raises a  
curious eyebrow. Hm, that looks interesting. Sutton can't  
help but smile at his reaction. But when he looks up, she  
quickly looks away.

INT. TOP FLOOR / ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Jacqueline and Lauren walk to the elevator. Sutton trails  
slightly behind, notebook in hand.

LAUREN

I'll talk to Kat about interrupting in  
there. It's not the time.

JACQUELINE

It's a shame we had to lose that story.

Sutton tries to pretend like Lauren isn't talking shit  
about her friend. She stares down at her notebook.

RICHARD

(walking up)  
Hold the elevator.

Sutton steps invisibly to the back of the elevator as  
Lauren and Jacqueline make room for Richard.

JACQUELINE

(to Richard)  
How much push back am I going to get from  
Gil this month?

RICHARD

You're a magazine about sex. He knows  
that.

Jacqueline bristles. But only slightly. She hates when  
people say that. But now isn't the time to make a scene.

CONTINUED:

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I'll email you with a couple of small things. But the board should be ready to sign off by close of business tomorrow.

Doors open on the Gloss floor. Jacqueline and Lauren step off. Sutton turns to Lauren.

SUTTON

I'll pick up your lunch and be back up in a minute.

LAUREN

Thanks, Sutton. And a green juice please.

Richard and Sutton are now alone in the elevator. They both stare forward as the doors close.

But as soon as the doors shut, they turn towards each other and...

Start kissing like crazy. It's sexy and intense. He slides his hand up her skirt.

RICHARD

(between kisses)

Tonight? My place?

SUTTON

Yes. And yes.

The elevator reaches the lobby. They separate as if nothing happened and walk in opposite directions, Sutton casually straightening her skirt.

INT. GLOSS / WRITERS' BULLPEN - DAY

Jane works at her new desk. It's next to Alex's.

JANE

(frustrated)

God. Now I'm second guessing everything.

ALEX

Seriously. You gotta just shake it off. If I were to go through all my failed pitches, we'd be here until next Tuesday.

JANE

Afternoon or evening? Because the Mets play Tuesday night. I don't like to miss the first pitch.

(off Alex)

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

JANE (CONT'D)

Yes. She wears lip gloss and likes sports.

ALEX

I knew you liked sports. I just didn't know it included the worst team in the National League. But for what it's worth, those are the kinds of details Jacqueline likes in pitches.

JANE

Lip gloss and baseball?

ALEX

She likes pitches with personal touches. She's always saying she wants to "feel the writer".

Jane considers this.

JANE

Can I run an area by you? Something I've been working on?

(off his nod)

Social media stalking. Like, are we better or worse off knowing what our exes are up to at all times. Do you think there's anything there?

ALEX

If you find the right angle, I think it could be a home run. Not to go over your head with a sports metaphor.

Jane rolls her eyes. But she's encouraged.

INT. GLOSS / SHOE CLOSET - EVENING

It's the end of the day and Jane and Sutton sit on the floor, champagne out, waiting for Kat.

SUTTON

I'm texting Kat again.

JANE

Forget it. I don't even feel like celebrating anymore.

SUTTON

Oh hey. What's this? Jimmy Choos in your size.

CONTINUED:

Sutton crawls over to grab a pair of heels, tempting Jane. Jane finally takes them, trying them on as...

KAT

(walking in)

Ladies, I have spent the last two hours down a lesbian Muslim rabbit hole.

JANE

What are you-- Nope. Never mind. Don't even want to know.

KAT

(to Sutton, re: Jane)

What's wrong with her?

SUTTON

Lauren rejected all her ideas.

KAT

That's because Lauren is threatened by youth and awesomeness.

JANE

No, she's right. I was so focussed on exploring these big feminist concepts that I didn't really stop to think about my way in.

(then)

How much do you guys look at your ex-boyfriends' online?

KAT

I don't have ex-boyfriends. I have ex-lovers.

Jane and Sutton trade a look. Kat loves being dramatic.

SUTTON

Constantly. Why?

JANE

I'm working on this idea about social media stalking. But I can't really use myself for research. For obvious reasons.

SUTTON

I know. You're so lucky Eric isn't on social media. Mike had a bagel for breakfast this morning. I hate that I know that.

CONTINUED: (2)

KAT

Your ex-boyfriend still lives with his mom in your hometown. A place you described as, "where dreams go to die". Sweetie, you win.

SUTTON

You didn't see this bagel. And you didn't see my last student loan statement. I'm like one paycheck away from joining him.

KAT

(to Sutton)

You are going to get promoted any second.

(turning to Jane)

And you are going to nail your first story. I personally like the idea of you doing something that involves Eric. Maybe you can finally get some closure.

JANE

I have closure. It's closed. Moving on.

Kat and Sutton trade a look -- yeah right. Jane sees it.

JANE (CONT'D)

I saw that. Please don't force me to talk about Eric right now. This day has already been hard enough.

SUTTON

Fine. We can talk about Kat's "lesbian, Muslim, rabbit hole." Because seriously, what?

KAT

I'm going to persuade that artist to be in the magazine.

SUTTON

Oh, Kat. No. Let it go. Lauren wasn't happy at all today.

KAT

Yeah. Like I said, she's threatened by youth and awesomeness. She's so typical Gen X. They love to tell us how we're all entitled and lazy. Then they act completely threatened when we show a little initiative. Getting this article would be incredible for Gloss.

CONTINUED: (3)

SUTTON  
For Gloss? Or for Kat?

JANE  
For Gloss? Or for Kat?

SUTTON  
Ha. Jinx.

They high five.

KAT  
Whatever. I'm opening the champagne. Let's officially toast to you being a writer. To me getting this story. And to Sutton...

Kat trails off to think about what to say.

SUTTON  
Yeah. That pause speaks volumes.

KAT  
I was just trying to narrow down what awesome thing to say.

Right then, Sutton gets a TEXT. She checks it.

SUTTON  
Perfect. You can toast to the fact that my boss is summoning me.

She checks the text. Turns to Jane.

SUTTON (CONT'D)  
It's about you actually. Lauren wants me to set a meeting. I can't believe I'm like your scheduler now.  
(reading more)  
Ooh. Wow.

JANE  
What?!

SUTTON  
Nothing. I'm sure it's not a big deal. The meeting isn't with Lauren. Jacqueline wants to sit down with you.

JANE  
Jacqueline Carlyle? And me? Like one on one?

SUTTON  
I'm sure it's nothing bad.

CONTINUED: (4)

JANE

It can't be good.

Jane looks to Kat who tries to be reassuring.

KAT

She probably just wants to...

(trails off, panics)

Oh, hey. We haven't opened the bubbly yet.

But there's no fucking way they're opening it now. Jane flops her head into her hands, freaked. As Sutton rubs her back, she turns to Kat.

SUTTON

You seriously need to work on your unintentional pauses.

As Sutton keeps rubbing Jane's back, we...

END OF ACT ONE



ACT TWO

INT. RICHARD'S LOFT - MORNING

We're in Richard's incredibly cool TRIBECA LOFT where he and Sutton are tangled up in his DESIGNER SHEETS after some serious morning sex.

RICHARD

That was...

SUTTON

(oh my fucking God)

Yeah.

They take a moment or two to catch their breath.

SUTTON (CONT'D)

I'd better get to the office.

RICHARD

I can't believe you're the one rushing off.

SUTTON

I have a lot going on with The Gloss 50 party coming up. And I don't want you to think-- I mean-- I know what this is.

RICHARD

(teasing)

Oh? What is it?

Sutton isn't sure how to respond. Fortunately her PHONE BUZZES.

SUTTON

Sorry. It could be Lauren. She likes to text me first thing.

But when Sutton checks her phone, she finds a SNAPCHAT from Jane. A SELFIE of her looking nervous outside Jacqueline's office. CAPTION reads:

***About to meet with Jacqueline! #CompletelyTerrified  
#WhereAreYouINeedAPEptalk?!***

RICHARD

Green juice emergency?

CONTINUED:

SUTTON

(giving him shit)

Is now a good time to remind you that your big crisis yesterday was "punani"?

He smiles, loving that she challenges him.

SUTTON (CONT'D)

(typing on her phone)

And no. It's not a juice emergency. My friend is freaking out about a big meeting.

RICHARD

Is that Snapchat?

(off her nod)

I thought that was just for sending dirty pics.

SUTTON

(mock offended)

No.

(then)

Well, sometimes. Other times it's to send encouraging pictures of Ryan Gosling to your best friend.

Sutton fires back a PICTURE of RYAN GOSLING with the CAPTION: *Hey, Girl. You got this.*

RICHARD

You'll have to show me how to use it.

SUTTON

I'm not sending you naked photos.

RICHARD

Not for that. Although I wouldn't turn one down. We're starting to do deals with them. It would help if I had any idea how it worked.

SUTTON

Here. Hand me your phone.

He does. She downloads the SNAPCHAT APP and signs him up.

SUTTON (CONT'D)

Enter your password and you are officially RichardExec.

After Richard enters his password. He checks his email.

CONTINUED: (2)

RICHARD

My 9am just cancelled. Which means, I don't have anywhere to rush off to.

Richard leans toward her and they start kissing. Just as it gets hot and heavy, Sutton gets a text from Lauren:

*Need you in now. I want to move the Nike call up. And get me a juice on your way in.*

SUTTON

I have to go.

RICHARD

You're kidding me.

SUTTON

Sorry. Green juice emergency.

As Sutton gets dressed in the most sexy way possible...

INT. GLOSS / JACQUELINE'S OFFICE - MORNING

A nervous Jane waits in Jacqueline's doorway while she finishes a call. Jacqueline hangs up and motions her in.

JACQUELINE

Jane. Come on in.

(then, checking the time)

Actually, no. Take a walk with me. I need to check in on a fitting.

Jacqueline is already on the move.

JANE

Thank you so much for your time. I want you to know how grateful I am for this promotion.

As they pass Jacqueline's assistant:

JACQUELINE

Evie, did Kendall's publicist confirm her for the Gloss 50 yet?

EVIE

I'll check again.

JACQUELINE

Jane, you've worked incredibly hard here. Being an assistant to an entire department of writers is a political minefield.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

You not only handled it, but you took every opportunity that came your way. Guest writing on the blog when the team was too busy. Covering interviews. You ask smart and thoughtful questions.

JANE

Wow. Thanks. I didn't think you knew any of that.

JACQUELINE

I know everything that goes on here. There's a reason these walls are glass.

(then)

Your pitches were huge swings. I have to admit, some of them impressed me. But I didn't feel *your* voice come through.

JANE

I absolutely understand. And I'm already working on something new.

JACQUELINE

Great. Let's hear it.

Jane wasn't expecting to have to pitch quite yet.

JANE

Well... Uh... We're this entire generation who, because of social media, will never be able to fully leave our past relationships behind.

JACQUELINE

Interesting.

JANE

I thought I could interview a bunch of people. Get different perspectives on it.

JACQUELINE

What about you? What's your perspective?

JANE

Oh... Uh... My boyfriend isn't on social media actually. But I think I could still find a way to get my voice in--

JACQUELINE

Hang on. Back up. This ex of yours. That's odd for someone your age not to be on social media.

CONTINUED: (2)

JANE

A friend of his screwed up a job pretty bad with a dumb Instagram post. I actually know a few people who have hopped off for similar reasons.

JACQUELINE

Interesting. What's that like? Not being able to check up on him?

JANE

It's fine.

(off Jacqueline)

It's horrible. All my friends know everything about their exes. They hate it. They say it's crazy making. But having an unstalkable ex is pretty crazy making too.

JACQUELINE

An unstalkable ex. There's something there. I bet some of our readers are in your same position. There used to be a time when we all were. And yet we still found ways to check up on them.

JANE

(a desperate blurt)

I could track Eric down. Using all the methods women used to use before social media. "How to Stalk Your Unstalkable Ex."

JACQUELINE

Great title. I like this. Can't wait to see where it goes.

Jacqueline keeps walking. We stay with Jane -- *What the hell did she just get herself into?*

INT. ART STUDIO - DAY

A hip studio workspace belonging to the lesbian, Muslim, photographer. Kat enters and takes it all in.

The artist's current collection -- THE WOMAN BEHIND THE VEIL -- hangs on the walls. Artful PHOTOGRAPHS of women in BURKAS. Each one holds up a piece of paper where she's written something about herself: "Mother," "Rescue Aid Worker", "Rape Survivor", "Poet", "Beyoncé Fan".

Kat spots the artist, ADENA (late 20s), Middle Eastern, wearing a Hijab, retouching a photograph at her computer.

CONTINUED:

KAT

Adena? Hi. I'm Kat Edison from Gloss.  
(off her blank look)  
I spoke to your manager on the phone.

Adena sighs. Calls out to someone unseen.

ADENA

Firuze!

FIRUZE (late 30s) also from the Mid East but not wearing a headscarf comes out from a back office.

ADENA (CONT'D)

(to Firuze)  
Seriously? I can't believe I even have to say this to you. But no means no.

FIRUZE

(approaching Kat)  
Kat. Hello. I'm Firuze. Adena's manager.

ADENA

My manager who often neglects to tell me about meetings when she knows they're going to annoy me.

FIRUZE

Adena, Kat was very persuasive on the phone.  
(to Kat)  
Please be persuasive. This is a huge opportunity to expose her art to America.

KAT

Then let me get right to it. Because it *is* a huge opportunity. Gloss has a circulation of over 3 million. Between Twitter, Instagram, and Snapchat we reach 6 million more.  
(then, softer)  
And I understand why those numbers might be intimidating.

ADENA

What do you mean?

KAT

In your essay about your collection you talk about your complicated relationship with your religion. I don't want to belittle how hard it would be to come out on such a public forum.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

KAT (CONT'D)

But I'd love a chance to tell you why I think it's important.

ADENA

Is that what you think this is about? I'm scared?

KAT

Well, I--

ADENA

My Twitter bio literally says "proud Muslim lesbian."

KAT

But that's only a few hundred people. This would mean coming out to millions.

ADENA

I would come out to the whole world if it was the right place. But Gloss and I are not a good fit. I'm sorry, but I don't want my art being associated with a completely un-feminist magazine.

KAT

Whoa. Hey now. Un-feminist?

Right then, TWO WOMEN in BURKAS enter the studio.

ADENA

(to the women, in Arabic)

I'll be right there.

(back to Kat)

Sorry you wasted your time coming down here.

INT. GLOSS / BULLPEN - DAY

Sutton is at her desk when her PHONE BUZZES. She checks it to find a new SNAPCHAT MESSAGE from RichardExec:

*Eagerly awaiting my first Snapchat lesson.*

Sutton smiles, loving the flirtation. She thinks about how to respond. How far should she go with this?

She looks around to make sure she's alone, then unhooks her BRA and slides it out the armhole of her shirt.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. RICHARD'S OFFICE - SAME

Richard picks up his phone when it dings. From GlossySutton:

**Let's start with what Snapchat was invented for. Here's a photo of me in a bra. Enjoy.**

Intrigued, Richard opens the photo. Then laughs when he sees it. Sutton took a picture of her bra. But not on her body. On her desk. Then put a picture of herself from her BULLETIN BOARD and set it inside the bra cup. "Me in a bra." Get it?

BACK ON SUTTON -

She's staring at her phone, waiting for a response, when Jane walks up. She's in a bit of a daze from her meeting.

JANE

I just got a story approved.  
(then)  
Are you not wearing a bra?

SUTTON

I was uh... Wait. You got a story approved. Tell me!

Right then, Kat walks up.

KAT

My meeting with Adena was a disaster.  
(then, to Jane)  
Why isn't Sutton wearing a bra?

JANE

Totally unclear. I had the same question.

SUTTON

Jane got a story approved.

KAT

Yes! Who's better than you?

JANE

(still processing)  
I pitched... I pitched tracking Eric down. I pitched tracking down and finding the one guy in this world I never want to see again.

Kat and Sutton trade a look -- *Whoa.*



CONTINUED:

JANE (CONT'D)

Okay. This is going to be fine. I can totally do this. She even said she liked some of my other pitches. She called them big swings. But maybe if I nail this... Oh my God. How am I going to nail this?

Suddenly a smile grows on her face.

JANE (CONT'D)

Step one. I'm going to drive slowly past his house.

SUTTON

How? This is New York. You don't have a car.

JANE

But I do have a promotion that comes with perks.

Jane's smile takes us to...

INT. TOWN CAR / EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

A sleek black TOWN CAR turns onto one of those crappy Brooklyn streets where people in their 20s can still afford the rent with only minimal parental help.

We find Jane, Kat, and Sutton in the back of the GLOSS TOWN CAR. They peer out the window..

SUTTON

Are you sure he still lives here?

JANE

I'm not sure of anything. The last time I talked to him was the morning of my birthday. Then it was just... over.

Kat reaches over, puts a hand on Jane.

JANE (CONT'D)

(pulling back)

Okay, okay. We don't need to be melodramatic. I'm fine.

KAT

Oh my God. You are such a Bond villain sometimes.

JANE

What does that mean? I'm hot?

CONTINUED:

KAT

Well, yes. You are hot. Obviously. But that's a Bond Girl. You're like one of the villains. Just kinda... emotionally chill.

JANE

I am not emotionally chill.

She turns to Sutton for support.

SUTTON

Well, I wouldn't use the word chill. But you have a tendency to push things down. He was the first guy you ever said, "I love you" to. And now it's like he never even existed.

Jane rolls her eyes. Leans forward to talk to the DRIVER.

JANE

Can you go around the block again? But a little slower this time.

The Driver makes the turn, bringing them around the block again. Jane leans forward to talk to him.

JANE (CONT'D)

Sir. I'm so incredibly sorry. This is probably the weirdest thing you've ever had to do.

The Driver (late 50s, kind) looks in the rearview mirror.

DRIVER

You can call me Carl. And I've been driving Gloss girls around for 15 years. This doesn't even come close to my weirdest day.

JANE

Well, it's definitely mine.

DRIVER

How about I pull over and ring the bell?

JANE

You're a decent and patient man, Carl.

Carl gets out. He rings the BELL a couple of times. No answer. He returns to the car.

CONTINUED: (2)

DRIVER

Sorry. No answer. Is there an office or place of work I should drive by?

JANE

Not really. He's a musician. Sometimes he plays in this coffee shop on Flatbush Avenue. We could try there.

SUTTON

Oh my God! There he is!

Jane looks out the window. And there, walking up to his apartment is ERIC VELASCO (late 20s), cute.

SUTTON (CONT'D)

Okay. Now what?

JANE

I don't know. I guess we just... follow.

KAT

Or... We jump out of the car and beat his ass.

Carl drives slowly along, keeping pace with Eric. Eric turns and does a doubletake at the slowly trailing car.

JANE

Carl. These windows are tinted, right?

CARL

Actually, no.

Jane dives to the floor before Eric can see her. Kat puts a reassuring hand on her shoulder. Jane shrugs it away.

JANE

Oh my God. Seriously. I'm fine.

But Jane can't help herself, she rises to her knees and peaks out at Eric.

JANE (CONT'D)

Okay. This is good. Good first step. I think this story is going super well.

Kat puts her hand back on Jane's shoulder. This time she doesn't shrug it away. Sutton adds hers. As they drive away and Eric fades out of sight...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. GLOSS - MORNING

Jane and Kat walk through the office with their morning coffee. Jane's head is in her phone.

KAT

I could barely sleep last night I was so pissed. Just seeing his face again...

(re: Jane's phone)

Okay. Can you put that away and be in a rage spiral with me?

JANE

Huh. Oh. I'm working on a pretty good stalking idea. I think Jacqueline's going to like it.

(sees Alex up ahead)

Oh, there's Alex. He weirdly might be the key to cracking this thing. Later.

KAT

(calling after her)

I think you're unhealthily compartmentalizing.

JANE

(calling back)

I think it's annoying that both your parents are therapists.

INT. GLOSS / WRITERS' BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER

We pick up with Jane and Alex, walking and talking.

ALEX

John Melching? It rings a vague bell.

JANE

You guys are Facebook friends. Look.

Jane holds out her phone, showing him his picture.

ALEX

Oh, right. We were in a fantasy football league when I first moved to New York.

JANE

He's DJing a party tonight. Some fancy rooftop thing.

CONTINUED:

ALEX

That sounds horrible.

JANE

I know. But, next step in my stalking guide. "Show up some place you know he's going to be." My ex's best friend checked in that he's going to be there. Which means there's a good chance my ex will be too. Think your friend could get us on the list?

ALEX

*Friend* is stretching it. We watched a couple of games together. I wouldn't exactly say we're bros.

JANE

Please.

(a beat, vulnerable)

I already owe you so big time for this story. But I really want to prove to Jacqueline that I can do it. You're my best hope here. Please.

ALEX

Yeah. Okay. Let me see what I can do.

Alex types out a FACEBOOK MESSAGE to John Melching. ***Hey. Any chance you can hook me up with a party invite tonight for me and this girl I'm trying to impress?***

On Alex, watching Jane walk away.

INT. ART STUDIO - DAY

Kat returns to Adena's studio. She finds Adena alone setting up for a shoot. Some music plays.

KAT

I want a chance to defend the magazine.

ADENA

You're wasting your time.

KAT

I know it's easy to look at our covers and see the celebrities and the sex headlines and think we're one thing. But you challenge people with your art. You ask them to look at what's inside. I'm asking you to do the same.

CONTINUED:

Adena looks up, a bit surprised. A bit intrigued.

ADENA

Okay. I'll give you a chance to convince me. But can you do it standing on this mark?

She directs Kat to sit down on a STOOL, then proceeds to adjust the lighting.

KAT

When Jacqueline took over the magazine, she shifted the focus. She calls it stealth feminism. It's no longer how to please your man -- or woman -- in bed. It's how to please yourself.

ADENA

You're all about makeup and clothes. I don't know how you can call that feminism. Stealth or otherwise.

KAT

You know, I'm tired of women like you telling women like me that just because I want to look nice, I can't be strong.

Adena has been holding a light meter to Kat's face and their proximity is close. The moment is intense, sexy.

ADENA

Usually women like you tip toe around women like me. You're either afraid of me or afraid of offending me.

KAT

I'm not afraid of anything.

Kat can see that Adena is somewhat swayed.

KAT (CONT'D)

Come to the office tomorrow. Let me show you what we're all about.

ADENA

I have a shoot scheduled in the Middle East. I fly to Dubai on a red eye tonight.

KAT

Then come to the office today.

On Adena, considering.

INT. GLOSS / BULLPEN - DAY

Sutton is at her desk busily working when DAMON (30s) the gay fashion director comes up holding several insanely gorgeous, insanely expensive GOWNS.

DAMON

Hey. I'm pulling 50th party looks for Lauren. Can you coordinate with the stylists? Make sure none of the celeb guests are wearing the same thing.

SUTTON

(overwhelmed)

Yeah. Of course.

Sutton adds it to her massive list of things she has to do to prepare for the party. Her OFFICE LINE rings.

SUTTON (CONT'D)

This is probably the event planner. Just leave the dresses on the rack. I'll take care of it.

(picking up phone)

Lauren Nguyen's office.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. STEINEM TOWER / RICHARD'S OFFICE - SAME

Richard stands looking out the window.

RICHARD

I very much appreciated the Snapchat lesson. It seems only fair that I return the favor. So I'm going to teach you how we used to do things.

(a beat, sexy)

Describe your panties.

Sutton reacts. Totally turned on but also totally aware that she's in the middle of the office. Which, let's be fucking honest, makes it even hotter.

SUTTON

(as professional as possible)

I'm afraid I'm unable to give you that information at this particular time.

She quickly hangs up, but a smile spreads across her face. She's loving the flirt.

INT. GLOSS - DAY

Kat is in the middle of giving Adena a tour.

KAT

We've got separate closets for clothes, shoes, and beauty products. But given your stance on all that, let's just skip ahead. I want you to meet Jacqueline.

Adena looks around. They walk past a conference room filled with 20-SOMETHINGS talking and laughing.

ADENA

What's going on in there?

KAT

Focus group. Our sex editor likes to bring people in to discuss current trends. Apparently the hand job is making a comeback. Who knew?

Kat keeps walking but Adena pauses, watching the girls talk freely. Kat notices her lingering.

ADENA

I can't even imagine what it must be like to grow up talking about sex so freely.

KAT

Overrated. Both my parents are therapists. It was like way too much overt information.

ADENA

That sounds like a dream actually.

KAT

It wasn't. Trust me. But I get what you're saying. Not everyone grows up like I did. That's why Jacqueline takes the sex section so seriously. There are still a lot of women who grow up thinking that sex is something to be ashamed of.

ADENA

Welcome to my childhood. And adulthood. It hasn't been easy accepting myself. Who I am. Who I love.

KAT

Come here. I want to show you something.



CONTINUED:

Kat leads Adena to a DRAWER. She pulls it open and Adena's eyes go wide. It's filled with SEX TOYS.

KAT (CONT'D)

I read that these are illegal in your country.

ADENA

Yep. And wow. I've never seen anything like this.

KAT

It wasn't actually that long ago that these were illegal in our country too. It's not just your culture, Adena. My parents excluded, there are still a lot of people in this country trying to make women feel ashamed. I know you think Gloss is just about clothes and makeup tips. And you can judge us for that if you want, you've certainly earned that right. But to me, this is feminism.

Adena looks up, moved.

ADENA

Alright. Fine. You can run my article.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOHO ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The rooftop of a SoHo Loft. A DJ (JOHN MELCHING) spins LOUNGE MUSIC while people walk around sipping ARTISANAL COCKTAILS.

Alex and Jane walk in. DJ John gives Alex a bro nod. Jane grabs them each a COCKTAIL from a passing tray.

JANE

Thank you for doing this for me. I... I'm not really great at asking for favors.

ALEX

You okay? You seem really nervous.

JANE

Totally fine.

(then)

That was a total lie. Can we just... Make small talk or something?

CONTINUED:

ALEX

Okay. How did you end up at Gloss?

Jane is distracted, looking around, watching the door for Eric. She doesn't even seem to hear Alex.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Okay. I'll go first. I got laid off from The Wall Street Journal. It was my dream job and it basically destroyed me. Pretty much everywhere else was downsizing. I thought about moving back home. But I couldn't let New York defeat me.

Jane turns to him.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What?

JANE

Nothing. It's just... That was very honest.

ALEX

I kinda thought you weren't listening.

JANE

Sorry. I'm just... I really need this article to turn out well. Gloss isn't my backup choice. It's where I've always wanted to be. Always.

Jane turns when a few new people walk in. None of them are Eric. She grabs a COCKTAIL from a passing WAITER'S tray. As she downs it...

INT. GLOSS / BULLPEN - NIGHT

Sutton works late. She's working her way through her party "TO DO" list. But she's distracted. She can't stop thinking about Richard. She gets to the next thing on the list. "CALL STYLISTS." But instead she dials...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. RICHARD'S OFFICE - SAME

Richard picks up.

SUTTON

I'm ready with that information you requested.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

SUTTON (CONT'D)  
(lowering her voice)  
Black. Lace. Thong.

RICHARD  
You're very good at this.

Sutton sits up a little straighter when TWO PEOPLE walk by her desk. They linger not far away.

SUTTON  
(speaking in code)  
If you'd like to arrange an in person meeting, I would love to show you the item we were discussing some time.

RICHARD  
There's a hotel up the street. The Park Hyatt. I'm on my way.

SUTTON  
Wait. I didn't mean now. I have to--

But he's already hung up. We stay on her. She looks at her "TO DO" list. She hems and haws. And then... screw it. She grabs her bag and walks out.

She's about to get into the ELEVATOR but quickly speedwalks back into the office. We think she's changed her mind. But instead she ducks into...

THE FASHION CLOSET -

From behind a rack of clothes, we see her shimmy her PANTIES off. They're nothing like the ones she described. They're BEIGE and BORING. The she grabs a BLACK, LACE, THONG, slides it on, and goes.

EXT. SOHO ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Jane, now drunk, and Alex walk around the party.

ALEX  
Your dude is certainly making an effort to be fashionably late.

JANE  
That's Eric.  
(then)  
Actually, that's not Eric at all. I don't even know why I said that. He was always punctual. And nice. And just so... solid.  
(getting caught up)  
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

JANE (CONT'D)

This one time, I was having a really hard time. My mom was sick. She's okay now but... Anyway, I'm not really great at talking about that kind of stuff. So he didn't make me. But he got me flowers. Only he didn't just give them to me. He hid them all over the city and planned this elaborate scavenger hunt. And by the end of it I was telling him how scared I was and he had his arm around me and--  
(catching herself)  
Whatever. It ended.

ALEX

What happened?

JANE

I don't know. Seriously. No idea. It was my birthday. We were supposed to go away for the weekend. So we're standing in Grand Central Station and suddenly he turns and says, *I don't want to do this*. And I thought he meant the weekend. And I was like, *okay, we don't have to go to the Hamptons*. But he didn't mean The Hamptons. He meant all of it. And that was it. He left me standing in the train station. And I never talked to him again.

ALEX

Wow. What a dick. That must have hurt.

She looks at the skyline, weirdly detached.

JANE

Yeah. It should hurt. But...  
(frustrated)

God. Kat's right. I'm like an expert at pushing these things down. But it's not my fault. My family isn't like hers. We didn't talk about our feelings. Or sex. Or love. Or how to handle it when a guy you love leaves you in a train station on your birthday. I mean, they're good people. It's just... it got kinda lonely sometimes. This is going to sound so dumb, but that's why I fell in love with Gloss. Because when I needed it, it was like getting advice from the older sister I always wished I had.

ALEX

That doesn't sound dumb at all.

CONTINUED: (2)

Jane turns to Alex, vulnerable.

JANE

But what if I can't write like that? What  
if I don't have those emotions in me?

Alex takes her confession seriously. But before he can  
say anything, the DOOR opens again. Jane turns quickly.  
Still no Eric.

ALEX

I don't know, Jane. The way you hold your  
breath every time that door opens. It  
tells me you have a lot more to say than  
you think.

On Jane, considering his words...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. GLOSS - NIGHT

It's late and we hear a set of KEYS in the door. Jane stumbles in behind a SECURITY GUARD.

JANE

(to guard)

Thank you. You will not regret this. I might. But you will not.

She stumbles over to the main RECEPTION DESK.

JANE (CONT'D)

The main line calls out from an unlisted number. I'm almost positive.

The Security Guard just shrugs and walks away. Jane picks up the phone and dials a number.

INT. FANCY HOTEL - SAME

Sutton is in the bedroom of a fancy suite with Richard. He's pouring drinks. Her cell rings. UNKNOWN NUMBER.

SUTTON

(to Richard)

This might be one of the Gloss 50 vendors.

RICHARD

You are way too dedicated to your job.

SUTTON

I have to take it. If they're calling this late it can't be good.

(into phone)

This is Sutton.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. GLOSS - NIGHT

Jane walks back to the window, looks out at the view.

JANE

Hello?

SUTTON

Jane? What are you--? Why are you calling me from an unlisted number?

CONTINUED:

JANE

It worked?

SUTTON

You sound drunk.

JANE

Correct. I got myself drunk enough to express my emotions. And it turns out I have a lot of emotions to express. Not at you. You, I love. I'm calling Eric. After you give me a pep talk.

Sutton looks over to Richard, lowers her voice to Jane.

SUTTON

Are you sure you want to do that right now?

JANE

Worst pep talk ever.

Richard can see the concern on Sutton's face.

RICHARD

Everything okay?

Jane hears the man's voice.

JANE

Where are you? Are you with a dude?

SUTTON

No. I'm... Still stuck at the office. That's Lauren's office line ringing. I gotta go. I'll call you later.

Sutton hangs up quickly. She feels terrible.

We go back to Jane, confused and drunk, she wanders over to Sutton's DESK. It's empty. What the hell?

CUT TO:

INT. ADENA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kat and Adena are taking apart VIBRATORS, putting different pieces into different parts of Adena's luggage.

ADENA

Can I ask you a personal question?

CONTINUED:

KAT

I don't know what the signals are like in your culture, but in mine, when we spend an evening helping someone take apart vibrators to smuggle into a foreign country, it's a pretty good indicator that it's okay to get personal.

ADENA

What's your sexual orientation?

KAT

Out and proud hetero. Sorry.

ADENA

It wasn't a come on.

KAT

It would be okay if it was. I could do worse. And I get the whole girl thing. I do. But for me I could never get past... this.

Kat makes a hand motion to her vag area.

ADENA

I suppose I understand that. But for me it's never been about... This.

(more vag hand motioning)

It's more about... this.

Adena puts her hand over her own HEART. The girls make eye contact. It gets a little intense. Flustered, Kat looks away.

KAT

Yeah, well, I've never really been into boobs either.

ADENA

You use humor to hide from your real emotions.

(then)

I was just curious why my article was so important to you. I thought maybe it was personal. I wondered if maybe you'd come out and it hadn't gone well.

Now Kat is embarrassed to admit the real reason. Adena senses her hesitation. Right then, Kat's cell RINGS. She uses it as an excuse to avoid the question.



CONTINUED: (2)

KAT  
I'd better take this.  
(picking up)  
Jane? Everything okay?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. GLOSS - SAME

Jane is now on the floor staring at the ceiling.

JANE  
At first I was calling because Sutton  
lied to me and I'm worried. But now I'm  
calling because I'm going to puke and I  
need you to come hold my hair.

KAT  
I'm on my way.  
(hangs up, to Adena)  
I'm sorry. I have to go.

They linger for a moment, not really sure how to say  
goodbye. Finally Adena puts out her hand.

ADENA  
Nice meeting you, Kat Edison.

KAT  
Nice meeting you, Adena El-Amin.

They end with a firm but loaded handshake.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - THE NEXT MORNING

Kat and Jane stand at a corner drinking coffees.

JANE  
I don't know why she lied to me, but she  
seriously saved my ass last night. I was  
about four seconds away from drunk  
dialing him.

KAT  
I wish you had. I like the idea of angry  
Jane.

JANE  
Are you sure we're in the right spot?

CONTINUED:

KAT

(looks at phone)  
Definitely. That's the building.  
(then, looking up)  
Oh my God. Look.

We follow her gaze across the street to where...

SUTTON AND RICHARD

...are coming out of the Park Hyatt. They kiss and go their separate ways. There's a big grin on Sutton's face, right up until the moment that she sees her friends.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The girls are all on the same side of the street now.

SUTTON

You guys followed me?

KAT

We have each other's "Find My Friends" info for a reason.

SUTTON

That's in case one of us gets black out drunk and/or roofied.

JANE

I'm sorry. I was worried. I had no idea that...

(impressed disbelief)

Holy crap. That was Richard Mott. You're having sex with Richard Mott. I'm going to need a sec to wrap my head around this.

KAT

My head is already wrapped around it and I gotta say, you're being an idiot.

SUTTON

I've been dying to tell you guys everything. But he's a board member. This is a huge risk for him. If this gets out...

KAT

If this gets out, Richard will be absolutely fine. He'll probably get a pat on the back from the rest of the board. At the very least from that guy who looks like Dick Cheney.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

KAT (CONT'D)

Sutton's the one who's gonna get trashed. We all know what everyone at Gloss calls this. Sleeping with an older man with money? You're screwing up.

SUTTON

Screwing up? You think I'm screwing up? I can screw whoever I want. That's not even what this is. I like him, Kat. I think I'm falling for him.

Sutton can see the concern on her friends' faces.

SUTTON (CONT'D)

What? You think a guy like that can't like a girl like me? Screwing up? Screw you guys.

JANE

Sutton... We just...

Right then, Kat's phone rings. It's a strange number, but she recognizes the prefix.

KAT

This is a Middle Eastern number.

(answering)

Hello?... Firuze. What's wrong?... Oh my God. Is she okay?

(to Jane and Sutton)

Adena's been detained at the Dubai airport. They found one of the vibrators in her luggage.

CUT TO:

INT. GLOSS / JACQUELINE'S OFFICE - DAY

Kat explains Adena's situation to Jacqueline and Lauren.

KAT

They're supposed to just take the contraband and let her go. But they've been holding her for hours. They won't let Firuze or anyone else talk to her.

JACQUELINE

Does she have a lawyer?

KAT

No. That's why Firuze called me. She was hoping maybe I could help. But I have no idea who to call.

CONTINUED:

Jacqueline calls out to Evie who appears in the doorway.

JACQUELINE

Evie. Get me Janice O'Hare.

(to Kat)

I have a friend in the state department.

Kat looks to Jacqueline, relieved to have the big gun behind her.

INT. GLOSS / BULLPEN - DAY

The bullpen buzzes. Everyone is talking about Adena. Alex walks up to Kat.

ALEX

I talked to a buddy of mine who covers the international beat for The Wall Street Journal. He gave me a pretty good run down on what Adena is going through.

KAT

How bad is it?

ALEX

It's tough to say. It's definitely not typical for them to hold anyone this long. There's a legal document that she's supposed to sign in order to be released. My friend sent over a translation.

He hands her the paper and Kat scans it.

KAT

This says, "I'm deeply ashamed of what I've done."

ALEX

The whole process is designed to embarrass her. It's not just this paper. They make the whole thing public. They pull her aside in view of everyone.

KAT

There's no way she would sign this.

ALEX

That's probably why they haven't released her yet. And probably why they took her out of public view. I'm guessing they don't want people to see a woman defying them.

CONTINUED:

KAT

Screw them. They want to embarrass her?  
Well I say we embarrass them.

(addressing the bullpen)

This is full on war. We'll Tweet that a woman is being held against her will simply for wanting to own her own sexuality. Hashtag "Free Adena" unless someone has something better.

Lauren, having heard this, rushes out of her office.

LAUREN

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Hold up. Nobody is Tweeting anything.

(then)

Kat. My office.

KAT

I'm the social media director. I'm Tweeting this.

LAUREN

(firm)

Kat. We have no confirmation that she's even being held. Do you have any idea how much trouble you can get the magazine in if we run this and our facts are wrong? We wait until we have confirmation. Even then, I want you to clear anything with me before you Tweet it.

Kat looks at her, anger building. Defiantly, Kat Tweets something. We hear the TWITTER SWOOSH sound. Then Kat storms out.

Jacqueline, having seen the whole exchange from her GLASS-WALLED OFFICE, comes out.

Everyone in the bullpen is tense in the aftermath of the showdown. Especially now that Jacqueline is there.

Jane and Sutton trade a look, not sure what to do.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

(to Sutton)

Get me into Gloss's Twitter. We have to delete whatever she just posted.

But Sutton tilts her COMPUTER SCREEN to show Lauren Kat's Tweet. It's a MEME of a KITTEN face down in a bowl with the caption: *Some days are hard.*

CONTINUED: (2)

Lauren sighs. In her own way, Kat is respecting her authority.

Jacqueline turns to Jane and Sutton.

JACQUELINE

You should go check on her.

Sutton looks to Lauren who nods. Sutton and Jane rush out.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY

An upset Kat dodges the crowded steps to descend into the Subway. Jane and Sutton are right behind her.

SUTTON

Kat. Kat!

Kat reaches the Subway platform.

SUTTON (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

KAT

I don't even know. I just need to... I need to do something.

JANE

Hey. It's gonna be okay.

Kat is more annoyed than comforted by her words.

KAT

Is it? Is it really? Because I looked up the punishment.

Right then, the EXPRESS TRAIN blows through the center tracks. (It doesn't stop at this station.) It's so loud that people put their fingers in their ears.

KAT (CONT'D)

(screaming at train)

Just shut up!

JANE

No. Wait. This is good thing. When I was a kid in Colorado, and I was feeling totally overwhelmed, I used to hike up into the mountains, stand at the edge, and just scream. Next time the express goes through, just scream. Just get it out.

CONTINUED:

Kat just looks at her like she's an idiot.

KAT

They can send her to jail. Forever. Or worse. And it's my fault.

SUTTON

It's not your fault.

KAT

(spinning)

I gave her the vibrators. It was my idea to smuggle them in. If I hadn't pushed her to give me her story...

JANE

Kat, you need to scream.

KAT

Can you please dial down the aw-shucks Colorado girl thing for a second?

(then)

I have to go do something.

Kat starts walking away. Jane looks to Sutton. Should they go after her?

SUTTON

Just let her go. If she wants to go through this alone then fine. Let her go through it alone.

Sutton walks off. On Jane, standing alone...

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. GLOSS - AFTERNOON

The bullpen is bustling as everyone gets ready for the Gloss 50th Anniversary Party.

People zip each other into GOWNS and raid SHOES and ACCESSORIES from the closets.

HAIR and MAKEUP ARTISTS have set up stations in the conference room. Blowouts and glamming abounds.

Jane walks through the office and Lauren falls in step.

LAUREN

Jane. I need a status update. When do you think we're going to see a first draft?

JANE

Uh, soon. It's... really coming together. I should get back to it actually.

Jane veers away. Then, overcome, she ducks into...

INT. GLOSS / SHOE CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Jane leans back against a rack of shoes.

JANE

Dammit!

The sound of a THROAT CLEARING alerts her she's not alone. She turns to find Jacqueline.

JANE (CONT'D)

Jacqueline. I'm so sorry. I didn't realize... I'll get out of your way.

JACQUELINE

You don't have to go. I wasn't really feeling the shoes that Carolina sent over for me. But it looks like you need the closet more than I do.

JANE

No. Please don't wear shoes you don't like because of me. Just forget I was here.



CONTINUED:

JACQUELINE

Jane. What's going on?

JANE

It's fine. Everything is fine.

JACQUELINE

Jane.

JANE

The article isn't working. I don't think I can do it. I'm so sorry.

Right then, Evie comes in.

EVIE

Jacqueline, I've got Beyoncé for you.

Jacqueline is still processing what Jane just said. Evie can't believe Jacqueline hasn't acknowledged her yet.

EVIE (CONT'D)

Beyoncé Knowles.

JACQUELINE

Yes, I figured you meant that Beyoncé. Tell her I'll be right there.

Evie exits. Jacqueline turns back to Jane.

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

If you want to do a different story, we'll discuss it tomorrow. But the fact that it's driven you to hide out in a shoe closet, makes me think this one is shaping up to be something really special.

Jacqueline exits. We stay on Jane. There's no relief here. She feels like a failure.

INT. GLOSS / KAT'S OFFICE - EVENING

Kat is at her desk. Jacqueline comes in, shuts the door, and sits across from her. And yes, it's as intimidating as it sounds.

KAT

Jacqueline... I know. I shouldn't have talked to Lauren like that. But--

Jacqueline puts up her hand. Kat stops talking.

CONTINUED:

JACQUELINE

We have confirmation from two sources that Adena is being held. Those same sources confirm that she's refusing to sign the confession that would allow for her release. Now that we have confirmation, you are free to Tweet whatever you want.

Kat looks up, surprised.

KAT

Lauren said I had to clear anything I tweet with her.

JACQUELINE

That won't be necessary. But I want to make sure you're thinking about this from all angles. Because the men holding Adena obviously aren't too pleased that she's chosen to defy them. I have to imagine this would only add fuel to the fire.

(then)

But it's your call.

Kat suddenly feels very in over her head.

KAT

Can I ask... I mean... What would you do?

JACQUELINE

Well, I suppose that depends on which hat I'm wearing when you ask. Because if you're asking me as the editor in chief, my answer is Tweet away. The magazine will get a lot of attention. And so will you.

It's hard for Kat not to be seduced by this.

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

Now, if you're asking me as a woman, my answer is probably a little more extreme. Because I would get on a flight to Dubai right now and choke those officials with my bare hands.

(then)

But, I also wear another hat. And it's impossible for me not to think about what I would do as a mother.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

And as a mother, all I can think about is that girl sitting over there and what those officials will do to her if we provoke them. Maybe nothing. Hopefully nothing. But as a mother, I couldn't take that risk.

On Kat, a lot to consider. This takes us to...

CUT TO:

EXT. / INT. PARTY VENUE - NIGHT

LIMOS arrive. A RED CARPET is filled with CELEBS and PHOTOGRAPHERS.

The Gloss 50th Anniversary party is every bit as glossy as you would expect. SIGNATURE COCKTAILS, CUPCAKES decorated in Gloss colors, CHAMPAGNE everywhere.

SUTTON stands at the door, stunning in a FLOOR LENGTH GOWN (the same one we saw her wearing in the teaser).

She has a CLIPBOARD in hand and checks people into the party. Richard comes up, looking fucking incredible in his tux.

SUTTON

Mr. Mott. Welcome to the party.

She gives him a secret smile, but he doesn't get a chance to return it because...

LAUREN

(walking up)

Richard. Glad you're here. I want to introduce you to the people from Revlon.

(walking away)

Sutton, make sure enough champagne is getting sent back to the VIP area.

Sutton suddenly feels very small as Richard and Lauren walk off together.

Jane, who has been walking up to Sutton, sees this.

SUTTON

(to Jane)

Don't say anything.

JANE

I just don't want you to get hurt.

CONTINUED:

SUTTON

At least I'm putting myself out there.  
You haven't done that since Eric.

Sutton busies herself by turning back to the line of people coming in.

A KARDASHIAN (or someone Kardashian-esque) arrives. The PAPARAZZI goes crazy. Sutton realizes in horror that the celeb is wearing the SAME DRESS as Lauren.

SUTTON (CONT'D)

(under her breath)

Shit.

ACROSS THE ROOM, Kat stares at an empty TWITTER SCREEN. She starts to type... **#FreeAdena**. But then she stops. Delete... delete... delete.

She starts to type again. We hear the Twitter swoosh and see her tweet:

***OMG! Three Kardashians and a Jenner at the bar! #Gloss50.***

She's made her choice for Adena.

EXT. PARTY VENUE - NIGHT

Jane stands on the balcony, looking out at The Empire State Building. The door opens. It's Alex.

ALEX

Hey. There you are. Jacqueline is about to give her speech.

JANE

I know. But I kind of feel like I might cry and Sheryl Sandberg says you shouldn't do that in front of coworkers so...

The way she trails off obviously means... Please go.

But he doesn't. He steps closer and gallantly pulls his POCKET SQUARE out of his TUX POCKET and hands it to her..

ALEX

I've been waiting my entire life to do something that cool.

She can't help but laugh. They stand there for a moment.

CONTINUED:

JANE

Alex, if I do this article, I'm going to have to admit to three million people how bad it hurt when Eric dumped me.

(off Eric)

What?

ALEX

Nothing. It's just... that's the first time I've heard you admit it to even yourself. If you add me, that makes two. It's a good start.

Jane considers this. From inside, they hear APPLAUSE.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Come on. I hear it's going to be the kind of speech that changes lives.

He puts out his arm. She rolls her eyes, but takes it.

INT. PARTY VENUE - SAME

Jacqueline, all poise and elegance, steps onto the stage.

JACQUELINE

Thank you all so much for joining me to celebrate fifty years of Gloss. Our little magazine has grown quite a bit in five decades. To those of you who think we're still a beauty and fashion magazine, I say... Yes. Yes, we are. To those of you who think we're just a beauty and fashion magazine, I say, here's the next great mascara to give you bigger eyes to see the world. Here's a fabulous pair of jeans. Now go climb a mountain in them.

Kat smiles, taking this in.

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

It offends me when people say we're just a womens' magazine about sex.

We find Gil Steiner and Richard Mott in the crowd, listening.

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

But it offends me even more that that would be a problem.

We land on Sutton, nodding at that.

CONTINUED:

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

A few years ago, I read an application from a young intern, and her words have always stayed with me. When asked why she wanted to work for Gloss she said, "because when I needed it, Gloss was like getting advice from the older sister I always wished I had".

Jane is absolutely floored as Jacqueline finds her in the crowd and gives her a tiny nod.

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

And that's what I raise my glass to tonight. Because no matter how many years pass, no matter how the world changes, Gloss will always be that older sister. And we'll always be there for the girls who need her.

This lands on Jane. Hard. Around the room, glasses raise. Jane, Kat, and Sutton trade small smiles at each other from across the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

Back where it all started. Three girls standing around in FORMAL GOWNS in a subway station.

This time we know why they look so beat down. This time we understand the tension. This time it makes sense when Jane tries to catch Kat's eye as the EXPRESS approaches.

Jane catches Sutton's eye and it takes a second, but Sutton smiles back defiantly and nods. "Let's do this."

This time, when they join hands and step closer to the tracks, we understand that it's all about friendship. And we understand why Kat can't fight it anymore.

She steps forward and joins them just as the train SCREAMS into frame. They open their mouths and...

SCREAM their fucking heads off.

But this time we don't freeze. We let them keep screaming. Until their screams dissolve into LAUGHTER and TEARS and HUGS.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

Sutton wakes to the sound of a RINGING PHONE. Someone is asleep next to her. We assume it's Richard. But when she pokes the sleeping mound, Kat emerges from the covers.

KAT  
(annoyed)  
What?

Sutton, now very awake, holds out Kat's cell.

SUTTON  
I think it's a Dubai number.

Jane, who had been asleep on the couch, rushes over to join the girls on the bed. Sutton and Jane watch expectantly as Kat takes the call.

KAT  
(snatching phone)  
Hello!  
(then, massively relieved)  
Adena. It's so good to hear your voice.

CUT TO:

EXT. NYU - DAY

Jane sits on a bench. She stands when Eric approaches.

ERIC  
Jane? Hi. What are you doing here?

JANE  
I'm stalking you.  
(off his surprise)  
I figured out from a post by a friend of a friend of a friend that you went back for your masters. From there it wasn't that hard to get your class schedule.

ERIC  
I'm confused.

JANE  
Yeah. I get that. It's a crappy feeling, isn't it? Being confused. It's how I felt a year ago.

CONTINUED:

ERIC

I know. You deserved--

JANE

I deserved a lot of things. But I was so concerned about being this strong woman, this woman who couldn't get hurt. That I never let myself feel anything. You hurt me, Eric. I need you to know that.

ERIC

I'm--

Jane puts up her hand, silencing him.

JANE

No. You don't get to say anything. Because if you wanted to be a man, you would have been a man a year ago. So now I get to do the talking. And at this point there's really only one thing left to say.

(a beat, strong)

Fuck you, Eric.

Then she turns and walks away, a confident smile growing on her face.

CUT TO:

INT. GLOSS - DAY

Sutton is busy at work when she gets a TEXT from Richard.

***Richard: You looked so sexy at the party. My place tonight.***

Something about the text bothers her. She tries to ignore it. But can't. She gets up.

INT. STEINEM TOWER / TOP FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Sutton steps off the elevator. She's holding a FILE FOLDER. She strides right up to RICHARD'S ASSISTANT.

SUTTON

(to Assistant)

I need Richard's signature on this.

(before she can answer)

It's rather urgent. I'll show myself in.

Sutton walks right into...



CONTINUED:

RICHARD'S OFFICE -

He looks up from a his computer. He's about to say something, but a quick glance out his open OFFICE DOOR alerts him that there are people within ear shot.

SUTTON (CONT'D)

Sorry for the interruption. But this needs your signature right away.

She sets the folder on his desk and leans forward so that she can talk low.

SUTTON (CONT'D)

Pretend like you're looking over a contract.

RICHARD

Sutton. You can't--

SUTTON

I can't keep pretending like I'm "casual fling" girl. I'm having fun. But I'm also falling for you. And if you don't feel the same way, that's fine. But I need to know now.

Richard looks up at her. It's intense. She's nervous. There's a bustle as two BOARD MEMBERS walk by his office. He has to wait a second for them to pass. Finally...

RICHARD

I'm falling for you too.

Then he signs the document she brought, keeping up the charade and sealing the fucking deal.

CUT TO:

INT. GLOSS / KAT'S OFFICE - DAY

Kat SKYPES with Adena.

KAT

Adena, what you did... Standing up to those--

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DUBAI APARTMENT - DAY

Adena is safe at a friend's place.

CONTINUED:

ADENA

Kat, I signed the paper.

KAT

Oh.

ADENA

My father and I haven't spoken since I came out to him. The last thing he said to me is that one day I would acknowledge the shame I'd brought on myself and on him.

KAT

Adena, wait. Let me say something. I've been thinking about you so much. And how incredibly strong you are. My entire life I've always thought of myself as pretty brave. But it's not bravery when you have nothing to risk. Last night, you had *everything* to risk.

ADENA

And I still didn't sign my name. I signed my father's.

Kat looks up, surprised and impressed.

KAT

What?

ADENA

I don't even know if they noticed. Or maybe they did but they were just so sick of dealing with me that they pretended not to.

KAT

You're amazing.

Lauren pokes her head in Kat's office, interrupting.

LAUREN

Kat? Do you have a minute?

ADENA

It's okay. Go. I have to run anyway. We'll talk later.

KAT

Arak qaribanaan, Adena El-Amin.

Adena smiles. Kat has just said "see you soon" in Arabic.

CONTINUED: (2)

ADENA

We'll work on your pronunciation when I'm back. Arak qaribanaan, Kat Edison.

Kat signs off. She looks over at Lauren.

LAUREN

We're having a preliminary meeting to discuss September. I'd like your input.

Kat tries to hide how much this means to her.

KAT

Okay. I'll be right there.

Kat turns and looks out the window. She's thinking about her victory. But also still thinking about Adena. She feels like she has more she wants to say.

Slowly she spins her chair so she's facing away from her glassy office door. Then takes off her top. What the hell is she doing?

Oh my God. She's taking a TOPLESS SELFIE.

Adena gets the picture from Kat. The message accompanying the picture says: ***You touched me here.***

Adena reacts in surprise when she opens the photo. Yes, Kat is topless. However, she's drawn a PINK HEART over her chest, completely covering her boobs.

INT. GLOSS / JACQUELINE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jane walks into Jacqueline's office. She confidently hands in her article.

JANE

I'm done with my article.

JACQUELINE

(reading headline)

How to Stalk Your Unstalkable Ex. And Why You Shouldn't.

JANE

I've always been jealous of my friends who can constantly check up on their exes. I'm glad I found Eric. I wouldn't change anything. But in this day and age when everyone knows everything about everybody... It's a rare gift to not ever have to see his fucking face again.

CONTINUED:

Jacqueline nods approvingly.

JACQUELINE

Can't wait to read it.

On Jane. This takes us to...

INT. GLOSS / SHOE CLOSET - NIGHT

Jane, Kat, and Sutton finally have a chance to celebrate. Kat grabs the CHAMPAGNE from its hiding spot.

KAT

Do you still remember your speech, Sutton?

SUTTON

Not even a little bit. Has this been the longest week ever?

JANE

Just open it. I don't need a speech.

Kat pops the Champagne.

SUTTON

That was so anticlimactic.

JANE

It's not even about me anymore. Maybe we should each say something. Like... a toast to this insane week.

(holding up champagne)

This week I discovered that my dream job is going to be harder than I ever imagined. But definitely more meaningful.

Sutton gives her an "awww" face. Kat rolls her eyes.

KAT

That was so cheese ball. I'm going next.

(taking champagne)

This week I became embroiled in an international vibrator smuggling incident and began questioning my own sexuality.

JANE

Seriously? That's not fair. How is Sutton supposed to follow that?

SUTTON

It's cool. I've got it.

(takes champagne)

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

SUTTON (CONT'D)

This week I had the best orgasm of my entire life.

KAT

Did I just get one upped by Sutton?

JANE

You totally did.

SUTTON

Ladies, here's to being Gloss girls.

JANE

Wait. To being Gloss *women*.

ALL

To being Gloss women.

They clink glasses. Kat turns to Sutton.

KAT

Okay. Details.

As Sutton begins telling them all about her affair, the SOUND DROPS OUT and a fun SONG KICKS UP.

Over this, we can see their laughter, looks of shock, more laughter.

The girls thought they were the last ones in the office. They have no idea that one other person was working late.

Jacqueline is on her way out when she hears VOICES coming from the closet.

She pauses in the doorway, unseen by the girls. She watches for a second and smiles. In a way, this is what her magazine is all about. Then she turns and walks out, leaving them to their celebration.

And with that...

END OF PILOT