

MONEY MAKERS

Written by

Alex Rubin

CONTACT:

Najeeb Khuda
Endless Media
Najeeb@endlessmedia.com
310 903 2538

Joe Fronk
IAG
jfronk@independentartistgroup.com
310 228 5417

INT. BANK, NEW YORK CITY - DAY

LAUREN (mid-30's, first generation Liberian American, a veneer of success over a deep well of disaster) waits patiently in line for a teller. She's dressed in slacks, a blazer, and a blouse buttoned TO THE NECK.

Lauren glances at the bank motto above the tellers: "Pinnacle Bank: We'll meet you at the top." Her brow knits.

Lauren approaches an available BANK TELLER (20's).

BANK TELLER

How can I help you today, Ms. -

LAUREN

Doctor. Doctor Lauren Kamara. I had a problem with your ATM. It doesn't dispense bills smaller than twenty.

BANK TELLER

I'd be happy to break those bills for you.

LAUREN

No - uh - I wanted to pull out an exact amount... fifteen dollars and twelve cents.

BANK TELLER

Let me get you a withdrawal form -

LAUREN

No! No. I would like to withdraw from the ATM. In an exact amount.

BANK TELLER

Perhaps you'd like to use a check?

LAUREN

My mom opened this account for me in 1997. I used the checkbook as a tent for my Polly Pockets.

BANK TELLER

I'll order you new ones! Doctor Kamara? Let me pull up your account-

LAUREN

NO. THANK YOU. I'll go back to the ATM. If you want something done right, you always have to do it yourself.

The Bank Teller stops typing and squints at her screen.

BANK TELLER

You said fifteen dollars and twelve cents?

LAUREN

I did.

BANK TELLER

Exactly fifteen dollars and twelve cents.

LAUREN

Correct.

BANK TELLER

So, you'd like to close your account?

LAUREN

(clutching her composure)

I think... I've been hacked?

Lauren's eye TWITCHES.

EXT. WEST SIDE COFFEE, UPPER WEST SIDE - LATER

Lauren stares up at a sign in the coffee shop window: "NEW: Marionberry & Cashew Butter Italian Panini! \$12.99!"

She's suddenly enveloped in a whirl of pink and blonde that can only be MARILYN (mid-30's, trans woman, sweeter than sugar and dressed like a cupcake).

MARILYN

LAUREN!!! You crossed the bridge!
You came into Manhattan! Are you
dying? Is this a last pilgrimage?

Lauren is still transfixed by the advertisement.

LAUREN

That's a peanut butter and jelly.
That's a thirteen-dollar PB&J.

MARILYN

That's New York. Are you here for
lunch or for sulking about
inflation? I have a listicle about
taint deodorant due in the morning.

LAUREN

Lunch.

She glances at the picture of the PB&J, then TWITCHES.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Or coffee. A reasonable coffee.

Marilyn eyes Lauren suspiciously as she ducks inside.

INT. WEST SIDE COFFEE, UPPER WEST SIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Marilyn orders at the counter as Lauren slumps into a chair. OLIVIA (20's, passionately indifferent), at the next table, spots the huge engagement ring on Lauren's finger.

OLIVIA
Nice rock. Real diamond?

LAUREN
Yeah, the stuff the earth literally crushes.

Olivia's eyes flick from Lauren to Marilyn.

OLIVIA
You're Marilyn's best friend. I thought you were one of those pretend friend coping mechanisms since you never come in to see her.

LAUREN
(defensive)
I've been busy. With work. And a wedding. And who are you? The ghost of middle school bullies past?

OLIVIA
Olivia. I used to be a barista here and Marilyn is infamous for abusing the refill policy.

Marilyn arrives with two battered, creased coffee cups. The Baristas behind the counter glare at her.

MARILYN
The policy says you get a refill with a to-go cup. It doesn't say that refill has to happen on the day the original cup was purchased.

OLIVIA
It's heavily implied.
(to Lauren)
What kind of doctor are you?

LAUREN

Cardiovascular, for women specifically. If you had a heart attack right now, you'd be fifty percent more likely to be misdiagnosed than a man would because all the research is based on men. That means you're more likely to die because of the chromosomes you were born with.

OLIVIA

(smiling)

Like medical feminism. Go off.

LAUREN

(grinning back)

Thank you. I will go off.

Lauren's grin fades and her eye TWITCHES.

MARILYN

I knew it! I knew I saw a twitch!

LAUREN

(twitching)

What twitch?

MARILYN

Okay, because I love you, I'm going to put you in a state of distress to induce word vomit. Ready?

(deep breath)

Freddie Prinze, Jr. is a Republican.

Lauren keens in pain.

LAUREN

My engagement is off! Annaliese left me for someone with a larger social media following. And I lost my fellowship. I had to give up my apartment. I downgraded my cell phone to one from 2008 with limited texts and no data! When I go to the bathroom, I can't watch Instagram videos! I make ghosts out of toilet paper to amuse myself when I poop!!!

OLIVIA

How are you broke? You're a doctor. You're who people marry for money.

LAUREN

(spitting poison)

Because I'm a research doctor, O-liv-i-a!!! Same student loan debt. Much smaller paycheck. And maybe I ate too much avocado toast?! But I'm fine! Everything is fine!

Lauren keens again. Marilyn sees people looking their way.

MARILYN

Okay, this is a very bad look for all of us. Let's go get a drink.

LAUREN

A drink would bankrupt me!

Olivia pulls a flask out of her bag and hands it to Lauren. She stares down at the younger woman in shock.

OLIVIA

I have a vape, too, if you need it.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF MARILYN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Marilyn searches her purse for keys as Lauren listens to a voicemail BEEP.

LAUREN

Hi, Mom. Just checking in on how retirement's going. I'm just in the city with Marilyn just for a little girls weekend. She says "hi." Anyway, just wanted to let you know everything's great! Love you!

Lauren hangs up and double fists the flask and vape as Marilyn assesses her.

MARILYN

So, you're not staying with your mom. Which means you haven't told her about work or Annaliese.

LAUREN

I'd rather make toilet paper ghosts until I become one.
(mustering her courage)
I wanted to ask, if for a bit...

Marilyn understands before Lauren can get the words out. As she puts her keys in the lock:

MARILYN

My living situation has been weird.
It'd be really nice to have a
friend stay with me for a while.

LAUREN

(with a watery smile)

Thanks for not making me ask... Why
is your living situation weird?

The door opens to: BANG! BANG! GROAN! SCREAM OF ECSTASY!

Very PORNY SOUNDS emanate from inside the apartment. Marilyn
snaps the door shut. Lauren searches for a response.

MARILYN

Wanna go to the roof?

EXT. MARILYN'S ROOF, MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS - NIGHT

The two lie on the roof looking up at the light-polluted
skies of New York City, each ruminating on their lives.

Lauren starts to giggle, almost against her will.

MARILYN

Stop.

LAUREN

I'm sorry.

She giggles again and Marilyn glares.

MARILYN

You want me to ask about that Leo-
DiCaprio-murdering iceberg still on
your finger?

Lauren twists her engagement ring and shuts up. For like
three seconds until she bursts out laughing.

LAUREN

It's just that not everyone's
boyfriend moves in with them, then
falls for their roommate, forcing
the original girlfriend to listen
to their Animal Planet sex sounds!

MARILYN

(sighing)

Is Maury still on the air?

That breaks them both. They erupt into laughter.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

I wanted to be married by now with a family to put on Christmas cards. I couldn't bring myself to send one this year. I told my family New York doesn't do mail anymore.

Lauren sees a light streak across the sky.

LAUREN

Is that a shooting star?!

MARILYN

It's a plane. You can't see stars in Manhattan.

LAUREN

It'll work. Marilyn, we can do better than this. Starting now, we don't take no for an answer. I'm going to make every hospital in town hire me. And you're going to make every man in town marry you.

MARILYN

That doesn't sound consensual. Or legal in this state.

LAUREN

Swear with me on that passing plane that we'll turn our lives around.

Lauren puts out her hand, pinky finger up. Marilyn smiles. Suddenly, a searchlight hits them!

MARILYN

Oh, that's a police chopper and they are looking for someone. Off the roof, c'mon, let's go! No one's going to be on the morning news.

LAUREN

Wait! Pinky promise first!

Marilyn hooks her pinky with Lauren to pinky promise.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Everything is going to be better starting right now.

They look epic in the wind and light from the helicopter.

INT. MARILYN'S LIVING ROOM, MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS - NIGHT

SUPER: THREE WEEKS LATER

Marilyn and Lauren are completely cocooned in a blanket, watching "How to Marry a Millionaire."

On screen, Marilyn Monroe, as Pola, stumbles out of an elevator and into a gorgeous apartment where Schatze waits.

SCHATZE

Put 'em on. No men here yet.

Pola polishes and puts on a pair of cat-eye glasses. She looks around the stunning apartment, now able to see it.

POLA

Dreamy!

Olivia cracks open the front door.

OLIVIA

You didn't show for when they threw out the day-old scones so I'm doing a wellness check.

LAUREN

We're having a Monroe-athon.

MARILYN

My namesake's soothing comedy is a balm on my tattered soul.

OLIVIA

Another bad day?

LAUREN

I have been told forty-two times no one is hiring. And Marilyn's date was a male doula that's into belly buttons. Exclusively.

MARILYN

Can I be allergic to an entire gender?

LAUREN

We're just two spinsters who will never be able to afford a house. Or a well-made tent.

OLIVIA

According to my debilitating Zillow addiction, when your parents were your age, houses cost like three Beanie Babies. Today, you could ransom the love child of Taylor Swift and Kim Kardashian and still not afford a five-story walkup with a shared hall bathroom. And dating is just an endless hunt for dopamine hits. Why do you think they design dating apps like slot machines?

MARILYN

I went to Vegas once. Everyone won but me and I came home with a UTI.

Olivia flicks the lights on as Lauren and Marilyn practically hiss at the assault on their eyes.

OLIVIA

Okay, the pity party is over.

LAUREN

But you just arrived.

OLIVIA

You two aren't the problem. But the world has changed, and you have to stop playing a Nintendo 64 game on a Switch.

Blank looks.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I should be billing you for my time. Stop using a 30-year-old game in a brand-new system. Get your shit together. You're my elders for godsake.

Olivia is out the door in a breath, a shellshocked Lauren and Marilyn left in her wake.

MARILYN

Okay, well... she's young. She doesn't understand how the world tries to murder you yet.

LAUREN

My heart goes out to her.

SCHATZE

*It's your head you've got to use,
not your heart.*

Lauren turns to the TV: *Schatze now stands on an Upper East Side balcony imparting her manifesto to Pola and Loco.*

In the real world, Marilyn extracts herself from beneath the blankets and shuffles into the kitchen.

MARILYN

I need snacks. Preferably the ones
my roommate hides from me.

Lauren doesn't respond, now captivated by Schatze.

SCHATZE

*The idea is this: if you had your
choice of everybody in the world,
which would you rather marry - a
rich guy or a poor one?*

LOCO

*I think I'd rather marry a Rich.
rich one.*

LAUREN

Marilyn grabs a tin with "FLAX SEED" scrawled across it.

MARILYN

Ooo, there's Girl Scout cookies!
Girl Scout cookies fix everything!

SCHATZE

*Alright then, where would you be
more likely to meet a rich one? In
a walk up on Amsterdam Avenue or in
a joint like this?*

LOCO

*Well... I should say in a A joint like this.
joint like this.*

LAUREN

SCHATZE

Okay, then, that's it. That's it.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Lauren whips around to Marilyn, deep in concentration over how many cookies she can take without her roommate noticing.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Olivia's right. We have to upgrade
ourselves.

MARILYN
 (a mouthful of cookie)
 Like a Learning Annex class?

LAUREN
 We have dreams, Marilyn. And we've
 been breaking our backs and banks
 fighting for them. But it doesn't
 work. If we want to make our dreams
 come true... we need to marry some
 millionaires.

Marilyn, alarmed, looks down at the box in her hand.

MARILYN
 Help me, Girl Scout cookies.

INT. MARILYN'S LIVING ROOM, MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS - DAY

Marilyn, hungover on despair and sprawled on the couch, opens her eyes to find Lauren's face inches from her, staring.

LAUREN
 Morning! I figured everything out!
 Let's get a bacon-egg-and-cheese.

Lauren hoists a stunned Marilyn up.

EXT. MORNINGSIDE PARK - DAY

Lauren and Marilyn stroll away from a food cart with bacon-egg-and-cheese sandwiches wrapped in deli paper and foil.

Lauren pulls Marilyn over to a bench that overlooks the city.

LAUREN
 There are millions out there.

MARILYN
 One point six million in Manhattan.

LAUREN
 Not people. Dollars.

MARILYN
 I'm already in a makeup pyramid
 scheme and an acai pyramid scheme.

LAUREN
 This is bigger than multi-level
 marketing. This is a multi-
 generational wealth scheme. Think
 about it: we're young -

MARILYN

We used to be younger.

LAUREN

And educated and beautiful and personable. We are catches.

MARILYN

Ma'am, I am living next door to my ex who is banging my roommate and dating belly button enthusiasts.

LAUREN

Because you've been playing in the Peewee leagues. Just hear me out.

MARILYN

You are giving me a lot of compliments. I'll listen until my B.E.C. is done.

Marilyn takes a bite of the sandwich.

LAUREN

Here's the plan: We get a place on the Upper East Side -

MARILYN

And where do we register for the diamond encrusted butter dishes?

LAUREN

You said you'd listen! We don't rent. We can house sit or dog sit or plant sit. It's better than renting because all the furniture and trappings of wealth will be there. And for as long as we have it, we live like it's ours and date like we're a part of the club. We find rich spouses, get married, and fund our life-saving-research-and-Christmas-card-family dreams.

MARILYN

That makes us gold diggers.

LAUREN

It makes us entrepreneurs. And it's not like we'll marry just whoever will give us a spending account. We'll find people we like.

MARILYN

I want real love.

LAUREN

We are no longer in a position to prioritize love. But if out of love, money, and success we can hit two of the three... that sounds like enough.

MARILYN

Not for me. And it shouldn't be enough for you either. Why don't you just ask your mom if you can -

LAUREN

I told you I can't stay with her.

Marilyn shrugs, balls up the empty sandwich wrapper, and heads home, leaving Lauren to look out at the city, dreaming.

INT. MARILYN'S LIVING ROOM, MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS - DAY

Marilyn is at the stove, poking a sizzling grilled cheese. TREVOR (30's, Marilyn's ex, an aging floppy-haired dreamboat who smells of patchouli) leans on the wall, watching her.

TREVOR

Whatcha cookin'?

Marilyn swings around, sees Trevor, and immediately starts to wonder how she could sink into the floor.

MARILYN

Trevor! Hi. Haven't seen you outside your bedroom in a while. It's a grilled cheese. But I'm out of bread so I burnt two slices of cheese until they got brown and stiff and put another slice - how are you?

TREVOR

Been teaching some crystal healing down at the Y. Good stuff. Very transcendent. Work alright?

MARILYN

I was assigned a listicle about dog bidets. Literally couldn't be better. Like even if I tried.

TREVOR

You know I care about you, Marilyn.

Marilyn realizes he's inched closer.

MARILYN

Did I?

TREVOR

That never changed. And I see so much light in your aura.

She realizes Trevor has stepped into the kiss zone.

MARILYN

Yeah, yeah. I'm feeling that.

He bites his lip, making her neck sweat.

TREVOR

So, I need to tell you...

Marilyn's eyes widen with hope.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

We'd like you to move out.

That sweat on the back of Marilyn's neck goes cold.

MARILYN

Sorry. I think my low self-esteem is affecting my hearing.

TREVOR

It's time for Gilly and I to live alone. We're asking you to leave.

MARILYN

I found this apartment. For us.

TREVOR

I was really hoping you wouldn't split hairs.

MARILYN

This is a full-on lace front we're splitting, Trevor.

TREVOR

Let's talk about the real problem. Love found us. It could find you if you let the universe provide.

MARILYN

Wow. That's deep. That's piss-filled kiddie pool at a water park deep, Trevor.

Marilyn storms out as the grilled cheese smokes on the stove. She leaves Trevor scrambling to put it out.

INT. WEST SIDE COFFEE, UPPER WEST SIDE - DAY

Lauren and Olivia lounge on two tufted chairs by the counter.

LAUREN
What do you do for work anyway?

OLIVIA
I'm in finance.

Marilyn storms in. She stomps to the register.

MARILYN
I want an oat half-caf latte with
as much vanilla paste as you're
legally allowed to put in it.

She slams her credit card down.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
In a new cup.

The baristas are beside themselves. Marilyn spins to Lauren.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
I'm in. I'm in so deep you're gonna
be walking weird for a week.

OLIVIA
This is a little scary. And hot.
Sorry to objectify.

MARILYN
Objectification approved. Lauren?

LAUREN
I have a few leads -

MARILYN
Good. But we need to add someone.
Somebody that can get us access.

LAUREN
Sure, I... no. Betty?! Hell no!

MARILYN
Because you're still mad about
Atlantic City?

LAUREN

No! Because she's one of them,
Marilyn! She'll out us.

MARILYN

(smiling grimly)
She used to be one of them. Now
she's just like us.

Marilyn's latte hits the counter. She takes a swig.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

Mm. Tastes like overdraft fees.

EXT. ROOSEVELT ISLAND PARK - DAY

Lauren and Marilyn stand at the edge of a field, stunned. DOZENS OF PEOPLE wearing neon clothes and pacifier necklaces dance. Music is piped through headphones each person wears.

THIS IS A SILENT RAVE. To those with headphones on, house music pumps. But for Lauren and Marilyn, there is only the sound of SHOES SCUFFING, HEAVY BREATHING, and the errant:

RAVER

This is my song!!!

BETTY (mid-30's, full-figured, she came in like a wrecking ball) dances, looking like a cross between Coachella and a Lisa Frank Trapper Keeper. She spots Marilyn and Lauren.

BETTY

Yas, betches! Who wants a shroom
suppository???

LAUREN

Yeah, she's just like us.

Marilyn runs to embrace Betty, jumping up and down to the music she can't hear as Lauren regrets all her life choices.

EXT. ROOSEVELT ISLAND PARK, NATHAN'S HOTDOG CART - LATER

Lauren is on the phone, leaving another message.

LAUREN

Hi, Mom. Just saw your calendar
invite. It's just that Annaliese is
out of town for work, so it'll just
be you and me for dinner tomorrow.
Hope that's okay!
(awkward laugh)
Um, just let me know if it's not.

Lauren joins Marilyn at a picnic table. There are three hotdogs and cans of beer. Lauren eyes a nearby port-a-potty.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

She's either got no fiber in her diet or too many shrooms up her -

MARILYN

Betty's got a lot of personality. But she comes from the biggest family in tech... who turned out to be the biggest crooks in tech.

LAUREN

Great addition to the team.

MARILYN

She wasn't a part of it! When the Feds showed up and her family expatted. She was at -

LAUREN

Coachella?

MARILYN

Burning Man. Give her a little credit. She came home to nothing. She's been holding her own since.

LAUREN

This is the girl who invented Sugar Shots and had me puking marshmallow all night. Strings of it. I looked like an off-brand Spider-Man.

MARILYN

That was years ago. Everyone grows up, Lauren.

Betty emerges from the port-a-potty and joins them.

BETTY

(talking too fast)

WOO! I literally haven't slept in fifty hours but it's totally cool because I got the perfect cocktail going - enough uppers to keep me standing and enough downers to keep me from bursting a blood vessel because I just keep thinking about how eyes are the windows to the soul, and no one wants to look through a bloody window. Do you get that? Lauren? Do you get it?

LAUREN
I've never done drugs.

BETTY
(to Marilyn)
She still mad about Atlantic City?

LAUREN
No. I am fine about Atlantic City.

BETTY
Sweet. So, this plan! Love the
plot. Gold diggers for life!

MARILYN
Not gold digging! We aren't trying
to be trophy wives. We're making
the world a better place by
marrying rich.

BETTY
Philanthropic ladder climbing.
Chill. What do we do now?

Marilyn raises her eyebrows at Lauren who grudgingly begins.

LAUREN
First, we pool our money for
expenses and find a place on the
upper east side -

Betty makes a BUZZER sound, startling Lauren and Marilyn.

BETTY
There's no one young on the upper
east side. It's all grandmas in
80's Vivienne Westwood. The place
has to be in TriBeCa.

LAUREN
Maybe you want to sober up before -

Betty's eyes sharpen, appraising Lauren for the first time.

BETTY
Nah, girl. I'm good. Also, I can't
contribute to the expenses.

LAUREN
Sounds like a bad fit. Thanks so
much for your interest, Betty. But
once again, if you want something
done right, you always have to -

Betty leans across the table and grabs Lauren's phone.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Are you robbing me? She's robbing me, Marilyn!

Betty swipes along the phone screen furiously for a few moments. She hands it back to Lauren and leans back.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

What is Midas Match?

BETTY

The dating app for New York's most elite circles. It's invite-only and I invited you. There's also clubs and speakeasies all over this city where rich people go to avoid gold diggers. I can get you in. You need me on this. These people will sniff you out and freeze you out.

Betty and Lauren are in a standoff.

MARILYN

Betty, it might help if you told Lauren why you're interested.

Betty rolls her eyes and throws a bite of hotdog into her mouth the way most people would throw a piece of popcorn.

BETTY

Fine. I hadn't been on great terms with my dad in years. Everyone in the industry knew, but they still blacklisted me when my family went down. I'm persona non Grenada.

LAUREN

Non grata.

Betty makes her BUZZER sound again.

BETTY

As in no one invites me to their yacht parties in Grenada anymore. The only way to get back into tech is by finding my own capital. I need this as badly as you. But I'm telling you right now, I won't do anything illegal. That's my line.

LAUREN

Besides drugs.

BETTY

The drugs are for my health. You don't want me without the drugs. Do we have a deal?

Lauren looks at her phone. "MIDAS MATCH" flashes in gold.

LAUREN

We have a deal. And a plan. Let's see if we can pull it off.

A CLICK. Betty has snapped a photo of Lauren on her phone.

BETTY

The light's good. Now pop a few buttons for your profile pic.

Lauren clutches at her buttoned-to-the-collar shirt.

INT. SMITH & WOLLENSKY STEAKHOUSE, BAR, MIDTOWN EAST - NIGHT

A dark, heavy wood bar wraps around the wall of an old school steakhouse. Lauren, sipping on free water in her Old Navy three-quarter-sleeve button-up, knows she doesn't quite fit.

SORENA (50, built like a \$15 million-dollar brownstone), sips on scotch in a dress that looks like it needs to be peeled off. And Lauren would love to do the peeling. Sorena smiles and slides down the bar - to Lauren's aroused horror.

SORENA

Waiting for someone?

LAUREN

(chokes out)

Mom.

SORENA

I prefer "Mommy."

She gives Lauren the juiciest wink.

LAUREN

My mom. Sorry. I'm waiting for my mom. Who birthed me. Labor lasted seventeen hours. They had to vacuum me out. I would love to stop talking. Please stop me.

SORENA

Why? You're very cute when you can't stop. Talking.

Lauren's every nerve is on fire.

LAUREN
I'm flustered. You are very
gorgeous and I'm wearing Old Navy.

SORENA
Buttoned right up to the neck...

Sorena's fingers skim over the top buttons of Lauren's shirt.
Lauren is both terrified and hopeful one will pop open.

SORENA (CONT'D)
Can I buy you a drink and tell you
about my overbearing parents?

LAUREN
Oh my god, yes, I'd -

JEAN (O.C.)
Lauren!

JEAN (60's, Liberian, coined the phrase "walk with the
confidence of a white man") waves from the host stand.

JEAN (CONT'D)
They're giving us the good table!

Lauren looks regretfully at Sorena.

LAUREN
I think I'll just cut my losses.

SORENA
That's a shame. You're cutting
mine, too.

Lauren slinks away, trying to calm the fire below her dark
washed jeans. She follows the maître d' into the dining room.

Sorena watches her the whole way.

INT. SMITH & WOLLENSKY STEAKHOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Jean peruses the menu while Lauren's eye twitches.

JEAN
The minute you retire, they all
want you. I once camped out on the
district attorney's doorstep for
three days to get him to see me.

LAUREN
I remember. You missed my dance
recital.

JEAN

And now who do you think called me to put in a good word for him?

LAUREN

The distr-

JEAN

The district attorney! Do you think they'd make the butter-poached lobster without the butter? My LDL is high, and my doctor is an idiot, so I have to fix it myself. If you want something done right, you...

JEAN (CONT'D)

Always have to do it yourself.

LAUREN

Always have to do it yourself.

A POLISHED SERVER arrives with a breadbasket.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Tap water. No bread.

The Polished Server - and breadbasket - make a quick exit.

JEAN (CONT'D)

I'm not happy with you, Lauren.

Lauren is terrified - her mom already knows about all her failures?! Twitch, twitch, twitch goes Lauren's eye.

JEAN (CONT'D)

If you're getting married in Maine next year, we need to book the venue. You're cutting it close.

LAUREN

Why would I get married in Maine?

The Polished Server returns with water.

JEAN

The lobster.

POLISHED SERVER

Yes, ma'am.

JEAN

Not you. From you I want the salmon. You want the salmon, too?

(without letting Lauren answer)

Two salmon. Not too fishy.

(MORE)

JEAN (CONT'D)
(to Lauren)
For the wedding, you want lobster.

Lauren takes a deep, painful breath.

LAUREN
It's just that -

JEAN
You know I hate it when you say
"just" every other syllable. Think
about what you want to say and say -

LAUREN
There won't be a wedding.

Jean takes a sip of her tap water, puts it down.

JEAN
I knew you'd get cold feet and make
one of your impulsive decisions.

LAUREN
Anneliese cheated on me, Mom!

Jean takes another sip of water.

JEAN
Well. What are you going to do now?

LAUREN
I ju-
(deep breath)
I have this idea. It's kind of an
entrepreneurial thing -

JEAN
I don't want to hear about work.

LAUREN
It's not about work... Because I
don't have a job.

Jean looks like she's just had ice water poured down her back. Lauren braces herself for her mother's coming anger...

but instead, Jean places her hand over her eyes like a headache has just come on.

JEAN
Lauren. When will I get to stop
worrying about you?

The two are a tableau of shame and disappointment.

INT. MARILYN'S LIVING ROOM, MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS - NIGHT

Marilyn and Betty scan listings on their computers while "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" plays on the television.

Marilyn Monroe as Lorelei addresses her father-in-law:

LORELEI

*Don't you know that a man being
rich is like a girl being pretty?
You wouldn't marry a girl just
because she's pretty, but my
goodness, doesn't it help?*

BETTY

See, that's how you have to think
about it. If you're gold digging,
they're hottie digging.

Lauren slinks into the apartment.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Hey! Did you bring back leftovers?

She hands over a takeout bag. Betty and Marilyn tear into it.

MARILYN

We hit a snag. No one's looking for
a house sitter in TriBeCa.

BETTY

Out of season for Coachella,
Cannes, the Monaco Yacht Show just
finished -

LAUREN

So, we have nothing.

MARILYN

We're working on it, Lauren.

LAUREN

(rounding on Betty)
Could you just call up one of your
rich friends?

BETTY

Would you like it if someone called
and asked if she and two other
people could crash in your
guesthouse and pretend to be rich?
That's how the Twin Flames people
started, and no one wants to harbor
a Twin Flames person.

LAUREN

Then hack into a bank and get us
some start-up funds.

BETTY

I told you I won't do anything
illegal.

LAUREN

You lived off your dad's stolen
money for years. Now you have a
conscience?

MARILYN

Lauren!

BETTY

I didn't know!

LAUREN

Oh, please.

Betty gathers her many things. She's made herself at home.

BETTY

If that's all you want from me,
then I'll take my stuff and go.

She continues to pick up her stuff.

MARILYN

Betty, please don't.

BETTY

I'm out!!! I just need...

She grabs some bras off a chair, looks under the couch.

LAUREN

Oh my god.

BETTY

I'm trying! Jesus! If I leave
anything behind, please text me,
Marilyn!

She struggles at the door with a mound of detritus, including
the Smith & Wollensky leftovers.

BETTY (CONT'D)

I AM OUT!

SLAM! Lauren follows to the door, opens it and screams:

LAUREN

And I am still pissed about
Atlantic City!

BETTY (O.C.)
Well, so am I!!!

Lauren SLAMS the door closed again. She and Marilyn are left alone, standing off on opposite sides of the living room.

MARILYN
What the hell was that?

LAUREN
This was a bad plan.

MARILYN
Your plan! And we tried to help you. Do you have any idea how hard Betty's been working on this?

LAUREN
She could get that money in a snap.

MARILYN
Not in a way that makes her happy.

LAUREN
I don't care if she's happy! I'm not happy! You're not happy! But we do what we have to do to survive.

MARILYN
Jeeze, Lauren. If this is all so hard, then go home! Your mom would take you in in a snap.

LAUREN
And I'll never get out!! I'm not doing what my mother wanted me to. I didn't join a family practice to cash in on strep throat. I wanted to do something that actually makes a difference, but in her house... When I walk in there, I live by her rules. What I want doesn't matter.

Lauren grabs her own large but condensed bag.

MARILYN
Where are you going?

LAUREN
It doesn't matter.

She lets the door snap behind her, leaving Marilyn alone...

EXT. JEAN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

... and gets into the passenger seat of Jean's car. Jean's eyes are set on the road, Lauren's on the apartment building.

JEAN

Done?

Lauren nods and they drive off towards New Jersey.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF PENTHOUSE, SOHO - NIGHT

Betty, surrounded by her bags, steels herself and RINGS the bell. RACH (30, wearing the trendiest of outfits and fakest of smiles) opens the door to let the sounds of a party out: MUSIC, SHOUTING, LAUGHTER, etc. Seeing Betty, she sighs.

RACH

Guess I'm next on the rotation?

BETTY

Hey, Rach. Can I -

RACH

Betty, everyone's been talking, and you can't just couch hop between all our friends. It's super cringe.

BETTY

I'm not couch hopping. Damon has three guest houses!

RACH

And you've stayed in all three. I'm speaking for the group when I say we're done enabling you.

BETTY

(humbling herself)

Wait, Rach! Please. I don't have anywhere else to go.

RACH

This is what manifestation is all about, girlie. Time to envision a brighter future. Okay, I want to go now. I believe in you. Byeeeee.

Rach closes the door in Betty's face.

INT. WEST SIDE COFFEE, UPPER WEST SIDE - NIGHT

Marilyn approaches the counter with her battered coffee cup. But the baristas are grinning maniacally. One of them points to a new sign on the counter:

"REFILLS ARE GRANTED AT THE DISCRETION OF THE STAFF."

It appears Marilyn's great coffee loophole has closed. She turns from the giggling java jockeys, her face growing red.

INT. PORT AUTHORITY BUS TERMINAL, MIDTOWN - NIGHT

Betty squints into the bright board posting the dozens of destinations. Then, she slumps into a corner with her things.

She digs in her bag and pulls out a set of KEYS with a Tiffany keychain. Betty stares at them, debating, then puts them away. She settles in for a night at the bus station.

INT. LAUREN'S CHILDHOOD ROOM - NIGHT

Lauren stands before a wall of accomplishments: degrees, awards, ribbons. Behind her, Jean makes up her bed.

JEAN

Tomorrow, we'll get you some interview outfits. We'll go over your resume. And I'll make some appointments...

Lauren takes off her engagement ring and adds it to the shrine of past accomplishments.

INT. JEAN'S KITCHEN, NEW JERSEY - DAY

Lauren sits at the breakfast bar of a Martha Stewart styled kitchen. Jean saunters into the room, kissing her daughter quickly on the head before evaluating her kitchen cabinets.

JEAN

Sleep well? Hungry? I don't buy eggs anymore. My LDL. I'll make oatmeal.

LAUREN

Sounds good.

JEAN

I talked to a friend about fast tracking your medical license so you can practice.

LAUREN

I don't want to -

JEAN

My tennis partner has a family practice in town. You could start there. I'll make a call.

LAUREN

Mom, I want to research -

JEAN

You've chased the research dream job. It's time to get real.

LAUREN

You're the one who told me I could do anything!

JEAN

I thought you could.

Lauren feels the frost coming off of her mother's words.

LAUREN

I just have -

JEAN

Lauren. The "justs."

LAUREN

I have a lot working against -

JEAN

I know, you're a millennial. You pulled all the bad straws. I've heard it from every junior attorney at the office. The reality is you were too coddled growing up and now you always want someone to take care of you.

That hits Lauren. Her chair SCREECHES against the floor as she rises.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Lauren! My tiles!

LAUREN

Coddled? That's what you call pushing me into every AP class, standing over me as I do my math homework, and reminding me every year that my eggs were expiring?

JEAN

And getting you the best education
I could. Making sure you were fed
and clothed even when I couldn't
put gas in my own car.

LAUREN

Well, it's not the sacrifice
Olympics, Mom. And while I
appreciate what you gave me - I
don't owe you my life for it.

Lauren turns to leave.

JEAN

Lauren, please. You literally
cannot afford to keep chasing this
dream.

Lauren undoes the top two buttons on her shirt, revealing A
SCAR from open heart surgery.

LAUREN

We both know I can't afford not to.

Jean seems to shrink away from the scar.

JEAN

Lauren. Button your shirt.

LAUREN

I think I've spent too long
buttoned up, actually.

With that, she's out of the kitchen and out the front door
with a SLAM!

EXT. BUS STOP, NEW JERSEY - DAY

Lauren bounces as the bus pulls up. She yanks out her wallet,
realizes she doesn't have any money for fare.

Her head swivels to find a GRANNY (80's) struggling to board
the bus against a stream of disembarking RIDERS.

LAUREN

HEY!

Lauren barrels towards the middle door of the bus.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

What's wrong with you? You're in
such a hurry an elder can stand on
the sidewalk, waiting for you?

The riders part, shamefaced, giving Granny a clear route. Lauren takes her elbow and helps her onto the bus.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

Lauren glares at some seated riders until they move, making plenty of space for Granny to sit down.

LAUREN

Let me take your bus pass up.

Granny hands it over and Lauren zips up to...

FRONT OF BUS

She swipes the pass and gets a smile from the Bus Driver.

SEATS

She returns to Granny and sits next to her. The doors close and the bus starts forward as Granny side-eyes Lauren.

GRANNY

Nice one.

Lauren holds up Granny's bus pass to reveal the picture of a man - this is not her bus pass.

LAUREN

Game recognize game.

They both lean back, smiling.

INT. PORT AUTHORITY BUS TERMINAL, MIDTOWN - DAY

Lauren rushes through the bus terminal, turns a corner, and trips over a mound of trash.

No, not trash -- Betty!

LAUREN

Betty! I was coming to see you!

BETTY

How'd you get my address?

She gestures to the bus terminal and Lauren takes in the reality of Betty's situation.

LAUREN

Nice place. High ceilings.
Betty, I'm so sorry. You're trying
to make a better life for yourself,
and I respect the hell out of that.

(MORE)

LAUREN (CONT'D)

I had no right to make you feel small.

Betty examines Lauren's face.

BETTY

You had a talk with a parent, didn't you?

LAUREN

I... uh...

BETTY

Yeah, that's "my mom-slash-dad criticized my life" face. You're fired up as hell, girl.

LAUREN

So... truce?

BETTY

Bitch, I have so many shitty parent stories! We're bonded for life!

LAUREN

(pleasantly nervous)

I'm excited to understand what that means. I want to apologize to Marilyn, too, but I need an olive branch.

Betty shifts nervously.

BETTY

Well, I have something that might smooth things over.

She holds out the KEYS with the Tiffany keychain.

INT. NEW APARTMENT, TRIBECA - DAY

A door opens into a stunning four-bedroom apartment in - yes - TriBeCa!

The ladies slowly walk to the middle of the living room. Lauren and Marilyn's jaws are on the floor as Betty hangs back, shifting from foot to foot.

BETTY

It's temporary. It's owned by a shell corporation inside of a shell corporation - like real estate Russian nesting dolls.

(MORE)

BETTY (CONT'D)

So, there's a clock on this and no way of knowing when the Feds will show, but... you want to stay in my disgraced criminal family's secret New York apartment?

Marilyn looks to Lauren, who grins wolfishly.

LAUREN

Yeah, this'll work.

Marilyn SQUEALS and runs down the hall. The sound of RUNNING WATER echoes back to the living room.

MARILYN (O.C.)

The water is hot as soon as you turn it on!!! Now I know this is where the one percent lives!

Betty scuttles after her.

BETTY

Turn on the heated floors!

Marilyn SCREECHES in joy!

Lauren looks up at the ceiling. It's painted with a beautiful skyscape, complete with a SHOOTING STAR. She closes her eyes and makes a wish.

INT. BETTY'S BEDROOM, TRIBECA APARTMENT - SAME

Betty flops onto her bed. She's claimed the master. As she turns her head, she catches sight of a photo:

It's of Betty and her family, clad in ski gear on the slopes. She stares at it, missing them whether she wants to or not.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF NEW APARTMENT, TRIBECA - SAME

Lauren gathers an assortment of bags in the hall as the elevator DINGS. The doors open and OUT STEPS SORENA, the stunner from Smith & Wollensky's bar!

LAUREN

(too loud and excited)

You!

Sorena looks Lauren up and down, lingering on her now visible chest. Lauren's hand twitches towards her collar, but she stops herself. Sorena grins.

SORENA

The gorgeous young thing from the
steakhouse.

LAUREN

Oh. Me. No. You. You are - I don't
know your name.

Sorena offers her hand.

SORENA

It's Sorena.

Lauren takes it and Sorena's thumb playfully strokes Lauren's
hand. The effect is knee-melting.

SORENA (CONT'D)

I'm happy to see someone moving in
across the hall. It's been empty
for so long.

LAUREN

You live here?

Sorena points to a door just opposite Lauren's.

SORENA

Maybe I'll come by later for a cup
of sugar.

LAUREN

That would be amazing and not
terrifying at all.

Sorena chuckles and saunters to her own door.

SORENA

See you later, neighbor.

And with that she slips into her apartment.

Lauren, mere seconds from expiring, turns to see Marilyn and
Betty crammed into their own doorframe - they saw it all!

LAUREN

I'm going to drown myself in that
instantly hot water.

BETTY

Relax. That's the kind of woman
that boned her French tutor. She's
used to broken English.

Lauren GROWLS and tosses a bag in Betty's direction. The ladies cackle as they pull the last of their things inside.

INT. SORENA'S APARTMENT - SAME

Sorena removes her coat in an apartment just as big as Betty's but with almost nothing in it.

In the center of the living room sits a cot and a folding table holding a computer and landline phone.

She picks up the phone, dials.

SORENA

Lights are on and someone's home.

Her eyes flick towards the apartment across the way.

INT. NEW APARTMENT, TRIBECA - NIGHT

Marilyn and Lauren lounge on the very expensive living room furniture in their very inexpensive pajamas, gnawing on dollar slice pizza.

Betty strides in, triumphantly lofting a bottle of Dom Perignon above her head.

BETTY

I have successfully broken into the wine safe. All it took was a few tries at the passcode and one of my dad's golf clubs when I couldn't figure out the passcode.

MARILYN

I have the perfect glassware.

She pulls out three battered coffee cups and the women excitedly fill them with champagne.

LAUREN

Ladies, here's to the oldest profession in the world - marrying rich.

The ladies "clink" glasses just as someone's Midas Touch app DINGS! They all look at each other in excitement. It's on!

As they dive towards their phones, of course, Ludacris' "Shake Your Money Maker" plays.

END OF PILOT.