

TRUE JACKSON, VP

"TRADING LULU"

Written by

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TRUE JACKSON, VP

"TRADING LULU"

TEASER

A

FADE IN:

INT. RECEPTION - DAY (DAY 1)

(Amanda, Amanda's assistant, Lulu, Oscar, True, Extras)

TRUE AND LULU WALK PAST OSCAR'S DESK.

LULU

And then Margaret told Janai that
Steve-O likes Trish.

TRUE

Get out!

OSCAR

Oh, puppy love.

LULU

No, Oscar. These are people.

OSCAR

I see.

LULU

Yeah, puppies can't talk.

SHE WALKS OFF BUT TRUE STAYS.

TRUE

Oscar, did I get any faxes?

OSCAR

Here ya go.

TRUE

Thanks. (SHE LEAFS THROUGH THE PAPERS) There are only three models' agreements here for the photo shoot, but there should be seven!

OSCAR

One of those days?

TRUE

More like one of those weeks. And we have a status meeting in five minutes.

OSCAR

Keep your chin up, kid.

TRUE

Thanks.

TRUE GOES INTO HER OFFICE.

AMANDA CHASES AN ASSISTANT, WHO IS CLUTCHING HER PERSONAL ITEMS, ACROSS THE RECEPTION AREA.

AMANDA

And don't even think of coming back!
(TO OSCAR) That's the last time she'll ever end a sentence with a preposition in a company memo!

OSCAR GIVES HER A LOOK.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(SHRUGS) I was an English major.

OSCAR

Uh huh.

AMANDA

Incorrect grammar is simply a quality
I will not put up with.

OSCAR

You mean, one with which you will
not put up?

AMANDA

Whatever. Now what am I supposed
to do? I clearly can't trust Human
Resources to send competent
assistants.

OSCAR

Well, for starters you could go to
the photo shoot status meeting in
four minutes.

AMANDA

(CHUCKLES) Oh, Oscar, you're
always... Four minutes?!

SHE RUNS TO HER OFFICE. OSCAR TURNS BACK TO HIS COMPUTER.

OSCAR

Okay, sudoku, it's just you and me
now.

B

INT. MAX'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 1)
(Amanda, Lulu, Max, True)

MAX IS GRIMACING AT SOME PHOTOGRAPHS WHEN THERE'S A KNOCK AT HIS DOOR. HE RISES.

MAX

Come in! Oh, hello.

IT'S TRUE AND LULU, CARRYING SEVERAL PORTFOLIOS.

TRUE

Sorry we're late, Mr. Madigan.

MAX

On the contrary, True, you're right on time. (HE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH, COUNTING DOWN SILENTLY) Now you'd be late.

AMANDA BURSTS THROUGH THE DOOR, HAIR AWRY AND HER ARMS OVERFLOWING WITH LOOSE DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS.

AMANDA

(REGAINING HER COMPOSURE) Hello, everyone.

MAX

Hello! We were just chatting about punctuality. Which reminds me, is your assistant coming?

AMANDA

(SITTING) Oh, I had to let her go.

LULU

What happened this time? Were her
paper clips crooked? (SHE LAUGHS
AT HER OWN JOKE)

AMANDA

No...not this time. Let's just say
she wasn't up to Mad Style's rigorous
standards.

MAX

That's too bad. But as you all
know it's two days until our photo
shoot to introduce the new Max
Couture line. I feel good about it
(YELLING) EXCEPT THAT EVERYTHING'S
A MESS! (HE RIFLES THROUGH HIS
PAPERS) Spots with checkers?
Horizontal with vertical? Come on,
people! True, are the models even
lined up?

TRUE

Only three, Mr. Madigan.

MAX

Then your job is to secure four
more and go through all the logistics
with the photographer.

TRUE

I'm on it.

MAX

Amanda, you and your assistant will
revise all the clothing. I want...

LULU

But she doesn't have an assistant
any more, remember?

MAX

Oh, yes. "Amandilla the Hun."
(AMANDA REACTS) No matter. Lulu,
you're now Amanda's assistant.

AMANDA/LULU/TRUE

What?

MAX

True will have a much easier time
getting a replacement than Amanda.

AMANDA

I assure you that I can easily
procure a new assistant. (MAX LOOKS
DUBIOUS) Okay, fine.

LULU

Don't I get a vote?

MAX

No. But it's only temporary, for
the next few days. Therefore,
Amanda, under no circumstances are
you to fire Lulu. True, do you
think you can hire someone new?

TRUE

I guess so, but Lulu and I work
pretty well together.

LULU

Yeah, what she said.

MAX

(RISING) Think of it as expanding
your skill set.

TRUE

Maybe you're right, Mr. Madigan.

LULU

He is?

TRUE

By working with other people we'll
get outside our shells, get new
perspectives on things.

MAX

And no one in the company has
as...unique a perspective as Amanda.
(HE USHERS AMANDA AND LULU OUT THE
DOOR.) Think they'll last two days?

TRUE

One.

MAX

You're on.

THEY SHAKE AND TRUE GOES.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

C

FADE IN:

INT. TRUE'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 1)
(Interviewee, Ryan, True)

TRUE SITS ACROSS FROM A SLOVENLY MIDDLE-AGED MALE INTERVIEWEE.

TRUE

And what kind of administrative
experience do you have?

INTERVIEWEE

Interesting you ask. I'm sure you've
heard of Pretend Life?

TRUE

The online virtual world?

INTERVIEWEE

My avatar is the head of CAW--Avatar
Conspiracy Watch--an organization
dedicated to proving that the entire
virtual world is...not real.

TRUE

Okay.

INTERVIEWEE

I'm also very efficient. I've been
wearing the same socks for seventeen
days.

TRUE JUMPS UP AND OFFERS HER HAND.

TRUE

Don't call us we'll call you!

HE RISES.

INTERVIEWEE

Oh. Thank you. Do you think I
have a chance?

TRUE

You're so close I can smell it.

SHE USHERS HIM OUT THE DOOR, PULLS A FACE THEN WALKS BACK
TOWARD HER DESK WHEN RYAN POPS UP FROM BEHIND IT.

RYAN

He seemed pretty cool.

TRUE

AAAAH! Ryan, what are you doing
down there?

RYAN

Just catching up on my Z's.

TRUE

You are not allowed to sleep under
my desk.

RYAN

Well if you would just bring in a
bed like I asked you...

SHE SITS AND STARTS LOOKING THROUGH RESUMES.

TRUE

I don't have time for this right now. That's the fifth interview I've done and I still haven't found anyone to replace Lulu.

RYAN

What was wrong with that guy?

TRUE

Besides hygiene, he's the president of "Avatar Conspiracy Watch."

RYAN JUMPS.

RYAN

He's Hoop-Dog Thraxis?

TRUE

You know him?

RYAN

Are you kidding? He's the one who first thought that Pretend Life might not be real. (HE STARES OFF INTO SPACE) Still blows my mind.

TRUE

I just need somebody who can finish a task and who isn't a complete nut job.

RYAN

Hey, too bad I'm not available.

TRUE

Are you even listening? I said NOT
a nut job.

RYAN

Hey, if anybody knows fashion...
(HE PUTS HIS FEET UP, REVEALING
MISMATCHED SHOES AND SOCKS) Too
bad I spend every single minute of
every day here to avoid work, not
do it.

TRUE

Ryan, I think you might be on to
something. You know computers and
you're already here at the office;
you might as well pull your weight.

RYAN

You want me to be your assistant?
No way.

TRUE

Yeah, you're probably right. Just
because Lulu could do it doesn't
mean you could.

RYAN

Say what? Anything Lulu can do I
can also do, also.

TRUE

Prove it.

RYAN

Negatory.

TRUE

I'll buy you a new X-Cube 3000.

RYAN

Deluxe?

TRUE

Fine.

RYAN

Deal.

THEY SHAKE. TRUE GETS THE HIRING FORMS FROM HER DESK.

TRUE

Thank you. Now the first thing is
we gotta do your paperwork. What's
your social security number?

RYAN

Woah. You didn't say there'd be
math.

TRUE

I'll call your house.

RYAN

(FLOPPING BACK ON THE COUCH) You
do that.

D

INT. RECEPTION - DAY (DAY 1)

(Amanda, Kopelman, Lulu, Max, Oscar, Ryan, True, Extras)

LULU AND AMANDA ARE AT THE DESK IN FRONT OF AMANDA'S OFFICE.

AMANDA

Okay, Lulu, working for me is exactly like working for True except now you have to do a good job. The first thing we'll do is familiarize you with your work station.

LULU

Geez, I know about my "work station."
(SHE PICKS UP THE MOUSE) For instance, here's my roolly clicky thingy.

AMANDA

It's actually a mouse.

LULU DROPS IT.

LULU

EEEEK!

AMANDA

Or perhaps it would be better to have you take some fabric to the fabric room.

LULU

Sounds great. The what where?

AMANDA

(STRUGGLING TO MAINTAIN COMPOSURE)

The fabric room. Second floor,
third door on the right. I'll give
you what you need to take down.

THEY GO INSIDE AMANDA'S OFFICE AS TRUE AND RYAN COME OUT OF
HERS.

TRUE

So, as you know, this is your work
area.

RYAN WINCES WHEN HE HEARS "WORK."

RYAN

Uh, True? Let's try to not use the
"W word." It sounds so..."worky."

SHE GLARES AT HIM.

TRUE

So this is your *work* area where
you'll be doing all of your *work*.
Why don't I show you what *work* is
on your computer?

RYAN

Now you're talking. Crash Metal
Titans 2 here I come.

TRUE

Ryan, we don't play video games at
the office.

OSCAR LOOKS UP FROM HIS MONITOR. MAX WALKS IN.

MAX

Hi, True. Just coming to see how
hiring the new assistant is going.

TRUE

Here he is.

MAX

Where?

RYAN

Me.

MAX

Oh really. In that case, welcome
to Mad Style. I'm sure you'll enjoy
working here as much as you've
enjoyed living here. Toodle-oo.

HE TURNS TO GO AS LULU AND AMANDA COME OUT; LULU STRUGGLES
WITH SEVERAL LONG BOLTS OF FABRIC ON HER SHOULDER.

MAX (CONT'D)

Hello, Lulu. (INDICATING THE FABRIC)

Nice color.

LULU

Do you like it?

LULU TURNS TO DISPLAY THE FABRIC, SWINGING IT THROUGH THE
AIR AND HITTING MAX IN THE HEAD. HE FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

TRUE

Oh my gosh, Mr. Madigan!

TRUE AND OSCAR RUSH OVER. SOME OTHER WORKERS GATHER AROUND.

TRUE (CONT'D)

Mr. Madigan, are you all right?

MAX STAGGERS TO HIS FEET, SLIPPING ONCE AND CAUSING EVERYONE TO OVERREACT.

MAX

I think so, True.

OSCAR

What's your name?

MAX

Max Madigan.

OSCAR

Where are you?

MAX

Mad Style Incorporated.

OSCAR

Who created the couture kimono coat?

MAX

Paul Poiret in Paris in 1903. Good
gravy, what do you take me for,
man?

OSCAR

He's okay.

HE WALKS BACK TO HIS DESK.

LULU

I'm sorry, Mr. Madigan.

MAX

No harm done. Thank you, everyone.

KOPELMAN ENTERS WITH A POPSICLE.

MAX (CONT'D)

Ah, Kopelman, I've been looking for
you!

KOPELMAN TRIES TO PROTECT HIS POPSICLE BUT MAX PUTS HIS ARM
AROUND HIM.

MAX (CONT'D)

What a wonderful frozen treat you
have, and no employee deserves one
more than you. (KOPELMAN IS AGHAST
AS MAX LEADS HIM AWAY) I'd like
your advice on something. I've
been meaning to redecorate my office
and can't decide between pink and
Fuchsia...

THEY LEAVE.

TRUE

He must have hit his head harder
than he thought.

AMANDA

You can say that again.

LULU GOES BACK TO HER DESK. RYAN'S PHONE RINGS. HE PICKS
IT UP.

RYAN

Whassup?

THE PHONE RINGS AGAIN.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Uh, hello?

RING.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Dude!

TRUE WALKS OVER, FOLLOWED BY LULU.

TRUE

It's a multiline phone, Ryan. You've got to select which line you want.

RYAN

Huh?

LULU

Here, True, I'll show him. (SHE TAKES THE PHONE AND SELECTS A LINE)
True Jackson's office, please hold.
(TO RYAN) See?

RYAN

I knew that.

TRUE

Thanks, Lulu. I'll take it in my office. Look, Ryan, could you staple these papers together? You do know how to staple, don't you?

RYAN

Hey what do I look like?

TRUE

I won't answer that.

SHE WALKS INTO HER OFFICE.

E

INT. TRUE'S OFFICE/RECEPTION (INTERCUT) - CONTINUOUS
(Lulu, Ryan, True)

TRUE CROSSES HER OFFICE AND ANSWERS THE PHONE AT HER DESK.

TRUE

True Jackson speaking, thanks for
holding.

INTERCUT RECEPTION AREA - LULU SITS AT HER NEW DESK.

LULU

Hi, True. It's Lulu!

TRUE

Lulu! What are you doing?

LULU

Just wanted to say hi. We work
pretty far apart now.

TRUE

Lulu, you were just over here!

LULU

Yeah, I know! So you hired Ryan,
huh? Pretty risky...

TRUE

Hey, with a little training he can
be as sharp as any assistant.

LULU

(SARCASTICALLY) Right.

SHE SMILES AND WAVES AT RYAN, WHO IS STRUGGLING WITH THE
STAPLER BUT TRYING TO ACT COOL.

TRUE

What about you? How are things
with Amanda?

LULU

Great! I haven't done *any* work
yet. If I had known not working
for Amanda was lots easier than not
working for you I'd have transferred
ages ago.

TRUE

(SLIGHTLY SHAKEN) But you're excited
to come back, right?

LULU

Sure. Oh, gotta go! Here comes
"the boss lady."

SHE HANGS UP.

TRUE

Lulu--? Oh well.

SHE SIGHS. RYAN COMES IN, PAPERS STAPLED ALL OVER HIS
CLOTHES.

RYAN

Uh, True? There is definitely
something wrong with your stapler.

TRUE PUTS HER HEAD ON HER DESK.

F

INT. RECEPTION - DAY (DAY 2)

(Amanda, Lulu, Oscar, Ryan, True, Extras)

LULU SITS AT HER DESK INTENTLY CUTTING DRESS PATTERNS. AMANDA STEPS OUT OF HER OFFICE.

AMANDA

Lulu, the staff meeting's in half an hour. Are you finished making the copies?

LULU

Sure am.

SHE HANDS AMANDA A STACK OF PAPERS. AMANDA HOLDS ONE UP: A PERFECT COPY OF LULU'S HAND.

AMANDA

And I see you managed to put your hand in every single copy.

LULU

Oh, sorry.

AMANDA

(SEETHING) No matter. How's that pattern coming?

LULU HOLDS IT UP PROUDLY, BUT IT FALLS TO TATTERS IN HER HANDS.

LULU

Oh.

AMANDA

That's it. Pack your things, young lady, you are--

OSCAR

(FAKING A COUGH) She's-not-your-
employee-you-can't-fire-her.

AMANDA STARES AT HIM.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

AMANDA STALKS OVER TO HIS DESK.

AMANDA

The poor girl is incompetent, inept,
and ineffectual.

OSCAR

Indeed.

AMANDA

It's one thing in True's office,
but I cannot work with that kind of
assistant.

OSCAR

Well, you know what they say.

AMANDA

I do?

OSCAR

If you can't fire 'em, train 'em.

AMANDA

Train them?

OSCAR

It couldn't hurt.

AMANDA

(THINKING A MOMENT) All right,
then, I'll give it one chance.

SHE WALKS BACK OVER TO LULU.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Lulu, if we're going to work together
we're going to have to change a few
things around here.

LULU LEANS FORWARD, CHEWING HER GUM LOUDLY.

LULU

Like what?

AMANDA

Like that, for instance. (SHE
PROFFERS A GARBAGE CAN) This is an
office, not a pasture. (HESITANT,
LULU SPITS OUT THE GUM) If you
want to succeed in the corporate
world you have to appear like you
belong in that world.

LULU

I like just living in my world.

AMANDA

Not any more you don't. I'll train
you to fit in and to succeed, but
you must do exactly as I say.
Agreed?

LULU

(UNSURE) Agreed.

AMANDA

Good. The first things we'll do is
revitalize your wardrobe. Come on,
let's go to the dress vault.

LULU

Free clothes? Why didn't you say
so?

SHE JUMPS UP AND FOLLOWS AMANDA DOWN THE HALLWAY. OSCAR
GIVES AMANDA A SMILE.

TRUE COMES OUT FROM HER OFFICE.

TRUE

Oscar, have you seen Ryan? I've
got like a dozen modeling agencies
on the phone, a million emails to
send, and he's not anywhere.

OSCAR POINTS UNDER HIS DESK. TRUE WALKS BEHIND IT.

TRUE (CONT'D)

Just do you think you're doing?

RYAN GETS UP AND STRETCHES.

RYAN

Hey, get a bed, you'll always know
where I am.

TRUE GRABS HIS EAR AND DRAGS HIM BACK TO HER OFFICE.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Ow ow ow ow ow!

G

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

(Amanda, Kopelman, Lulu, Max, Ryan, True, Extras)

AMANDA AND LULU ENTER THE CONFERENCE ROOM. LULU IS DRESSED IN A SLEEK POWER BUSINESS SUIT AND SKIRT. THEY CARRY SOME PORTFOLIOS.

AMANDA

Good. We're the first ones here.

Now how do you feel?

LULU

(UNEASY) Like a different person.

AMANDA

Exactly. You see, Lulu, in your case succeeding in life is all about not being yourself. By adopting a new persona, you can now advance at all costs. Seize the day! Carpe diem!

LULU

But I don't eat carp.

AMANDA

Look, just remember that you're here at Mad Style to succeed, and that means forgetting the old you and making a new you, a you who only cares about one thing.

LULU

Global warming?

AMANDA

No. Yourself.

OTHERS START TO COME IN. TRUE ENTERS WITH RYAN, WHO DIVES INTO THE NEAREST SEAT.

RYAN

I call the wheeled chair!

TRUE

They all have wheels, Ryan.

LULU

Hi.

TRUE

(NOT RECOGNIZING HER) Hi. I'm

True Jackson. Pleased to--

(REALIZING WHO IT IS) Who are you
and what have you done to Lulu?

LULU

Do you like it? Amanda thought
that the first step to success would
be looking a little more "business
chic."

TRUE

You look great! I gotta say, Amanda,
looks like you've done a good job.

AMANDA

Why thank you, True.

RYAN

Someone let me know when Lulu gets here, I gotta ask her about the candy drawer in her desk.

LULU

You touch it you die.

RYAN NEARLY FALLS OVER BACKWARD IN HIS CHAIR.

MAX WALKS IN WITH KOPELMAN, WHO SITS DOWN WHILE MAX BEGINS THE MEETING.

MAX

Okay, people, let's get started, shall we? There should be a seat for everyone, and doughnuts for Kopelman.

KOPELMAN LIFTS A DOUGHNUT IN THANKS.

MAX (CONT'D)

As you know this is our final meeting before the premiere Max Couture shoot. But rather than listen to boring old me, I'd like to ask Kopelman to come up here and present this. It's really his baby, after all.

KOPELMAN, MOUTH STUFFED WITH DOUGHNUT, POINTS AT HIMSELF IN DISBELIEF.

MAX (CONT'D)

Yes, come on up here, you. Applause, people, applause.

MYSTIFIED, THE OTHERS CLAP AS KOPELMAN COMES TO THE CENTER OF THE ROOM AND PREPARES TO BEGIN.

MAX (CONT'D)

Stop! I changed my mind. Kopelman, you've worked so hard that you deserve some time off instead.
(KOPELMAN SHRUGS) I want you go to my office where you'll find an assortment of Cheetos, truffles, and vintage comic books. Don't worry about fingerprints. Run along, now, run along. (KOPELMAN STARTS TO GO) Applause, people!

THE OTHERS CLAP WHILE KOPELMAN GOES.

MAX (CONT'D)

I guess I'll have to do this myself, then. The shoot's tomorrow and the concepts aren't working.

AMANDA

Actually, we've redone several of the concepts already. Lulu?

LULU OPENS A PORTFOLIO AND SHOWS A DRAWING TO MAX.

MAX

Very nice. Anything in green?
(LULU PRESENTS ANOTHER SHEET) Hmm.
Pink? (ANOTHER. MAX TRIES TO STUMP HER) Aquamarine?

LULU

Right here.

MAX

Astounding. Well, then, you two will have a jump on the others. In order to spice things up a bit we're going to have a fun little contest. I've divided you up into teams-- managers will be with their assistants. (TRUE LOOKS AT RYAN, WHO IS PLAYING WITH A SLINKY) Each team will get to produce a group of photographs at the shoot tomorrow. Whichever team gets the best results will receive a big fat bonus! Yippee!

AMANDA

(TO LULU) We should have that in the bag.

MAX

That's it. Meeting adjourned!

EVERYONE RISES TO GO. TRUE WALKS OVER TO LULU.

TRUE

Good luck with the contest. Looks like you're way ahead of the rest of us. I hope you get that bonus.

LULU IS ABOUT TO SPEAK WHEN AMANDA CUTS HER OFF.

AMANDA

So do we. (SHE PULLS LULU AWAY)
Come on, Lulu, let's get back to
work. Remember, no little friends,
just you, you, you.

LULU

(OVER HER SHOULDER) Good luck,
True!

TRUE IS LEFT ALONE.

TRUE

Thanks.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

H

FADE IN:

INT. RECEPTION - DAY (DAY 2)

(Amanda, Lulu, Oscar, Ryan, True, Extras)

LULU COMES IN WITH A PILE OF PAPERS. SHE HITS HER INTERCOM.

LULU

Amanda, I've remade all the copies
you needed.

AMANDA SWINGS OPEN HER DOOR.

AMANDA

You what?

LULU

And look--no hand! I kept it out,
just like you showed me, see?

TRUE WALKS IN AND OBSERVES

AMANDA

Superb. Now, Lulu, I need you to
go pick out the dresses. Black,
burgundy, burnt ocher, nothing too
bright. I'll add the accessories.
Can you be back in twenty minutes?

LULU

I'm on it, Number One.

SHE SALUTES AND GOES.

TRUE

(TO HERSELF) "Number One?" (SHE
WALKS OVER TO AMANDA) You're
letting Lulu pick out your dresses
for the shoot?

AMANDA

She's been trained well. Why don't
you let your assistant pick out
yours?

RYAN IS LEANED BACK IN HIS CHAIR, SNORING SOFTLY.

TRUE

Very funny.

SHE WALKS PAST RYAN AND CLAPS LOUDLY: HE JUMPS.

TRUE (CONT'D)

In the office, now.

HE RUBS HIS EYES AND FOLLOWS HER IN.

J

INT. TRUE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS
(Ryan, True)

RYAN

What's up?

TRUE

Ryan, this is not working! I mean,
you are not working! All you've
done since I hired you is sleep.

RYAN

Ah, that's what you may think, but
feast your eyes on this bad boy!

HE REVEALS AN ENORMOUS PAPER CLIP CHAIN.

TRUE

You'd better have something in that
hand besides a paper clip chain.

RYAN

It's not just a paper clip chain.
It's a whole new system of office
protocol. Check it out! (HE
DEMONSTRATES THE FOLLOWING) I merely
hook this end onto the back of my
pants, like so. You take that end
and then I can sit at my desk and
you can sit at your desk, and if
you ever need something you just
yank my chain!

TRUE

I hope you're yanking my chain right
now.

RYAN

I even developed a secret code.
See?

HE SHOWS HER A PAPER.

TRUE

"A = 1 yank; B = 2 yanks; C = 3
yanks..." This is your code?

RYAN

Well, I kinda got lost around K.

TRUE

You were lost long before that.
That'd take a hundred pulls just to
say 'Wake up!' I'm going down to
the dress vault to get our outfits
for the shoot. You go back to your
desk and start answering the phone
before this paper clip goes through
your nose.

RYAN

Well, back to work!

TRUE GOES. RYAN TURNS TO FOLLOW HER BUT THE PAPER CLIP CHAIN
SNAGS ON THE COUCH, YANKING HIM OFF HIS FEET AND ONTO THE
FLOOR.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I'm okay!

K

INT. DRESS VAULT - DAY
(Lulu, Ryan, True)

LULU IS SORTING THROUGH THE DRESSES, HER ARMS FULL OF THINGS SHE'S ALREADY SELECTED. TRUE COMES IN.

TRUE

Oh, hi, Lulu. I didn't know you were still down here.

LULU

Hey, True! Are you getting your outfits?

TRUE

Yeah. Ryan's not exactly up to it.

LULU

No kidding. I'd be surprised if his shoes even matched.

TRUE STARTS SORTING THROUGH THE CLOTHES.

TRUE

I remember a certain person showing up to the first day of ninth grade with mismatched shoes.

LULU

Hey, that was a fashion statement: "I am freshman, hear me roar."

TRUE

(LAUGHS) We heard you all right. With a neon green vest? ...And just look at you now.

LULU

That was the old me. This is the new me. And I owe it all to you, True.

TRUE

You do?

LULU

If you hadn't insisted I work for Amanda, she never would have helped me change like this. And I'm so much more effective now. I mean, I fixed my copies, I created a spreadsheet--

TRUE

You did what now? Lulu, I've been trying to show you how to make a spreadsheet for months.

LULU

Yeah, that's funny, isn't it? Maybe it's like Amanda says: I don't need my old friends to hold my hand all the time. I'm here for my own self, and I feel like I could do anything.

TRUE

Don't you think there are some things more important than your career?

LULU

Hey, you show me a CEO, I'll show
you one happy woman. Thanks for
making me get out of my shell, True.
You're a great friend. See ya.

SHE GOES. TRUE SITS DOWN ON THE FLOOR.

TRUE

I just didn't know you'd stop being
Lulu.

RYAN COMES IN.

RYAN

Oh hey, True, there's some model on
the phone who says she's been on
hold two hours?

TRUE

ARGH!

L

INT. PHOTO STUDIO - DAY (DAY 3)

(Amanda, Lulu, Models, Ramón the Photographer, Ryan, True, Extras)

AN ELABORATE BACKDROP WITH VARIOUS PROPS ARE IN PLACE. LIGHTS SURROUND THE SET AND TECHNICIANS SCUTTLE BACK AND FORTH. TRUE AND RYAN CARRY IN A LARGE GREEK PEDESTAL WHICH THEY PLACE NEAR THE CENTER OF THE SET.

TRUE

There, that's the last of it. Have you seen the photographer yet?

RYAN

Here he comes.

RAMÓN THE PHOTOGRAPHER ENTERS, LOOKING LOST. TRUE GOES OVER.

TRUE

Hi, I'm True Jackson. You must be Raymond. You spoke to my assistant on the phone.

RAMÓN

(SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH) Mucho gusto.
Me llamo Ramón, no "Raymond."

TRUE SMILES AND BLINKS THEN TURNS BACK TO RYAN.

TRUE

He speaks Spanish?

RYAN

Hey, if you say so.

TRUE

All right. (TO RAMÓN) Se habla inglés?

RAMÓN

Yo? No le dijo su asistente que
sólo tengo tres días de México?

TRUE SMILES AND SLOWLY TURNS BACK TO RYAN, WITH WHOM SHE'S
FURIOUS.

TRUE

Ryan, how did you confirm with the
photographer if he didn't speak
English?

RYAN

I thought there was something funny
going on.

AMANDA AND LULU ENTER.

RAMÓN

Miran, no hablo inglés, pero tomo
fotos bellísimas. Mira!

HE HOLDS UP HIS CAMERA.

TRUE

The man has a camera. I guess we're
still on.

SHE SHOWS RAMÓN AROUND WHILE LULU TALKS TO AMANDA.

LULU

Would you look at this? This is
amazing!

SHE STARTS TO LEAN BACK AGAINST A CIRCUIT BREAKER ON THE
WALL.

AMANDA

Be careful! Power up all the lights
at once and you could black out the
entire building!

LULU

Wow, you know so much stuff.

AMANDA

Well, yes.

AMANDA WALKS OFF AND LULU OVERHEARS TRUE TALKING TO RYAN.

TRUE

Okay, Ramón's ready to go. Now
where are the models?

RYAN

Right here.

THREE MODELS IN STREET CLOTHES WAVE HELLO.

TRUE

Ryan, tell me there are more in the
dressing room.

RYAN

There is...one more in the dressing
room.

TRUE

That's it? We can forget about a
bonus. We'll be lucky if Mr. Madigan
doesn't kill us.

THIS REGISTERS WITH LULU. AMANDA APPROACHES TRUE.

AMANDA

Ramón is about to start, and you're
first, True. Good luck.

TRUE

Thanks. Here goes nothing.

SEVERAL LIGHTS FIRE UP. A MODEL ENTERS THE STUDIO IN A
TERRIBLY MISMATCHED OUTFIT. SHE STRIKES A POSE ON THE SET.
RAMÓN STARTS SNAPPING PICTURES.

TRUE (CONT'D)

Wait! That's not right! Where's
the black blouse?

RYAN

I don't know.

TRUE

Ramón, hold up!

SHE DASHES OUT ONTO THE SET. RAMÓN TRIES TO GET OUT OF HER
WAY BUT INSTEAD MAKES HER TRIP OVER THE PEDESTAL.

RAMÓN

Guarda!

RYAN

True!

RYAN DIVES FOR TRUE BUT MISSES, INSTEAD TACKLING THE MODEL
AND CRASHING THROUGH THE BACKDROP. A HUGE PORTION OF THE
SET TOPPLES DOWN. PANDEMONIUM. TRUE SITS UP AND SURVEYS
THE CHAOS.

TRUE

I guess I can kiss my little job
goodbye.

LULU

Not if I can help it.

SHE FLIPS ALL THE SWITCHES ON THE BREAKER. SPARKS FLY FROM
SOME OF THE LIGHTS AND EVERYTHING GOES BLACK.

VOICES

Hey! Now what? What gives?

LULU

Sorry!

M

INT. MAX'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 4)

(Amanda, Kopelman, Lulu, Max, Ryan, True)

KOPELMAN SITS ON THE COUCH PLAYING A VIDEO GAME AND EATING PIZZA. MAX WALKS IN.

MAX

Kopelman, I'm afraid I've got a meeting in here. Here's twenty bucks, no, make it forty. Why don't you take the day off and go to the movies? (KOPELMAN TRIES TO SPEAK)
No, no. Heaven knows you've earned it.

KOPELMAN TAKES THE MONEY--AND A SLICE OF PIZZA--AND GOES.

MAX SITS DOWN AND EXAMINES THE PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE SHOOT. THERE IS A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

MAX (CONT'D)

Come in.

AN ABASHED TRUE, LULU, RYAN, AND AMANDA ENTER. HE MOTIONS FOR THEM ALL TO SIT.

MAX (CONT'D)

So?

TRUE

Mr. Madigan, I can explain.

MAX

That won't be necessary, True. I think I have a pretty good idea of what happened.

RYAN

Ninjas. Ninjas attacked the photo shoot.

MAX

As for you, my boy, I hope you've enjoyed your time as a Mad Style employee, because you're fired. You can go back to sleeping under desks or whatever it is you do.

RYAN

Are you serious?

MAX

I'm afraid so.

RYAN

YES! I got my life back! Boo-yeah.

TRUE

Mr. Madigan, it's not Ryan's fault. It's me you should be firing.

MAX

What makes you think I'm not?

LULU

You can't fire True! This job means everything to her. She's just never had an assistant who takes the work seriously. Besides, I caused the blackout. She should be getting the *bonus*.

MAX

I was getting to that. The team that hired the wrong photographer and destroyed the set obviously can't win our little contest. But the team that shut off the building's power, lit a craft services tablecloth on fire, and turned on all the sprinklers can't win either.

AMANDA

That was an innocent mistake, I assure you.

MAX

No one gets the bonus. Furthermore, I'm assigning Lulu back to work for True--it's obvious they can't get along apart.

TRUE

Really?! I mean, that's fine with me if it's okay with her.

LULU JUMPS UP.

LULU

YIPPEE! (EVERYONE STARES AT HER)
I mean, that could be acceptable.

MAX

So let's just get back to work and put this whole event behind us. I think I liked things better when everyone was where they belonged.

AMANDA NOTES HOW EXCITED TRUE AND LULU ARE.

AMANDA

I think we all did.

MAX

Okay, that's it. Get out of here, people. (RYAN REACHES FOR A PIZZA SLICE) And don't touch Kopelman's pizza.

RYAN, LULU, AND AMANDA GO. MAX TURNS TO GO BACK TO HIS DESK.

TRUE

Mr. Madigan?

MAX

Yes, True?

TRUE

Thank you.

MAX

No, True, thank you for reminding me there are some things more important than productivity. I think we should all remember that a bit more often.

HE GIVES HER A SQUEEZE.

TRUE

Thanks, Mr. Madigan. But what about
your shoot? Aren't you upset?

MAX

Are you kidding? Look at these
pictures! Ramón is a genius!
(FLIPPING THROUGH PICTURES) Upside
down! Nothing but the floor!

TRUE

What's that?

MAX

I think it's a thumb. Brilliant!
I'm using him from now on. Thanks,
True!

TRUE

Any time, sir.

SHE SMILES AND GOES.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

N

FADE IN:

INT. TRUE'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 5)
(Lulu, Ryan, True)

RYAN LAYS SUPINE ON THE COUCH, STRINGING TOGETHER PAPER CLIPS.
TRUE IS TYPING AT HER DESK AND LULU, DRESSED STYLISHLY BUT
BACK TO NORMAL, COMES IN.

LULU

Morning, guys.

RYAN

(NOT LOOKING UP) Hey.

TRUE

(COMING AROUND THE DESK) Look at
you, girl. Our Lulu is back!

LULU

Yeah, I decided I kind of liked who
I was before I decided to be someone
else.

TRUE

I did too.

LULU

I'm sorry for how I acted.

TRUE

Don't worry about it. I'm just
glad you're back.

LULU

It'll be nice to get my old desk
back. There's no Crash Metal Titans
2 over on the other computer.

RYAN SITS UP.

RYAN

You mean I could have been playing
that all this time?

LULU

Hey, you snooze, you lose. Enjoy
your paper clips!

SHE AND TRUE WALK OUT TO THE RECEPTION AREA.

P

INT. RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

(Kopelman, Lulu, Max, Oscar, Ryan, True, Extras)

SEVERAL BOLTS OF FABRIC LEAN BY LULU'S DESK.

TRUE

It's great to have you back with us, Lulu, but I do hope you keep up some things Amanda showed you.

LULU

Like what?

TRUE

Like working. I mean, I would love to get a photocopy that didn't have your hand in it.

LULU

No problemo. Just say the word and I'll put my "new and improved" skills to work.

TRUE

(INDICATES THE FABRIC) Actually, could you take these back to the fabric room for me? That'd be a big help.

LULU

Sure. I'll be right back.

SHE PICKS THEM UP AND STARTS ACROSS THE FLOOR. MAX ENTERS AND CROSSES BEHIND HER WHEN SHE TURNS TO TALK TO TRUE.

LULU (CONT'D)

Oh, True, what floor is--?

THE FABRIC SMACKS MAX IN THE HEAD, SENDING HIM TO THE FLOOR.

TRUE

Not again. (RUNNING TO HIM) Mr.

Madigan!

HE STAGGERS TO HIS KNEES AS OTHERS GATHER AROUND.

MAX

I'm all right, everyone.

KOPELMAN EMERGES FROM THE CROWD, CONCERNED. MAX SEES HIM.

MAX (CONT'D)

Kopelmmman! (KOPELMAN STEPS FORWARD
AND OFFERS HIS HAND, BUT MAX STANDS
UNAIDED) You're responsible for
this, aren't you? Get out of my
sight, you pesky little carpet-
swinging leech. Be gone! Go!

KOPELMAN LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOING TO CRY, THEN TURNS AND RUNS
DOWN THE HALL.

MAX (CONT'D)

That'll teach him to train young
executive assistants to swing fabric
at my head. No good, rotten, fetid,
lazy, scrounging, moronic...

MAX STALKS OFF GRUMBLING EPITHETS TO HIMSELF. TRUE, OSCAR,
AND LULU LOOK AT EACH OTHER.

OSCAR

He's okay.

TRUE

You can say that again.

LULU

Darn right.

LULU HEADS OFF TO THE ELEVATOR, TRUE BACK TO HER OFFICE.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW