# PUMPKIN SPICED MUSICAL

written by Ben Stiefel script supervision by Elizabeth Stiefel

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Ben Stiefel: 718 531-8444 benstiefel@juno.com www.benstiefel.com **CAST:** 1m, 3f

SAM Middle aged. Co-Owner of Sam 'n' Ella's Ad Agency. Happily married to Ella. His specialty is marketing. Sam is usually optimistic. He's a man of action, and not one to rest on his laurels.

Middle aged. Co-Owner of Sam 'n' Ella's Ad Agency. Happily married to Sam. Her specialty is graphic arts. Ella is a realist. She can be a bit sarcastic at times, but generally goes along with Sam's schemes and dreams.

ALLIE A young intern at Sam 'n' Ella's Ad Agency. She is always cheerful and quite ditzy. While she comes off as an air head, she may have some business savvy, and dreams of running the agency one day.

JACKIE Z Mid 30's, washed up, former teen sitcom star. She's tough and 'in your face.' Her childhood experiences in television have left her embittered. Blacklisted for years, she is hoping to make a comeback.

# SCENE 1 Day 1 -afternoon

(SAM, ELLA, ALLIE, JACKIE Z wearing day 1 clothes)

Inside the Sam 'n' Ella Advertising Agency. We see their 'wall of achievements' filled with successful advertisement campaigns, letters of thanks from clients, newspaper clippings, awards, citations, etc...

(ELLA at art station)

(SAM relaxed on the sofa, photo table side, his legs up on the cushions, playing the harmonica badly)



wide shot of the wall of achievements, zooming in and panning

(camera slowly pans around the 'wall of achievements' - stopping for a few seconds on each item - then gradually pans to ELLA, who is trying to concentrate on sketching, but is becoming increasingly annoyed by the sounds of Sam's harmonica playing)

(ELLA slowly stands, walks right up to SAM, stands there with her hands on her hips looking exasperated - SAM continues playing the harmonica, oblivious)

**ELLA** 

STOP IT!!!

(ELLA grabs the harmonica, then grabs SAM's face in her hands) I can't stand it any more!!! You don't even know how to play this damn thing!

(ELLA sits forcefully on the sofa, phone side, then dramatically puts the harmonica under her rear and sits on it)

**SAM** 

...and your point is?

ELLA

Hon. Maybe it's time you faced it. It's been three days. It's just. not. happening.

(SAM stands, starts pacing)

**SAM** 

I'm telling you, we got this.

**ELLA** 

I don't know, Sam...

SAM

The pitch. It was... pitch perfect. With our ad, they'll sell millions of those mile long wieners.

ELLA

I don't know. Our pitch was kinda edgy.

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You bet it was edgy! It's perfect! So what time did they say they'll call?

**ELLA** 

Um... they never said they would call.

**SAM** 

(flip)

Well, I'm not worried. It's a can't-miss!

# **ELLA**

I don't know. They didn't look all that interested at the presentation. And when we made the big reveal, a couple-a those ladies actually stood up and walked out. They looked *disgusted*.

#### SAM

Nah. They just needed some time to digest it. I'm telling you... this is gonna be...

(SFX phone rings)

(ELLA picks up the landline phone by the sofa)

**ELLA** 

Sam 'n' Ella Ad Agency. Ella speaking... Hello?

(beat)

(ELLA hangs up phone with a shrug)

**SAM** 

(hopeful)

Was it them?

**ELLA** 

Nah. Just a stupid solicitation. (beat) You were saying?

SAM

Big. This is gonna be big. Our biggest campaign ever!



shot from opposite end of dining table - see Sam and Ella's faces - we can't see what's playing on the I-pad, but we can hear it

MUST GET SHOT: either I-pad close up playing the sausage pitch, or in editing, use the actual video of the sausage pitch

(SAM starts walking to the dining table I-pad - ends up sitting in front of the I-pad - ELLA follows behind after a beat or two - ends up standing behind Sam, looking over his shoulder)

**SAM** 

(while walking)

Let me see it again.

**ELLA** 

You just saw it an hour ago.

SAM

I wanna see it fresh.

(SAM and ELLA walk to the dining table, where the i-pad is set up on a stand - SAM watches the 'Silver Star Sausage' ad - we see the 'yup. size matters' commercial with the Sam 'n' Ella logo with their photos at the end - while the ad plays, SAM is groovin' with the music, ELLA joins Sam, watching over his shoulder ELLA is mildly revolted)

#### **ELLA**

Agh. Turn it off!

(SAM pauses the video - freezes the frame with their pictures displayed)

God, I wish you'd stop putting my picture on *all* our presentations. I had nothing to do with...

(ELLA gestures at screen playing the ad) ick... that.

#### SAM

You wanted nothing to do with it. You said put it together all by yourself... so that's what I did. Not bad for a guy with no graphic arts degree, right? Besides, as I remember it, you said my idea was too...

# **ELLA**

tasteless? disgusting? pornographic?

#### SAM

Puh-lease. So it's got a little zip to it. I betcha 'Silver Star' loved it. They'll choose us. You'll see.

# **ELLA**

Someone better choose us... soon. We haven't had a new client in...

# **SAM**

(dejected)

...months. Trust me, I know. We're late on the mortgage. And I don't even want to think about the utilities.

(looks up at lights)

Did the lights just flicker?

#### **ELLA**

Oh, stop it - you're being paranoid. They're *not* going to turn off the electricity.

(softly)

I hope.

(SFX phone rings)

(SAM gestures for ELLA to answer the phone)

(ELLA goes to the sofa area and picks up the landline phone)

Sam 'n' Ella Ad Agency. Ella speaking.

(beat - excited)

Oh, yes... please hold.

(ELLA covers phone with palm - whispering)

It's them - 'Silver Star' - holy crap.

(SAM quickly goes to the sofa area and takes the phone - takes a few deep breaths, calming himself)

# **SAM**

Hello, Sam speaking.

(beat - from excited to dejected)

Yes... Right... Of course... I understand. Are you sure there's nothing I can do to convince you? I have other ideas... better ideas... and... (beat) Well, thank you for your consideration. Please keep us in mind in the future.

(SAM hangs up, dejected)

# **ELLA**

(ELLA puts her arm around his shoulder)

Don't worry, Sammy. We're just going through a rough patch. I'm sure a new client is gonna walk through that door any minute now.

(ALLIE knocks on the door or doorbell) (SAM and ELLA both look at the 'door' at the same time)

SAM & ELLA

Whoa.

**ELLA** 

See, I told juh.

SAM

(SAM perks up - looks around the office, nervous, then goes downstairs to answer the door)

Quick. Straighten up everything... and put your glasses on... look smart... (ELLA gives SAM a stern look)

...I mean busy, look busy for God's sake!

(SAM goes to answer the door off-camera - ELLA goes to her art station, looking busy, pretending to draw)



shot from near photo table - zoomed in to top of piano level/kitchen level steps

(ALLIE walks up the stairs, wearing a light coat, carrying cups of lattes in a tray with bill/receipt, mail is between her teeth, knapsack on her back with notebook(s) inside)
(SAM is behind her, dejected)

**SAM** 

(SAM sighs)

It's just Allie.

(SAM continues to walk back to the I-pad and sits)

#### **ALLIE**

(ALLIE spits out mail onto the dining table) (cheery, bowing to SAM)

And a spectacular, good morning to you, too, boss! (turns to ELLA)

Why's he so down? This about the clients, again?

**SAM** 

If only we had one.

# **ALLIE**

Jeez, so much negative energy...

(ALLIE looks at her watch)

...the day just started.

(ALLIE hands out lattes to SAM and ELLA)

Here. Take a sip. Caffeine... sugar... guaranteed to fix you right up.

(ALLIE takes a cup and a sip)

Ahhhh... Pumpkin spiced latte.

#### **SAM**

(SAM looks at the receipt for the lattes)

Wait. \$24.95??? That's over eight dollars a cup! What a rip-off!

# **ALLIE**

Don't worry, boss, it's on me.

(ALLIE unpacks her knapsack, spilling the contents onto the dining table, while speaking)

And by the way, I know you guys are struggling a bit, so out of the goodness of my heart, I just want you to know... you don't have to worry about paying me this month.

#### **ELLA**

Dear, we told you - you're an intern. An un-paid intern. Un. Paid. That means you're *not* paid.

# **ALLIE**

Speaking of internship, my professor asked if I could take some notes today on, you know, your advertising techniques, marketing ideas, stuff like that, then share them with the class tomorrow. Cool?

#### SAM

Sure, sure, whatever.

(ALLIE sits at dining table, window seat, takes notebook and pen in hand)

(SAM takes a sip of his latte)

Ugh. I hate this crap. What kind of moron decided what the world needs is a freshly brewed cup of coffee... flavored with nauseating pumpkin... pumpkin, pumpkin of all things! You ever smell a pumpkin? Smells nasty. They taste nasty, too.

**ALLIE** 

(writing in notebook)
(softly)

You ever smell a pumpkin...

SAM

(takes a sniff of his latte) (shakes head in disgust) Agh, disgusting.

**ALLIE** 

(writing in notebook) (softly) ...dis--gus--ting...

ELLA

(ELLA takes a sip of her latte)

Well, I love it. Pumpkin spiced candies... cupcakes... ever try hot chocolate with mini pumpkin flavored marshmallows?...

(dreamily)

...heaven.

#### **ALLIE**

Oooh... I would *die* for one-uh those right about now!

**SAM** 

(thinking)

Pumpkin flavored marshmallows? Brilliant idea! This time of year, people will buy just about anything - s'long as it's pumpkin

(SAM air quotes, condescendingly) "spiced."

**SAM** 

(SAM thinking)

Pumpkin spiced... pumpkin spiced...

(beat)

Why not?

(takes another whiff of his latte)

So what if it smells nasty.

(takes another whiff - SAM is getting happier)

Hmmmm. You know what?

(song starts)

The more I take this in, the more I'm startin' to get it.

(SAM fanning the scent toward his nose)

(said in a snobby French accent)

Zee fragrance... zee bouquet...

(eyes open wide - big happy grin)

(to ELLA and ALLIE)

# song 1: It's Time For Sam 'n' Ella's Ad Agency To Be Reborn

(note: ALLIE is seated, sipping her latte, until her first vocal in the song)

# **SAM**

# THERE'S AN OLD FAMILIAR SCENT THAT'S WAFTING THROUGH THE AIR

(SAM takes a deep breath of the pumpkin spiced latte)

"Profit."

AND I THINK IT'S TIME OL' SAM AND ELLA GRABBED OUR FAIR SHARE

**ELLA** 

"I know that look. You've got something brewin'."

SAM

"I got somethin' brewin', all right - it's called doin' the hard work - like we used to - old school style."

**SAM** 

REMEMBER IN THE OLD DAYS

ELLA

"I remember them well."

SAM

WE MADE MONEY DUSK TILL DAWN

ELLA

"We sure did."

SAM

WELL, WE DID IT THEN

**ELLA** 

"It was a simpler time."

SAM

AND WE CAN DO IT AGAIN

ELLA

(skeptical) "I'm not so sure." SAM 'CAUSE IT'S TIME FOR SAM 'N' ELLA'S AD AGENCY TO BE **REBORN** ELLA "So what do you have in mind? Come on, spill it." **SAM** "I'm not sure yet. But the holidays, see the holidays, they're the key. REMEMBER LAST THANKSGIVING **ELLA** "Ugh. Don't remind me." SAM WE SOLD TONS OF THAT VILE CANDY CORN ALLIE "Oh, I love that stuff!" **SAM** WE MADE MONEY BEFORE **ELLA** "that's true." SAM WELL, NOW WE'RE GONNA MAKE EVEN MORE ELLA "You really think so?" (ALLIE stands, in a wave of energy)

SAM & ALLIE

'CAUSE IT'S TIME FOR SAM 'N' ELLA'S AD AGENCY TO BE REBORN

ELLA

IT SOUNDS WONDERFUL, BUT HOW DO WE BEGIN,

SAM

"I'm workin' on it."

**ELLA** 

TO DIG OURSELVES OUT OF THIS PILE OF DEBT WE FIND OURSELVES IN

(SAM 'shoo away,' dismissive hand gesture)

**ELLA** 

(softly)

MAYBE WE SHOULD CLOSE UP SHOP, CUT OUR LOSES WOULD THAT BE SUCH A SIN

SAM

"Close up shop? Cut our loses? Ridiculous!!! We need a product to sell. One that will sell all through the holidays - Thanksgiving, Christmas, even into the new year."

**ELLA** 

"Like these pumpkin spiced lattes?"

(ALLIE starts dabbing latte down her cleavage)

SAM

"Exactly! *Everything* is pumpkin spiced these days. And it never ends... September... into October... November... even into Decem..."

**ELLA** 

"But it's *all* been *done* before. Spiced lattes, cookies, candies, air fresheners...

(MUSIC STOPS)

(ELLA and SAM now notice ALLIE dabbing her latte down her cleavage)

#### **ALLIE**

"What? My boyfriend and I like the smell. So I put a little dab here... and a little dab there...

(ALLIE gestures to 'lift' her boobs)

Joila! Love is just one scent away!

(SAM and ELLA look stupefied at ALLIE)

(ALLIE to ELLA)

Here, you try it.

(ALLIE tries to hand ELLA her cup of latte - ELLA won't take it)

# **ELLA**

No thanks, honey - I'll pass. Besides, I don't need any help turning *him* on... (ELLA slaps SAM on the arm)

Tell her, Sam.

(SAM looks up to the sky, raises eyebrows, quizzically)

(ELLA sees his expression)

(ELLA, with disgust)

You're kidding, right?

(ALLIE continues to hold out the latte cup to ELLA, offering it to her) (ELLA, rolling her eyes)

**ALLIE** 

(to ELLA)

Why don't you just try a little dab... on your bra?

(ELLA puts her palm out up in a 'stop' motion - does not take the latte cup from ALLIE)

SAM

(SAM looks at ALLIE)

(deeply thinking - whispers)

On your bra... your bra...

(SAM looks at ALLIE, prompting)

Wait. What was that thing you said before?

**ALLIE** 

(ALLIE looks confused)

What thing?

**SAM** 

You know... that thing...

(SAM imitates ALLIE dabbing latte on her chest, frantically) ...when you were doing this...

**ALLIE** 

Uhhhh... when I said love is just one scent away?

(SAM is thinking, calculating, formulating an idea)

**SAM** 

(whispers - tentatively)

Love... is just one scent away...

(more emphatically)

Love... is just one scent away...

**ALLIE** 

(ALLIE and ELLA look at SAM, expectantly)

**SAM** 

(music plays)

I got it... I totally got it... this is gonna sell big... bigger than big... (SAM to ALLIE)

Kid, you're a genius...

**ELLA** 

Huh?

**ALLIE** 

(ALLIE goes to ELLA - palms out)

CAN'T YOU SEE IT'S TIME

**SAM** 

"Yes!" IT'S THE PERFECT TIME

SAM & ALLIE

NOW'S THE TIME FOR SAM AND ELLA'S

SAM

# AD AGENCY

(ALLIE grabs ELLA and brings her into the song ending)

ELLA & ALLIE

AD AGENCY, AD AGENCY

SAM, ELLA, ALLIE

(SAM, ELLA, ALLIE grab their latte cups)

TO BE REBORN

REBORN

TO BE REBORN

(SAM, ELLA, ALLIE hold latte cups in the air, then clink them with a 'toast' on final beat of the song)

SAM

(to ELLA - excited)

Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

ELLA

I doubt it.

SAM

Allie just gave us the perfect tag line

(SAM makes 'marquee' gesture with hand)

love is just one scent away!!!

**ELLA** 

Oh-kaaaay? But what's the product?

**SAM** 

That's the best part. Think for a minute. What does latte rhyme with?

(ELLA and ALLIE are both confused, trying to figure out what SAM is talking about)

(SAM does 'bringing out, circular' hand gesture to prompt ELLA and ALLIE)

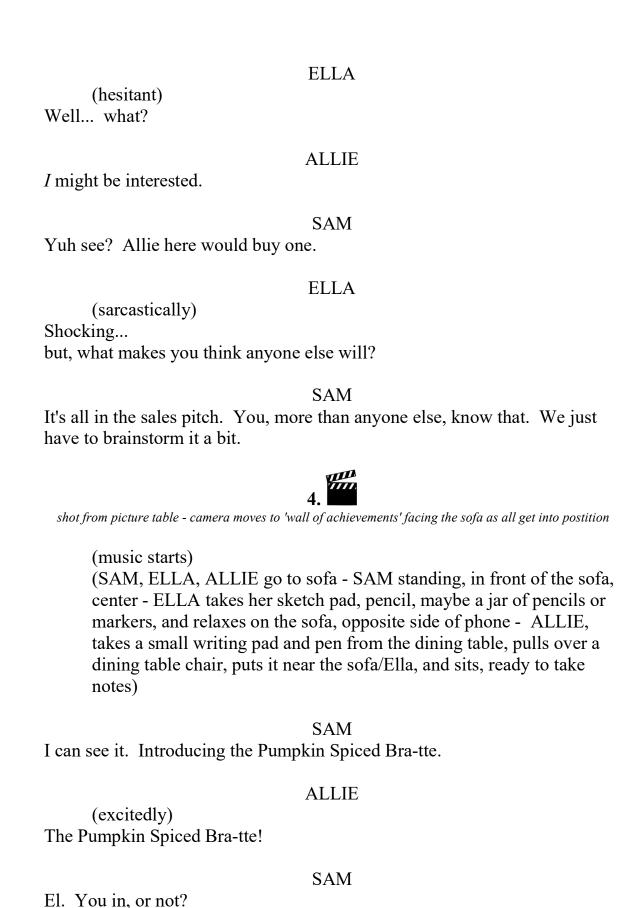
Latte...Bra-tte!

(ELLA and ALLIE still look confused)

(SAM gestures to his chest)

Bra...tte. Get it? Pumpkin Spiced

(SAM holds up his boobs) ...Braaaa-tte. (ELLA and ALLIE still look confused) (SAM with big excitement) Love is just one scent away... with the pumpkin spiced bra-tte!!! **ELLA** (ELLA looks up to the heavens, shaking her head) Hold on. You're talking about a bra? A bra that smells... like pumpkin spice? SAM (SAM claps hands triumphantly) Yes!!! (ELLA solemnly nods head 'no' to SAM) What? (ELLA continues solemnly nods head 'no' to SAM) (stronger) What?? **ELLA** (exhales - then, softly) Honey, are you O.K. Maybe you should sit for a minute. **SAM** I'm fine. Better than fine! Inspired! (pacing and thinking) (marquee hand gesture) The Pumpkin Spiced Bra-tte. Genius. ELLA But nobody would be *stupid* enough to buy something like that. (gestures to ALLIE) Right? **ALLIE** (rolling eyes) Hmmm... (cocks her head to the side, mulling it over) Well...



# **ELLA**

(disgusted)

The pumpkin spiced bra-tte... the pumpkin spiced bra-tte... the pumpkin spiced...

(ELLA does dismissive hand gesture - palms out - 'I had enough' attitude. At the same time, ALLIE does a bra lift gesture, and exclaims...)

ALLIE

...bra-tte!

SAM

Now come on, let's do this!

song 2: We Can Do This

SAM

BABY, YOU GOT MAD ART SKILLS YOU'RE CREATIVE AND KNOW THE DRILL WHAT I NEED IS A LOGO

MAKE IT CLASSY 'N' HOT (two beats)
(ELLA gives Sam a look of suppressed anger)

(sung in a soft voice)

BOY, IF LOOKS COULD KILL

(SAM backs away from ELLA, goes behind ALLIE, sings over her shoulder)

ALLIE, YOU'RE OUR EXPERT YOU'RE IN CHARGE OF THE MERCHANDISE

**ALLIE** 

DON'T YOU WORRY, BOSS, I'M ON IT
I'LL START ORDERING BRAZIERS
BUT HOW DO WE MAKE 'EM SMELL LIKE PUMPKIN SPICE?

**ELLA** 

"Oh God."

**SAM** 

# TRUST ME, I KNOW WE CAN DO THIS

(ELLA & ALLIE talking at each other)

ELLA ALLIE

I'm telling you there's no way... Of course we can, listen to me...

**SAM** 

TELL ME YOU KNOW WE CAN DO THIS

(ELLA & ALLIE talking at SAM)

ELLA ALLIE

I know what I'm saying is right... Believe me, it's a winner...

**SAM** 

BEEN THROUGH TOUGH TIMES BEFORE BUT BEFORE THEY PADLOCK THE DOOR I SAY GET READY FOR WAR

**ALLIE** 

"We can do this"

**ELLA** 

"We can not do this"

SAM, ALLIE

(to ELLA)

"We can do this"

(SAM - attention on Ella and her sketching)

**SAM** 

WE'VE GOTTA MAKE THIS SEXY SOMETHING COOL AND SLEEK AND BOLD GIVE IT SPICY HOT PASSION MIXED WITH HOLIDAY CHEER

**ALLIE** 

"I'm sold"

(SAM attention on Allie)

SAM

ALLIE, WE'RE SHORT ON MONEY
WE NEED REALLY CHEAP BRAS AND MORE
SEE IF YOU CAN GET 'EM WHOLESALE

ALLIE

NEVER FEAR, MY FEARLESS LEADER "I know where to get 'em"

FROM THE GOODWILL STORE

**ELLA** 

"Allie... Goodwill only sells *used* clothing."

**ALLIE** 

(excited)

"I know!"

(ELLA gives ALLIE a look)

"Ohhhhhh"

SAM TRUST ME, I KNOW WE CAN DO THIS ELLA & ALLIE TRUST, ME DO THIS

(ELLA & ALLIE talking at each other)

ELLA ALLIE

Don't even try to convince me... You gotta have some faith...

SAM ELLA & ALLIE

TELL ME YOU KNOW TELL, ME WE CAN DO THIS DO THIS

(ELLA & ALLIE talking at SAM)

ELLA ALLIE

For once in your life why... I love it, other people will...

SAM

THERE'S NO WAY WE'LL FALL SHORT

ALLIE

(ALLIE stands up quick, hands out like a cheerleader) "If you've got double D's, you've got our support!"

(SAM'S expression is delight - ELLA's expression is stony disbelief)

#### **ELLA**

# I THINK WE'RE HEADED STRAIGHT FOR BANKRUPTCY COURT

ALLIE

"We can do this"

**ELLA** 

"We *can't* do this"

SAM, ALLIE

"We can do this!"



shot individually, only SAM and ALLIE (Ella does not need to be filmed, her voice can be heard, but she does not need to be seen for this 'phone calls' section of the song

(SAM positions himself in front of the wall of achievements, takes out his cell phone - ALLIE sits on sofa, phone side, takes the landline phone - ELLA goes to her art station)

# **ALLIE**

(on the phone)

"Hello? C.J's Apparel? (beat) Hi. My name is Allie, assistant to the president (ALLIE winks at Sam) from the Sam 'n' Ella Ad Agency. (beat) No, no, no... Sam AND Ella Ad Agency. Anyway, we need a price on bras. (beat) How many? Hold on a sec. (cups phone with palm) (to SAM) They want to know how many."

**SAM** 

"One thousand to start."

**ALLIE** 

"One thousand. (beat) Colors and sizes? Assorted. Yes I'll hold"

# **SAM**

(on the phone) (to ELLA)

(overlapping Allie saying, "Yes I'll hold")

"They're putting me through to Vixen's corporate sales department.

(holds up index finger to ELLA)

Hello? Yes. This is Sam, CEO of the Sam 'n' Ella Ad Agency. (beat) No, Sam AND Ella. Anyway, I have a product I think would be perfect for your stores. (beat) It's called the Pumpkin Spiced Bra-tte. (beat) Yes, I'll hold."

# **ALLIE**

(writing on a pad)

(overlapping Sam saying, "Yes, I'll hold.")

"Yes. Uh huh. Right. Got it. Thank you so much. (turns to SAM) C.J's wants \$9.95 per bra, for one thousand pieces, assorted colors and sizes. Should I place the order?"

#### SAM

(SAM thinking and calculating in his head) "Ummm... that's about... \$10,000..."

ELLA

"...that we don't have."

# **SAM**

"I know that. Maybe we don't need that many to start. Call Lingerie 'n' Lace, and ask 'em what a hundred bras would cost. (beat) Tell 'em we're a non-profit."

**ALLIE** 

"Are we?"

SAM

"This year, we are definitely non-profit. Just tell 'em that - see what they say."

**ALLIE** 

"I'm on it."

SAM

(overlapping Allie saying, "I'm on it.")

"Hello? Hello? Crap, they hung up. El, what was that other big lingerie company? You know... the one where you bought that satin..."

**ELLA** 

(softly, embarassed)

"Flirty's?"

SAM

"Right! Well... Vixen's loss is now Flirty's gain."

**ELLA** 

"Maybe the big stores are the wrong way to go."

SAM

"El, just let me take care of the marketing. I know what I'm doing."

**ALLIE** 

(overlapping Sam saying, "...care of the marketing")

"Hi, Lingerie 'n' Lace? This is Allie, director of product and inventory (looks at SAM and winks)

at Sam 'n' Ella's Ad Agency.

(beat)

Right. Sam with an 'S', and Ella... you know... like *um-brella*... without the 'umbra'. Can you tell me how much one hundred bras, assorted colors and sizes would cost?

(beat)

oh yeah, and we're a non-profit.

(beat)

Are we a charity?

(ALLIE looks to SAM, who nods yes)

Yes, a charity."

**ELLA** 

"More like a charity case."

**ALLIE** 

"You're kidding. (beat) Seriously? (beat) Hold on... (ALLIE covers phone with palm) (to SAM) They want to give us the bras for free."

SAM & ELLA

"For free?"

# **ALLIE**

"Yup. For charity, they said they're happy to donate one hundred bras."

SAM

"Hurry up - tell 'em yes!"

**ELLA** 

"And don't forget to thank them!"

# **ALLIE**

"Hello? Yes, we would love to take you up on your kind and generous offer."

#### SAM

(overlapping Allie saying, "...and generous offer.")

Thank you so much for taking my call. (beat) That's right, a new product. (beat) I see... well this can't wait - it's perfect for now - *right* now - during the holiday season. (beat) Of course. It's call the Pumpkin Spiced Bra-tte. (beat) Right! Like Pumpkin Spiced *Latte* - except it's a *bra*-tte.

(SAM covers phone with palm) (to Ella)

This saleslady gets it. Really gets it. (back on the phone) What's unique about it? Well... it's the only bra on the market that *smells* like pumpkin spice! (beat) It's not *that* funny.(beat) If you'd stop laughing, I could explain... (beat)

(SAM getting agitated) (covers phone with palm) (to ELLA) She won't stop laughing. (beat) Ah, now she stopped. Now, let's talk business. (beat) Hello? Hellooooo?

(angry)

Damn it, she hung up."



shot from inside kitchen looking at art station

#### **ELLA**

(overlapping Sam saying, "...she hung up.")

"STOP!!!

(SAM and ALLIE freeze)

Guys. Come here.

(SAM and ALLIE go to ELLA and look over her shoulder) While you two have been chatting away, *I've* been doing the *real* work. Check out our new logo."

(SAM and ALLIE gather around ELLA to look at her logo drawing)

SAM & ALLIE

(softly)

"Wow."

SAM

"I can sell this!"

**ALLIE** 

"I love this!"

SAM, ELLA, ALLIE

"We can do this!"



shot from picture table to 'wall of achievements' viewing the sofa area

(SAM returns to center sofa postion, standing - ALLIE returns to the dining chair now near the sofa, sits - ELLA goes to sofa, phone side, sits)

SAM ELLA & ALLIE

TRUST ME, I KNOW TRUST, ME, TRUST ME

WE CAN DO THIS DO THIS

(ELLA & ALLIE talking at each other)

ELLA ALLIE

This is the last time I'm gonna... Pesimistic, so damn pesimistic...

SAM ELLA & ALLIE

TELL ME YOU KNOW TELL, ME, TELL ME, TELL ME

WE CAN DO THIS DO THIS

(ELLA & ALLIE talking at SAM)

ELLA ALLIE

Have I ever been wrong... I know I'm right about this...

SAM, ELLA, ALLIE

WE'LL SAVE OUR AGENCY

**ALLIE** 

(still on the phone)

"I said NO underwires.

(as an aside to ELLA)

Those things kill me."

(ELLA nods sympathetically)

**SAM** 

LET'S SHOW THE WORLD "Sam 'n' Ella's" AS SICK AS CAN BE

ELLA

"Hon. Maybe 'sick' and 'sam-n-ella' shouldn't be in the same sentence"

SAM, ELLA, ALLIE

WE CAN

"do this"

"do this"

LET'S DO THIS NOW, RIGHT NOW, RIGHT NOW

**ALLIE** 

"Now?"

(SAM & ELLA shake head 'yes')

SAM, ELLA, ALLIE

"Now!"



shot from 'wall of achievements' looking at sofa area

(ELLA goes to dining table, takes mail to the sofa, sits, opening mail - looking glum)

#### SAM

O.K. team. Let's recap where we're at. We've got one hundred bras coming...

**ALLIE** 

...thanks to me

SAM

...thanks to our lovely intern here.

(ALLIE salutes)

We've got a product, a name, and one hell-of-a logo, thanks to my talented and adorable wife, Ella.

(ELLA is deep in concentration, reading the foreclosure notice) El? What's wrong, hon?

(ELLA grimly hands the foreclosure notice to SAM)

The bank's foreclosing??? They can't do that! So we're a little behind on the mortgage.

**ELLA** 

Hmmm - more than a little behind. Try six months.

SAM

That's what I said... a little behind.

(ALLIE stands, goes to Sam)

ALLIE

Lemme see, lemme see that. I watch a lot of Judge Judy re-runs - *I* know the law.

(SAM skeptically gives ALLIE the foreclosure notice)

(ALLIE reading)

By order of the Court, you are hereby notified that the party of the first part,

(ALLIE gestures to SAM)

that's you, boss, must pay the party of the second part,

(ALLIE gestures to somewhere nebulous)

that's the bank, the sum of twenty-seven thousand dollars in one week. Further, if the party of the first part,

(ALLIE points to SAM and makes a little grunt)

fails to pay the sum of twenty-seven thousand dollars in one week, then the party of the first part

(ALLIE points to SAM and makes a little grunt) must vacate the premises, and this house will be in foreclosure, by order of local, state, and federal law.

#### SAM

(takes foreclosure notice from ALLIE - waves it in the air)
This - is nonsense. I know my rights. They can't foreclose without at least three prior notices.

**ELLA** 

(sighs)

Oh boy...

**SAM** 

What?

**ELLA** 

I just didn't want to worry you.

(ELLA pulls out foreclosure notices from the magazine rack - counting them)

One, two, yeah, there's three here.

SAM

(forcefully jams foreclosure notice in his pocket) (bitterly)

Well, that's just wonderful. No place to work... and live.

# **ELLA**

Well, I told you this 'home office' idea wouldn't work. Now we're gonna lose our home *and* our office. Where'r we gonna work? More importantly, where'r we gonna live?

SAM

Well, there's always my...

**ELLA** 

DON'T start up again about your mom and her big, roomy house... if I have to move in with her, I'll frickin' lose my...

SAM

(pacing)

El, stop it.

(SAM tenderly puts arm on ELLA's shoulder)

I promise you. This has been our home for fifteen years...

**ELLA** 

(looking up lovingly at SAM)

Twenty-three.

(SAM gives Ella a 'you sure?' look)

#### SAM

Right. Twenty-three beautiful years. And we'll be here for twenty-three more. You just have to trust me. As for the business, take a look.

(SAM takes ELLA to look at the 'wall of achievements with photos, positive letters, etc...)

All these satisfied customers through the years. That doesn't just happen by accident. Remember our slogan? When you hire the Sam 'n' Ella Ad Agency, you get quality, dependability...

# **ELLA**

(ELLA puts arm over Sam's shoulder, gently looking at him) ...and passion

**ALLIE** 

(sniffling)

Aw. That's so beautiful.

SAM

(softly)

It *is* beautiful. It's a beautiful thing. And I'm not letting it all go so easily. (with determination)

Now, come on... let's focus, here. I want to be ready when those bras arrive.

(SFX door knock or doorbell)

(SAM and ELLA freeze, look at each other)

SAM and ELLA

Client!



shot from 'wall of achievement area - we see Sam and Ella, then see Allie come up the stairs with box of bras

(ELLA straightens up the sofa, then, sits on sofa, prim and proper, and 'looks busy' drawing. SAM casually leans on the wall near the sofa, takes out his cell phone, 'looks busy' miming talking on the phone. ALLIE straightens her clothes to look nice for the 'client', then goes downstairs to answer the door. ALLIE returns upstairs, carrying the delivered box of bras)

#### **ALLIE**

Ta-daaaa! One hundred spankin' new bras...

(ALLIE puts the box on the floor, then looks at address label) to The Sam 'n' Ella Ad Agency... Rush same-day delivery. Attention: Charity Department

(ALLIE opens the box of bras, looking at the contents, sorting them on the floor)

(SAM stands, puts his cell back in his pocket, paces slowly, thinking) (ELLA tosses her sketch pad aside)

#### **ELLA**

So, now we've got the bras.

(ELLA, unenthusiastically)

I suppose you want to figure out how to make em smell like pumpkin.

#### SAM

Once they start selling - sure - we'll have to find a company to mass produce them. For now, we don't need to worry about *scenting* them... we need to concentrate on *selling* them.

#### **ELLA**

Well, before you start dreaming up some wild marketing scheme for your smelly bras...

#### **SAM**

...scented. They're scented bras.

#### **ELLA**

Right. Smelly bras. Well, I just want to go on record right now and say this is a really stupid idea. Not only will you sell... ummm... let's see... zero bras, what kind of message is this sending to women?

**SAM** 

A great message! Empowering message!

**ELLA** 

Empowering?

SAM

Absolutely. Every woman wants to win the man of their dreams. Right? Well, we're just givin' them a little... lift! (lifting bra gesture)

#### **ELLA**

Sam. Honey. This is the twenty-*first* century. Not the 1950's. No woman should need to dress up just to attract a man.

**SAM** 

Really.

(SAM goes to the cosmetics ad on an easel on the phone table) Are you forgetting 'de toute beaut' cosmetics... our most lucrative ad that, and let me see if I remember this correctly, *you* created.

(SAM holds up the cosmetics ad)

"He won't stand a chance." What could that possibly mean?

(slower)

"He won't stand a chance... because...

(sarcastically)

...she's got her PHD in applied physics? Or... maybe he swoons and melts at her stellar grasp of global affairs.

**ELLA** 

Swoons and melts?

SAM

You know what I mean. It's the cosmetics that do the trick! Every woman wants to look good for their man. And every man... well, you get the idea.

(SAM gestures to himself - straightening his clothing)

(ELLA rolls her eyes)

Listen. All we're selling here is lingerie... a little scented... perfumed... not that big of a deal. Looking nice, smelling nice - it's not a crime.

(SAM pats on the box of bras)

And with these babies, women are gonna look *and* smell great - all in one shot!

# **ELLA**

Well, I still don't like the message. Look, let's be honest, do you really think they'll sell?

# **SAM**

I know it's a little far fetched, but come on... *my* ideas... *your* artwork... Allie's... Allie's... well, whatever it is *she* does... put it all together and what do you have...

**ELLA** 

(picks up one of the eviction notices) ...foreclosure. We're out in seven days.

SAM

I know, I got it. Seven days.

(rubbing hands together for warmth)
Is it cold in here?

ALLIE

(hugging herself)
Now thatcha mention it, it's a bit chilly.

**SAM** 

Gas company musta shut off the heat.

**ELLA** 

Well, we haven't paid the gas bill in quite a while... (lights go out)
...or the electric bill.

ALLIE

I don't like this... it's givin' me the creeps.

**ELLA** 

Why? Are you scared of the dark?

**ALLIE** 

(indignant)

No.

(beat, timid)

Maybe.

(lights come on)

#### SAM

Ah. Knew it. Musta been that glitchy circuit breaker... again. Now let's get back to work. First things first. Thought circle.

(the 'thought circle' should be near the kitchen entrance/top level stairs) (SAM sits and the floor - hands out - palms up) (ELLA and ALLIE join in - ALLIE not exactly sure what to do)

#### **ALLIE**

Thought circle?

# **ELLA**

It's a meditative technique. The idea is to join hands, close your eyes, and be very still. Supposed to help the ideas flow.

#### SAM

Supposed to help? It's foolproof. How do you think we came up with our award winning commercial... you remember... Schlick's Shaving Cream - 'Why slit your throat, when all you need's a little coat-a Shlick's!'

#### **ALLIE**

I remember that commercial!!! You guys wrote that?

#### SAM

Sure did. And it all started with a thought circle - really got our creative juices flowin'... Now everyone, quiet, close your eyes, and concentrate.

(SAM, ELLA, ALLIE, hands joined, eyes closed, concentrating) (suddenly, we hear bass-thumping disco music) (SAM, ELLA, ALLIE all look up)

(all dialogue spoken loudly, competing with the volume of the music)

SAM

ELLA

Everyday, like clockwork!

**ALLIE** 

What's going on?!

Oh God, not again!

SAM

We rented the big room upstairs - had to bring in some income, somehow! (beat - SAM really frustrated at the noise level)
But this is ridiculous!

**ELLA** 

I told you we should have done a background check on her, but you said "why waste the money!"

SAM

My sister said she's cool! There's your background check!

**ELLA** 

Your sister is a moron! Now everyday at noon, we gotta listen to this... noise! And what about all those old people in leotards coming and going, day after day! Gotta admit, that's pretty strange!

**ALLIE** 

Maybe they're having a party!

(ALLIE groovin' to the music)

**SAM** 

Party or no party, I've had it!! I'm calling the police!!

**ELLA** 

And telling them what?! There's no law against having a party!

SAM

Well, there should be!

(SAM is more and more agitated)

(SAM grabs a broom and starts banging on the ceiling)

(the blaring music, etc... continues)

(SAM bangs on the ceiling some more)

#### ELLA

(shouting above the music and noise)

Let's ignore them! Come on! Join hands! Close your eyes! Concentrate... concentrate!

(now we hear women shouting with glee in addition to the disco music)

(SAM gets up and starts banging on the ceiling again)

(ELLA grabs the broom)

# **ELLA**

Stop it!! You're gonna put a hole in the ceiling!!

#### SAM

I don't care! This is ridiculous!

(SAM sits on floor, shouting up to the ceiling)

Turn down the damn music! The whole neighborhood can hear you! People are tryin' to work here!



shot from thermostat area

(JACKIE Z comes from top floor/upstairs level - comes down the stairs, stops three steps from the bottom, hands on hips)

# **SAM**

Turn it down or I'm coming up there and...!!!

(disco music abruptly stops)

JACKIE Z

(softly, but with menace)

... and you'll what?

# (SAM in stunned silence, looking up at JACKIE Z)

## **ALLIE**

(ALLIE, stands, goes to top step of piano level/kitchen level stairs - does a double and triple take looking at her)

(to SAM and ELLA)

...Oh my God, it's you...

(to JACKIE Z)

I mean, you're her... I mean it's...

## JACKIE Z

(JACKIE Z sits on the stairs, making herself 'comfortable')

(deadpan, eye rolling)

Yup. Jackie Z. Girl genius.

## **ALLIE**

(ALLIE points to JACKIE Z)

RIGHT!!! Jackie Z!!! Girl genius!!!

(ALLIE reminiscing)

Wow. When I was growing up, I watched "Girl Genius" every Friday night - it was my all time favorite show!

## JACKIE Z

That was a long time ago.

### **ALLIE**

But oh, my God... you still look the same!

(beat)

How'd that song go?

(laughing)

(singing or rappin')

She's so much smarter

than you or I

Her teachers can't believe

she skipped Junior High

(JACKIE Z joins in - mumbling)

Way too smart for Harvard

brighter than can be

who's the girl genius?

(two claps or a spin) JACKIEEE ZEEEEEE!!!

### **ALLIE**

See! Told yuh - watched it every day!

(thinking)

Until you quit the show, right?

### SAM

You know, I knew you looked familiar.

(ELLA stays seated on the floor, but uncrosses feet and stretches them out - gets more comfortable, maybe leaning her back on the sofa)

### **ELLA**

Hang on. As I remember it - Jackie didn't quit the show. She was fired.

## JACKIE Z

(under her breath)

Oh, lord, here we go...

### **ELLA**

(to ALLIE)

It was such a big scandal. You're gonna love it.

(to JACKIE Z)

Do you want to tell her about it, or should I.

## JACKIE Z

(JACKIE Z holds up a palm to ELLA to stop her)

(JACKIE Z stands, remembering)

So... it all started with everyone's favorite line:

(JACKIE Z strikes a pose)

"Sweetie, I hate to tell you, but...

(ALLIE joins in)

...your cheese has finally slipped off the cracker!!!" You know who wrote that line...

(beat)

me! Well, O.K., I didn't exactly *write* it... just made it up... It was an adlib... totally improvised.

(music starts - "Queen Of The Improv" - comp)

(ELLA sits on the sofa, SAM stands and leans on wall/bars by the top of the piano level/kitchen level stairs)

### ALLIE

"your cheese has finally slipped off the cracker" Brilliant!

## JACKIE Z

I know, right? No one could believe a teenager could make up such funny stuff. What they didn't know is the *reason* I adlibbed...

(SAM, ELLA, ALLIE look flumoxed)

I couldn't memorize my lines! Not one damn line.

(JACKIE Z laughing)

So every time I had to speak, I just made stuff up.

### **ALLIE**

Like 'your cheese has finally slipped off the cracker?'

### JACKIE Z

Exactly! That one little line made me a star, and made the network millions and millions of dollars.

### SAM

Wasn't that around the time they started calling you...

## ALLIE, ELLA, SAM

Queen of the improv!!!

#### JACKIE Z

Yup. That was me, alright. The Queen...

(JACKIE Z is singing to Sam, Ella, Allie - SAM, ELLA, ALLIE are all groovin' to the music)

# song 3: Queen Of The Improv

## JACKIE Z

THEY CALLED ME QUEEN OF THE IMPROV AND THEN THEY'D SAY, HEY, JACKIE Z - JUST DO YOUR THING I WAS QUEEN OF THE IMPROV, BABY I IMPROVISED

## SAM, ELLA, ALLIE

## QUEEN OF THE IMPROV

## JACKIE Z, SAM, ELLA, ALLIE

**EVERYTHING** 

## **ALLIE**

I still can't believe *you* actually made up that line: 'your cheese has finally slipped off the cracker'

(ALLIE laughs)

My mom says that to my dad all the time!

## JACKIE Z

Oh please, *everyone* was saying it, and the studio *loved* it. They made millions off me... told me to ad-lib *any time I wanted*... so I did!

## JACKIE Z

ON THE SET, THEY'D TELL ME - SAY WHAT YOU WANNA SAY

### **ALLIE**

"God, that sounds like so much fun"

## JACKIE Z

FOR ME IT WAS ALL JUST PLAY SO I DID MY ADLIB THING - IT CAUGHT THE PUBLIC'S EYE NEXT THING, YOU SEE, OL' JACKIE Z'S LIVIN' LARGE 'N' RIDIN' HIGH

THEY CALLED ME QUEEN OF THE IMPROV
WITH EVERY LITTLE ADLIB I DID, THE AUDIENCE WOULD
SCREAM FOR MORE
I WAS QUEEN OF THE IMPROV, BABY
THE CAST AND CREW WERE LAUGHIN',
ROLLIN' ON THE FLOOR
QUEEN OF THE IMPROV
I WAS THE HIGHEST PAID STAR, LOVED, ADORED AND SO
ADMIRED
I WAS QUEEN OF THE IMPROV, BABY

### **ELLA**

"Tell her about the improv that got you - fired"

(music stops)

JACKIE Z

(annoyed)

I'm gettin' to it. So picture this: me - teenager - saying crap off the top of my head, making up ridiculous dialogue, just having a ball - and the audiences *loved* it - couldn't get enough. Only problem, everyone on set hated me. The camera men were stressed to the max trying to follow me - the writers couldn't keep the story lines straight - the actors never knew if they'd hear their cues... it was total insanity, and I loved every minute of it!

(now, switches to serious demeanor)

Then, the worst thing happened - the *network* got involved, and that's when it all went to hell - they *demanded* I perform the script *as written...* or else.

**ALLIE** 

Or else, what?

JACKIE Z

Or else, they'd fire me. Me! Their biggest star! Not cool. So... I planned a little, tiny prank for the last show of the season. The episode was called "The Talent Contest."

**ALLIE** 

I don't remember that one.

## JACKIE Z

That's because the show only aired once. So, the story was - Jackie Z, Girl Genius, wanted to be in a talent contest. The only problem was, she couldn't dance, couldn't sing, and basically had no talent. So the writers wrote a story of how desperate I was to win the competition. They made me spend weeks and weeks practicing Beethoven's 5th Symphony on an old piano.

#### **ALLIE**

Wait. I bet I can guess the ending. You practice and practice, and then when it comes time for the contest, you get stage fright and run off stage. Am I right?

(ELLA and SAM slowly shake heads 'no,' with tight-lipped smiles)

JACKIE Z

Nope. No stage fright. In the script, I play Beethoven's 5th perfectly, win the contest, and moral of the story: hard work pays off.

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Perfect!

ELLA Not perfect.

SAM

Naaaa

(JACKIE Z glares at Sam & Ella)

## JACKIE Z

Only slight hitch - by the season finale, I was so mad, I wanted to improvise so badly, but they'd only let me stick to the words in the script. So, like a good girl, I said every line exactly as written...

**ALLIE** 

O.K...

## JACKIE Z

...except, at the very end, where it said 'Jackie plays Beethoven on piano beautifully,'

(flip)

hmmm... I didn't exactly do that.

**ALLIE** 

Ha! I bet you played lots of wrong notes!

JACKIE Z

Well, not exactly... Right before the scene, I gorged on a ton of peanuts!

**ALLIE** 

Peanuts? Why?

JACKIE Z

Because I can't digest them. They just sit in my stomach - and give me soooo much gas.

**ALLIE** 

(confused)

Huh?

### JACKIE Z

Picture it. I sat down at the piano. Rolled up my sleeves. Played the first three notes - you know, 'bum, bum, bum. Then I stood up, hiked up my skirt, and let out the longest, loudest fart you ever heard.

(proudly)

Even did it in perfect rhythm!

(ALLIE laughs hard)

(beat)

I still don't know why *no one* told me it was a live broadcast.

(smiling at the memory)

**ALLIE** 

(laughing)

Live broadcast? You mean...

### JACKIE Z

(chuckling)

Yup. Sixty million people across the country *saw*, and *heard* their girl genius farting out one of the most loved, classical pieces of all time! Of course, the *live* audience had the added bonus of smelling the unbelievable stench. When the smell hit, there was a riot - everyone ran for the exits! Plus, I heard they couldn't get the stench out of the studio for weeks!

(serious)

They fired me the next day. Plus, I was blacklisted. They made sure I never worked in television again. Now, twenty years later, look what I gotta do to make a living.

(JACKIE Z gestures to her outfit)

(SAM unobtrusively goes to sit on the piano level/kitchen level stairs, middle step, pensive)

#### ELLA

What exactly *do* you do? The music, the leotard, I'm guessing dance instructor.

SAM

Aerobics, right?

JACKIE Z

Not exactly.

(JACKIE Z turns around showing 'Senior Tease' logo)

I teach pole dancing...

(SAM, ELLA, ALLIE look confused)

...stripper pole dancing... for seniors. Sixty-five and up.

### **ALLIE**

(hushed)

Seniors? On a stripper pole?

(whispered)

Stripping?

## JACKIE Z

(laughs)

No, no stripping... thank God. Some of them are over eighty years old! Lucky if I can even get them up the pole without a step ladder.

## VOICE OFF-CAMERA - SENIOR CITIZEN

Jackie! Goldie's climbed up, now she's afraid to come down. What should we do?

## JACKIE Z

(calls out to the ceiling)

Be right there. Tell her to hang on...

(softly, an aside to Sam and co.)

...for dear life. literally.



shot from piano level, looking up to the stairs - then to the bar looking out, wide shot

(music starts here)

(ELLA, ALLIE, JACKIE Z. all slowly gather around SAM, who is sitting on the piano level/kitchen level stairs)

### **ELLA**

Sam. You're very quiet.

(ELLA looks at SAM carefully)

And I know that look. You got somethin' cookin'. What is it?

#### SAM

El, I know you're gonna think I'm crazy, but just hear me out...

(SAM goes down the stairs to the piano level - ELLA, ALLIE, JACKIE Z follow - SAM goes to side of the fireplace closest to the piano, standing - ELLA and ALLIE sit on fireplace ledge - JACKIE Z sits on stool under plants windowsill by the piano) (note: piano has a pen and note pad for Allie to use later on)

# song 4: Fate

**SAM** 

WAS MEETING JACKIE RANDOM, I THINK NOT ACCIDENTAL, OR A HIGHER PLOT SAM 'N' ELLA AND JACKIE Z - IT WAS MEANT TO BE

THERE'S A WORD TO DESCRIBE US HERE TODAY

**ALLIE** 

"Serendipity"

JACKIE Z

"Sorry, I can't stay"

(JACKIE Z starts to leave - SAM pulls her back to the group)

SAM

BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAY - THIS WAS DESTINY

**ELLA** 

"Honey, you're getting all wound up. Let me get you a little snack.

(ELLA stands - starts walking to the stairs leading up to the kitchen)
I think we have some rocky road."

**ALLIE** 

(to ELLA)

"Ooh, I'll have some, too."

(ELLA stops/freezes on stairs when Sam speaks)

SAM

"Rocky road? Rocky road??!! I'm talkin' about destiny! About the cosmos coming together to make this happen, and you're talkin' about... rocky road???"

## JACKIE Z

"You know, now thatcha mention it, I'm frickin' starving - wouldn't mind some ice cream, myself... you know, if the cosmos think it's O.K."

(SAM goes to the stairs, takes ELLA by the hand, leads her back to the group)

SAM

Ugh. Forget the damn ice cream!!! Listen to me... this is... FATE - CALL IT KISMET - CALL IT KARMA

JACKIE Z

FATE - "Take a deep breath" YOU'LL FEEL SO MUCH CALMER

(ELLA gives Sam a 'you're crazy' look)

SAM

(SAM singing to ELLA)
DON'T YOU DARE LOOK AT ME THAT WAY
I HAVEN'T LOST MY MIND

**ELLA** 

"That's not what I would say"

SAM

FATE - PURE AND SIMPLE - UNADULTERATED

SAM, ELLA, ALLIE, JACKIE Z

**FATE** 

VOICE OFF-CAMERA - SENIOR CITIZEN - angry "Jackie! We need you!"

JACKIE Z

(pointing up to the ceiling)
"Crap!" NOW THEY'RE IRRITATED

# SAM SOMETHING GREATER THAN YOU AND I BROUGHT US ALL TOGETHER - ON THIS DATE

# SAM, ELLA, ALLIE, JACKIE Z WE DIDN'T MEET HERE BY CHANCE - IT WAS FATE

(JACKIE Z goes to stand by the fireplace, slider's side - SAM is standing on the opposite side of the fireplace - ELLA goes to sit on stool - ALLIE stays seated on fireplace ledge)

JACKIE Z

"Pole dancing" I'M SO DEMORALIZED

"I was a star" THE WHOLE WORLD IDOLIZED

SAM

YOU COULD BE A STAR ONCE AGAIN JUST PUT YOUR FAITH IN ME

JACKIE Z

(JACKIE Z daydreaming)

"Me? A star again? - whatdoI gotta do?

**ALLIE** 

"You're still a star - to me, you are, it's true.

**ELLA** 

"A star? MAYBE LONG AGO BUT THAT'S ALL HISTORY

**ELLA** 

FATE - WHAT YOU'RE THINKIN', SAM - I CAN'T SEE IT

(JACKIE goes to the stairs leading up to the kitchen)

**ALLIE** 

FATE - "I think I get it..."

JACKIE, CAN YOU FEEL IT?

(JACKIE is on the stairs)

(SAM joins her at the foot of the stairs)

JACKIE Z

"What I'm feelin' is MY SENIORS, THEY NEED ME IF ONE OF THEM GETS HURT

SAM

(SAM dismissive hand gesture)

"We'll call an EMT

(SAM gestures for JACKIE Z to return to the group)

**SAM** 

FATE - YOU'VE JUST GOT TO SEE THIS - BRA WE'RE SELLIN'

JACKIE Z

FATE - "A bra?:

**ELLA** 

(sarcastic)

"pumpkin spiced"

(ALLIE stands, then goes to lean on the wall by the fireplace, sliders side)

**ALLIE** 

"A bra that's kinda smellin"

JACKIE Z

"bras? you want *me* to sell bras?

SAM

TRUST ME, MY FRIEND WE'LL SELL A MILLION

**ELLA** 

"Don't exaggerate"

SAM, ELLA, ALLIE, JACKIE Z WE DIDN'T MEET HERE BY CHANCE - IT WAS FATE

(SAM gathers the group)

SAM

LET'S PUT OUR HEADS TOGETHER - "come up with a marketing plan to make the most famous undergarment in all the land"

JACKIE Z

YOU KNOW I'M READY TO DO THIS - "But first, this might sound strange...

(JACKIE Z shouting to the ceiling or up the stairs) Ladies, I quit, you're on your own - hold on, I gotta go change"

(JACKIE Z runs upstairs - changes into regular clothes)

**ELLA** 

THIS PLAN IS KINDA CRAZY SURE, SHE'S JACKIE Z BUT THAT WAS LONG AGO NOW SHE'S JUST A NOBODY

JACKIE Z

(JACKIE Z shouts from upstairs)

"You know I can still hear you"

SAM

"She's just kiddin' around

**ELLA** 

"No I'm not"

**SAM** 

"Our entire future is riding on her"

**ELLA** 

"All I can say is 'oy gevalt'

(JACKIE Z comes down the stairs, returning - stays on bottom step)

SAM

FATE - SOMETHING'S IN THE AIR - I CAN FEEL IT

JACKIE Z

(JACKIE Z holding stomach)

FATE - "Had day old sushi for breakfast" (sour face)

**NOW IT'S CONGEALIN'** 

**ALLIE** 

"The pumpkin spiced bra-tte!" THE WHOLE WORLD'S GONNA SAY

JACKIE Z

"Would anyone really buy one?

(SAM & ELLA shake heads 'yes' - ELLA shrugs shoulders) O.K."

**ELLA** 

FATE - "Have we all lost our minds, I wonder"

JACKIE Z

FATE - TEAMING UP WITH YOU COULD BE MY BIGGEST BLUNDER

**SAM** 

"All you Chicken Littles" THE SKY AIN'T FALLIN' TODAY WE'RE HERE FOR A REASON

JACKIE Z

"Oh, God, I might regurgitate"

SAM, ELLA, ALLIE, JACKIE Z

WE DIDN'T MEET HERE BY CHANCE

(SAM, ELLA, ALLIE, JACKIE Z all come together again) IT WAS FATE, FATE, FATE, FATE, FATE, FATE, FATE, IT WAS FATE, IT WAS FATE, IT WAS FATE, IT WAS FATE - OUR DESTINIES CAN NOT WAIT FATE

(ALLIE goes to stand next to the fireplace, sliders side - ELLA sits on the black stool - SAM and JACKIE Z together, standing together in front of the fireplace)

SAM

Jackie - we're gonna make you a star...again. Can you see it? Queen Of The Improv... her Big, Triumphant Return! You up for making a commercial?

## JACKIE Z

(hands triumphantly in the air) Oh, yeah - you know it!

## **ELLA**

(disrupting the joyous mood)

Sam. You know better than anyone, commercials cost *a lot* of money to make. How can we possibly afford to film even the *simplest* commercial? How're we gonna pay for renting cameras, hiring a crew, buying airtime, there's no way...

## **SAM**

Nonsense.

(takes cell from pocket, holds it up)

These little babies record in digital - crystal clear. In fact, it's even trendy to film on these things nowadays. As for the crew, you, me, Allie, we got it covered. And as far as buying airtime...

(SAM starts pacing, rubbing hands together)

...I'm thinking viral video - straight to the internet - youtube - world's largest audience - costs us nothing!

#### **ALLIE**

Ooh, can I be in it?

(ALLIE fluffs her hair)

I always wanted to be a star.

(ALLIE strikes a pose - then gestures to her chest)

Love is just a scent away with... the Pumpkin Spiced...

(ALLIE does cheerleader split or similar move) bratte!!!

### SAM

(deadpan, to ALLIE)

Cute. Maybe you'll get a cameo.

(SAM to all)

Then that's it. Tomorrow we make history.

Jackie, I want you down here at nine A.M. sharp -

JACKIE Z

Nine A.M.? Isn't that a little earl...

SAM

Wanna make it eight?

JACKIE Z

(JACKIE Z exiting upstairs)
No, no, no... Nine A.M. Got it!
(JACKIE Z exits)

SAM

Ladies, we have a ton of work to do before the shoot.

**ELLA** 

(sarcastically)

You mean, like actually writing the commercial?

(beat - SAM gives ELLA an exasperated look)

SAM

Now, come on people - we need to focus... concentrate. Allie, grab a pen 'n' paper. Once the creativity starts flowin', be ready to catch all the magic.

(ALLIE gets a note pad and pen off the piano)

All right, then. Let's get down to business. Serious brainstorming. Viral video commercial. Pumpkin Spiced Bratte.

(palms out hand gesture)

Ideas...

(ELLA and ALLIE are pensive - complete silence)

SAM

(sarcastically)

Not all at once, ladies. O.K. How about a location? Where does it take place?

(palms out hand gesture)

Go!

(SAM, ELLA, and ALLIE are pensive - complete silence)

(ALLIE brightens)

**ALLIE** 

How about... an advertising agency!

**ELLA** 

Agh. No. I don't think so.

(SAM, ELLA, and ALLIE are pensive)

**ELLA** 

Should be someplace related to the holidays.

(beat)

Hmmm. How 'bout the North Pole? Santa... Rudolf... elves...

**ALLIE** 

Christmas!!! We should do a Christmas commercial!

SAM

(deadpan)

Wonderful. Christmas... the birth of Jesus Christ...

(hands in prayer gesture)

...celebrated with a

(boob lift gesture)

sexy, scented bra??? Anybody see a problem?

(SAM, ELLA, and ALLIE are pensive)

**ELLA** 

So let's forget Christmas, or Chanukah, or any other religious holiday.

**ALLIE** 

How about... a *winter* theme.

(enthusiastic)

Sleighrides, Jack Frost, hot cocoa, oh, I just love winter!

**ELLA** 

brrrr - It's too damn cold.

**ALLIE** 

Speaking of cold, am I the only one who's feeling chilly?

# **ELLA**

It is a bit cold down here. Sam?

### SAM

(with lots of energy and determination)

Ladies, ladies, come on, we're losing focus.

(beat)

(ELLA and ALLIE look chilled)

(resigned)

Alright. I'll light a fire. That'll warm us up.

(SAM gets lighter on fireplace ledge, opens fireplace gate, starts lighting the fire)

It'll be toasty in a few minutes. Meanwhile, we have one, and only one job to do, and that is to *sell. bras*. Simple as that.

### **ELLA**

(serious)

Hold on. But what if we can't, Sam? What then?

## **SAM**

This will work, El. It has to work.

## **ELLA**

I know it *has* to work. But what if... I mean, what if it just... doesn't?

(music starts)

(lights dim slowly)

(SAM is deflated - sits on the fireplace ledge, takes the foreclosure notice out of his pocket - unfolds it - looks at it - tosses it into the fire)

### SAM

Then it's over. The agency, the dream, everything I worked my entire life for... everything we worked for... gone. Just gone... forever.

# song 5: Say A Prayer My Dream Survives

SAM

HERE I SIT , ON THE BRINK, OUT OF STEAM TRYING TO MAKE SENSE OF MY DYING DREAM

AS THE EMBERS FADE, HAVING WARMED US ALL OUR LIVES I CAN ONLY HOLD ON TIGHT THROUGH MY DARKEST NIGHT AND SAY A PRAYER MY DREAM SURVIVES

(ELLA joins Sam to sit on the fireplace ledge)

NOT SO LONG AGO WHEN MY JOURNEY BEGAN
I HAD A DIRECTION, A VISION, A PLAN
I COULD SEE MY FUTURE, OUR FUTURES, OUR LIVES
WAS IT ALL A FANTASY
DID EVERYONE SEE IT, BUT ME
BEFORE A NEW DAY ARRIVES
I WILL SAY A PRAYER MY DREAM SURVIVES

## **ELLA**

OUR JOURNEY CONTINUES WITH NEW AND EXCITING CHAPTERS TO UNFOLD

(ALLIE stands, singing to Sam)

## **ALLIE**

"Come on, don't be afraid, be brave as an eagle"
NOW LEAVE YOUR NEST AND TAKE FLIGHT HIGH ABOVE THE
CLOUDS

AND SOAR THROUGH THE SKY, IT'S YOUR TIME TO FLY, TO FLY - TO FLY, AND FLY, AND FLY, AND FLY, AND FLY AND TO FLY AND FLY

(SAM and ELLA give ALLIE an impatient, eye-rolling look) (beat)

(SAM and ELLA stand, facing each other)

SAM

LOOKING BACK OVER TIME I CAN SEE WE NEVER HAD IT EASY, NEVER SAFE, YOU'D AGREE

**ELLA** 

"I do"

# (SAM and ELLA join hands)

SAM & ELLA

HAND IN HAND, MY LOVE, EACH DAY OF OUR LIVES IF THE END IS MEANT TO BE, WE'LL FACE IT HEAD ON, YOU AND ME

BEFORE A NEW DAY ARRIVES

**SAM** 

I WILL SAY A PRAYER

**ELLA** 

I WILL SAY A PRAYER

SAM & ELLA

WE WILL SAY A PRAYER OUR DREAM SURVIVES

**ALLIE** 

(wide-eyed)

Oh my God!!!

(beat - SAM and ELLA stare at ALLIE, confused)

You two are so... so...

(anticipating something happy)

... DEPRESSING!!!

(SAM & ELLA shoulders slump defeatedly)

(ALLIE thinks)

You know what always cheers me up? Hot wings... sliders...

(beat)

Wait... what time is it?

(ALLIE looks at her watch)

HAPPY HOUR!!!

(ALLIE starts exiting)

Come on! First appletini is on me!!!

(ALLIE leaves down the stairs to the front door, and exits)

SAM

(looks at ELLA)

Whatdoyuh think? Should we go?

### ELLA

(hesitant)

You know we're shooting the commercial tomorrow. (beat) I don't know... I guess one little drink couldn't hurt.

(SAM and ELLA leave down the stairs leading to the front door, and exit)

## **END SCENE I**

## SCENE 2

# Day 2 - morning

(SAM, ELLA, ALLIE, JACKIE Z. all wearing Day 2 clothing)



shot from the bar,camera pans all asleep - stays of SAM, ELLA, ALLIE as Jackie Z calls out - for Jackie Z's individual filming, we will see her come down the top flight of stairs to the kitchen level, then see her calling out and then from behind, see her go down the stairs to the piano level

SAM, ELLA, ALLIE are all extremely hungover. ELLA is on the loveseat. ALLIE is on the fireplace ledge - she has a foreclosure notice with writing on the back. SAM is sitting on the black stool, leaning against the wall. All have their eyes shut.

(JACKIE Z comes down the steps from top level to kitchen level)

### JACKIE Z

(big voice)

Hellooooo??? Nine a.m. On the dot.

(JACKIE Z proceeds to look around, then comes down the stairs to the piano level)

SAM

(stirring awake)

Shhhh. Not so loud.

(music starts)

## JACKIE Z

(still big voice)

Whatdoyuh mean, not so loud? You said nine a.m. Well... check it out.

# song 6: It's Nine A.M. On The Dot

JACKIE Z

(singing to Ella)
IT'S NINE A.M. ON THE DOT

**ELLA** 

Nine a.m.? Can't be

JACKIE Z

(singing to Sam)

LET'S GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD

SAM

Shhhh. It's the middle of the night

JACKIE Z

(singing to Allie)

MAN, I'M READY TO ROCK

ALLIE

Oh, my head hurts

JACKIE Z

THIS PUMPKIN SPICED NIGHTMARE IS READY TO EXPLODE Who's got the script?

(ALLIE, stirring awake - holds up the foreclosure notice which was on the floor next to her - JACKIE Z grabs it)

...party of the first part must vacate the premises, by order of local, state, and federal law?

(ALLIE reaches out and flips the paper over in Jackie's hands)

Oh...

(JACKIE Z is reading the script)

Huh? This is the script? Just one line? 'Former child star needs a smelly bra to find love' *That's* the script?

(SAM, still struggling to wake up, shake heads 'yes' - JACKIE Z throws the script down)

Come on, people - is this is a joke?

**SAM** 

(holding his head)

Wait... Hold on... What happened last night? I remember writing the script, and then...

**ELLA** 

...happy hour

**ALLIE** 

(head rises slowly, ALLIE is squinting)

Happy hour?

(ALLIE raises finger in air)

I'll take another Yeager

JACKIE Z

It's morning, people - morn---ing. Today's the day we're gonna make viral history. Remember?

(singing to Allie)

IT'S NÎNE A.M. ON THE DOT

**ALLIE** 

(yawns)

Just a few more minutes sleep, that's all I need

JACKIE Z

COME ON, LET'S GET IT IN GEAR

(ALLIE snoring)

ALLIE, WAKE UP

**ALLIE** 

WHAT?

JACKIE Z

"This is ridiculous. What a waste of time - I'm sooo outta here"

(music stops)

Good luck with the commercial, the bra, whatever...

(JACKIE Z throws hands up in the air, then starts to exit to the stairs leading up)

**SAM** 

(SAM, suddenly awake, sees JACKIE Z exiting) Hey, hey, where do you think you're going?

JACKIE Z

Look. I'm a professional.

**ELLA** 

Were a professional...

(JACKIE Z glares at Ella)

SAM

(coming to life)

The commercial. The commercial! Where's the script?

JACKIE Z

(JACKIE Z holds up the script)

'Former child star needs a smelly bra to find love' *That's* your script? But I don't get it.

(JACKIE Z frustrated)

What exactly am I supposed to do?

**SAM** 

Do? Simple.

(SAM makes filming gesture with both hands, fingers squared, as though filming)

Just use your imagination...

(coming to life, ELLA sits up on loveseat - ALLIE joins her)
(SAM and JACKIE Z are standing - center of fireplace)
PICTURE YOURSELF AS YOU WALK THE RED CARPET,
AT A HOLLYWOOD MOVIE PREMIERE

JACKIE Z

(waving to fans, posing, enjoying herself) I'm likin' this!

SAM

THE FLASH BULBS ALIGHT, AND YOUR STAR'S SHINING BRIGHT GLORY DAYS OF OLD, ONCE AGAIN HERE

JACKIE Z

Yes! Love it! Tell me more!

SAM

NOW CUT TO A SCENE - WHERE OUR OWN IMPROV QUEEN STANDS ALONE WITH NO LOVE IN SIGHT

JACKIE Z

"Wait. Sad? Alone? Huh?

SAM

HAVE NO FEAR, SOON YOU'LL SEE YOU'LL FIND LOVE EASILY 'CAUSE THE BRA THAT YOUR WEARING

**ELLA** 

PUMPKIN SPICED?

**ALLIE** 

SO DARING!

SAM

WILL BRING A WEALTH OF LOVE TO THEE

**ELLA** 

(standing, indignant)

To thee? The bra's gonna bring *thee*, I mean *her*, love and joy? How does that make *any* sense?

(ALLIE and JACKIE Z think - then ALLIE shakes head 'yes' - JACKIE Z shakes heads 'no')

SAM

Look. Commercials don't have to make sense. They have to sell. Period.

(SAM holds up the packaged bra-tte)

And this... is going to sell.

(SAM looks at watch)

Holy crap. Look at the time! Time's a-wastin'! Let's do this.

IT'S NINE A.M. ON THE DOT

**ALLIE** 

(ALLIE checks her watch or looks at a clock) Actually, it's nine sixteen

**SAM** 

WHO'S PUTTIN' THE PROPS IN PLACE

**ELLA** 

(deadpan)

That would be us, mister director, sir

(ELLA and ALLIE unpack 'Girl Genius' pic, desert hat, canteen, packaged bra-tte from box or bag)

**SAM** 

LET'S GET THIS BABY SHOT

JACKIE Z

That's what I've been sayin'

SAM

LET'S MOVE IT, MOVE IT, MOVE IT
"Come on, people, let's pick up the pace!"
JACKIE IT'S TIME - GO 'N' GET INTO COSTUME
WHILE EL, SET THE STAGE, MY DEAR

(JACKIE Z goes upstairs - gets dressed for Hollywood premiere) (maybe: ALLIE sprinkles pumpkin spice in the packaged bra-tte (ELLA puts Jackie Z photo, desert hat, canteen in place)

**ELLA** 

(looking around)

Hmmmm. Easier said than done

THERE'S JUST NO WAY - WE'VE GOT MONEY TO PAY

## FOR THE SCENERY NEEDED, I FEAR

SAM

Don't worry about it - that's what special effects are for (SAM to ELLA - both setting up the green screen, hanging it above the fireplace)

COME, GIVE ME A HAND WITH THIS GREEN SCREEN AND STAND HELP ME SET IT UP IN THE BEST SPOT

(JACKIE Z enters in Hollywood premiere outfit)

**ELLA** 

(seeing Jackie Z entering from top of stairs) AH, HERE COMES OUR STAR

SAM

(holding up packaged bra)
IT'S TIME TO SELL BRAS
THIS COULD BE OUR LAST SHOT

**ALLIE** 

LET'S MAKE THIS SO DAMN HOT

(SAM, ELLA, ALLIE, JACKIE Z all coming together)

SAM, ELLA, ALLIE, JACKIE Z WE'LL SHOW THE WORLD WHAT WE'VE GOT

ELLA

(trying unsuccessfully to move the loveseat) Can someone help me move this?

(ALLIE helps ELLA move the loveseat)

JACKIE Z

Does this outfit make me look fat?

(SAM shakes head 'yes,' ELLA shakes head 'no' and quickly hits SAM on arm so he'll nod 'no' along with her, ALLIE rolls her eyes, tight lipped)

ELLA
Ready!

ALLIE
Ready!

JACKIE Z
Ready!

SAM
Ready!
Lights... camera...

ALLIE

**SAM** 

Hey, only I can say that
(ALLIE bows to SAM)
action!

actionnnnnnnn!!!



shot from the bar, filming all the action in front of the fireplace

(SAM on one knee, half way between the bar and the fireplace, ready to film with his cell - ELLA standing on the sliders side of the fireplace - ALLIE sitting on the stool by the piano - JACKIE Z standing front and center of the fireplace, which is now the green screen)

## **SAM**

O.K., everyone. Places. Jackie, you're at a Hollywood movie premiere. Lights! Camera! Action!

## JACKIE Z

Wait, wait, hold on. I still don't get it. What exactly do you want me to do?

SAM

(shmoozing, fake Hollywood tone)

Jackie, Jack-a-la, Jackolantern, just do what you do best, queen of the improv... improvise.

(SAM gestures to the props)

And look, here are some props to use. First, show everyone the star you once were...

(holds up 'Girl Genius' pic)

Next, tell everyone that finding that special someone can be as tough as finding water in the desert...

(holds up canteen and desert hat)

And finally, display what saves the day!

(holds up packaged bra-tte bra)

Here we go... and... action!

## **ALLIE**

Hang on a sec, boss. Where's my cameo? There must be something I can do.

#### SAM

Cameo? Let me think.

(beat)

Got it! When I cue you, go to Jackie and ask for an autograph. Are we ready? Now, here's the format. We start with the opening jingle. Then, Jackie will improvise the scene. At the very end, we'll sing the closing jingle. El, Allie, you guys remember the jingles, don't you?

JACKIE Z

There are jingles?

**ALLIE** 

Sang them all night in the bar...

### **ELLA**

...until they threw us out. The bartender hated the jingles.

### SAM

Well, I love 'em. Here's the opener... I'll start. Allie? (SAM looks at ALLIE and points to the piano) (ALLIE stands at the piano - plays Bb)

# song 7a: Commercial Opener

SPICE UP YOUR LIFE **ELLA** SPICE UP YOUR LIFE **ALLIE** SPICE UP YOUR LIFE SAM, ELLA, ALLIE GIRLFRIEND, MISTRESS, OR WIFE **ALLIE** Ladies. Wouldn't you love to put a little spice... (ALLIE lifts her bra) in your life... SAM And then, Jackie improvises... blah, blah, and then, the closer. (ALLIE plays F on the piano) song 7b: Commercial Closing Jingle SAM, ELLA, ALLIE THE PUMPKIN SPICED BRATTE... **ALLIE** PUMPKIN SPICED ALLIE, ELLA BRATTE... SAM OH, YEAH... **ALLIE** Because... **ALLIE** LOVE **ELLA** IS

**SAM** 

**JUST** 

SAM, ELLA, ALLIE

ONE SCENT AWAY

JACKIE Z

Catchy little tunes.

(JACKIE Z sings)

THE PUMPKIN SPICED BRA-TTE... Retro - love it.

**SAM** 

Great! Let's do this. Jackie, you stand there. Allie, stay there. El, make 'em look good. I've got the camera. Green screen with auto-special effects. Pumpkin Spiced Bratte Commercial - take one. In three... two... one... action!

commercial - take 1 - papa-nazis

(ALLIE plays Bb on the piano)

song 7a: Commercial Opening Jingle

SPICE UP YOUR LIFE

**ELLA** 

SPICE UP YOUR LIFE

**ALLIE** 

SPICE UP YOUR LIFE

SAM, ELLA, ALLIE

GIRLFRIEND, MISTRESS, OR WIFE

**ALLIE** 

Ladies. Wouldn't you *love* to put a little spice...

(ALLIE lifts her bra)

in your life...

JACKIE Z

(JACKIE walks the red carpet, holding up a publicity shot of herself as child star, "Girl Genius Jackie Z)

As a former child star, going out in public can be tough. The papa-nazis...

(ELLA clicks camera - strobe? - flash bulbs go off)

the fans...

(SAM cues ALLIE, ALLIE goes to Jackie with a pen - JACKIE Z signs the "Girl Genius..." picture and hands it to ALLIE) ...so much attention.

**SAM** 

Cut! Jackie, did you say papa-nazis?

JACKIE Z

Papa-nazis. You know, those photographers running after celebs for a pic...

**SAM** 

Papa*razzi*. They're called papa*razzi*.

JACKIE Z

You sure? My agent always called them papa-nazis, among other choice words.

**SAM** 

Paparazzi. Trust me.

(slowly)

Papa. razzi.

JACKIE Z

If you say so.

SAM

Let's try it again. Pumpkin Spiced Bratte Commercial - take two. In three... two... one... action!

commercial - take 2 - crying

(ALLIE plays Bb on the piano)

song 7a: Commercial Opening Jingle

SPICE UP YOUR LIFE

**ELLA** 

SPICE UP YOUR LIFE

**ALLIE** 

SPICE UP YOUR LIFE

SAM, ELLA, ALLIE GIRLFRIEND, MISTRESS, OR WIFE

**ALLIE** 

Ladies. Wouldn't you *love* to put a little spice...

(ALLIE lifts her bra)

in your life...

## JACKIE Z

(JACKIE walks the red carpet, holding up a publicity shot of herself as child star, "Girl Genius Jackie Z)

As a former child star, going out in public can be tough. The papa. *razzi*... (JACKIE winks to SAM)

(ELLA clicks camera - strobe? flash bulbs go off) the fans...

(ALLIE goes to Jackie with a pen - JACKIE Z signs the "Girl Genius..." picture and hands it to ALLIE, ALLIE very happy)

...so much attention. But in my private life, it's a whole different story.

(ELLA hands JACKIE Z desert hat and canteen - JACKIE Z puts on desert hat, holds canteen)

Finding that special someone can be as tough as finding water in the desert.

(JACKIE Z searches - nothing in sight - takes a swig from the canteen, then wipes her brow of 'sweat')

Searching endlessly under a blazing hot sun, no life anywhere, only cactus plants to keep you company at night - so lonely, so alone...

(crescendoing)

no love, no love, NO LOOOOVE!...

(JACKIE Z falls to her knees and starts to cry softly, then weep openly as SAM and co. look on in confusion)

SAM

Cut! Jackie, what. was. that?

# (ALLIE gives JACKIE some tissues to dry her eyes)

## JACKIE Z

I was just thinking about my life. Finding love really is so hard.

(JACKIE holds up canteen)

The water in the desert thing... so true... so depressing... so... me.

**SAM** 

But you're going to find love...

(SAM holds up a bra-tte, with a smile)

...with this!

**ELLA** 

What a crock a sh...

SAM

E1!

(to JACKIE)

Look. It's just acting. You'll find love in real life. Trust me.

JACKIE Z

(brightening)

I will?

**SAM** 

Sure you will.

**ELLA** 

And you won't need some stinky bra to do it.

SAM

(holding in anger)

El, you're not helping.

(beat)

O.K. Let's get back to it. We'll skip the jingles - got a couple-a takes of those. Jackie, let's take it from your 'water in the desert' line, O.K? Pumpkin Spiced Bra-tte Commercial - take three. In three... two... one... action!

commercial take 3 - coughing fit

### JACKIE Z

(ELLA hands JACKIE Z desert hat and canteen - JACKIE Z puts on desert hat, holds canteen)

Finding that special someone can be as tough as finding water in the desert.

(JACKIE Z searches - nothing in sight - takes a swig from the canteen, then wipes her brow of 'sweat')

Luckily, I have a secret weapon... my bra.

(ELLA hands JACKIE Z the packaged bra-tte)

(JACKIE Z holds up packaged bra-tte)

The pumpkin spiced bra-tte. The only bra scented with pumpkin spice.

(opens bra-tte packaging, then takes a big sniff)

(coughs uncontrollably)

SAM

Cut!

### JACKIE Z

(JACKIE Z is gasping)

Sorry. Just need a minute. (beat) Oh God, that smell is strong.

(JACKIE Z takes a few sniffs)

Cleared my sinuses, though.

**ELLA** 

(tersely)

Maybe we can sell it as a decongestant, too!

## SAM

People, people - focus. Let's get back to it. Jackie, let's take it one more time from the desert. Pumpkin Spiced Bratte Commercial - take four. In three... two... one... action!

commercial take 4 - singing the ending

## JACKIE Z

(ELLA hands JACKIE Z desert hat and canteen - JACKIE Z puts on desert hat, holds canteen)

Finding that special someone can be as tough as finding water in the desert.

(JACKIE Z searches - nothing in sight - takes a swig from the canteen, then wipes her brow of 'sweat')

Luckily, I have a secret weapon... my bra.

(ELLA hands JACKIE Z the packaged bra-tte)

(JACKIE Z holds up packaged bra-tte)

The pumpkin spiced bra-tte. The only bra scented with pumpkin spice.

(takes top off of bra-tte packaging, then takes a big sniff)

Ah... so fragrant. So take it from me, Jackie Z - you too can spice up your life with the pumpkin spiced bratte - because love...

(JACKIE Z goes down on one knee and sings horribly) ...is just one scent awayyyyyyy

**SAM** 

Cut! Jackie! Who told you to sing?

JACKIE Z

(proud of herself)

No one *told* me. It was an adlib... an improv... you know, what I do best... (JACKIE Z bows slowly)

...Queen Of The Improv

SAM

Well, your majesty, I don't like it.

**ELLA** 

Sam... it was a good thought.

SAM

*Not* a good thought.

JACKIE Z

(JACKIE Z getting testy)

Well, maybe if I had a script...

SAM

(frustrated)

You don't need a script. This is simple stuff. Any moron can do this.

(JACKIE Z gives SAM an evil look)

I... I didn't mean *any* moron could do what you do. You're not just *any* moron, you're...

**ELLA** 

(interrupting)

...Sam? Let's take five. I could use a break. Anyone else?

#### **ALLIE**

I'd like to check my make-up. Be right back.

(ALLIE exits up the stairs and gets sunglasses for next entrance)

## JACKIE Z

I could use a break, too. I'm startin' to tense up.

## **SAM**

Jackie... sweetie... you are (SAM marquee hands) "Jackie Z!" You're a legend. Just keep doin' what you're doin' - it's gonna be epic!

(JACKIE Z goes to a corner of the room by the sliders - talking to herself, rehearing)

#### JACKIE Z

Finding that special someone can be as *tough* as finding water in the desert. Finding *love* can be as hard as finding *a desert filled with water*.

Finding that special someone can be tougher and harder than finding water in the desert.

(SAM and ELLA huddle by the stool - speak while Jackie is rehearses her lines)

SAM

(soft voice)

She's not that good.

**ELLA** 

Shhhhh. She'll hear you.

SAM

(disgustedly)

What an amateur!

JACKIE Z

What's that?

SAM

I said...

**ELLA** 

(ELLA elbows Sam in the ribs)

...we're enamored

(ALLIE comes down the stairs, wearing sunglasses - positioning them in different ways)

**ALLIE** 

So whatdoyuh think? Can't be at a Hollywood premiere without looking the part.

(ALLIE strikes a pose)

Do I look... sophisticated?

**ELLA** 

You look lovely, dear.

(ELLA to SAM)

Doesn't she look lovely?

SAM

(deadpan)

Yeah, lovely. Can we get on with this? Jackie? Ready?

**JACKIE** 

Ready!

(JACKIE Z takes center green screen position, notices Allie's sunglasses)

Hey - I like those. Where are mine?

**ELLA** 

You don't need them.

JACKIE Z

(childish whining)

But *she's* wearing them. I want a pair, too! Besides, every celebrity wears 'em in Hollywood!

**SAM** 

(SAM under his breath)

Yeah, celebrities. Not washed up, pole dancing...

#### ELLA

(ELLA interrupts SAM - takes a pair of sunglasses from the table by the sliders, hands them to JACKIE Z)
...Here, here, just take these.

#### SAM

Great - give her *my* sunglasses. (beat) O.K. Jackie, Allie - let's do this. One more time from the desert. Pumpkin Spiced Bratte Commercial - take five. In three... two... one... action!

## commercial - take 5 - winking

## JACKIE Z

(JACKIE Z wearing sunglasses)

(ELLA hands JACKIE Z desert hat and canteen - JACKIE Z puts on desert hat, holds canteen)

Finding that special someone can be as tough... as hard... even tougher than hard... harder than... it's so tough finding water in the desert, it's really hard!

(JACKIE Z searches - nothing in sight - takes a swig from the canteen, then wipes her brow of 'sweat')

Anyway, luckily, I have a secret weapon... my bra.

(ELLA hands JACKIE Z the packaged bra-tte)

(JACKIE Z holds up the packaged bra)

The pumpkin spiced bra-tte. The only bra scented with pumpkin spice.

(takes big sniff)

(gags a bit)

Ah... so fragrant. So take it from me, Jackie Z...

(JACKIE picks up sunglasses and winks dramatically)

...you too can spice up your life with the pumpkin spiced bra-tte...

(JACKIE picks up sunglasses and winks dramatically)

...because love...

(JACKIE picks up sunglasses and winks dramatically) ... smells?

#### SAM

Cut! Cut! Cut! Jackie - what the hell was that?

#### JACKIE Z

(with pride)

Pretty cool, huh!

SAM

Not cool. What's with all the winking? Got an eye infection?

JACKIE Z

Improvising! My specialty!

**SAM** 

(getting more and more agitated)

Now let's try this again. This time, the *whole* commercial. Walk the red carpet. Drink the water. Hold up the bra and find love. That's it.

**ELLA** 

Sam, don't get upset. Remember your blood pressure

SAM

(steamed)

My blood pressure's fine!

(SAM looks at the cell phone/camera)

Ah, look, the battery's almost drained. Got enough juice for one more take. Let's make *this* the one. And this time, no matter what happens, we don't stop - beginning to end - we keep filming.

(SAM looks right at Jackie Z)

Got it? Everyone ready? Pumpkin Spiced Bra-tte Commercial - take six. In three... two... one... action!

commercial - take 6 - awful in every way - ends with spin/landing

note: use the packaged bratte with the loose bra in it for this take

(ALLIE plays Bb on the piano)

song 7a: Commercial Opener

SPICE UP YOUR LIFE

**ELLA** 

SPICE UP YOUR LIFE

ALLIE

#### SPICE UP YOUR LIFE

## SAM, ELLA, ALLIE

GIRLFRIEND, MISTRESS, OR WIFE

#### **ALLIE**

Ladies. Wouldn't you love to put a little spice...

(ALLIE lifts her bra)

in your life...

## JACKIE Z

(JACKIE walks the red carpet, wearing sunglasses, holding up a publicity shot of herself as child star, "Girl Genius Jackie Z")

As a former child star, going out in public can be tough. The papanazis...uh, razzis...

(ELLA clicks camera - flash bulbs go off)

the fans...

(ALLIE goes to Jackie with a pen - JACKIE Z signs the "Girl Genius..." picture and hands it to ALLIE)

...so much attention.

But in my private life, it's a whole different story.

(JACKIE Z puts on desert hat, picks up canteen)

Finding that special someone can be as tricky

(JACKIE Z winks at SAM)

as finding a cactus in the desert.

(JACKIE Z takes a swig from the canteen)

Luckily, I have a secret weapon...

(ELLA hands JACKIE Z the packaged bra-tte)

(JACKIE Z holds up packaged bra-tte upside down - SAM angrily cues her to turn it right side up - JACKIE turns the box, then looks at it in confusion)

this?

(JACKIE looks at SAM, who shakes head 'yes')

This! My bra!

(takes top off of bra-tte packaging, then takes a big sniff - the bra falls out - JACKIE struggles to stuff it back in the box)

The pumpkin spiced bra-tte. The only bra scented with pumpkin spice.

Ah... that's a whole lotta... *smell* right there!

(JACKIE takes another sniff and stifles a gag)

So take it from me, Jackie Z - you too can spice up your life with the...

(JACKIE hesitates, then checks the label on the bra)

pumpkin spiced bra-tte! - because love... is just one scent away.

(JACKIE Z throws the packaged bra in the air, then does a clumsy spin and lands on her knees, arms out, off balance)

(ALLIE plays F on the piano)

song 7b: Commercial Closing Jingle

SAM, ELLA, ALLIE

(SAM sings angrily, ELLA & ALLIE are bewildered)

THE PUMPKIN SPICED BRATTE...

**ALLIE** 

PUMPKIN SPICED

ALLIE, ELLA

BRATTE...

**SAM** 

OH, YEAH...

**ALLIE** 

Because...

**ALLIE** 

LOVE

**ELLA** 

IS

**SAM** 

**JUST** 

SAM, ELLA, ALLIE

ONE SCENT AWAY

(JACKIE Z holds up packaged bra-tte ala Let's Make A Deal prize)

SAM

CUT!!! Oh my God. That was...

#### ELLA

...great! It was a great *rehearsal*. Tomorrow, when we film the *actual* commercial, it's gonna be even better!

## JACKIE Z

What? You... you really had me...rehearsal! And here you made me think we were filming the *actual* commercial today. Well, my bad - you got me! O.K., well, I'm outta here. Whew - tough day's work!

(JACKIE Z starts exiting up the stairs)

Mañana people.

(singing)

NINE A.M. ON THE DOT?

Of course, nine a.m. on the dot! *Rehearsal*. Boy, sure had me fooled. (JACKIE Z exits upstairs)



shot from center room, facing the loveseat

(SAM walks defeated, sits on the loveseat, left side - ELLA sits next to him, right side, by the console which has a jar of peanuts on it within Ella's reach. ALLIE puts her signed photo on the floor, then comes up behind them)

SAM, ELLA

(look at each other)

We are so screwed.

**ELLA** 

Well, we've still got a little time to turn this around.

SAM

But this is a disaster... and I don't know what to do.

(SAM looks at ELLA, who shrugs her shoulders in defeat)

**ALLIE** 

(ever optimistic)

Don't know what to do? Sam... and Ella... Clio winners for best commercial of the year, three years running, don't know what to do??? Well, listen, (gestures to SAM)

boss...

(gestures to ELLA) and boss... howz this for a start...

# song 8: We'll Write Every Line

**ALLIE** 

AS CRUDE AS IT MAY SOUND YOU GOTTA GET YOUR BUTT OFF THE GROUND STOP YOUR MOPIN' AND WHINNIN' AND BITCHIN' AND CRYIN' AND COME ON, SAM, SHOW SOME GUTS

(SAM reacts with surprise at her chutzpah)

SO WHAT IF THEY'RE MOVIN' TO EVICT TAKE SOME ADVICE FROM THIS CHICK'T THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' MORE PITIFUL, SORROWFUL, SADDER THAN A MAN WHO'S GOT NO

(ELLA offers SAM a jar of peanuts, on console)

**ELLA** 

(playfully)

nuts?

SAM

(SAM gets up - restlessly pacing) Hey! I got plenty of... guts. It's just...

**ALLIE** 

What?

**SAM** 

Well, Jackie can't improvise.

**ELLA** 

(sarcastically)

Yuh think?	
(beat)	ALLIE
So why don't we just write h	ner lines?
No! (beat) I mean sure we comade her a star	SAM can write her part. But <i>improvising's</i> what
and got her fired	ELLA
True. But you know she's gor	SAM nna be upset just reading lines.
So?	ALLIE
So, she's a star.	SAM
Was a star.	ELLA
Still. She thinks she can wing happy.	SAM g it. Obviously she can't, but I wanna keep her
Listen. Happy is good but v	ALLIE art and businesslike - hands on hips) we've got a commercial to make. I say, let's not ego - if she gets upset, she'll get over it.
Wow. Listen to you. Miss sa place one day.	ELLA vvy business woman. You might just run this
(back to optimistic joy)	ALLIE

I know. I know. I can totally do this, right? So? Whatdoyou say?

**ELLA** 

(ELLA stands as she speaks - thinking) *Write* the commercial...

SAM

(more sure)

Yeah. We'll just write it.

**ALLIE** 

All agreed?

(SAM, ELLA, ALLIE speak at the same time)

SAM ALLIE ELLA
Yeah, Yes! Not bad,
come on, this is write it,
let's do gonna be we can
this! great! do that!

SAM, ELLA, ALLIE

WE'LL WRITE EVERY LINE - EVERY SINGLE WORD

SAM

IT'LL BE THE BEST DIALOGUE THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN, EVER HEARD

**ELLA** 

I'LL SPIT AND POLISH IT

**ALLIE** 

I'LL MAKE SURE IT SHINES

**SAM** 

THE ONLY THING JACKIE WILL HAVE TO DO RIGHT, IS

SAM, ELLA, ALLIE

READ HER DAMN LINES

(SAM goes to stool area and summons ELLA and ALLIE to join him in that area, they go to the foot of the stairs, face Sam)

SAM

So let's get to it.

(SAM looks at watch or clock)

Only a few hours till daybreak. Let's break it down.

(SAM gestures for ELLA and ALLIE to go upstairs and get supplies)

EL AND ALLIE, WE NEED SOME CUE CARDS

AND A SHARPIE

(ELLA gives SAM a thumbs up, ALLIE shakes head 'yes' - then

ELLA and ALLIE sit on the bottom of the steps)

(SAM holds stomach)

AND BICARBONATE

NOW QUIET DOWN, DON'T MAKE A SOUND

I NEED TO CONCENTRATE

(ELLA and ALLIE are startled when SAM yells, "damn it!")

DAMN IT! I GOT NOTHIN'

**ELLA** 

Well, first, there's the jingle... and then the red carpet walk...

ALLIE

WHAT IF YOU GIVE "me!" ALL OF JACKIE'S LINES THEN SHE'D NEVER TALK

(music stops)

SAM

She'd never talk... she'd never talk... that's it!

**ALLIE** 

What's it?

SAM

Voice over.

(ELLA and ALLIE eyes open wide with realization)

**ELLA** 

Voice over. Now, that could work.

**ALLIE** 

(excitedly)

Ooh, voice over!!!

(SAM, ELLA, ALLIE group together in front of the fireplace/green screen)

SAM, ELLA, ALLIE WE DON'T NEED TO WRITE - NOT A SINGLE WORD

SAM

IT'LL BE THE BEST DIALOGUE THAT NO ONE'S NEVER, EV - EVER HEARD
"I'll do the voice over"

**ALLIE** 

"Aw" I THOUGHT THAT JOB WAS MINE

SAM, ELLA, ALLIE AND BEST OF ALL JACKIE WON'T HAVE TO RECITE ONE SINGLE LINE

SAM

(SAM walks over to the console, grabs a pad or paper and pencil, and stands there)

(ELLA and ALLIE stand close on each side of SAM, crowding him) Ladies, please, give me a little space here.

(ELLA and ALLIE look perplexed - then sit on the loveseat) It's time for this award winning ad man to once again craft the *perfect* commercial.

**ELLA** 

Oh brother.

(scene cut - blackout or fade out - to fade in)

15.

## **SCENE 3 - Day Three**

SAM, ELLA, ALLIE, JACKIE Z. wearing day 3 clothes

(ELLA and ALLIE putting 'Girl Genius' picture, desert hat, canteen, packaged bra-tte in place, getting ready for a re-shoot of the commercial SAM is fiddling with his cell, looking at filming angles)

(JACKIE Z enters, comes down the kitchen level to piano level stairs)

#### JACKIE Z

IT'S NINE A.M. ON THE DOT!

**SAM** 

(looks at watch or clock) (speaking to Jackie Z)

Perfect. Right on time.

(to Ella and Allie)

Ladies, you know what to do. Everyone in position - let's do this!

(ALL get into position to film the commercial)

(as all get into position, JACKIE Z addresses everyone)

(as Jackie talks, SAM, ELLA, & ALLIE give each other knowing glances)

#### JACKIE Z

(enthusiastically)

So, listen. Last night, all I could think about is the Hollywood premiere, and how to make it more authentic, more real... and I've got ideas. Lots and lots of ideas. I can improvise the scene at least a *dozen* different ways. All night, I've been practicing different lines, inflections, even accents. Check this out. I walk the red carpet - come to a stop - and I say,

(JACKIE Z in a British accent)

"As a Hollywood movie star, sometimes I'm called upon to play bloody good roles... I do say, some are dodgy - some quite exhilarating. Quite exhilarating indeed, my dear chaps..."

SAM

(SAM interrupting JACKIE Z)

Hold on. Jackie. All that's not necessary. We decided to use a voice-over...

JACKIE Z

(JACKIE Z interrupting SAM)

Or, how 'bout this...

(JACKIE Z in French accent - pretend cigarette in hand)
"Ahhh mon cherie... Zis Hollywood premiere iz like a night in gay Paree, with zee sillouette of the Eiffel Tower filling zee night sky, tres magnifique..."

SAM

(SAM interrupting JACKIE Z)

No. Jackie, Jackie. You're not getting it. We cut all your dialogue.

(JACKIE Z stands quiet, confused)

**ELLA** 

What Sam means is, we're going to use a *voice-over* to tell the story. You don't speak.

**ALLIE** 

You don't improvise.

SAM

All you do is...

JACKIE Z

(JACKIE Z getting agitated) ... no improvising? I don't get it.

SAM

Of *course* you get to improvise. You improvise your *moves*... your *gestures*... your...

**ALLIE** 

(beat)

...facial expressions

SAM

Right! Facial expressions. Very important stuff. Now let's do this. (JACKIE Z, clearly upset, gets into position)

JACKIE Z

Wait. This is not what I signed on for. Are you forgetting I'm Queen of the Improv, and now you won't let me improvise?

(SAM, ELLA, ALLIE all silent)

**ELLA** 

(stammering a bit)

We're just going in another direction. You've been in the business for years, and you know better than anyone, things change... they progress... they evolve...

SAM

...they improve.

(ELLA shoots Sam a 'daggers' look)

JACKIE Z

I don't know about this. I don't think...

SAM

...right! Don't think. Just do it. It'll be great.

(SAM, ELLA, ALLIE, JACKIE Z all get in place to shoot the commercial)

JACKIE Z

But...

SAM

(steamrolling over Jackie)

Alright everyone. Let's do this in one take, thirty seconds beginning to end. Simple as can be. Opening jingle - voiceover - closing jingle. Everyone ready? (beat) In three... two... one... action!

commercial w/voiceover - take 1 - scowl

(JACKIE Z does this commercial with a scowl, reacting broadly, and super pissed off as she hears the voiceover)

(ALLIE play Bb on the piano)

song 7a: Commercial Opening Jingle

SPICE UP YOUR LIFE

**ELLA** 

SPICE UP YOUR LIFE

**ALLIE** 

SPICE UP YOUR LIFE

SAM, ELLA, ALLIE

GIRLFRIEND, MISTRESS, OR WIFE

**ALLIE** 

Ladies. Wouldn't you *love* to put a little spice...

(ALLIE lifts her bra)

in your life...

## SAM/VOICE OVER

Imagine. A former child sitcom star

Begging for attention under the bright Hollywood lights

(ELLA clicks camera - strobe? - flash bulbs go off)

Barely recognized, she's desperate for attention...

(ALLIE enthusiastically gets JACKIE Z's autograph - looks at it, then tosses it aside in disgust)

... pathetic

(ELLA hands JACKIE Z desert hat and canteen)

A lonely and sorry sight

wandering the desert, thirsting for love... so alone

She knows she must take control for passion to come her way

Enter, the pumpkin spiced bra-tte

(ELLA hands JACKIE Z the packaged bra-tte - JACKIE Z displays it with disgust, then tosses it away - then, looks into the camera seethingly)

because love is just one scent away

# (ALLIE plays F on the piano)

# song 7b: Commercial Closing Jingle

# SAM, ELLA, ALLIE

(SAM sings angrily, ELLA & ALLIE are bewildered)

THE PUMPKIN SPICED BRATTE...

**ALLIE** 

PUMPKIN SPICED

ALLIE, ELLA

BRATTE...

**SAM** 

OH, YEAH...

**ALLIE** 

Because...

**ALLIE** 

LOVE

**ELLA** 

IS

SAM

**JUST** 

SAM, ELLA, ALLIE

ONE SCENT AWAY

(JACKIE Z throws herself onto the loveseat, folds hands, cross-armed, defiant posture)

**SAM** 

O.K. That was... almost perfect. Allie, you were wonderful. El, spot on. Jackie...

(SAM spreads his hands, palms out)

...I'm gonna need to see some enthusiasm. Think of the *joy* of walking the red carpet... the joy of the pumpkin spiced scent...

#### JACKIE Z

(testily)

I just gave you joy. You want more joy? If you'd just let me improv my lines the way I practiced, I guarantee...

#### **SAM**

(dismissively)

...right, right, the improvs. No need. Just *act* it all out. The *voice-over* will tell the story.

## JACKIE Z

But, Sam, come on... can't I just...

#### SAM

(losing patience)

...just do what I'm asking you to do.

(SAM goes and sits on the loveseat alongside JACKIE Z - puts arm around her shoulder)

Trust me. I've been in advertising for a long, long time, and I know what sells. All I need from you is joy. A smile. Eyes bright. Maybe some subtle hand gestures... and body language... showing happiness. Can you do that for me?

## JACKIE Z

(upset)

How about one line. *One line*! Can't I improvise just a couple-a words? Come on...

## **SAM**

(SAM stands - very absolute)

No lines. No improvising. Just follow the script. Now let's do this. I've *got* the jingles, so lets just pick it up from the voice-over. Are we ready? In three... two... one... action!

commercial w/voiceover - take 2 - wild

(JACKIE Z does this commercial with way over-the-top smile and wild, joyous, hip swiveling gestures - clearly angry, perhaps lewd, too)

#### SAM/VOICEOVER

Imagine. A former child sitcom star

Begging for attention under the bright Hollywood lights

(ELLA clicks camera - flash bulbs go off)

Barely recognized, she's desperate for attention...

(ALLIE enthusiastically gets JACKIE Z's autograph - looks at it, then tosses it aside in disgust)

... pathetic

(ELLA hands JACKIE Z desert hat and canteen)

A lonely and sorry sight, wandering the desert, thirsting for love... so alone

She knows she must take control for passion to come her way

Enter, the pumpkin spiced bra-tte

(ELLA hands JACKIE Z the packaged bra-tte)

because love is just one scent away

(JACKIE Z holds up packaged bra-tte ala Let's Make A Deal prize )

SAM

CUT, CUT, CUT!!!

(JACKIE Z goes to sit at the bottom of the stairs, hands folded, arms crosses, tapping foot, upset)

(SAM takes ELLA and walks to the loveseat - they sit)

(ALLIE goes to the piano and sits)

El. You gotta talk to her. All that smiling and gyrating - like a mental patient.

**ELLA** 

Shhhh. She'll hear you.

**SAM** 

(SAM loudly)

I don't care if she...

**ELLA** 

...O.K. Let me talk to her - woman to woman. Just go away for a minute.

(SAM puts his hands up in defeat - exits into the craft room, which is out of camera range)

**ELLA** 

Jackie. Come have a seat.

(JACKIE Z is reluctant - doesn't move) I just want to talk for a sec.

(ELLA pats the seat cushion signaling JACKIE Z to sit, JACKIE Z reluctantly sits - still pissed off)

Here's the thing. I know you're upset.

## JACKIE Z

(blurting it out)

I'm not upset!!!

#### ELLA

Alright. You're not upset. I know *I'd* be upset if I were a world-class improviser like you, and the director wouldn't let me improvise my lines...

## JACKIE Z

(JACKIE Z, still upset)

I told you, I'm not upset! I just feel, you know...

(realization)

wait. what? You think I'm a world-class improviser?

## **ELLA**

(tentatively)

Uh... sure. But *I'm* not the one in charge. And Sam... well... he can be *really* stubborn.

(JACKIE Z nods in agreement)

And since he *is* the director...

## JACKIE Z

(JACKIE Z is resigned)

yeah, yeah, I get it - it's got to be done his way.

#### **ELLA**

Right. So... can you do it Sam's way? Just once? Can you do that... for me?

## JACKIE Z

No problem. Trust me... the next take will be perfect.



shot two times - once facing the stool area, solely on SAM and ELLA - once facing the console, solely on JACKIE Z -

(JACKIE Z goes to the console by the sliders, miming moves she'll make in the commercial, like walking the red carpet, etc...)
(SAM enters, goes to the stool area and sits, then signals for ELLA and ALLIE to join him - ELLA and ALLIE stand on either side of Sam)

(SAM, ELLA, and ALLIE converse)

SAM

(to ELLA - too loudly)
So... did you tell her we all think she stinks?

**ALLIE** 

Boy, does she ever.

(JACKIE Z overhears this and reacts with a WTF expression - JACKIE Z continues to listen in and react)

**ELLA** 

(ELLA hits SAM in a 'not so loud' gesture) I told her *you* think she stinks.

**SAM** 

But you both think she stinks, too. Right?

**ELLA** 

Yeah. She's pretty awful.

**ALLIE** 

Actually, she's *really* awful.

(JACKIE Z, listening, getting more and more agitated, then has a realization, sees the jar of peanuts on the console, then stealthily grabs the jar of peanuts and goes by the corner floor lamp)

SAM

Can you believe she was a star? I mean, seriously. She's got no talent.

## **ALLIE**

No talent at all.

#### SAM

(SAM, softer voice)

And she's so, damn touchy. So, you *really* think we can pull this off... will she do it right?

(we see JACKIE Z, in the corner by the floor lamp, frenetically shoveling handfuls of peanuts into her mouth from the jar in different ways - for ex. hands shoving nuts into mouth - ex. head tilted back w/jar tilted above into mouth, peanuts everywhere, JACKIE glancing to make sure Sam, Ella, Allie are not watching her)

#### **ELLA**

She'll do it right. Come on, let's shoot this thing.

(ELLA calling out)

Jackie?

## JACKIE Z

(mouth full - speaking through a mouthful of peanuts) Be right there!

(we see JACKIE Z tipping the jar into her mouth, finishing the peanuts)

(SAM, ELLA, ALLIE get in place to shoot the final commercial) (JACKIE Z enters from sliders area)

#### JACKIE Z

Sorry guys.

(JACKIE Z wiping her mouth)

Bathroom break. I'm ready to go.

(ALL in position to shoot the commercial)

## **SAM**

O.K. then. Everyone ready? Top to bottom. In three... two... one... action!

commercial w/voiceover - take 3 - perfect

(JACKIE Z shoots this commercial perfectly, with proper expressions, gestures, etc...)

(ALLIE plays Bb on the piano)

song 7a: Commercial Opening Jingle

SPICE UP YOUR LIFE

**ELLA** 

SPICE UP YOUR LIFE

**ALLIE** 

SPICE UP YOUR LIFE

SAM, ELLA, ALLIE

GIRLFRIEND, MISTRESS, OR WIFE

**ALLIE** 

Ladies. Wouldn't you love to put a little spice...

(ALLIE lifts her bra)

in your life...

## SAM/VOICE OVER

Imagine. A former child sitcom star

Begging for attention under the bright Hollywood lights

(ELLA clicks camera - flash bulbs go off)

Barely recognized, she's desperate for attention

(ALLIE enthusiastically gets JACKIE Z's autograph - looks at it, then tosses it aside in disgust)

... pathetic

(ELLA hands JACKIE Z desert hat and canteen)

A lonely and sorry sight

wandering the desert, thirsting for love... so alone

She knows she must take control for passion to come her way

Enter, the pumpkin spiced bra-tte

(ELLA hands JACKIE Z the packaged bra-tte)

because love is just one scent away

(JACKIE Z holds up packaged bra-tte ala Let's Make A Deal prize )

# (ALLIE play F on the piano)

# song 7b: Commercial Closing Jingle

SAM, ELLA, ALLIE

(SAM sings angrily, ELLA & ALLIE are bewildered)

THE PUMPKIN SPICED BRATTE...

**ALLIE** 

PUMPKIN SPICED

ALLIE, ELLA

BRATTE...

SAM

OH, YEAH...

**ALLIE** 

Because...

ALLIE

LOVE

**ELLA** 

IS

SAM

**JUST** 

SAM, ELLA, ALLIE

ONE SCENT AWAY

SAM

Brilliant!!!

(SAM goes to JACKIE Z, shaking her wildly)

Amazing!!! You were perfect!!!

(SAM to ALLIE)

And you, too.

(ALLIE is doing a little happy dance - ELLA is bowing to ALLIE and JACKIE Z - SAM spinning with glee - JACKIE Z is stoic)

Everyone!!! Fan-tastic!!! That's a wrap!!! This deserves a celebration. Come on guys - lets go and celebrate - first drink is on me!!!

(SAM puts his cell on the piano and exits *down* stairs - ELLA, ALLIE exit *down* stairs, too)

(JACKIE Z stays behind, pacing, pensive)

**ELLA** 

(to JACKIE Z)

Jackie, aren't you coming?

JACKIE Z

I'll be there in a minute.

**ELLA** 

O.K. Don't be too long, though.

(SAM, ELLA, ALLIE exit)

(JACKIE Z watches them exit, then we hear her stomach rumbling - she clutches his stomach)

Whoa

(JACKIE Z mumbling to herself - imitating SAM)

Did you tell her we all think she stinks?

(JACKIE Z lets out a small fart)

I better move fast

(JACKIE Z looks for Sam's cell phone, sees it on the piano, takes it and positions herself standing in front of the piano, ready to play it - looking at buttons on the cell - squinting - reading the buttons)

stop.

(lets out small fart)

play.

(lets out small fart)

ah... record!

(JACKIE Z turns it on, places it on the music rest of the piano - JACKIE Z plays with one hand octave G-G-G -, hunches over, and lets go with a loud, long fart - then, does the same with F-F-F-fartttt... triumphantly takes a big sniff

#### JACKIE Z

(coughing, waving fumes away, scrunching up her face)

I guess Sam and Ella are right. I really do stink.

(covering her mouth - then runs out, exiting **down** the stairs)

(lights out or fade out)

#### **SCENE 4 - Three weeks later**

(SAM, ELLA, ALLIE in Day 4 clothes)



shot from near dining table, facing Sam and the art station

(soft, slow music plays - chorus of "It's Time For Sam 'n' Ella To Be Reborn")

(ELLA and ALLIE are packing up the art supplies at the art station. The harmonica in on the art station)
(SAM is sitting at the dining table - his head up close to his I-pad)

#### **ELLA**

Sam. You just gotta cheer up.

(ELLA takes the harmonica, offers it to SAM)

Here. Play us a song.

#### **ALLIE**

(bright and cheery)

A fun song to make the packing go quicker.

(SAM, takes the harmonica, blows a long, sad note - then puts it aside and goes back to staring at the I-pad)

(ELLA and ALLIE look at each other, concerned, shrug, then continue packing)

(suddenly, we hear bass-thumping disco music) (ELLA, ALLIE all look up)

(all dialogue spoken loudly, competing with the volume of the music)

## **ELLA**

Sounds like Jackie returned to her old pole dancing job!

(to SAM)

Did you tell her we're being foreclosed?!

## SAM

I haven't seen her since we shot the commercial!

## **ALLIE**

(enjoying the music beat)
At least now we've got some music to pack to!
(ALLIE groovin' while packing)

#### **ELLA**

(looks up to the ceiling)

(trying to get a rise out of SAM)

Maybe *I* should take up pole dancing!

(ELLA strikes a pose, trying to get a rise out of Sam) Whatdoyuh think, Sammy?!

#### SAM

(keeps head in I-pad)

Sure! Whatever! Gotta make money somehow!

(disco music stops)

(JACKIE Z comes downstairs, wearing Senior Tease tee-shirt - looks around)

## JACKIE Z

Packing up? I knew it! Toldjuh those bras would sell! Where'r you settin' up shop? Park Avenue? Paris? Milan?

(JACKIE comes around to the dining table area, sees SAM) Why's he so glum. Aw... yuh gonna miss this old dump?

#### **ELLA**

Well, turns out we lost the house in foreclosure. So, we've got no home. Plus, the ad agency is finished. We're in bankruptcy. All those lawyers, debt collectors, it just destroyed him. And the commercial... I'm telling you, Jackie - he's obsessed. It's been over *three* weeks since we posted that damn thing, and he keeps looking and looking, waiting and waiting, you wouldn't believe it, not one person has seen it. It didn't even get one view.

#### **JACKIE**

Wait. Are you telling me - in all this time - no one - not *one single person* - has seen our commercial?

SAM

Not a-one.

(looks at screen again)

I keep telling you something's not right.

**ELLA** 

Hon, sometimes things just don't work out.

SAM

Yeah, but when they don't, there's always a reason *why*, and I just don't see it. (SAM gestures to the I-pad screen)

Days, weeks go by with no views... no comments... nothing. I'm tellin' yuh, something's just not right here.

(ALLIE goes to join SAM at the dining table)

## ALLIE

You know what, let *me* take a look.

(SAM, resigned, stands, sits at another dining table chair - ALLIE sits in Sam's chair)

Hmmmm. Nothing. He's right. Not one view... not one hit. Makes no sense. Let me see...

JACKIE Z

Hey, before I forget - I really wanna apologize... you know... for the ending and all.

**ELLA** 

The ending? What do you mean?

JACKIE Z

The ending.

(beat)

(JACKIE Z more emphatically)

The end-ing... to the commercial. You know, I was just upset. Totally unprofessional. Really... I didn't mean any of it.

## **ELLA**

What are you talking about?

## JACKIE Z

The ending... You know...

(JACKIE Z slaps her backside)

My ending.

(SAM and ELLA look perplexed)

You did watch the commercial, didn't you?

#### ELLA

Well, *I* wanted to watch it, but Sam said it was perfect - he just put it online - *as is*. I don't even think *he* watched it.

#### SAM

I didn't need to watch it. Other people needed to watch it.

#### JACKIE Z

(exasperated)

Oh, boy - guys. I think you better play it. There's something at the end you need to see.

(SAM and ELLA huddle close behind ALLIE to watch the commercial - JACKIE Z watches, too, but is standing a bit back)

#### **ALLIE**

O.K. I'll play it. But when it's finished, let me work on it a bit... I think I may see the problem.

(ALLIE presses 'play' on the I-pad - the commercial plays - SAM, ELLA, and ALLIE are enjoying it - JACKIE Z is smiling with gritted teeth)

(at the end of the closing jingle, SAM, ELLA, and ALLIE'S expressions change. SAM is angered, ELLA are horrified, ALLIE is stunned)

(JACKIE Z's farting sfx goes on and on and on...)

(JACKIE, very slowly, hoping to make a hasty retreat, backing away from dining area, heading toward the sofa area, then to the stairs leading up to her room)

(SAM is fuming, breathing heavily, trying to calm himself down)

**ELLA** 

(ELLA is concerned)

Sam. Honey. At least no one watched it.

(ELLA to ALLIE)

Allie, turn it off!

ALLIE

I'm trying... but it's frozen... I keep pressing the stop button, but it won't work!

SAM

(SAM, calling out to JACKIE Z)

(crescendoing)

Are you kidding me? The same stupid thing you did as a kid, you did it again? What the hell were you thinking? You... you ruined me! My business... my reputation... you sick...

(SAM begins to go toward JACKIE Z - ELLA stops him, physically)

JACKIE Z

Sam, I'm sorry. Really, I am. How about a free stripper pole lesson? Some people find it very relaxing!

**ELLA** 

(building anxiety and crescendoing)

(ELLA to ALLIE)

Allie! Turn it off now! Jackie, this might be a good time to...

(ELLA gestures for JACKIE to leave)

JACKIE Z

...you don't even have to say it.

(JACKIE Z quickly runs out, up the stairs)

SAM

(SAM calling out after Jackie Z) ...depraved...

ELLA

**ALLIE** 

It won't shut off. It just keeps looping!

SAM

...vile...

**ELLA** 

Sam???

(SAM yelling to the ceiling)

SAM

...disgusting...

**ELLA** 

Sam???!

SAM

...evil...

**ELLA** 

(ELLA to ALLIE)

FOR GOD'S SAKE... TURN IT OFF!

Sam???!!!

(SAM, ELLA, ALLIE, AND JACKIE Z - all speaking at the same time)

SAM	ALLIE	ELLA	JACKIE Z (off-camera)
You	Could you all	Take it easy, Sam -	Come on it wasn't
You	just hang on a sec!	your pressure, your	that big of a deal
you washed-	Hang on hang	pressure gotta	Ella's right - your pressure
up, hasbeen	on a	watch your pressure	I said I was sorry

(ALLIE cuts through all the noise - bolts up from her chair, arms out wildly)

#### **ALLIE**

WHOAAAAAAAA, GUYS, TIME OUT!!!

(we still hear the farting SFX)

(beat)

Ah... Here's the problem...

(farting SFX stops)

(SAM, ELLA quiet down and listen)

(ALLIE turns to SAM)

Boss - you uploaded the commercial to youtube, but you didn't make it

(ALLIE air quotes)

public. So no one saw the video - because it's set to

(ALLIE air quotes)

private.

(SAM, ELLA all look perplexed)

Don'tcha get it... it can't be seen by the public.

(ALLIE searching I-pad screen for the right setting)

Let me see... ah... here we go... I'll fix it...

SAM, ELLA

**ALLIE** 

No, no, no, don't...

Privacy settings are...

(ALLIE clicks the I-pad screen)

ALLIF

...off! Ladies and Gentlemen - we are oh-fficiallyyy live!

SAM

(broken - leans in the corner nearest the dining table, he faces the wall, head in hands)

I really don't feel well. Think I'm gonna be sick.

ELLA

(sad)

Oh, Sam...

(ALLIE is concentrating on the I-pad, expectantly)

(a long pause)

(JACKIE Z creeps down the stairs, back toward the dining table, wary of Sam)

(ALLIE, eyes start to light up - with building enthusiasm)

Huh? Oh, look. One view.

```
(beat)
      (ELLA joins ALLIE viewing the I-pad)
                                 ELLA
Six views.
      (beat)
      (JACKIE Z joins ALLIE & ELLA viewing the I-pad screen)
                                  SAM
      (SAM turns to the group, looks up)
Huh?
                               JACKIE Z
Nineteen views! Look, someone just posted a comment.
      (beat)
Love the bras, really love the farts!
      (JACKIE Z bows)
See...
                                  SAM
      (SAM, perking up - runs to have a look at the I-pad screen)
Go to our website. See if we have any sales.
      (ALLIE clicks some more keys on the I-pad)
                                 ALLIE
Whoa... Twelve sales!
      (beat)
                                 ELLA
Thirty-four!!
      (beat)
                               JACKIE Z
Sixty-one!!!
```

#### ELLA

At this rate, in a week's time, we'll have sold...

(ELLA is doing the math in her head) ... over fifty-thousand bras.

SAM ELLA ALLIE
Fifty thousand, Fantastic! We did it!
Un-believable! Just amazing! Fifty thousand!

(JACKIE Z is strutting and dancing, chanting "we did it, we did it...")

(SAM, ELLA, ALLIE, and JACKIE Z, all joyously hugging, high fiving, etc...)

## **SAM**

Hold it.

El, did you just say "over fifty-thousand bras?"

(ELLA nods her head 'yes') (SAM, ELLA, ALLIE, JACKIE all frozen in place) (music starts)



shot from sliders area

## **SAM**

People, we've got work to do!

(to Allie)

Allie, call L & L - we're gonna need at least five thousand more bras.

#### **ALLIE**

(ALLIE goes to sofa, sits, grabs the phone and gets busy) I'm on it, boss!

## **SAM**

(to Ella)

El, you know the drill - we're gonna need pictures, artwork, graphics, start making a list, whatever you need, you got it.

(ELLA starts unpacking her art supplies)

(to Jackie Z)

Jackie, you're the public face of the pumpkin spiced bra-tte!

## JACKIE Z

I am?

SAM

Absolutely. And it's all about Hollywood glamour...

**ELLA** 

...not to mention, farting.

(SAM gives ELLA a look)

(ELLA shrugs, meekly)

Jackie, from now on, you're only wearing Gucci, Versaci, the works. See what you can find online, cheap.

(JACKIE Z gives SAM a big kiss on each cheek)

JACKIE Z

Oui, mon capitan!

(JACKIE Z goes to the I-pad, searching online)

**SAM** 

(SAM takes out cell phone - walks to the 'wall of achievements') Meanwhile,

(SAM points into the distance)

I'm gonna pitch Vixen's again.

(SAM looks upward)

El, how does this sound.

(SAM starts pacing and talking to himself)

I'd like to introduce myself. No... I'd like to introduce you to a brand new... no...

# song 9: Finale Reprise It's Time For Sam 'n' Ella's Ad Agency To Be Reborn

**ALLIE** 

IT'S THE PERFECT TIME

(ALLIE gets latte cup, then joins Sam at 'wall of achievements')

## JACKIE Z

## **OUR MOMENT IN TIME**

(JACKIE Z gets latte cup, then joins Sam at 'wall of achievements')

**ELLA** 

RIGHT HERE AND NOW, IT'S THE TIME

(ELLA gets *two* latte cups, then joins Sam at 'wall of achievements')

**SAM** 

Yes!!! IT'S THE VER - - Y BEST TIME

(ELLA hands one latte cup to SAM)

SAM, ELLA, ALLIE, JACKIE Z

THIS IS OUR TIME OUR TIME NOW'S THE TIME FOR SAM AND ELLA'S

SAM & ELLA

AD AGENCY

**ALLIE & JACKIE** 

AD AGENCY, AD AGENCY

SAM, ELLA, ALLIE, JACKIE Z

TO BE REBORN - REBORN

TO BE REBORN

(SAM, ELLA, ALLIE, JACKIE Z all hold up latte cups in a toast)

THE END