

PUMPKIN SPICED MUSICAL

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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.

ELLA 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...

(we hear SAM playing the electric keyboard - poorly - maybe Take Me Out To The Ballgame in C with the auto-chords/rhythms playing in B)

(camera slowly pans around the 'wall of achievement' - 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 the electric keyboard)

ELLA

STOP IT!!! I can't stand it anymore!

(ELLA picks SAM'S hands off the keyboard - auto-rhythms keep playing)

You don't even know how to play this damn thing!

(ELLA pulls the electric plug on the keyboard)

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

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.

SAM

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. (*could be a brief flashback here) 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

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! Let me see it again.

ELLA

You just saw it an hour ago.

SAM

I wanna see it fresh. Hand me the i-pad (or bring it up on your screen.)

(SAM takes the i-pad - 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 is mildly revolted)

ELLA

Agh. Turn it off!

(SAM hits 'space bar' and 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 rent. 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)

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 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 goes to SAM, 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)

(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)

Quick. Straighten up that desk... and put your glasses on... look smart...

(ELLA gives SAM a stern look)

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

(SAM goes off-camera to answer the door - we see ELLA looking busy, pretending to draw)

(ALLIE walks in, wearing a light coat, carrying cups of lattes in a tray, mail is between her teeth)

(SAM is behind her, dejected)

SAM

(SAM sighs)
It's just Allie.

ALLIE
(ALLIE spits out mail onto the desk)
(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 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 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.

(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 takes another sip of his latte - then a bigger, longer sip)

I guess it's not too bad.

(pensively)

You know... I bet if *we* had something like this we could get in front of the public, *we* could sell it - big time - make a frickin' fortune...

ELLA

(sarcastic)

...and finally start paying the rent.

ALLIE

... and the intern?

ELLA

Don't push it.

(ALLIE pouts)

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)

The fragrance... the 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)

(Allie is in the foreground - SAM and ELLA are in the background)

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... huge... and it's so simple...

(SAM to ALLIE)

Kid, you're a genius...

ELLA

Huh?

(music does NOT stop)

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

TO BE REBORN
REBORN
TO BE REBORN

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 - pointing up to the sky)

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

(hesitant)

Well... what?

ALLIE

I might be interested.

SAM

Yuh see? Allie here would buy one.

ELLA

(sarcastically)

Shocking...

but, what makes you think anyone else will?

SAM

It's all in the sales pitch. You, more than anyone else, know that. We just have to brainstorm it a bit.

(music starts)

SAM

I can see it. Introducing the Pumpkin Spiced Bra-tte.

ALLIE

(excitedly)

The Pumpkin Spiced Bra-tte!

SAM

El. You in, or not?

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 lifts her bra gesture, and exclaims...)

ALLIE

...bra-tte!

SAM

Now come on, let's do this!

song 2: We Can Do This

SAM

(SAM is leading ELLA to her desk/chair)

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)
(sung in a soft voice)
BOY, IF LOOKS COULD KILL

(SAM backs away from ELLA, and is leading ALLIE to her desk)

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 BRAZIER
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...

ELLA
WE CAN'T DO THIS

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
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
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 talking at each other)

ELLA

ALLIE

Don't even try to convince me...

You gotta have some faith...

SAM

TELL ME YOU KNOW WE CAN 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!"

(SAM is standing, hunched over laptop - ALLIE is seated at her desk,
on the phone)

(ELLA is at her desk, sketching on a pad)

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, embarrassed)

"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? Helloooooo?
(angry)
Damn it, she hung up."

ELLA
(overlapping Sam saying, "...she hung up.")
"STOP!!!
(SAM and ALLIE freeze)
Guys. Come here.
(SAM and ALLIE go to ELLA)
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, which will be seen)

SAM & ALLIE
(softly)
"Wow."

SAM
"I can sell this!"

ALLIE
"I love this!"

SAM, ELLA, ALLIE
"We can do this!"

SAM
TRUST ME, I KNOW WE CAN DO THIS

(ELLA & ALLIE talking at each other)

ELLA
This is the last time I'm gonna...

ALLIE
Pesimistic, so damn pesimistic...

SAM
TELL ME YOU KNOW WE CAN DO THIS

(ELLA & ALLIE talking at SAM)

ELLA
Have I ever been wrong...

ALLIE
I know I'm right about this...

SAM
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!"

(ELLA opening mail at her desk - 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 bows or curtseys)

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 eviction notice)

El? What's wrong, hon?

(ELLA grimly hands the eviction notice to SAM)

Evicted??? They can't do that! So we're a little behind on the rent.

ELLA

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

SAM

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

ALLIE

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

(SAM skeptically gives ALLIE the eviction notice)

(ALLIE reading)

By order of the Court of Landlords and Tenants, 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 the downstairs)

that's the landlord, 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, by order of local, state, and federal law.

SAM

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

ELLA

(sighs)
Oh boy...

SAM

What?

ELLA

I just didn't want to worry you.
(ELLA pulls out envelopes from desk drawer - looking at the envelopes - counting them)
One, two, yeah, there's three here.

SAM

(throws eviction notice in the air)
(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 twenty years...

ELLA

(looking up lovingly at SAM)

Twenty-three.

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

(sniffing)

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!

(ELLA 'looks busy' drawing. SAM 'looks busy' working at his computer. ALLIE straightens her clothes to look nice for the 'client',

then goes to answer the door off camera. ALLIE returns carrying the delivered box of bras)

ALLIE

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

(looks at address label on box)

to The Sam 'n' Ella Ad Agency... Rush same-day delivery. Attention: Charity Department

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 picks up Victoria's Secret catalogue from ALLIE'S desk or space, and shows a page of a lady in lingerie)

ALLIE

(ALLIE grabs the catalogue back)

Hey! That's private.

SAM

The point is, women want to look good for men. And visa versa.

(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 eviction notice)

...an eviction. We're out in seven days.

SAM

(SAM takes the eviction notice from ELLA - puts it in his pocket)

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

They must have 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. Somebody blew the circuit breaker... again. Now let's get back to work. First things first. Thought circle.

(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!' (possible flash-back cutaway)

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

Oh God, not again.

ELLA

Everyday, like clockwork.

ALLIE

What's going on?

SAM

New neighbor. Never met him, but I already don't like him.

ALLIE

What's he doing up there? Sounds like a party.

SAM

I don't care *what* he's doing, this is every day, and 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 and feet stamping 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 shouting up to the ceiling)

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

(doorbell rings or door knock)

(ALLIE goes to open the door off camera.)

(SAM gets the broom back and again starts banging on the ceiling)

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

(disco music abruptly stops)

JACKIE Z

... and you'll what?

(SAM in stunned silence, looking at JACKIE Z in her leotard)

ELLA

(extending hand to JACKIE Z)

You must be our new neighbor. I'm Ella.

(ELLA gestures to ALLIE)

You just met Allie.

(ELLA tilts head to SAM)

And this is my husband Sam. Sam, say hi to our new neighbor.

(SAM is silent and still)

(ELLA whacks SAM on the arm)

Sam!

SAM

(stuttering)

Nice to me you. Uh...

JACKIE Z

Jackie.

(JACKIE Z slips past SAM and lets herself into Sam & Ella's apartment - looks at the 'wall of achievements' postings, studying them)

ALLIE

(ALLIE does a double and triple take looking at JACKIE Z)

(to SAM and ELLA)

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

(to JACKIE Z)

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

JACKIE Z

(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) JACKIEEEE ZEEEEEEEE!!!

ALLIE

See! Told yuh - watched it every day!

(thinking)

Until you quit the show, right?

SAM

Actually, 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.

Do you want to tell her, or should I.

JACKIE Z

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

(JACKIE Z 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 ad-lib... totally improvised.

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

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...

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
ADMIRERD
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! Then, the worst thing happened - the *network* got involved, and that's when it all went to hell - they *demand*ed 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')

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.

ALLIE

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,' 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

(realization - eyes widening)

Oh... no...

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 great 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)

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? Stripping?

JACKIE Z

(laughs)

No, no stripping... thank God. Some of them are over eighty. I'm lucky if I can 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.

(SAM looking very pensive)

(music starts here)

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...

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 starts walking to the kitchen)
I think we have some rocky road."

ALLIE
(to ELLA)
"Ooh, I'll have some, too."

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

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

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'd say"

SAM
FATE - PURE AND SIMPLE - UNADULTERATED

SAM, ELLA, ALLIE, JACKIE Z
FATE

VOICE OFF-CAMERA - SENIOR CITIZEN
"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
WE DIDN'T MEET HERE BY CHANCE - IT WAS FATE

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

ALLIE

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

JACKIE, CAN *YOU* FEEL IT?

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

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

JACKIE Z

FATE - "A bra?:

ELLA

(sarcastic)

"pumpkin spiced"

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)

Ladies, I quit, you're on your own - hold on, I gotta go change"

(JACKIE Z exits - 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'

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)
IT WAS FATE, FATE, FATE, FATE, FATE, FATE, FATE, IT WAS
FATE, IT WAS FATE, IT WAS FATE, IT WAS FATE, IT WAS
FATE - OUR DESTINIES CAN NOT WAIT
FATE
FATE

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.
(holds up cell phone)
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, meet us here tomorrow - 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)
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

(SAM claps his hands twice)
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)
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.

SAM

(with lots of energy and determination)

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

(SAM is deflated - takes the eviction notice out of his pocket - unfolds it - looks at it - tosses it to the floor)

SAM

Then it's over. Everything I worked my entire life for... everything *we* worked for... gone. Forever.

ALLIE

(ALLIE goes to SAM - perky and loud in contrast to SAM)

That's not true. If yuh had to, you could start again - start fresh - a brand new ad agency - you did it before, I betcha you could do it again.

SAM

Start again? At this point in our lives? No. No. Not gonna happen.

This *has* to work. It just has to.

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

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

"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, stern look - beat)

SAM

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

ELLA

"I do"

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... 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 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 exit)

(lights out)

(upbeat music plays)

END SCENE I

SCENE 2

Day 2 - morning

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

SAM, ELLA, & ALLIE are in the agency office - all are asleep and in various states of disarray - all are extremely hungover

(JACKIE Z enters)

JACKIE Z

(big voice)

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

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

IT'S NINE A.M. ON THE DOT

ELLA

Nine a.m.? Can't be

JACKIE Z

LET'S GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD

SAM

Shhhh. It's the middle of the night

JACKIE Z

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 eviction notice - 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?

IT'S NINE A.M. ON THE DOT

ALLIE

(yawns)

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

JACKIE Z

LET'S GET YOUR

(JACKIE Z slaps her own behind)

IN GEAR

(ALLIE snoring)

ALLIE, WAKE UP

ALLIE

WHAT?

JACKIE Z

"This is ridiculous. Guys, this has been a blast, but 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)

SAM

(SAM 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

Hey!

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. Just use your imagination...

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? What just happened here?"

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
To thee? The bra's gonna bring *thee*, I mean *her*, love and joy? Does that
make any sense?
(ALLIE & JACKIE Z think, then shake heads 'no')

SAM
Look. Commercials don't have to make sense. They have to sell. Period.
(SAM holds up or points to the 'bra-tte' logo that Ella drew)
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, goggles, 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 exits - gets dressed for Hollywood premiere)
(ELLA puts Jackie Z photo, goggles, canteen in place)

ELLA
(looking around)
Hmmm. 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)
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
AH, HERE COMES OUR STAR

SAM
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

WE'LL SHOW THE WORLD WHAT WE'VE GOT

ELLA

Can someone help me move this?

JACKIE Z

Does this outfit make me look fat?

ELLA

Ready!

ALLIE

Ready!

JACKIE Z

Ready!

SAM

Ready!

Lights... camera...

ALLIE

actionnnnnnnnn!!!

SAM

Hey, only I can say that

(ALLIE bows to SAM)

action!

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 love is like being alone in the desert...

(holds up canteen and goggles)

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

A cameo. Let me think.

(beat)

Got it!

(SAM hands ALLY pad and paper)

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 electric keyboard)

(ALLIE goes to the electric keyboard - turns it on - 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, blah, and then, the closer.

(ALLIE plays F on the electric keyboard)

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, over 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!

(ALLIE plays Bb on electric keyboard)
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...
(flash bulbs go off)
the fans...
(ALLIE gets an autograph)
...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
Paparazzi. They're called *paparazzi*.

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!

(ALLIE plays Bb on electric keyboard)
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)
(flash bulbs go off)
the fans...
(ALLIE gets an autograph)
...so much attention. But in my private life, it's a whole different story.
(JACKIE Z putting on goggles, picks up canteen)
Finding that special someone can be as tough as finding water in the desert.
(JACKIE Z takes a swig from the canteen)
Searching for days and days, endlessly under a blazing hot sun, no life
anywhere, only lonely cactus plants to keep you company at night,
wandering, wandering, wandering...
(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 this!

ELLA

What a crock a sh...

SAM

El!

(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. Pumpkin Spiced Bra-tte Commercial - take three. In three... two... one... action!

JACKIE Z

(JACKIE Z putting on goggles, picks up canteen)

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

(JACKIE Z takes a swig from the canteen)

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

(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.

J H J H J H JH JH JH JH JH JH JH JH

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 three. In three... two... one... action!

JACKIE Z

(JACKIE Z putting on goggles, picks up 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)

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

(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 awayyyyyyyyy

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,

(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 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 Jackie Z - Queen of the improv. 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 - talking to herself, rehearsing)

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)

SAM

(soft voice)

She's not that good.

ELLA

Shhhhh. She'll hear you.

SAM

Jackie Z - Queen of the Idiots.

JACKIE Z

What's that?

SAM

I said. Jackie Z - you're so... considerate!

(ALLIE enters 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 position next to ALLIE - notices her sunglasses)

Hey - I like those. Where are mine?

ELLA

You don't need them.

JACKIE Z

(childish whining)

But I want a pair. Every celebrity wears 'em in Hollywood!

SAM

(SAM under his breath)

Celebrities. Not washed up, pole dancing...

ELLA

(ELLA interrupts SAM - takes a pair of sunglasses off the office desk,
hands them to JACKIE Z)

...Here. Take these.

SAM

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

JACKIE Z

(JACKIE Z putting on goggles, picks up 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 takes a swig from the canteen)

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

JOHNNY O
(with pride)
Pretty cool, huh!

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

JACKIE Z
Improvising! My specialty!

(SAM rips sunglasses off of JACKIE Z's face)
Now let's try this again. 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)
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. Got it? Everyone ready? Pumpkin Spiced Bra-tte Commercial - take five. In three... two... one... action!

(ALLIE plays Bb on electric keyboard)
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, 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...uh, razzis...
(flash bulbs go off)
the fans...
(ALLIE gets an autograph)
...so much attention. But in my private life, it's a whole different story.
(JACKIE Z putting on goggles, picks up canteen)
Finding that special someone can be as *tricky*
(JACKIE Z winks at SAM)
finding a cactus in the desert.
(JACKIE Z takes a swig from the canteen)
Luckily, I have a secret weapon...
(JACKIE Z holds up packaged bra-tte)
this? This! My bra!
(takes top off of bra-tte packaging, then takes a big sniff)
The pumpkin spiced bra-tte. The only bra scented with pumpkin spice.
Ah... that's a whole latte smell right there! 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 bra in the air, then does a clumsy spin and
lands on her knees, arms out, off balance)

(ALLIE plays F on electric keyboard)
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!

JOHNNY O

(JACKIE Z takes off her sunglasses puts them on the floor, while speaking to SAM)

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!

(JACKIE Z exiting)

Tomorrow.

(singing)

NINE A.M. ON THE DOT?

Of course, nine a.m. on the dot! Rehearsal. Boy, sure had me fooled.

(JACKIE Z exits)

(SAM sits at his desk, ELLA sits at her desk, ALLIE puts her autograph pad/paper on the floor, then leans on SAM'S desk)

SAM, ELLA, ALLIE

(all 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 ALLIE a can of mixed nuts, not seen before)

ELLA

nuts?

SAM

(SAM gets up - restlessly pacing)

Hey! I got plenty of... guts. It's just...

ALLIE

just?

SAM

just that...

ALLIE

just that what?

SAM

Well, Jackie can't improvise.

ELLA

(sarcastically)

Yuh think?

ALLIE

(beat)

So... why don't we just *write* her lines?

SAM

No! (beat) I mean sure... we can write her part. But *improvising's* what made her a star...

ELLA

...and got her *fired*...

SAM

True. But you know she's gonna be upset just reading lines.

ALLIE

So?

SAM

So, she's a star.

ELLA

Was a star.

SAM

Still. She thinks he can wing it. Obviously she can't, but I wanna keep her happy.

ALLIE

(ALLIE is suddenly smart and businesslike - hands on hips)

Listen. *Happy* is good... but we've got a commercial to make. I say, let's not worry about Jackie's bruised ego - if she gets upset, she'll get over it.

ELLA

Wow. Listen to you. Miss savvy business woman. You might just run this place one day.

ALLIE

(back to optimistic joy)

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
So let's get to it.
(SAM looks at watch or clock)
Only a few hours till daybreak. Let's break it down.

EL AND ALLIE, WE NEED SOME CUE CARDS
AND A SHARPIE

(SAM holds stomach)
(ELLA and ALLIE get pad and pencil - then group together)
AND BICARBONATE
NOW QUIET DOWN, DON'T MAKE A SOUND
I NEED TO CONCENTRATE
(ELLA tiptoes to her spot and sits - ALLIE tiptoes to SAM'S desk
and sits - 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. That could work.

ALLIE
(excitedly)
Ooh, voice over!!!

(SAM, ELLA, ALLIE group together)
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

SAM
"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 his desk, grabs a pad or paper and pencil, and
sits)
(ELLA and ALLIE standing on each side of SAM)
Come on, team - we can do this!
Ideas, people... pumpkin spiced bra-tte voice over - go!

ALLIE
(gushy)
Love. It should be about love.

SAM
Love. Love it!

(SAM writes each suggestion on a pad or paper)

ELLA
But not love of the *bra*. Something more subtle.

ALLIE
...and Hollywood. Let's keep Hollywood. The lights... the glamour...

SAM
got it - go on

ALLIE

...an *elegant* movie premiere

SAM

genius! more...

ALLIE

...Jackie walks the red carpet... all eyes are on her...

SAM

Yes! Perfect! But something's missing. People have to *feel* it... with their senses

ELLA

How 'bout the *sight* our star...

ALLIE

the *touch* of the adoring fans...

ELLA

the *sound* of flashbulbs lighting up the night...

SAM

Sight. Touch. Sound. Wait! What about *smell*? (beat) It's in the *smell* that wafts through the air

ALLIE

I don't like the word smell. It... smells.

ELLA

I agree. Not smell... fragrance.

SAM

Yes! Fragrance!

(music stops)

(SAM looks at his writing pad)

It's perfect. Pure genius. Allie, you go home, get some rest - tomorrow's a big day.

ALLIE

(exiting)

You got it, boss. Tomorrow. (singing it) Nine A.M. on the dot!
(ALLIE exits exuberantly, does a little twirl on the way out, very happy)
(SAM watches ALLIE exit)

SAM
Ah. To be so young. (yawns) Come on, El. Let's call it a night.
(SAM begins to exit)

ELLA
You know, hon. It's still early. Whatdoyou say we make a night of it. A little wine... a little music... a little (beat) romance?

SAM
El. You're kidding, right?
(SAM exiting)
You coming?

ELLA
Be there in a sec.
(ELLA sighs - looks around - then spots the latte cup - makes sure no one is looking - dabs a bit on her chest and quickly, exuberantly exits, imitating ALLIE'S little twirl)

(lights out)

SCENE 3 - Day Three

SAM, ELLA, ALLIE, JACKIE Z. wearing day 3 clothes
(lights on - music plays - intro to reprise of "It's Nine A.M. On The Dot")

(ALLIE putting 'Girl Genius' picture, goggles, canteen, packaged bra-tte in place, getting ready for a re-shoot of the commercial)

(JACKIE Z enters)

JACKIE Z
IT'S NINE A.M. ON THE DOT!
(looks around)
Where's the rest of the team?

ALLIE

Don't know. They're never late.

(SAM and ELLA lazily walk in, arm in arm. Sam's arm is around Ella's shoulder - whispering to each other, very lovey dovey, giggling and singing about 'spice up your life', paying no attention to ALLIE and JACKIE Z, who just stand there perplexed)
(ALLIE clears her throat - SAM and ELLA look up - trying to compose themselves, straightening their clothes)

SAM

(stammering a bit)
Well, good. You're all here.
(more composed)
Well, don't just stand there - you know what to do. We've got a commercial to make. Everyone in position - let's do this!

(ALL get into position to film the commercial)
(up tempo music plays as all get into position)

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...

(JACKIE uses umbrella on wrist as a prop)
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... zee. Zis Hollywood premiere iz like a night in gay Paree, with zee sillouette of the Eifel 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)

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

SAM

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

(JACKIE Z does this commercial with a scowl - ALLIE is, as always, cheerful)

(ALLIE play Bb on the electric keyboard)

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 star
Touched by fans the world around
But in private, she's a lonely and loveless sight
wandering the desert, devoid of sound

She knows she must take control
To make love come her way
With the pumpkin spiced bra-tte
Love is just one scent away

(ALLIE plays F on the electric keyboard)

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

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

Jackie, we're gonna need joy. 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 to JACKIE Z - puts arm around her shoulder)

Trust me. I've been doing this for a long, long time. All I need from you is joy. A smile. Eyes bright. Maybe some subtle hand and body gestures showing happiness, joy, love. 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

(very absolute)

No lines. No improvising. Follow the script. Now let's do this. I've *got* the jingles - let's pick it up from the voice-over. In three... two... one... action!

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

SAM/VOICEOVER

A former child star

Touched by fans the world around

But in private, she's a lonely and loveless sight
wandering the human desert, devoid of sound

She knows she must take control

To make love come her way

With the pumpkin spiced bra-tte

Love is just one scent away

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

SAM

CUT, CUT, CUT!!!

(SAM takes ELLA and walks to the side)

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 - one on one. Just go away for a minute.

(SAM puts his hands up in defeat - exits)

(ELLA goes to her desk and sits - then signals JACKIE Z to sit with her)

ELLA

Jackie. Have a seat.

(JACKIE Z sits)

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 warming up)

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. And since Sam *is* the director...

JACKIE Z

(JACKIE Z is resigned)
...it's got to be done *his* way. I get it.

ELLA

I know you do, honey. So... 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.

(JACKIE Z exits - SAM enters, goes to talk to ELLA)

(SAM and ELLA converse)

SAM

(too loudly)
So... did you tell her we all think she stinks?
(JACKIE Z overhears this, pokes her head out and reacts with a WTF expression - JACKIE Z continues to listen in and react)

ELLA

I told her *you* think she stinks.

SAM

But *you* think she stinks, too. Right?

ELLA

Yeah. She's pretty awful. (beat) She's *really* awful.

(JACKIE Z, listening, getting more and more agitated, then has a realization, remembering the jar of peanuts on ELLA's desk - then stealthily grabs the jar of peanuts and disappears)

SAM

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

ELLA

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 hall, frenetically shoveling handfuls of peanuts into her mouth from the jar)

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, in the hall, tipping the jar into her mouth, finishing the peanuts)

(SAM, ELLA, ALLIE, get in place - getting ready for the final commercial shoot)

JACKIE Z

Sorry guys.

(JACKIE Z wiping his mouth)

Bathroom break. I'm ready to go.

(ALL in position to shoot the commercial)

SAM

O.K. Everyone ready? In three... two... one... action!

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

(ALLIE plays Bb on the electric keyboard)
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 star
Touched by fans the world around
But in private, she's a lonely and loveless sight
wandering the desert, devoid of sound

She knows she must take control
To make love come her way
With the pumpkin spiced bra-tte
Love is just one scent away

(ALLIE play F on the electric keyboard)

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

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 - - let's hit TGIF - first drink is on me!!!

(SAM puts his cell/video camera on desk and exits - ELLA, ALLIE exiting - JACKIE Z stays behind)

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 him we all think he stinks?

(JACKIE Z lets out a small fart)

I better move fast

(JACKIE Z looks for Sam's cell phone - finds it - looking at buttons - squinting - reading the buttons)

stop.

(lets out small fart)

play.

(lets out small fart)

ah... record!

(JACKIE Z turns it on - sits at the electric keyboard - holds the cell up for a 'selfie' video - JACKIE Z plays with one hand octave G-G-G - then stands, hunches over with cell pointed at her rear - and lets go with a loud, long fart - then, triumphantly puts the cell camera down - takes a big sniff - is revolted, covering her mouth - then runs out, exiting)

(lights out)

SCENE 4 - Day four

(SAM, ELLA, ALLIE in Day 4 clothes)

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

(ELLA is packing up her art supplies. ALLIE is taking the 'wall of achievements' down and packing.)

(SAM has his head buried in his I-pad or I-phone)

ELLA

Sam. You just gotta cheer up.

(ELLA turns on the electric keyboard and turns on an auto-chord-rhythm)

Here. Play us a song.

ALLIE

(bright and cheery)

A fun song to make the packing go quicker.

(SAM, in a deep funk, pulls the plug on the electric keyboard)

(ELLA and ALLIE continue packing)

(suddenly, we hear bass-thumping disco music)

(SAM, 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.

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 or I-phone)

Sure. Whatever. Gotta make money somehow.

(doorbell rings or door knock)

(ELLA opens the door off camera)

(We see ALLIE continuing to pack)

(JACKIE Z standing in doorway, wearing pole dancing leotard - 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 sees SAM)

Why's he so glum. Aw... gonna miss this old dump?

ELLA

We're evicted. No home. Plus, the ad agency is finished. In bankruptsy. All those lawyers, debt collectors, it just destroyed him. And the commercial... I'm telling you, Allie - he's obsessed. It's been over *three* months since we posted that damn commercial, and he keeps looking and looking, waiting and waiting.

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 cell phone screen)

Days, weeks, months go by with no views... no comments... I'm tellin' yuh, something's just not right here.

ALLIE

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

(SAM hands ALLIE his cell)

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.

ALLIE

(ALLIE hands ELLA the phone)

Here. But let me have it back when you're finished. I think I may see the problem.

(ELLA has the I-pad/I-phone - holding it up for all to see and hear)
(ELLA presses 'enter')
(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...)
(ELLA slowly hands the i-pad/I-phone back to ALLIE)
(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 can't. It's just buffering!

(SAM menacingly approaches JACKIE Z - ALLIE remains staring at the cell screen)

SAM

(SAM is only focused on JACKIE Z)
(crescendoing)
Are you kidding me? The same effin' thing you did as a kid, you do it again?
You ruined me! My business... my reputation... you sick...

JACKIE Z

Sam, I'm sorry. Really, I am. How about a free 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 gesture for JACKIE to leave)

JACKIE Z

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

(JACKIE Z grabs quickly hugs ELLA and ALLIE, then runs out)

SAM

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

ELLA

Sam??

ALLIE

It won't shut off. Just keeps looping.

SAM

...vile...

ELLA

Sam???

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)

ALLIE

WHOOAAAAAAA, GUYS, TIME OUT!!!

(we still hear the farting SFX)

(beat)

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

(farting SFX stops)

(SAM, ELLA all 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's. not. public.

(ALLIE searching cell screen for the right setting)

Ah... here we go... I'll fix it...

SAM, ELLA, JACKIE Z

ALLIE

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

Privacy settings are...

(ALLIE clicks the cell screen)

ALLIE

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

SAM

(broken - walking away to 'backstage')

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

ELLA

(sad)

Oh, Sam...

(ALLIE is concentrating on the I-phone/I-pad, expectantly)
(a long pause)
(JACKIE Z creeps into the apartment, wary of Sam)
(ALLIE, eyes start to light up - with building enthusiasm)
Huh? Look. One view.

(beat)
(ELLA joins ALLIE viewing the I-phone/I-pad)

ELLA

Six views.

(beat)
(JACKIE Z joins ALLIE & ELLA viewing the I-phone/I-pad screen)

SAM

(SAM looks up)
Huh?

JACKIE Z

Nineteen views!

SAM
(SAM, perking up - runs to have a look at the I-phone/I-pad screen)
Really? Go to our website. See if we have any sales.

(ALLIE clicks some more keys on the cell)

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

Fifty thousand,

Un-believable!

ELLA

Fantastic!

Just amazing!

ALLIE

We did it!

Fifty thousand!

(JACKIE Z is strutting around, proud)

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

SAM

Hold it.

(music stops)

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

(ELLA nods her head 'yes')

(SAM, ELLA, ALLIE, JACKIE all frozen in place)

(music starts)

SAM

People, we've got work to do! Allie, call L & L - tell 'em we're gonna need at least five thousand more bras, assorted sizes - and trust me, we're not a charity any more.

ALLIE

(ALLIE gets busy on her cell)

I'm on it, boss!

SAM

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

(ELLA starts making a list)

(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 glamour - Hollywood glamour. No more wearing those... those... shmatahs. From now on, Gucci, Versaci, the works. See what you can find online. At a discount, of course.

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

JACKIE Z

Tres magnifique, mon capitan!

(JACKIE Z goes to the computer - searching online)

SAM

Meanwhile,

(SAM points into the distance)

I'm gonna pitch Vixen's... in person, this time.

(SAM looks upward)

El, how does this sound.

(SAM starts pacing and talking to himself)

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

song 9: short reprise: It's Time For Sam 'n' Ella's Ad Agency To Be Reborn

ALLIE

IT'S THE PERFECT TIME

JACKIE Z

OUR MOMENT IN TIME

ELLA

RIGHT HERE AND NOW, IT'S THE TIME

SAM

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

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

THE END