

NINA

Written by

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SHOOTING SCRIPT

Blue Pages 8-14-17
Pink Pages 8-15-17
Yellow Pages 8-21-17

1 INT/EXT. BAR LUBITSCH - PATIO - NIGHT 1 *

CLOSE UP of a burning cigarette in a woman's hand, pacing up and down as she finishes her smoke. *

She takes one last drag (we are behind her this whole intro) and flicks the butt, as she walks past the line of people still waiting to get in, slaps hands with the BOUNCER, who swiftly removes the rope and lets her in. *

Inside the club. *

Dark, red and sexy, the place is buzzing with just the right amount of people to give it excitement. Nina nods to the BARTENDER, who nods back. She makes her way through the crowd, towards the snaky hallway, past a couple making out, someone on the phone, a woman bumps into her as she leaves the bathroom... *

And into the backspace at the comedy club, where a COMEDIAN does his thing on stage. Our girl bumps fists with CARMELA, the bartender, and grabs the set list on the bar. Checks it out. Takes off her jacket. Gets a feel for the room. Heads backstage.

We follow her through the dark hallway all the way to the curtain separating the stage from the back. A couple of COMEDIANS hang out there, watching the guy on stage. Nina nods to them, acknowledging.

The guy on stage finishes. Comes backstage. The HOST goes out. Nina musses her hair a bit. Circles her head. Jumps on the spot, like a funny prizefighter. *

HOST (O.S.)
Please help me welcome one funny Jew, Ninaaaaaaaa Geeeeld! *

A1 INT. BAR LUBITSCH - STAGE - NIGHT A1

NINA, the same age Jesus was when he died, takes the stage to applause. Grabs the mic.

NINA
HELLOOOOOO!

Cozy club. Discerning audience. Big smile on Nina.

NINA (CONT'D)
How is everyone doing tonight?

Nina is smart, in command of herself, self-assured. Or at least she appears to be.

NINA (CONT'D)
(still welcoming)
Ladies...

Ladies cheer. Nina peers out into the audience.

NINA (CONT'D)
Gentlemen???
(tiny applause)
Just a few of you.

Clocks a GUY in the first row with his arms crossed across his chest. She imitates him, grumpy.

NINA (CONT'D)
"HMPH. What kind of *bullshit* is this gonna be now? A *girl* comic. Why is it always *our* fault? What did we do this time? Why do I wanna fuck her?"
(getting in their face)
Because you always wanna FUCK HER. That's why. It's incredible all the things us women could be getting done if we weren't so busy defending ourselves from guys wanting to fuck us. Republicans are very aware of this.

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Beat.

NINA (CONT'D)
And think about all the amazing things men could have accomplished in history if you just didn't want to fuck us all the time. You've made an amazing break through, you're about to cure cancer but ARGH! You just wanna fuck your lab assistant!
(she humps the stool)
Always that damn sex drive getting you! This stool feels *good*. Imma keep fucking it.

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She enjoys having the audiences' attention, as she walks away from the stool.

NINA (CONT'D)
That's really the problem: you wanna fuck all the time.
(eyes the man in front)
Yeah, you.
(MORE)

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NINA (CONT'D)

You know why we haven't found the
cure for cancer? Because of the
fucking lab assistants.

(back at the stool, humps
it)

Peace between Israel and Syria anor
Israel and Saudi Arabia or Iran of
whomever the fuck? We could have
done it. A long time ago. But a
bunch of dudes just *had* to fuck
that really hot Israeli translator.
Had to fuck her.

Nina makes eye contact with another guy in the front row.

NINA (CONT'D)

Remember that time you were
supposed to help your neighbor
Jamie study for her AP biology test
but you fucked her instead and she
failed the test and instead of
graduating, getting her doctorate
and solving the energy crisis she
lives at home now and manages a
Lids? That's on you and your dumb,
dumb dick.

She shakes her head, disappointed.

NINA (CONT'D)

You always just want to fuck her.
You could arrest her. Or you could
fuck her. Vote for her. Or you
could just fuck her. These women -
always getting in the way of your
dick...

(beat)

It's OK. You wanna fuck me.

A whoop from the audience. She locks eyes with the guy.

NINA (CONT'D)

I get it. I wanna fuck me. And if I
were you I'd definitely wanna fuck
me. For a comedian, I'm pretty hot.
It's all about expectations, right?
You come here thinking you're gonna
see Louie CK but instead it's me.

She does the "thumbs up" gesture. Some people complain.

NINA (CONT'D)

No, it's OK. He apparently locks women in hotel rooms and makes them look at his dick, so he gets it, believe me. Plus, I'd totally fuck him.

(whispers an aside)

Actually, I *did* fuck him.

(beat)

At least, I *think* that was him. He had red hair.

Humps the stool again. Then again, slowly.

NINA (CONT'D)

Men are sloooow. I'm gonna say it again for those of you still stuck on my tits-

(eye contact with the guy)

I remember this guy I "dated" in college for a while who turned out to be a virgin. I shoulda known cause his clothes smelled like Tide. And also he kept telling me he was a virgin. But it just didn't occur to me that he could be a virgin in college cause I lost my virginity at like, 12, you know?

(laughter)

When *that* happens it's actually called "rape", just so you know. But it's easier to say I lost my virginity.

(laughter)

Anyway, we were doing it and I was feeling porny, so I turned over and put my ass in the air.

(bending over)

You know, doggy style. I was like... Here's my amazing pussy. In your face.

(rubs mic on pussy)

It was WAY after Snoop's album, which is when white people found out about doggie style. Anyway, he just stood there looking at me and he goes "what are you doing?" Just like you guys are.

Audience is having a good time.

NINA (CONT'D)

"What are you *doing*?" Oh, I was just looking for a quarter...

(MORE)

NINA (CONT'D)

Talk about having no game! Honey,
if you gotta ask...

(beat)

And yet, I was so embarrassed. It's
sad how embarrassed women are by
what we like. Now I would have just
been like: "FUCK ME. LIKE A DOG.
WHITE BOY. Reach around with your
hand - and stroke my pussy. Kiss
the back of my neck. Slap my ass
and pull my hair--" You get the
drift.

(laughing)

Women should be direct about what
they want. Ladies, ask for what you
want! Not just with sex. Always. I
realize it can take a minute to
figure out what you like. But
really, we all have some idea in
our heads. You've been masturbating
for a while so you know what gets
you off.

(eyeing a sweet young woman
in the audience)

Like, do you want to be made love
to under the moonlight slowly by
Ryan Gosling while the song from
GHOST plays? Or... is it a little
darker? Like... you're tied up in a
dungeon listening to Insane Clown
Possy while Bill O'Reilly rams you
from behind?

She waits for the disgusted laughter to die down.

NINA (CONT'D)

What? No judgment! He's a juggalo.
The whole point of *that* type of
fantasy is the guy has to be kinda
nasty, you know? A bad dude. A
dictator. Like, I don't want Obama
tying me up and fucking me against
my wishes.

(thinks about it)

Well, actually yeah. I do. I do.

More laughter. She waves bye.

NINA (CONT'D)

Thank you. Good night!

2 INT. BAR LUBITSCH - BACK STAGE - NIGHT 2

Nina comes off the stage and throws up on the floor.
Not just a cute indigestion throw up, but a huge hurl.
Other COMEDIANS walk by and palm her back approvingly.
She nods, grateful, saliva dribbling from her mouth.

HOST
Yum, corn!

3 OMITTED 3

4 INT. BAR LUBITSCH - BAR - NIGHT 4

Nina makes her way to the back of the club, leans over the bar and gives CARMELA, the bartender, a kiss.

CARMELA
Dude. Don't fucking kiss me after
you puke. It's gross.

Nina reaches under the bar and grabs a small bottle of Listerine. Swigs. Spits in a glass Carmela hands her.

CARMELA (CONT'D)
Jack and ginger?

NINA
(slapping a \$20 down)
You know it.

She turns towards the stage where the next comic, MIKE, your every-day white-guy nightmare, is being welcomed by the host.

MIKE
(taking the mic)
Thanks, I'm Mike! Lets give another
round of applause to the foxy
Ninaaaaaaa Geld!

*

The audience claps.

MIKE (CONT'D)
God, I wanna fuck her!
(audience laughter)
I'd let Nina tie me up and fuck me
in a dungeon any day! But only if
Phil Collins was playing.
(audience laughs)
(MORE)

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*

MIKE (CONT'D)

I wanna fuck every woman that hates me though!

Nina gives Mike the finger. Leans back on the bar and listens to his act.

MIKE (CONT'D)

And just like Nina, I'm also a firm believer of women asking for what they want - usually money, lets be honest. And men should ask for what they want as well!

(men clapping)

I usually want sex. And my girlfriend just wants to sleep.

Audience laughs. Nina rolls her eyes and turns to Carmela, who agrees with her.

CARMELA

(apologetic)

People love him.

NINA

That's depressing.

CARMELA

Agreed. If I went up there and said I want money and my boyfriend wants sex, I'd be booted.

They turn to Mike, who is wrapping up his routine.

MIKE (O.S.)

Who's been to an airport lately?

Laughter, as Mike gets off stage, happily walks through the crowd and towards the bar, where Nina fresh drink in hand, clocks him.

NINA

Mike. Can you go on stage one time without tagging my bits?

MIKE

When are you gonna fuck me?

NINA

Lose some weight, you fat fuck. Look at yourself.

MIKE

So if I lose weight you'll fuck me?

NINA

(imitating him)

"If I lose weight you'll fuck me?"
Ugh. You sound so hopeful.

MIKE

I don't sound like that. So I guess
you're just being a bitch?

NINA

Even if you were as skinny as
Matthew McConaughey with AIDS, I
still wouldn't fuck you. You could
be as ripped as Channing fucking
Tatum, and I wouldn't come near
your chubby little cock, Mike. You--

MIKE

(interrupting)

OK. I get it. It's me.

NINA

(downing her shot)

You know *why* I will never fuck you?

MIKE

Is it because you think I'm fat?

NINA

Because there isn't one original
bone in your body. Every instinct
you've ever had on stage - if any -
has already been had and discarded
by Dane Cook. Years ago.

Mike can't take his eyes off Nina.

NINA (CONT'D)

You need to go find some Jersey
meatball who'll Facebook about all
your shows and who won't care that
you only last two minutes because
she's never known any better.
That's where you belong, Mike.

(doe a setting the bar
gesture)

Don't kid yourself.

MIKE

You make me SO FUCKING HARD.

NINA

(smirking)

Have fun jacking off to me tonight.

She throws him a kiss as she leaves. Mike grabs his heart.

6 INT. BAR LUBITSCH - FRONT BAR - NIGHT

6

Nina walks past a small group of hellish yuppies standing by the front door, trying to decide their next move. White jeans, loafers, pastels, etc.

Nina backtracks, scans them and elbows one of them.

NINA

Hey, wanna get me a drink?

CY looks her up and down. Good-looking, in an asshole kind of way. Cap on backwards. Young enough to believe Nina might actually be into him.

CY

You're forward...

NINA

You make more than me, so it's only fair.

CY

(he's game)

Yeah? What do you do?

NINA

I'm a comedian.

CY

Yeah, right. I don't believe you.

NINA

Didn't you see me up there?

CY

Nah. We're here to see a guy named Mike. He's supposed to be hilarious.

Right.

CY (CONT'D)

Tell me a joke.

NINA

No.

(let me guess)

You're in finance, right?

She motions with her head towards the door. Cy makes a helpless sign to his friends and goes after her.

A6 EXT. NINA'S WEST VILLAGE APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT A6

Nina and Cy walk into the building.

7 INT. NINA'S APARTMENT - STAIRS - NIGHT 7

Cy follows Nina up the rickety stairs, carrying a six pack and drinking a Red Bull.

CY

So entry level is only 63k but you can make as much as 13k in bonuses-- you're not supposed to tell other people how much you make but really all everyone care about is GC. That means gross credit if you didn't know that.

8 INT. NINA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 8

Nina opens the front door and is surprised to see the lights on, a hint of music, smell of food.

CY (O.S.)

Then there's commissions, stock options if you're lucky --

Nina stops short. Takes in the scene.

JOE, mid-thirties, old-school, holding a cupcake and NOT pleased to see another guy there. Kanye strains his iPhone speakers in the kitchen.

NINA

Jesus Christ, Joe. How did you get in?

He gestures to Cy with his head, eyes on Nina.

JOE

Who's this guy?

CY

(gesturing to Joe)
Who's *this* guy?

NINA
(to Joe, angrily)
It doesn't matter who he is.

Cy shifts uncomfortably, looking from Nina to Joe and back.

CY
(quietly to Nina)
I think I'm gonna, uh--

JOE
Yeah, that's a great idea.

Cy makes to leave. Nina grabs him.

NINA
No, stay.

JOE
(to Cy)
You should leave.

Nina turns toward Cy.

NINA
I want you here, Ken. I asked you
to come up and I want you to stay.

CY
It's Cy. And it looks like you
already got a Ken, so I'm gonna sit
this one out.

NINA
(annoyed)
Fine: Cy.

Joe and Cy share a look.

JOE
She'll be fine.

Nina holds onto Cy's arm, really wanting him to stay.

CY
(to Nina)
You'll be fine.

He leaves. Door slam.

NINA
Thanks a lot, asshole.

Joe approaches Nina. She backs away.

NINA (CONT'D)

Hey.

He slaps her hard. Her head hits the wall behind.

She recovers. Hits Joe wherever.

Backs away, putting her hands up for protection.

They stare at each other for a minute, eyes wild.

A8 INT. NINA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT A8

Nina goes around him to the kitchen and opens the freezer.

Joe paces up and down like a caged animal, trying to figure out where he went wrong. Explaining himself.

JOE

I took time off to come see you!
I'm making you dinner... I got you
those cupcakes you love.

Nina takes out an ice-pack and wraps it in a kitchen towel.

Puts it to her cheek, leaning into the sink.

Joe comes up and wraps his arms around her.

JOE (CONT'D)

I'm trying. I'm trying to be a nice
fucking guy.

He tries unsuccessfully to turn her around.

9 INT. NINA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT 9

Leaning against the kitchen sink, Nina faces Joe.

He looks at her, trying to read her. Then, he starts crying. Hangs onto her, sobbing. She eventually wraps her arms around him.

NINA

(trying to get through it)
Will you go down on me?

He nods, glad to be of service.

JOE

Of course I will.

Joe disappears off screen. We hear the sound of her belt being unbuckled, the motion of her pants coming off...

NINA

Fuck you, Joe. Fuck you.

10 INT. NINA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING 10

Nina lies in bed covered by the sheets.

She watches Joe put on his pants and boots.

JOE

I'll call you.

NINA

Don't.

Joe looks at Nina like she means the world to him. He kisses her and leaves.

11 INT. NINA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY 11

Nina sits in bed, cigarette burning her finger, but she doesn't seem to notice.

She grabs the bottle of Pepto-Bismol on her night table and chugs at it. Then, she lights another cigarette and heads to the living room, wearing only her underwear.

12 INT. NINA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY 12

Nina jots down a bunch of stuff in a worn notebook. Then, she stands in the middle of her living room, practicing, as if she were on stage.

NINA

(running it flat)

I hear about these nice set ups people do for one another: "Zoe, meet Kyle. He's in insurance. Zoe is a lab technician." Just doesn't work for me.

(what are you gonna do?)

The last significant relationship I had, if you can call it that, was with this guy, if you can call him that - Joe. I get a call from a friend one morning - she's been raped. That's not the funny part. That was real.

(MORE)

NINA (CONT'D)

So I go to the cops with her and it's, you know, not a warm room: old bloated white guys being like...

(heavy New York accent)

"If you don't remember nothin', how do you know you were raped?"

(jots this down)

Women's intuition?

(in New York accent)

Cause my vagina is blown to pieces?

(points at vagina)

Three hours of this "line of questioning" and they tell her she's gotta go to the Bronx to get examined. I swear if men got raped as often as women, there'd be an automatic death penalty for rapists-

Writes this down. Repeats it.

NINA (CONT'D)

If men were raped as often as we are, there'd be an automatic death penalty for rapists.

Faces imaginary audience again.

NINA (CONT'D)

Anyway, we gotta go to the Bronx and in walks... Joe. Joe, the guy I mentioned- he's gonna drive us. He's 30, wavy hair, tight T-shirt, sunglasses hanging from the back of his neck... If you've been to Long Island, you know what I'm talking about.

(aside)

And if you haven't, consider yourself lucky!

(back to it)

Still, he's a breath of fresh air at that moment. And *just* the kind of asshole I like to ride. So Joe drives us up to the Bronx and he's chatty in the car. Once he knows I'm in the business, he starts talking 'bout film and he's been an extra for Marty and he's into comedy blah blah. We get to the Bronx, he lets us out and... I kid you not. Just before I take my friend in for her rape test, he hands us his head-shot.

(MORE)

NINA (CONT'D)

Like he went to a networking seminar for sociopaths.

Nina grabs Joe's cheesy head-shot from her desk.

NINA (CONT'D)

Yeah. Here it is.

Shows it to the imaginary audience.

NINA (CONT'D)

What do I like about him? Nothing. I'm not with him because he used to make me laugh or because he was different from other guys. I'm with him because I'm a fuck-up.

(looks at the head-shot)

He's a joke. A walking stereotype. Me too. I'm a fucking idiot. So we're great together.

(disgusted with herself)

At least he's hot. Fucks me right, so who cares. And yes, he hits me. He's a cop, duh. I don't mind it. Keeps me from falling asleep during sex.

She bows.

NINA (CONT'D)

Thank you. You've been great.

Uses her cigarette to light another.

13 INT. NINA'S APARTMENT - SHOWER - DAY 13

Nina walks into the shower, cigarette in mouth, and turns on the water.

14 INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY 14

A cozy office furnished with the shrinkage basics. Dr. Streisand, 60, smart and kind, watches Nina in silence. Her cheek still looks red under the make up.

DR. STREISAND

What's going on?

Nina shakes her head no. She can't speak.

Dr. Streisand nods understanding. Gesturing to her red cheek.

DR. STREISAND (CONT'D)
 I take it Joe did that.
 (off of Nina's nod)
 And you slept with him?
 (off of Nina's nod)
 And you're hating yourself now?

Nina nods.

DR. STREISAND (CONT'D)
 He does this to you. *He* makes you
 hate yourself.

They stare at each other for a while.

15

EXT. LONG ISLAND TWO FAMILY HOME - DAY

15

Nina gets out of a cab and hesitantly walks up to the house. She looks around, as if confirming something: A suburban nightmare. Dying grass in the front lawn, children's toys scattered about, neighbors watching. This is where he lives?

Nina braces herself and rings the door bell.

A good-looking, no-nonsense woman, MERCEDES, opens the door.

MERCEDES
 (thick NY accent)
 Can I help you?

For once, Nina is tongue-tied. Mercedes looks her up and down, suspicious. Their eyes meet and they read everything about the other. Nina turns to go.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)
 Hey!
 (screaming)
 Come ovah here!

She looks at her kids inside the house and closes the door.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)
 (screaming after her)
 At least man up to it, you slut!!!

Nina walks back towards the cab.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)
 (still screaming)
 Which whore are you? The Brooklyn
 skank or the Village cunt?

On Nina: he's fucking someone else as well??? WTF.

NINA

I just wanted to make sure you
knew!

An OLD MAN walking a dog, shakes his head in disapproval at
Nina.

MERCEDES

(yelling)

I know! I *fucking* know!

Nina is about to get in the cab, but something angers her.
She walks back towards Mercedes.

NINA

(pointedly)

Maybe - you - can keep your fucking
husband in line. He keeps showing
up! And I can't stop fucking him!

(losing it)

Please. Tell him to stop coming
around. I can't take it anymore.

MERCEDES

So fucking leave.

NINA

Maybe I will.

MERCEDES

Good.

Mercedes slams the door shut on a perplexed Nina.

16

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - INTERCUT W/ CARRIE'S OFFICE - DAY

16

Nina paces up and down, cell on her ear, pretzel in hand.

NINA

Yes, I'm still holding.

(listening)

No. I don't want her to call me
back. I want her to get on the
phone as soon as she's done taking
a shit or whatever she's doing.

(beat)

Thank you.

She breaks off a piece of pretzel and crumbles it, feeding
the ducks in the pond.

NINA (CONT'D)

Here duckie duckie!

(to the ducks)

Do you guys have agents?

(on phone)

Hello? Hey Carrie!

17

INT. CARRIE'S OFFICE - INTERCUT W/ CENTRAL PARK - DAY

17

CARRIE, "has no time", paces in her office, talking quickly and popping chocolate-covered-cranberries in her mouth.

CARRIE

Please don't be rude to my assistant - I wasn't taking a shit. I was on another call. It happens. It's what I do.

NINA

Yeah, I get it. Listen, can I still audition for Comedy Prime?

Carrie rolls her eyes. She's been here before.

CARRIE

I mean... You can *audition*. But Larry would still have to see you do stand-up and he doesn't go to New York. He hates it there. *Hates* it.

NINA

Yeah. I'm moving out there.
(off of her silence)
Carrie?

CARRIE

Are you serious?

As she turns away from window, we see Carrie is heavily pregnant. She turns away from the window and walks out of the office as she talks with Nina.

NINA

Yeah. Can you book me shows in LA?

Carrie plops down on the white couch, kicks off her shoes.

CARRIE

Are you actually gonna show up? Or is it gonna be like last time when you just fucked the doorman?

NINA

Thanks for remembering that,
Carrie. No, I'm serious this time.

CARRIE

It's not gonna be easy.

NINA

I know.

CARRIE

Lots of hurdles.

NINA

Yeah.

CARRIE

Promise me you'll show up.

NINA

I promise.

CARRIE

I'm gonna try. Can't promise you
anything.

NINA

OK.

Carrie grabs a tub of Tummy Rub Butter and starts spreading
it on her itchy tummy with gusto.

CARRIE

Come up with three impersonations.
And three characters. Do it.

(clicks over to another
call)

Hello? Hi honey. He pooped three
times??? Good boy! I love him so
much.

NINA

(looks at phone)
Carrie?

A17

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

A17

Throws the rest of her pretzel to the ducks.

NINA

(to the ducks)
I'm leaning in, guys!

18 INT/EXT. DEBORA'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - EVENING

18

Nina's mom, DEBORA throws the door open and screams with delight when she sees her daughter.

DEBORA

Nina!

She's young. Must have been a baby when she had Nina. She holds onto Nina for dear life and kisses her profusely, like you would a toddler. Incessantly. Overwhelmingly.

DEBORA (CONT'D)

My baby. My baby.

Emotion overloads her and she starts to cry. The door to the apartment next door opens slowly. A red-headed woman, AMY, sticks her head out.

AMY

(whiny)

Debora? Are you okay?

NINA

We're fine.

AMY

Oh hi, Nina. Look at you. So gorgeous.

Nina struggles to make it into the house with her mother holding onto her. Amy tries to poke her head in. Nina closes the door behind her. *

19 INT. DEBORA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS - EVENING

19

Nina hugs her mom for a while.

DEBORA

If you ever have a child, you'll understand what this feels like.

Nina rolls her eyes.

NINA

Mom. I'm hungry.

The words every mother never/always wants to hear. Mom pulls back: say no more.

20 INT. DEBORA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

20

Nina sits at the dinner table at Debora's modest, artsy apartment. Debora is in the kitchen, bracing herself to come back to the dinner table. *

She does, carrying a bread basket with her and continuing her story where she left off. *

DEBORA

So she finds the key and unlocks the door and slips back into the theater, which means David is alone on the roof - and the cops come and get him! So he gets what he deserves. So then, Monica is sadly walking home when she sees the dead little old lady being loaded into an ambulance and finds out what happened. She then sees Johnny whimpering nearby, and takes him home to start their new life together.

NINA

Johnny is the dog, right?

DEBORA

Yeah. The old lady's dog. You should watch it.

NINA

(lying)

Yeah, I will. Sounds interesting.

(not lying)

This is yummy, mom. Thank you.

DEBORA

(to the dog)

You hear that, Dawn? It's yummy! No leftovers for you tonight.

Dawn, a mutt lying on the couch, doesn't seem to care.

DEBORA (CONT'D)

Oh, I put together something for your trip to LA.

NINA

You did?

Debora searches for something on her messy desk. She produces a typed-out list in a plastic cover.

DEBORA

It's a list of local plumbers.

NINA

(doubtful)

Thank you.

DEBORA

If something goes wrong with the plumbing, you know who to call. Now, I'm thinking you are *not* going to want to do this BUT -- (points next door, whispers) Amy's parents live out there. I mean... They're from New Jersey but at least they're Jewish.

NINA

I'm staying with my agent's friend.

DEBORA

So are they going to make it happen for you? Your own show on Comedy Prime?

NINA

We're trying.

DEBORA

They should hire you cause you're really funny. You want me to call them?

NINA

Yeah, call them, Mom.

DEBORA

(almost crying)

I want good things for you.

NINA

I know you do.

A20 INT. DEBORA'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT A20

Nina sits on the toilet, thumbing through an old magazine. *

Debora opens the door and walks up to Nina, holding a skirt on a hanger.

DEBORA

Hey. Do you think you would ever wear this skirt? I love it but I haven't worn it in years, so I thought maybe you'd wear it.

Nina is dismayed at the intrusion but says nothing.

NINA

I don't wear skirts, mom.

Debora looks at the skirt disappointed.

DEBORA

I got it in Paris in the 80's.

She walks out leaving the door open. Nina sighs deeply.

B20

INT. DEBORA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

B20

Nina and Debora are back at the table.

*

NINA

So what do you think, mom? Will you come visit?

DEBORA

Oh. I don't know. What would I do with Dawn?

Hurt, Nina looks at the dog. Dawn starts licking herself.

DEBORA (CONT'D)

(to the dog)

Stop it!

(to Nina)

She's menstruating.

Nina nods in minor disgust.

NINA

I don't know why you didn't have her neutered.

DEBORA

Why? For my convenience?

NINA

So she doesn't bleed all over the place, yeah.

DEBORA

It's amazing your generation. You want to be "natural" and "organic" but you know, as long as things don't get messy. God forbid an animal bleeds next to you. Bitches have periods, just like us.

NINA

I might have to tweet that.

Debora goes over to the dog, tries to get her to stop.

NINA (CONT'D)

If it's so natural, why are you trying to stop her?

Debora ignores her.

NINA (CONT'D)

Let her clean herself!

Nina takes a picture of her mom mid-dog-swat and tweets it: "Mom quote of the day: bitches have periods, just like us."

SOUND OF CLAPPING from the next scene bleeds over...

21 INT. BAR LUBITSCH - STAGE - NIGHT

21

We catch up with her mid-bit. She's in her element here. Her happy place, as corny people call it.

NINA

You know what I think is funny? Men who worry about swearing in front of women. Talking about things we won't like. That our delicate sensibilities will be offended. I know I'm not supposed to talk about my pussy on stage. But here's the thing: I bleed through my pussy every month. In fact, I'm bleeding through my pussy right now. On stage. And here's something else you probably *don't* know.

(points out a guy in the audience)

You, sir, right there. Yeah. You need to know this shit. Just before I get my period and over the first day or two, I get diarrhea.

Laughter and disgust from the audience. Carmela smirks.

NINA (CONT'D)

I'm not the only one either. This happens to a lot of women. The hormones loosen us up.

(beat)

Why isn't there an emoji for that? The red dress lady with a fistful of dirty tampons. I bet there's a German word for it! Bloodeschize? I bet in Canada the National Health Service gives you a day off for Bloodeschize.

(on the phone)

"Hello, I'm dealing with a pretty bad case of Bloodeschize."

(Canadian accent)

"Oh no, stay home. Watch some hockey and shit that blood out." Not in this country!

(pointing to a woman)

Yeah. It happens to you, right? Period-diarrhea-face.

(nodding)

Me too. When I go to the bathroom and I'm done shitting liquid while I check Facebook, I look down and it's like fucking Desert Storm in there. Blood and shit everywhere... But weirdly, no men. So go ahead and say whatever you want. I don't fucking care. Call me when *your* dick is shitting blood.

The SOUND of Nina throwing up.

22

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

22

Nina struggles to cross over 5 lanes of traffic to make her exit.

NINA

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

GPS (O.S.)

Recalculating. Take exit --
Recalculating. Turn right. Turn right? Nina. Look at me.

Nina does.

23 EXT. SILVERLAKE HILLS - EVENING 23

Nina throws the hand brake on her shitty rental, now parked on an impossibly steep hill.

She exits the car and has to brace herself against falling down hill.

Opens the trunk. Takes out her suitcase, while holding onto the car. Pulls it up hill, sweating.

24 EXT. TREE HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - EVENING 24

Nina walks up the driveway of a gorgeous house. Suddenly, the garage door opens slowly, revealing LAKE, earnest and full of meaning.

LAKE

Hi, you must be Nina. Carrie told me you were coming. I'm Lake. My pronouns are she/her.

Lake hugs her. Too long.

LAKE (CONT'D)

Come in, come in. No car? I love that. I bike myself.

She holds the door open for Nina, looking past her.

LAKE (CONT'D)

Dude. What is up with you?

Confused, Nina turns to see Lake stepping out of the garage towards the neighbor's.

LAKE (CONT'D)

Recycle, recycle, recycle! It's not that hard.

Lake walks up to the garbage cans set outside the neighbors' house and sorts out his trash correctly.

LAKE (CONT'D)

Ugh. Drives me crazy! 21.5 million tons of food waste each year.

(to Nina)

Please tell me you recycle.

Nina follows Lake into the garage and then into the house.

NINA

I RECYCLE MATERIAL?

*
*

25 INT. TREE HOUSE - EVENING

25

Bright, open-flowed and green.

NINA

Wow. Your place is gorgeous.

LAKE

Thank you! It's built around this tree and these rocks. As soon as I saw it I knew I had to live here. I used to live on the West Side but it was too... Wavy. I need trees around me. Hills. Roots. I'm water based, so I need the balance.

Nina nods like she understands. NINA: IM MORE WHISKY BASED *

LAKE (CONT'D)

Your energy feels... Tired.

NINA

I'm tired so I guess my energy is too.

Lake raises her hands slowly towards Nina.

NINA (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

LAKE

Reiki. I think you need--

NINA

A drink WOULD BE GREAT. *

LAKE

I see... a deflector.
(kindly)
It's good you're here.

Nina forces a smile.

26 INT. TREE HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - EVENING

26

Lake throws the window open revealing a glittery view of the Silverlake hills and reservoir.

LAKE

I love Carrie. Don't you love her?

NINA

Sometimes more than others.

She texts Carrie: "How could you do this to me?".

LAKE

I think I'm the only woman she ever slept with... But she was the first to read my book when it was just a manuscript. "Into The Cherry Blossoms I Go".

NINA

Oh, you're a writer?

LAKE

Yeah. My twelfth book comes out in a week! You're on Comedy Prime, right?

NINA

Just auditioning. I have to come up with material.

LAKE

So retro!

Nina gets a text from Carrie: "Go with it. She's SO talented".

NINA

Hey, listen, I just want to say thank you for putting me up.

LAKE

No problem!
(in bad Spanish)
Su caso es mi caso. But I do have a favor to ask you.

Oh no.

LAKE (CONT'D)

I organized this fund raiser thing tonight and my girlfriend's out of town. Can you help me set it up?

NINA

Oh. I need to... shave. Wax my--
Wash --

LAKE

You shave?

Can't think of something fast enough. Fuck.

27

EXT. TREE HOUSE - FIRE PIT AREA - NIGHT

27

A HIPSTER plays a sitar quietly. SMOKY, a peaceful agender, sounds a tiny bell, calling everyone to attention. The room quiets down.

SMOKY

Welcome, children. Thank you for honoring yourself by coming tonight. My name is Geronimo but you can call me Smoky.

Nina looks dismayed. What has she gotten herself into? A mishmash of hippies and yuppies in search of enlightenment, start to sit cross-legged in the middle of the living floor.

Lake motions for Nina to join the circle next to her.

NINA

What is this now?

LAKE

The circle of truth.

NINA

(pulling back)
I'm not doing this...

LAKE

No, no. You're my guest. You have to. It'll be good for you.

NINA

How would you know what's good for me?

Lake pulls her down and they both join the circle.

NINA (CONT'D)

These things aren't for everyone, you know? I don't need to sit in a circle to get to my truth. I own my truth already.

(pointing to her chest)
It's right in here, giving me heartburn.

LAKE

That's beautiful, Nina.

Nina rolls her eyes. Smoky gives them the stink eye.

LAKE (CONT'D)
(whispering to Nina)
Stay open. You can help others.

NINA
How?

LAKE
Listen. Be their witness.

Nina nods, tormented.

SMOKY
Thank you for allowing your true
self to show up tonight.

Some kind of drink is being passed around. Lake takes a swig,
then hands it to Nina.

LAKE
Kasab. Cleansing serum.

NINA
(taking a swig) *
Here's to moving to LA and *
immediately forgetting who you are. *

Gags. *

SMOKY
Thank you for donating your time
and your material possessions to
our Topanga Wild Cat Sanctuary.

NINA
(to Lake)
Wild Cat?

LAKE
It's a colony of cats up in
Topanga.

Oh. Got it.

SMOKY
Lets start by going around the
circle and stating one instance in
which you saw something you
shouldn't have seen.
(breathes in)
One thing you shouldn't have seen.

Smoky gestures to one participant, whose eyes immediately
moisten.

FRED

I've been a vegetarian for 10 years and someone fed me pork without my knowledge. No offense to you all but *that* is fucked up.

SMOKY

Thank you Fred but the exercise is something you shouldn't have seen.

FRED

Oh. I was at a rally once and saw Obama giving a kid the finger.

Everyone is really surprised.

SMOKY

Thank you.

WOMAN #1

On my 11th birthday, my mom sent me inside to get my dad so we could do the cake and... I saw him having sex with my aunt.

A collective murmur of acknowledgment. Smoky nods.

WOMAN #1 (CONT'D)

Not his sister... My other aunt. But still.

SMOKY

Thank you.

Gestures to the next person.

MAN#1

I saw my father hit my mother.

ON NINA --

She's horrified and taken by the confessions. Moved even.

WOMAN#2

I saw my girlfriend stealing at a 7/11.

SMOKY

Thank you.

Nina realizes Smoky is waiting for her to answer. She gets up and leaves.

SMOKY (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Lake goes to follow her but Smoke stops her.

SMOKY (CONT'D)

Let her be. Some birds are not meant to be caged.

Lake follows her anyway.

LAKE

It's a lot for your first night here, isn't it?

NINA

How is that a fund-raiser?

LAKE

We give with our experience, not just our money.

NINA

But how does that help the cats?

LAKE

You pay to stay at the sanctuary and spend time with them. I'll take you one day.

Lake smiles at Nina, amused. Nina finally finds her way back to her room.

LAKE (CONT'D)

You're so bewildered by this.

28

INT. TREE HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

28

Nina starts unpacking.

NINA

It just... feels like people get off on it. Sharing such personal stuff like that and then, just moving on... break it apart

*

LAKE

I'd like to see your stand-up.

Touche. Nina is taken by Lake's insight. She owns it.

NINA

Okay. Okay. I hear you. But I'm...
Truthful on stage... but not
necessarily...

(struggling for words)

I saw my father hit my mother too
when I was a kid, like that man.

Lake is genuinely moved for her. Almost crying.

LAKE

I'm so sorry.

NINA

(angry)

Don't do that! Don't feel sorry for
me!

LAKE

Okay.

29 INT. TREE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

29

Nina helps Lake finish cleaning up the circle leftovers.

LAKE

Sounds like you want control over
people's reactions.

NINA

That's what art is!

(beat)

You create something so it has the
effect you want on others.

*

Lake mouths "no" silently.

30 INT. TREE HOUSE - OPEN KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

30

Lake takes food out of the fridge and makes some concoction.

LAKE

You can't control every reaction.
You don't know *exactly* how people
feel.

NINA

I know if they're laughing or if my
joke bombed.

LAKE

Well, you don't have to do it again. I'm sorry it bothered you.

NINA

It didn't bother me.
(truthful)
It made me sad.

Lake lets that sink in.

LAKE

It *affected* you. You thought it was gonna be a bunch of hippie bullshit but it was real. I commend you for staying open.

Nina has had enough. She nods towards the concoction.

NINA

What is that?

LAKE

Cordyceps, reishi and maca. Want some?

NINA

Is it alive?

LAKE

It's a super-endocrine.

NINA

You know you're still gonna die, right?

Lake takes a long swig, ignoring her. Then, Lake lets out a blood-curdling SCREAM.

Drops her juice and FREEZES IN PLACE. Not cute. More like a sudden horror has taken over her.

Her hands grasp her own neck as she continues to SCREAM.

NINA (CONT'D)

(trying to figure out
what's going on)
What? What? What is it?

Lake points towards the floor, barely able to speak.

LAKE

IT'S. A. MOUSE.

Nina looks towards the corner, where in fact, a very cute mouse stands by the wall. Back to Lake.

LAKE (CONT'D)

I have musophobia.

(whispering)

If I move, will it kill me?

Nina realizes she's dealing with something special here.

NINA

No. It's a tiny rodent. It's not gonna kill you.

LAKE

(whispering)

Don't make fun of me.

NINA

I'm not. I respect phobias.

(taking charge)

Here's what's going to happen: I'm gonna open the door to the garden. And he's going to leave.

Lake gathers her caftan up her legs nervously, hands wringing, on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

LAKE

Lets call the cops.

She starts backing away as Nina opens the garden door.

NINA

You can leave if you want. I'll call you when he's gone.

The mouse moves towards the door. Lake starts screaming again.

LAKE

AAAAAAHHHHH. AHHHHHHH. AAAAAHHHHH.

CUT TO:

31 INT. TREE HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

31

Nina and Lake lie side by side on the bed, looking up at the ceiling.

NINA AND LAKE'S POV - A PALESTINIAN FLAG HANGS ON THE ROOF ABOVE THE BED

LAKE

Thank you for letting me sleep here tonight.

NINA

No problem. I haven't shared a bed with someone since I saw JEEPERS CREEPERS at Erin Grussendorf's.

*
*
*

This is NOT what Nina had in mind.

LAKE

(trying to distract herself)

So are you dating anyone?

On Nina: oh God.

32

INT. IO WEST THEATER - STAGE - NIGHT

32

Nina paces up and down the stage, all nervous energy.

NINA

Dating. Dating. Dating. How many comics have forged careers just talking about dating? Should I just give up on everything else and just dedicate myself to dating?

(beat)

And if you're a girl? Forget about it. You HAVE to talk about dating. The embarrassing stories about that time I went on a date and my tampon fell out mid-kiss, I immediately got pregnant, gave birth, breast-feed for 5 years, went through menopause and solved all my daddy issues. All while wearing heels.

(beat)

Did I get all the women stuff in? Should I have bleached my anus too?

(dismissive)

Anyways, let me tell you something.

I don't date.

(beat)

I FUCK.

*
*

Laughter.

NINA (CONT'D)

This whole idea that a guy has to take you out for dinner and stare into your eyes and ask what your favorite color is? For what? I don't wanna tell a guy my favorite color on a first date. I wanna save for an argument 5 years later so I can scream and cry that he doesn't remember what my favorite color is. Lets not bore each other. Lets make it a game! If it works out, you're gonna have lots of fucking booooring years to find out!

(aside)

It's black.

(points at her black shirt)

I meean, look at me.

People laugh in recognition of the truth.

NINA (CONT'D)

The thing you need to know right away is, does this guy light you on fire! Does he make your labia throb and your asshole tighten when he walks into the room?

(over the laughter)

Does he know his way around, know what I'm saying?

(beat)

That's what's gonna keep a relationship going. Eight years down the line, when you've heard all of his stupid jokes... You're not gonna give a fuck that you both love Kardashian reruns. But if he can go down on you and make you cum before the kids wake up?

(winks)

Now we're talking.

Paces, thinking about it.

NINA (CONT'D)

I've never been able to have it all in a relationship. Like, one guy was great in bed but thought fracking needed to be increased. I can't live with that. And then another guy saved dolphins for a living and was just a beautiful human being but gagged when he smelled my pussy. Like, really?

(MORE)

NINA (CONT'D)

You smell fish all fucking day! At least I've gotten the scent of Herbal Essences on it - and it's a pussy. Hello? Go fuck a dolphin. I'm out.

(laughter)

Definitely no throbbing there.

A32 INT. IO WEST THEATER - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

A32

Nina steps off the stage and frantically searches for somewhere to throw up. She throws up on the floor.

33 INT. IO WEST THEATER - BAR AREA - NIGHT

33

Nina tweets "Crushed my set so hard I came blood!" as she watches the next comic up.

A text from mom comes through: "My little dog - a heartbeat at my feet. Edith Wardon said that. Isn't it sweet?"

NINA

Jack and ginger, please.

WAITER

We only serve beer.

NINA

(disappointed)

Oh, so LA comics aren't *real* alcoholics.

WAITER

We're real heroin addicts though!

RAFE (O.S.)

I'll get you a beer.

Nina turns to find a tall, dark and handsome stranger.

RAFAEL HINES, AKA RAFE, older, manages a smile. His almond-shaped eyes rest on Nina. She shudders.

RAFE (CONT'D)

Cheers.

He gives her a beer. Holds his up. They clink. Drink.

She looks him up and down, suspicious.

NINA

You're not working, are you?

RAFE

You mean like a cop?

NINA

God, I hope not. No, I mean a comic. You don't have that vibe.

RAFE

What vibe is that?

NINA

Desperate and... pudgy. You're fit, for one. And hot. Extremely rare for a comic.

Rafe seems pleased and embarrassed at the same time.

RAFE

So comics can't be hot?

NINA

If they're hot they become actors.

Downs half her beer. Burp.

NINA (CONT'D)

So you just hang out in clubs and pick up comedians?

RAFE

My friends are over there.

He points towards a table. A couple of guys. They wave at Rafe and Nina. Nina raises her beer at them.

RAFE (CONT'D)

You were really funny up there.

NINA

Yeah, I'm not gonna fuck you.

Rafe laughs. Where did that come from?

NINA (CONT'D)

I realize that's kinda a mixed message cause I was complementing you earlier but it's just not what I do. I mean, guys come up to me a lot after my sets because I'm frank and talk about sex and it's easy to think I'm into casual sex or a freak in bed or whatever. But I'm not. I mean, not the casual sex part.

(MORE)

NINA (CONT'D)

I can be freaky depending-- Anyway.
Just wanted to put that out there.

RAFE

Wow. You sounds just like you're on
stage!

(trying to figure it out)

But you're *not* being honest up
there? Or you're not being honest
now?

Nina isn't sure how to answer that.

RAFE (CONT'D)

Tell you what... why don't we
figure it out over dinner?

NINA

See? You don't believe me.

RAFE

No. I do. I'm asking you out for
dinner. Not "fucking". Don't get
ahead of yourself.

NINA

(not buying it)

Oh yeah?

RAFE

Yeah. It's a bit cart before the
horse, no?

NINA

Don't tell me you're one of those
guys who has to *like* someone before
sleeping with them.

RAFE

I was gonna say guilty as charged
but it wouldn't be true... More
like I have to like *something*
about someone.

They both laugh.

RAFE (CONT'D)

I mean, I'm not saying I don't ever
wanna sleep with you.

NINA

(gotcha)

See!

RAFE

Well, yeah... Look at those eyes!
And you're funny. Sexy. And *weird*,
which I dig. Lethal combination.
But lets just... Take one step at a
time. Fuck. What a weird way to
start... Come on.

Makes a rewind sound. Corny. Puts out his hand.

RAFE (CONT'D)

I'm Rafe.

She shakes his hand.

34 INT. FANCY ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

34

The HOST greets Rafe warmly. They palm each other's backs.

RAFE

I know, I know, it's Saturday and I
didn't make a reservation. I'm
sorry. Anything you can do?

He's got one of those rich, throaty LA accents.

HOST

For you?

35 INT. FANCY ITALIAN RESTAURANT - BAR - LATER - NIGHT

35

Nina and Rafe now have the best seats in the house. Cozy,
view of the whole place.

NINA

(looking around)
Impressive.

RAFE

Not what you expected?

NINA

I admit the guys who come up after
the show, usually just buy me a
slice.

RAFE

You deserve better.

Who *is* this guy? They clink. Drink.

NINA

Are you someone? Am I supposed to know? You're not a motivational speaker, are you?

RAFE

I'm just a guy.

NINA

"Just a guy", the autobiography of Rafe... What's your last name?

RAFE

Hines.

NINA

That's a good name.

RAFE

You gonna make sure I don't have a record?

NINA

(caught)

Yes. But I do that with every guy.

RAFE

All *hundreds* of us?

They both laugh.

NINA

This is going well!

Rafe focuses on her intently.

RAFE

You nervous?

NINA

A bit. Yeah.

RAFE

Why?

NINA

I told myself I wouldn't date for a while...

RAFE

Why's that?

NINA

Focusing on my career.

Rafe nods, acknowledging.

NINA (CONT'D)

What?

RAFE

Very post-modern feminist.

NINA

Third wave, baby.

She hesitates but then goes for it.

NINA (CONT'D)

Last time I liked a guy, I turned out to be really wrong.

RAFE

Uh oh. How long ago was that?

NINA

Three weeks?

Rafe grabs his heart, feigning hurt.

RAFE

I get it. I'm not special.
(reassuring)

It's OK. I can handle it. I've known I'm not special since the day my father walked out on me.

NINA

(winces)

Is that a joke or--

RAFE

No, I'm trying to reassure you that I already know I'm not special. Not precious.

NINA

What is this? Is this how guys are in LA? Have I entered another dimension?

RAFE

(laughing)

I'm just trying to be honest.

NINA

Yeah, me too. Not sure why.

Shared moment. A spark. Then...

NINA (CONT'D)

You know your way around women,
don't you?

RAFE

You say that like it's a bad thing.
(off of her hesitation)
Whadda you wanna know?

NINA

(here's my chance)
What do you do? Are you or have you
ever been married? Favorite
comedian? And... did you vote for
Hilary?

Rafe puts his head down, laughing. Caught.

RAFE

Damn. You do not fuck around.
(getting the waiter's
attention)
We'll have another bottle!

He's charming. Nina laughs.

RAFE (CONT'D)

(enumerating with his
fingers)
Okay. What I do? I'm a contractor.

He holds up his callused hands as proof.

RAFE (CONT'D)

I buy apartments in cheap
neighborhoods and flip 'em. I am no
longer married but I was. She broke
my heart. But I'm over it. Favorite
comedian other than you is Kevin
Hart. And... I didn't vote for
Hilary.

Nina winces.

RAFE (CONT'D)

I take it I didn't make the cut?

NINA

(shifting uncomfortably)
It's tough. This is a tough one.

RAFE

Enlighten me.

NINA

Well, you're disarmingly honest.
Meaning, you're telling me stuff
that you *know* is gonna count
against you but you're telling me
anyway. That goes a long way. It
denotes a security that is... sexy.
(weighing)
Job's alright. You don't murder
people for a living, although...

RAFE

Gentrification. I know.

Nina nods. Yeah. Gentrification.

NINA

I can live with Kevin Hart.

Rafe laughs.

RAFE

Hey, he's good.

NINA

I know.

RAFE

I see him at SoulCycle all the
time. But? The marriage?

NINA

You were too quick to say you're
over her.

They stare at each other.

NINA (CONT'D)

I don't think you are.

He hesitates.

NINA (CONT'D)

See?

RAFE

No. I am.

Nina is not buying it.

NINA

And then Hilary...

RAFE

Here we go.

NINA

The real issue is who *did* you vote for? Please tell me you didn't vote for Mussolini?

RAFE

Come on!

NINA

Well?

RAFE

No. I just didn't vote. I don't believe in it. Count me as one of the dis-enfranchised, I guess.

NINA

Huh. Anti-system?

RAFE

Yeah. I'm basically off the grid.

NINA

I'll drink to that.

Clink.

36

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

36

Nina and Rafe finish a beer.

RAFE

Lets drink some water now.

NINA

Am I acting drunk?

RAFE

No. You hold your liquor well. But we should have some water.

He stands and goes to the bar. Nina is touched by the gesture. She watches him: Self-assured. Moves confidently. Nice ass.

A text comes through from Joe: "hows LA? miss u".

Nina writes back: I'M BLOCKING YOUR NUMBER

From Joe: "why r u such a bitch"

Rafe comes back with two glasses of water. Nina puts her phone away.

RAFE (CONT'D)

Girls I know don't have the balls to talk like you, let alone on stage! I like that.

(drinks water)

I mean, it's scary. You're not familiar to me.

NINA

I can't tell if that's good or bad.

RAFE

It's good.

NINA

What were your other girlfriends like?

RAFE

(makes clingy gesture)

Clingers.

Nina doesn't get it.

RAFE (CONT'D)

You sleep with them and they move in the next day.

NINA

Is that good or bad?

RAFE

Bad.

37

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

37

A drink later. Things are getting cozy.

RAFE

So is this it for you? Stand-up, single life? You wanna get married? Have children?

NINA

It's tough to sustain stand-up. Although a big part of me wants to be 80 and still going up on stage with no pants on...

(imitates an old lady with a walking stick)

(MORE)

NINA (CONT'D)
"How's everybody doing tonight?"
Dentures fall out. I don't even
care.

Rafe laughs.

NINA (CONT'D)
Anyway, yeah: children. My own
show. A husband who goes down on me
regularly. Is that too much to ask
for?

Rafe grabs her, kisses her passionately. She responds. This,
she knows how to do. His hands work fast, on her ass, under
her blouse.

GANJA (O.S.)
What up, Rafe?

GANJA, a 20-something worthy of her name, comes up. Voice
effortlessly loud.

RAFE
(letting go of Nina)
Ganja! Whoa.

He shoots up, knocking over a drink. Nina watches him.

RAFE (CONT'D)
Long time. How are you? How was
Rio?

GANJA
Dope.
(smiling at Nina)
Hi. I'm Ganja.

Nina also stands up and shakes Ganja's hand.

NINA
Nina.

GANJA
Thanks for not commenting on the
name.

NINA
You got it.

RAFE
(awkward)
Well... it was nice--

GANJA
(getting in his face)
Hey. Asshole. As far as I'm
concerned, you and I still have a
thing going.

Disappointment shows on Nina's face. She backs away.

NINA
I'm gonna let you guys talk.

GANJA
(stopping her)
No, no. You should hear this. Woman
to woman.

Ganja crosses her arms, waiting for Rafe to explain himself.
Nina looks to him as well. Rafe sweats for words.

RAFE
I guess... I thought. I didn't
think -- I don't think there's
anything between us?

GANJA
OH REALLY? OH REALLY?
(holding up her cell)
Where's my call telling me that
then??? Where's my fucking text?

Silence.

GANJA (CONT'D)
Yeah. That's what I thought.
(beat)
Holy shit.
(realizing something)
Are you a ghoster? Did I just get
totally ghosted? Oh my God. I think
I did.

Ganja looks to Nina. Nina looks confused. Looks to Rafe. He's
confused too.

GANJA (CONT'D)
You know how lame that is? To be
left *alone* wondering what the fuck
is going on? I was so devo. Is it
me? You said you liked my thighs.
Did you really *hate* my thighs? I
got all in my head. But no. Now I
know it was you.

RAFE

You're right. I'm sorry.

GANJA

I turned down a date with *Joaquin Phoenix* for you!

RAFE

(trying again)

I should have called you. I apologize.

GANJA

Whatever dude. You're old. You should know better.

(to Nina)

Now you know: when it's over, he'll ghost you.

NINA

Such finality.

Ganja walks away, leaving Nina and Rafe facing one another.

GANJA

(yelling over her shoulder)

You know who's not a ghoster?
Joaquin Phoenix!!!

(on the phone, as she leaves)

Hello? Joaquin?

Awkward silence as Ganja walks away.

NINA

It's not often one gets to experience the beginning AND the end of a relationship in one night.

RAFE

Aw, come on. She said she wanted to have a kid with me on our second date. Like, make the kid *that* night.

NINA

Was that before or after you got all up in her thighs?

(not buying it)

Come on, dude. First night I get this? How many Ganjas are there? Did you ghost your wife too?

Rafe rubs his face.

NINA (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

She goes to leave.

RAFE

Nina, Nina, I know this is the type of thing they warn you about on Jezebel, but I swear I won't do this to you.

NINA

And if you do?

She looks seriously worried.

Rafe seems surprised at her reaction.

38 INT. TREE HOUSE - ENTRANCE - MONTAGE - DAY

38

- Nina stands in front of a full length mirror in her bedroom, imitating Lil Wayne.

NINA

Lil Wayne reveals his phobias.

(as Lil Wayne)

Hammer on the dresser, work on the stove - I got agoraphobia, so I ain't leaving home.

She grins, revealing an over the top gold grill.

A38 INT. TREE HOUSE - BATHROOM - MONTAGE - DAY

A38

- Nina Facetimes with Carmela while sitting on the toilet.

CARMELA

So are you all LA now? Do you wear Uggs? Do cleanses? Do you, like, love the ocean?

B38 INT. TREE HOUSE - ENTRANCE - MONTAGE - DAY

B38

- Nina sits down on the couch, wearing an old-lady wig and glasses, reading from the New York Times Vows Section

NINA

My aunt Thelma --

(heavy Yiddish accent)

Elyssa Rifkin and Steve Nadler. Oh good, a Jewish announcement.

(MORE)

NINA (CONT'D)

I like that. "The bride will take her husband's name." As it should be. None of this vernagled liberated women business. Nina, marry a Jew, take his name, have some soup.

C38 INT. TREE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MONTAGE - DAY C38

- Nina watches Comedy Prime on her computer

D38 INT. TREE HOUSE - ENTRANCE - MONTAGE - DAY D38

- Nina imitates Obama's voice

NINA

(talking at a podium)

Hmm, I think you all know it was my wife who really ran the country. I just did what she told me. I learned that from Bill.

E38 INT. TREE HOUSE - KITCHEN - MONTAGE - DAY E38

- Nina does the dishes while listening to Richard Pryor on her iphone

RICHARD PRYOR (O.S.)

"I remember white dudes used to come down to the whorehouse. Do you have any girls who cover you with ice cream?... And little boys to lick it off? He was the mayor."

F38 INT. TREE HOUSE - BATHROOM - MONTAGE - DAY F38

- In the shower, Nina pokes her hand out to write down something. She's laughing.

G38 INT. TREE HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - MONTAGE - DAY G38

Nina is on her bed reading "The Diary of Anne Frank". She gets a text from Rafe: "hi, its me. not ghosting. :)"

H38 INT. TREE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MONTAGE - NIGHT H38

- Lake and her girlfriend PAULA are wrapped around one another watching HOARDERS on a computer. Nina looks at them not without jealousy

Nina goes back to reading a magazine article: "How to masturbate undetected by your roommate."

*
*

J38 INT. TREE HOUSE - ENTRANCE - MONTAGE - DAY J38

- Nina scribbles some ideas down: "When Beyonce and Sasha Fierce broke up"

NINA
(quietly, as Beyonce)
I don't like sequins.

She takes off her robe displaying a body lattice, turns on a fan so her hair blows in the wind, strikes a Sasha Fierce pose

NINA (CONT'D)
(as Sasha Fierce)
I LOVE SEQUINS.

39 INT. TREE HOUSE - KITCHEN - INTERCUT W/ CARRIE'S OFFICE - ~~DAY~~

- Nina eats a taco over the kitchen sink. Her agent calls. She drops the taco trying to answer the phone.

A39 INT. CARRIE'S OFFICE - INTERCUT W/ TREE HOUSE - DAY A39

Carrie eats Nutella from a jar while talking to Nina, feet on her desk.

NINA
YES! No way? I get to audition???

CARRIE
Yeah, but listen. Listen. Don't get mad.

NINA
What?

CARRIE
They're changing things up a little at Comedy Prime, so it's not just gonna be you auditioning.

NINA

What do you mean?

CARRIE

You're gonna audition with a bunch of other comedians.

NINA

Like a bake-off?

CARRIE

Yeah. A female bake-off. They know it's a sausage-fest over there so they are gonna give one lucky woman their own one-hour special.

NINA

That's great. I love being judged on my gender!

CARRIE

Did you hear what I just said? ONE HOUR SPECIAL. I gotta go.

She hangs up and holds onto to her belly.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Argh! Braxton Hicks! Baby loves Nutella.

B39

INT. TREE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

B39

Nina hangs up, disappointed. Looks out the window.

Nina switches to Twitter and writes: "I miss seeing homeless people out the window."

She sees Rafe has sent her a video. Hits play.

RAFE

Hey. I'm starting to feel like maybe I'm getting into stalker territory and I don't like that so...

(throws his hands in the air)

For what it's worth... I didn't want you to think I ghosted my wife. She actually left me for my best friend. *Then* I ghosted her. Anyway, if you want to come over and chat, I'll make you dinner.

Nina thinks about it for a second.

NINA

Fuck it.

40 EXT. RAFE'S HOME - EVENING 40

Nina leans her head on the front door. Takes a deep breath. Nervous, she rings the doorbell.

NINA

(sotto voce)

God help me.

She rings the door bell.

*

A40 EXT. RAFE'S HOME - EVENING A40

Rafe throws the door open, arms stretched out.

RAFE

Welcome!

Nina walks in, handing him a bottle of wine.

41 INT. RAFE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - EVENING 41

The unmistakable stink of bachelorhood: a riding chair in one corner, a Marine Corps flag, a photograph of his mother, a sobriety chip, beer bottles...

But the place is charming and has character. The guy is, after all, a contractor.

RAFE

Jack and Ginger?

She nods, looking around.

NINA

You were in the Marines?

RAFE

Semper Fi, baby.

Oh God. Not really her style.

RAFE (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I'm anti-war now.

Nina seems relieved. She admires the full bar.

NINA
Sobriety chip AND a full bar.

RAFE
Uh oh. On the hot seat already.

NINA
Listen, you've been on the hot seat since I found out you dated a Brazilian model half your age whose name is Weed.

Rafe comes over with her drink.

RAFE
And yet you're here.

NINA
I must be even more fucked up than I realize.

Cheers!

RAFE

NINA (CONT'D)
Cheers!

NINA (CONT'D)
I guess this is what you do? Charm women into your lair?
(sniffing the couch)
Yeah, I can still smell her pussy...

Rafe shakes his head, smiles.

RAFE
Come on. Lets have it out.

NINA
Already?

RAFE
It's clearly bothering you. You've already told me you're not gonna fuck me. So lets just get drunk and talk it out. It's gonna be great.

He downs his drink. Does a little dance to the couch.

NINA
What a guy!

Motions for Nina to sit.

RAFE

Ganja, right? First of all, she's not a model. She does have amazing thighs that smell like...

(remembering)

Morning dew. But not even her thighs are worth her fucking blabber mouth.

Nina winces.

RAFE (CONT'D)

(imitating Ganja)

"I can't even".

Nina downs her drink.

RAFE (CONT'D)

I know I sound like a Trump supporter. I'm not saying I want my women pretty and quiet. I mean, you're here.

(realizing that sounds bad)

That sounds weird. You're gorgeous. And you know it. I was just being honest about her... Ganja. I'd be lying if I didn't admit to finding her hot. But I'm a 40 year old man. I shouldn't be with 20-somethings. I know that. Now. She cares about all the wrong stuff.

He stares at Nina.

RAFE (CONT'D)

What are you thinking?

NINA

A big part of me just wants to leave.

RAFE

Okay...

NINA

But I also kind of can't stop staring.

RAFE

Oh, like a car crash?

She nods. Hands him her empty glass.

42 INT. RAFE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

42

Rafe sits facing Nina on the couch. They both have fresh drinks in hand. Rafe finds his words...

RAFE

I don't... do well with conflict.

NINA

Who does well with conflict?

Rafe thinks about it.

RAFE

Oprah?

Nina laughs.

NINA

Madonna? I feel like she's someone who really thrives in conflict.

Rafe laughs.

NINA (CONT'D)

Maybe it's people with only one name? That's the secret.

RAFE

Sting.

NINA

He definitely handles his shit well. Are you a comedian?

RAFE

Why? Am I funny?

The door bell rings.

NINA

Is it Ganja?

RAFE

(walking to the door)

Funny.

43 INT. RAFE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

43

A nice spread of Mexican takeaway food and beers. Rafe takes a big bite of his burrito.

RAFE

Did I say "make" you dinner?
Because I meant order.

NINA

Yeah. You said "make". I was
impressed. Not anymore.

RAFE

I do actually cook.

NINA

Even more insulting then.

RAFE

I make *flautas*.
(barely keeping a straight
face)
But the thing is... if I make you
flautas the first time around...
Forget it. It's too much for any
woman to handle. Even you.

Nina does a good job of not laughing.

NINA

Did you make *flautas* for Ganja?

Rafe stops chewing.

NINA (CONT'D)

Unbelievable. I'm leaving.
(standing up)
You keep being honest! What the
fuck is the matter with you?

He stands up with her.

RAFE

I think it's because I already know
we're not gonna have sex tonight.
It's liberating.

NINA

(agreeing)
Isn't it?

Rafe rolls a spliff under Nina's watchful gaze.

RAFE

What about you? There's gotta be
some Ganja equivalent in your life.

He lights the spliff. Hands it to Nina. Inquiring eyes.

She can't take him. Looks away. Pain.

Nina takes a toke.

Rafe makes eye contact. Like the first time they met.

RAFE (CONT'D)

Hey. Where'd you go?

Nina shudders.

NINA

I don't usually date.

(beat)

I've never done this.

RAFE

Never?

NINA

Never. I don't...

(Looking at him)

I usually just fuck the wrong guy
and move on.

Huh.

RAFE

How old are you?

NINA

(incredulous)

How old are you?

RAFE

I told you I'm 40.

(beat)

Two. Forty-two.

NINA

I'm thirty.

(beat)

Three. Thirty-three.

RAFE

And you've never been with anyone?

NINA

No.

(getting defensive)

How many women have you been with?
You know, don't tell me. You've
probably even lived with a bunch of
them.

RAFE

Three. But not at the same time.

NINA

Well... How -- Did you? How was
that?

RAFE

(smoking)

It was great. Until it wasn't.

45

INT. RAFE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

45

Nina and Rafe sit on a cozy rug on the floor, Indian-style.
Or is that offensive?

RAFE

Intimacy issues. I get it.
(let me guess)
Daddy stuff?

NINA

(annoyed)

Yeah.

RAFE

Me too.
(trying to relate)
Mine left.

NINA

Yeah. You said. Mine killed
himself.

RAFE

Touche. Suicide trumps abandonment.

NINA

Does it?

Beat. Nina seems bothered, but she presses on.

NINA (CONT'D)

It's the actual... relationship part. Makes me nervous. I don't know... what... to do.

RAFE

You don't have to do anything.
(kissing her lightly)
I already like you, remember? I invited you in.

She smiles, relieved.

RAFE (CONT'D)

So that's it? Nothing else you wanna share, as the kids say?

Nina changes the subject by pointing at a picture on the wall.

NINA

Is that *you*?

The deflection isn't lost on Rafe but he turns to look.

INSERT - YOUNG RAFF ON STAGE IN A BAND SOMETIME IN THE EARLY TO MID 90'S.

Topless. Surfer hair. Holding a board under one arm, mic in the other hand.

46 INT. RAFF'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

46

Mad surfer music plays loudly. Rafe, plays guitar to it.

Then, getting into it, he takes off his shirt. Throws it on the floor.

Sitting on the couch, Nina lets her eyes travel up and down his well-toned torso.

RAFE

(singing along)
*I'll tell you I'll never leave you
If you believe me then it's your
fault.*

(explaining)
I use to do this little dance.

He does a version of a two-step shuffle. Arms dangling to the beat.

RAFE (CONT'D)

Like I was walking on the beach.
(singing)
*I'll tell you I'll always be true
if I deceive you, don't be alarmed.*

NINA

Whoa. The lyrics are... Revealing.

RAFE

Yeah. I had A LOT of women after me.

NINA

I think I got that. And no wonder too. I mean, you're hot now... I can only imagine at 17!

RAFE

Totally. And high as fuck.

Nina claps enthusiastically. Rafe goes to sit down.

RAFE (CONT'D)

Alright. That's enough embarrassment for tonight.

NINA

Awww. No. I love it. It's heartbreaking. You're so old.

RAFE

At least I don't smell old.

NINA

What happened to the band?

RAFE

The usual... We fought. Drummer died from an overdose. The 90's ended... And it was over.

47

INT. RAFE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

47

Nina and Rafe sit on the couch facing each other and playing hot hands. Rafe's hands are on top. Nina's face is super-intense.

RAFE

I just want to say, I think we're doing a great job of not having sex.

Nina dissolves in laughter.

NINA

Is this usually when you would put your moves on?

RAFE

My "moves"? Jesus, what am I? A slow loris? It's been HOURS, Nina. Wow. You *really* don't know how this works. We could have done it like, 5 times by now.

She's laughing hard.

RAFE (CONT'D)

Hold on. I thought you said you fuck guys like you write home about! You must have some moves. It can't be playing slapsies at 3 a.m.

NINA

(can't stop laughing)
Slapsies!

She leans over and kisses him.

RAFE

Slapsies turns you on, huh?

NINA

Shut up.

She straddles him, kisses him again. Hard. He pulls away.

RAFE

No no no. If we do this, I'll just be another guy you fuck and move on from. I like you too much for that.

Nina kinda can't believe what she's hearing.

NINA

No one's ever turned me down.

Beat. They stare at each other, promising things, reading the other.

Rafe stands up, carrying Nina. Pins her up against the wall, kissing her hard.

She undoes his zipper, grabs a hold of him.

He opens her shirt, pulls down her bra, sucks on her breasts.

NINA
(whispering)
Lets go to the bedroom.

She leads him away, looking for a bedroom.

Rafe stops her. Pulls her towards the couch.

Takes off her shirt while kissing her.

Nina pulls away, makes him look at her.

NINA (CONT'D)
Don't fuck with me.

RAFE
I won't.

NINA
(warning)
Don't.

RAFE
I won't.
(looking at her)
Let me take care of you.

Rafe turns her around and undoes her belt buckle from behind.

Pulls down her pants and panties, leaves them by her knees.

Bends her over the back of the couch and starts eating her out from behind. (Nothing too R-rated. It's all inferred.)

Nina moans with pleasure.

After a while, he pulls his own pants down with one hand, while still eating Nina out, then stands up and enters her.

Her head and torso arch up and she moans with pleasure.

NINA
Fuuuuuuck!!! Intimacy!

Rafe is enjoying himself too.

49 EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT 49

Hundreds of twinkling lights illuminate the picturesque hills.

50 INT. RAFE'S HOME - BEDROOM - MORNING 50

Nina is fast asleep on Rafe's bed, covered by a throw. Freshly showered and dressed, Rafe leans over her.

RAFE
(quietly)
Nina.
(shakes her a bit)
Rise and shine, sleepy head.

Nina wakes slowly.

RAFE (CONT'D)
Sorry to wake you but I gotta go to work and I didn't want you to think I'd hit it and run.

She almost laughs, still waking up.

NINA
What time is it?

RAFE
It's 6. I'm sorry but I have a meeting with a client in Venice...

He kisses her cheek. Nina sits up. Realizes she's naked. Covers up with the blanket.

NINA
Where'd you sleep?

RAFE
On the bed. With you.

NINA
That's sweet.

RAFE
You snore.

NINA
I do?

RAFE
Yeah. You okay?

NINA

Yeah. Just hung-over.

RAFE

Sandy, right?

(laughing)

Just kidding. Just kidding. Stay as long as you want. I'll call you later.

Nina rubs her eyes. Door slam. Silence.

Nina sits in silence for a bit, then takes a breath.

It doesn't quite work. She tries breathing deeply but can't.

Opens her mouth to breathe through it.

Can't breathe. CAN'T BREATHE. PANIC. PANIC. PANIC.

She gets down to the floor, like a soldier hiding in a battlefield. Now the earth isn't moving.

Full blown panic attack. Racing heart, dizziness, sense of terror. Who is this guy? What is she doing with him?

Nina lies on the floor hyper-ventilating.

A50 INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

A50

Alone in her office, Dr. Streisand puts on old-school headphones and hits PLAY on a twenty-year old CD player.

Dr. Streisand dances with abandonment, so that she doesn't hear her phone ring and the machine picks up.

DR. STREISAND (MACHINE)

Hello, you've reached the office of Dr. Joan Streisand. Please leave your message and I will get back to you as soon as I can.

NINA (O.S.)

(we only hear every other word)

Dr. Streisand - freaking- help- breathe- fucking- LA- guy. You.

B50 INT. RAFE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - INTERCUT W/ TREE HOUSE - ~~B50~~

Nina hangs up the phone. Hyperventilates. Calls again.

51 INT. TREE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - INTERCUT W/ RAFAEL'S HOUSE - 51 DAY

Lake and Paula are tickling each other in bed. The phone rings.

PAULA

I thought you turned it off.

LAKE

I thought you did. Lets just keep going.

They start tickling each other again. Nina's voice comes through.

NINA (O.S.)

It's Nina. Are you there? I met this guy...

Annoyed, Paula lies down as Lake picks up the phone.

LAKE

Who is he? What happened?

PAULA

It doesn't work unless you we do it for, like, 15 minutes straight.

Lake puts her on speakerphone.

NINA

I never had sex like this. I mean... I REALLY LOVED IT. It was so... intimate.

LAKE

Tell me about it.

Lake looks at the hairs growing in her leg. Grabs a pair of tweezers and starts plucking.

NINA

He's funny and he's honest and just the right amount of screwed up and he fucks like a God. I don't know... If I wasn't having a panic attack my pussy would still be throbbing.

Paula gives the thumbs up, in approval.

LAKE

Well, that all sounds nice. Not every guy out there knows how to do that, right?

NINA

Yeah. I'm worried I might actually like him.

On Paula: we stopped tickling each other for this?

Lake: beats me.

LAKE

That's great!

NINA

What if I fuck it up?

LAKE

Why would you do that?

Nina shrugs but there's real worry underneath the gesture.

NINA

I'm trying very hard to be honest with him. So it's scary.

LAKE

You're scared he'll know who you are?

NINA

YES.

LAKE

That's what relationships are all about! It's good that you feel this way. It means you care about him.

Ha. Terrifying.

LAKE (CONT'D)

You sound like you could use some company.

Paula gestures wildly not to invite her. Lake mouths: sorry.

Nina helps Lake and Paula clean up after dinner. A clatter of dishes in the sink, as Lake struggles to get to the sponge.

LAKE

Ugh, Paula! How many times do I
have to tell you not to leave the
sponge at the *bottom* of the sink???

Paula ignores her.

LAKE (CONT'D)

Hello???

PAULA

(rolling her eyes)
Yeah, yeah.

LAKE

(turns to her, angry)
Don't DISMISS me.

Lake and Paula make eye contact, across the kitchen. Angry. *

PAULA

Are you serious?

LAKE

(defiant)
Yeah.

Fight time. Nina watches them, curious.

Paula takes out a pack of Cloves and lights one.

PAULA

Okay. Lets do this.

Lake takes her plastic gloves off. Deep breath.

LAKE

I've asked you many times to leave
the sponge *outside* the sink so I
don't have to move all the dishes
ON TOP of it just to get to it.

Paula nods.

LAKE (CONT'D)

And when you ignore a request of
mine, it makes me feel diminished.
And rage. I feel RAGE.

Bewildered, Nina looks to Paula who takes it in.

PAULA

I hear you. And I can see why you
would feel that way.

Nina's eyes dart back and forth between them. What is this?

PAULA (CONT'D)

I also want you to know that when I leave the sponge at the bottom of the sink and pile plates on top... I'm not doing it on purpose to piss you off. It's just... what I do.

LAKE

I understand. But that's exactly what bothers me. That you're *not* thinking about me when you do it.

Paula is annoyed. She puts her cigarette out.

PAULA

What if we got one of those sponge holders? That way I could see it and remember to put the sponge in it.

Lake takes that in.

LAKE

I think that's a great idea. It's better than having the sponge lying around anyway.

PAULA

Glad you agree. Would you like me to get it?

LAKE

If you don't mind.

PAULA

OK.

LAKE

OK.

On Nina: was that a fight?

Lake and Paula look at each other, putting down defenses.

Paula takes the first step: goes over and hugs Lake.

LAKE (CONT'D)

(hugging her back)

Thanks for listening.

PAULA
 You're welcome.
 (small peck)
 I love you.

LAKE
 I love you.

A series of rapid, little kisses.

Nina is in awe. Profound recognition.

53 INT. DIVY LA CLUB - STAGE - NIGHT

53

Nina paces up and down, mid-bit. She's moving up in the world
 - bigger clubs and crowds.

NINA
 We want our men to be sensitive and
 hold us when we cry and tell us we
 look like Beyonce circa 2007 *and*
 help us hide the body of the dude
 we just shot.

Audience laughter.

NINA (CONT'D)
 Fuck 'im. He wouldn't turn the game
 off.
 (off of laughter)
 We want our men to *cry*. To HAVE
 feelings and then to be able to
 EXPRESS their feelings. As if most
 of them even get to the first step.
 (talking to an imaginary
 guy)
 "Talk to me, boo. Tell me what
 you're feeling."
 (back to herself)
 And if someone comes at us with a
 machete we also want our
 emotionally intelligent guy to just
 DROP 'em.
 (mimics/sounds a backwards
 elbow hit)
 Guys are like...
 (in guy's voice)
 "That's a fantasy! That ain't real.
 Sensitive guys don't fight. And
 assholes who fight don't give a
 shit about your feelings. Take it
 from me: I'm an insensitive asshole
 who can't fight for shit."
 (MORE)

NINA (CONT'D)
(shrugging)
Apparently you can't have both.

Boos from the audience.

NINA (CONT'D)
Yeah, the sensitive guy who also
throws down is not real. It's a
fantasy. Guys like it real. Like,
the blonde with the big tits who
loves football and can't get enough
of your dick. Or the perfect wife
who is also the perfect mother who
never complains because she's so
heavily sedated. Oh wait, that one
is actually real. And the other one
you can search for on pornhub.

Laughter.

NINA (CONT'D)
It's our fucking time to put our
fantasies out there, ladies! Are we
asking for too much?

Some women yell no, some men boo. Cheers.

NINA (CONT'D)
I want my men strong *and* sensitive.
Supportive. Steel-enforced dick.
Machine-washable. And quiet when
I'm on the phone with my girls
talking shit about him.

54 INT. DIVY LA CLUB - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

54

Nina throws up in a bucket, while a COMEDIAN does his thing
on stage. PAM, the club manager, comes up to Nina.

PAM
Hey, you should come to my club.

NINA
(wiping her mouth)
Pam. Hey. I'd love to. What are you
doing here?

PAM
Just covering for my friend. Don't
tell anyone. But come by iO, ok?

NINA
I'd love to. Im here for a while.

PAM
Yeah, I heard. Comedy Prime.

NINA
How do you know about that?

PAM
It was on BuzzFeed this morning.

NINA
It was?

PAM
Yeah, women comedians they're considering. And you're a woman. And a comedian. Isn't it great how now people realize we can be funny? We've been funny this whole time, and suddenly, it's like, oooh - 50% of the population!

NINA
(rolling her eyes)
Ugh, I know. The new species.

PAM
Like, my mom was hilarious. But she's dead now.
(looking up at heaven)
I love you, mom.

Nina doesn't know what to say.

PAM (CONT'D)
You're the favorite, apparently.

NINA
(new to her)
Really?

PAM
Yeah. I tested out for Comedy Prime. Years ago.

Uh oh. A silent beat between them.

On Nina: shit, if I don't get this gig I'm gonna end up like Pam.

On Pam: she thinks I'm a fucking cautionary tale.

On Nina: shit, she knows what I'm thinking.

NINA

I'm gonna go get a drink.

PAM

I was so good.

A54 INT. DIVY LA CLUB - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A54

A young, strong bruiser comes up to her.

DUSTIN

Yo, I'm Dustin.

Nina shakes hands with him, checking him out. Sure, he'll do.

NINA

Nina.

DUSTIN

You're funny.

Nina shrugs. A beat.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

I can throw down.

55 INT. DIVY LA CLUB - STORE ROOM - NIGHT

55

Nina and Dustin make out in a dark room holding myriad goods: glasses, napkins. Nina stops kissing Dustin and pulls back.

DUSTIN

What's wrong?

NINA

(buttoning her shirt up)

I'm not sure. I don't *think* it's you. It's someone else.

Dustin shifts trying to alleviate his discomfort.

DUSTIN

(sincere)

Wanna talk about it?

But Nina's already out the door.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

(muttering)

I'm your fantasy right here...

Disappointed, Dustin touches his bulging package. Turns off the light. Closes the door.

56 EXT. RAFE'S HOME - NIGHT

56

Wearing work clothes, Rafe opens the door for Nina. She kisses him, deeply. He responds. Then...

NINA
Why didn't you call?

RAFE
I wanted to see if you'd call me.

NINA
Playing games?

RAFE
No, I just wanted to see if you
were into me.

NINA
And if I hadn't called.

RAFE
I would have called you.

She seems pleased.

57 EXT. RAFE'S HOME - BACKYARD - NIGHT

57

A home made work station. Rafe scrapes away on a wooden door with a brush, while Nina applies polish with a cloth. A paint-covered boom box does its best to play old LA punk.

NINA
Hey. Do you always fuck like that?

RAFE
You mean like Wednesday?

NINA
(confused)
Was that Wednesday? I don't know
the other night...

RAFE
Every time.

They look at each other.

58 INT. RAFE'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

58

Post-coital, they lie on the floor, his head on her lap.

NINA

It's weird. You fuck so well but
you don't have that sex addict
vibe...

Nina takes out a notebook and starts scribbling.

RAFE

What are you doing?

NINA

Writing down an idea.

RAFE

Lets hear it.

NINA

There should be an app that tells
you your new guys' issues.

RAFE

Oh great.

NINA

Like, this guy's a momma's boy.
This asshole never tips. This one
likes toe-fucking or whatever...

RAFE

Who told you about the toe-fucking?

NINA

Your ex?

RAFE

Oh. Low blow.

NINA

So what's the deal with her anyway?
You haven't seen her since you
split?

RAFE

Jealous already?

NINA

Well, I fucked you twice. So, yeah.

RAFE

Come on! There must be someone you
saw more than once.

Lying, Nina shakes her head no.

RAFE (CONT'D)

No one?

NINA

Nope.

Rafe takes that in. Is she lying? He lets it slide.

RAFE

How's work?

NINA

Driving me fucking nuts. I mean all
the waiting. All I do is wait for
fucking Larry and do stand-up and
now fuck you.

RAFE

Who the fuck is Larry?

NINA

Larry Michaels. He runs Comedy
Prime.

Annoyed, Rafe sits up.

NINA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I *like* the fucking you
part.

She takes out her phone, passes it to Rafe.

INSERT --

It's the BuzzFeed article Pam mentioned, breaking down the
pros and cons of each of the women being considered for the
Comedy Prime job.

Nina's Pros: Funny. Very funny. And smart. Scary smart.

***Nina's Cons: Polarizing. Do you wanna bring her home to mom?
Probably not.***

RAFE

(shrugging)

You're not that smart...

Nina shoves him.

RAFE (CONT'D)

But I'd still bring you home to my
mama.

Nina is touched but doesn't wanna show it. Her phone rings.

NINA

Oh. It's my agent!
(on phone)
Hello? Yeah? Yeah. Fucking finally.
Yeah, of course I know the place.
Now? It's late - even for
comedians! Okay. Coming. Thanks.
(hanging up)
Holy fucking shit. Finally.

She shoots up, runs around aimlessly.

NINA (CONT'D)

I gotta go. Gotta get my stuff.

RAFE

(amused)
Okay, okay. We have time.

He stands, walks up to her.

RAFE (CONT'D)

Hey. Breathe.

She does.

NINA

Oh no. What about the door?

RAFE

We can do that another time.

NINA

You sure?

RAFE

Yes.
(caressing her face)
You're gonna do great.

NINA

(grateful)
Thanks.

A58 INT. LAUGH FACTORY - ENTRANCE/STAGE - NIGHT A58

Nina enters the Laugh Factory. She passes behind the audience and heads for the backstage, upstairs.

59 INT. LAUGH FACTORY - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT 59

Nina lines down the hallway with the other women who are trying out tonight.

Nina knows one of them, YOLANDA, a bundle of nerves.

YOLANDA
Where is he? Larry?

NINA
I imagine he's out there.

YOLANDA
Yeah, like my fucking herpes.

Behind Leslie, MARIA, another comic, looks sick.

MARIA
(clutching her stomach)
I gotta take a shit.

YOLANDA
So I'm the only one who doesn't get nervous? Is that bad?

LESLIE
I hope they tell the audience we are doing characters, cause they're gonna be so confused otherwise.

NINA
Yeah...

MIKA (O.S.)
(on stage)
And now, please help me welcome Yolanda Oliver!

YOLANDA
Fuck. I'm going bullit?
(to Nina)
You go.

NINA
Just go, Yolanda. Don't fuck it up.

MARIA
I'm gonna fuck it up.

YOLANDA
(on stage, fully recovered)
Hey y'all, I'm Lil Wayne!

Nina hangs her head.

NINA
FUCK.

YOLANDA (O.S.)
Here's Lil Wayne high on a glider.

60 INT. LAUGH FACTORY - STAGE - MONTAGE - NIGHT

60

Leslie walks out on stage gingerly.

LESLIE
What's up LA? Not sure what up with
all these white bitches playing
black characters? My turn now. This
is Oprah on a safari.
(Oprah voice)
I see leeeeeemurs.

A60 INT. LAUGH FACTORY - STAGE - MONTAGE - NIGHT

A60

Maria walks out on stage clenching her buttocks.

MARIA
Hey ladies. You know when you're
over at your guy's house and you're
like "ahh, I gotta take a shit" but
you try to hide it?

B60 INT. LAUGH FACTORY - BACKSTAGE - MONTAGE - NIGHT

B60

MIKA
Why is she doing stand-up? She's
supposed to do characters.

YOLANDA
She's gotta take a shit.

C60 INT. LAUGH FACTORY - STAGE - MONTAGE - NIGHT C60

MARIA

Hey fellas. You know when you're over at your ladies' house and you gotta take a shit? And so you do?

D60 INT. LAUGH FACTORY - STAGE - MONTAGE - NIGHT D60

MIKA

This is Dustin Hoffman - "de de definitely, most definitely." Woody Allen - "de de definitely most definitely." Drew Barrymore. "Um so like yeah.

E60 INT. LAUGH FACTORY - STAGE - MONTAGE - NIGHT E60

Nina saunters on stage.

NINA

Hi. I'm Nina. This is Bjork ordering a smoothie.

(as Bjork)

Yes, hello, I'd like the memory of my first Christmas.

(smoothie guy)

Ok... Any supplements with that?

(as Bjork)

The underbelly of a fairy and also the sweat of a newborn deer and...

(losing herself)

Millions and millions of urban electrons...

(as smoothie guy)

Ok, any goji berries?

(as Bjork)

Yes. And also, the dream you had last night. About your pet dog...

She does the finger fucking gesture.

F60 INT. LAUGH FACTORY- STAGE - MONTAGE - NIGHT F60

LESLIE

I'm a Jamaican nanny in a park.

(yelling)

Yu run baby dem waan shoes!

G60 INT. LAUGH FACTORY - STAGE - MONTAGE - NIGHT

G60

Nina is still in the smoothie store. She welcomes imaginary celebrities into the store. *

NINA *

(as smoothie guy) *

Oh, hey Britney Spears. *

(as Britney, singing voice) *

BA. BA. BA. *

(as smoothie guy) *

Alright, while you're getting it *

out, I'll take Kristen Stewart's *

order. *

Nina gets hesitant. Twilrs her hair. Cover her face. *

NINA (CONT'D) *

(as Kristen Stewart) *

Ah, ah, ah, what do people order *

here? Sorry. I don't even... I don't *

like being out. I hate attention, *

so don't look at me, maybe? Hate *

being a celebrity. Do you have a *

cigarette? Can I smoke in here? *

Never mind. Sorry. I guess I'll *

just have a smoothie? *

Smoothie guy turns his attention to someone else coming in. *

NINA (CONT'D) *

(as smoothie guy) *

Oh, hey Shelly Duval from The *

Shining. What can I do for you? *

(as Shelley Duval) *

Smoooothieeee, pleaseeeee! *

*

H60 INT. LAUGH FACTORY - STAGE - MONTAGE - NIGHT

H60

Maria has hit the rock bottom of bombing. She just stands there, holding her butt, until she... shits herself.

J60 INT. LAUGH FACTORY - BACKSTAGE - MONTAGE - NIGHT

J60

LESLIE

Sweet Jesus, she shit herself.

YOLANDA

You gotta give it to her: it's new!

INT. LAUGH FACTORY - STAGE - MONTAGE - NIGHT

Britney still trying to order her smoothie.

NINA

(as Britney)

BAAAAA.

(smoothie guy)

Oh, look, it's Werner Herzog.

(as Herzog)

Ich want an erotical smoothie, a
represantion of the depths of my
soul.

(as smoothie guy)

Anything in particular?

(as Herzog)

It should have... almond milk,
wheatgrass, chaos, fornication,
insanity, cacao nibs, destruction.
No dairy - it would be like a
serpent screaming throughout my
inner intestines.

He takes a sip of the smoothie. Doesn't seem to like it.

NINA (CONT'D)

(as Herzog)

The taste of this makes me feel
like a suicidal penguin marching
towards certain death in the arctic
tundra.

Smoothie guys turns to Shelley. She swings an imaginary bat.

NINA (CONT'D)

(as smoothie guy)

Britney?

(as Britney)

BA-NA-NA. Can I get a banana
smoothie?

(as smoothy guy)

Sure Britney. Coming up. Oh look,
it's Shakira.

(as Shakira, smiking and
dancing)

Goji berries, seven bananas
Add some hemp protein, dust off
some mangos. Spirolina. A shot of
talent, oh oh. Placenta powder, eh
eh. Tsamina mina blah blah blah
blah. Smoothie for Shakira!

Somewhere in the back on the club LARRY MICHAELS whispers
quietly to the person next to him, who jots something down.

The audience is clapping, digging Nina. She vows. *

NINA (CONT'D) *

I'd like to close by doing a
dramatic reading of a piece of
literature that means a lot to me -
Lil Wayne's prison diary. *

(reading) *

The thing that hurt me most in
jail, was finding out my girl
fucked Drake. Drizzy came to see
me, he was like, 'Yeah, it's true'.
Damn! Don't fuck with her like that
'cause I did fuck her." Damn! Dis
is the type of shit a man never
wants to find out while he is
locked up. As soon as I found out,
I told them to just lock me in, and
I've basically just been by myself
in my cell for the last couple of
days." *

(as Nina) *

Thank you. *

She leaves the stage to strong applause. *

61 INT. LAUGH FACTORY - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

61

The comedians try to console Maria. Mika checks the twitter
poll of who was the funniest.

MIKA

(to Nina)

You're winning the poll so far.

YOLANDA

I can't believe we both did Weezy!

Nina grabs Leslie's glass and throws up in it.

MARIA

Ew.

LESLIE

Let's go get a drink!

62 EXT. LAUGH FACTORY - NIGHT

62

The girls are doing the LA night shuffle: where do we go and
how do we get there?

YOLANDA

Maybe we can walk some place.

Nina's phone rings. It's her agent. Nina steps out of the circle, which quiets down, sensing it's work.

NINA

Hello? Yeah.
(shocked)
Really?

Her face says it all: SHE GOT IT. HOLY SHIT.

She turns to the girls, **BEAMING**, only to remember: *They didn't*. Her face falls. She walks away.

NINA (CONT'D)

So what happens next?
(listening)
Other than getting drunk.
(listening)
Are you sure? Because if I give up
my apartment in New York, there's
no going back and I will come after
you if something goes wrong.
(inhales)
Okay. Okay. Thank you.

She hangs up. Stares at the traffic on Sunset Boulevard.

HOLY SHIT. SHE GOT IT?

Shock, disbelief, happiness... Hasn't yet accepted it.

LESLIE (O.S.)

So you got it?

Nina turns to face them. Four talented women, waiting to hear.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

No one else got calls.

NINA

I did. I'm sorry.

A collective sigh. Yolanda weird-hugs her.

YOLANDA

Kinda wanna push you into traffic
right now.

Everyone else chimes in with disheartened congratulations.

LESLIE
How much does it pay?

NINA
You know, I didn't even ask?

MARIA
Starts at \$6000 a week.

What?! NINA Fuck me! YOLANDA

YOLANDA (CONT'D)
Okay, now I'm pissed.

NINA
\$6000 a week?
(off of Leslie's nod)
I've never made that in a *month*.

MARIA
Me neither. I gotta go.

LESLIE
(to Nina)
Fuck you! I'm sorry. Fuck you! I'm
sorry.

They all disperse. Nina feels awful. And weird. And happy.
She calls Rafe.

NINA
Where are you?

RAFE (O.S.)
Bar across the street.

Nina turns to see a bar across the street.

RAFE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I figured one way or another, you'd
need a drink.

NINA
You figured right.

Nina walks into the bar, still kind of shell shocked.

Sitting on a high table by the window, Rafe shows her a Jack & Ginger.

RAFE

Well?

She sits across from him. Stares at him.

NINA

I got it.

And for the first time, she really smiles.

RAFE

You got... the job?

It hits her.

NINA

Yeah.

(beat)

I got it. Larry Michaels wants to meet me. But I got it.

Smiling like an idiot. Rafe throws his arms in the air.

RAFE

Holy shit! Congratulations! Welcome to the rest of your life!

(screaming)

SHE'S GONNA BE ON COMEDY PRIME!!!

Nina can't help but laugh.

RAFE (CONT'D)

Now I'm gonna have to watch that show.

They kiss.

64 INT. RAFE'S EL CAMINO - NIGHT

64

Rafe drives his very beat up El Camino.

Nina is in the passenger seat, a stupid grin still on her face. The engine is so loud they can barely hear each other.

But it doesn't matter.

65 INT. COUTURE CLUB - DANCING MONTAGE - NIGHT

65

Nina and Rafe seem to have crashed a wedding and are giving it their all on the dance floor to Mambo No. 5.

Nina jumps up and down. Rafe jumps up and down. Dos a dos. Thunder clap. Enchufla.

SLOMO - NINA AND RAFF MAKE EYE CONTACT

These two are into each other. Isn't Rafe great? The way he looks at her?

Rafe puts his arms around Nina and playfully twirls her.

Then, she rests her face on his shoulder.

As they turn, we see his face: fun, carefree, solid.

On Nina as they turn: what is happening here?

Worry, fear, agony.

The BRIDE bumps into Nina by mistake.

BRIDE

Sorry!

NINA

(over her shoulder)

Watch it, bitch!

BRIDE

Don't call me a bitch, bitch.

Nina eyes Rafe: You like me, right? Get ready.

NINA

(daring)

Touch me again, midget!

The bride's DAD comes forward. So does Rafe.

BRIDE

What's your problem?

In her drunkenness, Nina goes to grab the bride's drink. The bride's Dad grabs Nina by the hand - hard.

DAD

GET THE FUCK OFF MY DAUGHTER.

Nina's eyes meet his. Something deep there.

RAFE
(to the Dad, apologetic)
Sorry about that. I got her.

Rafe grabs Nina, struggles to drag her away.

66

EXT. COUTURE CLUB - ALLEY WAY - NIGHT

66

Nina and Rafe walk towards the car in uncomfortable silence.

RAFE
What was that?

NINA
What was what?

On Rafe: you know what I'm talking about.

NINA (CONT'D)
She bumped into me. Didn't you see?

RAFE
By mistake! It happens. You don't
insult someone and start a fight
'cause they accidentally bump into
you.

NINA
Hell of a dad, though. Wow. He was
great. Wish you defended me like
that.

RAFE
Defend you from what? You started a
fight with her for no reason.

NINA
What's the matter? Not lady like
enough for you?

RAFE
(trying to give her a pass)
Okay... I guess you've had too much
to drink.

NINA
I'm not drunk.

RAFE
So you're just being an asshole?

Nina leans on the door of Rafe's truck, folds her arms. Takes
a long look at him.

RAFE (CONT'D)

What?

NINA

Is it nice to look down from your
ivory tower?

RAFE

What are you talking about?

NINA

(mocking him)

Hm, hm, I'm Rafe. I build things.
With my hands. I'm off the grid. I
don't vote. I'm a California
native. I'm special.

(clapping in beat)

I'm Rafe. I'm Rafe.

Hold on Rafe, as he takes a good, hard look at Nina, trying
to figure out what he's dealing with.

NINA (CONT'D)

Cat got your tongue? Cause I can
keep going.

RAFE

I'm just gonna take you home.

NINA

You wanna fuck through this? You
know, the conflict?

RAFE

No.

67 EXT. TREE HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

67

Rafe stops outside Lake's house. Nina jumps out of the car,
not looking back, kicks a garbage can, slams the door.

*

RAFE

(yelling)

Bye!

Shakes his head. Peels out.

68 INT. TREE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

68

Lake is in front of her type-writer writing away.

Nina walks in, self-loathing starting to set in.

Slams the front door closed, hoping to get Lake's attention.
It doesn't.

Nina downs a quarter of the first alcohol bottle she finds.
Then, she bangs a cabinet door LOUD. Lake types away.

NINA

Lake?

Nothing.

NINA (CONT'D)

(louder)

Lake.

Lake keeps writing away.

NINA (CONT'D)

(loudly)

Lake. Stream. River. Babbling
brook.

*
*

Nina finally just walks up to Lake and shakes her by the
shoulder. Lake jumps, startled.

LAKE

Nina! Hi! I was trance-writing.

NINA

I don't have time for your bullshit
right now.

LAKE

(taken aback)

Okay... What's going on?

NINA

What do you - how do you - how does
one - when-- he-

Lake mimes breathing deep.

LAKE

Try again.

Nina hangs her head down.

NINA

I just can't--

Lake puts a hand on Nina.

LAKE

You poor thing. You're in such a distress.

For once, Nina doesn't fight her.

LAKE (CONT'D)

The truth will set you free.

NINA

You know, Lake, you're pretty fucking incredible but the platitudes make me wanna strangle you sometimes.

LAKE

It's not a platitude. It's true.

NINA

Well, that depends, doesn't it? What if the truth sends you to jail???

LAKE

(genuinely worried)

Oh my God, Nina. Have you committed a crime?

Nina shakes her head no. Lake is relieved.

NINA

People use that phrase all the time...

(biblical)

"Then you will know the truth and the truth will set you free!" Well, John said it to the Jews. And look how that turned out for us.

LAKE

Yeah, I have no idea what we're talking about anymore. But I think Rafe is a solid dude and you should tell him whatever is bothering you.

On Nina: how did she know it was about Rafe?

NINA

You don't even know him.

LAKE

But I'm right, aren't I? The truth, Nina.

She turns back to her type-writer.

69 INT. TREE HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT 69

Nina stares at the ceiling, unable to sleep. The truth?

70 EXT. RAFE'S HOME - NIGHT 70

Nina walks slowly towards Rafe's house...

Then, she sees him leaving the house and walking towards his car.

NINA

Rafe!

Awkward walk up. Is she gonna tell him the truth?

NINA (CONT'D)

Where you going?

RAFE

To your show.

Nina folds into his arms.

NINA

(muffled)

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

He's glad to hear it but still on guard. Just looks at her.

NINA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I'm an asshole. I don't know what got into me. I didn't mean any of the things I said about you. You know that, right?

RAFE

Well, you didn't say anything that wasn't true. You just seemed not to *like* that I'm that way.

He's hurt.

NINA

I do, I do. I actually *really like* every part of you. I was just... I don't know why I did that. I'm sorry.

RAFE

Let's talk about it later... Don't you have a show to do?

NINA

Yeah. On no sleep. I didn't think you were gonna come.

RAFE

You invited me.

NINA

It just didn't occur to me you'd show.

(heartfelt)

Thank you.

(in awe)

You're so fucking solid.

RAFE

(clapping)

Well, I'm special.

Nina is mortified.

71

INT. IO WEST THEATER - HALLWAY - NIGHT

71

A hallway leading to the green room. Bathrooms on either side.

People come and go. Nina says hello to other comics as she and Rafe make their way to the Green Room, hands clasped together.

Then... none other than... JOE. HERE. IN LA.

JOE

What up, Nina?

Nina freezes. Shit. She's terrified even if she hides it well. Rafe just thinks he's another comic.

NINA

What are you doing here?

JOE

(loudly)

Auditions. Some pretty big stuff.

Departed 2.

(smiling)

Saw your twitter. Hope you're funny tonight.

Rafe looks between them, trying to figure out what's going on.

JOE (CONT'D)

I do stand-up now too. We should swap jokes.

Nina grabs Rafe by the arm, panicking.

NINA

Lets get out of here.

Rafe seems weirded out but follows Nina towards the door.

Joe sprints up ahead and blocks the door for Nina.

JOE

(screaming)
I left my wife!

Nina looks ashamed.

Rafe is confused: who the hell is this?

Suddenly in flight mode, Nina pushes through Joe towards the back of the club. Scared.

72

INT. IO WEST THEATER - HALLWAY/BAR AREA - NIGHT

72

Nina runs, looking for a way out. Joe follows. Rafe behind Joe.

JOE

Nina, Nina. I left her.

Joe grabs her by the shoulders, forcing her to look at him.

NINA

For a cop you don't lie very well,
Joe. She left you, didn't she?

RAFE

(surprised)
You're a cop?

JOE

(to Rafe)
Shut the fuck up.

Nina tries to get free. Joe won't let go.

RAFE
(getting in the middle)
Hey, hey!

Nina suddenly hits an emotional peak. She does what she's never done before: ask for help.

NINA
(screaming hysterically to
Rafe)
HELP ME!!! HIT HIM! DEFEND ME!!!

Both men are taken aback by her screams.

But Rafe reacts quickly to Nina's demands: He punches Joe square in the face and levels him.

Rafe grimaces with pain, holds his hand up.

On Nina: "Holy shit. He actually did it."

Rafe walks away. Nina follows him.

In the background, a couple of guys help Joe up.

NINA (CONT'D)
Rafe?

RAFE
(adrenaline rushing)
You say you want sensitive but
really you want men fighting each
other for you.

NINA
I just wrote a bit about this--

Rafe pushes through the people streaming in.

NINA (CONT'D)
One of us is always walking away...
(following him)
Rafe!

RAFE
(piecing it together)
So... He's married. But he left his
wife for you. That's so nice. A
married cop. That's great!

Nina stands in front of Rafe, ashamed.

RAFE (CONT'D)

Does he have kids? You know what?
Don't tell me.

(beat)

I bet he chokes black people for
fun too.

Nina is starting to shut down.

RAFE (CONT'D)

What the fuck were you thinking,
Nina?

NINA

You have Ganja... I have Joe.

Rage registers on Rafe's face.

RAFE

Are you *kidding* me?

NINA

It's over.

RAFE

Is it? He's here. He's leaving his
wife for you, didn't you hear? I
thought you said you didn't have
relationships! And here you are-
fucking A MARRIED GUY!

Nina is a blank.

RAFE (CONT'D)

What's the matter? No snappy come
back this time? You just gonna go
on stage and pretend you're a
strong independent woman who always
gets what she wants?

Nina doesn't say anything. Rafe heads to the exit.

73

INT. IO WEST THEATER - BAR - NIGHT

73

The place is buzzing with people.

Nina, stormy disposition, trying to recover, waits her turn.

PAM, the manager, comes up.

PAM

Nina! Congrats on the job, girl. I
knew you'd get it.

NINA

Is it me, or are there a lot more people here tonight?

PAM

Oh yeah. Word gets around. Which is great for me. I sent a mass email.

NINA

(trying to leave)

Okay.

Pam grabs her forearm.

PAM

Nina. You're a bringer now. These people are here for you. Don't forget. They're expecting a lot from you.

Just what Nina wants to hear.

AMY (O.S.)

(whiny voice)

Nina? Nina Geld?

Nina turns around to find herself face to face with Amy, her mother's neighbor. She blinks and smiles.

AMY (CONT'D)

It's Amy? Your mother's neighbor Amy? The accountant?

NINA

(shaking her hand)

Oh my God. Hi.

AMY

Yeah, it's been a while. How's your mother? I'm visiting my parents. Too cold in Jersey. But they're sleeping now. We did the early bird thing. And then I saw you're acting here so I said to myself lets go see what Debora's kid does. It's weird, I offered to get a ticket for your mom with my miles but she wouldn't do it.

Just what Nina needs to hear.

AMY (CONT'D)

(pitying)

Are you okay?

Nina nods.

AMY (CONT'D)

I've seen some of your clips on the twitter and boy... You say some really vicious things. Not just the language but just so... angry. I don't get it. Your mother is weird but sweet. I just wanted to make sure you know life is beautiful. Do you know that?

NINA

Not for everyone, Amy.

AMY

(laughing/snorting)

Well, you had it pretty nice, right? Cheer up!

Nina downs her Jack & Ginger and heads for the stage.

74

INT. IO WEST THEATER - STAGE - NIGHT

74

Applause as Nina takes the stage. She grabs the mic.

NINA

Thank you, thank you. I really appreciate it.

(fuming)

It's nice to see so many people here.

As she looks at the crowd, Nina clocks Rafe, arms folded. He's back. Watching her with a vengeance. Fuck. Nina tries to get on with her routine.

NINA (CONT'D)

You know that phrase about women doing everything men do in heels? Fuck that.

Paces up and down. Sees Rafe. Truth. The truth will set you free. The silence starts to get a bit uncomfortable. She starts over.

NINA (CONT'D)

How's everyone doing tonight? Nice to see your stupid faces here.

In the crowd, Pam looks worried.

NINA (CONT'D)

You know, I was gonna do my routine about periods and shitting liquid but... There's something that's been bothering me and I'm trying to be truthful in my life...

PAM

Oh shit. Is she a scientologist?

NINA

What is it that people say? The truth will set you free? So I'm just gonna share it with you.

Cheers from the crowd. Pam panics.

PAM

Oh no. She's gonna snap. We got a SNAPPER! Shit, shit!

She frantically clicks the red light on and off.

On Rafe: oh, can't wait to hear this.

NINA

I've been reading some stuff about myself lately and lots of people seem to think I'm "negative".

Incredulous face. Disbelief from the crowd.

NINA (CONT'D)

Yeah. Yeah. Negative. Angry. Polarizing. Not the type of girl you'd wanna bring home.

(pissed off)

Well, guess what? I don't wanna *fucking* go home with you.

A girl whoops.

NINA (CONT'D)

Not sure where they're getting negative from. Is it because I swear so much? Because I pick people apart? Because I'm so *fucking* angry?

Pacing up and down.

NINA (CONT'D)

I recently ran into this woman --
(stares at Amy pointedly)

(MORE)

NINA (CONT'D)

Who lives next door to us since I was a kid and she was like...

(super whiny)

"Ninaaaa, why are you so angriyyyyy?
I follow you on the twatter and
it's really saaaaad."

People laugh.

NINA (CONT'D)

First of all--

(making eye contact)

Fuck you, Amy.

She lets that land right on Amy, who looks mortified.

NINA (CONT'D)

Why are you following me? You love
Nicholas Sparks. You have no
business reading my shit, you cunt.

(audience shock)

Just because I grew up next door to
you and smiled every time you
recaped Days of Our Lives, doesn't
mean you're gonna like my twitter
feed now.

Audience doesn't really know what's happening but goes along.

NINA (CONT'D)

But more importantly, I find it
amusing when people tell me to
cheer up because... considering the
shit I've been through, I'm pretty
fucking cheery!

(on a roll)

People are like "you're always
picking on men," "you're such a man
hater." Oh, you ain't seen nothing
yet!

(beat)

You try being raped by your own
father for 8 years.

Whoa.

Silence.

Standing in the back, Rafe looks distressed.

NINA (CONT'D)

See what *that* does for your opinion
of men.

You could hear a pin drop.

NINA (CONT'D)

Eight years of rape will make anyone a little "irritated". And not just in your vagina but in your head too.

People trying to figure out where this is going.

NINA (CONT'D)

The thing fucking Amy doesn't get is she's lucky I don't turn into the fucking Hulk every time someone says hello to me.

(beat)

I'm fucking Mother Teresa on the outside compared to what's going on in here.

(taps her head)

When a guy asks for my number, my immediate instinct is to break my beer bottle over his head.

Some people leave.

NINA (CONT'D)

Apparently that's the customary greeting in Ireland, so maybe I should just move there.

A smattering of laughs.

Rafe isn't laughing. Nina makes eye contact with him.

NINA (CONT'D)

It takes years of recovery and therapy and frankly, drinking; not to punch out some dude who just needed directions.

(feigning dismay)

"Oh, no. I'm sorry, sir. You wanna know how to get to Venice Beach? I thought you said-- *"Where's your vagina, bitch?"*

More uncomfortable silence.

NINA (CONT'D)

I remember this party I went to in college where people were playing those stupid truth or dare games... and the hostess is all...

(imitating)

(MORE)

NINA (CONT'D)

How did you lose your virginity?
(she raises her eyebrows)
None of your fucking business. Only virgins ask this shit. Or people who have lived in a bubble of protection their entire fucking lives. And, yes, I *am* jealous of them. And jealous of their mothers who come out to visit them.
(beat)

What I wanted to say was what happened. How did I "lose my virginity?" Face down on the floor when I was 12, eyes on my cat, while my father raped me.

Silence.

NINA (CONT'D)

Yeah, not great party conversation, right? You fucking asked.

Rafe looks broken-hearted. Nina clocks him.

NINA (CONT'D)

Instead I made up a sweet story about losing my virginity to a boy I used to love. Because that's what I would have liked.

Silence. A stifled sob in the audience.

NINA (CONT'D)

So yeah, I think all in all, I'm doing pretty well. I do what I love. I'm a reasonably good person...

She looks at Rafe's spot. It's empty.

NINA (CONT'D)

(heartbroken)
I might even be able to love someone some day the way they deserve it.

The thinned-out crowd is stunned.

A couple of people clap.

An elderly man is fast asleep.

Smoky, from the truth circle, sits there, sobbing for her.

Nina stands on the stage for a minute.

Half-numb, half-liberated.

75 INT. IO WEST THEATER - BATHROOM STALL - NIGHT 75

Alone in the stall, Nina wails like she hasn't in years.

The crying is overpowering.

76 INT. IO WEST THEATER - BATHROOM - NIGHT 76

A bit calmer now, Nina washes her face with cold water and dries it.

Takes a deep breath. Checks her face in the mirror.

Takes out her cell and calls Rafe. He doesn't answer.

She hangs up when it goes to voice-mail.

She sends him a text: "Where are you?"

77 INT. IO WEST THEATER - BAR - NIGHT 77

Nina has had a few drinks and it's starting to show. Someone taps her on the shoulder. She turns to find Mike, the NY comedian she said she'd never fuck.

MIKE

Well, shit. Look what the cat dragged in.

They hug.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I heard you put on quite the show tonight. Something about fucking your father? You are going *DARK* out here.

Nina stares at him.

78 INT. IO WEST THEATER - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT 78

Mike is on his back on a love seat, stupefied look on his face while Nina rides him.

He tries to kiss her. She doesn't let him.

MIKE

Let me kiss you.

NINA

Shut up.

She grabs his arms and holds them down above his head.

MIKE

I love you so much, Nina.

She rides him hard.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(barely containing himself)

I'm gonna cum!

NINA

Good.

He cums. She doesn't.

Nina tries to get off Mike, throws up on him, catching some puke in her hands, stumbles off the bed.

She puts on her clothes, throws up some more.

A78 INT. IO WEST THEATER - STAIRS - NIGHT

A78

ADDITIONAL SHOT: Mike on stairs.

79 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

79

Crying, Nina walks down the street.

It's a warm night. Hobos and junkies are out.

She checks her phone. Nothing from Rafe.

She texts him again: "please say something."

A twitter notification comes in from user YourUncle321:

"Hope you get raped again, you bitch."

It takes Nina a minute to process that. Someone who was at the show?

She follows the tweet and it doesn't take her long to see that there are various clips of her performance online.

NINA

Oh no.

She brings her fingers to her tired eyes.

NINA (CONT'D)

Of course. The internet. Always the
fucking internet.

Her phone rings. It's Mike.

NINA (CONT'D)

Ugh.

She starts walking east.

80 EXT. LA STREETS - INTERCUT W/ DEBORA'S APARTMENT - DAY 80

Nina walks all the way back to Silverlake.

Sometimes, she cries. Sometimes, she doesn't.

Her mother calls.

NINA

Hi mom.

81 INT. DEBORA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - INTERCUT W/ LA STREETS 81
DAY

Debora is still in bed, open computer next to her, worried
look on her face. Dawn lies next to her.

DEBORA

Baby. Where are you?

NINA

I'm OK, mama. I'm sorry it's on the
internet.

DEBORA

(trying to be strong)

Where are you? I'll come see you.

NINA

I'm OK, mama. Just emotional. Not
sure what came over me.

DEBORA

I can come to you. Make you garlic
chicken.

(MORE)

DEBORA (CONT'D)
(off of her silence)
Is that a yes?

NINA
I'll be home for Thanksgiving.

Debora stops herself from pushing more. She makes a fist and bites it.

DEBORA
I'm gonna fucking kill Amy.

Mom breaks down. *

82 INT. TREE HOUSE - ENTRANCE/LIVING ROOM - DAY 82

Nina walks into the house. Lake is there making breakfast.

LAKE
Hi honey! *

She takes a look at Nina's face and knows something is wrong.
Runs over and hugs her. It's what Nina needs.
They stand there silently hugging each other for a long time.
Then...

LAKE (CONT'D)
I beat up our neighbor last night
for not recycling and he's actually
pressing charges.

That makes Nina laugh.

83 INT. TREE HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - INTERCUT W/ CARRIE'S OFFICE 83
DAY

Nina wakes up in her bed after having gotten some sleep.
She's showered and is wearing clean pajamas.
Turns on her phone. Tons of phone calls, texts, emails.
None from Rafe. Nina grabs her computer.
She looks at the clips of her performance online.

NINA (OS ON YOUTUBE)
Face down on the floor, eyes on the
cat, while my father raped me.

It's terrible and real.

Lots of views, comments. Some positive: "about time someone speaks out about this epidemic." Others negative: "wah wah. Daddy didn't love me."

She goes on Twitter. She has thousands of followers. #ninageldrape is trending.

NINA (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

(picks up ringing phone)

Hello?

A83

INT. CARRIE'S OFFICE - INTERCUT W/ TREE HOUSE - DAY

A83

CARRIE

Nina! Are you OK? I've been trying you all morning.

NINA

Yeah. Crazy night.

CARRIE

Yeah, I saw that. Honey, I had NO idea. I'm so sorry.

NINA

Oh, thanks Carrie.

(suddenly worried)

Is everything OK? I didn't get fired from COMEDY PRIME, did I?

CARRIE (INTERCUT)

No, no. Hopefully, it'll be fine.

NINA

What do you mean, hopefully?

CARRIE

Nina, you're trending. It's a great thing. But you need a publicist.

NINA

Why?

CARRIE

Because now you're the comedian who was raped and it's not gonna go away.

Oh God.

CARRIE (CONT'D)
I'll put you in touch with Bunny.

NINA
Bunny?

CARRIE
She's the best. And also a rape
victim.

NINA
Survivor. And you shouldn't out
her.

Door bell rings.

CARRIE
Yeah, she'll call you. Now I have
to go handle your career. You don't
wanna do Special Victims Unit, do
you?

NINA
(hanging up)
No.

CARRIE
Come on.
(yelling at assistant)
Can you send Nina a fruit basket???

Carrie walks to the window and looks out. Her water breaks.
She doesn't move.

CARRIE (CONT'D)
(whispers)
I like myself today. I am aware of
possibilities for improvement but I
don't want to be anyone else.
(fierce)
Lets do this!

84 INT. TREE HOUSE - ENTRANCE - DAY

84

Nina opens the door and finds herself face to face with Rafe.
A beat between them.

Lake protectively comes up behind Nina.

LAKE
Say the word and I will throw him
out, Nina! I'm here for you!

NINA
It's okay, Lake.

Nina walks towards her bedroom. Rafe follows.

85 INT. TREE HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - DAY

85

Arms folded, Nina waits for Rafe to say something.

RAFE
I'm sorry I left.

Rafe looks like he's also had a rough night.

NINA
It's what you do, right?

Nina is furious at him. Also, trying to hide her relief that he's come back.

NINA (CONT'D)
You said you wouldn't fuck with me.

RAFE
I know.
(deep breath)
I'm a fucking asshole for leaving.
(beat)
I freaked out. All I could see was--

He lowers his eyes. Nina fights back tears. Doesn't want to let him see her cry.

RAFE (CONT'D)
You endured that and here you are.
I just heard about it and freaked
out, like a coward.

Nina nods.

RAFE (CONT'D)
I apologize.

He sits next to her, holds her hand gently.

RAFE (CONT'D)
I think, despite... everything...
we're good together.

Nina looks at him, doubtful.

NINA
I don't know, Rafe...

Nina thinks about it. Should she? They stare at each other.

He kisses her hand.

Nina leans over and hugs him. He hugs her back.

A85 EXT. TOPANGA WILD CAT SANTUARY - BRIDGE - DAY A85

SLOW MOTION: Nina, Rafe, Lake, Paula, and Smoky walk across a wooden footbridge.

86 EXT. TOPANGA WILD CAT SANCTUARY - DAY 86

Smoky, Lake and Paula show Nina and Rafe around the sanctuary.

SMOKY

(pointing at a cat)

That one is my favorite. I think in a past life we were sisters.

LAKE

We're not supposed to have favorites here!

Nina and Rafe can't help but laugh.

Nina bends down to pet a cat.

PAULA

(to Nina, deadpan)

Do the cats make you feel better?

*

87 INT. LARRY MICHAELS' OFFICE - WAITING AREA - DAY 87

A 1928 Italian Villa with urban flair. Nina sits in the spacious lobby, waiting for Larry.

A cranky assistant who has probably been there since the 60's pokes her head in.

ASSISTANT

I am SO sorry. He's gonna be a little while longer.

(could care less)

Can I get you more coffee?

A87 INT. LARRY MICHAELS' OFFICE - WAITING AREA - DAY A87

Nina looks at the art on the walls with interest...

ASSISTANT

Sorry again. He's still firing people. Rough day today.

B87 INT. LARRY MICHAELS' OFFICE - WAITING AREA - DAY

B87

Nina looks up at the ceiling, eyeing a fresco.

LARRY (O.S.)

You're very funny, Nina.

She pivots to see, all the way back at the other end of the building, Larry, 70, Godfather-ish, wearing a suit.

He takes his time walking to her, his footsteps sounding on the floor. When he finally makes it, stands on the steps towering over her.

*

NINA

Oh.

(shaking his hand)

It is SO nice to meet you. Thank you for this opportunity.

88 INT. LARRY MICHAELS' OFFICE - PERSONAL OFFICE - DAY

88

Larry takes his arm chair. Motions for Nina to. She does.

LARRY

I usually like to ask people I'm interested in hiring about their childhood, what their parents do, that type of thing. It eases most people into conversation.

Nina nods.

LARRY (CONT'D)

But considering your performance on Friday, that seems a bit... perfunctory.

NINA

I'm happy to tell you about my parents, Sir.

LARRY

Call me Larry, please. I already feel old as it is.

NINA

Okay. Larry. I mean, my mom is pretty great. *She* thinks you should hire me.

Larry smiles.

LARRY

We're in a funny place right now.
(he brings his hands together)
People *think* they want reality but they really want a *curated* reality. A bit of performance, a bit of hope.
(where is he going with this?)
You're a very strong performer. I know you can do wonderful things here at Comedy Prime... But you've also come out as this very powerful voice against abuse... And I'm wondering if that is all people are going to see when they see you.

Nina is kind of flabbergasted.

LARRY (CONT'D)

What do you think?

NINA

If that information prevents someone from enjoying me play say, Taylor Swift... I think that's on them.

Larry's eyebrows curve up.

NINA (CONT'D)

I mean, you've had plenty of performers on your show with drug problems, drinking problems. I bet a few of them hit women.

LARRY

Sure, sure but people didn't know about it then. It's a brand new world now.

NINA

I feel like I'm being blamed...

LARRY

No, no. Not at all. It makes no difference to me, you see? It was an awful thing. I'm glad you got it off your chest.

NINA

But?

LARRY

I just wanted to know how you felt about it.

He sits back, watches her.

LARRY (CONT'D)

I hire talented performers but also people I'm going to be comfortable with when shit hits the fan, you know?

NINA

Right.

LARRY

Do you like living in LA? I mean, can you see yourself living here for a while? Some people really freak out when they move here.

NINA

I think I've had my freak out.

Larry smiles.

LARRY

I have to think about it, Nina. Thanks for coming in.

89 EXT. PARKING LOT - INTERCUT W/ CARRIE'S OFFICE - DAY 89

Nina walks towards her car. Calls her agent.

NINA

Hey, just finished my interview with the patriarchy. I don't know. He has to "think about it" so I'm not getting it, right?

90 INT. CARRIE'S OFFICE - INTERCUT W/ PARKING LOT - DAY 90

Carrie pumps milk from her breasts as she talks.

CARRIE

Yeah, that's not good.

NINA

You know what? Fuck Larry Michaels!

Larry Michaels drives by her in his car. Waves at her.

NINA (CONT'D)

(waving back)

Oh my God.

Carrie listens in.

CARRIE

Where are you?

Nina drops her fake smile.

NINA

Just saying hi to a friend. Listen, can you book me? Will *anyone* have me? I need to get back on the horse.

CARRIE

So you're staying in LA?

NINA

Yeah, for a while... I met someone.

CARRIE

Oh my God. Oh my God. Who. Who. Who. Is it someone I know? Oh my God. Is it Chris Pratt?

NINA

No. It's not a celebrity. I'm hanging up now.

91

INT. LAUGH FACTORY - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

91

Nina leans against the wall and takes a deep breath.

She's nervous. Walks over to the mirror. Checks her teeth.

Jumps up and down a little.

NINA

(to herself)

Good night, Los Angeles. Hello, Los Angeles.

Knock on the door. Assistant pokes head in.

ASSISTANT #2
Hey. You've got two minutes.

Nina nods.

ASSISTANT #2 (CONT'D)
(smiling)
Don't fuck it up!

NINA
(ironic)
Thanks.

ASSISTANT #2
That's what comics say, right?

Nina closes the door. Checks herself in the mirror again:
ass, belt, hair.

She looks great.

92 INT. LAUGH FACTORY - STAGE - NIGHT

92

Nina saunters onto the stage, amidst cheers and applause.

The room is packed. Clearly, people have come to see the
"rape comedian".

NINA
Hello, LA! Thank you for coming to
see my follow-up rape routine.
#rapegate? #abusemagggedon?
(laughter)
It's all been a bit... weird
lately. So it means a lot you guys
showed up tonight. You were like:
"Honey, would you like to go see
the guy who does jokes about his in-
laws or the chick who was raped by
her father? She's funny."
(more laughter)
For me, not much has changed. I
mean, I've known about my past for
a while.
(ha ha)
So I'm gonna try to keep going,
same as always.

Applause. In the audience, Rafe stands up and claps for her.

NINA (CONT'D)

You know what I hate about dating?
(beat)

It's so much *work*. As the
prostitute once said "It's not the
fucking that gets you, it's the
stairs."

THE END.