

JUST WOKE

Written by

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PILOT

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EXT. JUST WOKE, INC.

A small brick building with the Just Woke Logo sign in front.

We hear Amy's voice before we see her.

AMY (V.O.)

I'm so nervous. This is my first day, and I really want to make a great impression, you know? I know that's kind of a cliché, but it's really important to me that everyone here thinks I belong.

Close up on Amy's beaming smile.

AMY

So? Do you think I'll fit in here?

A barista with a very uninterested look on her face is holding Amy's coffee. She is holding up the line at the coffee stand in the lobby. People are getting annoyed. They just stare.

AMY (CONT'D)

By the way, I think what you do is art. Totally.

BARISTA

One Black coffee.

AMY

Guilty! I'm basic. I know, I know, who drinks black coffee, right? I do. I'm old school. I don't even like iced coffee. Nope, for me it's Taye Diggs all the way. Short, hot and black.

BARISTA

Wow. I like your stories.

AMY

Thanks. I like your tattoo.

Amy points to the barista's butterfly tattoo on her wrist.

AMY (CONT'D)

I saw one just like it on my favorite YouTube influencer. Butterflies are so fly.

BARISTA

Yeah. Nice shoes. I saw a pair just like them at my dead grandmother's garage sale. So...

AMY

Well, that's technically more of a dig at your grandmother.

BARISTA

Yeah, I can't.

AMY

Thanks for the coffee! This is going to be a great day!

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP ON AMY'S FACE

She is composes herself, takes a deep breath and just before she moves, a set of double doors opens in her face, and her new boss NOLA rushes at her with a bunch of files while texting. TAFFY is next to her.

NOLA

You're late!

AMY

I am?

They immediately start walking and talking, á la West Wing.

TAFFY

Way to make a bad Monet.

AMY

Monet?

TAFFY

Impression! Read a Google search.

NOLA

Taffy, not now! Emily, here's what I need from you-

AMY

It's Amy.

TAFFY

Is that even a name?

NOLA
I don't think it is.

Taffy smiles and makes a triumphant sound.

NOLA (CONT'D)
Okay, Tammy, I need you to push my
ten back to two and tell my three
he'd better be fifteen early if
we're gonna make the ninth.

AMY
I'm sorry, am I Tammy?

TAFFY
Why aren't you digiting your tab?

AMY
I don't know what any of that is.

NOLA
Then your memory better kick more
ass than whatever dumpster you
found that shirt in.

TAFFY
Seriously, it's not cool to make
fun of the homeless.

NOLA
Tell Quenstin we need all twelve at
six instead of seven, and tell
Frist I can do all eighteen on the
twentieth, if he'll push the tee to
nine.

AMY
Ma'am, I'm sorry-

Nola disappears behind a door, Amy is nearly out of breath,
and Taffy turns to her before she too goes through the door.

TAFFY
Get your shit together, Marmy.

AMY
Yeah, it's Amy. Marmy's not a name.

TAFFY
That's racist.

AMY
How?

TAFFY

Why are you still standing here?
It's your first day, and you have
been late twice!

AMY

What, how is that even possible?

TAFFY

Her meeting is starting, and you're
not there. Your one job as an
assistant is to assist...nt.

Amy panics and rushes into the room. Taffy makes a disgusted face.

INT. MEETING ROOM- DAY

GABORAH

All right, people It's pitch day.
So let's see which one of you I'll
be blaming my binge drinking and
too many xanax evening on today.
What is that?

She points to AMY, who is sitting at the table next to NOLA, who is downing an iced coffee beverage that is utterly preposterous. Amy is staring eagerly, her fingers poised over her MacBook, her eyes turn to Nola in a panic.

NOLA

That's my new assistant.

AMY

Hi. I'm Amy.

Amy stands, tucks her shirt in, presses back her hair and smiles.

NOLA

She doesn't care.

TAFFY

I'm triggered. Why is she standing?

NOLA

You're done.

Nola pulls Amy back to her chair.

AMY

I'm so sorry.

NOLA

No one cares.

GABORAH

Okay, as we all try to forget
whatever the living fuck that was.
Who's pitching me first?

DOUGRICK chuckles. Amy sits very sad.

DOUGRICK

That's exactly what I said in the
Equinox steam room last night.

NOLA

Way to be a stereotype, Dougrick.

TAFFY

So inappropriate.

DOUGRICK

What? It's not like I care.

GABORAH

Come on, people. The clock is
ticking!

They all look for a clock.

GABORAH (CONT'D)

Well not literally. We're not
savages.

Gaborah's assistant TAFFY leans in.

TAFFY

Clocks are so not ironic anymore.

GABORAH

And we're not going to rape a wall
with bad taste. Brucetopher, you're
first.

BRUCETOPHER

Great. I got an interview with
Chappy.

GABORAH

You did not.

AMY

Who?

BRUCETOPHER

I did.

GABORAH

I just had a micro-orgasm.

AMY

Who's Chappy?

TAFFY

Why are you talking?

GABORAH

She is so what this town needs.

NOLA

Mayoral candidate.

AMY

Oh.

GABORAH

Chang Chapman-Chapman, better known to the woke crew as Chappy has formally announced her mayoral candidacy.

BRUCETOPHER

She's twenty five, super hot and totally into plant-based politics.

AMY

Is that a thing?

TAFFY

Ugh. Set an alarm if you can't wake yourself up.

NOLA

Plus her genetic make-up is like super victimy. She has like nine different slave races.

BRUCETOPHER

She's like a Star Wars character.

TAFFY

Her story is such an inspiration.

AMY

Her name is Chapman-Chapman?

TAFFY

She found out she was adopted when she was eighteen! And though her adoptive parents, the Chapmans, were totally loving and supportive, she decided to honor her birth mother, Carol Chapman, by taking her last name.

AMY

Wait-

NOLA

No.

TAFFY

Check your privilege at the door! And thank whatever god you pray to, that you were raised bi-pared.

AMY

I'm sorry, what?

BRUCETOPHER

It means raised by your biological parents.

TAFFY

Yeah! Read a podcast!

GABORAH

And she's the perfect response to that fuckbrain Gloop.

DOUGRICK

I think he's kinda hot.

GABORAH

No.

NOLA

Gross.

TAFFY

You cannot sexualize a racist, misogynist! That's like topping a salad with bacon fat.

DOUGRICK

Or being really bad at analogies.

GABORAH

We will not be discussing Gloop in this room! End of subject.

(MORE)

GABORAH (CONT'D)

He is running for mayor, yes. He is polling very high right now, true. But he is nothing more than a flavor of the week for the crazy right winged, meat-eating, gun-toting, uneducated white people. He's like if Arizona became a person. So let's not go there. Like ever.

TAFFY

He's basically hitler with bad hair.

GABORAH

Good job with Chappy, Brucetopher. Get on it.

BRUCETOPHER

Oh, I'm so on it. I'm like inside it, you know what I'm saying?

GABORAH

That's-

TAFFY

Super toxic masculinity.

GABORAH

Yes, thank you, Taffy. Who's next?

Brucetopher sighs. ANNILY raises her hand.

GABORAH (CONT'D)

Annily?

ANNILY

Since Venus will be in retch all next week.

GABORAH

Is she still out of town?

ANNILY

Milking her mom's cancer.

QUENSTIN

That's tacky.

TAFFY

Using your mom's illness to get out of work!

ANNILY

No, that's the treatment. They use old farm equipment to-

GABORAH

We don't need a description.

ANNILY

Well, anyway, I was thinking of writing an op-ed about how mangoes can cure heart disease because women used to grow them in South America before the invasion. Also, the male energy in the room is like whoa.

Brucetopher leans over to Amy

BRUCETOPHER

She's the worst.

GABORAH

Great. Go with that.

BRUCETOPHER

You should see her girlfriend. Nazi Lesbians.

Amy is shocked at Brucetopher, she looks at him and he winks at her.

DOUGRICK

I've got a headline: Trans woman attacked!

GABORAH

Really?

DOUGRICK

Oh yeah, her Twitter feed looks like Dresden.

ANNILY

Dresden's a beautiful city.

AMY

Who?

BRUCETOPHER

So topical!

GABORAH

Why was she attacked?

DOUGRICK
She's white.

ANNILY
Fair.

QUENSTIN
Oh, okay.

DOUGRICK
No, there's more. She's using a foundation way too dark for her skin. So, it's being called blackface, obvs, and she posted a hunting pic on Snappergram.

TAFFY
But that's a vegetarian site.

DOUGRICK
Bingo!

TAFFY
Wow. How do people sleep at night?

DOUGRICK
Well, according to our latest demographic polling, most of our readers don't. Cuz they so woke. I should write that down.

ANNILY
Oh, did you learn how to write?

DOUGRICK
For the last time Annily, we are on the same team.

ANNILY
It's pronounced On Ill Lee! And I wouldn't join any team that would let you through the front door.

DOUGRICK
Wow. Tell me something, On, why are lesbian's so bad at sarcasm?

ANNILY
I will kneecap you.

DOUGRICK
Is it all the flannel?

NOLA

Stop!

DOUGRICK

Maybe I'll write an article about it!

GABORAH

We don't write articles, Dougrick!

TAFFY

We don't!

GABORAH

What do we write, Taffy?

TAFFY

We write hearticles and honestsays.

GABORAH

Thank you, Taffy.

BRUCETOPHER

(Again, to Amy)

For what, the polyp exam?

GABORAH

What's our motto, Dougrick?

BRUCETOPHER

Am I right?

DOUGRICK

Do I have to?

GABORAH

Our motto?!

DOUGRICK

Truth ain't sleepy, it just woke. I don't think I get the motto.

GABORAH

It means wake your close-minded asses up! That's what it means!

DOUGRICK

Okay, well that's not at all clear.

GABORAH

Be better, Dougrick. Be better.

Gaborah's phone buzzes.

GABORAH (CONT'D)

Hang on, I need to respond to this.

Gaborah texts fursiously. Amy leans in to Nola.

AMY

What's with the names?

NOLA

You know how some sentences have a question mark at the end of them?

AMY

Yeah?

NOLA

Yeah, never use one of those when talking to me. Will you remind me that I have a lunch date with Gaborah today at eleven.

AMY

Right. Eleven. For lunch. That's early.

NOLA

Yeah, she schedules three a day. She's late to all of them and she never eats anything.

AMY

But they're all lunch.

NOLA

Was that a question?

AMY

No.

NOLA

Lunch is the trendiest meal.

BRUCETOPHER

Yeah, it used to be brunch, but that was gentrified by the gays. Homofication is like basically naziism.

DOUGRICK

Fuck you, Brucetopher!

ANNILY

Why is everyone obsessed with Nazis?

BRUCETOPHER

It's so not cool to be a white gay guy anymore. I'm sorry. Your time is up. You have to be like Pan Asian now.

TAFFY

That's offensive!

AMY

Isn't that an airline?

BRUCETOPHER

That's why all the gay guys are saying they're "gender-fluid" now. So sad to see you gays cling to your victim status so stridently.

DOUGRICK

The word is queer, ass face!

GABORAH

Hey, you two! Put your dicks away, they're both out of fashion! Nola! You're up.

NOLA

Right. Uh, yeah, so this week we're cancelling...Millies.

GABORAH

Uh, that bitch. I saw what she did.

NOLA

For those of you that don't know. Millies, the old school bakery that was turned into a speakeasy for people in recovery hosted a Dungeons and Dragons themed bachelor party last week and one of the guests, apparently used to be a registered gun owner.

DOUGRICK

Oh my Junk, that is utterly shocking.

TAFFY

Toxic male ritualism?

DOUGRICK

No, that someone who plays dungeons and dragons is getting married. How am I still single?

ANNILY
Med-resistant chlamydia?

DOUGRICK
Ooh, so pussies do have claws?

GABORAH
All right, knock it off! Any others?

NOLA
Well of course, and I know we don't want to say his name, but Gloop.

GABORAH
Ugh! I can't believe that fucker's running for mayor. It'll be a cold day in hell before we let this city vote!

Taffy clears her throat.

GABORAH (CONT'D)
What?

TAFFY
You didn't finish your sentence.

GABORAH
Who cares? What are you the sentence police? Get the fuck out of my face. Who else?

QUENSTIN
(Practically whispering)
Um yeah, Vegan is out.

GABORAH
Oh dear god! Really? Quenstin, you've been here for months!

QUENSTIN
(Still ridiculously quiet)
I'm sorry. I said, Vegan-

DOUGRICK
We can't hear you!

BRUCETOPHER
What is your problem!?

DOUGRICK
Speak louder!

ANNILY

Jesus, are they really mansplaining to a man?!

GABORAH

I don't have time for this. Quenstin, you have to speak like a human man!

QUENSTIN

Sorry. It's just that I get so triggered speaking in front of people-

GABORAH

Yeah, we know. You're in a medical textbook, blah, blah, blah, what do you have?!

QUENSTIN

Vegan is out.

GABORAH

It is?

ANNILY

No one told me this!

DOUGRICK

I have to eat meat now?

BRUCETOPHER

Oh yeah, I'm sure you're torn up!

DOUGRICK

I was last night by your dad!

BRUCETOPHER

My dad's dead.

GABORAH

I swear to god, the two of you-

QUENSTIN

No, just the name. It's plant-based one-hundred percent now.

ANNILY

Thank god.

QUENSTIN

And there's a new green milk about to explode.

GABORAH

Ooh, does it have a hashtag?

QUENSTIN

No, literally, it's being packaged in a new kind of eco-friendly bottle that apparently pressurizes over time and just explodes, and we have fifteen bottles in the break room, so just heads up.

GABORAH

Great.

QUENSTIN

But the product is straight dope.

GABORAH

Which means?

QUENSTIN

It's cannabis, ma'am.

GABORAH

Right.

QUENSTIN

That's it.

GABORAH

You have my favorite job, Quenstin.

QUENSTIN

Thank you, ma'am.

GABORAH

All right, what else?

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY-DAY

Outside the meeting room. Gaborah and Nola are speaking just inside the door, and Amy is stopped by Brucetopher.

BRUCETOPHER

Hi.

AMY

Hi.

BRUCETOPHER

I'm Brucetopher.

AMY

I'm Amy.

BRUCETOPHER

Yeah, that name's not gonna stick
Look this is the twenty-first
century and it's a confusing time
for men, I get it. Like can we talk
to women? Is it okay to lick our
lips in front of them? How much
touching is too much? Can I ask you
out on a date?

AMY

Yeah, I'm sure it's a really
confusing time.

BRUCETOPHER

I'm sorry, was that too subtle?

AMY

Oh. Oh! Oh, you were-

BRUCETOPHER

I'm asking you out.

AMY

Oh. That's so sweet. I don't date
co-workers, though, is the thing.

BRUCETOPHER

Is that the thing?

AMY

It is. I'm sorry.

BRUCETOPHER

You're sorry?

AMY

I am.

BRUCETOPHER

You are?

AMY

What's happening?

BRUCETOPHER

I guess we're not going out. I
guess that's what's happening! Amy!
Not going out. So, rather, it's not
happening! So this!

(MORE)

BRUCETOPHER (CONT'D)

All this, finger-lickin, Eye-curling, toe-rolling, two scoops of plump juicy raisin goodness! Not happening! Amy.
Good luck with your stupid name.

Brucetopher eyes her intensely as he walks away. Nola walks quickly past Amy.

NOLA

Let's go.

INT. HALLWAY- DAY

Amy and Nola are walking from the meeting room back to Nola's office.

NOLA

First of all, never ever speak in the meetings.

AMY

Oh, okay. I'm so sorry about that-

NOLA

Don't even make sounds. That includes all sighs, grunts, chuckles, loud breaths, sniffles and over excited blinking. And for god's sake, don't ever sneeze.

AMY

Blinking?

NOLA

Gaborah wears an ear piece that was designed for James Bond, but it's too loud. So a sneeze could literally deafen her for life.

AMY

I'm sorry. James Bond isn't real.

NOLA

Don't let her hear you say that.

AMY

Right.

NOLA

And the names. She takes the first and middle names of everyone and makes a new name out of the combo.

(MORE)

NOLA (CONT'D)

Like Dougrick. His name is Douglas Patrick, get it.

AMY

Oh. That's...odd.

NOLA

Don't worry, you're an assistant, she won't bother learning your name.

AMY

Oh. Good.

They turn a corner and TAFFY catches up to them holding a few files, she starts talking and walking with them as if it were timed.

NOLA

Hit me!

TAFFY

She wants you to assign someone for that Taco Bell thing.

NOLA

Done.

TAFFY

The new Gap ad was offensive to premature babies and bus drivers, so-

NOLA

Already on it.

TAFFY

And Sarane brought a plastic bottle to work.

NOLA

Ugh! Really?

TAFFY

Well, her dog did die.

NOLA

Not an excuse to kill the planet, Taffy.

TAFFY

Totes. I was gonna say the same thing.

NOLA
I'll speak with her.

TAFFY
Great. Need your sig here.

Taffy turns to Amy, who smiles.

AMY
I'm Amy.

Taffy looks around like she's trying to find the person that cares.

TAFFY
Oh, I'm sorry, who are you talking to? I don't think anyone in this general area cares.

NOLA
Amy?

AMY
Yes?

NOLA
Tell her what time I can meet with Sarane today.

AMY
Oh. Right. Um, let me check.

Amy takes out her phone, and tries to scroll quickly. They stop in front of Nola's office door, which is right next to the meeting room they were just in. Amy notices.

AMY (CONT'D)
Did we just walk in a giant circle?

NOLA
What else?

TAFFY
The fundraiser?

NOLA
Oh, shit. Right? Um, let me get back to you on that. Amy put Taffy down for after lunch sometime. And make sure you schedule sometime for me to talk to legal about that thing I was telling you earlier.

(MORE)

NOLA (CONT'D)

And tell Dougrick we're still on for three o'clock, but only if he has those five samples I gave him on the fourth. See you after lunch.

TAFFY

For sure.

NOLA

Okay, great thanks.

Nola goes in her office. Taffy stares coldly at a panicky Amy, trying to schedule on her phone. She looks up and is startled by how close Taffy is.

AMY

Ah!

TAFFY

Could I give you some advice?

AMY

Sure. It's Taffy, right?

TAFFY

Don't call me by my name. We're not friends. I outrank you.

AMY

Okay. What should I call you?

TAFFY

My parents didn't really like me when they first saw me, so they named me after their least favorite aunts, Tamara and Daphne. Taphne only lasted for about a week. Why am I telling you this?

Taffy gets even closer.

AMY

Are you asking?

TAFFY

It's made me stronger. I'm like steel.

AMY

Uh-huh.

Taffy takes a breath.

TAFFY

If you're going to survive here, and that's probably like literally the most unrealistic hypothetical ever posed in the history of anything, but if you are, you need to try like a thousand times harder and look like you're trying a thousand times less. Because right now you look like a dog who knows she's not housebroken and is really trying to overcompensate for it. Nobody likes an untrained dog. Nobody. How did you get this job?

AMY

It's an entry level minimum wage job.

TAFFY

Yeah, and those are dollar tree shoes. So maybe don't. Ever.

AMY

Don't what?

TAFFY

Just don't.

AMY

I'm sorry, are you for real? Or is this some kind of initiation thing you have to do to intimidate the new girls?

TAFFY

Don't appropriate gender to the new employees! You don't know them.

AMY

Sorry. I was talking about myself. I know my own gender.

TAFFY

Well think of how lucky that makes you!
Look, I've got my eyes on you. Both of them. Because I have a head injury that makes it impossible for me to close one eye at a time. So I can't keep one eye on anything. Also, telescopes are not an option for me.

AMY

Or letting someone in on a secret.

Amy winks to sell the point.

TAFFY

I don't have secrets. Who told you that?

AMY

Oh, no one. I was just, that was just a for instance.

TAFFY

When you slip up, and you will...I'll be there.

AMY

Did I do something to you?

TAFFY

That's a personal question. We don't get personal at work. Read your handbook.

AMY

Okay.

TAFFY

You're my nemesis.

AMY

Oh, well that's-

TAFFY

Shh!

Taffy puts a finger on Amy's lips. She whispers ominously.

TAFFY (CONT'D)

I've been waiting for you.

Taffy goes to walk away and turns back.

TAFFY (CONT'D)

And upgrade your phone. That version is offensive.

Taffy gives her a nasty look and walks away.

AMY

Offensive?

Amy looks at her phone confused.

INT. SUPPLY ROOM- DAY

Amy walks in and Dougrick is there pocketing supplies. He doesn't care that he's been caught.

AMY

Sorry, I didn't know anyone was in here.

DOUGRICK

Well now you do, Peggy Sue! It'd be really great if you acknowledged your mistake and rectified it by reversing what you just did to that door. Okay. Peace.

Amy shuts the door, she then regrets that she's in the room.

AMY

I should have probably stayed on that side of it. I see that now. I don't know why I came in here. I'm not sure why I'm not leaving, either. Sorry.

DOUGRICK

You're new.

AMY

I am.

DOUGRICK

You're nervous.

AMY

A little.

DOUGRICK

It's such a big world out there.

AMY

It kinda is.

DOUGRICK

Oh, it's tough.

AMY

It really is.

DOUGRICK

Especially for whiny little cry baby bitches.

Amy is shocked.

AMY

I beg your pardon?

DOUGRICK

Oh please, grow a pair.

AMY

A pair of what?

DOUGRICK

Nerves! IQ points! Hair roots that are matching in color. I don't have time for you.

AMY

What is everyone's deal at this place?

DOUGRICK

Much like Lady Gaga eventually says to all her fiancés, we are no longer engaging.

He turns away from her to continue stealing.

AMY

Of course not! God, this place. Seriously, my boss talks a mile a minute, and expects me to just know everything she's talking about. Her boss acted like I wasn't even in the room. I got hit on by Brimstone or whatever his name is.

DOUGRICK

Are you still talking?

AMY

And The barista in the lobby shamed me because of my shoes.

DOUGRICK

Maybe she thought you robbed a homeless clown?

AMY

Plus, I think Taffy has concocted some superhero origin story about the two of us, and I'm not sure how much I want to engage on that.

DOUGRICK

Ohmigod, you're so boring!

AMY

I've been here for one day!

DOUGRICK

Okay, Anne Hathaway, I am not your Stanley Tucci, this is not turning into a makeover montage. So you need to make like an insensitive Alzheimer's joke and just forget it!

AMY

That's so offensive.

DOUGRICK

I'm a queer man in a closet, I get to be offensive.

AMY

You're in the closet?

DOUGRICK

We. We are literally in a closet right now. Girl, what grade did your Appalachian family make you stop going to school in?

AMY

I'm from Florida.

DOUGRICK

That is not a solid argument for your quality of education. What are you doing here?

AMY

I came to New York to-

DOUGRICK

No!

AMY

Look, I just need some advice.

DOUGRICK

That's why god invented the internet. We are not friends. I make it a policy never to be friends with anyone who

AMY

Whatever. Well, just so you know, I won't tell Gaborah that you're stealing her office supplies.

DOUGRICK

Oh, thank you. And I won't tell Miss Piggy that you're stealing her look.

Amy is once again shocked.

AMY

I should tell on you.

DOUGRICK

Look, whatever your name is, I wanna say- Fnarf.

AMY

It's Amy.

DOUGRICK

I didn't say I wanted to know. You have five seconds to get out of my closet, or I will plant drugs in your desk and not only get you fired, but arrested. Okurrrr, bish!

AMY

Wow. Must be hard maintaining so many cliches at once.

DOUGRICK

It can be. But sometimes all we can do is hang on like you did with that nineties lip gloss.

AMY

It's a pretty color.

DOUGRICK

Yeah, Jewel thought so too.

AMY

So, what is snarky just like a gay gene or something?

DOUGRICK

The only gay jean I know are skinny. A word, I'm sure you've never been too familiar with.

AMY

So, you're what, you're just a jerk?

DOUGRICK

And you're, what, a fourteen?

Amy's mouth hangs open. She can't even respond.

DOUGRICK (CONT'D)

And you know what, I've changed my mind. I will give you a piece of advice.

AMY

Well, I don't think I want it.

DOUGRICK

Your boss, Nola, has sharper teeth than she shows. And if you so much as slip up even a little, she will bite. So, beware.

AMY

Why should I believe anything you say?

DOUGRICK

Because Nola's my wife.

Amy is now super confused.

AMY

She's...wait...what?! But you're gay!

DOUGRICK

Not that it's any of your business, but I'm bi! Way to uphold AFTAH's pledge!

AMY

Who? But you, you just called yourself-

DOUGRICK

I said queer! Read a sensitivity seminar.

AMY

I'm so confused.

DOUGRICK

Ooooh. Must be hard to be a bigot in the modern world, isn't it Furnifold!?

AMY

I...? I am not a bigot! I have a black, lesbian... mailman.

Dougrick stares at her, she knows how this sounded.

DOUGRICK

Now, stay out of my way, and watch your step. Nola is super dick drunk because our pool boy is hung like the Bayeux tapestry.

AMY

Wow, your references are not accessible.

DOUGRICK

And she will do whatever I get him to tell her to do. He is also my lover. Hence, the aforementioned tapestry remark.

AMY

Whatever.

DOUGRICK

Thanks. All the best to Kermit!
Byeeeeee.

Amy leaves and closes the door.

CUT TO:

INT.

INT. LADIES ROOM- DAY

It's the executive bathroom. Amy shouldn't be here and she knows it. Everything is Gold and shiny. There are bottles of soap and lotions lining the perfect ivory colored marble counter top. She is smiling in awe as she opens a stall door and is face to face with Gaborah, who is stuffing her face with a giant rotisserie chicken. Amy is startled and screams the next line:

AMY

Ah! Toilet Demon!

GABORAH

Really?

Amy stares in total shock.

Gaborah moves to the sink. Sets the whole chicken down into the container that she also has, she takes a hand towel and wipes grease off of her hands and face, in the reflection of the mirror Amy is frozen in horror. Gaborah takes a moment, checks her teeth in the mirror and then turns severely back around to face Amy.

GABORAH (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing in here-

AMY

Oh my god! I'm so sorry, please don't fire me.

GABORAH

Don't be ridiculous. I wouldn't just fire you. I could have you exiled to that island Napoleon died on! Our parent company bought it to test makeup on the indigenous turtles. It didn't go well.

AMY

What happened?

GABORAH

Something about a sentient turtle army- Why are you in here?

AMY

I had Nora's key!

GABORAH

And you thought you could use it!?

AMY

I really had to-

GABORAH

What? You really had to what?!

AMY

I really had to... dump one out!

Beat.

AMY (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry. I don't know why I said that.

GABORAH

And now we have a situation, don't we?

AMY

Do we? I don't think we do. I didn't see anything. We're so good.

GABORAH

What you saw-

AMY

I didn't see anything!

Gaborah smiles and moves toward Amy.

GABORAH

There's only one way I can trust you....Grizzaluna.

AMY

Isn't that one of the Cats?

GABORAH

I'm talking about trust, Marykeith.

AMY

It's Amy. My middle name is Emmy, so there's not really a name you can make out of the two of them.

GABORAH

Amy Emmy?

AMY

Yeah, my parents were, well, stupid.

GABORAH

Yeah, I'm gonna go with Marykeith.

AMY

Yes, ma'am.

GABORAH

Now, trust, Marykeith is the most important part of keeping a business successful. That and knowing how to kill a man with a paperclip. I may have been a prisoner of war at last years G4 summit. It's a game we play. It got a little carried away. He was just a waiter, so thank god. But trust, Marykeith cannot be created, it must be earned. And then re-earned. Burned into the flesh of your enemy.

Amy is confused. Gaborah is remembering something

GABORAH (CONT'D)

God, that was a good summit.

AMY

You can trust me. I never tell anyone anything. I'm super trustworhty. My sister still doesn't know that I slept with her husband. I guess that's not a great example.

GABORAH

I was eating a chicken.

AMY

Yeah.

GABORAH

I'm a vegan.

AMY

I know.

GABORAH

Vegans don't eat chicken.

AMY

No, they don't.

GABORAH

I am the editor-in chief of the wokest, most influential website in the world, and you just saw me eating pre-packaged, non-locally sourced, grocery store chicken.

AMY

Well, I honestly couldn't tell all of that from what I saw, but-

GABORAH

It's chicken!

AMY

Hey, I get it. We're not perfect. I drink Starbucks.

GABORAH

Well that's killing the environment, you should stop doing that.

AMY

Yes, ma'am.

GABORAH

I mean that's just common sense.
If anyone finds out about this.

AMY

They won't.

GABORAH

I'm going to tell you something.

AMY

Oh, you don't have to.

GABORAH

Something very private. Something,
that if it leaves this room, could
have ramifications that would bring
down our entire democracy.

AMY

That's is really private.

GABORAH

Am I myself clear?

AMY

Like that failed Pepsi flavor.

GABORAH

White chocolate?

AMY

Crystal, ma'am. White Chocolate?

GABORAH

The nineties were stupid. I mean 3-
D Doritos? Who were those for?

Gaborah smiles, it's dripping with condescension.

GABORAH (CONT'D)

And don't call me ma'am, do you
know what kind of word that is?

AMY

A palindrome? Sorry. I am very
nervous.

GABORAH

It's gendered. It's antiquated.
It's what you call a grandmother
you're waiting on at a bank. A
bank! Marykeith!

AMY

Sorry, ma'am. I mean- okay.

GABORAH

I'm a carnivore, Marykeith! God.
That feels good to say. I have been
living a lie for years. I spread
plant-based health online, but the
truth is I also spread duck fat on
bologna.

AMY

Ooh. Sorry, that hit my ear wrong.

GABORAH

I hate vegetables. I fucking hate
em. Uppity motherfucking pricks!
All of them. Broccoli is nature's
feces, Marykeith. It's mother
earth's bowel movements. I would
rather eat a steak that you have
passed than eat one more stalk of
broccoli.

AMY

Wow, that is vivid.

GABORAH

Spinach, Kale, Arugula- these are
words that are all synonyms for
garbage.

AMY

Sure.

GABORAH

We shouldn't be eating anything
that's green. Green, MK, is the
sign of an infection. And there it
is. Now my secret is out. But it
can only be to you. So, here's the
scoop, darling girl-

AMY

Oh, I don't think I want the scoop.

GABORAH

You will be my decoy. You will cover for me when I need to jump in here for a poultry break. You will stock my desk with slabs of beef and rolls of processed and overly salted lunchmeat. I have a weakness for pastrami and liverwurst. I also have a bone drawer.

Amy goes to ask-

GABORAH (CONT'D)

Don't ask. And you will be my alibi whenever I need you.

AMY

As much as I would love that-

GABORAH

This is a promotion. You are taking Taffy's job, and she will be demoted to yours.

AMY

Oh no. Taffy already hates me.

GABORAH

She does. And she's very vindictive. I would start taking the stairs and park on the street far away if I were you.

Amy wants to ask.

GABORAH (CONT'D)

She loves elevators and parking garages.

AMY

Look, I would love to help, but isn't there another way we can-

GABORAH

No! That's it. I'll make it official at the end of the day. Now, please leave so I can suck on the bones. The bones, Marykeith, of the grocery store bird I just destroyed in a bathroom stall.

AMY

Right.

INT. HALLWAY- DAY

Continuous- Amy leaves the bathroom and hangs her head to catch her breath. When she looks up Annily is there, Amy gasps.

AMY

Jesus. You scared me.

Beat. Annily moves a little closer to Amy, who is uncomfortable.

ANNILY

In colonial times, we both would have been crushed to death by the weight of a thousand rocks.

Amy doesn't have a fucking clue how to respond to this.

AMY

Right?

Annily doesn't break eye contact. It's super creepy.

ANNILY

We should be friends.

AMY

Yeah, totally.

ANNILY

I'll find you online. Don't look for me.

AMY

Don't worry. I won't.

Annily walks away. Amy relaxes and mouths "what the fuck."

EXT. JUST WOKE, INC.- DAY

Amy walks out of the building, toward the street, her phone vibrates and she takes it out of her pocket. It says Babe is calling. She smiles and answers it.

AMY

Hey babe.

INT. AMY'S APARTMENT- DAY

Amy's boyfriend JASON is in a t-shirt and pajama bottoms, on the couch with an empty bowl, an empty carton of milk and three cereal boxes on the coffee table in front of him.

JASON

Hey sugar puss! How's your first day going?

Back to Amy

AMY

Ugh! Okay, I guess. I don't know. I don't know if I'm doing a very good job.

JASON (V.O.)

Oh come on, I'm sure you're crushing it. You always crush it. My little jaw crusher.

AMY

I'm not so sure. But I think I did just get a promotion!

JASON

What?! See. You are def crushin' it, my lil piggy.

AMY

Yeah, well, I'm not so sure. My boss is like a crazy person.

I gotta go babe, I'm in a raid online, and I've got a vendetta against some twat who thinks he's better than me just cuz he hasn't lost his stupid job yet. Whatever, he works at a coffee hut. He skipped school so we can duke it out.

AMY (CONT'D)

Great. Did you get dressed today?

JASON

Nah. What for? Hey would you bring home anything from Del Taco that has cheese. I sort of hit the bong really hard today, and I'm craving whatever food Del Taco's cheese technically is made of.

(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)

And also, my buddy Astro needs a place to crash for like a month, so I told him he could have that big closet next to the kitchen.

AMY

Astro? Who? And that's a pantry.

JASON

It's not a pantry! Chunky butt, sometimes you make no sense.

AMY

On a related topic, we need to talk about these nicknames.

JASON

You're the best! Love you! Big kiss. Gotta go, Late!

AMYC

Wait, Jason?- I think we should talk about-

Jason hangs up. Amy looks down at her phone.

AMY

Really? Astro? God-

Amy takes another step and suddenly a tour bus plows right into her.

Blackout

AMY (V.O.)

What the hell was that? Where am I?

INT. A BANANA REPUBLIC- DAY

It's a very brightly lit Banana republic. God is holding a pair of Chino's up to herself looking in a mirror next to the dressing rooms. Amy is standing near a clothing rack slightly confused.

AMY

I'm sorry, where am I?

GOD

Hmm. Oh yeah, you were hit by a bus and killed.

AMY

I was?

GOD
Give me a second.

God turns to see the pants from a different angle.

AMY
Who are you then?

GOD
I'm God.

Amy looks at her with disbelief.

AMY
I knew I shouldn't have eaten
Korean BBQ leftovers before bed.

GOD
That is super racist. And I don't
know if this is the host I'm in, or
if it's the lighting in here, but
mama's really cravin' these Chinos.

AMY
Wait a minute? Heaven is a Banana
Republic?

GOD
Ugh. You are so impatient. Fine!

God puts the pants down and goes up to Amy.

GOD (CONT'D)
You died. I'm god.

AMY
Yeah, that's problematic for me.

GOD
Oh, oh, I'm sorry, my identity is
problematic for you?

AMY
Well, yeah, I mean, I don't, you're
not real.

GOD
None taken.

AMY
And you're a white woman!

GOD
 Oh, so a white woman can't be god?
 Again with the racism! And oh my
 god!

AMY
 Who was that to?

God takes a blouse off the rack.

GOD
 I am living for this color. Would
 you try this on, so I can see what
 it looks like?

AMY
 No.

GOD
 You're going to refuse god?

AMY
 God shouldn't be asking me to try
 clothes on!

GOD
 That's a stupid rule.

AMY
 A male god wouldn't ask me that.

GOD
 Bitch, just put it on!

God hands Amy the shirt and points to the dressing room.

GOD (CONT'D)
 Things will go a lot quicker if you
 cooperate.

Amy rolls her eyes goes to the fitting room and pulls the
 curtain dramatically closed.

AMY
 I don't think this color is going
 to go with your skin tone.

GOD
 Could you stop with the racism if
 you wanted to?

AMY
 I don't think you know how racism
 works.

GOD

Oh, I'm sorry, you must have invented it, you must know everything about it.

AMY

Nobody invented racism.

GOD

Wow. Way to invalidate my life. Do you know how hard it is to teach an entire species to hate?

AMY

I'm in the hospital, right now, aren't I?

GOD

Stop being so dramatic. I'm using this body as a flesh vessel, a host, because if you saw me in my natural state you would lose your mind!

AMY

You just steal people's bodies?

GOD

Oh, I'm sorry, did God forget to ask for consent? God, you know, your generation is just the worst.

AMY

What am I doing here?

GOD

I need a favor.

AMY

So you hit me with a bus?

GOD

Oh no you did that yourself. Those fucking cell phones, I swear to god, more people die from cell phone distraction than they did from the black plague.

AMY

That can't be true.

GOD

No, it probably can't.

Amy pulls back the curtain, to reveal herself in the shirt.

AMY

This shirt is fabulous.

GOD

Right?! I'll take five. You can take it off.

AMY

Can I have one?

GOD

What, something wrong with your credit card? You're buying mine.

AMY

I'm buying yours?

GOD

I'm god, I don't carry money around with me. Now change.

Amy huffs and pulls the curtain back.

GOD (CONT'D)

Now, back to the favor.

AMY

You mean the one that's not where I buy you five shirts?

GOD

You spent months and months prepping to get a job at the number one most influential online publication of people aged eighteen to forty-five, who suck. The largest influencing platform in the largest influencing country on the planet.

AMY

I did?

GOD

We both did. I've done my research too.

AMY

Okay. Why would God have to do research?

GOD
God, give an atheist an inch.

AMY
What?

GOD
Nothing.

AMY
What do you want from me?

GOD
I need you to change the narrative
at Just Woke.

AMY
Okay. What does that mean?

GOD
The age of liberal, political
correct cancel culture bullshit is
over.

AMY
Wait, are you telling me-

GOD
Yep.

AMY
Oh my god.

Amy pulls back the curtain, she is back in her clothes.

AMY (CONT'D)
You're a republican?

God smiles menacingly.

AMY (CONT'D)
God's a republican.
Okay, I don't know what you think I
can do. I'm just an assistant.

GOD
To the editor in chief. I had you
stumble upon your boss's
unfortunate toilet habit on
purpose!

AMY
And that woman is like the most
terrifying woman in the universe.

God gives a "really" face.

AMY (CONT'D)

No offense.

GOD

Hmm. You're right. It won't be easy.

AMY

It's impossible.

GOD

Nothing is impossible. Look at the moon. That took like five million attempts before I realized it needed to be round and white.

AMY

Yeah, but as an assistant-

GOD

You will change the narrative at Just Woke, or you die.

AMY

Wow. Those are some really high stakes.

GOD

Yeah. Oh, that reminds me.

God sits and there is a huge steak on the a bench that she starts eating.

AMY

Ugh. Is that at least locally sourced?

GOD

We're in heaven. Cows are pretty thin on the ground around here.

AMY

Where did that come from?

GOD

God points down.

AMY

Seriously?

GOD

Endless supply. He overcooks the
crap out of them though.

AMY

Why are there so many cows in hell?

GOD

Oh they know. Believe me. Sneaky
bastards.

God takes a huge bite and makes a moan of pleasure.

AMY

Okay, this is- this is- what is my
subconscious trying to deal with? I
should probably start seeing a
therapist again.

GOD

Yeah, therapy is a racket. It's
bullshit. It's the natural
evolution of the witch doctor.

AMY

Right.

GOD

Fine. Don't take my word for it. I
didn't create everything.

AMY

How do you expect me to change Just
Woke anyway? No one'll go for it.

GOD

They will.

AMY

I'll just be fired.

GOD

You won't.

AMY

It'll never work.

GOD

O ye of little faith! This all kind
of sounds like a you problem.

AMY

So what, I'm just supposed to get the entire website to suddenly be conservative, pro-gun, anti-abortion nonsense? I mean if there were a god, and she were a she, wouldn't she be pro-choice?

GOD

You and your fucking generation! Language doesn't change a fact, sister. Calling murder a choice, doesn't make it suddenly acceptable. Just like calling him an actor doesn't make David Hasselhoff talented. Or listing a third thing doesn't necessarily drive home a point!

AMY

My point! Is...how am I supposed to change everything that Just Woke publishes? I mean, seriously? I will lose my job if I try.

GOD

Well then I guess you better try really hard, because if you do lose your job, you lose your life.

AMY

What? That's crazy.

GOD

And since I'm on a tight schedule up here, I'm gonna need you to make significant changes within the year.

AMY

One year?

GOD

Oh no, no, god no. By the end of the year.

AMY

It's September!

GOD

Do you think I don't know the date?

AMY

Three months? You're giving me three months?

GOD

That is so much longer than I had to make everything you see down there. Which explains all sea life. I waited until the last minute. I still don't know what I was trying to do with an octopus. Anyway, procrastination is the devil of patience.

Amy goes to respond, but then realizes she doesn't get it. Neither does God.

AMY

And what kind of tight schedule are you on anyway? That's ridiculous!

GOD

Oh, I'm sorry, are you running a universe? You know if you're generation would just stop for a minute and realize that not everything is about them, this world might be a little more manageable.

AMY

You just told me that I will literally die if I don't single-handedly change everything about the most influential publication on the planet.

GOD

Yeah. So it might be a little bit about you. You should love that. Now go. I'm busy.

AMY

Wait.

GOD

And I will be checking in on you. In various forms, so, don't get too comfortable with anybody if you catch my drift.

AMY

Oh god! You could literally be anyone I meet?

GOD

Exactly.

God snaps her fingers and Amy is back on Earth, back to the moment before she gets hit by the bus. A man grabs her and pulls her away from the bus.

AMY

Holy shit! That bus almost hit me!

MAN

Are you okay, miss?

AMY

Yeah. Yeah, thank you. Thank you so much.

MAN

Yeah, no problem.

The man walks away and after a moment, turns and winks at Amy and gives her the thumbs up.

AMY

Okay. This is happening.

Blackout

AMY (V.O.)

I'm so fucked.

End of Episode