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INT. AGGIE'S RESTAURANT - Day

The camera opens on Bridget, Marshall, Margot, and Amelia having lunch at Aggie's. Margot and Amelia sit at the bar, the former typing at her laptop, the latter in front of her laptop but spinning around on the bar stool rather than working. Margot steals occasional glances at Bridget when she thinks Bridget will not notice. Bridget stands behind the bar in an apron, and Marshall stands across from her, likewise in an apron; both of them pick at food on their lunch break. A TV above the bar plays the news in the background. The establishment is sparsely populated with patrons scattered at various tables. Aggie sleeps at a booth in the back corner, snoring occasionally.

Marshall moves a food-like substance around his plate.

MARSHALL

I don't know why I buy lunch here. It's not good.

BRIDGET

(Apathetic)

Stop buying, then. Didn't you say this morning your dad left his job, anyway? All that foot doctor money from Gene is going to dry up, hombre.

Amelia stops spinning in her chair and looks at Marshall with concern.

AMELIA

Your dad left his job? Is everything alright?

Marshall waves off her concern with his plastic fork.

MARSHALL

Yeah, he's having, like, some sort of mid-life crisis or something. Probably gonna buy

a Ferrari and a toupee and be in an episode of *House Hunters: International*.

When Margot speaks, she does so without looking up from her laptop, affecting an air of unconcern.

MARGOT

Doesn't your mom blow a ton of money on hippie retreats and LSD?

MARSHALL

I've got a job and scholarship. I'll be fine.

BRIDGET

"I'll be fine." Famous last words.

As the conversation continues, Bridget turns her attention to the news. Aggie wakes up, stretches, and wanders over the bar, moving in a lazy and unconcerned manner. She is wearing rain boots despite the beautiful weather.

AMELIA

(To Marshall)

Your mom does LSD? Has she ever had, like, a really weird trip?

MARSHALL

I don't know. I don't compare trips with my mom.

Aggie rounds the counter and nears the quartet, heading towards the back.

MARGOT

(Still not looking up, but now with interest)
Think she'd compare trips with me?

MARSHALL

(Sternly)

Do NOT email my mom about your LSD trips.

When Aggie speaks, her voice sounds simultaneously spacey and sharp, as though her mind is constantly elsewhere but she could sense someone skipping out on a bill from the back of the kitchen.

AGGIE

If you need to compare, you know where to find me.

Margot looks up at grins at Aggie's back as she disappears through the swinging door into the kitchen. When she speaks, she seems eager for the opportunity to address Bridget.

MARGOT

(to Bridget)

Honestly, I want to be like your boss when I grow up.

Bridget turns away from the TV to address Margot with a grin.

BRIDGET

I don't think she ever did grow up.

Bridget turns back to the news on the TV.

AMELIA

(to Bridget, confused)

Hey, but didn't you get fired?

Aggie steps back out from the kitchen, carrying a Pepsi brand paper cup filled to the brim with coffee with far too much milk in it to still be considered coffee.

BRIDGET

(without turning away from the TV)

No worries. Aggie's cool.

Aggie and Bridget fist-bump as Aggie passes, shuffling back towards the booth in the back.

BRIDGET

(CON'T)

I just started showing up again. She didn't care.

Bridget begins to frown at the TV. Amelia opens her mouth, looking as though she's about to pursue the situation further, but is interrupted by Bridget, who does not take her eyes off the TV.

BRIDGET

Uh, Marsh?

When Marshall responds, he does not look up from his food, which he is now letting drip from his fork in unappealing glops.

MARSHALL

What?

Bridget points at the TV. Marshall, Amelia, and Margot all turn to watch. The newscast fills the screen. The tag line along the bottom reads "Eugene Moretti, Disgraced Podiatrist."

NEWSCASTER

...today's interest piece, podiatrist Eugene Moretti is being forced to close his podiatry practice after it was revealed to the public that he has a foot fetish and was taking liberties with patients' medical records. Moretti is being sued by a group of clients who are, quote, "appalled and offended by this violation of ethics and breach of trust."

The camera turns back to the quartet at the bar, their mouths hanging open, dumbstruck.

AGGIE

(from the back, taking a sip of her "coffee")
I need to find me a doctor like that.

MARSHALL

(quietly)

Oh, my God.

Bridget starts to grin. She does not find humor in her friend's suffering, but does find humor in the ridiculous situation, and is willing to laugh at it at his expense.

BRIDGET

Holy shit.

MARSHALL

(slightly louder; reality is beginning to dawn on him)
Oh my God.

Margot starts to giggle, and Amelia turns her shocked gaze to Marshall. Margot is watching Bridget grin. The full state of affairs has dawned on Marshall: his family name is disgraced,

plastered on national television, and all that foot doctor money from Gene is, in fact, going to dry up. When he speaks, the full weight of the situation hitting him just now is apparent in his voice.

MARSHALL

Oh my GOD.

BRIDGET

(with a grin to Amelia and Margot)
Looks like Gene got off on the wrong foot
with his patients, am I right?

Margot starts to laugh in earnest. Amelia laughs, but looks guilty about it.

MARSHALL

Shut up! Oh my God, this is—they lied to me!
Mid-life crisis my ass!

Marshall pulls out his phone and starts dialing furiously.

BRIDGET

(still chuckling)
Hey, you're working. Aggie, aren't we on the
clock?

Marshall wrestles himself out of his apron without putting his phone down.

MARSHALL

Aggie, I need to go.

We see Aggie once more in the background. She is now playing a Nintendo DS, and waves him off. It's unclear whether or not she actually heard what he said. Marshall holds his phone to his ear as he hurries towards the door. He pauses between sentences, listening to the response on the other end. Marot, Bridget, and Amelia watch him leave.

MARSHALL

Mom? What the hell? How could I not see, it
was all over the news! Of course I watch the
news!

The bell tings as Marshall exists. Bridget starts cleaning up her and Marshall's plates, Margot returns to her laptop, and Amelia begins packing her things.

AMELIA

Poor Marshall! Do you think anyone's going to know it's his dad?

BRIDGET

How many guys with the last name Moretti go to this school and have foot doctor dads?

MARGOT

Three.

BRIDGET

Huh. Think they all have foot fetishes?

Amelia swings her backpack onto her shoulders.

AMELIA

I guess if they all get sued, Marshall can blend into the crowd.

Amelia exists Aggie's, on her way to class. Bridget takes over for Marshall, waiting tables. She walks over to a table of two college-aged men and one college-aged woman on the far side of the room and gestures to their mostly-empty plates.

BRIDGET

Are you all finished with these?

Guy 1 looks Bridget up and down, squinting a bit in thought.

GUY 1

Aren't you the anti-Trump bitch?

Bridget does a double-take. At the bar, Margot looks over from her computer.

BRIDGET

I beg your fucking pardon?

GUY 2

Yeah, you're the Amish chick who flipped out at that rally.

BRIDGET

Listen, asshole—

WOMAN

(in a smug, “the customer is always right” voice)
Is that any way to treat a customer?

BRIDGET

Excuse the hell outta me! If you want to eat somewhere that you can verbally abuse the wait staff, it sure as shit isn't here.

At the bar, Margot smiles at Bridget's handling of the situation.

GUY 1

Yeah? What are you gonna do, kick us out?

Margot spins around slowly in her chair to face Guy 1.

MARGOT

Hey, Ted. Isn't that ID I made you last year expiring soon?

Guy 1 and Margot look at each other for a moment. Guy 1 grumbles, pulls out some money, drops it on the table, and gestures for Guy 2 and Woman to follow him out. Margot swings back around to face her laptop while Bridget swipes the money off the table and counts it. Bridget gathers up the dishes and carries them back behind the bar. As she bustles around with a frown, Margot continues to face her laptop but follows Bridget with her eyes. Without any prompting, Bridget begins to rant out loud, mostly to herself, while washing dishes. She does not think Margot is paying her much attention and does not expect a response. Margot is listening intently.

BRIDGET

I'm so sick of it! I can't get through one damn shift without someone talking about that stupid rally. I'm not just a campus meme, you know, I'm all over the damn internet! I just want a single shift where no one notices me, but at this point I'd have to shave my head, or wear a disguise—

Margot perks up at the opportunity to spend more time with Bridget.

MARGOT

I can help with that.

Bridget stops what she's doing and looks at Margot.

BRIDGET

I'm not shaving my head. That was what some people call sarcasm.

Margot rolls her eyes, not put off by Bridget's response.

MARGOT

I know. I meant disguises.

Bridget pauses, now considering the idea in earnest.

BRIDGET

Yeah? You think that'd work?

Margot shrugs.

MARGOT

You suggested it.

BRIDGET

All right. You know what? Screw it. Fine. Put me in a dumb disguise. At least so I can stop getting harassed at work.

Bridget turns back to washing the dishes. Margot smiles and turns back to her laptop.

MARGOT

You got it.

Bridget washes dishes for a moment in silence before pausing once more. She turns to Margot, almost sheepish and a bit thoughtful.

BRIDGET

Oh, and thanks. For helping with those idiots.

Margot nods, glancing up from her laptop.

MARGOT

Yeah, anytime.

Bridget goes back to washing her dishes. When Bridget is no longer looking, Margot allows a grin to spread over her face.

END SCENE

INT. UNIVERSITY BAKERY - Day

The camera opens on Marshall sitting alone at a table in the Campus Bakery. The table is a mess, covered in empty candy bar wrappers and coffee cups. Marshall digs furiously at a container of Ben & Jerry's ice cream, but the plastic spoon is no match for the frozen dairy product. A cashier and a waitress mill around the bakery, cleaning and whatnot. One other lone patron sits in the corner wearing headphones, tapping furiously at his laptop playing games.

MARSHALL

(to himself)

Stupid dad. Stupid feet. Stupid garbage-ass plastic spoons.

Marshall shoves the spoon into the rock-hard ice cream and it snaps. Marshall looks down on the ice cream pensively. His pensiveness slowly turns to anger and frustration. He slams the container onto the table.

MARSHALL

(to no one in particular, God perhaps)

What's a guy gotta do to get a decent set of silverware at this god-forsaken University!

The Waitress approaches Marshall hurriedly. She is already annoyed with his shenanigans and is on the wrong end of an eight-hour shift. She hovers over the table where Marshall sits, her arms crossed over her chest.

WAITRESS

(to Marshall)

Sir, people use this cafe as a study space. Please do try to keep the rants to a reasonable noise level.

Marshall is slightly embarrassed at first, but then he remembers that his father is into foot stuff and is sent head first back into his rage.

MARSHALL

Heaven's forbid I disturb the one other kid in here playing League of Legends on his laptop! I just wanted to eat my

Rocky Road and maybe cry a little, but no, I can't even have that!

Marshall throws his hands up in finality. The waitress seems unphased and rolls her eyes.

WAITRESS

(to Marshall, exasperated)

Is there anything else I could get for you?

MARSHALL

(defeated)

Cake. Just bring me all the cake you've got.

Marshall slams his head onto table and moans audibly. Part of him knows that he is just eating to stifle his feelings, but another part of him, just really wants some cream chess icing. He peeks out from his hiding place, still moaning, to see if the waitress is still there.

WAITRESS

(sarcastically, turning to leave)

Coming right up. The cashier will have to swipe your student card. For the sixth time this hour.

MARSHALL

(slightly hurt)

I know the drill.

Marshall approaches the cashier's counter

MARSHALL

(to Cahsier)

I'll take all of your red velvet cupcakes.

CASHIER

(surprised)

All of them?

Marshall hands his card to the Cashier, his arm firm, unwavering in his pursuit of that cakey goodness.

MARSHALL

Every. Single. One.

The cashier takes his card and swipes it through the machine, giggling as she does. Meanwhile, Marshall has his face pressed up against the glass display case, looking dreamily in on the cupcakes. He might be drooling a little. He doesn't really give a shit.

CASHIER

(interrupting his fantasy)

Um, I'm afraid your card is saying that you're out of funds.

Marshall rips himself away from the display. The look on his face is one of pure betrayal. He looks like the cashier just stabbed him where he stood. His mouth hangs agape.

MARSHALL
(defiantly)

That can't be. I've got a room & board scholarship. New term started like three weeks ago.

CASHIER

Are you sure it dispersed this semester? I know the deadline for semester payments was recently.

The cashier hands Marshall his card back. It suddenly occurs to Marshall that this could have something to do with his dad's little problem with big toes.

MARSHALL
(to himself)

I swear to god, if that bastard made me loose my scholarship with his foot play

CASHIER

I'm sorry, what?

Marshall ignores the cashier and walks away from the counter with a forlorn look back at the cupcakes. He pulls out his phone and dials his mom's number. He stands in the middle of the bakery while the phone rings, tapping his foot impatiently all the while. When his mom picks up he throws his free hand up in the air.

MARSHALL

Mom!... My student card just got declined at the bakery... They are saying I don't have any money in my account... Mom, that was my money for the entire semester!... No, mom... No, I don't wanna talk to him right no-, Hi, Dad...

While he talks on the phone Marshall walks around the bakery, sitting on various tables, standing on a chair, laying across one of the counters, playing with the straws and coffee creamers and sugar packets in the corner. The waitress and cashier watch him perplexed from behind the counter. The customer on his laptop doesn't seem to notice Marshall's rambling and antics, not even when Marshall pulls out a chair at the boy's table and continues his conversation.

MARSHALL
(CON'T)

So you're telling me I'm fucked... Well yes, I did realize I would have to get a job sooner or later, but I didn't

think it would be at this exact moment...No, I will not calm down...No! Dad! Don't!

Marshall goes silent for a second, shoving his tongue into the side of his cheek to keep from screaming. His foot is tapping at an alarming rate and his is looking particularly red in the face.

MARSHALL
(infuriated)

Can you two stop switching the phone back and forth!...
Sorry, Mom, I'm just pissed...alright...yeah, I guess I'll deal with it...Bye, Mom...Love you too.

Marshall shoves his phone back into his pocket and splays out dramatically on the floor, laying on his back, looking up at the fluorescent lights in the bakery. He notices the abundance of dead flies and other bugs trapped behind the plastic and suddenly regrets the Twinkies he downed earlier.

MARSHALL
(closing his eyes)

Fucking hell.

CASHIER
(from behind the counter)
I guess that's a no on the cake then?

MARSHALL
Ya think!

Marshall stands up from the floor reluctantly with some encouragement from the waitress and slumps back to the table, resting his head on the pile of garbage.

MARSHALL
(sad)
Why did you have to be turned on by feet dad? Why?

Marshall moans into the trash pile. The Waitress approaches his table. The look on her face is somewhere between sympathetic and vindicated.

WAITRESS
Can I get some of this trash out of your way sir?

MARSHALL
(without looking up)
Ah, yes, please do show me where the garbage can is. I'll be needing a new home now that I've got no money.

WAITRESS
(settling on vindicated)
Alrighty then, I'll come back later.

Marshall pulls himself out of his garbage pillow and pulls out his phone from his pocket, opening a News App.

MARSHALL
(to himself)

Maybe reading about other people's tragedies will make me happier.

Pan over phone screen as Marshall scrolls through. Marshall pauses over an article about student getting hit by University bus. Shot of Marshall's eyes as he reads. The longer he reads the broader his grin becomes.

MARSHALL
(CON'T)

"University student hit by bus on way to class Monday morning. As compensation for her injuries the University is paying out a settlement of - " Holy shit! That's fuck ton of cash!

WAITRESS
(from behind the counter)

Sir! you really can't talk like that in here. I'm going to have to ask you to leave now.

Excited, Marshall gets up from his chair and jumps around a bit before rushing to the door. His movements cause his trash mountain to crumble and wrappers are scattered across the bakery floor.

MARSHALL
(thrilled with himself)

That's alright! I've gotta go get hit by a bus anyway!

The waitress has moved into the seating area and busies herself with tidying Marshall's mess. At his remark however, she looks up and raises an eyebrow. The look on his face is ecstatic, albeit crazed. The Waitress has frankly had enough of Marshall for one afternoon.

WAITRESS
(shrugging her shoulders)

Well, I encourage you to put your best foot forward.

MARSHALL
(cringing)

Did you have to say feet?

Marshall rushes out of the bakery and the door falls closed behind him, the little bell at the top of the door tinkling in his wake.

END SCENE

EXT STOOP DAY

Margot leads Bridget into her apartment building. Bridget looks visibly stressed thinking about her unwanted internet fame. Margot watches the emotions flash across her face. Bridget is too absorbed in her problem to see that Margot is glancing at her with a small smile on her face and Margot is in her own world watching Bridget think and mutter under her breath.

BRIDGET

Hey, thanks again for helping me
Margot.

MARGOT

Yeah it's no problem. Happy to help
you with anything you need...

Margot ushers Bridget through the door. As Bridget passes, Margot watches carefully, a little look of longing on her face.

MARGOT

Just say the word and I'll be there
to help you, friend.

Bridget doesn't turn around to face Margot
as she speaks.

BRIDGET

You're a lifesaver, I mean it.

Margot can't hold back a smile and doesn't
hid it as Bridget doesn't turn around.
They continue on into the apartment.

INT STAIRS DAY

Margot and Bridget walk up the steps to Margot's apartment. A freshman is passed out on the first floor outside of a door. They ignore him/step over him and continue up the flight of stairs.

BRIDGET

I just can't believe it came to this. Me, a meme. It's ridiculous, right?

MARGOT

I dunno you made a great vine song.

BRIDGET

A vine...song?

MARGOT

They remixed your rage speech into a song. Look

Margot and Bridget stop and Margot shows Bridget her phone. A video plays with Bridget's tirade intermixed with a beat and background music.

MARGOT

There's even a dance to it.

Bridget puts her head in her hands as the dancing video begins. Margot's phone shows a folder titled, "Bridget", and had downloaded a handful of videos of her online. Bridget fails to see this, instead is upset by the information. Margot fails to see she's getting Bridge fired up.

MARGOT

Ellen danced to it on her show this morning and-

BRIDGET

Why am I the meme? What about our cheeto-benito president?! And why the fuck is this everywhere? I got upset! Big fa-reaking deal, did it have to be national news. Like C'mon Anderson, aren't there more important things to talk about? And what about my privacy? Who is going to take me seriously after seeing my 2007 Era Britney meltdown on tape when this exists?

Bridget shouts about her unwanted notoriety angrily on the landing. At the sound of the rant, a head pokes out of the door on that floor, holding a smartphone out, filming the encounter for a few seconds before speaking. It is one of the trump supporters from the Trump meeting.

TRUMP SUPPORTER

Hey, aren't you that crazy Amish meme?

BRIDGET

I am not amish! And get that phone away from me!

MARGOT

Bridget, c'mon let's just go!

Trump supporter is grinning, watching Bridget get more frustrated as he continues to film, taunting her. Margot anxiously tugs at her sleeve wanting to get out of the camera's view.

TRUMP SUPPORTER

You better go back to your safe space. Trump is here to make America great again!

Margot senses that Bridget is about to explode and grabs Bridget by the arm, dragging her up the stairs. Bridget resists, rearing up for a fight.

BRIDGET

Do you not understand respect and privacy? Get the camera out of here! I am not some meme to entertain you or someone for you to mock. I'm a real fucking person. Stop fucking harassing me.

MARGOT

Bridget stop-stop. I will drag you up these steps. He's using all of this. Stop.

The Trump support is snickering at Bridget, he zooms in on his phone, getting close on Bridget's face. He chants Trump in the background, intending to post this online.

BRIDGET

He has little hands!

Margot manages to drag the flustered Bridget up to her apartment and opens the door, pulling her inside.

INT INSIDE MARGOT'S APARTMENT

Margot shuts the door and Bridget collapses against it, sliding down until she's sitting cross-legged in front of it.

MARGOT

You just added another month or two to your meme fame. You have to ignore them or this won't stop.

BRIDGET

I know...ugh but how can I ignore them? Everyone has a smartphone and everyone shares these stupid videos. Even if I said nothing to him that fuckface would still shout at me and post it to 4Chan or some Trump board thinking he's the Steven Spielberg of meme making. I can't exist without others invading my space for a joke. Should I get surgery, dye my hair? What if I have to move? What if I-

Margot cuts Bridget off and lifts her up.

MARGOT

Bridget, breathe. Inhale. Exhale. Ok. C'mon there's nothing you can do about it while they can recognize you. Your internet fame will fade and people will forget about you. Follow me. I'll show you my disguises.

Margot and Bridget walk into the apartment and into Margot's room.

INT MARGOT'S ROOM

Margot heads over to her closet and opens the door, revealing the surprisingly large walk in closet. In rows are all manner of costumes and outfits. Margot heads into the closet and opens up a large chest, Inside are wigs and makeup. She opens up more chests and inside are all manner of costume/disguise pieces as Bridget stares on with her mouth open.

BRIDGET

Oh my God. This is crazy. Why do you have so many costumes?

Bridget runs her hands over the clothing. Looking at the details. Margot notices her expensive and revealing cosplay outfit latex sex suit is on the ground and kicks it under a pile of discarded clothing sitting in the corner so Bridget doesn't notice. Half the closet is traditional Halloween costumes that students would buy like a nurse and schoolgirl outfit and the other side is cosplay outfits and very well done LARPing costumes.

MARGOT

I, uh, rent out the costumes for some money. Everyone wants to dress up but no one wants to spend full price so I rent them out and make a nice profit. Harambe was huge last Halloween.

Bridget is mesmerized examining the costumes.

BRIDGET

Damn your closet is literally the Halloween store. Where do you keep your underwear, a shoebox?

MARGOT

Well, I don't wear underwear.

Bridget laughs, thinking Margot is joking and stops when she sees Margot is serious. Margot's eyes go wide realizing that she just made the situation awkward.

BRIDGET

uh, anyway, what do you think I should try on? Do you have a pantsuit? A short blonde wig?

MARGOT

Are you thinking of being Ellen?

BRIDGET

No, Hillary. I need her now more than ever.

MARGOT

Girl, I get it. I feel you, but you have to get your head out of the political cloud until your memehood passes.

BRIDGET

Where do I even start?

Bridget gestures around her, looking overwhelmed by the sheer magnitude of Margot's collection. Margot, excited to see Bridget wearing her various costumes and outfits, files through and throws an outfit at her. *some of her costumes are hyper realistic and some look sexy. Her actual Halloween outfits are in here too*

MARGOT

This one first.

BRIDGET

What in God's name is this? Is this another Amish outfit? This skirt practically touches the floor.

Margot can't hide her smile.

MARGOT

It's perfect.

This begins a quick series of outfit changes. First up is a super unsexy Catholic schoolgirl outfit. It is a long green and black plaid ankle length skirt, a shift that buttons up to the neck, a matching green sweater, large round glasses, and crucifix. Bridget tries it on and cringes at herself.

BRIDGET

Uh, this is a definite no.

Margot hands her another outfit. In succession she tries on a firefighter outfit, a plumber complete with plunger, an old man that looks strikingly like Bernie Sanders but no commentary is given, a nurse, and batman costume. For most except Bernie, Margot gives her a thumbs up, a frown, laugh, etc. The end of the dressing up ends up with Bridget wearing the Batman costume. She flaps her arms around her side in frustration.

BRIDGET

I don't think this is going to work. I won't blend in on campus.... I really do like this costume though.

Margot rubs her hand against her chin, contemplating. Bridget stands in the Batman costume, waiting. Margot files through the costumes again..

MARGOT

Sit on that chair. I've got you covered.

Bridget gives Margot a curious look but walks over to the chair. The focus is on Bridget's face as she sits

there waiting for Margot. Margot isn't seen on camera and is standing behind it.

MARGOT

These are perfect.

We see a close up of Bridget's face and the scene ends.

INT. AMELIA AND MARGOT'S LIVING ROOM - Day

Margot sits on the couch, her laptop in her lap. She types away while chewing on a lock of her hair. Amelia moves around the kitchen, getting ready to make dinner for herself. There is a knock at their door. Amelia looks at Margot, who makes no move to stand. Rolling her eyes, Amelia opens the apartment door. Marshall tumbles into the apartment, dropping his backpack by the door. He is somewhat manic. Amelia watches him with interest. Margot does not look up.

MARSHALL

Listen, I have a plan!

Amelia closes the apartment door.

MARGOT

Hello to you, too.

AMELIA

A plan for what?

MARSHALL

(somewhat crazed)

I'm going to get hit by a bus!

Amelia looks stricken. Her mouth drops slightly and she does a double-take, not unlike her half-sister's double-take earlier. She raises a hand to her mouth and moves towards Marshall. She puts her hand on his shoulder and speaks softly, full of concern.

AMELIA

Oh my God, Marshall... you have so much to live for. We can get you help-

Marshall shakes her off, impatient.

MARSHALL

No, I'm not going to kill myself, I'm doing it for the settlement money!

Amelia becomes visibly more relaxed, now more quizzical than concerned.

AMELIA

But I thought you said you'd be okay for money?

MARSHALL

I thought I would be, but my mom just went on an LSD spree the other weekend, and they need what money they do have for lawyers.

AMELIA

And that'll work? You'll get money?

MARSHALL

Yeah!

MARGOT

As long as he doesn't die.

Amelia is swelling with determination.

AMELIA

(to Margot)

Well, he just has to be smart about it.

(partly to herself, partly to Marshall)

There's gotta be a...a WikiHow, or something.

Marshall walks towards Margot.

MARSHALL

Pull up—

Margot still has not looked up from her computer and her typing has not skipped a beat. When she speaks, she sounds put-upon.

MARGOT

I'm doing it.

Marshall drapes himself across the back of the couch to look over Margot's shoulder. Amelia wanders over behind Marshall and sits on the arm of the couch. Margot looks up at Marshall when she speaks again.

MARGOT
(CONT'D)

This is a dumb idea, you know.

AMELIA
(to Marshall)

I think you should try and do it right after it's pulled through an intersection after a red light, so the bus is moving slowly.

Margot begins to read off of her computer screen, on which she has open a WikiHow on how to survive being hit by a car. She holds up a finger for each step she lists off. As she speaks, Marshall nods, committing each step to memory. Both Marshall and Amelia read along over Margot's shoulder, looking serious.

MARGOT

One: protect your head. Two: aim for the safety glass.

AMELIA

That's the windshield.

MARGOT

Three: try to get on the hood of the car.

AMELIA

That probably wouldn't work for a bus, but definitely avoid ending up under the wheels.

Bridget enters from Margot's room, disguised as a police officer, complete with cheesy aviator sunglasses. She grips her belt with both hands and frowns around the room, clearly having far more fun and being far more into it than she anticipated. The only thing she is missing is a thick, gross, fake mustache. When she speaks, she uses an affected, gruff, masculine voice. Margot looks up at her and breaks into a grin, as Bridget is acting quite ridiculous and just a bit adorable.

BRIDGET

You kids been drinking?

Amelia and Marshall ignore her, too invested in their bus scheme to even notice. Marshall stands and begins pacing in front of where Amelia sits, both of them vibrating with excited energy, slightly high on what they think is a genius plan. Margot in turn ignores them and instead turns her attention to Bridget, closing her laptop, setting it aside, and speaking to Bridget throughout the following exchange. The friends, completely involved in their own schemes, devolve into separate conversations.

MARSHALL

(to Amelia, throughout)

I think this could actually work! This could solve all my problems!

Margot leans forward, crossing her legs at the knee, resting an elbow on her crossed knees and her chin in her hand. Her voice has a nervous, interested tone; she's trying for flirtatious banter, but isn't quite sure if she's doing it right. Despite her nerves, she can't help grinning.

MARGOT

(to Bridget, throughout)

Isn't it illegal to impersonate a police officer?

AMELIA

(to Marshall, throughout)

Try to be careful, though. It might help if you let your body go limp. I feel like I've heard that's good for impacts.

BRIDGET

(to Margot, throughout)

Ma'am, I've got a badge here that says I'm not impersonating anything.

Marshall seems as though he is now truly starting to believe in this plan, thanks to Amelia's encouragement.

MARSHALL

Yeah. Yeah, all right. Hey, you think I could get extra money if I claim it was a hate crime?

Margot is clearly holding back giggles at Bridget's charade.

MARGOT

Uhm, how long you been on the force?

AMELIA

It's worth a shot! You'd have to have some of claiming they knew you were gay, though, and that's what motivated it.

Bridget pushes sunglasses up her nose and returns her hand to her belt. She looks dramatically off into the distance, as though remembering her time in training.

BRIDGET

Joined the academy when I was 18. Graduated with flying colors.

MARSHALL

People tell me I'm gay from passing cars all the time. Why should a bus driver be any different?

Margot lets out a giggle. Bridget almost breaks character at the noise, but holds herself together.

MARGOT

Hm. Ever been tazed?

AMELIA

I'm not sure that will hold up in a court of law.

BRIDGET

You bet. I was stopping a robbery down at the Arby's. One of the robbers had a tazer.

Marshall heads towards the door and picks up his backpack.

MARSHALL

I'll wear my pride shirt, or something. I have to go to class, but meet me in an hour and a half in front of the Union. This'll be great! Thanks, Amelia!

Marshall exits.

AMELIA

See you then!

MARGOT

Wow. You're so brave.

Amelia hears Margot's odd words and notices her tone, realizing it for exactly what it is. She looks at Margot and Bridget for the first time and takes in Bridget's outfit.

AMELIA

(to Bridget)

Why are you a cop?

Margot looks over at Amelia and slides back into the couch, retreating within herself slightly now that she doesn't have Bridget's conversation to herself and blushing. Bridget deflates ever so slightly when she notices Margot's reaction, unsure of what happened, but stays in character. She tips her hat at Amelia.

BRIDGET

(to Amelia)

Just trying to keep the streets safe, miss.

Amelia looks down emphatically and raises an eyebrow.

AMELIA

In breakaway pants?

Bridget looks down and inspects the seam of the pants. She turns to Margot, finally returning to her normal voice.

BRIDGET

(to Margot)

These are breakaway pants?

Margot smiles again as she picks her laptop back up.

MARGOT

They were good enough to stop a robbery at the Arby's.

END SCENE

EXT MAIN CAMPUS

Bridget is wearing a fake professor outfit, a pair of big glasses, a white unkempt wig, and a shabby looking suit. This could be a bit of commentary on how professors are paid poorly. She stumbles down the street clutching her briefcase, mumbling to herself. Students pass and stare at her as she acts erratically. She sees some fellow teachers up ahead holding signs and blocking the main road. She walks up to them. She doesn't realize this is an adjunct professors' protest against the wages they receive. In this scene Bridget uses a terrible and over the top accent like something you'd see on SNL.

BRIDGET

What's all this hullabaloo about?

ADJUNCT PROFESSOR

It's the protest for fair wages and a union for all the adjunct professors! You're just in time. Here take a button, here's a sign, just listen to the chant and follow along.

Bridget is swallowed up by the sign. She adjusts herself and holds the sign, joining in the chanting and the excitement. She forgets for a second that she is trying to blend in and goes all out. A speaker goes up on the stage and the crowd ceases their chanting for a moment as they listen to him speak. He speaks about the struggles adjuncts face and the low wages they receive from universities. Bridget is standing next to the same adjunct completely absorbed in the speech.

BRIDGET

I can't believe this is happening around us. We have to do something!

ADJUNCT PROFESSOR

I love your fighting spirit! What do you teach here? I don't think I've seen you before...you do look familiar though

BRIDGET

I teach advanced mathematical quantitative deduction and reasoning.

ADJUNCT PROFESSOR

Oh. I work in the mathematics department...I didn't know we had a class called Mathematical quantitative deduction and reasoning. What did you say your name was again?

The speaker asks for volunteers to share their story and Bridget rushes ahead on the stage to speak, trying to get away from the Adjunct. Bridget swiftly gets carried away in her character and even begins to quote the speech from Braveheart until she is interrupted.

BRIDGET

This university has taken away everything from me. I give everything to my students and this school. We, educators, sweat and bleed for the next generation and we are hardly paid enough to be able to afford cough drops when we are sick. Rise up educators and take back the university! Aye, fight and you may die. Run and you'll live -- at least a while. And dying in your beds many years from now, would you be willing to trade all the days from this day to

that for one chance, just one
chance to come back here and-

CROWD

What? What is he saying? Who is
that?

Speaker takes the microphone and shoves Bridget
aside.

SPEAKER

Alright everyone we are not going
to riot, no one is dying!! This is
peaceful and-

ADJUNCT PROFESSOR

I know who that is. You're the
Amish meme!

The crowd turns to Bridget who is staring wide-eyed
and as they begin shouting she rushes off stage
quickly, hanging on to her white wig like it's a hat.

EXT WALKING ALONG NEAR THE APARTMENT BUILDING

Amelia and Marshall walk down the sidewalk in front
of the apartment. They are trying to get hit by the
bus.

MARSHALL

Should we practice first or should
I just go all in? I think I should
practice.

AMELIA

How do you practice getting hit by
a bus? You just have to do it!

Safely of course but if you practice you will wimp out.

MARSHALL

I know but how should I protect myself. I am one misstep away from dying a slow and painful death. Can you imagine, death by bus? That is so pathetic.

AMELIA

Remember what the article said and everything will work out. You protect your head, don't let your head hit the ground. It's just a little broken leg at worst.

MARSHALL

Ok but like this head is not my biggest worry

Marshall points to his crotch.

MARSHALL

And these jeans are really nice, Maybe I should put on some ugly clothes...or like pad myself.

AMELIA

Marshall, I believe in you!

Amelia grips Marshall on the shoulders encouragingly and they set off. A bus is coming down the street. The sounds of it rumbling in the distance awakens the pair.

AMELIA

Here's your chance! Make it look like an accident. Jump into it but don't be suspicious.

MARSHALL

Oh my God this is such a bad idea. Can I sell my kidney. Please?

AMELIA

Hurry it's coming! Get into position...Oh should we have brought ice? No, no it'll be fine. Get ready, Marshall, get ready. C'mon!

Marshall is shaking and closes his eyes. Amelia backs away, cringing with anxiety. The bus swooshes past. Marshall doesn't realize he's missed his chance and leaps forward, knocking into a bicyclist. Marshall manages to remain upright, barely a scratch while the bicyclist tumbles forward, crashing into the pavement with this bike flinging up around him. Amelia gasps behind Marshall.

MARSHALL

Oh, fuck! Amelia run!

Marshall turns to face Amelia but she is already half a block down, sprinting away from the scene. The bicyclist is groaning and Marshall takes off.

INT A CAMPUS COFFEE JOINT

Bridget rushes into the coffee shop to avoid the adjuncts. She pulls out a new outfit, a barista outfit (like starbucks basically). She puts on the apron, the visor, and puts on a purple multi colored wig. She attaches various hipster buttons to her apron and walks out into the cafe. She slips in past the other employees, passing one who looks like they are sick. The sick employee is going to the bathroom.

Bridget is trying to blend in, carefully reading merchandise and trying to stay out of the way. One of the baristas spots her and thinks an employee is shirking her drink making duties.

BARISTA

Quit slacking and get back to making the drinks! Yes, you! Hurry and get back here!

Bridget panics as faces turn to her and rushes behind the counter, keeping her head low. She receives a slew of orders that are ridiculous and struggles to make them. She tries to read the codes on the plastic drink cups and is confused. She takes one cup and squirts random syrups into it. Bridget mumbles to herself with her first cup.

BRIDGET

What does any of this mean? Is this another language.
Ch...uh...L...3...SM...G...Is this a drink or a secret code?

BARISTA

C'mon what's the hold up. The drinks are piling up.

Bridget looks to the exit, but a few adjuncts come in after the protest. She quickly scrambles and begins mixing the drinks in strange orders. Someone gets half iced tea mix, half iced coffee. Another order is a strange orange color and smells like vomit. She starts calling them out to the customers.

BRIDGET

We have an order for Sarah, a, uh, a green latte...for Eric, a medium,

I mean grande milkshake? For Navja
we have an iced...coffee with ice.

The customers pick up their drinks and look at each other. The caffeine addicted students starts to complain and the Barista at the register looks over.

BARISTA

What the hell are you doing?

BRIDGET

Uh....my best.

A few adjuncts and a few students look at her face and recognize her.

STUDENTS

It's the Amish lady!

BRIDGET

No, I'm just a barista. The Amish
can't drink coffee!!

STUDENTS

It IS you! Oh my God, what are you
doing, trying to make another meme?
Is this a prank for YouTube? Am I
going to be on vine?

The Barista comes toward her to demand an explanation and the Adjuncts starts calling out to her. She runs out from behind the counter and out of the coffee shop as students take out their phones to record what they hope is another viral sensation.

EXT AT A CROSSWALK IN A BUST INTERSECTION

Amelia and Marshall stand in a busy sidewalk near a major university building. They are waiting for a bus.

AMELIA

I'm sorry I ran away. I promise I won't when you really get hit.

MARSHALL

You better not. I need you to help cause a scene. I have a flair for the dramatics, but I need backup to be convincing. It's just like when I played Duchess Dubois in my middle school production of, *Le petit croissant*. Not a dry eye in the house.

The pair wait for the bus which slowly makes its appearance. Marshall gears up to get hit by the bus. Amelia waits eagerly behind him. Marshall jumps in front of the bus, flailing his arms in the air and giving a squealing noise of surprise. The bus stops inches from him. In the back a cloud of black smoke rises from the engine. It broke down just before hitting him. A heavy set bus driver flies out, cursing at his bus. He looks at Marshall and raise an eyebrow, but otherwise ignores him.

MARSHALL

Oh for fuck's sake, how hard is it to maim yourself?

Marshall grunts in annoyance.

AMELIA

C'mon let's try the main street!

Marshall and Amelia leave.

EXT MAIN STREET

Bridget is dressed as a doctor. She is heading down the street to pick up take-out and to go home for the

day. She is feeling exhausted and irritated that everyone saw through her earlier disguises. She doesn't try to pretend to be a doctor. She walks and talks normally, looking exhausted like an actual doctor. This is where Bridget will interact with Amelia and Marshall.

BRIDGET

What am I going to do? I'm a joke to the entire world. Half of the people in this country hate me for my beliefs. Half of the students here hate me for today. I can't be a first-rate journalist when everyone thinks I'm a joke. I should just get a bob, change my name, and move out of the country. I'll start a new life as Eliza Montgomery. An intelligent politician who fought for the people and her country and lost because of fake scandals and sexism...wait, fuck that's just Hillary's story. What am I going to do?

Bridget stops. Waiting to cross the street. She looks up in time to see Marshall and Amelia preparing for the bus. She's about to call out to them when a bus hits a student. Those at the bus stop scream and call for help. A girl next to Bridget grabs her arm

GIRL

Hurry! Help him, you're a doctor!

The bus driver rushes out from the bus. Students are gathering and panic sets in.

BUS DRIVER

Help! Oh my God I killed him. Is he dying? Shit. Help! We need a doctor.

Bridget's mouth falls open, unable to speak. Those around her notice her and yell at her to do something.

GUY

Do something, he's bleeding!!

Bridget yells

BRIDGET

I can't help him! I'm just a foot doctor!!

Bridget runs away. In this distance Marshall shouts Fuck.

EXT MAIN STREET

Marshall and Amelia try for the final time to get hit by a bus. It is the busiest time of day and they are getting tired of waiting. A bus is coming and Marshall stands at the curb waiting. On his right, the bicyclist he hit earlier comes storming up to him.

BICYCLIST

You stupid fuck! You broke my bike. Do you know how expensive bikes are?

MARSHALL

I don't know what you're talking about.

The bus is quickly coming. Marshall is trying not to look the Bicyclist in the eye. The Bicyclist is not

happy and pushes Marshall back from the curb,
preparing to fight.

BICYCLIST

You're paying for my new bike!

Marshall sidesteps the guy and the Bicyclist steps
forward, stepping on the curb by accident, he loses
his balance and stumbles backward, just as the bus
comes by.

AMELIA

Oh shit! GO LIMP! GO LIMP!

The bus hits the bicyclist and the students
surrounding the scene start to panic. They call for
doctors. The bus driver comes out.

BUS DRIVER

HELP! OH MY GOD I KILLED HIM. IS HE
DYING? SHIT. HELP! WE NEED A
DOCTOR.

GUY

Do something, he's bleeding!!

Amelia and Marshall look up and see Bridget across
the street.

AMELIA

Is that...?

BRIDGET

I can't help him! I'm just a foot
doctor

Bridget runs away and Marshall stands there pissed.
People rush forward to help the man. At this point a
paramedic arrives.

MARSHALL

FUCK.

END SCENE

INT MARGOT AND AMELIA'S APARTMENT

After the exhausting day, Marshall and Amelia sit on the couch in Amelia's apartment and try to come up with a new plan. As the scene starts they watch the local news where the story of the bicyclist's accident plays. Marshall is eating ice cream from a large mixing bowl.

NEWS ANCHOR

Our story is still developing as a local man was hit on Forbes Avenue today waiting to cross the street. He is reported as being in stable condition with some bruises and a broken leg. A GoFundMe account was set up, where donations have already come pouring in for the man and his recovery. The Public Transportation office has-

Amelia shuts off the TV

AMELIA

I think that's enough of that.

MARSHALL

That was supposed to be me! That's my broken leg! That was going to be my GoFundMe and my education fund. What am I going to do?

Marshall shoves a big spoonful into his mouth and struggles to swallow it. Amelia pats his back.

AMELIA

We'll figure something out. I promise!

MARSHALL

Hm? What can I do? I already have a job. The university funds are gone. Do I take up knitting and try to sell it? Do I teach pole dancing classes? Do I just drop out?

They sit in silence for a moment. Margot comes out from around the corner. She has been listening to them talk.

MARGOT

Seeking Arrangements.

MARSHALL

Jesus, Margot where did you come from?

MARGOT

Well, I do live here.

AMELIA

Wait, what's seeking arrangements?

MARGOT

An incredible website where you hook up with sugar daddies. Lonely, sexually repressed or expressive men who want to spoil some arm

candy. You can make some serious money.

MARSHALL

No way. I am not fuckiing a dinosaur for cash.

MARGOT

You don't have to. They just want your time. Think about it.

Margot disappears into her room. Amelia and Marshall exchange looks.

MARSHALL

I swear that woman. She is so strange.

AMELIA

Marshall, I think it's a good idea.

MARSHALL

Do you really think it's a good idea?

AMELIA

I mean how many shitty dates have you gone on only to waste your time and money.

MARSHALL

Hmm, it's the Grindr that pays you, I guess. Well...I might as well try it.

They whip out their phones and go to Seeking Arrangements website.

MARSHALL

Wow, look they have sugar mommies too. You can sign up for men, women, or both.

Amelia whispers to herself.

AMELIA

Maybe I should look into this...

MARSHALL

This is perfect let's make a profile. Interested in men....I am a sugar baby...yes, I am eighteen. Amelia take my picture. Make sure you get my angle. I have to look gay enough. Do I look good?

AMELIA

You look sweet.

MARSHALL

No, I need to look hot and desirable.

AMELIA

No, i mean sweet...like a sugar baby. Get it?

MARSHALL

Sweet summer child, you are too precious for this. Do I look DTF?

AMELIA

Here, does this look good?

MARSHALL

Perfect. Ok and final touches. What should my biography say? Gay. Obviously. I love a good cocktail and going out on the town.

AMELIA

Say you're a foodie. You got to get some food out of this right? Even if they don't work out, make them buy you dinner! One free meal a night.

MARSHALL

Brilliant! Ok Foodie. Favorite kinds of gifts. Well cash obviously. only cash. And NO FOOT FETISH. NO FEET.

AMELIA

That looks perfect!

They hit the live feature and his profile is sent out there. A second later he gets a hit.

MARSHALL

Seriously? That fast.

AMELIA

Who's it from?

MARSHALL

SirLongDong69 says, "Hey" oh and a winky face.

AMELIA

Are you going to respond?

MARSHALL

Of course, I need a steak dinner.

Marshall begins to type his reply.

NoFeetPlz19 says, "Hey there!
Looking for a sugar baby?"

SIRLONGDONG69

Yeah, want to go out tomorrow night
at the seafood place on 8th? Meet
outside at 7:30?

MARSHALL

I have a good feeling about this.

AMELIA

Wait! ask for a picture. Make sure
he isn't some creep.

MARSHALL

Good call. "Send a pic please so I
know who to look for!"

The phone pings and Marshall gets a nude picture from
the neck down. No face is visible.

AMELIA

Oh my God! He is LongDong.

MARSHALL

Fuck money. I'd go out with him for
free.

AMELIA

Eye on the prize Marshall! Remember this isn't a fuck. It's a business deal.

Marshall sighs.

MARSHALL

Ugh. You're right. "hey can I get a face to go with that masterpiece?"

SIRLONGDONG69

You will see that tomorrow. Are you in?

AMELIA

I don't know. Should we press for a face?

MARSHALL

I didn't show my face either in the picture. I think I'll be fine. I'll have you on speed dial.

Marshall texts back.

MARSHALL

"It's a date"

END SCENE

INT. PROFESSOR DOVER'S CLASSROOM - Day

The camera opens on Marshall sitting at his desk in class, playing with his phone, frantically texting Amelia about his

date with SIRLONGDONG69. He wears a suit jacket and tie. He looks nice, but not though as if he is trying to hard. Very school boy chic. His eyebrows are on fleek, maybe not twins, but there's definitely a family resemblance. Professor Dover lectures at the front of the classroom. Several other students sit around Marshall, some of them pay attention, more of them don't and just mess around on laptops and phones. Camera focuses on one student doodling on their notebook, on another buying sexy underwear online, on a third who is dead asleep. The camera finally focuses on Marshall, phone in hand. Camera closes in on Marshall's phone, graphic of text conversation appears on screen in IMessage-esque text bubbles.

MARSHALL

Are you sure this is a good idea? What if he kidnaps me?

AMELIA

I mean, would it really be kidnapping you since you're an adult? He'd be like young-adult-napping you.

MARSHALL

Not helping, Amelia!

AMELIA

Winky face emoji

MARSHALL

Angry face emoji I absolutely loath you right now.

AMELIA

Love you too, pal. *Heart emoji*

Camera cuts away to Professor Dover who has just wrapped up class.

DOVER

Alright, everyone. See you on Monday.

Everyone gets up to leave, but Marshall is too absorbed in his texting to notice.

AMELIA

Relax! Margot does this all the time, apparently. You'll be fine!

MARSHALL

Ugh, I hope you're right.

AMELIA

Just remember how fine that old dude was in his picture! And don't forget to bring me home leftovers as a thank you

Dover starts to pack up his things while the students file out. He erases the board and is about to head out when he notices that Marshall is still sitting at his desk, tapping away at his phone. He approaches Marshall and taps on his desk.

PROF. DOVER

(smiling down at Marshall)

Marshall? You know class is over right?

MARSHALL

(looking up from his phone)

What? Oh, sorry.

Marshall, upon looking up, realizes how closely Dover is standing to him. From where he sits, Marshall's gaze goes directly to Dover's belt. Dover's shirt is tucked in tightly and the fabric is stretched taut against his flat muscular stomach. A moment of silence passes between them and with a gulp Marshall realizes that he has been staring.

DOVER

(laughing)

Little distracted, are we?

MARSHALL

(packing up)

Yeah, just a little

Dover backs away and stands by the door with his bag slung over his shoulder as Marshall frantically shoves books into his bag. Dover notices Marshall's attire when Marshall's tie gets stuck in his bag when he attempts to zip it shut.

DOVER

(laughing again)

Why are you all dressed up?

Marshall pulls his tie out of his bag and straightens up. He looks down at himself and runs a nervous hand through his hair.

MARSHALL
(blushing)

Oh, this. I've got a sort of kind of date tonight after class.

DOVER
(beaming)

What a coincidence! Me too!

Marshall is taken aback. He scratches his head.

MARSHALL
You've got a date?

DOVER
(hurt)

No need to sound so surprised, Marshall.

Dover seems dejected and grabs the door with one hand, seemingly in an attempt to leave. For some reason Marshall interjects and stops him.

MARSHALL
Oh! No! That's not what I meant! I just sort of assumed you were married.

DOVER
(turning to face Marshall)
Why'd you think that?

MARSHALL
(shrugging)
Well, most old people are married.

Dover considers this for a minutes, but recognizes the genuine tone in Marshall's voice and decides to ignore the "old" comment. He takes a seat on the large desk at the front of the room and faces Marshall, who takes a seat on a desk at the front of the room in turn. Their knees are mere inches apart.

DOVER
Fair enough. So where are they taking you?

MARSHALL
Some seafood place downtown, never heard of it.

Dover's eyes go wide. He purses his lips and looks towards the door, nervous.

DOVER

(cautiously)

You don't mean Got Crabs? Do you?

Dover sits at the desk with his eyes squeezed shut. Marshall looks at him, confused. Dover looks like he's preparing to be hit, hard, maybe someone's angry mother-in-law. Marshall was terrified of mother's-in-law, so he understood the feeling.

MARSHALL

(cautiously as well)

Yeah, I think that's the place. Why? Is it garbage?

Dover has risen from the desk and turned away from Marshall. As he raises his arms to run both hands through his salt and pepper hair, his shirt comes untucked in the back, revealing a strip of tanned skin at the base of his back. Marshall bites his lip.

DOVER

(not facing Marshall)

No, it's quite nice actually. That's actually where I was planning on taking my date tonight as well.

MARSHALL

(relieved)

Oh, cool! Maybe I'll see you there!

Marshall checks his watch and notices the time. He rises to go.

MARSHALL

(CON'T)

I should actually get going. I'm supposed to meet him at-

DOVER

(interrupting)

7:30?

Silence passes between them. Marshall doesn't seem to realize at first, but then it dawns on him.

MARSHALL

How did you... oh my god, no way.

Marshall puts his head in his hands, shaking it from side to side in disbelief. Dover stands nervously by the door.

DOVER

NoFeetPlz19?

MARSHALL
(looking up)

SirLongDong69?

DOVER

Oh, god.

Dover rushes over to Marshall

DOVER
(pleading)

Marshall, you can't tell anyone, I'm begging you. You can't show anyone that picture I sent you. I never should have sent that. It was so stupid of me. If the board found out. I- I could lose my job, I-...

There are tears in his eyes. Marshall can't help, but realize how they bring out the blue notes in his irises. He cautiously reaches out to Dover and wipes a tear off of his cheek.

MARSHALL

I won't tell anyone. I promise.

Dover looks up at him thoughtfully, then busies himself with wiping his face with his sleeve.

DOVER
(sniffling)

So, um, I guess we should, uh, call off dinner?

At that moment Marshall's stomach growls and he laments the thought of losing that free dinner, but as he watches Dover at the front of the classroom, he wonders if he might be missing out on more than just crabs.

MARSHALL
(testing the waters)

I mean, if you want to still go, we could just think of it as an extra credit assignment?

DOVER
(heavily)

Marshall, I dunno...

MARSHALL

It's all up to you, Professor Dover.

Dover walks over to Marshall and looks him in the eye.

DOVER

Please, call me Benjamin.

Marshall pulls Dover into a kiss. Music plays and scene fades out and we see Marshall and Dover leave the classroom, the door slams shut behind them

END SCENE

INT. AMELIA AND MARGOT'S APARTMENT - Night

The camera opens on Margot as she types on her laptop while sitting on the couch next to Amelia who flips through the channels looking for something to watch. She lands on a show about Emergency Room Patients and sets down the remote. Amelia has a bowl of popcorn in her lap and tosses pieces at Margot every now and again, just to make sure she's still living and hasn't entered cyberworld too completely.

AMELIA

(munching)

Have you heard anything from Bridget? Or is she still running around dressed as Nanny McPhee?

MARGOT

(not looking up from her computer)

I haven't actually. I'm sure she's fine. Seems like the type of girl who can hold her own.

AMELIA

Are you close? You and Bridget?

MARGOT

(looks up)

What do you mean?

Amelia opens her mouth to speak but there is a knock at the door. She rises from the couch and opens it. Bridget stands in the doorway with a garbage bag full of clothes and wigs in her hand. She looks, triumphant. She steps passed Amelia and through into the apartment. She approaches Margot with the bag.

AMELIA

(laughing)

Well good morning, sunshine. How'd the disguises work out?

MARGOT

(to Bridget)

Yeah, manage to fool anybody?

Bridget sets the bag on the sofa next to MARGOT who begins to open it and rummage around. Bridget plops down on the couch between Amelia and the trash bag.

BRIDGET

(grabbing some popcorn)

Not particularly, although at one point I was dressed as a doctor and people begged me to help this poor kid who got hit by the bus.

AMELIA

(excited)

Well, did you?

BRIDGET

(blatantly)

Nope, ran away.

AMELIA

(sarcastically)

Way to completely ignore the Hippocratic oath

Margot has pulled several articles of clothing out of the bag and is currently holding up a pristinely folded and pressed doctors coat. A look of astonishment is plastered across her face. She gazes over at Bridget, who is looking back at her with admiration.

MARGOT

(stunned)

Did you have these clothes dry-cleaned?

BRIDGET

(giggling)

Yeah, and I got the wigs washed. Thanks again for letting me borrow your stuff. I really appreciate it.

Bridget drops a wink and turns back to watching TV with Amelia, both of them stuffing their faces with popcorn while Margot rebuilds her world that was just blown away by Bridget's wink.

MARGOT

(quietly, almost to herself)

Yeah, anytime...

AMELIA

(to Bridget)

So nothing worked? People could still tell you were the Anti-Trump girl?

BRIDGET

Yeah, but it's not so bad, I've kind of come to terms with it. I'm not necessarily proud of how I acted, but I know I was doing the right thing in principal. And besides, being known as the Anti-Trump girl is kinda liberating and empowering.

Bridget taps Margot on the shoulder. She is still lost in thought, but turns at Bridget's touch.

BRIDGET

(to Margot)

Don't you think?

Margot stuffs some of the clothes back into the trash bag and sets it next to the couch, opening up the space between her and Bridget. She contemplates the empty space for a moment. Thinks about whether she should move closer, but decides against it.

MARGOT

(smiling)

For sure. I'm sorry none of my stuff was helpful though.

Bridget pulls Margot into a kind of awkward side hug. Margot goes rigid at her touch, but then allows herself to sink into it. She hugs her back.

BRIDGET

Don't worry about it! I had fun trying all the stuff on. Made me feel like an undercover reporter.

AMELIA

(dramatically)

The scandal of it all!

They laugh. As they do Marshall walks through the door holding a small swan made out of tin foil. He shuts the door behind me and leans against it as the others turn to him.

AMELIA

(excitedly)

Are those my leftovers?

MARSHALL

(holding out the swan)

Shrimp scampi and a few lobster rolls. Share with the other children, I can't show favoritism.

Amelia runs to the counter and viciously tears open the swan and begins to eat. Margot and Bridget remain seated on the couch where Marshall joins them, sitting between the two, draping one arm around each of them. Margot shoots Bridget a forlorn look, but composes herself with a deep breath.

MARGOT

(to Marshall)

So how was the date?

BRIDGET

(smacking Marshall on the stomach)

What date? You didn't tell me you had a date!

MARSHALL

(ignoring the blow)

I could tell you, but you'd never believe me.

AMELIA

Ooo, the mystery thickens.

MARGOT

(knowingly)

It ended up being someone you knew, didn't it.

MARSHALL
(stunned)

How could you have possibly guessed that?

Margot reaches across Marshall and grabs a handful of popcorn from the bowl in Bridget's lap.

MARGOT
(shrugging)

I'm smarter than you?

Behind them Amelia is stuffing her face with pasta and shrimp and bread. She smiles to herself, satisfied, and washes the food down with a swig of Natty Lite. She burps.

BRIDGET
(to Marshall)

You went on a date with a stranger! Marsh! We've talked about that! You've gotta text me your location for stuff like that in case they chop you up!

MARGOT
(confused)

What good would his location be if he's already been chopped up?

BRIDGET
(defiant)

You knew what I meant!

MARSHALL
(sarcastically)

Oh yes, I sure would hate for a piece of me to get lost in some other location and not make it home to mom and pops for the funeral.

AMELIA
(joining them on the couch)

I dunno, you might wanna loose the feet, what with your dad and all.

The girls all laugh, but Marshall is not amused in the slightest. He does his best to ignore the barrage of elbows in the ribs her gets from Margot and Bridget.

MARSHALL

Ha ha, very funny

MARGOT

What happened with your dad anyhow? He find a new job?

MARSHALL

(quietly)

Oh, yeah. Yeah, he did.

BRIDGET

(leaning in)

Well? Where at?

MARSHALL

mumbles

AMELIA

What?

MARSHALL

(standing up)

FootLocker! He got a job at FootLocker, alright?

Bridget fights back laughter, though Margot and Amelia are doing less to constrain themselves. She grabs Marshall by the waist and gives him a reassuring shake.

BRIDGET

That's, um, that's really great for him, ya know, that he found a new job so quick.

MARSHALL

(sitting dejectedly back down)

Ugh, now I wanna get hit by the bus for an entirely different reason.

Bridget puts her arm around him. Margot flicks him playfully on the ear. Amelia approaches from behind and begins to play with his hair. His frown gives way to a small smile.

AMELIA

Look at all of us, loving each other.

MARSHALL

(laughing a little)

Thanks guys.

They turn their attention to the TV a patient has just been admitted with a broken ankle. The narrator of the shows suggests that the patient sustained the injury through some sort of sexual endeavor involving heavy foot play. Marshall covers his face with his hands

MARSHALL

Oh my god, please kill me.

BRIDGET

Not for the world, buddy. Not for the whole wide world.

END SCENE