

GIRLBOSS

Written by

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**COLD OPEN**

FADE IN:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - RANDOM STREETS - DAY

OPEN ON: An aerial shot of a beat up Geo Metro driving through the streets of San Francisco. The instrumental intro to Suzi Quatro's punk anthem "**The Wild One**" [SONG TBD] plays.

EXT/INT. POWELL STREET/GEO METRO - CONTINUOUS

Sophia, (23) gorgeous and distinctively styled in brash 70s fashion, drives. Happy and carefree, she sings along.

SOPHIA

(spoken word)

All my life I've wanted to be somebody, and here I am./I know what I've got, and there ain't nobody gonna take it away from me. So let me tell ya what I am!

(singing)

I'M A RED-HOT FOX, I CAN TAKE THE KNOCKS/I'M A HAMMER FROM HELL, HONEY, CAN'T YOU TELL?/I'M THE WILD ONE, YES, I'M THE WILD ONE./I'M A TOUCHED-UP FREAK ON A WINNING STREAK... (song continues)

The car begins to slow down as Sophia realizes something's wrong with it. Steam begins to seep out of the hood.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Come on, come on. Not again.

The Geo comes to a complete stop; her happy mood evaporates.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Isn't this a real shit burger.

A car behind her HONKS. She glares into the rear-view mirror.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Are you kidding? Go around!

Sophia spots a service station a few blocks up. She puts the car in neutral and gets out. Using every ounce of her determination, she begins pushing, digging in with her knee-high white leather boots. The car behind her HONKS again. Without looking back,

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Go around! This isn't hard, people!

Finally, the car pulls into the oncoming lane to pass. Sophia continues pushing, making slow progress. In the road behind her, an old-timey bell RINGS.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Oh my god! Are you seriously this stupid?

(waves arm)

Go around me!

REVEAL: A San Francisco trolley car. A CONDUCTOR speaks through a loudspeaker.

CONDUCTOR

WE CANNOT PASS. WE ARE ON A TRACK.

SOPHIA

(never looking back)

Well then I guess you're just gonna have to stay behind me!

Sophia continues to push the car, going a couple more feet.

CONDUCTOR

DO YOU NEED SOME ASSISTANCE? YOU LOOK LIKE YOU NEED HELP.

SOPHIA

Nope. I'm good. I'm grrreat.

CONDUCTOR

MISS, YOU ARE BLOCKING TRAFFIC AND I AM TRYING TO KEEP TO A SCHEDULE. PLEASE. MOVE TO THE SIDE OR I'LL HAVE TO CALL THE AUTHORITIES... I KNOW YOU CAN HEAR ME!

Sophia lifts her arm all the way up above her head only to give the trolley a dramatic middle finger. We PULL BACK to REVEAL: A line of traffic, all held up by Sophia. HONKS galore.

CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)

AW, THAT'S RUDE.

Sophia smirks and continues to slowly "push" the car with one hand as she keeps the bird in flight.

FADE TO BLACK.

**CUT TO MAIN TITLES**

OVER BLACK:

SOPHIA'S VOICE

Adulthood is where dreams go to die.

FADE IN:

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - MORNING

TIGHT ON: Sophia, staring straight ahead.

SOPHIA

Grow up, get a job, become a drone. That's it. Then it's over.

(building in anger)

Society just wants to put everyone in a box. Well go ahead and try, society! I'll drop a deuce in that box. 'Cause like, I mean if I felt that the rest of my life would be spent as a faceless cog in a machine, I swear I would smoke some bath salts and start eating people's faces.

She closes her eyes, takes a deep breath, and...

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

I just need a way to grow old without turning into some boring adult.

An OLD LADY (aged-up Catherine O'Hara) leans in to frame, right next to Sophia's face.

OLD LADY

Want to know what I think?

Startled, Sophia opens her eyes and turns to her. WIDEN TO REVEAL: The two ladies, sitting on a park bench. Sophia wears a vintage jumpsuit with a denim jacket. The San Francisco skyline is visible behind them.

SOPHIA

(meekly)

Oh, no. I'm all good. I was talking to myself.

OLD LADY

Then consider this some free advice. Everything you're saying is stupid.

SOPHIA

Nuh-uh. Bath salts, when ingested, cause hallucinations. This guy in Florida --

OLD LADY

Oh I know, I know. I watch Nancy Grace. She keeps me up to speed on all things Florida.

(then)

The stupid part is you whining about how awful growing up is.

SOPHIA

I'm not whining. These are very carefully cultivated thoughts --

The Old Lady SLAPS Sophia across the face! Sophia gasps.

OLD LADY

That's your wake-up call.

SOPHIA

You old school slapped me!

OLD LADY

Your generation is so fucked up --

SOPHIA

(still stunned)

Right in the face!

OLD LADY

You don't like it. Snapchat your congressman.

SOPHIA

Alright, I get it. You think I'm some spoiled millennial who's never had it hard because I didn't walk a mile to school --

OLD LADY

Neither did I! I drove. How old do you think I am?

SOPHIA

I tried it their way. I did college for a year and all it got me was in debt. Not to mention that everything you ever want to learn you can just look up online. I mean, I know how to open champagne with a sword!

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Now I'm broke. My car blew up. I'm about to get evicted from my hell-hole apartment with ancient plumbing that leaked and ruined this kickass Persian rug I found--

The Old Lady slaps her again.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Goddammit!

As the Old Lady gathers herself to go,

OLD LADY

My life's too short for this shit.

SOPHIA

You know I'm right. I bet you were cool and fun once and then you needed money so you got pushed into the cage of adulthood. All because you couldn't afford toilet paper. Well toilet paper should be free!

The Old Lady takes Sophia in.

OLD LADY

How old are you anyway?

SOPHIA

Twenty-three.

OLD LADY

Huh.

SOPHIA

Huh what?

OLD LADY

Hard to believe that you're the future. Thank god I'll be dead.

A beat. Then, Sophia smiles.

SOPHIA

I like you, old lady.

EXT. SIDEWALK - THE BLIND CAT - LATER

Sophia walks down the sidewalk, texting and looking great in high-waisted red flare pants and a halter top. She approaches ROCCO, a thin, reedy bouncer standing outside The Blind Cat.

Weird indie music is heard through the door. A blackboard reads, "TONIGHT: ANIMATED DISCUSSION."

ROCCO

ID.

SOPHIA

Dude, I'm here every week.

ROCCO

My boss might be watching, and I let a twelve-year-old in the other night. He had a moustache. Not my fault.

Sophia hands him a card. He looks at it.

ROCCO (CONT'D)

This is a claim check from a dry cleaner.

SOPHIA

Pretty adult thing to have, don't ya think?

He shakes his head and hands it back to her.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

(weary)

I lost my license, okay.

ROCCO

How'd you lose your license?

SOPHIA

I used it to kill a cockroach and the next morning it was gone. My guess is his family wanted the photo for their revenge board.

(off his dubious look)

I lost it, okay! Let me in.

ROCCO

Sorry, rules are rules. On this point I do not bend --

Exasperated, she walks past him and heads inside.

ROCCO (CONT'D)

Aw, c'mon!

Two DUDES walk up. One dude sports a moustache.

ROCCO (CONT'D)  
(re: stache)  
That real? I have to ask.

INT. THE BLIND CAT - BAR - NIGHT

Sophia looks around the hipster bar. On stage, Animated Discussion, performs. A set of FEMALE IDENTICAL TWINS are on lead guitar and vocals. Behind them, a mousy girl, EMMALOU, plays a theremin, a heavily TATTED GIRL plays random instruments (mini liberty bell, synth pad, tambourine), and a handsome nerd, SHANE (early-mid 20s, Ansel Elgort-type) is on drums. Although a strange mix, they're pretty good.

ANNIE (O.C.)  
Sophia!

Sophia turns to see a sloppy ANNIE (early 20s), her beautiful bestie, waving from her seat at the bar. Annie has a '50s style with a contemporary twist: Dress with a full skirt, pearls, and hair in a modern beehive.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
GET OVER HERE, YOU DIRTY SLUT!

Sophia smiles, shakes her head and crosses over.

SOPHIA  
I know you're just trying to  
reclaim that word, but it's still  
not cool to say.

ANNIE  
Shut your face lips, you whore!

Sophia lovingly puts her hand over Annie's mouth to quiet her. Annie laughs, getting her red lipstick all over Sophia's hand. As Sophia wipes them off, Annie gestures to Sophia's pants.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
Oh my god, those are killer.

SOPHIA  
Four dollars at Goodwill. And check  
it.

Sophia pulls a beautiful vintage ring out of her purse and offers it to Annie, who beams.

ANNIE  
It goes perfectly with my necklace!  
(as she puts it on)  
(MORE)

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Man, you always find the best stuff. You should go on a game show where you have to find the best stuff. Does that show even exist?

(then, excited)

I just had an idea for a show called "Best Stuff Finder"--!

SOPHIA

So get this. I left my apartment this morning and there was --

ANNIE

A turtle?

SOPHIA

No.

ANNIE

A bleeding man?

SOPHIA

This isn't a guessing game.

ANNIE

An eviction notice?

SOPHIA

Yes! A stupid eviction notice.

ANNIE

That's way worse than a turtle.

SOPHIA

I told my landlord I wouldn't pay my rent until he fixed my plumbing and he was a real douche about it.

ANNIE

So what are you going to do? Move back in with your hot dad?

SOPHIA

Ew. And no. Never.

(visceral)

I'd rather starve than go back home, tail between my legs, forced to live by his rules... He thinks I can't take care of myself. I don't want to prove him right.

A sympathetic Annie grabs Sophia's hand.

ANNIE

You need a drink.

(whips around to bar)

DAX! Sophia needs a driiiiiiiiiink!

(to Sophia)

He lets me drink for free.

As DAX (early 20s, Andrew Bachelor-type), a handsome, upbeat African American, crosses over,

SOPHIA

Since when?

Dax leans over the bar.

DAX

What up, girl?

ANNIE

Lover.

Sophia's eyes go wide.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Sophia here needs a vodka and cranberry to promote urinary tract health, and I'll switch from a Lady Slipper to a... I guess a Brandy Alexander.

DAX

For real? You know I'll have to get the manual out.

ANNIE

I'm worth it, bae.

Dax smiles and turns to a shelf behind him and pulls out a bartender's manual. Sophia leans in to Annie, re: Dax.

SOPHIA

When did that happen?

ANNIE

Last night. I don't know. We were talking and then boning. We did it on the bar. Right here. In this area. More than once.

Sophia takes her elbow off the bar.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

I know you think it uncouth.

DAX  
(over his shoulder)  
Jesus, Annie. It says I need a  
nutmeg grater.

ANNIE  
Ooh, delish.

SOPHIA  
I'm never gonna get a drink, am I?

ANNIE  
I'm on it!

Annie leans over the bar and makes Sophia a drink with whatever she can reach, including using the soda gun. Annie hands a drink to Sophia.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
Your Kahlua and Coke with an olive.

Sophia shrugs, takes a swig, and the two watch the band.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
I'm telling you. It's real love  
this time. Not like with Oliver or  
Remy or Virgil or --

SOPHIA  
I believe you. But Dax the  
bartender?

ANNIE  
I know. Dax the bartender.

SOPHIA  
How was it? I mean, how did his...?  
(gestures to her crotch)  
You know... how was his...?

ANNIE  
Asshole?

SOPHIA  
Nevermind.

Sophia turns back to the band and zeros in on Shane, nonchalantly hitting the skins. Shane catches Sophia looking at him. He smiles back. It's one of those moments where everything around them drifts away.

ANNIE  
'Cause his asshole is totally  
average. His dick is huge.  
(MORE)

ANNIE (CONT'D)

I'm not sure why you would ask me  
about his asshole.

SOPHIA

(motions to Shane)  
Who's that dude?

ANNIE

That's Shane. Dax's new roommate.  
His dad owns a water park.

SOPHIA

How do you know that?

ANNIE

Uh 'cause that's like the coolest  
thing that anybody's dad could ever  
own. So he talks about it a lot.

(then)

DAX! MY DRINK!

Dax hands Annie his attempt at a Brandy Alexander.

DAX

Here. This is going to be horrible.

Annie winks at Dax, who smiles and crosses away. Then, Annie  
clocks Sophia still looking at Shane.

ANNIE

Sophia, you little minx.

SOPHIA

What?

ANNIE

Shane. He's basically building a  
water park in your panties.

SOPHIA

Annie! What is wrong with you?

ANNIE

I don't know. I've been mixing  
alcohols all night.

(takes little sip)

DAX! TOO MUCH NUTMEG!

The band finishes their set to some polite applause.

LEAD SINGER(INTO MIC)

Hey, thanks. We've had a great  
time.

(MORE)

LEAD SINGER(INTO MIC) (CONT'D)

Before we go, I want to remind you  
that the basic tenets of capitalism  
and democracy contradict each  
other. Emmalou on theremin!

Emmalou holds her hand out over the theremin to make a high-pitched frequency sound. The group BOWS. Shane looks over at Sophia, then turns to Emmalou.

SHANE

I'm gettin' a beer. You want  
anything?

EMMALOU

A guitar. A trombone. A real  
fucking instrument.

Shane nods, crosses over to the bar, and stands next to Annie. Sophia pretends not to notice him.

SHANE

Hey, buddy. An Anchor Steam when  
you get a chance.

ANNIE

(holds up empty glass)  
And a Rusty Nail! Which is my new  
nickname for your ding dong!

Annie reaches across the bar and gives Dax a kiss. Shane locks eyes with Sophia and nods.

SHANE

Hey.

SOPHIA

Hey.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LOFT APARTMENT - SHANE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Sophia and Shane make out in bed, in their undies. It's pretty hot. That is until Sophia stops and lays on her side.

SHANE

Oh shit, did I do something?

SOPHIA

Nah, I just decided that I'm good.

SHANE

I see. Did you...?  
(sheepish)  
Get there? Somehow?

SOPHIA

What? No. I'm just done for the  
night. Time for some shut eye.

Sophia adjusts her pillow and closes her eyes to sleep.

SHANE

But... I'm not... done.

SOPHIA

(eyes still closed)  
I know. This is a real dick move on  
my part, but I don't do one-night  
stands.

SHANE

Totally cool. No big deal.

SOPHIA

I would've told you earlier but I  
thought you'd kick me out of this  
awesome bed and I do not want to go  
back to my place -- what is this  
pillow, Tempurpedic?

SHANE

Close. It's memory foam.

SOPHIA

Well, it's what I imagine sleeping  
in a Popeye's biscuit feels like.  
(then, sweetly)  
Can I please crash here? You're so  
nice and trustworthy. There's a  
real non-rapey vibe about you.

The light in the room hits Sophia's face just right,  
revealing her exotic beauty. Shane smiles, clearly into her.

SHANE

Sure.

He snuggles up beside her. A beat.

SOPHIA

You're gonna kill me, but can you  
give me like, a foot? I get hot.

Shane moves over to give Sophia some room. Then, Sophia lays her foot on his leg. Shane smiles, liking it, as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHANE'S BEDROOM/LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING [D2]

Sophia lies asleep across the bed. Her alarm on her phone goes off. It's a recording of her voice.

SOPHIA (FROM PHONE)

Get up, you basic bitch. Get up, you basic bitch. Get up, you basic --

Sophia, still groggy and a bit hung over, finds her phone and turns it off. She gets out of bed and casually puts on her clothes. Shane enters, holding a plain Eggo.

SHANE

Morning. I made you breakfast.

(holds up Eggo)

I don't know how to heat these things. It's spongy on the edges, frozen in the middle. There's no butter or syrup on there either.

(laughs)

I basically just handed you a cardboard frisbee. Eating it will make your life shorter.

He hands the Eggo to Sophia, who puts it on the night stand.

SOPHIA

It's tempting, but I have work at ten.

SHANE

That's in three minutes. You're late.

As Sophia grabs her crazy tall '70s Nina platform shoes,

SOPHIA

Not yet. Everything before ten is my time.

Shane watches as Sophia puts on her shoes.

SHANE

Those are ridiculous.

SOPHIA

Well it's either wear these or get that surgery that gives you longer legs. You know, the one Taylor Swift had.

Shane takes Sophia in. Then:

SHANE

I'm not sure why, but I like you.

SOPHIA

You'll figure it out.

SHANE

We should hang again. You like wave pools?

Sophia smiles and exits out to the living room to find Annie and Dax on a couch that's facing away from her. They're fooling around under a blanket. Sophia tip-toes to the door, but her shoes make too much noise. The two POP up.

ANNIE

Hi!

DAX

We were watching TV.

ANNIE

Dax, she's not an idiot. She knows what sex looks like.

(then, to Sophia)

Our first fight.

SOPHIA

How do you guys do that in the morning? Isn't your breath terrible?

ANNIE

Yeah, but I'm sure our privates smell worse.

SOPHIA

Cool. Well, I gotta go.

ANNIE

Okay, you okay?

SOPHIA

Totally. We still--

ANNIE

Yeah, should I--?

SOPHIA

Yep. Text me.

ANNIE

Love you.

SOPHIA

Love you back.

Sophia exits. REVEAL: Shane, standing in his bedroom doorway.

DAX

So bud, we gonna...?

Shane looks at Dax, confused.

SHANE

... gonna what?

DAX

You know, with the thing...?

SHANE

Dude, you're not making any sense.

DAX

...Love you?

ANNIE

(quietly, to Dax)

You're trying too hard.

SHANE

I'm gonna go back to bed.

Shane exits back into his room. As Dax and Annie go at it again, we CUT TO...

EXT. SIDEWALK - LATER

Sophia walks nonchalantly down the street. She stops to watch a POWER COMPANY WORKER change a bulb in a street lamp.

EXT./INT. LUSH SHOE STORE - LATER

Sophia casually enters this high-end shoe store. It's empty except for CAROL (30s), a soft spoken but passive aggressive, round-faced boss (think Sarah Baker), who is there waiting for her. Sophia acts all nonchalant.

SOPHIA

Hey, Carol.

CAROL

Oh, Sophia. I'm so glad you're not injured or dead.

SOPHIA

Whatchya mean?

CAROL

Well, you're twenty-seven minutes late so naturally I assumed you were hit by a bus and bleeding out on to the Embarcadero.

SOPHIA

Ah no. Ha ha. I'm uh, just running behind. Hectic morning. Thanks for your concern.

CAROL

("playful boss")

Okay, well, I'll be running inventory in the back so you stay here and sell those shoes, girlfriend! But please, like we discussed last week, don't surf the web. It's not my rule but...

(even softer)

Customers find it off-putting.

SOPHIA

Got it.

Sophia watches Carol disappear into the back, then immediately jumps on the computer and opens up a web browser.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. LUSH SHOE STORE - FRONT ROOM - SEVERAL HOURS LATER

A LADY (30) browses a shoe display, but Sophia's eyes are glued to the computer as she eats a sandwich. ANGLE ON: The computer screen. Sophia critiques a series of vintage clothing listings on eBay.

SOPHIA

Overpriced... Overpriced, and don't put that on a hanger... Is that jacket lying in a dog bed?

LADY

(calls over to Sophia)

Could you help me for a sec?

Sophia stands up and crosses over to her.

LADY (CONT'D)

Which of these would be good for a wedding? Kinda non-traditional. I think the ceremony is on a ferry or something?

SOPHIA

You want my honest opinion?  
(off Lady's nod)  
I wouldn't wear any of these. They're boring. The fit sucks. You'll toss them overboard by the time cocktail hour is over. And for what they cost? Shoot me in the head if I start pissing my money away on shit like this.

LADY

(noticing Sophia's shoes)  
Those are cool.

SOPHIA

Yeah there's a vintage place in Berkeley called Buzzies. Tons of awesome shoes for super cheap. It's like when hippies drop dead, their closets are shipped directly to their stock room.

LADY

Buzzies. Okay. Thanks.

As the Lady exits, Sophia rocks a "see ya" wave.

SOPHIA

No prob.

Sophia's cell buzzes. Bracing herself, she answers the call, affecting an upbeat attitude.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Dad!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DINGY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

JAY (50s) sits at a cluttered desk, eating spaghetti out of a tinfoil takeout tray. A name placard on his desk reads, "JAY MARLOWE. PAYROLL MANAGER."

JAY

Sophia. Just calling to confirm dinner. We're going to Acquerello.

A CUSTOMER enters and starts browsing.

SOPHIA

(a little sarcastic)

Well look at you, Mr. Moneybags.

JAY

Not quite. It's Restaurant Week so we're getting a deal. Just please show up. I don't want a repeat of last time.

Carol emerges from the back. She sees that Sophia is on the phone, eating lunch and ignoring the Customer.

SOPHIA

I told you that was a traffic thing. Who knew this city had such a huge gay pride parade?

As the Customer goes to exit,

CAROL

Welcome to Lush. We have --

The Customer is gone. Carol turns around to Sophia, frowning.

SOPHIA (INTO PHONE)

Gotta go. It's always work, work, work around here.

Sophia hangs up.

CAROL

Was that a personal call?

SOPHIA

It was.

CAROL

And are you surfing the web right now?

SOPHIA

I am.

CAROL

You know it's against company policy.

SOPHIA

I do.

Carol sighs for longer than a person should. Unsure what to do, Sophia takes a bite of her sandwich.

CAROL

I do not know where to begin.

SOPHIA

If you need some time to get your thoughts in order, we can put a pin in this.

CAROL

You're always late, you're glib, you're constantly surfing the web --

SOPHIA

Surfing the web? What browser are you using, Netscape?

CAROL

Hey, I enjoy that phrase. It's the easiest way to explain what you're doing on a computer!

(mounting frustration)

Now you are paid to sell shoes. Not to have "Sophia Time" -- is that my sandwich?!

Caught, Sophia stops chewing. Then:

SOPHIA

I didn't know this was yours.

CAROL

What do you think the "C" stands for?

SOPHIA

Chicken.

CAROL

It's a tuna sandwich!

SOPHIA

So they got the label wrong. People make mistakes, Carol.

Carol freezes, then leans on the counter.

CAROL

Jesus, I just got my period. It's two weeks early because of you.

SOPHIA

(under her breath)  
Hostile work environment.

CAROL

Admit to me that you knew it was my sandwich.

A beat. Then:

SOPHIA

I did. I did know it was your sandwich.

CAROL

Son of a --

SOPHIA

I'm sorry! But you've been in the back all afternoon and by law I get an hour for lunch --

CAROL

Yes, that's true --

SOPHIA

It is?

CAROL

But if a customer walks in, lunch hour ends.

SOPHIA

Look, I apologized. Isn't now the part where we move on?

CAROL

I decide when we move on. I'm the boss, Sophia. See, this is the whole problem with you. You don't know your place.

SOPHIA

Hey, I need to eat! You obviously didn't care that I was starving. I'm not going to die of malnutrition just to push heels. And what's it to you? You don't own this place. You're just middle management on some power trip.

CAROL

Well how's this for a power trip?  
You're fired.

SOPHIA

What?! Why?! Is this about your  
period?

CAROL

No! It's about me finally getting  
fed up with your BS!

SOPHIA

Great. You're picking today to grow  
a backbone? We've got a good thing  
going, Carol. You and me, selling  
overpriced shoes to the worst  
bitches on the planet --

CAROL

Okay. Get your stuff and get out!  
'Cause you. are. fiiiiirrrred.

With overexaggerated movement, a disgusted Sophia gets up and  
SHOVES the sandwich into her purse.

CAROL (CONT'D)

And I'm docking you that sandwich.

Sophia GRABS the sandwich out of her purse and takes a big  
bite of it before DROPPING it on the counter like an asshole.  
As she heads toward the exit,

SOPHIA

I'm telling everyone I quit!

CUSTOMER #2 walks in.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

She'll help you. I just quit.

CAROL

No no. Fired! She was fired!

SOPHIA

Whatevs, Bevs.

Sophia KNOCKS over a pair of pumps and EXITS in a huff.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - CROSSWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Sophia texts as she crosses the street, unaware that a BIKER goes zooming past her. ANGLE ON: The phone. The text reads: ANNIE: "Quit my job. Involuntarily." She hits send. Annie immediately calls her. Sophia picks up.

SOPHIA (INTO PHONE)

Hey --

ANNIE (THRU PHONE)

You got fired again?

SOPHIA

Oh yeah. Hard. But it wasn't my fault. Carol was being such a -- uh... God, I thought this one was different. I mean, this wasn't dog walking or lugging planters around a golf course, this was a job in fashion. Sort of... I don't know. Now I'm just rambling. Shit, Annie, what's wrong with me? I've just been walking for, like, an hour and I, like...

Sophia stops. She looks down at her feet, then looks up.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Can you hold on for a sec? An ambulance is headed toward me.

Sophia covers the phone; her eyes well up with tears. She looks around, lost. She shakes it off.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Okay. It's gone.

As Sophia resumes walking,

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

So I'll --

ANNIE (THRU PHONE)

Tonight? Definitely. What are you doing now?

SOPHIA

Distracting myself.

Sophia hangs up and walks straight into a...

EXT./INT. THRIFT SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Sophia enters a typical thrift shop: racks of vintage clothing line the walls, shoes, purses, furniture, and toys are scattered throughout.

Sophia makes a bee line for a rack of women's clothing. She walks past a crunchy employee, MOBIAS, (played by Moby) wearing a skull cap with a Tolkien-esque beard, sifting through a box of used clothes with an equally earthy TRAINEE (nose ring, hairy pits). A SCRUFFY DOG hangs near them.

MOBIAS

We have to check all donated clothes for mouse turds.

TRAINEE

Is that a big problem?

MOBIAS

It's the number one reason why anybody gives us their old clothes. It's like, hey white people, you think you've never worn a shirt with mouse turds on it? Think again.

ANGLE ON: Sophia, who inspects a crop top.

CUT TO: A stylized sequence of Sophia assembling a complete outfit around the crop top in her head.

CUT BACK TO: Sophia, replacing it on the rack.

ANGLE ON: Mobias and the Trainee.

MOBIAS (CONT'D)

Of course my rescue dog is neutered, but I didn't want to rob her of the joys of motherhood so I had her legally adopt a litter of rescue pups.

BACK ON: Sophia, who's eyes go wide when she pulls out a 1970s East/West motorcycle leather jacket. She runs her hand across the detail and then pulls up the tag to examine the stitching underneath. Again...

CUT TO: A stylized sequence of Sophia assembling her outfit around the jacket in her head.

CUT BACK TO: Sophia, biting her bottom lip, excited.

SOPHIA  
(whispers)  
Suck my balls!

She takes the jacket off the hanger and smells it, in heaven.

BACK WITH THE EMPLOYEES: The Trainee holds up a shirt.

TRAINEE  
This shirt has blood on it.

MOBIAS  
Just turn it inside out.

BACK ON: Sophia, who looks at the price tag. ANGLE ON: The tag, \$12. Sophia opens her purse to reveal five wadded-up singles and a dirty five. She shakes her purse for change. Nothing. She looks over at the employees.

MOBIAS (CONT'D)  
I'm on this all Soylent diet. I  
just found it so annoying to have  
to eat every day...

Sophia heads over to Mobias.

MOBIAS (CONT'D)  
And the farts aren't that bad --

SOPHIA  
I want this.

They look over at her, holding up the jacket.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)  
I'll give you eight bucks for it.

MOBIAS  
No way.  
(off tag)  
The tag says twelve.

SOPHIA  
I only have eight.

MOBIAS  
I think you're lying.

SOPHIA  
What?

MOBIAS

You have shifty eyes.

SOPHIA

Thank you.

MOBIAS

I'll let you have it for ten.

SOPHIA

Final offer. Nine bucks, and I'll give you some free business advice.

A beat. Then:

MOBIAS

Deal.

Sophia drops a handful of crumpled bills on to the counter and takes the jacket.

MOBIAS (CONT'D)

So what's the advice?

SOPHIA

(re: jacket)

This is an original 1970s East/West calfskin motorcycle jacket in perfect condition. Know what your shit is worth. 'Cause you just got played.

She puts the jacket on and looks ridiculously cool.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Bam, son!

Needledrop: **Bikini Kill's "Rebel Girl."** [SONG TBD]

We follow Sophia out the door...

**BEGIN MONTAGE:**

EXT. SIDEWALK/ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Sophia struts down the street, a woman in control. She turns a corner and confidently walks up a steep San Fran sidewalk.

BIKINI KILL

... REBEL GIRL YOU ARE THE QUEEN OF  
MY WORLD/REBEL GIRL, REBEL GIRL...

Through a series of JUMP CUTS, Sophia finally makes it to the top. She's out-of-breath but still undeterred. Still so cool.

She turns down an alley where we see she's approaching a mound of dog shit. At the last possible moment, Sophia sidesteps it. "Rebel Girl" cuts out.

SOPHIA

Not gonna get me today, you pile of  
shit!

"Rebel Girl" kicks back in!

BIKINI KILL

THAT GIRL THINKS SHE'S THE QUEEN OF  
THE NEIGHBORHOOD/I GOT NEWS FOR  
YOU, SHE IS...!

Sophia looks over to see a BAGEL SHOP WORKER throwing a big plastic bag of bagels into a dumpster.

EXT./INT. DUMPSTER - MOMENTS LATER

Sophia looks inside the dumpster. The bagel bag is too far away for her to reach. Sophia takes the jacket off, folds it, and puts it gently on the ground. Then, she VAULTS herself into the dumpster. As she grabs the bag, the Bagel Shop Worker throws in a tied-off Hefty bag, knocking Sophia over.

SOPHIA

Hey!

Alarmed, the Bagel Shop Worker looks inside to find Sophia looking up at him.

BAGEL SHOP WORKER

Aren't you too hot to be homeless?

SOPHIA

(smiles wide)

Ain't no shame in this game.

She takes a big ol' bite out of a bagel and we...

EXT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

"Rebel Girl" kicks back in even louder as Sophia struts down the sidewalk. She catches her reflection in a bus shelter and loves what she sees. It's the happiest we've seen her. After a pose or two, she continues her strut.

BIKINI KILL  
REBEL GIRL, REBEL GIRL/REBEL GIRL  
YOU ARE THE QUEEN OF MY WORLD...

EXT./INT. PIER 1 - CONTINUOUS

Sophia enters, popping her collar, and heads to the rug section. She passes GUY (Mid-20s, Dave Franco-type), an employee, as she grabs a 4X8 rug. He watches her pivot and head back to the exit, without paying. They make eye contact.

GUY  
You're gonna... You're not? Okay.

Sophia walks out the door. Guy laughs, taken with her.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Sophia walks down the sidewalk, proudly holding her rug.

BIKINI KILL  
LOVE YOU LIKE A SISTER ALWAYS/SOUL  
SISTER, REBEL GIRL/COME AND BE MY  
BEST FRIEND/WILL YOU REBEL GIRL...?

**END MONTAGE.**

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - BENCH - LATER

Sophia sits on her stolen rug and eats her "freegan" bagel close to the bench from before. She looks up at the sky, content. Her phone buzzes. TEXT FROM "SHANE THE DRUMMER": "Figured it out. I like u cause you're [lightning bolt emoji] followed by [dancing lady emoji]." INCOMING SHANE TEXT: "Translation: You're dumb."

Sophia smiles and types: "Emojis are dumb. C U later?" She debates whether to hit send when out of the corner of her eye, she sees the Old Lady about to sit down.

SOPHIA  
Hey, you're back!

The Old Lady reacts bummed when she turns to see Sophia.

OLD LADY  
Well I guess you'd better be going home.

SOPHIA

Nah, the earth is my home...  
Actually I'm glad I ran into you.  
My life is kind of in transition  
right now. Any chance we could meet  
here every now and then and you  
could answer a few questions? Like  
about life and girl probs and stuff  
like that?

OLD LADY

You want me to mentor you?

SOPHIA

Yeah. I like to surround myself  
with people who keep it a hundred.  
I could pay you...  
(under her breath)  
In bagels.

The Old Lady contemplates this for a beat. Then, she stands up and heads toward Sophia. Sophia reacts, guarded.

OLD LADY

Oh I'm not gonna hit you. There's  
people everywhere.  
(with best intentions)  
You don't need a mentor. You just  
need to figure it out.

As she crosses off,

SOPHIA

But what's the "it?"

A look of despair crosses over Sophia's face. Then, she lays back and looks at her Shane text, choosing not to send it. She puts the phone down and closes her eyes.

FADE TO BLACK.

VOICE

Park's closed. You gotta move.

FADE IN:

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - HOURS LATER - DUSK

Sophia wakes up to find a PARK OFFICIAL standing over her.

SOPHIA

What time is it?

PARK OFFICIAL

It's after sundown. Which in this park means it's wilding time.

SOPHIA

(sitting up)

Fuuuuuuuck.

EXT. SIDEWALK - LATER

Sophia labors to carry the rug through a crowd of PEDESTRIANS. It's quite a sight.

EXT/INT. ACQUERELLO RESTAURANT - ENTRANCE - LATER

Sophia enters the restaurant a sweaty, disheveled mess, struggling to get the rug in through the front door. She inserts the rug into the umbrella holder by the hostess stand, catching herself in a mirror. She tidies herself up - putting her hand through her hair, adjusting the jacket, etc. A HOSTESS approaches.

HOSTESS

(re: umbrella holder)

Miss, that's for umbrellas. Please remove your carpet.

SOPHIA

Carpet? This is a hipster bumbershoot. Don't worry, the average person wouldn't know that.

(off Hostess' cold stare)

C'mon, this is a nice place. I can't walk in there holding that thing.

Getting nowhere, Sophia pulls out her last dollar.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Does this help me?

Without looking, Sophia confidently puts the dollar in a jar on the hostess stand.

HOSTESS

That's the mint jar.

Sophia looks down. It is, in fact, a mint jar.

SOPHIA

Look you don't realize it, but sending me in there with this rug will be a lady-on-lady hate crime of epic proportions.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ACQUERELLO RESTAURANT - DINING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Sophia enters the dining area, holding the rug, and crosses to Jay sitting at a table. The entire room takes notice. Jay looks curiously at her as she leans the rug up against the wall next to the table and sits down like nothing is out of the ordinary.

SOPHIA

This place is so fancy. Just now, I saw a plate of calamari that wasn't all rings and tentacles. They found a third part?! What is it? If you tell me it's the eye, I'll barf --

JAY

(a little annoyed)  
Nice to see you, Sophia.

Sophia reaches across the table and taps Jay's arm.

SOPHIA

Nice to see you. It's been a while.

JAY

Things have been busy at the office. How are you?

SOPHIA

Pretty good, pretty good... I got this jacket today. I'm hoping to be buried in it.

An awkward beat. These two couldn't be more different.

JAY

And how's work?

SOPHIA

Well, I recently left the shoe job so I'm kinda in-between gigs right now...

(re: calamari)

Do you think it's the squid's testicles?

This just hangs there. Then:

JAY

Are you seeing anyone?

SOPHIA

Uh no. Not really. Although I was just hanging out with this really nice guy named Shane.

JAY

Shane? Shane what?

A long pause. Oh shit. Then:

SOPHIA

The Drummer? His dad owns a water park.

Jay's SERVER comes by.

JAY

I'll have a refill on this Manhattan and then another one right after.

SOPHIA

("sophisticated")

And I'll have a Brandy Alexander. Extra nutmeg.

SERVER

Can I see some ID?

SOPHIA

(quickly covering)

I'll just have a seltzer and cranberry.

(then, to Jay)

Everything in moderation.

The Server walks away. Jay looks at the rug, then back to Sophia. He motions to the rug.

JAY

So what's this about?

SOPHIA

Oh that? I...

(giving up)

Stole that earlier --

JAY

Jesus Christ!

SOPHIA

So no points for honesty?

JAY

You get fired, you smell like the street, you're breaking the law --

SOPHIA

Who told you I got fired? Was it stupid Carol --?

JAY

You know what? I think the best thing for you is to move back home where I can keep an eye on you.

SOPHIA

No way.

JAY

Sophia, listen to me --

SOPHIA

I'm not moving back home, Dad. God!

Sophia falls in her seat. Jay leans in, discreet.

JAY

I'm worried about you. I mean, you're not exactly acting like an adult.

SOPHIA

(defiant)

Good! Adulthood is where --

JAY

Dreams go to die, I'm familiar. And what exactly are these dreams of yours?

(off her blank look)

What are your dreams? 'Cause you've never shown any indication to me that you have them.

Sophia casts her eyes down at the table.

JAY (CONT'D)

Sophia, you're young. Smart. Pretty. What's your problem?

SOPHIA

I guess I'm just pissed off.

JAY

About what?

SOPHIA

(erupting, arms wide)

I DON'T KNOW YET!

Sophia looks around, all eyes are on her. She turns back to her dad -- a little embarrassed and a whole lot vulnerable.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

I don't know anything right now.

And I know I'm supposed to so...

I'm gonna figure it out. I will.

(off his dubious look)

You don't have to believe me...

(getting emotional)

But it would be so great if you did.

Sophia exits, grabbing her rug on her way out.

EXT. SOPHIA'S APARTMENT BLDG - FRONT ENTRANCE - LATER

Just outside the front entrance, Sophia texts Annie. ANGLE ON: The phone. "I have to bail. Not feeling good." She hits send. Sophia's phone buzzes. ANNIE: "No prob. I'm here if you need me." Sophia texts back: "Thanks, you're a good friend." ANNIE: "The best." Followed by a thousand upbeat emojis. Sophia puts her cell in the jacket and heads inside.

EXT./INT. SOPHIA'S APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR/LIVING ROOM - LATER

Sophia TRUDGES up to her door with the rug balanced on her shoulder. She looks disdainfully at the eviction notice.

SOPHIA

Such bullshit.

She tries to RIP it down. As she does, she SWINGS the rug and its inertia throws her off balance. Her back HITS the wall and she SLIDES down to the floor with her legs splayed open. Her pants RIP down the seam of her crotch, revealing her underwear beneath. She sits there a moment, defeated. Just then, LIONEL, Sophia's fun-loving gay neighbor, passes by.

LIONEL

Dammmmmn, you just ripped yourself a new taint! You okay?

Sophia looks up at him, shaking her head, "no."

LIONEL (CONT'D)

Well, unless you also want the HPV,  
you gotta close those legs, girl.

As Lionel exits out the building,

LIONEL (CONT'D)

San Fran is crawling with it! It's  
in the walls!

Sophia gets up, STUFFING the eviction notice in her jacket pocket before entering her apartment.

REVEAL: A very tiny, yet beautifully styled studio -- far nicer than this apartment has any right to look. Vintage clothes are laid out carefully everywhere. Sophia PLOPS down on her couch, opens an old laptop, and begins browsing vintage eBay auctions. She sees the same piece from before.

SOPHIA

Of course no one's bidding. It  
looks terrible on that hanger.

Out of the corner of her eye, Sophia sees a big water stain in her wall. She gets up to look at the damage. Defeated, she pulls the eviction notice out of her pocket and looks at it. Resigned, she calls her dad. It goes straight to voicemail.

SOPHIA (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

It's your little girl. Call me.

She hangs up and catches her reflection in a mirror -- once again taking in her awesome jacket. After a beat, she realizes what she needs to do.

**MONTAGE BEGINS:** A determined Sophia gets to work.

- Sophia hangs the stolen rug up on the wall as a backdrop.

- She "lights" the space, i.e. putting a scarf over a lamp.

- She fixes her hair, applying a smoky eye and nude lip.

- She rolls the sleeves of the jacket up, wearing nothing underneath but her bra.

- Sophia takes pictures of herself in the jacket, posing with one hand and holding the camera with the other. Then, she props it up against a book or shelf in her space.

- On her computer, Sophia crops and edits the photo. It looks awesome. Better than the rest.

- She puts the pic of the jacket on eBay to sell. ANGLE ON: The screen, "Starting bid \$10."

**END MONTAGE.**

Sophia smells herself. Yikes.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

In a series of JUMP CUTS:

- An exhausted, Sophia showers, sloppily brushing her teeth.
- Sophia sits on the toilet in her bra and hipster briefs painting her toenails and eating a spoonful of peanut butter.
- Sophia sits on the floor categorizing a basket full of random assorted buttons.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The room is lit only by the glow of a laptop screen. Sophia enters and plops down on the couch. Her phone is on a pillow a few feet away.

Sophia CLICKS a button on her computer. Her eyes go wide. ANGLE ON: The screen, which shows the latest bid on the jacket is \$370. She hits refresh. It's now \$380. Sophia reacts, crazy excited, as she continues to hit refresh every few seconds.

Her phone BUZZES and lights up. ANGLE ON: The screen. It's her dad. Only, Sophia is too fixated on the bidding war to even notice.

Refresh. \$480. Holy crap. Sophia gets a gleam in her eye.

SOPHIA  
Bring on adulthood, motherfu--

WE OUT.

END OF EPISODE

\*