

THE BOBS

a pilot by:

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THE BOBS

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - DAY

We see TWO SISTERS: MEGAN (32, overweight, smart, dry) and ELLE (30, stick thin, very charming). Megan is holding hands with HENRI (38, Megan's boyfriend, French, kind). They're behind a MAN with RED SHOES. Megan points --

MEGAN

(loudly)

That man's wearing red shoes!

Elle points to a WOMAN with a SMALL DOG.

ELLE

(loudly)

That woman's walking her small dog!

Henri points to a crack in the sidewalk.

HENRI

(loudly)

This sidewalk hasn't made good use of taxpayers' money, and is itself a shining example of urban decay...?!

MEGAN

Oh, sweetheart. How you try...

HENRI

There simply cannot be rules to this game.

ELLE

It's "State the Obvious Loudly".
Keep it simple, Frenchy.

Elle points at him, then --

ELLE (CONT'D)

(loudly)

Le Frenchman is Le Frowning!

Henri laughs in spite of himself. Megan beams proudly.

MEGAN

I knew you'd like my sister, Henri.

(getting emotional)

The past two days have
been...because...I'm...

Megan can't finish. She smiles, then nods - but says nothing.

ELLE

(rapidly translates)

You're saying you've missed me, and you're happy my fabulous photographer husband and I are serious about maybe moving back to New York, and you love that we're subletting this month from a six foot two and a half inch fellow model who is catwalking in Minsk?

Megan nods again, and gives Elle a thumbs up.

HENRI

(to Elle, impressed)

Teach me your ways, gypsy woman.

ELLE

Aww. You're so new-ish. She's allergic to vulnerability - you've gotta learn to read between the nods.

MEGAN

(changing the subject)

How'd your "go-see" go last week?

Ha! "Go-see-go" - that's how models square dance.

Elle laughs. Henri looks confused. Megan smiles at him.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Sweetie, you are so pretty and cultured and such an amazing chef.

(then)

She got the job. She always gets the job. Our family ate off those cheekbones our entire childhood.

ELLE

Yeah, actually? I didn't get it. Apparently, I'm not a "fresh choice". For a skin cream ad aimed at middle-aged women. I'm thirty and suddenly too stale to appeal to my own demographic.

MEGAN

Oh, God. I'm two years older. If you're stale, I'm way past expired.

ELLE

And it's the fourth time I've heard it this year.

(MORE)

ELLE (CONT'D)

(then)

I wasn't gonna bring it up because it's not so fun, but my agency just dumped me. Because of all the stale.

Megan turns to Henri, in fix-it mode -

MEGAN

Elle was on four magazine covers when she was only seventeen!

ELLE

I'm fine. It's not like I didn't know this day was coming. I just didn't know "this day" would be, you know, this day.

MEGAN

Her first job was a brochure for a juvenile rehabilitation center. She was "anger issues" with a touch of "borderline personality disorder". For a happy kid, she was chilling.

They reach a SOHO APARTMENT BUILDING. Elle takes a deep breath, and points to a couple making out.

ELLE

(loudly)

Those young teenagers are kissing!

MEGAN

Is Michael back from work?

ELLE

He should be. Love you, Bob.

MEGAN

Love you, Bob.

Elle goes. Megan watches her for a beat, then they walk.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

No one rejects her. Ever. It defies the laws of physics - they're supposed to be irrevocably sucked into her quantum vortex of charm.

HENRI

I know "Bob" was your favorite character on Sesame Street, but it's a distinctly American phenomenon when it becomes the nickname for both "Megan" and "Elle".

MEGAN

It was the one year we actually got
along as kids, so we decided to share.
(beat)
Look, I know you think our games are
a little silly...

Henri is smart enough to not answer. Instead --

HENRI

(loudly)
This ambient early afternoon sunshine
really accentuates your new blonde
highlights!

MEGAN

Games saved me and Bob from ever
having to talk about real things.
Still do, I guess.

They hear Elle's voice coming from her window behind them.

ELLE (O.S.)

Hey, Bob?!

They walk back.

ELLE (CONT'D)

Can I, umm, come over to your place?

MEGAN

Yeah. What's up?

ELLE

(loudly)
My husband is naked in bed with the
model who's not in Minsk!

MEGAN

Get down here right now!

HENRI

(loudly)
This situation is emotionally charged
and potentially life changing!

MEGAN

(softly)
Actually, that one was damn good,
honey...

SMASH CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONEINT. MEGAN'S BROWNSTONE - BEDROOM - LATER

This place is cozy. Elle, a mess, sits on the bed, chain scarfing Rice Dream Frozen Dessert - with a TEENSY BABY SPOON. Next to her sits TAYLOR (11, a little awkward, a lot smart), Henri's daughter from another marriage. Megan is putting sheets on an air mattress. (NOTE: there are a few packed boxes strewn about).

TAYLOR

Is that as good as normal ice cream?

ELLE

I have no idea, actually. I haven't had the real stuff since before you were born.

(holds up spoon)

Or used normal sized silverware.

Taylor looks confused. Elle smiles.

ELLE (CONT'D)

"Small tastes make for small waists."

(beat)

Ida Horowitz's Junior Beauty and Charm School.

Elle tosses the spoon.

ELLE (CONT'D)

(whispers, kidding)

Spoonorexic bitch.

Elle winks. Taylor laughs - she's charmed.

TAYLOR

You kind of glow and stuff.

Elle immediately cries.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

What? What did I do?!

MEGAN

She always cries when she's being appreciated - she's much better with criticism. It's been like this since we were kids.

(to Elle)

You sound like a tone deaf yak in heat.

Elle immediately stops crying. Megan shrugs.

TAYLOR

You guys don't look anything alike.

MEGAN

Ah. The theme song to my entire adolescence.

(sighs)

I know. And I made peace with it. Even after she French kissed Jared Padakio at Junior High church camp.

ELLE

Well, you weren't gonna do anything with him!

(to Taylor)

In high school, she dated books instead of boys.

MEGAN

She's right. I got very frisky with the New England Journal of Medicine senior year, but ultimately we wanted very different things.

Taylor looks at Megan: stone faced.

ELLE

Also? She totally made me drink orange paint water when I was seven.

Taylor laughs. Megan shakes her head.

TAYLOR

Elle, you look a lot like my mom. She and my dad were totally in love.

Megan bites her lip. Elle's phone BINGS. She looks at it.

ELLE

Him. Texting. Again.

Elle hands Megan the phone, and gets up. As she exits --

ELLE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna go get some fresh air.

Megan and Taylor are alone. There's an awkward beat.

TAYLOR

What was it like growing up with someone like that?

MEGAN

Like I was an insecure, chubby, planet with braces forced to orbit the sun.

TAYLOR

Did you hate her?

MEGAN

Mostly I was in awe, like everyone else.

(beat)

Our mom died when Elle was eight and I was ten. And our dad wasn't around much. So I kinda raised her. And she kinda helped the family pay some bills with her modeling.

Megan takes a beat, then looks at her watch.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Your dad's restaurant closes in twenty, kiddo. Go finish your homework before he picks you up.

TAYLOR

It's biology. Mom's a doctor. She can help me during our nightly Skype.

Megan just nods. Elle enters, takes her phone from Megan, and reads her text. She then picks up her Rice Dream and silently eats baby spoonful after baby spoonful.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

You're a good person. This will all get better for you.

Elle's eyes tear up, so Taylor quickly adds -

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Or maybe it won't. How can we really ever know?

ELLE

(thanks)

You did real good, kid.

Taylor beams.

MEGAN

(sotto, to Elle)

Great. Now she worships at the altar of you, too.

Elle's eyes scrunch up.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Your snaky forehead vein bulges when you make that face.

Elle stops crying and gives Megan a thumbs up.

EXT. MEGAN'S BROWNSTONE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Henri is working on Megan's laptop, while Taylor sleeps on the couch. Megan enters, watches, then takes her computer.

MEGAN

What is this thing you're doing to my laptop?

HENRI

(carefully)

Your "M" key is still broken, so I'm fixing it before I go home. Like any computer savvy person would do for the love of his life. When the deadline for her article is looming.

MEGAN

It's fine. I've totally got it covered - all by myself.

HENRI

(sighs)

Meg, c'mon - it's okay to let me actually help you occasionally, I can save you time, and --

Light strains of music waft through.

HENRI (CONT'D)

What is she doing?

MEGAN

Listening to '90's music. Those were her big years.

HENRI

How long is she going to stay here?

We hear louder strains of Boys II Men's "End of the Road".

MEGAN

It could be a while.

HENRI

We'll still see you in eight days, right?

MEGAN

Yes. Absolutely. I mean, I know I had to put it off before...twice. Purely because of work. But now?

(MORE)

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I am ready to live with you. I'm counting the hours.

(kisses him)

Of which there are one hundred and ninety two.

HENRI

You're seducing me with math?

MEGAN

Just wait until tax time, Monsieur.

(purrs)

I will rock the deductions out of your marginal rate fraction.

They kiss. Taylor opens an eye, and watches carefully.

HENRI

I was worried you'd say you had to stay here because of Elle.

MEGAN

Hey. Ten years of therapy didn't fall on deaf ears.

HENRI

"Textbook co-dependent with rescue compulsion" was it?

MEGAN

"Sleeping alone for the foreseeable future" was it?

HENRI

(quickly)

Go. Go help your sister.

INT. MEGAN'S BROWNSTONE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Megan enters. Elle is drinking scotch, and staring wistfully at framed pictures of her old modeling days on Megan's wall.

MEGAN

Oh, Bob. This ain't good.

ELLE

It's fine. I'm very drunk.

MEGAN

Oh, well then.

Elle takes a big drink, then --

ELLE

So, you have a gorgeous man, a cool kid, and an awesome job. I have a cheating prick, an aging womb, and stale crow's feet.

(beat)

What the hell kind of bizarro crap is this? What happened?

Megan thinks for a beat, then --

MEGAN

Thirty. Thirty happened.

ELLE

Well, I'm gonna have to get a real job soon, which means I need help learning some marketable skills. Also, I have nowhere to go and you've got this apartment - so I should probably just live with you. Done. Simple. Thank you.

MEGAN

No! So not simple. I'm moving in with Henri in eight days. It's a really big thing for me.

(then)

Like a really, really big thing.

ELLE

I'm -- wow.

MEGAN

I know. So I can't just stop and fix your life at the expense of mine. I can't keep being your enabler.

ELLE

(rolls her eyes)

Oh, don't start therapizing me just because you've been going.

MEGAN

Well, don't start guiltting me just because you always have.

ELLE

But I'm going through something!

MEGAN

But it's not always all about you!

ELLE

I...I have no response to that!

MEGAN

I didn't think you would!

INT. MEGAN'S BROWNSTONE - THE NEXT MORNING

Megan, fully dressed, is eating a very healthy breakfast: egg whites, toast, and fruit. Elle enters, an adorable mess.

ELLE

It's ten thirty.

MEGAN

I know, but I thought sleeping in would be good for you after your intimate evening with Mr. Glen Livet.

ELLE

Are you kidding? It's like the darkest crevice of dawn's crack.

MEGAN

What must your life feel like?

Elle pulls out some whipped cream from the fridge and squirts it directly in her mouth.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Bob! You hate calories!

ELLE

I'm not modeling anymore, so I might as well get fat.

MEGAN

Shut up. You'd get "cute fat" at best. The kind where people tell you that you finally look "healthy".

ELLE

(gasps)
That's just cruel.

Elle puts the whipped cream away. Then --

MEGAN

Listen. I've been thinking, and I realized: it's not "enabling" if I let you move in - we're a team, and I'm here for you. So, you're staying.

ELLE

No, I thought about it, too. And you should live with Frenchy and Baby Frenchy. So, you're going.

Megan takes a beat. She smiles, then nods - but says nothing. Elle doesn't notice - she's on a roll.

ELLE (CONT'D)

I mean, you're different now. I've never seen you this serious about a guy, and I'm really proud of you - you're actually taking a chance.

Megan smiles, nods harder, but still says nothing.

ELLE (CONT'D)

So I will, too. Maybe I can move in here - alone. For the very first time. I've never actually decorated my own place before - but I hear milk crates can make snazzy and affordable coffee tables...

Megan smiles, nods even harder, but still says nothing. Elle finally stops and takes her in, then --

ELLE (CONT'D)

You're saying upon reflection you're a little nervous about living with them and you've realized you can use me as a temporary excuse?

Megan is expressionless. Elle stifles a laugh.

MEGAN

Oh, shut up. Go get your stuff and bring it here. I'm going to get started on writing.

ELLE

Umm. Can you go with me? I mean, I could do it alone but the truth is if he's there I know I'll break into millions of tiny ancient model pieces.

(beat)

But seriously, totally up to you.

MEGAN

Well, I have a huge deadline, I still have no "M" key, and I have to write a very important article about "Mineral Mining in Massapequa", so...

(sighs)

Yeah. Of course I will.

INT. SUBWAY - A LITTLE LATER

The train is crowded. Megan and Elle are crushed together. A LITTLE BOY and his MOTHER stand next to them.

The little boy STARES at Elle.

MEGAN
How are you with money?

ELLE
Oh, well...? Here's the thing...

MEGAN
You always have a thing.

For the kid's benefit, Megan "Bleeps" out Elle's swear words --

ELLE
I went online last night to check my
motherBLEEPING accounts, and my
motherBLEEPING son of a BLEEP BLEEP-
wife of a BLEEPING husband, in
addition to not making any BLEEPING
money all BLEEPING year - spent almost
all of my motherBLEEPING money, too!
(beat)
BLEEPER.

MOTHER
You two should take that on the road.

MEGAN
Our dad had a curse jar. It was
cheaper this way.

MOTHER
You two are sisters?

MEGAN
Yup.

LITTLE BOY
You don't look like her at all.

MEGAN
Nope.

LITTLE BOY
(to Elle)
Are you an angel?

Elle tears up. Megan sighs. Elle BLEEPs her.

MEGAN
It never BLEEPING gets old...

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOEXT. STREET - LATER

Elle and Megan walk. Elle is trying to remain upbeat.

ELLE

Or, I don't know, I guess I could be a hygienist or something. I mean, white's not real slimming, but I like...teeth.

MEGAN

Bob, we'll figure it out.

ELLE

(after a beat)

You've traveled all around the world...by yourself. Umm, how?

MEGAN

I write for a travel magazine, so...

Elle says nothing, but her brow is furrowed. Megan takes in her sister, then realizes --

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Oh my God -- you're actually afraid. I didn't know you did...that.

ELLE

No I'm not! I'll be totally fine without a man, so I'm certainly not worried about that, like, at all. Not at all. No.

(softer)

I've just never done it before.

MEGAN

"All men's misfortunes spring from their hatred of being alone" - Jean de la Bruyere. And Nietzsche says...

ELLE

Oh, you know what, Booky McQuotesAlot? Fine, I'll admit it: yes, I am a little scared to be by myself. There. Vulnerability. Learn from me.

(beat)

But now it's your turn. I don't think you're just "nervous" about cohabitating with Frenchy. I think you're stone cold terrified of commitment.

MEGAN

Wh - no! Honestly? Don't feel bad, but I really am staying in my apartment to help you - you need me right now.

ELLE

I don't think it's all about me.
(off Megan)
What?

MEGAN

I'm gobsmacked you could say that with a straight face.

INT. BANKSY'S COFFEE - A LITTLE LATER

This is the place where people who hate chains go. From behind the counter emerges BENJAMIN (40, scruffy, adorable, dangerous). He approaches Elle and Megan - talking in line.

MEGAN

How much of your stuff did you bring for the month?

ELLE

Well, I was technically still a model when I packed, so...all of it.

BENJAMIN

Which one of you wants to join the ranks of the great minimum waged?

ELLE

Oh, I just want some coffee: with two ounces of unsweetened vanilla soy milk and one spoonful of Stevia.

She hands him her baby spoon - he looks at it quizzically for a beat, then hands it back.

BENJAMIN

Sorry. I thought you were here for the barista job.

Benjamin starts to walk away, but Elle stops him.

ELLE

I'll take it!

Elle is shocked by what she just did. Megan is proud.

BENJAMIN

What are your qualifications?

ELLE

Umm. I'm moving to New York full time and I like...teeth?

MEGAN

If you give her this job, I can get you homemade pastries from Lucques for a month at no charge.

BENJAMIN

Lucques? Really?!

MEGAN

I have an "in". You'll make nothing but profit the first month, we'll give you a discount thereafter, and you'll attract not only more patrons but more parsimonious ones.

Benjamin is impressed. Elle is proud.

ELLE

She dated books.

MEGAN

(shrugs)

I read around a lot in my twenties.

BENJAMIN

(smiles, to Elle)

You're qualified. Gimme five minutes and we'll talk details.

(flirty, to Megan)

As for you? I look forward to your fresh and sticky buns.

Benjamin smiles sexily at Megan - not Elle - as he walks away. Elle is taken aback, Megan is flattered.

ELLE

What the BLEEP was that?!

MEGAN

What the BLEEP was that?!

EXT. SOHO APARTMENT - LATER

They enter the building. Elle's brow is furrowed.

MEGAN

Bob, smile. You got a job already!

ELLE

Because of your boyfriend's muffins.

MEGAN

Because you jumped on an opportunity.

ELLE
What if they hate me?

MEGAN
Everyone likes you!

ELLE
Why do you have all my self esteem?

MEGAN
Why do you have only half my ass?

Elle is trying to open her door with her key. To no avail.

ELLE
He changed the lock! What the hell?!
Is he hoping to win me back by
withholding my ironic baby tees and
straightening iron?

MEGAN
Please explain why you picked him in
the first place.

ELLE
(simply)
He sees the real me.

MEGAN
(sighs)
You've always had bad taste in men -
and Michael was the worst. What did
I say the first time I met him?

ELLE
"You've always had bad taste in men -
and Michael is the worst".

MEGAN
I rest my case.

EXT. SOHO APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

They exit the building. Megan thinks for a beat.

MEGAN
Okay. We can do this. We'll call a
locksmith, you'll flirt, he'll swoon,
then you'll tell him you locked
yourself out. You have the original
sublet agreement, right?

ELLE
Yes I do.

MEGAN

Where?

ELLE

In the apartment.

MEGAN

Bob!

ELLE

I thought we were going for a walk two days ago! I didn't know I'd be single and homeless - which totally sounds like a Lifetime Movie, although I'm now too old to play myself...

MEGAN

Okay. Look. I've got to finish my article, and then have dinner with Henri. We'll figure something out later tonight.

ELLE

I'm not going to let him win.

MEGAN

What?

ELLE

(stronger)

I'm not going to let him win.

Megan stares at her sister, and smiles.

ELLE (CONT'D)

What?

MEGAN

(loudly)

My little sister's BLEEPs just dropped!

Elle smiles, then looks very concerned.

ELLE

What am I supposed to do for dinner?

INT. HENRI'S BROWNSTONE - LATER

Megan is pouring wine for Henri. He smiles --

HENRI

Did you write some -agnificent -usings about -assapequa, -egan?

MEGAN
(ignores him)
Bob got a job at a coffee place.

HENRI
Oh, did she do that all by herself
while you watched silently?!

MEGAN
Okay. I may have helped. But only
very little.
(quickly)
I also may have intimated to the
owner that you'd give him free
pastries for an extremely short period
of time - in exchange for her getting
the job, despite the fact she has
little to no experience. And by
"little" I mean "none". And by "no"
I also mean "none".

HENRI
Meg, I don't have time - why would
you put me in that position?

MEGAN
You said you wanted me to let you
help!

HENRI
I said I wanted you to let me help
you.

MEGAN
She's going through a hard time,
sweetheart. Real hard.
(then, softly)
I think I need to hold off moving in
with you.

HENRI
Meg, no! What has Elle actually
ever done for you besides pay some
bills when she was a kid? She doesn't
even call unless she needs something,
and then you swoop in and save that
underfed woman-child every time -

MEGAN
Don't talk about her that way.

HENRI
I've heard you say the same thing!

MEGAN
We're blood. I'm allowed!

HENRI
Do you even want to live with us?

Megan takes a beat. She nods, then smiles - but says nothing. Henry sighs, then --

HENRI (CONT'D)
We'll talk more tomorrow, okay?

Megan nods and smiles again.

HENRI (CONT'D)
You're the beautiful one, you know.

MEGAN
I believe you really believe that.

HENRI
She's not proportional. She's like a gourd on top of a toothpick shard.

Megan laughs. Henri kisses her.

HENRI (CONT'D)
Can some of her model friends come over while I'm baking?

Taylor enters. She walks right past Megan to Henri.

TAYLOR
I read online that models use butt cream under their eyes for bags and dark circles. Do we have any?

HENRI
(to Megan)
No. No model friends can come over while I'm baking.

Megan's phone rings. She answers.

MEGAN
Hello?
(beat)
No!
(beat)
No!
(beat)
Oh, hell no! I'll be right there.

She hangs up the phone, and rushes out the door.

MEGAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I have to go. Bob needs me.

HENRI
(shakes his head)
I really think I got through to her.

INT. MEGAN'S BROWNSTONE - A LITTLE LATER

Megan finds Elle: devouring raw cake batter out of a bowl with her little spoon.

MEGAN
Bob, put the Liliputian spoon down!

ELLE
Michael's coming over right now!
(takes a bite)
Sweet Mother of Smitty, I just ate
the face of God.

There's a knock. Elle freezes, mid-spoonful. Megan opens the door, and there's MICHAEL (Elle's husband, 40, stunning to look at). Michael brushes right by Megan -

MEGAN
I must be having my Tuesday night
case of the invisibles.

MICHAEL
It was one time, Ellie. It was an
accident. I was just...scared. Of
loving you so much.

Elle cries. Megan rolls her eyes and jumps in.

MEGAN
He loves you so much that he slept
with someone else. Someone younger,
Minskier, and...
(grits her teeth)
...fresh.

Elle stops crying immediately.

MICHAEL
Megan. I didn't even see you there.

MEGAN
Well, it is Tuesday.

MICHAEL
(to Elle)
We hit a rough patch, that's all.
(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

But anything worth having is worth working for. You know that. If it was easy, it wouldn't be good.

(beat)

I love you, beautiful girl, and I see you like no one else does.

Elle's face scrunches up. Megan chimes in quickly -

MEGAN

Yes. Even the rivulet of viscous snot dripping out of your nose.

Elle's face calms, but she's obviously very upset.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

(to Michael)

All you "see" is that her self esteem's so low you can get away with treating her like crap. You've got her convinced that even though everyone else adores her - you're the only one who's actually right!

Elle looks at her - that hit a nerve. Megan continues --

MEGAN (CONT'D)

But what you don't see is that she's brave enough to go after the first non-modeling job she found, she's charming enough to get my almost step-kid to actually crack a smile in my presence, and she's smart enough to hopefully leave her jackhole excuse for a husband and risk being alone for the first time!

(to Elle)

I see you, Bob. And I promise you: what I see is amazing.

Elle is visibly touched. Megan looks at her for a beat.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Bob. That was so much "nice", and it didn't make you cry.

ELLE

Oh my God, my BLEEPs have dropped!

Elle takes a deep breath, then shakily turns to Michael.

ELLE (CONT'D)

I want my stuff back. Give me the new key. I'll pick it up tomorrow.

MICHAEL
Please, Elle-Bell, I love you.

Elle, weakening, looks to Megan. Megan shakes her head.

ELLE
I'm staying here. With my family.

Michael gets up and heads to the door --

MICHAEL
Come by tomorrow morning. We won't
be there.

ELLE
You're a "we"?!

Elle looks to Megan, who shakes her head again. Elle takes
a deep breath, then --

ELLE (CONT'D)
(firmly, to Michael)
Go.

He exits. Elle hugs Megan.

ELLE (CONT'D)
Do you really think all those things
about me?

MEGAN
Yes, yes I do.

ELLE
You really don't think he's good
enough for me?

MEGAN
No, no I don't.

They're silent for a bit.

ELLE
He didn't leave a key with either
one of us, did he?

MEGAN
No, no he didn't...

They break the hug and run out the door.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. BANKSY'S COFFEE - THE NEXT MORNING

Elle is charming an ELDERLY FEMALE CUSTOMER.

ELLE

Sorry I brought you cream instead of skim milk. But honestly? With that figure, I don't think it'll make a difference. Do you do Piloxing?

Benjamin intercepts Elle on her way back to the kitchen.

BENJAMIN

Hey, Elle. I forgot to have you sign some paperwork: just a W2 and stuff. And I need your ID.

ELLE

Umm. I don't actually have ID on me at the moment, but...

Megan enters with a heavy tray of baked goods. Benjamin smiles at her, then quickly grabs the tray.

MEGAN

Hey! Be gentle with my savory, yet delicate, buns!

BENJAMIN

I'd say firm, yet supple.

He winks, and exits. Elle watches. Megan notices.

MEGAN

You want him.

ELLE

What? No! I'm in pain. I haven't even noticed him.

MEGAN

You're lying.

ELLE

Yes. Yes, I kind of am.

(then)

But he obviously likes you. Why can't I have pretty things anymore?!

MEGAN

Don't you rebound like you always do. I swear, you're like a monkey, swinging from tree to tree.

ELLE

Don't call me a monkey.

MEGAN

It's a metaphorical monkey, I'm...
just don't, okay?

ELLE

(annoyed)
You're late!

MEGAN

I had to finish my article, Bob. I
had to take a tiny break from my
full-time job of you and toss an "M-
less" bone to the people who actually
pay me.

ELLE

Oh my God, can't you just let Frenchy
fix the damn laptop?

Megan shoots her a look.

ELLE (CONT'D)

You're really deepening that stubborn
frown in your brow right now. I'm
just sayin'.

MEGAN

Did you get a hold of Michael finally?

ELLE

I was going to, but he changed his
cell number and I don't know how to
reach him and I really need my ID so
I can sign my WD40 or something!

MEGAN

Great. We're going to have to break
in to that damn apartment.

(thinks)

Do you have access to a grappling
hook?

Benjamin, intrigued, eavesdrops on them.

ELLE

No. Because I'm a waitress at a
coffee shop, not Batman.

Elle looks at Benjamin - who is still blatantly listening.
Megan fills in the BLEEPs.

ELLE (CONT'D)

You're like the worst eavesdropper ever!

(beat)

Look, I barely know you, but here's what's up. My husband BLEEPING cheated on me with a BLEEP who's not in BLEEPING Minsk, my modeling career is over because apparently I'm too BLEEPING old, and I can't get my stuff because my BLEEPING ex changed the locks. So, in closing: you might have to wait on the BLEEPING paperwork!

BENJAMIN

First of all, very impressive timing.

MEGAN

Thanks. We had a swear jar when we...you know what? So not important at the moment.

BENJAMIN

Second, I can get you inside.

ELLE

Wh - how?

BENJAMIN

We all have our secrets. We've all done our time.

(quickly)

In a manner of speaking. Write down the address. Meet me there at three.

Elle nods. Benjamin exits. Megan shakes her head.

MEGAN

What's good is he's probably got a criminal record.

ELLE

It doesn't make me more attracted to him!

MEGAN

You're lying.

ELLE

Yes. Yes, I kind of am.

EXT. SOHO APARTMENT - THAT AFTERNOON

Elle and Megan stand in front. Waiting.

ELLE

Figures he wouldn't come. When's the last time a man actually did what he said he'd do?

MEGAN

There are great guys out there, Bob. Henri always does what he says.

ELLE

So why are you scared crapless that you love him?

MEGAN

I'm sorry. Did you just say you're ready to be alone and use milk crates as coffee tables?

ELLE

(quickly)

Your eyes look so pretty in this light. They pop. They really pop.

BENJAMIN (O.S.)

Psst.

They look up. He waves, then buzzes them in. As they go in --

ELLE

He showed up!

MEGAN

Well, yes. There's a very high recidivism rate for robbers.

ELLE

(after a beat)

He showed up!

INT. SOHO APARTMENT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Elle and Megan approach a smiling Benjamin at the door.

MEGAN

How did you do it?

BENJAMIN

Grappling hook.

(beat)

I'm Batman.

MEGAN

Did you break the window?

BENJAMIN
Pfft. No.

ELLE
How?

BENJAMIN
I'm Batman.

MEGAN
He's Batman.

Elle rolls her eyes, and they all enter.

INT. SOHO APARTMENT - SAME TIME

The place is huge - and beautifully decorated. Megan is all business.

MEGAN
You guys are clothes, I'm lotions
and salves!

She charges down one of the hallways - then pops back in.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
And the bathroom would be...?

Elle points down the other hall, then picks up a slinky mini-dress.

ELLE
I wore this to the MTV Movie Awards.

BENJAMIN
Who are you, exactly?!

ELLE
I won a modeling competition when I
was a kid, then did a bunch of
catalogue crap, then dated a sitcom
star for a while. I made a little
cash, I was "funny-guy-arm-candy".

BENJAMIN
Oh.
(beat)
I'm Batman.

Elle smiles.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)
Can I say something?

ELLE
Sure.

BENJAMIN

Whoever cheated on you was a stone cold BLEEPER.

ELLE

Dude. You just bleeped yourself.

BENJAMIN

You're good people. I can tell.
And "Other Bob", is too.
(beat)
It's Sesame Street, yes?

ELLE

Oh, my God. Yes!

BENJAMIN

I called my brother "Oscar".

Elle is touched. They have a nice moment, then -

ELLE

No. I'm not gonna be a swinging monkey. I've never been alone, I've never taken care of myself, and that stops now. I will not kiss you. I mean, maybe way in the future I will - because "never" is a super long time - but not now. I can't. No.

BENJAMIN

Okay: worst monkey analogy ever.

ELLE

Right?!

BENJAMIN

Also, I don't want to kiss you. I'm just trying to make you feel better.

ELLE

Oh.
(beat)
Wait, you really don't?

He shakes his head, then smiles almost shyly.

BENJAMIN

No offense, you're not really my type. But, umm, is "Other Bob" dating anybo --

There's a siren approaching.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

We have to go. My record can't take this.

They all scramble out the door - bags and suitcases in hand.

MEGAN

Holy crap, I was right!

ELLE

(dryly)

Yep. You're just on fire tonight.

INT. MEGAN'S BROWNSTONE - LATER

Elle and Megan are drinking wine, and surrounded by clothes. Elle tries on a pair of pants.

MEGAN

Those would fit my right thigh. After a two week cleanse with a lypo chaser...

ELLE

(smiles)

You really have changed a lot since we were kids, you know.

MEGAN

I would hope so.

ELLE

You...like yourself now. I want some of that.

MEGAN

"I wish I could show you, when you are lonely or in darkness, the astonishing light of your own being". - Hafiz, the Persian lyric poet.

ELLE

"You quote too many people - I like when you use your own words" - Bob, the sister who's trying super hard not to cry.

MEGAN

I'm going to tell Henri I can't move in next week.

(beat, softly)

You're right. I'm scared. I just...I've spent my entire life taking care of people: Mom, when she was sick and then you and Dad and...

(MORE)

MEGAN (CONT'D)

(softly)

I love Henri. I need him. And that terrifies me, because...

Megan smiles, then nods - but says nothing. Elle looks at her for a beat, then --

ELLE

I know. But everyone doesn't leave, Bob.

(beat)

I won't leave.

MEGAN

I won't either.

They're quiet for a beat.

ELLE

I never gave enough back to you. But I'm going to start.

MEGAN

You made me as cool as any forty pounds overweight, headgear sporting, English Lit nerd with a penchant for Dungeons and Dragons ever could be.

ELLE

I did? How?

MEGAN

Just by being mine.

ELLE

(gently)

Look, maybe it's not the exact right time for you to move in with Frenchy, and that's fair - but just don't let the fear of what might happen make you miss out on something good that's happening now.

Megan stares at Elle for second. Wow.

MEGAN

And that, Bob. You just gave me that.

Elle smiles.

ELLE

Jared Padakio was a terrible kisser and he smelled like day old Cheetos.

MEGAN

That orange paint water was actually
Tang.

They hug.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - LATER THAT EVENING

The "family" walks together: Elle and Taylor talk in front.
Henri and Megan lag behind.

ELLE

So, yeah, a little vinegar does
wonders to detox your hair.

TAYLOR

You're awesome.

HENRI

(to Megan)

She's eleven, she better not have
any "tox" to "de".

MEGAN

(after a beat)

Look, I...it's umm...yeah. And the
thing is...

She smiles, and nods - but says nothing. Henri sighs.

HENRI

Just say it, Meg.

MEGAN

(immediately)

Bob!

Elle walks over. Megan smiles and nods at her.

ELLE

(immediately translates)

You're saying you need a little more
time before you move in?

Megan smiles at Henri, and nods.

ELLE (CONT'D)

But you're also saying that someone
amazing and totally not stale brought
it to your attention that Frenchy is
the only man you've ever really loved
and, might you add, needed? Which
is way beyond huge for you to admit?

Megan smiles at Henri again, and nods harder.

ELLE (CONT'D)

And lastly, you're saying you want to be extra careful with him because if you rush in, you might run away - and you don't want to run from the best thing that's ever happened to you?

Megan looks deep in Henri's eyes, then --

MEGAN

(softly)
Will you fix my "M" key?

Henri is touched, but before he can answer --

TAYLOR (O.S.)

(loudly)
That bird just pooped on the sidewalk!

HENRI

(loudly)
The lamp used in that streetlight varies in both size and power consumption from the ones in the...

They all look at him. Henri looks straight at Megan -

HENRI (CONT'D)

It'll get there. Some things just need a little more time to get right.

Megan mouths, "thank you", and gives him a kiss.

MEGAN

(loudly)
That kid's nose is pierced in four different places!

As they continue pointing out the obvious, we...

FADE OUT.

THE END