



THE NEW KINGS OF WEST HOLLYWOOD

"Pilot"

Written by

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ACT ONE**INT. NORTHWESTERN DORM ROOM 1 - NIGHT**

A bare, standard-issue college dorm room. A fresh coat of paint hides the myriad of ways in which it's surely been abused over the years.

TEENAGE GIRL 1 does her very best to make out with TEENAGE BOY 1, whose lips remain tightly shut throughout the germ-trading session.

INT. NORTHWESTERN DORM ROOM 2 - NIGHT

TEENAGE BOY 2 stands facing TEENAGE GIRL 2, struggling to unhook her bra. How is this thing so complicated?!

INT. NORTHWESTERN DORM ROOM 3 - NIGHT

TEENAGE GIRL 3 and TEENAGE GUY 3 fall onto a horrifyingly thin mattress, in the throes of passion.

TILT UP TO REVEAL that ERIN GRIFFIN (15, gawky, quiet) is lying on the top bunk, frozen and unsure of what to do as the hook up commences directly beneath her.

EXT. NORTHWESTERN QUAD - DAY

Erin treks across campus with a rolling backpack in tow and a phone to her ear. She clutches a packet labeled "HIGH SCHOOL DEBATE CAMP - A SUMMER AT NORTHWESTERN".

ERIN

(into phone)

No Mom, they're not taking us to church on the weekends.

Something catches Erin's eye across the quad.

ERIN (CONT'D)

I'll figure it out. I have to go.

EXT. NORTHWESTERN DANCE STUDIO - DAY

Erin walks up to the open door and peers through. Inside, other teenagers do choreography from NSYNC's "Bye Bye Bye" music video as the song blasts.

Erin focuses in on a girl in the back row. She's not the best, but she is by far going the hardest.

This is IVY KAZEMI (15). Sweat drips from her jet black hair and trickles down past her intense dark brown eyes.

She does a spin in sync with the rest of the class and her dark eyes land on Erin's. Erin is in the midst of half-copying one of the dance moves.

Caught in the act, Erin balks and takes a step back, rolling her backpack with her.

IVY
(over music)
You wanna join?

It's so loud that nobody else in the class notices. Erin shakes her head and continues to back away.

But Ivy isn't having it. She jogs out, grabs Erin's hand, and pulls her into the classroom. Erin is so shocked she leaves her backpack behind.

INT. NORTHWESTERN DANCE STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Erin stands beside Ivy, living her worst nightmare and wildest dream all at the same time as teenagers writhe and jam around them.

IVY
Come on!

Ivy bobs along to the music and does a loose version of the choreography. Erin is slow to join, but when she does, we see her transform. She's *good*. Her body naturally responds to the beat.

Ivy smiles over at her, all sweat and flyaways. Erin smiles back.

EXT. NORTHWESTERN DORMS - DAY

Erin and Ivy stand across from each other. Other teens and their parents lug bags out of the dorms and into waiting SUVs and minivans. Summer's over.

Erin hands a BURNED CD to Ivy. The girls hug.

IVY
Come to California sometime.

ERIN
You should come to Glen Ellyn.

IVY
Where's that again?

Erin smacks her friend's shoulder playfully.

EXT. GLEN ELLYN - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A faded wooden sign reads "WELCOME TO GLEN ELLYN, IL".

INT. ERIN'S NEIGHBOR MOLLY'S HOUSE - DAY

Erin sits on a leather couch. MOLLY LOMBARD (50s, butch) pours homemade lemonade from a pitcher into Erin's glass.

Nearby, Molly's elderly mother IDA (80s, out of it) sits in an overstuffed chair, shrouded in blankets.

ERIN
(to Molly)
She was amazing. She's seen
everything in California. The Bay
Area sounds incredible.

MOLLY
You're tellin' me.

Molly crosses to a chest of drawers. She rummages around and pulls out a faded purple SF STATE SWEATSHIRT that has the school's alligator mascot on it. She tosses it to Erin.

ERIN
S.F. State?

MOLLY
My first Pride Parade was the
closest I've gotten to a spiritual
awakening.

ERIN
It's official. You're the coolest
neighbor ever.

MOLLY
Maybe you add it to your
application list.

ERIN
My parents would never go for it.

Molly nods to her own mother.

MOLLY
She didn't. And I eventually had to
come back. Whether it's about the
girl or the state, now's the time.

Erin runs her fingers over the cracked alligator decal.

MONTAGE: ERIN AND IVY GROWING UP VIA SOCIAL MEDIA

Facebook posts show Erin and Ivy's lives after camp:

MAY 1, 2010: A photo of Erin smiling and wearing a DEPAUL UNIVERSITY BLUE DEVILS sweatshirt with the caption "COMMITTED!"

MAY 16, 2010: A photo of Ivy pops up on Erin's feed: Ivy's in an OCCIDENTAL COLLEGE sweatshirt. A comment appears from Erin: "Congrats!!!"

JULY 21, 2010: Erin messages Ivy: "How are u?" A text bubble pops up. Lingers. The anticlimactic response: "Good."

FEBRUARY 27, 2011: Ivy Kazemi is In a Relationship with Laura Freed.

FEBRUARY 28, 2011: Erin's cursor clicks "Unfollow" on Ivy's profile.

JULY 14, 2012: Ivy Kazemi is Single.

JULY 15, 2012: Erin's cursor clicks "Follow" on Ivy's profile.

SEPTEMBER 1, 2012: Ivy Kazemi Started Working at The VagIvy. There's a photo of a run-down looking bar beneath the post. Erin comments: "Omg, you bought a bar?!"

NOVEMBER 4, 2012: Erin's birthday per the cake icon on her profile. The cursor scrolls through a handful of birthday wishes. None from Ivy. The cursor clicks through to Ivy's profile. Back to Erin's. Refresh. Nothing from Ivy.

SEPTEMBER 7, 2013: Erin Griffin is In a Relationship with Patrick Ward. Erin's profile picture is now of her and a 20-something man named Patrick sitting by Lake Ellyn.

JANUARY 18 2015: Erin Griffin is Engaged to Patrick Ward.

APRIL 26, 2015: Erin messages Ivy: "Miss u. Ever making it back out to Illinois?"

AUGUST 12, 2015: Erin Ward is Married to Patrick Ward.

SEPTEMBER 2, 2015: Erin's "Miss u" message has been read but not responded to.

INT. ERIN'S SUBURBAN ILLINOIS HOME - BATHROOM - PRESENT DAY

Erin (now 25) sits on top of a fuzzy pink toilet seat that must have been Bed Bath & Beyond's pride and joy a couple decades ago. As Erin scrolls through Facebook, we see that she's wearing a WEDDING RING.

CLOSE ON PHONE: Ivy has posted a selfie on Facebook in front of The VagIvy. It's geotagged in WEST HOLLYWOOD. The caption: "Performing at The VagIvy on Wednesday! Come thru!"

Erin composes a comment: "Break a leg!" Then thinks better of it and backspaces until there's nothing left.

EXT. GLEN ELLYN CHRYSLER DEALERSHIP - DAY

Erin and her husband PATRICK "PAT" WARD (mid-20s, man's man) stand in a used car lot beside a silver CHRYSLER PACIFICA minivan. The trees across the street are turning bright red, orange, and yellow -- it's fall in the Midwest.

A greasy SALESMAN (30s) presses a button on the key fob and the door slides open.

PAT
Ooooh. I like that.

SALESMAN
Right?

Pat turns to Erin, who quickly smiles in agreement. The Salesman climbs into the Pacifica.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)
And look at all this room. Spacious enough for a big family! I'm sure you guys'll be lugging around a lotta kids soon.

PAT
Absolutely.

He wraps an arm around Erin's waist and pulls her closer. Erin smiles again. On cue.

Across the parking lot sits a BRIGHT RED CONVERTIBLE. Erin glances at it from over the Pacifica's massive hood.

INT. GLEN ELLYN CHRYSLER DEALERSHIP - LATER

Erin sits in a crappy plastic folding chair beside Pat as he works with the Salesman to fill out paperwork for the Pacifica.

She stares out at the red convertible.

Nobody notices.

INT. ERIN'S SUBURBAN ILLINOIS HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Erin stares up past the camera. White frames her face as she shifts up and down, up and down.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL that Erin and Pat are having sex. Pat's on top. More something to check off the list than enjoy.

Pat lets out a GROAN as he finishes. He rolls over one way, Erin the other. Erin stands up.

PAT

I read it helps if you stay laying down.

ERIN

I'll be right back.

INT. ERIN'S SUBURBAN ILLINOIS HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Erin sits on top of the fuzzy pink toilet seat, masturbating to the selfie Ivy posted to accompany her bar performance announcement.

She finally comes, then lifts the toilet seat to pee.

Looking at the photo with fresh eyes, she shrinks into herself in embarrassment and tosses the phone aside.

INT. GLEN ELLYN DINER - ANOTHER NIGHT

Erin wears a brightly colored party hat and sits in a booth next to Pat. Erin's parents BETTY and MARTIN (late 50s) sit across from them.

Erin takes in the cake before her. She blows out the "2" candle, then the "6" one. Betty CLAPS.

BETTY

Our little girl is all grown up!

ERIN

You say that every year, Mom.

BETTY

Because it's true every year.

Martin grabs a knife and cuts into the cake.

MARTIN

Let's keep this moving.

Betty smacks Martin.

BETTY

Martin.

MARTIN

What? It's past my bedtime.

BETTY

Erin had to work.

MARTIN

For how much longer? Isn't the baby coming soon?

ERIN

I'm right here, Dad.

PAT

We're working on it, Mr. Griffin.

Martin gives Pat the stink eye. Pat clears his throat.

MARTIN

All I'm saying is, I'm sure it's not helping things along for you to be stressed out from prosecuting.

ERIN

I'm not a prosecutor. I'm not even a lawyer. I'm a paralegal.

MARTIN

Potato, potahto.

ERIN

I'll quit when I'm pregnant, okay?

Martin raises his hands in surrender and turns his full attention to his cake.

Erin catches Pat looking over Betty's shoulder. She follows his gaze, which lands on REBECCA (20s), a skinny waitress currently operating the milkshake machine in a microscopic diner uniform skirt.

ON REBECCA: She flips her blonde hair as she places an empty metal cup into the machine and presses a button.

ON ERIN: She nudges Pat.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Ironic. She doesn't look like she's
had a milkshake in her entire life.

Pat laughs.

INT. PUBLIX - DAY

Erin waits in a check out line pondering a woman's magazine that's on display.

A carefree female model beams out from the cover. To her right is the headline: "PAGE 21: Seven Positions To Make Him Crazy!"

Erin picks up the magazine and flips through.

ON MAGAZINE: Page 21 features schematics of various sex positions. The "Torch" position is front and center -- a purple woman sits on top of a red guy with her legs resting over his shoulders.

ON ERIN: Her eyes widen in horror.

A loud, dramatic SIGH comes from O.S. Erin whips around to see an impatient business woman tapping her foot behind her. The check out line has moved up. Erin puts the magazine back and hurries forward.

EXT. ERIN'S SUBURBAN ILLINOIS HOME - DAY

Erin gets out of the Chrysler Pacifica. She presses a button on her key fob. The sliding door doesn't open.

She presses it again. It opens a crack but no farther.

She grabs the door handle but it won't budge.

ERIN
You've gotta be fucking kidding me.

INT. ERIN'S SUBURBAN ILLINOIS HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Erin walks in loaded down with grocery bags, having somehow bested the Pacifica. She drops the grocery bags on the ground, too frustrated and done with the world to put anything away.

INT. ERIN'S SUBURBAN ILLINOIS HOME - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Erin walks in to find Pat and Rebecca the milkshake machine operator having passionate sex -- in the Torch position!

ERIN

OH MY GOD!

Erin covers her eyes.

Rebecca lunges for a sheet.

Pat freezes, completely exposed.

PAT

It's not what it looks like!

ERIN

How could it *possibly* not be what
it looks like?!

REBECCA

I'm so sorry.

Rebecca gets up, still doing her best to cover herself with
the sheet.

Erin runs in the direction of the bathroom, but she's still
covering her eyes and runs right into the wall.

ERIN

FUCK!

INT. ERIN'S SUBURBAN ILLINOIS HOME - BATHROOM - DAY

Erin sits on the fuzzy pink toilet seat, processing,
thinking, blinking back confused tears.

Out the window, she can see Rebecca rushing down the street
to wherever her car is parked.

There's a KNOCK on the door.

PAT (O.S.)

Erin! Let me in!

Erin's expression turns to resolve.

She grabs her toothbrush. Her shampoo. An armful of tampons.

INT. ERIN'S SUBURBAN ILLINOIS HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Erin rushes out past Pat. He clocks the tampons.

PAT

What's happening?

EXT. ERIN'S SUBURBAN ILLINOIS HOME - DAY

Erin throws a suitcase into the back of the Pacifica as Pat looks on. She slings her backpack off her shoulder, but Pat grabs it before she can fling it into the trunk (which is undeniably spacious).

PAT

Stop. We need to talk about this.
It didn't mean anything. You never
talk to me and--

ERIN

So it's my fault?

PAT

No! It's just, it feels like you're
somewhere else most of the time.
Even -- especially -- when we have
sex, you're not even there.

Erin shakes her head.

ERIN

Maybe it is my fault.

(then)

I think I figured out my life too
quickly. And now I'm not really
sure if I want any of this.

Erin hurries to the driver's side door and swings it open.

PAT

What the hell do you mean?! We've
built a whole life together!

Erin SLAMS the door shut and twists the key in the ignition.

Pat watches in disbelief as the Pacifica PEELS OUT and away
from him.

PAT (CONT'D)

(calling after her)

That's a lot of tampons, how long
are you going to be gone for? ERIN!

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK**

15-Year-Old Erin sits at a desk in the corner of the room, right next to windows that look out onto the street. A teacher drones from the front of the class.

We can hear the thin sound of NSYNC's "I Thought She Knew" playing too-loud through Erin's earbuds.

As we push in on Erin, the song fills out. Erin looks out the window. It's snowing outside, but there's one leaf clinging on to the tree directly outside the window. Erin narrows her eyes at it.

INT. CHRYSLER PACIFICA - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT

Erin drives, belting out Justin Timberlake's "Cry Me a River" as it blasts from the Pacifica's stereo system. Although she's ugly cry-singing, she can undoubtedly carry a tune.

She finally pulls over onto a suburban street. Her tears have streaked her foundation, revealing that she's using a shade that's too tan for her natural skin tone.

She takes a deep breath and calls Molly (her gay neighbor and confidant).

ERIN

Pat cheated.

MOLLY (FROM PHONE)

Oh, baby.

ERIN

Can I come stay with you for a little while?

MOLLY (FROM PHONE)

Finally. You'll love it here. But you have to promise not to cramp my style.

Erin lets out a small laugh.

ERIN

I'll do my very best.

INT./EXT. CHRYSLER PACIFICA - DAY

Erin glances at the "Leaving Glen Ellyn -- We'll Miss You!" sign as she drives past.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Erin fidgets in her window seat, clutching her backpack to her chest like it's a life vest. A male FLIGHT ATTENDANT (30s, flamboyant) stops at her row.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Miss? You'll need to put that under
the seat in front of you for
takeoff.

Erin hurriedly puts the backpack down.

ERIN
Sorry. I-I've never been on a plane
before.

Her confused, panicked look makes him take pity on her.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Is L.A. your final destination?
(off Erin's nod)
That's where I'm based. Took my
first flight there in my twenties
too. Saved my life. What are you
drinking?

ERIN
Um, a Sprite?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
How about something a little
stronger?

EXT. LAX INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - ARRIVALS CURB - NIGHT

Erin stands by the curb with her backpack and suitcase at her feet. A topless Jeep Wrangler SCREECHES up. Molly, now in her 60s, grins from the driver's seat.

MOLLY
Hopping off a plane at LAX. Feel
like Miley Cyrus?

ERIN
Who is Miley Cyrus?

MOLLY
Don't ask that around gays your
age, they'll eat you alive.

Erin puts her bags into the backseat.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
 Seat belt's out in the front.
 Previous owner went wild in Joshua
 Tree.

ERIN
 Oh, okay. I'll sit in the back.

Erin awkwardly get in the back and pulls her seat belt over her chest. Molly shakes her head.

MOLLY
 Same old Erin.

ERIN
 Can you take me to West Hollywood
 tonight? I want to go out.

MOLLY
 Wow. New Erin. You sure?

ERIN
 I'm sure.

MOLLY
 Okay.
 (then)
 Are you sure sure?

ERIN
 Yes!

INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

A bathroom much smaller than Erin's back home. Erin sits on the plain white toilet seat applying make-up. Her face is hidden by her compact mirror.

INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Erin emerges and stands before Molly and her wife ANGIE (60s) who sit on the couch together. We still don't see Erin's front, just Molly and Angie's reactions.

	MOLLY	ANGIE	
Oh boy.		Lord have mercy.	*

We finally see Erin. She looks like a middle-aged Midwestern soccer mom who attempted to do herself up like early 2000s Britney Spears.

Her hair is in two braids and she's wearing a pink newsboy cap. Glitter gel decorates her cheeks and forearms.

She's paired low slung jeans with a hot pink baby doll top and statement necklace. The statement seems to be "don't wear me outside."

ERIN
How do I look?

MOLLY
(aside, to Angie)
Like things are still making it to
the Midwest a little late.

ANGIE
(to Erin)
Do you have other clothes?

Molly elbows Angie in the ribs.

ERIN
No...

ANGIE
Then you look great.

MOLLY
It's a throwback! People will love
it.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Erin walks down a West Hollywood street. The neighborhood is alive with people in various states of dress and undress.

Rainbow flags fly from store and bar-fronts. Erin passes a sex shop, a bar, a comedy club, a clinic, another bar.

Erin steels herself and calls out to a couple of MEN who are hanging outside of a bar.

ERIN
Excuse me? Do you know the name of
a bar owned by Ivy Kazemi?

MAN 1
The VagIvy. It's down a couple more
blocks.

ERIN
Thank you so much.

MAN 2
I love your look!

Erin touches one of her braids self consciously and smiles.

ERIN
It's a throwback.

MAN 2
That's so indie.

ERIN
Oh... thanks?

EXT. THE VAGIVY - NIGHT

Erin stands before a bar with a cheap neon sign in the shape of an ivy leaf that looks suspiciously like a vagina. It's smaller and less crowded than the establishments around it. Erin takes a deep breath.

INT. THE VAGIVY - NIGHT

Erin enters the sparse but homey space. There's old wood paneling on the walls and the bar stools are green suede.

A dozen or so women mingle on the dance floor and watch the show on the small stage at the back of the room.

An Elvis impersonator is on stage. His dark eyes are intense as he strums a ukulele in time with dramatic hip thrusts.

JOANNA OCAMPO (30s, looks like she's seen it all) stands with CALLIE "CAL" LEWIS (late 20s, complicated rich girl). They sip drinks while HOOTING and WHISTLING at Elvis as he jives.

Erin crosses to the bar, which is manned by KEISHA WATSON (20s, black, naturally beautiful). A huge painting of a naked Nancy Drew dominates the wall behind the bar. Keisha smiles at Erin.

KEISHA
What can I get you?

ERIN
This is probably going to sound dumb, but I had this drink on an airplane that I really liked.

Keisha laughs, causing Erin to blush violently. Keisha realizes that Erin is serious.

KEISHA
What'd it taste like?

ERIN
Well, it was very sweet. Kind of tangy.

(MORE)

ERIN (CONT'D)
It didn't really taste like alcohol
at all, which is why I enjoyed it
so much.

KEISHA
Gotcha.

Keisha gets to work, mixing and shaking and pouring. Erin watches her with fascination. Keisha finally slides her a pink drink complete with a pink umbrella.

ERIN
How'd you guess my favorite color?

Erin stands there grinning, oblivious to her matching hat, top, and eyeshadow.

KEISHA
Lucky guess.

Erin slurps from the straw. Her face lights up.

ERIN
Mmmm! This is different, but I love
it!

KEISHA
Careful, those things are
dangerous.

But Erin has already sucked half the drink down. Keisha raises her eyebrows.

KEISHA (CONT'D)
So what brings you to West
Hollywood?

ERIN
(gesturing to drink)
Could I get another one of these?

Keisha gets to work, also stopping to refill a couple other patrons' drinks.

ERIN (CONT'D)
I came here for a girl. Ivy Kazemi.

Keisha's head snaps back up.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Do you know her?

KEISHA

Sure, I mean, I work here at her bar.

ERIN

Right. I'm such a dummy.

KEISHA

How do you know her?

Keisha places Erin's refill in front of her. The first glass is already gone.

ERIN

I met her at camp when we were teenagers. She's incredible. Not a day has gone by that I don't think about her. She was, *is*, beautiful and fearless and made me feel like I could do *anything*. But then... I never did anything. I got married to a boring guy and we bought a boring house and a boring car. We were trying to have a boring baby before I came here.

The alcohol is definitely taking over as Elvis slows things down on stage. He pulls Joanna up and slow dances with her -- they're clearly friends who know how to be goofy together.

ERIN (CONT'D)

It's crazy because I used to wish more than anything that I wasn't stuck in stupid Glen Ellyn, and that I could see her again. I used to look out the window of my biology class. There was this brown leaf that would never fall off of this one tree. It hung on for months. And I remember I felt like that leaf. Stuck past its time.

(then, giggling)

Am I allowed to have another umbrella?

Keisha obliges, doing her best to keep a straight face.

KEISHA

So you're gonna find Ivy Kazemi, march right up to her, and tell her how you feel?

ERIN

That was my plan, but I don't see
her here.

Erin hasn't noticed that the show has come to an end behind
her. Elvis is walking over to the bar.

KEISHA

She's right there.

Erin looks behind her in confusion as Elvis sits down on the
stool to her right and leans across the bar to kiss Keisha.

ERIN

Where?

Keisha points at Elvis.

And it's only now that Erin gets a good, hard look at Elvis's
dark eyes, fine features, and slight, playful scowl.

Elvis pulls away his voluminous wig to reveal Ivy's long
black locks. Ivy looks Erin up and down in surprise,
recognizing her immediately.

IVY

Erin Griffin?

Off Erin's pink drink spit-take, we...

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. THE VAGIVY - NIGHT**

Erin and Ivy stare at each other. Keisha keeps a poker face as she pours drinks.

IVY
How've you been?

ERIN
Oh, pretty good, just living life,
the usual, you know. How about you?

IVY
I'm good too, got my hands full
with the bar. The Strip Street Fair
is this weekend so it'll hopefully
be much busier.
(to Keisha)
You've been keeping shots to an
ounce and a half, yeah?

KEISHA
All five that I've sold tonight.

Ivy sighs, obviously disappointed with sales.

IVY
(to Erin)
So what are you doing out here?

Erin glances at Keisha, but Keisha keeps her mouth shut. Now that she's actually here, Erin's not so ready to pour her heart out to Ivy.

ERIN
Um, well, for the... street fair.

IVY
Really?

ERIN
It looked exciting and I've been
meaning to take a vacation.

IVY
Huh. I knew Street Fair was a huge
deal for us, but I never guessed
word would make it to suburban
Illinois. You're welcome to come
out with us tonight. Just gonna go
upstairs and change.

Erin nods as Ivy exits, forcing a casual smile.

ERIN

Cool, great.

Erin turns to Keisha.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Thanks for not making things more awkward.

KEISHA

No worries, didn't seem like you needed any help.

ERIN

And I'm really sorry, if I had known you were together I never would have--

KEISHA

Chill, you're good. I'm not all uptight and possessive and shit. Plus it was puppy love, right? And now you're in some kinda quarter life crisis and wanna get drunk off bitch drinks in WeHo. Been there.

It takes Erin a moment to process that Keisha is being genuine.

ERIN

So you won't tell her about all that stuff I said?

KEISHA

Nah. But it was quite a speech. The leaf was a nice simile.

ERIN

Thanks.

Erin glances up at naked Nancy Drew.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Is that... Nancy Drew?

KEISHA

(glancing behind her)
Oh yeah. Total lesbian icon.

ERIN

Really?

INT. ANTONIO'S BAR - NIGHT

This place is much busier than The VagIvy. Men and women mingle, drink, and dance. Erin sits in a red overstuffed booth seat squished between Joanna and Cal (the women who were cheering on Ivy as Elvis).

Ivy and Keisha sit across from them, Ivy now in her street clothes -- boho with a hint of goth. Erin looks shell shocked as she sucks down another outrageously colored beverage.

ERIN

(to Ivy)

So... you're a drag queen?

IVY

King. Drag queens are men who perform as women. Drag kings are women who perform as men.

She gestures at a couple of DRAG QUEENS who pass by. Erin can't help but stare at their shimmering costumes, pushed-up breasts, huge hair and lashes.

ANTONIO (O.S.)

Y'all wish you were drag queens.

Erin spins around to take in ANTONIO (late 30s, obsessively cared-for beard). He wears a short sleeve turtle neck and stands with his large biceps crossed.

CAL

Antonio, you are single-handedly bringing down the average fashion forwardness of gay men.

ANTONIO

A, you wouldn't know high fashion if it bit you in your flat ass. B, for a rich girl your look sure is broke.

JOANNA

Do you only speak in catchphrases?

KEISHA

You have your little boys write them for you in the back while you were sucking them off?

Every single ounce of blood has drained from Erin's face due to the lewd language. Antonio notices.

ANTONIO

What's with the virgin?

ERIN

Oh no, I've had sex with my husband before.

Antonio and the women burst out laughing. Cal smacks Erin playfully.

CAL

I like, love you!

Erin is nonplussed.

IVY

(to Antonio)

There was burnin' love at my place tonight. Looks like you might have some competition.

ANTONIO

Sorry, but I'm not threatened by any establishment as far in the red as yours. My *little boys* told me about your bounced rent checks. While they were sucking *me* off.

Ivy crosses her arms. Antonio has struck a nerve. The Drag Queens come up to join him on either side, holding drinks.

KEISHA

(quietly, to Ivy)

Let's go.

IVY

(to Antonio)

Man, I don't know what your problem is. I've been open to collaborating since day one, but fuck our drag, right?

Antonio shrugs and puts his arms around the Queens.

ANTONIO

People just aren't interested in girls pretending to be boys. They want glamour and glitz, not the WNBA. Call me when y'all are fabulous.

He walks off. One of the Queens hangs back.

DRAG QUEEN 1
Maybe stop buying his drinks if you
girls wanna take him down.

Ivy sets her jaw. Erin slowly puts her drink down, suddenly
self conscious.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Ivy and Erin walk behind the rest of the group.

ERIN
It's really good to see you.

IVY
I'm surprised you finally came all
the way out here. I thought you had
your little domestic paradise all
set up.

ERIN
Apparently not.
(then)
I'm sorry your bar is struggling.

IVY
If we do it big this weekend it'll
help. How long are you here?

ERIN
I don't know, really. I'm staying
with my old neighbor.

IVY
Molly, right? I remember you
messaging me about her.

Erin lights up.

ERIN
Yeah, that's her. I can't believe
you remembered.

Ivy shrugs.

IVY
I had my own wise old lesbian to
talk to. High school English
teacher. She kept me sane.

They catch up with the rest of the group, who are stopped in
front of a dingy storefront. Marquee letters that spell out
"KARAOKE" are stapled to the awning.

CAL
(to Erin)
Care for some karaoke?

IVY
Come on. We'll find out if you
still got it.

ERIN
Oh, I still got it.

INT. KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT

The man at the front counter pours out five double shots of Soju (Korean version of Sake). Everyone but Joanna downs theirs. Erin notices.

JOANNA
My wife and I are trying to have a
baby.

Erin nods.

ERIN
I was trying too.

Erin remembers where she is and trails off. She sees that Ivy wasn't listening and breathes a sigh of relief.

They do one more round. Cal pays for the drinks.

INT. KARAOKE BAR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Erin trips as she follows the rest of the women into a dark room.

INT. KARAOKE BAR - KARAOKE ROOM - NIGHT

Erin, Ivy, Keisha, and Cal fall onto a comfy leather couch in the corner of the room. There's a console screen set up, which Joanna starts flipping through. She lands on "Rich Girl" and the instrumentals start.

CAL
Boooo, I hate this one!

JOANNA
That's because it's about you!

Cal flips Joanna off, but Joanna just laughs and starts singing.

Erin checks her phone. There are 52 missed calls and 73 text messages from Pat.

KEISHA

Damn. You're blowing up.

Erin puts her phone away and lets herself sink deeper into the couch.

CAL

So is your husband like, your beard?

ERIN

Is that a drag term?

CAL

(laughing)

No silly. It's when you're with someone from the opposite sex just to cover up the fact that you're gay.

Erin thinks this over.

ERIN

Oh. I don't think so. I guess I'm not sure.

CAL

I figured out I was gay when I heard Jill Sobule's "I Kissed a Girl".

ERIN

Doesn't Katy Perry sing that song?

CAL

You are seriously so cute.

Erin smiles back politely. Joanna hits a note that probably only dogs can hear all of. Ivy turns to Erin.

IVY

Well? You going next?

ERIN

I'll let someone else take the next one.

IVY

Sounds like someone might be a little rusty.

Erin narrows her eyes.

CUT TO:

Erin selects "I Thought She Knew" by NSYNC (the same song Erin was listening to in the classroom flashback). She stands before the women, mic clutched in a sweaty palm. The ballad ramps up and Erin sings.

ERIN

*She was my once in a lifetime,
Happy ending come true.
Oh, I guess I should have told her,
I thought she knew.*

Erin is good. She's hitting all of the notes and capturing Justin Timberlake's falsetto and mannerisms.

KEISHA

*(sotto, to Ivy,
laughing)*

Subtle.

Ivy looks at Keisha questioningly.

KEISHA (CONT'D)

You seriously think she came all
the way from Illinois for
"wildflower season"?

IVY

You said that was real!

Keisha laughs. Ivy puts her hand on the inside of Keisha's thigh.

ERIN

*Do-do-do,
She said I took her for granted,
That's the last thing I would do.
Whoa, I'll never understand it,
'Cause I thought she knew.*

CLOSE ON IVY'S HAND: She's touching the outline of a silicon penis beneath the fabric of Keisha's loose jeans.

Surprised, Ivy looks at Keisha questioningly.

IVY

Since when are you wearing this out
of drag?

KEISHA

Makes me feel more comfortable.

From Ivy's expression, she's less comfortable.

ERIN

*I thought she knew:
My world revolved around her,
My love light burned for her alone.
But she couldn't see the flame,
Only myself to blame.
I should've known,
I should've known.*

Erin clocks Ivy's hand on Keisha's thigh. Cal raises her phone and takes a picture of Erin clutching the mic. OFF THE FLASH TRANSITION, WE FLASH TO:

EXT. NORTHWESTERN QUAD - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

15-Year-Old Erin and Ivy sit together at the end of a line of folding chairs. Other teenage campers sit around them.

There's a small makeshift stage where two COUNSELORS are performing a duet, one armed with a keyboard, the other with a guitar.

ERIN

(to Ivy)

Do you think you'll miss me?

IVY

Of course I'll miss you.

Erin smiles and turns back to the performance. Nearby, a counselor busts a teenage girl for sitting on a teenage boy's lap.

Erin reaches over and takes Ivy's hand. Erin glances down at their secretly interlaced fingers, not quite believing they've actually taken that position.

IVY (CONT'D)

Are you going to miss me too?

ERIN

Duh.

INT. KARAOKE BAR - KARAOKE ROOM - BACK TO PRESENT

The song wraps up.

ERIN

*I guess I should of told her,
But I thought she knew.
I thought she knew,
I thought she knew
I thought that, she, knew,
Yeah.*

Erin glances at Ivy on the final note, then quickly looks away again. Everyone bursts into applause. Cal holds a hand to her chest.

CAL
Oh my God, that was literally
tragic! I like, felt new emotions!

JOANNA
You sound just like JT. It's a
little creepy, to be perfectly
honest.

Ivy stares at Erin.

ERIN
Um, what?

IVY
I think we've found our Justin for
Street Fair.

KEISHA
(to Ivy)
Can I talk to you for a second?

INT. KARAOKE BAR - ANOTHER KARAOKE ROOM - NIGHT

Keisha pulls Ivy into an empty karaoke room.

KEISHA
Do you really think it's the best
idea to put Miss Body Glitter in
male drag?

IVY
I know she can sing and dance.

KEISHA
And I know that she's a closeted
lesbian who's obsessed with you.
During your Elvis routine she told
me she came here for you, she's
been in love with you since camp,
she used to stare out the window at
a dying leaf thinking about you--

IVY
Wait, what?

KEISHA
I don't know, but it was a lot.

IVY

Regardless of whatever quarter life crisis she's going through, you and I are together. Okay? That camp was forever ago. Don't get all jealous on me. You know Street Fair is second only to Pride. Places make enough money to stay afloat for months. We're barely getting by.

Keisha crosses her arms. Considers.

IVY (CONT'D)

Performing as NSYNC could really put us on the map.

KEISHA

Fine. But if you have to file a restraining order, I told you so.

INT. IVY'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

SERIES OF CLOSE UPS:

- Hands pick up a curly wig with frosted tips.
- A make-up brush moves across a cheek.
- A leather jacket is lifted onto a pair of shoulders.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Erin, or rather, Justin. It's a true transformation. Erin stares at herself in Ivy's closet mirror. She touches her face -- is that really her?

ERIN

Oh my God.

JOANNA

Uncanny.

CAL

Is it weird that I'm mad at you for breaking Britney's heart?

KEISHA

Yes.

Erin continues to study her face in the mirror.

IVY

(to Erin)

How do you feel?

ERIN
Really... different. Good,
different. Like I get to be someone
else for a little bit.

She turns to Ivy.

ERIN (CONT'D)
I'm up for performing. We can do a
drag king boot camp or something.

CAL
More like a drag king *booty* camp.

KEISHA
(to Erin)
You sure you're ready for this?
(as a test)
Is twerking a dance or a rapper?

ERIN
Both?

The women burst out laughing. Erin blushes.

ERIN (CONT'D)
(to Ivy)
I'd like to help your bar. Unless
you feel threatened by me being
Justin. Because let's be honest.
You look way more like Chris
Kirkpatrick.

All the women GASP dramatically at the same time, loving this
roast. Ivy can't help but crack up.

IVY
How *dare* you. You know what, just
for that, I'll be Chris Kirkpatrick
and *kill it*. Now let's slay this,
so I can pay rent and we can become
West Hollywood legends.

The women CHEER, Keisha doing her best to sound enthusiastic.

INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT - NEXT DAY

Erin wakes up with her face mashed into a couch cushion. When
she peels herself away, her cheek leaves a patch of glitter
behind.

She sits up and suddenly her right calf cramps up. She
clutches it in pain.

ERIN

Oh God!

Molly stands in the doorway sipping from a cup of coffee.

MOLLY

I feel honored to be here for your first hangover calf cramp.

ERIN

What is *happening* to me?

MOLLY

The ruthless aging process.

Molly tosses Erin her phone. Erin catches it.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

I turned this off because your hubby kept calling last night. Also, an alarm went off. What does "There's a Storm Coming" mean?

Erin squints at her phone. More missed calls and texts from Pat. Looks like she was also tagged in a Facebook photo.

ERIN

It's a reminder that my period is coming in the next few days so I should put a tampon in.

MOLLY

You put a tampon in before you get your period?

ERIN

Well, yeah. Otherwise it would make a mess.

(then)

Right?

Molly laughs and shakes her head.

MOLLY

You always were a strange one.

The Facebook photo loads. It's the picture Cal took while Erin was performing karaoke. Erin looks extremely drunk and into her dramatic performance.

ERIN

Oh no. Why is this on the Internet?!

Molly comes over to see what Erin is talking about.

MOLLY

Oh yeah, I "laughed" at that! See?

ERIN

No no no no no...

Off Erin scrambling to un-tag herself...

INT. ERIN'S SUBURBAN ILLINOIS HOME - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Pat paces between his dresser and a duffle bag, packing. He's on the phone.

PAT

You got the photo Mr. Griffin?

(then)

No, I don't think she's had a "psychotic break." I think she's confused, and she's not responding to any of my messages.

(then)

Yes. I'm going to Los Angeles and bringing her home.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**INT. THE VAGIVY - NEXT DAY**

Erin enters, clutching a coffee cup and looking like hell. Ivy, Keisha, Joanna, and Cal are hanging out at the bar.

KEISHA

Damn. You okay girl?

Erin nods and gingerly takes a seat.

ERIN

You were right. Those drinks are dangerous.

Cal finishes chugging from a water bottle.

CAL

I'm right there with you.

IVY

Everybody better get it together, because we have a show to put on tomorrow night.

JOANNA

(to Erin)

Time for you to see how the sausage gets made.

Erin chugs coffee. Cal passes Erin her water bottle. Erin chugs that, too.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BURBANK AIRPORT - ARRIVALS CURB - DAY

Pat exits the terminal in a large coat and hat. He's prepared for a chilly Los Angeles fall that does not exist.

Immediately too hot, he sets his duffle bag down to pull off the coat and hat. Other travelers stare at him.

Pat squints out at the cars rounding the small combined arrivals and departures loop. He calls to a MAN passing by.

PAT

Excuse me, where are the taxis?

MAN

Ride share's over there, you can call a Lyft.

This statement does not clear things up for Pat.

He takes out his phone and tries calling Erin yet again.

INT. OUT OF THE CLOSET - DAY

Erin's phone is lit up with Pat's call through her back pocket as she combs through the racks of an extremely gay, colorful thrift store. The other women already carry armfuls of jeans, jackets, and button-ups.

Erin holds up a BRIGHT PINK SEQUIN BOMBER JACKET.

ERIN
How about this?

IVY
(laughing)
You're shopping for Justin, not you.

ERIN
But it *is* for Justin. Or rather, *my* version of Justin.

CAL
Ooo, that might be cool.

JOANNA
Drag is about realism.

ERIN
Really? I saw *Drag Race* once and that's not how women dress.

IVY
Those are drag queens, not drag kings. We're not allowed on *Drag Race*.

KEISHA
Yet.

Erin shrugs.

ERIN
I think I'll get it anyway. Just for me, I guess.

INT. THE VAGIVY - NIGHT

The women are all sweating hard, partway into a choreography session. As usual, Erin sticks out. She's wearing a pink sweatband and knee-length shorts while everyone else sports trendy spandex.

They're doing the same choreography from the "Bye Bye Bye" music video and from the camp Erin and Ivy attended. It doesn't look very polished yet -- the women stumble through and bump into each other every so often.

They finish the song and take a breather. Ivy squirts water into her mouth.

IVY

(to Keisha)

Black Lance Bass, you went left
when you should've gone right.

KEISHA

I don't get how I got to be the
whitest boy of them all.

IVY

He's the prettiest and so are you.

(to Joanna)

Joey, I'm gonna need you to take it
down an octave. You're the
baritone, remember?

JOANNA

Sorry, my balls haven't dropped
yet.

IVY

Work it out.

Erin raises her hand.

IVY (CONT'D)

Erin, you don't have to raise your
hand.

ERIN

I was just wondering when we were
going to start "booty popping."

IVY

We're doing the authentic
choreography.

ERIN

Wouldn't it be better to make it
our own? We don't have to do
exactly what we did at camp.

CAL

(aside, to Keisha)

There was another booty camp?

Keisha shakes her head at Cal.

IVY
(to Erin)
Look, I think I know a little bit
more about performance than you do,
okay?

ERIN
Yeah. Okay.

Erin gets back in line with the other women, disappointed and a little frustrated.

INT. RIDE - NIGHT

A dimly lit gay bar. Erin sits in the audience with the rest of the women. A red curtain is drawn across the stage. Ivy passes NOTEBOOKS and PENS down the line.

IVY
Take notes on how the real boys do
it, ladies.

Erin looks down at hers questioningly.

All of a sudden the whole room goes dark. After a few moments spotlights flood the stage to reveal that the curtain has been pulled back -- FOUR MALE STRIPPERS dressed in striped jumpsuits are posed on stage. The crowd bursts into CHEERS.

MALE STRIPPER 1
Ladies and gentlegays, we are The
Prisoners of Asskaban -- and
tonight, we're breaking out.

Britney Spears's "I'm A Slave 4 U" blasts and the male strippers start to strut and thrust.

Erin glances over to see that Ivy is writing in her notebook furiously. Ivy catches her looking and holds up the page for Erin to read in the flashing lights.

CLOSE ON PAGE: Ivy has scrawled "Limit hip movement", "shoulders back", and "minor stage make-up".

Cal yells to Erin over the music.

CAL
She has us study male performances
before every show.

Cal shows Erin her page. It just says "Be fucking sexy."

A Prisoner of Asskaban makes a beeline for Erin and starts to give her a lap dance.

KEISHA

Oh shit, Erin's getting in some
field research!

The male stripper PULLS OFF HIS JUMPSUIT in a single motion, his pelvis right in Erin's face. Erin SCREAMS in a mixture of horror and excitement.

INT. IVY'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NEXT DAY

Ivy pulls a couple of plastic bins out from under her bed and drops them on the ground in front of the women.

ERIN

What's in there?

JOANNA

The fun part.

Everyone but Erin bursts out laughing. Keisha pulls a lid off to reveal -- LOTS OF FAKE PENIS MATERIALS.

KEISHA

(to Ivy)

May I?

IVY

You're the expert.

Keisha's expression hardens. She holds up each item as she describes it.

KEISHA

You've got your stuffed socks, your
full-on strap ons, silicon-based
dildos...

CAL

And don't forget!

Cal rummages in her Kate Spade tote and extracts a REAL
PACKAGED SAUSAGE.

IVY / KEISHA / JOANNA

Jesus Christ. / Gross. / Come on,
Cal.

CAL

What, it's a nice, natural
silhouette!

KEISHA

You could afford any piece in the world and you get Trader Joe's summer sausage.

CAL

(winking, to Erin)

I can totally hook you up with your own. Italian, German -- whatever you're into.

ERIN

Oh, um, that's very generous.

Cal hands Erin a girthy sausage.

JOANNA

(quietly, to Erin)

You don't actually have to use that.

Erin stares at the packaged sausage with interest.

INT. IVY'S STUDIO APARTMENT - BATHROOM - LATER

The women are crowded into the bathroom, each applying make-up. Keisha explains a contouring palette to Erin (NOTE: A contouring palette has various shades of light and dark skin-toned make-up).

KEISHA

You wanna do the opposite of what you would do if you were contouring your face to look more feminine. Instead of highlighting features like the bridge of your nose and your cheekbones, you wanna create shadows that square up your jawline and cheeks.

ERIN

So not a lot of glitter.

Ivy glances over from where she's contouring her own face.

IVY

No glitter at all. Like I've said, this is about looking like a man.

ERIN

But some men wear glitter.

IVY

Did NSYNC wear glitter?

Keisha sighs and steps back. Cal and Joanna put down their palettes, interested to see what happens next.

ERIN

I guess not, but remember how Antonio said "Call me when y'all are fabulous"? I feel like we could make drag kings more fabulous by adding in some twists.

IVY

Closeted Midwestern Woman Stuck in the Early Two-Thousands isn't really the twist I think we should be going for.

JOANNA

(to Ivy)

Easy.

IVY

(to Erin)

Sorry, I'm confused. Keisha told me you came here to confess your undying love or something. But now you're trying to tell me how to do my job.

Erin looks at Keisha, betrayal in her eyes.

ERIN

You said you weren't going to tell her.

KEISHA

I thought it was fun--

As Keisha starts to say "funny", she realizes just how hurt Erin looks. Erin runs from the room.

Ivy looks at Keisha, who cocks her head in the direction of Erin, giving Ivy permission go after her.

INT. STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Ivy hustles down the stairs after Erin.

IVY

Erin, wait.

Erin turns around, mascara already streaked down her cheeks.

ERIN

I don't even get why you said I should be Justin if you hate everything I do.

IVY

I asked you to perform because you're an amazing singer and dancer.

ERIN

I can't believe Keisha told you what I said.

IVY

We are dating.

There's an awkward silence.

IVY (CONT'D)

If I was so important to you, why didn't you ever say anything? Why did you come all the way here just to spill your guts to my girlfriend and not me?

ERIN

I mean, I tried to tell you. A lot of times. But you never seemed to care.

IVY

That's not true.

INT. ERIN'S TEENAGE BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A large, neat room. NSYNC posters adorn the walls.

17-Year-Old Erin sits at her white Mac laptop, scrolling through Facebook.

CLOSE ON SCREEN: A photo of Ivy pops up on Erin's feed: Ivy's in an OCCIDENTAL COLLEGE sweatshirt.

Erin comments "Congrats!!!".

PUSH IN ON THE SCREEN, AND OUT AGAIN TO:

INT. IVY'S TEENAGE BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME TIME - FLASHBACK

A room much smaller than Erin's. Ivy's bed is a blow-up mattress. She's sharing the space with a parent's home office. A LARGE CROSS hangs on the wall.

17-Year-Old Ivy types a reply to Erin's comment on an ancient Dell: "You'll have to come visit!". But before she posts it, she hears her parents start to yell through the thin wall.

IVY'S DAD (O.S.)

I'm not paying for her to party and
continue to shame her family!

IVY'S MOM (O.S.)

We told her she could go to
Occidental. She got a partial
scholarship!

IVY'S DAD (O.S.)

She needs to outgrow whatever this
is!

CLOSE ON SCREEN: Erin's thumbnail photo beside her comment is of her in her DePaul sweatshirt. She'll actually be starting college in the fall.

Ivy backspaces her reply to Erin, deletes the Occidental photo, and logs out.

INT. ERIN'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

18-Year-Old Erin lies on her top bunk, her laptop propped up on her knees.

CLOSE ON SCREEN: "Ivy Kazemi is In a Relationship with Laura Freed."

Erin "Unfollows" Ivy.

EXT. STREET - DAY - FLASHBACK

18-Year-Old Ivy walks down a crowded street with her girlfriend LAURA (early 20s).

Laura reaches for her hand, but Ivy pulls away, glancing at the people around them. Laura sighs, frustrated.

LAURA

Do you know when you're going to
get over the Catholic guilt? We're
in Los Angeles. You're a legal
adult. You should want to hold your
girlfriend's hand.

IVY

I'm sorry. It's not that. I'm
just... honestly, I'm kinda hung up
on someone else.

INT. IVY'S TEENAGE BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Ivy sits on her bed scrolling through Facebook on her phone.

CLOSE ON IVY'S PHONE: She's looking through Erin's profile. She sees a photo of them smiling together at camp.

Ivy shares it with the headline, "Thinking of you."

INT. STAIRWELL - BACK TO PRESENT

Ivy stares at Erin, who looks shocked.

IVY

You never responded. You never even liked it. I dated around, but you updated your status and your life to Married to Patrick Ward. The message was clear.

ERIN

I had no idea that you shared that photo. I unfollowed you after you got together with your first girlfriend.

(then)

And as far as getting married -- I didn't really know what else to do with my life at the time.

IVY

It's fine. You should just know that you chose to move on too. So it's cool for you to hang out, but this isn't just dress-up to me. It took a long time for me to build my life here. This performance and this family is all I have.

Erin nods. Then continues down the stairs, away from Ivy.

EXT. ROUTE 69 MOTEL - NIGHT

Pat lugs his bag with him up to Room 69A of a seedy WeHo establishment. There's a peeling pool to his left that looks like it's probably breeding the next pandemic.

Pat starts to unlock the door, but realizes that it's open.

He pushes through to find a GROUP OF DRAG QUEENS lounging around, smoking and drinking. These are not the queens of *RuPaul's Drag Race*. These are some real-life working ladies.

PAT
Oh, h-hi, sorry, I thought this was my room.

DRAG QUEEN 2
Hi hon! The sixty-nines must've got you fucked up.

PAT
Uh... huh?

DRAG QUEEN 3
(impatient)
It's the Route Sixty-Nine. All the rooms are Room Sixty-Nine. Go by the letters.

PAT
Gotcha, thanks for your help.

He closes the door quietly. He looks down at his key, which he now realizes says "69Z". Pat's not in Illinois anymore.

Off the long-ass line of rooms labeled 69...

INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Erin throws her clothes back into her suitcase. Molly appears in the doorway.

MOLLY
Sweetie, what's going on?

Erin turns to her, tears streaking her cheeks.

ERIN
I was wrong to come here. I don't know anything about this world. I just made everything worse.

She clutches a bottle of body glitter helplessly.

ERIN (CONT'D)
I'm going home.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE**INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Molly sits on the couch with Erin. Erin's half-packed suitcase sits beside them.

MOLLY

Do you know how I first felt when
you told me about Ivy?

Erin doesn't answer.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Sad.

Erin looks at Molly, surprised.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

I was ashamed for so long, because
I knew that if I could go back and
change who I was somehow, I would
choose not to be gay. I've since
come to terms with myself. But it's
not easy. Bisexual, lesbian, queer,
trans, those are all hard to be in
the world we live in.

ERIN

I thought it would be easier here.
People are so proud and so close-
knit.

MOLLY

That's because a lot of times we
have to choose our own families. So
we try to pick ones that we really
love and can share our lives with.

ERIN

I think Ivy feels like I'm
intruding on hers.

MOLLY

It can be awkward when families
change or grow. But at the end of
the day, you need to find people
who will support you -- no matter
what.

ERIN

I think I have to get back to where
I belong.

INT. LAX INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

Erin sits on a chair near the airline check-in counter, suitcase beside her. She has her phone to her ear.

ERIN

It's me. I'm coming home.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ERIN'S CHILDHOOD HOME - BETTY & MARTIN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Erin's parents Betty and Martin sit up in bed, bleary-eyed. Betty holds the landline phone.

BETTY

Sweetheart! We've been worried sick. What in the world have you been doing in Los Angeles?

ERIN

Trying to figure some stuff out.

Martin grabs the phone from his wife.

MARTIN

You could've figured it out without going all the way to that pit of sin!

ERIN

It's not a "pit of sin", Dad.

Betty snatches the phone back.

BETTY

Do you have any idea what you're putting Patrick through? He said you won't answer his calls! He's there now, does he know you're coming back?

Erin takes a deep breath. Martin leans toward the phone so he can hear.

ERIN

I'm not sure if things are working with Patrick. I don't think I can go back to our house right now. I want to stay with you.

There's a moment of silence.

BETTY
What are you *talking* about?

MARTIN
Patrick is the best choice you've
made in your entire life!

ERIN
But I'm not happy anymore.

MARTIN
So work it out!

BETTY
Happiness isn't all that matters in
a relationship, dear.

Erin's face falls.

ERIN
Can't you please take my side?
Don't you care how I feel?

BETTY
We *do* care, which is why we think
Patrick is good for you.

Erin stares at the departures board, thinking.

ERIN
You really don't support me at all,
do you?

INT. IVY'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Erin walks in with her suitcase to find the women all sitting
around Joanna, who's been crying. They turn to look at Erin.

ERIN
Is everything okay?

Joanna looks up at Erin. Erin takes in her crushed
expression. Her arms wrapped protectively around her abdomen.

ERIN (CONT'D)
You're not pregnant.

Ivy shoots Joanna a questioning glance -- how did Erin know?

JOANNA
(to Ivy)
She was trying too.

Erin comes over and sits on an empty spot on the couch next to Keisha.

ERIN
(to Joanna)
It's one of the most disappointing things in the world. I can't imagine what you're going through. How expensive it must be.

Joanna nods.

ERIN (CONT'D)
I remember convincing myself it was going to happen, then convincing myself it wasn't as I peed on that stupid little stick. I wanted it so bad. I thought it would fix things. And I know everyone warns you it doesn't, but it just seemed to make sense. It made so much sense to me.

The other women watch Erin and Joanna. There's a bond between them that nobody else feels in on right now. Finally, Joanna speaks.

JOANNA
Thanks.

Ivy meets Erin gaze. Ivy nods to her old friend -- her own version of a thank you.

CAL
So what's with the suitcase? Are you still performing with us?

ERIN
Yeah. Yeah, I am.

CUT TO:

INT. THE VAGIVY - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Erin stands in front of a mirror, pulling her boobs toward her armpits. Cal helps her tape them down, then hands Erin a sports bra to put on for good measure.

Cal starts working on Erin's make-up, contouring her face to square up her features and give her a five o'clock shadow.

CAL
I'm really glad you came back.

ERIN

Me too.

Erin takes in Cal's huge array of make-up.

ERIN (CONT'D)

What do you do for a living?

CAL

I tutor sometimes.

ERIN

A part-time tutor can afford this?

Cal smiles sadly.

CAL

She can when her parents pass away
with a big life insurance policy.

ERIN

I'm so sorry.

CAL

It's okay. It's just weird when
people think of me as rich. Because
like, I guess I am. But I just
don't look at myself that way.

Ivy comes up behind them holding the pink sequin bomber
jacket Erin found at Out of the Closet.

ERIN

I don't have to wear that.

IVY

No. You should. You're in the
group, you get a voice. We'll see
how it goes.

Erin smiles and puts the coat over her shoulders. She eyes a
container of rhinestones in Cal's kit.

ERIN

I actually had one more idea...

INT. THE VAGIVY - MAIN STAGE - NIGHT

The stage is completely dark. A dozen or so spectators
populate the bar.

Suddenly a spotlight comes on and illuminates Keisha, who
stands alone on the stage. She wears a black lace bra and
garters. The crowd HOOTS at her.

She begins a sexy reverse-stripping routine. Clothes are thrown at her from backstage, which she dons as she gyrates to Ginuwine's "Pony".

She puts on a pair of boxers, then an undershirt, then slacks, then a button-down and blazer, and finally a tie. She's transformed from woman to man. The crowd CHEERS.

INT. THE VAGIVY - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

It's too dark to see their full make-up and costumes as Erin, Joanna, and Cal CHEER from backstage. Erin glances over to see Ivy staring out at Keisha, deadpan. Then Ivy turns to the other women.

IVY
You boys ready?

INT. THE VAGIVY - MAIN STAGE - NIGHT

The spotlight illuminates Erin, Ivy, Keisha, Joanna, and Cal as Justin Timberlake, Chris Kirkpatrick, Lance Bass, Joey Fatone, and JC Chasiez, respectively.

ON ERIN: She's wearing a simultaneously ridiculous and fabulous RHINESTONE BEARD along with the sequined bomber. Multiplied lights bounce off of her, practically blinding the audience members.

A CHEER rises from the crowd as the opening notes of "Bye Bye Bye" blast.

The members of NYSNC fall into line and do a choreographed booty poppin' dance. It's not from the music video and it's not perfectly synchronized, but it's fun and energetic and the crowd goes crazy for it. Erin was right. Dancing is about butts now.

The drag kings are all singing their parts of the song as their characters. They hit the chorus hard and Erin belts it out as the other kings harmonize and sing backup.

ERIN
*Don't wanna be a fool for you,
Just another player in your game
for two,
You may hate me but it ain't no
lie,
Baby bye bye bye!
Don't really wanna make it tough,
I just wanna tell you that I had
enough,*

(MORE)

ERIN (CONT'D)
*Might sound crazy but it ain't no
lie,
Baby bye bye bye...*

She sounds just like Justin. She's killing this. She continues to dance and since as more and more people enter the bar. People raise their phones and record the performance, but Erin is too in the zone to notice.

A very pissed Antonio hurries in after the drag queens we recognize from his bar. A bunch of his patrons have come over to see the drag king show. He glares as the members of NSYNC groove on stage. One of his ex-patrons turns to another.

EX-PATRON
I didn't know *women* dressed up as
men.

One FAN in the audience yells out at Erin.

FAN
I LOVE YOU JUSTIN!

ON IVY: She looks at Erin, who's hardly recognizable from the insecure, unhappy woman we saw back in Illinois. Ivy can't help but smile at her old friend. Keisha clocks this.

ON THE DOOR TO THE BAR: None other than PAT walks through the door amongst his drag queen neighbors from the motel. His eyes land on the stage. Unlike Erin when she saw Ivy as Elvis, Pat sees the woman beneath the man right away.

Pat's jaw drops as he realizes that his wife is Justin Timberlake.

END ACT FIVE

ACT SIX**INT. THE VAGIVY - NIGHT**

As Erin wraps up the song, Pat's expression changes.

Instead of being horrified, he looks *engaged*. Impressed, even.

The kings hit their final notes and poses.

DRAG KINGS

Baby bye bye bye!

Erin holds her disco pose as APPLAUSE crashes over her. Then she joins hands with the kings and takes a bow. She smiles and laughs, clutching Ivy's hand too tightly but not even noticing because of how excited she is about her performance.

As she straightens up from the curtain call, her eyes meet Pat's. Erin is equally shocked to see him standing in the crowd.

Erin weighs her fight or flight options. She finally steps down from the stage and walks up to Pat as Antonio approaches the kings behind her.

ERIN

What are you doing here?

PAT

You didn't answer any of my texts or calls.

ERIN

I needed space.

PAT

Isn't that what I've given you for a while? You haven't been open with me in months and you know it.

Erin folds her arms, on the defensive. She narrows her eyes at her husband.

ERIN

You haven't been open with me either.

PAT

I know. I'm sorry.

ERIN
Why don't you look more
uncomfortable and/or freaked out
right now?

PAT
I haven't seen you like this in a
long time.

ERIN
Dressed as Justin Timberlake with a
rhinestone beard?

PAT
Truly excited about something.

Erin looks at Pat, not through him, for the first time in a
long time.

EXT. DEPAUL QUAD - DAY - FLASHBACK

19-Year-Old Erin sits in the grass paging through a CRIMINAL
LAW textbook intently. She's in sweats and a T-shirt, her
hair in a messy bun.

A dozen or so feet away, 20-Year-Old Pat sits with the same
book. We see Erin recognize the cover.

ERIN
(calling to Pat)
McGowan?

Pat doesn't realize Erin's talking to him.

ERIN (CONT'D)
(louder)
Excuse me, are you in Professor
McGowan's class?

Pat looks up, startled.

PAT
Yeah?

Erin holds up her book, overly proud of herself for
connecting the dots.

ERIN
It's kicking my butt.

PAT
Right there with you.

Erin thinks for a moment.

ERIN

This might be weird to ask, but
would you want to come to my
sorority's formal tonight? We can
complain about McGowan.

(then)

Plus it's pajama-themed.

PAT

Pajama-themed, huh?

INT. ALPHA PHI - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Pat holds the door open for Erin, who walks past him dressed in her pajamas. Pat follows her in to discover that everyone else is dressed in formal attire.

PAT

Uh, this is a *formal* formal.

Erin laughs.

ERIN

I didn't want us to have to do all
that.

Pat tugs at his boxers, clearly uncomfortable.

PAT

Uncool.

ERIN

What are you going to do, prosecute
me?

PAT

I plead the fifth?

ERIN

I'm the one who would get to plead
the fifth. But in this case I think
I'll take an Alford Plea.

PAT

What's that?

ERIN

Chapter eight? It's a guilty plea
deal that allows the defendant to
avoid admitting to his or her
crime.

PAT
Somehow I don't buy that McGowan's
class is actually kicking your
butt.

ERIN
Are you mad?

PAT
Not if you promise to tutor me.

Off young Erin and Pat, excited to be at the start of
something...

INT. THE VAGIVY - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT

...We return to present-day Erin and Pat, knee-deep in
something that went wrong somewhere.

PAT
We used to be in love. Passionate,
even. Right?

ERIN
(honest)
Yeah.

PAT
So what changed?

ERIN
I don't know, Pat. I can't explain
it. But up on that stage tonight, I
felt alive. I need to chase that
feeling.

PAT
So do it.

Erin looks surprised.

ERIN
Seriously?

PAT
Stay in LA. Follow your passion.
Like I'm following mine.
(off her look)
I'm not giving up on us, Erin. Not
even close.

Erin holds back a smile. She nods to the kings who stand by
the stage getting congratulated. Except for Keisha, who's off
to the side talking with Antonio.

ERIN
I'm gonna go hang out with my
friends.

As she turns to walk into the crowd, Pat calls to her.

PAT
I'm going to stay in a sixty-nine-
themed hotel with a bunch of drag
queens until we work our stuff out.

Erin stops for a moment, impressed.

ERIN
Wow. I'm seeing a whole new side of
you tonight.

PAT
Right there with you.

EXT. WEHO BAR STRIP - NIGHT

Erin, Ivy, Keisha, Joanna, and Cal drink milkshakes from
Shake Shack as they walk down the street together. Erin spots
a Chrysler Pacifica up ahead.

ERIN
Isn't that the ugliest fucking car
you've ever seen in your life?

JOANNA
It just looks like a boring
minivan.

ERIN
Exactly.

Erin flips off the Pacifica as they pass by.

IVY
We knocked Street Fair on its ass!
I loved seeing Antonio so angry.
I've never seen him *angry* before!

CAL
His face got so scrunched up!

JOANNA
I swear I saw his eye twitch.

ERIN
Just wait until we run his bar out
of business!

CAL

He told me he was going to "hit us with a zoning threat." What does that even mean?

ERIN

I doubt he has any real ammo. And even if he does, I'm a trained paralegal, so good luck to him.

CAL

Yes! Sue him for all he's worth!
(then)
That's how it works, right?

Erin laughs. Ivy turns to Keisha.

IVY

What was Antonio talking to you about? Additional legal threats?

Keisha shakes her head. Unlike the other kings, she's not laughing along.

KEISHA

Antonio's actually become more open minded than you guys think.

JOANNA

What do you mean?

KEISHA

He invited me to perform as a drag queen.

The kings stop walking. If Antonio's face was mad, Ivy's is furious.

IVY

Where does he get off? Why would he invite a member of our troupe to be a female drag queen?

Now Keisha is furious, too.

KEISHA

Let's go to my place. We gotta talk.

Keisha pulls Ivy away. Erin shares a glance with Joanna and Cal -- looks like Ivy's in trouble.

INT. IVY'S STUDIO APARTMENT - LATER

Erin and Ivy sit on Ivy's couch, a couple bottles of wine deep.

ERIN

What happened with Keisha?

IVY

You just think you know someone, and then they decide they want to wear a dick twenty-four-seven. She wants to transition, but I'm a lesbian. I told her I can't change that.

ERIN

I'd offer you advice, but I'm the one who went and did male drag in my straight relationship. Maybe you should talk to my husband.

(then)

He was shockingly cool about it, actually.

Ivy laughs.

IVY

You're cool too, Erin. I should tell you that. I thought it at camp, and I think it now.

ERIN

Thanks. I think you taught me how to be cool.

IVY

I didn't teach you anything about that hideous bedazzled bomber.

ERIN

It's not *bedazzled*, it's sequined. There is a huge difference.

Ivy takes another gulp of wine.

IVY

So you were really obsessed with me for the past ten years.

ERIN

"Obsessed" is a strong word.

Ivy raises her eyebrows at Erin.

ERIN (CONT'D)

But yes.

Ivy laughs as Erin continues to reflect.

ERIN (CONT'D)

If I'm being honest, after a while it was more the idea of you. No offense. I'd daydream about this confident California girl. Unapologetically gay and gorgeous. I felt like I could never fully be myself; but you, you always have been.

IVY

Did you also think everyone in California rode around on rainbows and dental dams?

ERIN

Wait, you guys don't?

Ivy smacks Erin playfully. It's like they're kids at camp again. Then suddenly Ivy is leaning in--

ERIN (CONT'D)

Sorry but I really have to pee.

Erin pulls away.

ERIN (CONT'D)

It's just, I've been dreaming about this moment for a pretty long time, and I don't want to have it happen while I can't stop thinking about how badly I need to pee.

INT. IVY'S STUDIO APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Erin sits on the toilet, peeing. She finishes and wipes. Then realizes there's something else down there.

She pulls out her tampon and holds it up in front of her by its tail. There's no blood on it.

Erin thinks. Counts on her fingers.

A look of dread slowly clouds her face.

END OF PILOT