

DOIN' IT STANDING UP

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. RED'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY
(Jodi "Red" Davis)

CRASH! JODI "RED" DAVIS, 32, UNKEMPT, THIN WITH LONG FIERY RED HAIR AND BITING PERSONALITY TO MATCH, AWAKES ABRUPTLY. LOUD BANGING HEARD FROM THE STREET BELOW. SHE GRUMBLES AND PLANTS A PILLOW OVER HER HEAD TO BLOCK THE NOISE. SILENCE. SHE RELAXES.

BOOM! SHE JOLTS UP, JUMPS OUT OF BED, BUMPS INTO A CRATE-MADE NIGHT STAND, KNOCKING OFF AN EMPTY BOTTLE OF GIN, SLIPS ON AN OLD PIZZA BOX AND STUMBLES TO THE WINDOW.

SHE OPENS IT AND YELLS DOWN.

RED

Hey, some people are trying to sleep
around here!

RESET TO:

EXT. RED'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS
(Red, Moving Guy, Mike, Thirteen-year-old boy, Extras)

RED EXTENDS HERSELF OUT THE WINDOW. A MOVING TRUCK SITS OUT FRONT WHERE A PORTLY MOVING GUY STRUGGLES WITH A LARGE BOX.

MOVING GUY

Lady, it's two in the afternoon.

RED

Well, I--

MIKE, MID-THIRTIES, RED'S BOYFRIEND, WALKS TOWARD THE TRUCK. A LAMP IN ONE HAND, AND AN INFLATABLE COUCH IN THE OTHER.

RED (CONT'D)

MIKE! What the hell are you doing?

(REALIZING) That's my couch.

MIKE TOSSES IT UP TO HER. RED REACHES OUT TO GRAB THE COUCH AND STRUGGLES TO FIT IT THROUGH THE WINDOW.

RED (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

MIKE

Anywhere.

RED

That's descriptive. (MOCKING) And who will you live with?... People. And what will you eat?... Food.

THE COUCH POPS. AS IT LOSES AIR, RED SHIMMIES IT INTO THE ROOM.

RED (CONT'D)

When did you order this van?

NO ANSWER.

RED (CONT'D)

(TO MOVING GUY) Hey, hey, buddy, when did he call you?

MIKE GLARES AT HIM.

MOVING GUY

Um, ma'am, that's authorized
information.

RED

You're not the CIA.

MOVING GUY

He told me not to tell you anything.

RED

Oh, he did, did he? And when did he
tell you that?

MOVING GUY

Last wee-- (CATCHING HIMSELF) oops.

RED

(FUMING) A week ago? A week ago!
You've known for a week and I find out
from Big Joe.

MOVING GUY

Jim.

RED

...from Big Jim as you are sneaking
out of my apartment...you're taking
everything!

MIKE

It's all mine.

RED

Well, this is yours too!

RED TAKES OFF HER T-SHIRT AND TOSSES IT OUT THE WINDOW. SHE YELLS, TOPLESS.

RED (CONT' D)

What about rent?

MIKE HOPS INTO THE VAN AND SPEEDS AWAY.

A THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY LOOKS UP AT RED WITH A HUGE GRIN.

RED (CONT' D)

Privacy?

RESET TO:

INT. RED'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM- CONTINUOUS
(Red)

RED TURNS AND SURVEYS HER MESSY ROOM. SHE RUMMAGES THROUGH A PILE OF CLOTHES, LIFTS A SHIRT, SNIFFS IT, PUTS IT ON. WALKS TO:

RESET TO:

INT. RED'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS
(Red)

RED GRABS HER FLASK. EMPTY. SHE OPENS THE FRIDGE. EMPTY. SHE OPENS A VODKA BOTTLE POKING OUT OF THE TRASH AND SUCKS THE LAST FEW DROPS. DEPRESSED, SHE NOTICES AN OLD ALARM CLOCK SITTING WHERE HER COFFEE TABLE USED TO BE. SHE'S LATE! SHE GATHERS HER BELONGINGS AND RUSHES OUT THE DOOR.

CUT TO:

INT. CARSON'S COLLEGE DORM ROOM - AFTERNOON
(Carson, Griffin)

CARSON PELTZ, 18, A SPUNKY COLLEGE FRESHMAN, A REAL WHEELER - DEALER AND TOM BOY. SHE IS COMPLETELY OBLIVIOUS THAT HER BEST FRIEND, GRIFFIN PETERS 18, TYPICAL FRESHMAN GUY, HAS A HUGE CRUSH ON HER.

CARSON

You want to put fifty on the Knicks?

CARSON WRITE IN A NOTEBOOK AND SMOKES ON A CIGARETTE.

GRIFFIN

I'm feelin' lucky.

GRIFFIN GRABS A SODA BOTTLE FROM THE FRIDGE AND TAKES A SWIG.
HE CHOKES.

CARSON

Ooh, that was scotch.

GRIFFIN

When did you become my grandfather?

And you don't even drink.

CARSON PLACES MINI BOTTLES OF TEQUILA INTO TORAHS WITH PAGES
CUT OUT. THE BOOKS HAVE STICKERS SAYING "HIDE-MY-TEQUILA-
TORAH" \$9.99 "L' CHAIM!"

CARSON

It's for the poker tournaments, not
only do I organize, but I supply
cigars and drinks.

PHONE RINGS. CARSON ANSWERS.

CARSON (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) Hi Mom, hey Dad... Oh--

AS SHE TALKS, SHE MOTIONS FOR GRIFFIN TO HELP HER AND HANDS
HIM THE TORAHS.

CARSON (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) Sorry I didn't call.

SHE PUTS OUT HER CIGARETTE AND SIMULTANEOUSLY LIGHTS ANOTHER.