

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

ROSE

Well? Are you famous yet?

Maggie undresses, Rose heads to her laptop

ROSE

A position in retail. Employment history?

Maggie turns on TV

ROSE

What was your last job?

MAGGIE

Lucky Jeans for 3 weeks.

ROSE

Why'd it end?

MAGGIE

Some crazy bitch with a coupon.
"The coupon says 15%! 15% of the total! 15% of 42! Do the math! What's your problem?"

ROSE

Ok, well, if anyone asks, just... say it wasn't challenging enough. And before that it was a restaurant, right? The Canal house?

MAGGIE

(laughing)
16 shots, hot guy, crowbar = Canal house is now "Anal House"

They both laugh.

ROSE

And before that?

MAGGIE

(sighs) Before that? The Gap. Before that? The Limited. Wanamaker's Fragrance, Wanamaker's Accessories. Oh, come on. You really don't want to do this right now, do you?

ROSE

No, but I also don't want you on my couch for the next 3 months.

MAGGIE

I'll let you do my resume if you let me do your makeup.

ROSE

Forget it.

MAGGIE

Why?

ROSE

I don't know- at some point today, I have to face the world... & I'd rather not do it looking like a \$20 hooker.

MAGGIE

Oh, come on. I promise you'll still look like you, just better. Let's go pick out an outfit for inspiration. Shoes.

ROSE

I don't have-

MAGGIE

(running) SHOES! - You know you don't even wear most of these. Shoes like these should not be locked in a closet. They should be living a life of scandal & passion... & getting screwed in an alley way by a billionaire while his frigid wife waits in the limo... thinking that he just went back into the bar to get his cell phone. Oh, these are cute too.

ROSE

Please tell me you just made that up.

MAGGIE

Look, if you're not going to wear them, don't buy them. Leave them for somebody who's going to get something outta them.

ROSE

I get something out of them. When I feel bad, I like to treat myself. Clothes never look any good. Food just makes me fatter.

(MORE)

ROSE (cont'd)
Shoes always fit... Did you fill
out that application from the diner
we went to last night, yet?

MAGGIE
Oh, I can't believe you did that.

ROSE
Did what?

MAGGIE
"Are you hiring?"... God, Rose we
were having fun for once.

ROSE
It's an opportunity.

MAGGIE
To do what? To work the graveyard
shift serving pancakes to cops and
whores and drunks.

ROSE
I think you should work, so you
don't have to mooch off me for
everything.

MAGGIE
What are you talking about? I got
us two rounds of drinks last night.

ROSE
No! Cuervo Carl got the drinks and
only because he hoped you'd sleep
with him.

MAGGIE
Well, I didn't.

ROSE
You need a job, Maggie. There's a
whole world of commerce out
there... that has nothing to do
with sex. Where people actually
make money without seducing anyone.

MAGGIE
Obviously, or you'd starve.

ROSE
You're not gonna look like this
forever, you know.

ROSE(CONT'D)

Eventually you will get older...
and then all the men who foot your
bill now will be buying drinks for
girls half your age. And what are
you gonna do then? Well, you better
think of something cause middle
aged tramps aren't cute. They're
pathetic.

MAGGIE

Fine!

ROSE

What are you doing? Sit down
Maggie, Mags, Mags. Pretty but real
stupid.

MAGGIE

Shut up you fat pig!

ROSE

Did you honestly just say "fat
pig"? You are my sister... & best
you can do is "fat pig"?

Rose grabs Maggie's things & throws her against a wall.

ROSE

Get out of my life!