

SWEETHEART

"Pilot"

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COLD OPEN

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MAGGIE ANDERSON (25), a dark-skinned black woman with side-eye for days, sprawls on the couch with an open laptop. She ignores it in favor of an open issue of Cosmopolitan.

MAGGIE

Who told the raccoon eye to show its face again? This isn't the 1920s.

KATE (O.S.)

Can you check my outfit? I want to look smart, but in a bang-able way.

KATE FRY (24), light-skinned with a blonde weave (and a body that would leave Ayesha Curry SHOOK), tugs on a cardigan as she enters and shows Maggie a dating profile on her phone.

KATE (CONT'D)

He's a lawyer and I want him to get me pregnant. What's happening with the job search?

MAGGIE

What's happening with this cardigan? Planning to be in bed by 9?

KATE

That good, huh?

But she sheds the cardigan and twirls for Maggie's approval.

MAGGIE

(snapping photo)
I've been rejected by four non-profits in four days. I need blog therapy.

KATE

Isn't it a little weird that you're making money off ads when you're trying to change the world and shit?

MAGGIE

Judging people's lifestyles makes me feel better. And I donate that ad revenue to the Legal Defense Fund.

ANGLE ON her laptop, where we see the SWEETHEART blog packed full of fashion spreads, make-up tips, and photos of Kate.

KATE

You'll get there. Just start small.

Maggie adds the photo of Kate to the Sweetheart blog, then gestures at her own body.

MAGGIE

Does anything about me look small to you?

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT [THREE YEARS LATER]

There's a party going on right here in the apartment. Maggie and Kate hold champagne glasses, giddy.

KATE

Everyone shut up! A toast!
 (pointing to Maggie)
 To this boss-ass babe right here.
 Three years ago, she was donating pennies from ad revenue to the ACLU.
 Now, she pays our rent by being the judgiest bitch I know!

Everyone in the room laughs, knowing *exactly* what she means.

KATE (CONT'D)

And she sold her fashion blog to SOCIAL. LIFE. MAGAZINE. We mainstream, bitchesssss!

MAGGIE

To no more frivolous bullshit!

CROWD

To no more frivolous bullsh--

DOUGLAS (O.S.)

Uh, excuse me?

ANGLE ON DOUGLAS (30), whose dating profile we once saw on Kate's phone. He peers at a copy of the contract.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Did you actually read this?

Maggie snatches the contract from him and flips through it.

MAGGIE

Shit. I didn't just sell the blog.
 (horrified)
 I got a job.

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONEINT. SOCIAL LIFE OFFICES - DAY

Maggie and Kate step into the headquarters of an online platform for the youthful, stylish, and fearless.

The words are splashed on the wall so no one can forget it. *YOUTHFUL. STYLISH. FEARLESS.*

A WILLOWY INTERN pushes a rack full of clothing samples between cubicles (nothing over a size 8). Some HIPSTERS who stumbled into employment kick around a hacky-sack.

With her blonde weave and bronzed skin, Kate almost blends with the sea of mostly white employees. Maggie stands out like a sore thumb.

MAGGIE

This is the worst day of my life.

KATE

This is what heaven must look like. As you know, I pray to Manolo Blahnik. He hath prepared this place for me.

MAGGIE

I was *this close*. I didn't go to Yale for this shit.

KATE

I went to RISD for exactly this shit. I know this isn't exactly what you wanted, but damn, it's working for me.

MAGGIE

Why didn't I connect with any of those non-profits? All I want to do is...

KATE

What?

MAGGIE

I don't know, but something more important than knowing if I'm a winter or a spring.

CHADWICK (O.S.)

(sing-songy)

MMAGGieeee!

CHADWICK BROWNING (24) approaches, sporting a polka-dot bow-tie and the irrepressible enthusiasm of someone with a background in musical theater.

CHADWICK (CONT'D)

Welcome to Social Life! Soobin's just finishing up a meeting, but we'll drop in on her in a bit.

He turns to Kate gives her a courteous handshake.

CHADWICK (CONT'D)

Kate, it's so nice of you to join us for this first day. Of course we have the utmost respect for all of your contributions to the Sweetheart brand.

KATE

Um... thank you? I can't wait to see what you guys have planned!

CHADWICK

Let me take you to your cubicle!

Chadwick leads the way, Maggie and Kate a few steps behind.

KATE

(whispers)

We don't even have separate cubicles?

MAGGIE

(whispers)

And we're the only black people in sight. This might be a hate crime.

MARKUS (O.S.)

Chadwick!

Maggie, Kate, and Chadwick all turn at the sound of a booming, irritated voice.

MAGGIE

Oh look, another one.

MARKUS MILLER (30), a black man with a football player's build and a well-kept beard, storms into view.

MARKUS

Tell me one of them is my new temp.

He gives Maggie a disdainful once-over.

MARKUS (CONT'D)

I'm assuming it's this one.

MAGGIE

Excuse me?

CHADWICK

Neither of them is your temp, Markus.
I'll let you know when I've got one
for you.

Chadwick beckons Maggie and Kate onward.

KATE

Mmm, I might leave Douglas for that.

MAGGIE

Ugh, no, come on.

She grabs Kate by the elbow and drags her away.

INT. MAGGIE'S CUBICLE - DAY

Chadwick proudly swings his arm over the expanse of a cubicle decorated with three cheery succulents. A small placard on the outside reads, "Maggie Anderson-- Our Sweetheart."

CHADWICK

Here you are! Cube sweet cube!

MAGGIE

Wow. Thanks.
(beat)
Where's Kate's placard?

Kate waits expectantly for the reveal of her card. Chadwick, alarmed, looks back and forth from Maggie to Kate.

KATE

If you needed a nickname suggestion,
my grandma calls me Boo-Boo.

CHADWICK

No, it's not... We only hired Maggie.

Maggie's eyes widen in shock.

INT. SOOBIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Chadwick sits next to a fuming Maggie as she faces down SOOBIN CHOI (40s), a woman with sharply bobbed hair and the air of vitality only granted to the filthy rich.

SOOBIN

When we acquired Sweetheart, we were
pursuing your voice and point of view.
Kate's a model. You're the heart.

MAGGIE

And Kate's the face! You can't replace her with some rando off the street.

SOOBIN

We're replacing her with you.

Maggie looks horrified.

MAGGIE

Absolutely not. I only agreed to the acquisition so that I could pursue my passions without financial pressure.

CHADWICK

And what are those passions?

Maggie is lightly stumped.

MAGGIE

You know, changing the world. Ending poverty. Eating less red meat...

SOOBIN

You signed a contract that was contingent on your direct involvement with the Sweetheart brand. Step away, and you'll be in breach to the tune of thirty thousand dollars.

MAGGIE

THIRTY THOUS-- for a blog?

Chadwick holds up his hands in a placating gesture.

CHADWICK

Why don't we all take some deep breaths to calm down?

(vocal exercises)

HWHEEE.... HWHEEEE... HWEE--

SOOBIN

-- Thank you, Chadwick.

(to Maggie)

You should be proud. You created a valuable product.

Maggie takes a moment to steady herself.

MAGGIE

Kate works right along with me, or I walk. Penalty be damned. So tell me what you're going to do about that.

INT. MAGGIE'S CUBICLE - DAY

Maggie and Kate speak in hushed whispers. Passing employees shoot curious glances into the cube while Maggie taps furiously at her phone, composing a tweet.

TEXT: Are you plus-sized? Are you black? Do you have a "point of view"? DM me for a potential job opportunity! With a WHOOSH, the tweet zips out into the internet.

KATE

A temp job? Are you kidding me? After I interned for GOOP my junior year I told myself, "Kate, never again."

MAGGIE

I'm not happy either. But floating between departments is the only way they'll keep you on while I fix this.

KATE

You said there's a 30K penalty! You got a rich uncle I don't know about?

Maggie's phone DINGS, and she swipes it open.

MAGGIE

Hell yes.

KATE

What? Did you have a rich uncle? Is he dead? RIP, but did he leave you 30K?
What is happening?

Maggie displays her screen-- full of responses to her tweet.

MAGGIE

I'm fixing it.

Maggie grabs her bag and sneaks out of the cubicle.

INT. SOCIAL LIFE OFFICES - DAY

Maggie enters the office with a POSSE OF WOMEN. Most of them are plus-sized. One sports a fantastic purple afro. One woman might be homeless, but she's working the grunge look.

Chadwick scrambles into view. Maggie doesn't break stride.

CHADWICK

Uh, what is going on here?

MAGGIE

I've found some potential replacements. I really can't be tied down here, you know?

Maggie gets to the elevator and jabs the "Up" button. The door dings open, and Maggie herds her replacements inside.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Look, this is a cute magazine. I'm sure you've helped a lot of girls through their first periods or whatever. But it's not for me.

The doors shut on Chadwick's exasperated face.

INT. SOCIAL LIFE CORRIDOR - DAY

Maggie & Co stride in dramatic slo-mo. Purple Afro fluffs her hair. A plus-sized woman repositions her enormous boobs.

The (almost certainly) homeless woman snags a throw pillow from a chair and shoves it into her jacket.

Soobin's SECRETARY watches the hoard bear down on her.

SECRETARY

Excuse me, you can't be here without an appointment--

But Maggie brushes past her and marches straight into--

INT. SOOBIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Soobin looks up as Maggie invades her space.

MAGGIE

Soobin, hi. I know I don't have an appointment, but I wanted to introduce you to a few people.

SOOBIN

Also all without appointments.

Maggie waves the women forward and begins introducing them.

MAGGIE

Magenta is a natural hair blogger.
Jeanie is a body-positive advocate.

Purple Afro and a PLUS-SIZED WOMAN wave genially at Soobin.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

And Susan--

The (surely, by now, we've agreed she's definitely) homeless woman looks up from Soobin's drinks cart.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Well, to be honest, I met Susan a few blocks down, but she's got a real point of view on the housing crisis.

SUSAN

Did my dissertation on it at Berkeley. Also, can I take these peanuts?

Soobin glares at Susan who, undeterred, stuffs the peanuts in her coat anyway.

SOOBIN

Ladies. Thank you so much for expressing interest in joining the Social Life team, but the Sweetheart position is filled.

MAGGIE

But you haven't even had a chance to meet the others! Someone here used to work at Sephora. That's good, right?

She raises her voice, trying to identify the Sephora woman.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Can whichever one of you worked at Sephora raise your hand real quick?
(several hands go up)
Oh, wow, that's a bunch of you.

SOOBIN

Enough.

Her dangerous tone of voice silences everyone in the room.

SOOBIN (CONT'D)

Everyone except for Margaret, please exit the building.
(beat)
Go now, or you will not receive parking validation.

Everyone books it except for Susan, who pilfers a bottle of Fiji water before exiting. Soobin sets her gaze on Maggie.

SOOBIN (CONT'D)

Explain to me... what the *hell* you thought you were doing.

MAGGIE

I'm just trying to help you understand that this isn't going to work for me. But there are a lot of other options!

SOOBIN

Let me make this simple for you. You signed a contract. You work for *me*.

MAGGIE

I sold you the blog because I wanted to move on to other things. I never wanted to talk about fashion. I want to talk about *real* issues.

SOOBIN

Then why didn't you start a social justice blog?

Oop! Soobin: 1. Maggie: 0.

MAGGIE

I-- Sweetheart started by accident!

SOOBIN

And you never tried to make it into something more?

MAGGIE

It paid the bills. And I kept looking for other jobs in the meantime.

SOOBIN

Yet you never found one. Margaret, consider the possibility that you didn't need one. Popular culture is a powerful force. You can change the world right here at Social Life.

MAGGIE

But I don't want to. I went to Yale, all right? I should be working my up at a non-profit, not working at a place that suggests lipstick shades for your mood.

Soobin quirks one perfectly-manicured eyebrow at Maggie.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. It's just--

SOOBIN

-- This may prove to be an excellent growth opportunity for you, Margaret.

MAGGIE

Maggie.

SOOBIN

Nicknames are suitable only for
children and athletes.

She folds her hands atop her desk and stares Maggie down.

SOOBIN (CONT'D)

Positioning you as the face of the
Sweetheart brand is a business
decision. A *final* decision. If you
want to breach your contract, that's
your decision, but it'd be a stupid
one. You don't strike me as a stupid
woman.

Soobin returns to her computer. A stunned Maggie turns numbly
toward the door.

SOOBIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Margaret.

Maggie turns back, tentatively hopeful.

SOOBIN (CONT'D)

Do not ever come into my office
without an appointment.

She waves her hand dismissively.

SOOBIN (CONT'D)

Now you may go.

Off Maggie's humiliated, frustrated expression:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. SOCIAL LIFE PANTRY - DAY

Maggie does battle with a space-age coffee machine that refuses to give her coffee and instead BEEPS alarmingly.

MAGGIE

What the hell...?

AMANDA (O.S.)

Do you mind?

AMANDA MCALLISTER (28) all shimmery blonde hair and genuine pearls, swoops in and deals with the coffee machine.

Maggie's eyes light up as she recognizes Amanda.

MAGGIE

Oh my god!

At Maggie's outburst, Amanda literally clutches her pearls.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

You're Amanda McAllister. I'm a huge fan of your New Yorker articles on female empowerment.

Oh, a fan. You can read it in Amanda's eyes.

AMANDA

So am I. Are you a new hire? A temp?

MAGGIE

I'm the creator of Sweetheart. I'm about to be the face of it, actually. Blush.

(she pulls a face)

I'm actually way more interested in what you're doing. Really changing the world, you know?

But she doesn't notice Amanda's expression, which has been souring ever since Sweetheart was mentioned.

AMANDA

Oh, the Sweetheart experiment.

MAGGIE

Experiment?

AMANDA

You do a lot of urban content, right?

MAGGIE

Uh--

Amanda takes Maggie's mug, now full from the machine, and holds it.

AMANDA

My department focuses on more inclusive content. Helping women-- all women-- gain power and work for the benefit of humanity.

MAGGIE

Yes, exactly. I would love to be a part of that.

An insincere smile crosses Amanda's lips.

AMANDA

If you can make something of--
(lightly mocking)
Sweetheart, maybe we can talk about you doing a few pieces for our feminism features.

MAGGIE

That'd be amazing. Thank you so much.

Amanda starts to walk away, but--

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Oh, wait!

She points to the mug in Amanda's hands.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

You've actually got my mug.

Amanda relinquishes the mug and watches Maggie stride determinedly out of the pantry.

INT. PHOTO STUDIO - DAY

Maggie fluffs her twist-out while Kate preps a video camera.

MAGGIE

At least we still work together?

KATE

Yeah. You came around pretty quick.

The bitterness in her voice is slight, but definitely there.

MAGGIE

Doing this is the only way to prove that I should be doing something else. If I can get the same kind of traction of Sweetheart that Amanda gets from her Women Write section, I can get out of here. Trust me.

She places a reassuring hand on Kate's shoulder.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

This job is yours. You'll get it back.

Kate cracks a smile and raises the video camera--

CUT TO:

INT. SWEETHEART SECTION - DAY

The video of Maggie plays on a computer screen. Her skin glows, her hair is flawless.

MAGGIE

Remember, shea butter for your face, coconut oil for everything else. Get the glow, girl!

CUT TO:

INT. MAGGIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maggie opens her laptop and navigates to the Sweetheart Section of Social Life.

She eyes the comments section of her moisturizer feature--

Which has a BUNCH of likes. With increasing giddiness, she scrolls through the reactions...

INT. MAGGIE'S CUBICLE - DAY

Kate peers over Maggie's shoulder as Maggie finishes up her romance quiz ("What Kind of Man Can Handle You?"). Maggie GASPS and turns her computer to the screen. Kate SNAPS a pic.

CUT TO:

INT. SWEETHEART SECTION - DAY

An Instagram photo on the Sweetheart Section shows Maggie's quiz soulmate is Black Panther's Winston Duke. Fight me.

Maggie speaks to camera as the rest of her stays photo-still.

MAGGIE

Apparently, I need a man who's large,
in charge, and fights for the good of
the people.

Her eyes swing down to the photo of M'Baku.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

No complaints here!

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Maggie's eyes are glued to her laptop as Kate enters with pop-tarts in hand.

KATE

It's been two weeks! What's happening?
When are things going back to normal?

MAGGIE

Huh?

She glances up and notices Kate for the first time.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Oh, um. I'm working on it.

Kate looks at Maggie's computer screen.

KATE

"Sweaters for your skin tone"?

MAGGIE

It needs photos, so we'll work
together again! It's just a quick
piece, promise. The Sweetheart Section
has a bunch of hits... more than
Amanda's section.

Maggie smiles up at Kate.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

This'll all be over soon.

CUT TO:

INT. PHOTO STUDIO - DAY

Maggie models four sweaters in different fall colors and
rocks them all alongside skinnier models of different shades.

Kate takes photos under the watchful eye of Markus.

MARKUS

You're gonna want to angle--

SNAP! Kate gets the photo at exactly the angle Markus was going to suggest.

MARKUS (CONT'D)

... Never mind.

He turns his attention to Maggie, who looks radiant in plum.

MAGGIE

(to Kate)

I want to post these shots right after lunch, so can you get them to me ASAP? Thanks, girl, you're the best.

She strikes a power pose and doesn't notice Kate's resentful expression as she raises the camera. SNAP!

CUT TO:

INT. SWEETHEART SECTION - DAY

Over that killer photo are the words "YOUR NEW SWEETHEART" in magazine title text. Maggie addresses the camera.

MAGGIE

Plum may be in, but there's nothing sweeter than you.

Maggie winks roguishly at the camera.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Chadwick sits at the head of the table with the usual suspects. Amanda sits down as she finishes up her report.

AMANDA

Our wage gap feature got a lot of love, so we might revisit that area.

CHADWICK

Thank you, Amanda. Consider focusing on other populations.

Maggie proudly stands to her feet.

MAGGIE

When I assigned to be the new face of the Sweetheart brand, I wasn't happy.

Chadwick nods knowingly, his eyes slightly haunted. The posse of women did a number on him.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I planned to do big things. I didn't think fashion met that standard.

Music SWELLS as Maggie's speech turns distinctly inspirational.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

But seeing such a positive response-- I'm moisturized. I'm stylized. I'm personally revitalized. This experience has empowered me, and I believe our readers feel the same.

Maggie returns to her seat triumphantly just as--

AMANDA

-- Do they, though?

Maggie double-takes as Amanda reclaims attention.

MAGGIE

Yes.

(preening)

I've seen some very flattering facebook comments.

AMANDA

It's just that I've taken it upon myself to get some data from our statistics department.

MAGGIE

I haven't heard any negative feedback.

AMANDA

Oh, sweetie, the numbers don't lie.

She casts the data on her laptop to the project screen in view of the entire room.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Traffic is down site-wide ever since the Sweetheart Section went live. I've also taken the liberty--

CHADWICK

(forced cheeriness)

You seem to have taken a few--

AMANDA

--Of pulling a few popular comments from the site for review.

Amanda starts to read. As she does--

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

A BLONDE WOMAN looks up from her phone to address the camera.

BLONDE WOMAN

I don't understand why the content on
the Sweetheart Section isn't for me
anymore. Your article suggested I put
coconut oil in my hair!

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A young, light-skinned COLLEGE STUDENT looks up from her
phone with a grimace.

COLLEGE STUDENT

Ugh! No matter what answers I put in,
I always get a black guy.

QUICK FLASHES of John Boyega, Idris Elba, the aforementioned
Winston Duke.

COLLEGE STUDENT (CONT'D)

No offense or anything, I'm just more
into white chocolate.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

A beanie-wearing BLACK MAN addresses the camera.

BLACK MAN

What happened to the pretty girl?

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Amanda finishes reading her comments with a triumphant smirk.
Any trace of Chadwick's cheery demeanor has faded away.

CHADWICK

Reading those comments was extremely
inappropriate.

AMANDA

I was only highlighting--

CHADWICK

You were tearing down one of my writers.

And it worked. Maggie, so exuberant at the start of the meeting, stares hollowly at the projected feedback.

CHADWICK (CONT'D)

I'll grant you that the Sweetheart Section is still finding its feet, but it's far from failing.

AMANDA

If we shove diversity down people's throats, we'll ostracize them. That's what's happening here.

MAGGIE

I'm going back to my desk.

AMANDA

That's very unprofessional. You can't just walk out of a meeting.

MAGGIE

Watch me.

And they do.

INT. MAGGIE AND KATE'S HOUSE- LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Maggie and Kate eat dinner on the couch. Kate fumes with righteous indignation while Maggie glowers into her stir-fry.

KATE

I swear that bitch brings out the Bronx in me. Where she stay? Imma call an Uber to take me to beat her ass.

MAGGIE

You wouldn't just take the subway-- you know what, it doesn't matter. This is stupid. This *job* is stupid.

KATE

The job isn't the problem. Those people--

MAGGIE

-- What did I expect from a bunch of morons who need people to tell them what shoes to buy? *Just buy what fits.*

Kate does her best to stay chill despite visible frustration.

KATE

So you got some bad feedback. Brush it off and move on.

MAGGIE

It's not that easy.

KATE

Yes it is! I did it all the time. Remember when all those people said I looked fat in plaid?

Maggie begins mauling a throw pillow with her bare hands.

MAGGIE

You didn't look fat, because you're not fat. You're not too fat with too wild hair and too dark skin--

KATE

Neither are you.

MAGGIE

Just because you were popular doesn't mean I'll be. We're not the same. You never get that.

A frustrated Kate sets her bowl down on the coffee table firmly enough that it shakes.

KATE

You know what, I *don't* get it. I'm black, too, Maggie!

MAGGIE

It's different. You're different. If you'd worn that purple sweater, it would have crashed the page.

KATE

Not everything is about colorism. I mean, lots of things are, but not this time! This is about you constantly dishing it out and not being able to take it.

MAGGIE

What?

KATE

You spend all your time judging people for not doing "important work"-- what have you ever done?

MAGGIE

I--

KATE

-- You *started a blog*. And now you're Sweetheart. Congrats, bitch, you're the Queen of Frivolous Bullshit.

MAGGIE

And you're not.

Kate goes utterly still.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I got your job *forced* on me and you got a glorified internship. That's why you're so pissed, right?

KATE

I'm pissed because you keep shitting on a job that I loved. Suck it *up*, Mags. Popularity isn't free.

MAGGIE

But everything else in your life is. You couldn't get an *interview* after you graduated from college. You were paying rent with money you made off lonely old dudes online. And then you piggybacked on *my career* instead of building your own.

Kate's stunned silent. Maggie has the grace to look shamed.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Look--

KATE

-- I'm done.

She tries to brush past Maggie, who wards her off.

MAGGIE

No! I won the fight, I storm off.

Maggie stomps to her bedroom and SLAMS the door.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREEEXT. MARKUS' EDITING BAY - DAY

Markus looks up as Maggie skulks past the editing bays, peering quickly into an open door before she keeps walking.

Markus waits... looks like she's gone-- and then she walks past again, half-hidden behind a large, empty coffee mug.

On her third pass--

MARKUS

Hey.

Maggie jumps, caught. Markus exasperatedly waves her into his editing bay and shuts the door behind her.

INT. MARKUS' EDITING BAY - DAY

Markus and Maggie stand almost nose to nose in the dark, cool space lit only by the light of his computer.

MARKUS

Kate's not here, I sent her out for bagels. What's up with the two of you?

MAGGIE

I don't know what you mean.

MARKUS

Kate's normally talked me to death by noon. It's 3pm and all she's done is her job. Very angrily.

MAGGIE

I'd like to do my job, too, so if you don't mind...

Maggie trails off as someone KNOCKS on the door.

CHADWICK

Maggie? Did I see you go in there?
It's me, Chadwick!

Markus moves for the door, and Maggie clutches his arm.

MAGGIE

On second thought, I can hang out for a few more minutes.

MARKUS

(sigh)
Only if you let go of me.

Maggie does, and shuffles in front of Markus. They have nothing to do but look at each other.

MAGGIE

If you're wondering why I'm--

MARKUS

-- I'm not. I hide from him sometimes, too. He's just so young.

MAGGIE

And energetic.

MARKUS

God, it's the worst.

They lapse into a silence slightly less uncomfortable than the one before.

MAGGIE

Can I ask you something?

MARKUS

I guess.

MAGGIE

The day I met, you assumed that I was your temp. What about me screams "part-time laborer"?

Chadwick KNOCKS harder on the door. They ignore him.

MARKUS

Nothing. But between the two of you, Kate seemed more the Social Life type.

MAGGIE

(wOW)
You're kind of a jerk.

MARKUS

And you're kind of a snob. There's nothing wrong with temp work. I rely on all my employees.

MAGGIE

I didn't say there was anything *wrong* with it. I was just annoyed by your assumption.

MARKUS

Forgive me for being surprised that you single-handedly started the paisley boot trend.

MAGGIE

Oh. My. God. You read my blog.

Markus freezes, caught.

MARKUS

My sisters read the blog--

MAGGIE

No, no, I KNEW I recognized that shirt. This was on my must-list three months ago. The paisley boots? Seven months ago.

Markus scowls as a grin spreads over Maggie's face.

MARKUS

What do you know, we're done here.

MAGGIE

No, wait! You should know that patterned bow ties are on December's list. Little sneak preview for you.

Markus pushes Maggie out of his office.

MARKUS

Fix Kate!

Markus shuts the door in her face. He stands in the dark for a moment, then flips a switch near the door.

Light spills from the recessed bulbs in the ceiling. They didn't need to stand in the dark at all.

MARKUS (CONT'D)

Idiot.

INT. SOCIAL LIFE PANTRY - DAY

Maggie creeps into the pantry and slides a mug out of the cabinet. She taps gently at the coffee machine-- it SHRIEKS.

MAGGIE

No no no no no shhhhh--

CHADWICK

-- Hi!

Chadwick bursts into the pantry, beams like the noonday sun.

CHADWICK (CONT'D)

So glad I caught you.

MAGGIE

(under her breath)
Damn it.

CHADWICK

Look, I know you might be feeling down
about some of that negative feedback.
We should talk about that.

Maggie holds up her coffee cup like a shield.

MAGGIE

I was just about to--

CHADWICK

-- OR, we could do something else
about it.

Chadwick rubs his hands together with almost fiendish glee.

CHADWICK (CONT'D)

Come on!

INT. SOCIAL LIFE OFFICES - DAY

Chadwick drags Maggie out into the center of the office.

CHADWICK

Everyone! By now you've all met our
very own Sweetheart!

He claps energetically. He claps alone.

CHADWICK (CONT'D)

There have been some totally normal
growing pains while we try to blend
Social Life and the Sweetheart brand.

Maggie tries to slip away, but Chadwick moves to block her
exit, herding her back to center.

CHADWICK (CONT'D)

I thought we might lend her a hand to
tell her to keep the faith. Or rather,
a song!

Maggie's eyes widen in horror as Chadwick clears his throat.
He sings to the tune of Journey's "Don't Stop Believin."

CHADWICK (CONT'D)

*You had a tiny site/you built it in
the dead of night/You want to be guru
but you're not.quite.there.*

MAGGIE

Is this about me?

CHADWICK

*Social Life's a biggish deal/We
offered you a bigger deal!/We form a
partnership/If all goes well it goes
on and on and on and on.*

Chadwick two-steps with maniacal enthusiasm.

CHADWICK (CONT'D)

*Check your/Emails./So that you can
read the lyrics./Join in!/For free
rounds at happ-y hour.*

The entire bullpen finds itself musically inspired.

WOMAN

*(off key, slightly behind)
Please send updates/by November 30th..*

CHADWICK

*(sings awkwardly to get back
on rhythm)
Not that/Email but good tryyyyyy
andIappreciateyoureenthusiasm!*

Everyone takes a turn to sing, getting more raucous with every line. Maggie shrinks in on herself just as Kate walks in with a carton of bagels.

Chadwick cues Maggie in.

CHADWICK (CONT'D)

*You can just sing "Don't stop
believin'." I compensated for that!*

The entire room watches her expectantly.

MAGGIE

I'm good, thanks.

CHADWICK

*(under his breath)
You're throwing off the rhythm...*

MAGGIE

*(under her breath)
I don't need to give everyone another
reason to judge me, okay?*

The song starts to fall apart as the rest of the office loses the thread. Kate jumps in to help.

KATE

Hold on to that feeeeeelin'.

The mood kicks up, and a visibly flustered Maggie slips away. Kate notices and tries to follow, but--

CHADWICK

Keep singing!

The bullpen elevator DINGS open to reveal Soobin, who glares at the spectacle before her.

SOOBIN

Wrap it up, Chadwick. Ariana Grande is being carried to the door as we speak. I *do not* want her to get ideas about singing in my presence.

Soobin notices Maggie slipping into a stairwell. She glances toward the glass front doors-- at the silhouette of a woman in bunny ears growing ever larger.

Then she turns back to the stairwell door.

INT. SOCIAL LIFE STAIRWELL - DAY

Maggie slumps onto the steps and buries her face in her hands. There's a KNOCK at the door before Soobin enters.

MAGGIE

Occupied!

SOOBIN

This is a stairwell, Margaret, not a bathroom stall.

She starts to sit down next to Maggie, then reconsiders and settles for leaning gingerly against the wall.

SOOBIN (CONT'D)

Do you know why you're here?

MAGGIE

Because I had a nasty bout of performance anxiety?

SOOBIN

Why you're here at Social Life.

MAGGIE

Because of Sweetheart.

Maggie half-laughs, half-sobs.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Because you wanted someone to torment.
Because you had money to burn--

SOOBIN

-- Pull yourself together.

Maggie blinks up at Soobin, who's as aloof as ever.

SOOBIN (CONT'D)

I acquired Sweetheart because you have what none of our competitors do.

MAGGIE

Childbearing hips?

SOOBIN

An original voice. In the past several weeks, I've seen you constantly devalue what we do here-- what you've made a career doing.

MAGGIE

I wanted to make a career out of changing the world. I made a career telling people what not to wear.

SOOBIN

And now you're showing them. You are, Margaret, with your fabulous skin and the aforementioned hips and your-- frankly overwhelming-- sense of entitlement.

MAGGIE

Thank you?

SOOBIN

You are showing the people who come to this blog how to exist as powerful people, just as they are. You are changing the world, just by being.

Before Maggie can respond, there's a KNOCK at the stairwell door. Kate pokes her head in.

SOOBIN (CONT'D)

If you'll excuse me, I have a pop princess to woo.

She sweeps past Kate, who promptly pulls Maggie up off the stairs and into a hug.

KATE

I'm sorry.

MAGGIE

I'm so sorry.

Kate pulls away to look Maggie in the eye.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I shouldn't have said all those terrible things.

KATE

True. But you're also my friend. I should have tried to, like, empathize instead of cutting the big toe out of all your socks.

MAGGIE

(fiddling with her shoe)
You did this?

KATE

Anyway, I'm sorry.

MAGGIE

No, I'm sorry. I've been feeling so shitty about not doing something "important" that I accidentally shit on you in the process. And that was awful of me.

KATE

I know you've been working toward doing something "big," but Maggie, what you're doing here *is* big.

MAGGIE

Yeah, a big blow to my ego.
(off Kate's expression)
What?

KATE

Before Chadwick made us kumbaya, did he actually talk to you?

MAGGIE

No...

KATE

Come with me.

CUT TO:

INT. CHADWICK'S OFFICE - DAY

Maggie and Kate sit across from Chadwick.

CHADWICK

I'm disappointed that Amanda was able to get under your skin, but I apologize for not expressing myself more clearly.

MAGGIE

Doesn't get much clearer than reading people's exact words.

CHADWICK

Yes, some of those comments were harsh, but I didn't explain how much POSITIVE feedback we've gotten!

MAGGIE

... What do you mean?

She glances at Kate as Chadwick cues up his computer.

CHADWICK

(clearing his throat)
Dear Sweetheart, until I saw your video--

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

A HIGH SCHOOL GIRL (black, dark-skinned) struts down the hall, bantu knot-out buoyant and regal. She addresses the camera directly.

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL

I thought coconut oil was for cooking and candles, not 4-c hair-- until I saw your *fire* twist-out. Now I'm strutting my stuff!

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

A young ASSISTANT (black, adorable) in business casual addresses the camera.

ASSISTANT

That romance quiz clued me into my preferences. I thought I'd need a man to cater to my every need, but you told me I needed a strong woman.

A sweet-looking BROWN GIRL comes into frame and plants a kiss on the Assistant's cheek.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
 (grinning)
 You weren't wrong.

CUT TO:

INT. COCKTAIL PARTY - NIGHT

A golden-skinned PLUS-SIZED WOMAN (30s, black), luminous in a plum-colored cocktail dress. She lifts her champagne glass.

PLUS-SIZED WOMAN
 I love the new Sweetheart and all her curves! Now, I'm ditching "slimming black" and dressing to stand out.

She turns away from the camera to clink glasses with a group of COWORKERS.

CUT TO:

INT. CHADWICK'S OFFICE - DAY

Kate beams proudly at Maggie. Chadwick folds his arms and looks at her challengingly.

CHADWICK
 So. You still think this work isn't important?

Maggie hesitates, and Chadwick's bravado wavers.

CHADWICK (CONT'D)
 (whispers)
 Don't stop believin'!

MAGGIE
 ... I'm starting to come around.

KATE
 YES!

She and Chadwick jump around the room enthusiastically. Chadwick starts singing--

MAGGIE
 No. No more songs.

EXT. CHADWICK'S OFFICE - EVENING

As Maggie and Kate weave through the cubicles on their way toward the door--

AMANDA (O.S.)

I hope you're proud of yourself.

Amanda glares at Maggie over the wall of her cubicle, eyes reddened from her recent reprimand.

Kate reaches for her earrings like she's finna pull them out, but Maggie stops her.

MAGGIE

You know what, Amanda? I am.

And she turns her back on Amanda, slinging an arm across Kate's shoulders as they head out.

INT. MAGGIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maggie trudges into her room and speaks over her shoulder to Kate, who sits on the couch with the remote control.

MAGGIE

See you in the morning. Don't fall asleep without wrapping your weave.

KATE

I'll make breakfast but I will not make promises.

Maggie shuts the door and sits on the edge of her bed. She takes out her laptop and navigates to the comments in the Sweetheart Section.

MAGGIE

Maybe this won't be a complete waste of my time.

DING. An email notification pops up in the corner of Maggie's computer screen. She opens the email, then GASPS.

ANGLE ON the computer screen-- which shows an interview offer from "The Center for Public Good."

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

END OF EPISODE