

**The Factory**  
"Pilot"

Written by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. LORENZO STUDIOS - NIGHT 1

The camera follows CLAIRE (25), an attractive, short-haired brunette with tattoos.

She walks through a dimly lit vast space with loft ceilings and high-end work stations but no people. In the distance, we hear a loud BANG BANG BANG.

CLAIRE

Vincent?

Claire follows the BANG BANG BANG to a door and opens it.

INT. PLAYROOM - NIGHT

A room with vintage arcade games, a foose-ball table and a heavy bag. The bag is getting punched by VINCENT (late 30s), a beefy guy with a shaved head and white tank top.

CLAIRE

Bad call with Arnie?

Vincent continues to hit the heavy bag.

VINCENT

He likes the mock-ups, but the logos weren't bold enough for the athletic, feminine...boldness of the Bolt brand.

CLAIRE

You said "bold" twice.

VINCENT

That's 20 times less than he said it.

Vincent pounds on the bag some more.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I've got till the end of the week to submit a winning logo. There's just no pleasing this grapefruit. Now, can you give me 10 minutes?

CLAIRE

Grapefruit?

CONTINUED:

VINCENT

Yeah, a fruit with horrible taste.  
It's an expression.

CLAIRE

It's not – and I love grapefruits. But  
you need to stop sulking.

VINCENT

I'm not sulking, I'm physically  
expressing negative energy. Besides,  
nobody loves grapefruits, they're like  
oranges' bitter, inbred cousins.

CLAIRE

(losing her patience)  
You smell like dirty underwear.

Vincent stops hitting the bag, wipes himself with a towel,  
puts on a shirt and takes a hit from a pot pipe.

VINCENT

For the record, my underwear smells  
(blows out the smoke)  
like roses.

The two leave the game room and walk through the space. They  
stop in front of a female mannequin dressed in athletic wear  
and large images of women in the outfit: running with lions,  
climbing a mountain and jumping over fire.

CLAIRE

I like the lion one, but I'm not too  
sure that's a thing these days.

VINCENT

Recreational obstacle-course apparel  
isn't the easiest to conceptualize.

They continue walking. Vincent points to Claire's copper  
necklace charm, a large, smiling skull with flowing hair and  
lightning-bolt crossbones.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

When did you make that?

They pass by a workstation with large fashion magazine covers  
and another area with a flat-screen TV showing a loop of  
children's animation.

CLAIRE

A few weeks ago.

CONTINUED: (2)

VINCENT

Friggin beautiful. If I can just keep  
this place open long enough, I can  
live off you guys...

They pause in front of an empty workstation with an unlit  
neon sign that says "Helio Tech." Vincent shakes his head.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

At least some of you. I can't believe  
I wasted so much cash on them.

Claire pats him on the back. They continue walking and arrive  
at a door with "Lorenzo Studios" written on it.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I have way too much work for this. If  
I don't get the Arnie account this  
place is gonna turn into a warehouse  
for counterfeit designer bags.

CLAIRE

This...  
(motions to the studio doors)  
was *your* idea!

VINCENT

You should know better than to listen  
to me when I'm stoned.

CLAIRE

Great, so I'll just ignore this whole  
conversation.

VINCENT

One drink, then back to work.

Vincent opens the door and enters the studios - a large, open  
space with white-screened backdrops. It's crowded with people  
and there's a large graffiti sign that reads "HAPPY 38TH!"

CROWD

SURPRISE!

FADE OUT.

END TEASER

ACT 1

FADE IN:

INT. LORENZO STUDIOS - DAY

A bleary-eyed Vincent enters the studio, which is bustling with activity. Claire runs up to greet him with a coffee.

CLAIRE  
Glad you finally decided to show up.

VINCENT  
I'm not as happy about that decision.

The two walk and talk to Vincent's office.

INT. VINCENT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

They enter a copper colored office with avant-garde artwork, an espresso machine and three large computer monitors.

CLAIRE  
The Lucky Brand people want to discuss the catalog retouching.

VINCENT  
Michael can handle that.

CLAIRE  
No, he certainly can't. Also that shady dude, Antonio, was lurking.

VINCENT  
Shit. Is he still here?

CLAIRE  
No, he said he was going for a latte. He told me to give you this.

Claire hands Vincent a red matchbook that says: Zio's Pizza, Bensonhurst. Vincent stares at it for a beat.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Who is he?

VINCENT  
An old friend, with helpful connections.

CLAIRE  
Now he really sounds shady.

CONTINUED:

VINCENT  
I'll deal with him.

CLAIRE  
OK. Finally, you have to design a winning logo for Arnie's bold, feminine, athletic, cohesive, athletic apparel brand thing.

VINCENT  
(in a mocking dumb voice)  
You said "athletic" twice.

CLAIRE  
FYI, Gloria is paid up and we got the rental money from last week's beauty shoot. But a few people are behind.

Claire gingerly hands Vincent a balance sheet.

VINCENT  
My brother Jimmy should be here soon. Can you show him around until I get my shit together?

CLAIRE  
Show him around? I hope you don't mean that in a *Mad Men* type of way.

VINCENT  
Of course not. A simple hand job should do the trick.

INT. LORENZO STUDIOS - CONTINUOUS

Claire exits Vincent's office and spots JAMES "JIM" LORENZO (30), floppy-haired and slim, near her desk.

CLAIRE  
Are you Vincent's brother? You don't look anything like him.

JIM  
We're actually almost identical, except for the hair...and build...and general personality.

CLAIRE  
Well, it's great to meet you. He told me you were kicking ass in L.A. How did your pilot for NBC go?

CONTINUED:

JIM  
I'm back in New York.

CLAIRE  
Oh, I didn't realize...

JIM  
That's why I'm back in New York. In  
L.A., a failure in show business  
follows you like bad cologne.

CLAIRE  
Well, I don't smell anything.

JIM  
Thanks.

The two share a moment.

JIM (CONT'D)  
(awkwardly)  
Uhm, I can't believe this place.

CLAIRE  
C'mon I've been tasked with showing  
you around.

Claire leads Jim through the studio.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Other than Vincent's own digital  
imaging company he has a stake in  
another seven...um, six businesses, of  
all different creative stripes. Have  
you ever heard of Rhonda Greenberg?

JIM  
That girl who literally cried blood on  
*Project Runway*?

CLAIRE  
Yep. She was here but sold her line to  
Calvin Klein about six months ago.  
Made a nice payday for your brother. A  
couple of video editing guys took over  
her space. But it's mostly photogs  
shooting fashion, still life, ads,  
editorial, you name it.

The two come upon MICHAEL FISHMAN (36), a long haired, gay  
and nebbish photographer who's shooting a pair of waifish  
models in front of a white screen.

CONTINUED: (2)

MICHAEL

Let me see sexy, not sleepy. Suck in your gut. I told you not to have dinner last night.

CLAIRE

Michael this is Vincent's brother Jim.

JIM

This looks like it's going well.

MICHAEL

The client is probably going to hate it. These girls are dullsville.

MODEL 1

We can hear you, Michael.

MICHAEL

Prove me wrong, ladies. I want cocaine eyes, not Xanax eyes.

Claire and Michael continue their walk.

CLAIRE

So this is the studio space, and on the other side of the floor are the more officey-type workstations.

JIM

And Vinny gets a piece of everyone's action?

CLAIRE

Vinny?

JIM

I mean...Vincent.

(beat)

Sorry, can't do it. It's Vinny.

CLAIRE

Well, the artists get set up with space and equipment and *Vinny* helps negotiate with their clients. Most creatives are terrified of business; he takes that out of the equation.

JIM

Part venture capitalist, part mob boss. What about you?

CONTINUED: (3)

CLAIRE

I design, mostly jewelry. But I'm not ready to open my own business.

Jim points to Claire's skull-and-crossbones necklace.

JIM

I doubt that.

CLAIRE

Would you like to invest?

JIM

Sure, what's the percentage for 300 dollars and a box of near mint 80s baseball cards?

CLAIRE

Do you have any 1986 Mike Schmidts?

INT. MIDNIGHT GLORIA OFFICE - LORENZO STUDIOS - DAY

Pacing inside a modern office with fashion magazine covers on the walls is GLORIA SCHWARTZ (45), a pretty yet weathered, curly-haired blonde.

Gloria's assistant, LEX (23), who's black with a shaved head, enters with an ice bucket and two bottles of water.

GLORIA

Lindsay hasn't cancelled, has she?

LEX

Would you like me to call her office?

GLORIA

God, how desperate would that look?

LEX

You'll do great, Gloria.

Gloria stops pacing and gives Lex a death stare.

GLORIA

Why...thank you. I appreciate your confidence and support.

Lex turns to exit the office - but Gloria's not done.

CONTINUED:

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Knowing that you – a girl who was 5 when I shot Versace ads on Donatella's private yacht – think that I have a chance to get a job, is just so swell.

Lex nods her head and slinks away. Gloria takes a sip of water when Lex buzzes in.

LEX O.S.

Gloria, Lindsay can't make the meeting but wants to Skype.

GLORIA

That God damn...Fine, put her on.

Gloria steadies herself as she sits in front of her computer. A window pops up with the face of LINDSAY JONES (40s), the pale and perfectly put together art director of *Vanity Fair*.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Lindsay, how are you, my darling?

LINDSAY

Oh Gloria, I'm so sorry I couldn't make it, but I'm up to my nips closing this issue. You understand, of course.

Lindsay puffs on an e-cigarette.

GLORIA

Of course. Hopefully next time I can show you my new setup.

LINDSAY

I have to ask, how have you been holding up since Jacob married that dreadful Israeli?

GLORIA

(beat)

I'm done with him, Lindsay. I'm sober and ready to shoot again. Did you get my concepts for the Leo cover?

Lindsay takes a sip of champagne.

LINDSAY

We had something else in mind, at least until we're confident you won't repeat Paris.

CONTINUED: (2)

GLORIA  
But who's shooting Leo?

Lindsay chokes on her champagne.

GLORIA (CONT'D)  
Don't tell me it's Jacob.

LINDSAY  
I'm sorry, dear - but right now he's  
so hot he can start a fire. And not by  
(dramatic air quotes)  
Accidental crack pipe.

GLORIA  
I've apologized for that 500 times!  
Wait, what's my assignment?

LINDSAY  
She's one of the sexy widows of  
Chicago or something.

GLORIA  
You want me to shoot a reality star?

LINDSAY  
Is that a problem?

Gloria does everything she can to contain her fury.

GLORIA  
No, of course not.

LINDSAY  
Fabulous. I'll have my girl send you  
all the info. Ta!

Lindsay shuts off her Skype. Gloria calmly grabs the ice bucket, bends down, puts her face in it and SCREAMS.

INT. VINCENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Vincent is sitting at his desk when he hears a loud muffled SCREAM. A large, spray-tanned guy with slick backed hair, ANTONIO JULIANO (late 30s), walks in.

ANTONIO  
Is someone slaughtering lambs in here?

Antonio plops on a couch and admires an abstract painting.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)  
I like this one; it's like a Pollock.

CONTINUED:

VINCENT

You've got a good eye.

ANTONIO

Yeah, I know I do. What I don't know is, where's my hundred K? We go back, but that don't mean you can take advantage. Ask old man Zio.

VINCENT

I just need a little more time.

ANTONIO

My original offer still stands.

VINCENT

I don't need a partner.

ANTONIO

Five years after I first floated this place and you ask for another loan? Sounds like business has gone sour and you can use some help.

VINCENT

I'm finalizing a deal that will get me squared away, *capisce*?

ANTONIO

You a neighborhood guy again, *paesan*?

VINCENT

Always have been.

ANTONIO

Divine! Now I don't have to go into my whole terrorizing spiel about how I'll bust you out if you don't pay. You've got one more week.

Antonio gets up to leave, but stops before reaching the door.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

Any good Vegan joints around here?

FADE OUT.

END ACT 1

ACT 2

FADE IN:

INT. LORENZO STUDIOS - DAY

Antonio walks out of Vincent's office and toward Jim and Claire, who are nearby chatting. Antonio lightly smacks Jim on the back of his head, much to Jim's annoyance.

ANTONIO

Hey, baby Lorenzo! How's it goin'?

Antonio aggressively gives Jim a handshake hug.

JIM

Hey Antonio, what's up with you?

Antonio, already distracted, scrolls through his cell phone.

ANTONIO

Jeez, Jimmy Lorenzo.

(to Claire)

The last time I saw this kid, he was in high school, begging me to sell him a dime bag of weed. I said no, of course, outta respect for his brother.

JIM

That's partly true.

(to Claire)

He offered to sell me coke instead.

Antonio looks up and stares Jim down for a beat.

ANTONIO

That ain't how I remember it.  
So I heard you were some TV bigshot.  
Ever meet Dick Wolf?

JIM

Nah, I'm done with that now.

ANTONIO

That's too bad.  
(to Claire)  
Hey honey, you two together?

CLAIRE

Do you need to schedule an appointment with Vincent?

CONTINUED:

ANTONIO

I'm not the type of guy who has to make an appointment. Unless, of course, it's for the two of us, tomorrow night, at my place.

CLAIRE

Darn, I have a no-appointment policy myself. Sorry.

Antonio fake punches himself.

ANTONIO

Bing! Bang! Boom! KO!  
(to Jim)  
Take it easy, kid. I'll see ya around.

Antonio walks away, and Jim rolls his eyes.

CLAIRE

That guy keeps showing up. Who is he?

JIM

Bad news from the neighborhood.

O.S. We hear Vincent yelling.

VINCENT O.S.

Jimmy, get your ass in here!

JIM

Hey, can you give me the rest of that tour when we're done?

CLAIRE

It's an appointment.

Jim gives Claire a sheepish grin and walks away.

INT. VINCENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Jim walks in and gets a bear hug from Vincent. The two sit.

VINCENT

So, like what I've done with the place?

JIM

Eh, kinda feels like this Asian fusion joint I used to go to in Malibu.

VINCENT

What...!

CONTINUED:

JIM

Relax, I'm just busting balls. Sorry I missed your birthday party but it was my night with junior.

VINCENT

My nephew's in New York? Is your ex here too?

JIM

Yep, Lisa's new boyfriend is the exec producer on *City Watch*.

VINCENT

That show's like *The Wire* meets *Deadwood*!

JIM

Yeah, well, it's just another slap in my face as I struggle to survive on freelance gigs writing blog listicles.

VINCENT

You can move in with Ma...

(stops himself)

Sorry, you can't be that bad. I wish I could help, but I'm overextended.

Vincent gets up and makes himself an espresso.

JIM

Is that why Antonio was here?

VINCENT

(sighs)

I screwed up.

JIM

You didn't borrow money from that gavone, did you? He blew up Frank the wop's car when you guys were like 17!

VINCENT

Frank had it coming.

(beat)

I know. I took a beating on a tech company and I needed to keep this place running. I had no other choice.

JIM

How are you going to pay him back?

CONTINUED: (2)

VINCENT

Female athletic apparel. If I can come up with a winning logo to please this guy Arnie then I can pay back Antonio and make some real bucks myself.

JIM

Jeez. I hate to ask now but, if this works out is there any chance I could, like, rent some space?

VINCENT

For what?

Claire quietly walks into the office behind Jim.

JIM

It would be nice to have a reason to shower and avoid surfing porn all day. I can give you a small percentage of my freelance fees to cover the cost.

VINCENT

You don't like working from home?

JIM

I can barely bring myself to do any work. I'm losing it. My daily highlight is coming up with crude names for online *Call of Duty* players. I want to be back around creative people, smart people, gay people... and cute office managers don't hurt.

Claire lets out a HA! Jim closes his eyes in shame.

VINCENT

So, I take it you two met?

INT. LORENZO STUDIOS - CONTINUOUS

Vincent, Jim and Claire exit Vincent's office to the studio.

CLAIRE

There's no need to apologize Jim, I shouldn't have snuck in like that.

VINCENT

I know what will make my little bro feel better. You didn't show Jimmy my secret garden yet, did you?

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE

I...

Gloria barges into the group.

GLORIA

Claire, did you set up the refreshments like I told you?

CLAIRE

Yes. And when the model arrived I escorted her to the dressing room and fetched her coffee, like you asked.

VINCENT

Where do you get off *telling* Claire?

GLORIA

Claire manages the studio and I'm doing a shoot in the studio, so today she's working for me. And that harpy is no model.

VINCENT

You know Gloria, sometimes I feel you're really resisting coming from a place of YES.

GLORIA

(pointing to Jim)  
Is this your *little* brother?

JIM

I am. And now I feel like it.

Lex runs over.

LEX

Gloria, there's a problem.

GLORIA

Did Claire forget the Burrata?

LEX

She's a monster!

INT. DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gloria and Lex walk into the dressing room as a young female makeup artist sobs and runs out past them.

A surgically-enhanced woman with big hair, TINA POLASKI (30), sits in front of a mirror in a bedazzled gown.

CONTINUED:

GLORIA

What seems to be the problem?

TINA

Look at my freaking face! I'm supposed to look sexy and sophisticated. Your girl made me look like a tramp.

Gloria and Lex share a glance.

TINA (CONT'D)

She doesn't even have my line of Drip beauty products.

Gloria needs to take control.

GLORIA

I can see that someone with your level of celebrity needs the best.

TINA

Damn right.

GLORIA

I happen to be personal friends with the brilliant Sergio Georgino. How would you like him to do your makeup?

Lex shoots Gloria a confused look.

TINA

Sergio Georgino?  
(beat)  
Well, it's about time.

Gloria turns to walk out and gets to the door.

TINA (CONT'D)

You're welcome.

Gloria spins around.

GLORIA

Excuse me?

TINA

I only agreed to have you shoot me as a favor to Lindsay. I Googled you. You're a drug addict.

Gloria and Lex finally walk out of the dressing room.

INT. DRESSING ROOM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lex stops Gloria.

LEX  
Who's Sergio Georgino?

GLORIA  
(distracted)  
Sergio and Georgino are my gyno's  
pugs. I'll have Michael pretend to be  
all Italian and gay and fabulous.

LEX  
So there isn't a super-important  
makeup stylist coming over?

GLORIA  
She's just marking her territory. She  
wouldn't know good makeup if it came  
in her hair.

LEX  
Hopefully she doesn't Google *him*.

Gloria shoots Lex a death stare. Lex is paralyzed in fear. Gloria grabs a camera, spins around and barges back into the dressing room as we stay on Lex's concerned expression.

GLORIA O.S.  
(screaming)  
You low-class, no-talent skank!

INT. PLAYROOM - DAY

Vincent and Jim enter the playroom. Vincent struts to the corner of the room, where there's a large mahogany cabinet.

JIM  
What's in there?

Vincent smirks and opens the cabinet to a fully stocked bar.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Nice.

Vincent taps a code on his cell phone. Suddenly a panel in the cabinet slides open to the STRUM OF A HARP, and a hidden shelf extends outward. On it are three, 10-inch, stainless steel Volcano marijuana vaporizers. Jim's eyes light up.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Weedfinger!

CONTINUED:

VINCENT

Vape 1, named Hendrix, is only for Indica, which is more of a heady strain. Vape 2 I call Carol. She's only for Sativa, a more physically relaxing bud.

JIM

And that one?

VINCENT

That's Horatio, and he's a wild card.

JIM

It's like the pneumatic-tube weed system we talked about the first time we got high together!

VINCENT

I tried that, but...logistics.

Jim approaches the contraption like it was a religious relic.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Anyone in the studio can use it to chill, get inspired, party with clients. Claire is in charge of the community stash.

JIM

So, what will it be?

VINCENT

Not me, I've gotta focus on the logo. You go ahead.

JIM

C'mon, don't make me smoke alone.

VINCENT

Dude, if I screw this up then my career and my body will get tossed out the window.

JIM

Like you've never worked high before?

VINCENT

Not with this much on the line.

JIM

You know, Van Gogh did his best work high on Absinthe.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

JIM (CONT'D)

(beat)  
Probably.

INT . PLAYROOM - CONTINUOUS - MONTAGE

Smooth 90s rap plays, and Vincent and Jim are all smiles.

-Vincent powers up all three vaporizers.

-Clear plastic bags connected to them slowly fill with vapor.

-Vincent and Jim suck from the bags.

-They both dance, high-five, blow smoke at each other.

-Vincent hits the heavy bag while Jim holds it.

-Jim hits the bag and falls down, laughing.

-Vincent juggles foosballs and drops them.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. PLAYROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vincent and Jim are lying on different couches. Claire enters with a Starbucks cup.

VINCENT

Hey Claire, can you order us some  
chicken parms?

CLAIRE

Here's a latte. Arnie's on the phone.

VINCENT

Shit.

JIM

I'm going to walk away now, my planet  
needs me. Thanks Vinny.

VINCENT

Come by tomorrow, and we'll talk some  
more about getting you space.

Claire walks Jim out. Vincent shakes his head like a wet dog to straighten himself out and presses the speaker button.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Hey Arnie, what's up?

CONTINUED:

ARNIE O.S.

I need a progress report on the logo.

Vincent grabs two 30-pound dumbbells and starts doing curls.

VINCENT

Just polishing.

ARNIE O.S.

If you can't cut it...

VINCENT

No, it's fine; I'll get you a winner tomorrow. I promise.

The phone line cuts out. Vincent looks around, picks up a half-full bag of weed vapor and inhales.

INT. VINCENT'S OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

Vincent's alone and manipulates a computer image of a women's figure. He stops, shakes his head and deletes it.

He watches intense online videos of women running the Tough Mudder. Crawling in mud, climbing over barricades, swinging from ropes, tip toeing over beams, falling in water traps.

Vincent gets up, looks in a mirror and uses his body in a variety of athletic poses, including: hands high and triumphant; flexing his arms and chest; hands out gliding.

He stops and lets out a SCREAM! He walks out of his office.

INT. LORENZO STUDIOS - CONTINUOUS

Vincent manically paces through the dark, desolate studio.

VINCENT

C'mon, think of something!

Vincent passes by Claire's desk, which is the only one in the studio with a light turned on. He spots a sketch of her skull-and-crossbones pendant. Now he's beaming.

INT. LORENZO STUDIOS - NEXT MORNING

The half-empty studio is gearing up for a new day. Claire sits at her desk when a call comes in. We can hear both ends.

ARNIE O.S.

Hey Claire, is the big guy in?

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE

He should be here shortly.

Claire peeks into Vincent's office; he's sleeping on a couch.

ARNIE O.S.

Just tell him we're really digging his design and that the powers that be wanna move forward.

CLAIRE

Wow, I didn't know he finished it. Once he gets inspired...

ARNIE O.S.

Yeah, we loved the sexy skull-and-crossbones.

CLAIRE

The what?

ARNIE O.S.

It's tough, edgy, feminine and bold.

Claire hangs up the phone, marches into Vincent's office.

INT. VINCENT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Claire storms in and pours an iced coffee on Vincent's head, waking him with a start.

VINCENT

What the hell!

CLAIRE

Scumbag!

VINCENT

I can explain. I was desperate.

Claire walks out. Vincent gets up too quickly, trips and bangs into his desk. In agony, he stumbles after Claire. Everyone in the studio stops and stares at the spectacle.

FADE OUT.

END ACT 2

ACT 3

FADE IN:

INT. - LORENZO STUDIOS - AFTERNOON

It's complete chaos. Dozens of people are running around: Half-dressed models sidestep food carts, delivery guys knock into hair and makeup people. Michael is yelling at Vincent.

MICHAEL

The catering is already here!

VINCENT

Didn't Claire tell you yesterday I might need the space to do test shots?

MICHAEL

No, she didn't, because you didn't, because if you had, she would've.

VINCENT

Calm down, we're just a little disorganized.

MICHAEL

My shoe closet is disorganized. This is like a Syrian refugee camp.

INT. BLAGGARD'S PUB - DAY

Claire nurses a drink at the bar of Blaggard's, a mostly empty dank pub. Behind Claire is a dirty window.

CLAIRE

Can I get another?

Jim passes by the window, sees Claire and walks in.

INT. BLAGGARD'S PUB - CONTINUOUS

JIM

Hey, is this a late liquid-lunch deal?

CLAIRE

It's an early start to a helluva night. HA!

Jim sits next to Claire, who's clearly tipsy.

JIM

Does Vinny know you're here?

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE

I quit.

JIM

Why?

Claire takes a deep breath and is about to rant but looks at Jim and holds her tongue.

CLAIRE

I just decided it was time to move on.

JIM

That stinks. I was planning on spending more time there.

CLAIRE

Well, it's your loss.

JIM

Yeah...that's what I was hinting at.

Claire grabs the back of Jim's neck and stares at him.

CLAIRE

You're really sweet, you know that?  
Don't ever change, kid.

Jim's cell phone RINGS. He picks it up.

JIM

Hey... Sure, I'm right next door... OK  
see you then.

CLAIRE

Was that your fantastic brother?

JIM

Are you going to be here for a while?

CLAIRE

Where else do I have to go?

JIM

Ok, I'll be back later on. You may  
want to slow down a bit, OK?

CLAIRE

Yeah, sure.

Jim walks out.

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Let me get a shot of Jameson.

INT. VINCENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Vincent sits at his desk, across from Antonio.

ANTONIO

I'm surprised to be back so soon. Did you rethink my offer?

VINCENT

Why are you so eager to be my partner?

ANTONIO

I dunno, I like this place. I'm stylish. I shoot videos. I own three car services. I'm a Renaissance man. And the models, *minchia!*

VINCENT

And not a bad front.

ANTONIO

A front for what?

Vincent's about to answer, but he's playing with fire.

VINCENT

Whatever, man.

Vincent takes a gym bag and hands it to Antonio.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I got an advance from a new job. Here's your cash, with interest.

Antonio is surprised but money's money.

ANTONIO

I'll take it, but I prefer my cash in a burlap sack with a dollar sign.

As Antonio gets up to leave Vincent stares at sketches for the Bolt logo on his computer screen.

VINCENT

Wait. That's not your money.

INT. MIDNIGHT GLORIA OFFICE - LORENZO STUDIOS - DAY

Gloria, Vincent and Michael are gathered around Gloria's desk and looking at her screen. On it are the images of Tina, showing her in a rage and screaming in the dressing room.

GLORIA

What tricks can you use to make this sequined monstrosity look alluring.

Images scroll though of Tina throwing cans of hairspray.

VINCENT

I can put her on a boat, but other than that...

GLORIA

I've shot strung out junkies who made the cover of *Vogue* after getting retouched.

VINCENT

It's not just retouching, I'd have to do a full composite of her face from other images. With what you have, I doubt it'd even be passable.

MICHAEL

You can always *borrow* an existing image of her face and use that. That's going on a lot around here.

GLORIA

What are you talking about?

INT. LORENZO STUDIOS - CONTINUOUS

Vincent briskly walks out of Gloria's office with Gloria hot on his heels.

GLORIA

Please tell me this is some weed induced fever dream and you're not a scum-sucking crook!

Jim walks up to the two of them.

JIM

What happened with Claire? I just saw her downing vodka sodas at Blaggard's.

Gloria crosses her arms and stares at Vincent.

CONTINUED:

VINCENT  
She quit this morning.

GLORIA  
Your brother...

Vincent cuts Gloria off.

VINCENT  
(to Jim)  
I'll tell you later. Right now I need  
you to sit at Claire's desk and answer  
the phone. Can you do that for me?

JIM  
Yeah, sure.

Jim walks off. Gloria and Vincent resume arguing.

VINCENT  
I am not a croo...Is the CEO of Nike a  
crook?

GLORIA  
He runs a multibillion-dollar company,  
so...probably. What the hell does he  
have to do with this?

VINCENT  
When he needed a logo, he had a  
graphic design student named Carolyn  
Davidson create one for him. Her fee  
for the iconic Nike Swoosh? \$35.

GLORIA  
I gotta say, that's a compelling  
argument. But hey...  
(Gloria sniffs in the air)  
what is that smell?

Vincent senses a trap but still sniffs.

GLORIA (CONT'D)  
Oh, I know what it is. It's the stench  
of the horseshit that's physically  
wafting out of your mouth.

Lex runs over.

LEX  
Gloria, I have to tell you something.

CONTINUED: (2)

GLORIA  
(screaming)  
I'm busy!

LEX  
I accidentally sent Lindsay the  
images!

Lex backs off terrified.

GLORIA  
(livid)  
You What!?

Now Jim joins in.

JIM  
Hey, that guy Arnie is on the phone.

VINCENT  
Transfer him to my office.

Vincent starts walking towards his office.

JIM  
Hey, what's your extension? And how  
does one transfer a call to it?

Vincent stops in his tracks.

INT . LORENZO STUDIOS - CONTINUOUS

Jim and Vincent are at Claire's desk, Arnie's on speaker.

ARNIE O.S.  
And as promised, along with the  
payout, you're our guy for all the  
print ads - and we're going heavy.

VINCENT  
That's music to my ears, old chap.

ARNIE O.S.  
Hey, how did you come up with the hot  
chick, skull-and-crossbones logo  
anyway?

Jim backs away and shoots Vincent a "WTF" look.

VINCENT  
Um, an artist never reveals his  
secrets. We're like Doug Henning.

CONTINUED:

ARNIE O.S.  
Fine, fine. Speak soon.

Vincent hangs up the phone and looks at Jim.

VINCENT  
Not you too. Claire worked for me, and she produced that design on company time, using company resources.

JIM  
So you can just take it and sell it?

VINCENT  
It's legal enough.

JIM  
I thought the whole point of this place was to liberate artists from assholes.

VINCENT  
That's, like, 35 percent of the point. The rest of the point is for me to make money - cause if I don't, then they're really screwed.

Jim shakes his head in disgust and walks away.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
Jimmy, I'm gonna make it up to her.  
(beat)  
Don't tell ma!

Vincent takes a look around at all the activity going on around him. It's his dream, but it's tainted.

INT. BLAGGARD'S PUB - EARLY EVENING

Claire sits at the bar, which has more activity than before. She's talking to a couple of guys in suits. Gloria walks in.

GLORIA  
(to the suits)  
Beat it.

The guys, clearly annoyed, slink away.

CLAIRE  
What do you want?

CONTINUED:

GLORIA

What Vincent did to you was messed up.  
But you can't just give up.

CLAIRE

This morning, you screamed at me for  
mixing up the nonfat muffins with the  
regular muffins and didn't believe me  
when I told you they were all nonfat  
muffins. When did you become my BFF?

GLORIA

Young artists need to pay their dues,  
and female artists need to stick  
together. But hey, go get trashed and  
blow the whole bar for all I care.

Gloria gets up from the bar.

CLAIRE

OK, sorry. So what should I do? Sue  
the asshole?

GLORIA

I'd be a lot worse off if it weren't  
for Vincent.

Gloria looks down despondent.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Well, at least before I ruined my best  
chance at a comeback.

(beat)

Vincent was in a bind.

CLAIRE

I'm an idiot for believing his  
bullshit.

GLORIA

Talk to him. Get him to pay you.

CLAIRE

Pay me? I want the credit.

GLORIA

Always take the money; credit's  
overrated.

Gloria's cell phone RINGS. Lindsay's name pops on her screen.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

And here's how Gloria 2.0 crashes.

CONTINUED: (2)

Gloria answers the phone.

GLORIA (CONT'D)  
Hey Lindsay...

LINDSAY O.S.  
Where do you get off avoiding *me*?

GLORIA  
I take it you saw the shots, I don't know what to say.

LINDSAY O.S.  
Replacing my concept of sexy and sophisticated with tantrum throwing lunatic was pretty ballsy.

GLORIA  
She was just so...

LINDSAY O.S.  
But I thought the overindulgent reality-star-breakdown bit was brilliant.

GLORIA  
Really?  
(beat)  
I mean, who the hell needs another glamour shoot with these wretched women?

LINDSAY  
That's what Graydon said! He thought it really captured her uselessly bitchy essence. I'll be in next week to discuss some new assignments. Ta!

Gloria and Claire start laughing. Gloria grabs one of the guys Claire was talking to.

GLORIA  
Hey, American Psycho! Buy her a drink!

INT. BLAGGARD'S PUB - CONTINUOUS

Vincent enters the bar and walks up to Claire and Gloria.

VINCENT  
Gloria, can you give us a second?

Gloria whispers something into Claire's ear and walks away while staring at Vincent.

CONTINUED:

VINCENT (CONT'D)

What was that about?

CLAIRE

None of your beeswax.

VINCENT

You're drunk!

CLAIRE

Bamboo!

Vincent sits at the bar next to Claire.

VINCENT

I'm sorry. I had to do it. If I didn't get this deal...

CLAIRE

I want what's coming to me. Whatever money you got from Arnie and credit for the logo.

VINCENT

I can't do that.

CLAIRE

Then I'm gonna sue your ass!

VINCENT

Follow me, will you?

Vincent gets up from the bar.

CLAIRE

No, you follow me!

Vincent sits back down.

VINCENT

OK...where to?

CLAIRE

I didn't have a destination in mind.

VINCENT

I guess this place is as good as any.

Vincent goes into his pocket and takes out a check.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I had this cut this afternoon.

CONTINUED: (2)

He hands the check to Claire. Her eyes light up.

CLAIRE

This...

VINCENT

This is the fee I got for the logo. But I have to take the credit, or else it'll queer the deal with Bolt and they'll have another studio do all their print shoots, retouching, web videos, everything. That's gonna keep most of the people in the studio afloat for a long time, and I can't mess with that.

CLAIRE

Is this a payoff?

VINCENT

Along with that, I'm going to invest another 100 thousand into the new design company that you're going to open, rent free, in Helio Tech's old space. All I'm asking is 50 percent.

Claire stands up, takes a step back from the bar, squats, stares at the check and takes a deep breath.

CLAIRE

How can you afford that?

VINCENT

Let me worry about that. Is it a deal?

CLAIRE

You get 49 percent. I want 51.

Vincent smiles.

VINCENT

Smart girl. OK.

Claire stands up and the two shake.

CLAIRE

I need to pour this whole check into the company, don't I?

VINCENT

You'd better. But first you gotta help me find some circus freaks.

INT. LORENZO STUDIOS - NIGHT

There's a party crowded with beautiful people, a DJ, sword-swallowers, jugglers, fire-eaters and stilt walkers.

The Bolt logo is laser-projected onto all the walls.

Gloria, Claire, Jim and Michael hang out by the bar.

JIM

Are there usually sword-swallowers at these things?

GLORIA

Just Michael.

MICHAEL

And, thanks to Gloria, we always have a bearded lady.

Claire nudges Jim and points across the room to ARNIE (45), tall, gray haired ponytail. He walks up to Gloria.

ARNIE

Gloria, my dear. You look fabulous.

The two give a European hello kiss.

GLORIA

It's amazing what not drinking every day can do to your skin.

ARNIE

(to Jim)

Jim, I presume? Vincent's told me a lot about you. Before you moved out West you were a sports reporter at the *Post*, right?

JIM

My first job out of J-school.

ARNIE

I had a thought. Bolt wants to underwrite a women's fitness-slash-obstacle-course blog.

JIM

So gals can find the next zombie run, get prep tips and be subtly told that Bolt has the best gear for it?

CONTINUED:

ARNIE

(laughing)

Precisely! Interested in running it?  
The less I have to worry about the  
details, the better.

JIM

That sounds, pretty damn great.

Vincent joins the group and puts an arm around Jim.

VINCENT

Did I tell you I'd hook you up?

JIM

You didn't, but thanks Vinny. You're  
the best thing since organic kale.

MICHAEL

He's not *that* bitter!

Michael laughs hysterically while the rest of the group are  
more amused by his laughter than Michael's bad joke.

VINCENT

Jesus, is there any weed left?

MICHAEL

What?

Vincent runs to the elevated DJ booth. The DJ stops the music  
and hands Vincent the mic.

The crowd quiets down, with all eyes on Vincent.

VINCENT

Is everyone having a good time?

The crowd CHEERS wildly.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

First off, I'd like to thank Arnie for  
making us the artistic hub for the  
latest and greatest brand in women's  
athletic apparel, Bolt!

CHEERS.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Secondly, when I started this place, I  
had a vision of Lorenzo Studios as a  
modern day artistic salon.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Like Warhol's Factory, a place that attracted creative people who could learn and grow from each other. And I can think of no better success story than our studio manager, Claire. Claire, where are you?

Claire boldly steps forward.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

From the backwoods of Kentucky...

Claire yells out.

CLAIRE

I'm from Philadelphia!

VINCENT

From far, far away, Claire came to the city with a dream and now she's starting her own design company. So please raise a glass: To Claire!

Vincent and the crowd take a sip from their drinks and CHEER.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Now: Last but not least.

A couple of large guys in track suits enter the studio.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

As we invest in new businesses, I thought it would be best to bring someone in to help shoulder the load.

Vincent looks straight at Claire.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

So I'd like to introduce my new partner, Antonio Juliano!

Claire turns to Jim.

CLAIRE

Is this because of me?

JIM

I have no idea.

Vincent motions towards a door that opens, and Antonio, along with a disheveled model in a skimpy dress, stumble into the room. Antonio walks up to the DJ booth and grabs the mic.

CONTINUED: (3)

ANTONIO

Who wants to make some friggin art?!

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW