

THE HILLS

"New City, New Drama"

Written by

Madeline Hill

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. CHILDHOOD HOME, BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

LAUREN-- a 21-year-old blonde with the face of a *Free People* model, stuffs a suitcase in her CHILDHOOD BEDROOM. She's cool, but not too cool. She reads the *New York Times* Style Section on Thursdays and Sundays, which she purchases in print. Girls want to be her and boys want to put a ring on it.

LAUREN (V.O.)

Hi, I'm Lauren. I grew up in Venice. A small town, with a lot of French people. But, now it's time for me to move on.

EXT. CHILDHOOD HOME, DRIVEWAY - EARLY MORNING

LAUREN rolls a suitcase to her 2017 *Audi A4*.

LAUREN (V.O.)

But, now, I got an apartment in Silverlake with my good friend Heidi. I'm going to get my master's in screenwriting at USC. Oh, and I scored a killer interview for an internship in the production department at *Vice*. This is my chance to make it all happen in the city where they say dreams come true.

The car speeds off into the sunset.

A *Radiohead* song plays as the sun sets over downtown Los Angeles.

END OF COLD OPEN.

EXT. INTELLIGENTSIA COFFEE SHOP - MID AFTERNOON

LAUREN pulls up to Intelligentsia Coffee in her 2017 Audi A4, which her parents purchased for her after she graduated from Oberlin College.

LAUREN walks towards the coffee shop in a black *Reformation* dress that she got on her way over and is carrying a studded *Alexander Wang* bag.

As LAUREN approaches the set of tables, she spots her friend HEIDI-- an innocent petite blonde from the Pacific Palisades. She doesn't have the edge that LAUREN does, but she's wearing a *Rachel Antonoff* dress and has slung a *Tory Burch* bag over her chair.

LAUREN spots HEIDI and waves.

LAUREN

It took me forever to find street parking, but I made it!

HEIDI

I am so glad you're here.

LAUREN

Wait, why did you want me to meet you here and not at the apartment?

HEIDI

I wanted to wait for you first. I thought we could put together our *Restoration Hardware* pieces together as a bonding thing!

LAUREN

I want to see the apartment!

HEIDI

Okay!

HEIDI picks up her bag and downs her iced coffee with almond milk.

LAUREN

Come on, come on!

HEIDI

Swag, swag!

INT. SPANISH-STYLE APARTMENT, SILVERLAKE - MID AFTERNOON

HEIDI opens the door and LAUREN follows behind her.

HEIDI
Okay, close your eyes.

The apartment has exposed wooden beams and those arched doorways that are so round, they're almost therapeutic to look at.

LAUREN closes her eyes.

HEIDI (CONT'D)
Surprise!

LAUREN's jaw drops to the oak wood floors.

LAUREN
I like the exposed beams and oak wood floors.

HEIDI prances around the apartment.

HEIDI
Isn't it gorgeous? So, we need to figure out how big we can get a *West Elm* couch in here, too.

HEIDI points to the living room area, which is the size of a dorm room.

LAUREN
A really little one!

LAUREN stares at the oak wood floors and runs her hands across the updated white, marble counter tops.

LAUREN sprints up to the second floor of their apartment, because they can afford a second floor.

HEIDI
Isn't upstairs awesome?

LAUREN
Heidi?

HEIDI
Yeah?

LAUREN
TV's up here.

HEIDI
Yeah. I can see myself like running up--

HEIDI points to the pole in the middle of the living room, as LAUREN comes back down.

LAUREN
It's like a pilates pole! Whoo!

Pause.

HEIDI
What time is your *Vice* thing today?

LAUREN
5 o'clock.

HEIDI
Are you nervous?

LAUREN
Yeah...

HEIDI
How are you gonna do your hair?

LAUREN
I'm gonna do my normal middle part with subtle beach waves.

HEIDI
They're gonna be like: "Wow, you have so many Instagram followers. You should work here."

LAUREN's iPhone rings with the *House of Cards* ringtone in the background. LAUREN picks up the phone.

LAUREN
(into phone)
Hello?

LAUREN (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Yeah, this is she.

A look of terror spreads across LAUREN's face.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Oh...Uh...I can get there as soon as I can...Depending on what *Waze* says traffic looks like.

HEIDI stares at LAUREN, confused.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Okay, bye.

LAUREN hangs up her iPhone and sets it on the kitchen counter top.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
 The person I'm interviewing with
 has--

LAUREN covers her mouth in shock. HEIDI continues to stare into space.

HEIDI
 What?...

LAUREN
 Well, she has an event tonight and
 they just asked if I could be there
 in twenty minutes.

HEIDI's jaw drops to the oak wood floors, too and LAUREN stares at the time on her iPhone.

HEIDI
 WHAT.

LAUREN
 Dude, I have to get ready in 10
 minutes.

LAUREN runs out of the living room in a state of panic.

INT. LAUREN'S BATHROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

HEIDI
 (from bedroom)
 What's the look you're going for?

LAUREN quickly applies the latest *Laura Mercier* tinted moisturizer, after she lathers up with the *Glossier* primer her mother got her as a "Wednesday" present.

LAUREN
 I don't know!

HEIDI
 (from bedroom)
 Like, Tumblr Goth, Manic Pixie
 Dream Girl, Lolita?...

LAUREN
I don't know! The look is "I had
until five to get ready!"

INT. LAUREN'S BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

HEIDI throws overpriced *Reformation* dresses onto the floor.
She pulls out a few *Nasty Gal* crop tops in the process.

LAUREN
(from the bathroom)
Shoot...

HEIDI pulls one of the *Nasty Gal* black crop top out of the
duffel bag and a pair of *Adidas* 'Stan Smith' sneakers that
have never been worn.

HEIDI
(shouts)
Nasty Gal crop top! Found it!

INT. LAUREN'S BATHROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

LAUREN uses her hair straightener to even out the pleats on
her *Rachel Comey* skirt.

LAUREN
Okay, this is probably really bad
for my skirt.

HEIDI laughs from the bedroom.

INT. LAUREN'S BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

HEIDI
Ahh, yeah.

LAUREN
(from bathroom)
Well, it's a flat iron, it irons my
hair!

LAUREN runs out of the bathroom and into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

LAUREN
Okay, I gotta go.

LAUREN grabs her *Warby Parker* prescription sunglasses and her *Alexander Wang* purse off the counter top and runs towards the door.

HEIDI
(from bedroom)
Good luck!

LAUREN
Thank you!

HEIDI
I'll be at Intelligentsia if you
need anything!

LAUREN swings open the door and runs towards her car.

HEIDI (CONT'D)
(from bedroom)
Love you, bye!

EXT. VICE HQ - LATE AFTERNOON

The *Vice* offices are located in a nondescript, metal cube in Venice, California. But, like, a cool metal cube.

The parking lot is full of overpriced two-speed bikes and dark grey *Prius*' from the late 2000's.

There are a few hipsters in black-rimmed glasses smoking cigarettes outside. They nod at LAUREN as she walks into the lobby.

LAUREN is greeted by a part-time RECEPTIONIST, part-time Instagram model. The RECEPTIONIST is also wearing the same crop top from *Nasty Gal* and a school uniform skirt she found at the *Goodwill* on Hollywood Blvd.

LAUREN is guided by the RECEPTIONIST down the hallway and into an open-office plan, filled with more black-rimmed glasses-wearing hipsters, typing away on *MacBook Air*'s at shared tables or sitting in bean bag chairs.

LAUREN weaves through the sea of people to one all glass office in the corner. On the glass, there is sharpie scribbled on it, which reads "SHANE SMITH: CEO of VICE MEDIA."

The RECEPTIONIST knocks on the door and SHANE motions for LAUREN to come in.

INT. SHANE'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

SHANE is an overweight white male who is dressed like a *Banana Republic* dad and a sales clerk at *Urban Outfitters*, who just got back from busting drug cartels in Mexico.

RECEPTIONIST

Shane, this is Lauren.

SHANE

Hi Lauren. How are you?

SHANE (CONT'D)

Nice to meet you.

LAUREN sits down in a chair in front of SHANE'S restored-wood desk, which is covered in coffee mug stains, because he doesn't feel like using a coaster.

LAUREN

Nice to meet you.

SHANE'S *iPhone* rings in the background. His ringtone is the latest *Deerhunter* track.

SHANE

Can you hold on one second, I'm not sorry.

SHANE'S *iPhone* continues to ring and he picks it up.

SHANE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

What's up?

Pause.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Cool...Cool...

LAUREN stares at the dozens of photos of SHANE with pop cultures icons, like Kanye West, Ai Wei Wei, and Kim Jong Un.

SHANE writes something down in his *Vice*-branded *Moleskine* notebook.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Okay, thanks.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Why *Vice*?

LAUREN

Because I love *Vice*. I've read *Vice* for years. And I love the *Vice* fashion section, because that's where I get ideas for how to think about the world and my screenplays.

SHANE leans back in his chair.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

And I like it does have all the fashion news and in every piece they talk about an issue that affects people. Like, that's how I want to write pilots one day.

SHANE

Can you tweet?

LAUREN

Can I tw--yeah.

SHANE

You can?

LAUREN nods her head in agreement, like she just found out that she's been verified on Twitter.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Good.

LAUREN thinks back on that time when she accidentally drunk-tweeted her high-school crush, Steven.

LAUREN

Um...Well...I enjoy tweeting.

SHANE nods his head, but says nothing.

INT. INTELLIGENTSIA COFFEE SHOP - LATE AFTERNOON

HEIDI and AUDRINA-- a 24-year-old fashion blogger who spends most of her money on cashmere sweaters for her rescue pug, are laughing over another round of iced almond milk coffees.

LAUREN drags her skinny frame over to their table.

HEIDI

Hey, #squad member.

LAUREN

Helloooooo...

HEIDI
Lauren, this is Audrina, Audrina
this is lauren.

LAUREN reaches across the table to give AUDRINA a kiss on each cheek.

AUDRINA
Hi, nice to meet you.

LAUREN
Hi, nice to meet you.

LAUREN sits down next to them.

HEIDI
This is my first new friend in LA.

LAUREN
(sarcastic)
Awww! Have you been having a hard
day, babe?

HEIDI
(sarcastic)
I've been very busy.

LAUREN
Heidi!

HEIDI
I had to make cool east-side
friends for us!

HEIDI (CONT'D)
Alright, let's hear about it.

LAUREN bits her new gel manicure.

LAUREN
Dude, I seriously hope I get it.
I'm gonna be so bummed if I don't.

AUDRINA
What internship did you apply for?

LAUREN
I applied for an internship with
Vice.

AUDRINA
Oooh, okay! I'm sure you'll get it.

Pause.

HEIDI
 (to Audrina)
 Well, you definitely have to hang
 out with us.

AUDRINA
 Chill.

HEIDI
 You're adopted!

AUDRINA laughs nervously, because she actually was adopted.

EXT. MESSHALL KICTHEN RESTUARANT - EVENING

The scene is popping for a Tuesday night. A few writers for Judd Apatow's latest project are leaning against the wall outside. They're smoking a spliff.

A group of upper middle class white people are laughing at a large restored wood table. They're sharing the Black Kale Caesar, the Tuna Tartare, and the Short Rib Poutine.

LAUREN and HEIDI are sitting across from each other. AUDRINA is cozied up next to BRIAN-- 24 and lanky, and JORDAN-- 22 and a classic blonde fuccboi with a buzzcut, from Judd Apatow's latest project.

HEIDI
 (to Brian)
 So what nights--how many nights do
 you work?

HEIDI kisses her boyfriend, JORDAN.

BRIAN
 Normally, I usually work 40 hours a
 week.

JORDAN
 Holy, full time?!

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 God, I just really don't like
 working.

LAUREN
 You guys, you know people do have
 full-time jobs.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
(sarcastic)
Crazy thought, I know! Like, way
out there!

BRIAN
Yeah, I have a full-time job and I
go out every night.

The table erupts in upper middle class white privilege
laughter.

BRIAN turns to LAUREN.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Lauren, when do you find out about
your job or not? Like, if you get
it?

LAUREN spreads another layer of NARS Velvet Matte lip to her
lips.

LAUREN
I don't know. They said sometime
this week.

LAUREN puts the top back on the lipstick.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
So, hopefully tomorrow or the next
day.

HEIDI
They won't leave you hanging.

LAUREN
Yeah, they would!

AUDRINA
Some people do, like, they just
don't give you a text back.

HEIDI
You'll be good.

LAUREN's face looks terrified. Of her future. Of her outfit.
Of her haircut. Of her membership to *SoulCycle* in Silverlake.

LAUREN
Thanks guys for being so assuring!

JORDAN
Don't worry about it, you'll get
it.

EXT. USC FILM SCHOOL - EARLY AFTERNOON

LAUREN and HEIDI sit in the lobby of the Dean's office. LAUREN is wearing another *Reformation* dress and HEIDI is wearing a baseball t-shirt from JORDAN's old little-league days.

HEIDI

I can't wait to start going out more.

LAUREN

I know, but as soon as we start film school it's gonna be kinda hard, cause we'll be busy.

HEIDI

Is it? Crap.

HEIDI (CONT'D)

School gets in the way of everything. I'm, like, already ready to have my masters.

LAUREN

Heidi, you haven't even started here.

HEIDI

I know.

ELIZABETH DALEY-- a petite brunette with the pixie cut of a TriBeCa art critic who has been the dean of USC's School of Cinematic Arts for decades, waltzes over to where LAUREN and HEIDI are sitting.

She's tough on newbies, but she knows when to work a PR angle. She has the air of: "I've been doing this longer than you, but I know I need to reach the teen audience," sort of vibe.

ELIZABETH

You must be Heidi and Lauren.

LAUREN

Yes.

HEIDI

Hiiii!

ELIZABETH

I'm Elizabeth Daley, PhD, very nice to meet you.

HEIDI stands up and shakes ELIZABETH's hand.

HEIDI
Hi, I'm HEIDI, nice to meet you.

ELIZABETH
I know.

LAUREN stands up, pulling up her *Acne* jeans, because her butt crack is showing.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
I'm going to start with you,
Lauren.

LAUREN
Okay.

ELIZABETH
And then I'll meet with you, Heidi,
right after that.

HEIDI
Okay.

INT. ELIZABETH'S OFFICE - EARLY AFTERNOON

ELIZABETH's office is lined with Quentin Tarantino movie posters. On her desk sits a framed photo of her with Kathryn Bigelow, still with the *Getty Images* watermark in the bottom right corner.

On her bookshelf, there's an Oscar, which confuses Lauren, because Elizabeth has never won an Oscar. She Googled it.

ELIZABETH
Have a seat.

LAUREN sits down in an *Eames* chair.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Welcome to Los Angeles!

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
I do want to tell you, that we are
very proud of you.

LAUREN
Aww thank you!

ELIZABETH
We noticed your *O.C.* spec script
that you wrote.

(MORE)

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
It's a whole new story. The character arcs were totally different than anything we've seen before in our applicants.

LAUREN smiles, demurely.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
This is a wonderful start to your career here and at USC.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
How do you feel about your choice of pursuing our prestigious Writing for Screen & Television MFA?

LAUREN
I like it so far. I mean, it's where my strengths lie. I want to tell stories that matter.

ELIZABETH
I see. Well, you're not the first.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
I heard you had an interview at *Vice*.

LAUREN
Uh huh.

ELIZABETH
Well, that's very exciting.

LAUREN
I know!

ELIZABETH
A lot of students would pay to have that opportunity. Remember that.

LAUREN
To work for *Vice*, that's like the top of digital storytelling. When I get an opportunity like this that I'm really interested in, I will devote everything to it.

ELIZABETH
That and your spec scripts in our prestigious program.

LAUREN
Of course.

LAUREN and ELIZABETH both laugh in unison.

INT. ELIZABETH'S OFFICE - EARLY AFTERNOON

HEIDI waltzes into ELIZABETH'S office, full of hope and wonder. Even though she has no idea what she's doing in USC's Writing for Film & Television MFA program. Her dad got her in, by donating five million dollars to build a new organic food court on campus.

HEIDI

Okay...

ELIZABETH

How would you characterize yourself as a college student?

HEIDI

I never learned anything. I never went to class. I never did anything. I just went shopping at *Reformation* and stalked my ex's on Instagram.

ELIZABETH

Have you looked at our prestigious curriculum?

HEIDI

No...

ELIZABETH

You have not looked at our prestigious curriculum?

HEIDI

No...

ELIZABETH

Now let me ask you this: What are your goals?

HEIDI

Well, I want to write for SNL. That's, like, my ultimate goal. I want to be like the sweatshirt-wearing, but sort of cute, staff writer. So, that's what I want to do. Kind of more the drinking cheap beer in a conference room scene.

ELIZABETH
Drinking cheap beer in the writer's
room scene?

HEIDI
Mhmmm.

ELIZABETH
That usually takes someone who has
been in the industry for a very
long time to get to be in the
writer's room at SNL. And you have
to be funny.

HEIDI
Really? You have to be funny,
right away? You can't learn that?

ELIZABETH
No. I mean, would you be willing to
work as a writer's assistant?

HEIDI
You mean actually run errands for
writers and not write?

ELIZABETH
(sarcastic)
Actually run errands for writers
and not write.

HEIDI
I don't think I could do that.

ELIZABETH
You couldn't do that...Okay. Are
there any other tracks in our
program that you were thinking
about instead? Or any other careers
other than comedy?

HEIDI
No.

ELIZABETH
Are you sure you're in the right
prestigious master's program?

HEIDI
Yeah.

ELIZABETH stares at HEIDI, silently wondering why she's still
working with all these rich kids.

HEIDI thinks about that staff writer on that new *Comedy Central* show she met at *The Drawing Room* last night. She'll sleep with him and maybe he'll get her a better job.

INT. SILVERLAKE SPANISH-STYLE APARTMENT - MID AFTERNOON

LAUREN AND HEIDI are sitting on their new *West Elm* couch that HEIDI's parent's ordered for them as a surprise.

LAUREN is reading the latest issue of the *New Yorker* and HEIDI is ghosting a boy over text message.

LAUREN's *iPhone* rings.

LAUREN
(on phone)
Hello?

RECEPTIONIST
(on phone)
Hi Lauren, it's Tessa from *Vice*. I have Shane on the phone for you.

LAUREN
Oh okay.

RECEPTIONIST
Can you hold please?

LAUREN
Yeah!

LAUREN (CONT'D)
(mouths to HEIDI)
It's *Vice*!

LAUREN (CONT'D)
(whispers)
It's a long hold!

INT. JACOB'S OFFICE - MID AFTERNOON

JACOB sits with his feet up on his restored wood desk. He's sipping a smoothie from *Juice Crafters* and cradling his *iPhone* in his left hand.

JACOB, late 20's, looks like an off-brand *Warby Parker* model. He wears collard shirts and sweaters like it's religion, in order to defy the odds of what every other *Vice* employee wears.

He's smart and probably went to a prestigious, albeit overpriced, liberal arts school in some state like Wisconsin or Minnesota.

His office is smaller than SHANE's.

JACOB

(on phone)

Hi Lauren, this is Jacob, one of the senior editors here at *Vice*.

LAUREN

(on phone)

Hi!

JACOB

I just wanted to give you a little feedback. First of all, it's really tough for Shane and I to make this decision. There really aren't that many unpaid interns that we find are ready to work on our production team in their early twenties.

LAUREN

Mhmm...

JACOB

It's just that you really need to have a lot of experience in the digital media space to thrive. You need to know how to create production budgets, book travel, understand expenses, if you want to be an unpaid intern at *Vice*.

Pause.

JACOB (CONT'D)

So, with that said, Shane really liked you and saw a lot of potential and would like to offer you an internship.

INT. SPANISH-STYLE APARTMENT, SILVERLAKE - MID AFTERNOON

LAUREN

(on phone)

Oh! You had me nervous.

HEIDI

(whispers)

You made *me* nervous!

JACOB
 (on phone)
 Now, if you want to think about it,
 I know it can be hard, as we don't
 pay you.

LAUREN
 Oh, no, I'd like to formally
 accept.

INT. JACOB'S OFFICE - MID AFTERNOON

JACOB
 Okay, great, well then that works
 out very well. We'll see you
 tomorrow.

JACOB hangs up the phone.

INT. SPANISH-STYLE APARTMENT, SILVERLAKE - MID AFTERNOON

LAUREN
 Thank you very much, Jacob.

HEIDI turns and smiles at LAUREN.

HEIDI
 Whoo! What a relief! You're
 employed with a real internship!

INT. VICE HQ - EARLY MORNING

LAUREN sits in the VICE lobby. She's wearing *Acne* jeans, an
 ironic band t-shirt, and overpriced *Converse* that have some
 sort of design on it, because they're from a designer
 collaboration.

WHITNEY--a 22 year-old blonde from Pasadena strolls up to the
 receptionist desk. She recently graduated from *Barnard*
 college and her dad runs one of the biggest studios in town.
 She knows what she's doing.

WHITNEY
 (to receptionist)
 Hi! I'm here for my first day.

RECEPTIONIST
 What's your name?

WHITNEY
 Whitney. Yeah.

LAUREN stares at WHITNEY's Acne boots. She just purchased the same pair last weekend.

RECEPTIONIST
(on phone)
Hi Shane, Whitney is here.

Pause.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
Okay, thanks.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
Shane should be out in a minute.
You can have a seat.

WHITNEY sits down next to LAUREN. They judge each other.

The RECEPTIONIST stands up from her seat and walks over to LAUREN and WHITNEY, implying that they should stand up. She says nothing, but motions for them to follow her.

They walk down the long row of desks and are shown to open seats, directly outside of SHANE's all-glass office.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
Alright Whitney, you can have a seat right here.

WHITNEY sits down.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
Lauren, you can sit right here.

LAUREN sits down.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
Someone will be with you in a minute.

LAUREN
Thank you!

WHITNEY messes with the ironic coffee mugs on the desk and almost knocks one off.

WHITNEY
I don't really want to touch anything yet, because I don't know what I'm allowed to touch.

LAUREN nods her head and her elbow accidentally hits the keyboard on the MacBook Air sitting in front of her.

LAUREN

Oops!

WHITNEY

You're gonna get fired!

LAUREN looks away, nervously.

Pause.

JACOB and ALEX-- a 28-year-old production assistant who has been a production assistant for way too long, stop in front of their desks.

JACOB

Alex, this is Lauren and Whitney.

ALEX

Hi!

ALEX eyes each of them up and down.

JACOB

Alex is our production assistant on the team. We wanted her to come by to kind of check out what you guys are wearing. Shane is very particular about the aesthetics of his unpaid interns.

ALEX stands in front of LAUREN.

ALEX

Your shirt looks too expensive.

ALEX grabs a pair of scissors off of LAUREN's desk.

ALEX cuts the left sleeve of LAUREN's brand new *T* by *Alexander Wang* t-shirt.

LAUREN looks shocked. WHITNEY smirks.

ALEX (CONT'D)

There. All better. The *Vice* style is all about shabby chic.

ALEX turns to WHITNEY and stares at her *Acne* boots.

ALEX (CONT'D)

We don't believe in leather products, can you just take off your shoes for the day?

WHITNEY

Okay...

ALEX stands back and looks at her masterpieces.

WHITNEY takes off her boots.

ALEX

You guys look great. Just more
Vice.

INT. SHANE'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

JACOB guides LAUREN and WHITNEY inside.

JACOB

Hi, Shane.

SHANE

(sarcastic)
Hi, Jacob.

WHITNEY and LAUREN sit down.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Hi Whitney. Hi Lauren. You ladies
look very on-brand.

JACOB leans against SHANE's credenza that his assistant
purchased at the *Rose Bowl* flea market.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Now, in terms of working here,
you're now representing *Vice*. So,
with that being said, it means that
whatever tweets and Instagrams you
put out on the Internet, it
reflects on us.

Pause.

SHANE (CONT'D)

We take the personal brands of our
employees very seriously. Even the
janitors wear *Everlane*.

Pause.

WHITNEY and LAUREN stare at SHANE. They're nodding their
heads too much.

SHANE (CONT'D)

If you go out in Silverlake to--

SHANE turns to JACOB.

SHANE (CONT'D)
What's the name of that place with
all the hot girls?

JACOB
Tenants of The Trees?

SHANE
That's the one!

Pause.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Now, if you go out to *Tenants of
The Trees*, you need to look and act
like a *Vice* employee. Anything you
say, must be what a *Vice* employee
would say.

SHANE turns to LAUREN.

SHANE (CONT'D)
If I asked you who you were voting
for, who would you say?

LAUREN
Uh...Bernie Sanders?

SHANE
See! You're already picking up on
it!

SHANE (CONT'D)
Now, if it comes back to me that
one of you is voting for Donald
Trump, then you're in trouble.

LAUREN and WHITNEY continue to nod their heads.

INT. LAUREN AND WHITNEY'S DESKS - EARLY EVENING

WHITNEY
It's like, it's a Summer Friday and
we're probably gonna get some
annoying task to do.

LAUREN scrolls through *Twitter* on her *Macbook Air*.

LAUREN
I know.

JEN--32, a Harvard-educated woman who runs development for *Vice*. She's tough, but not harsh. She loves yoga, but hates pilates. She's friends with Lena Dunham, but only on the Internet.

JEN stops right in front of WHITNEY's desk and stares at her.

JEN

Hi ladies. I'm Jen. I run development here at *Vice* and usually work out of our Brooklyn office.

WHITNEY

Hello!

LAUREN

Hi, Jen!

JEN

We just launched the second season of *Vice on HBO* and we're having a party for it. We really need to get all the direct message invites out. There are almost five hundred *Twitter* handles that need to receive this invitation.

LAUREN and WHITNEY look at each other in shock.

JEN hands WHITNEY the list of *Twitter* handles that need to receive the direct message invite.

JEN (CONT'D)

All of the messages need to be unique and in *Vice's* tone of voice. Don't forget: They can't be longer than 140 characters, but you should already know that.

JEN (CONT'D)

Okay?

LAUREN and WHITNEY immediately open the *Vice Twitter* account on their laptops.

WHITNEY

Thank you!

Pause.

LAUREN

Ugh, Brandon Wardell is on here!

WHITNEY

Oh my god. I love his *Twitter* presence.

LAUREN

Wow, there are so many verified people on here.

WHITNEY

Stop.

LAUREN

Did you ever see that episode of 'True Life' where that girl got carpal tunnel from tweeting too much?

WHITNEY

No, I don't have cable.

INT. LAUREN AND WHITNEY'S DESKS - LATER

LAUREN

Gosh, only 300 more times I have to slide into DM's.

WHITNEY

We can do this.

LAUREN

I hope we get to go to the party. I want to meet the Duplass brothers.

EXT. ACE HOTEL ROOFTOP POOL - EARLY EVENING

LAUREN and HEIDI are sipping *Hendrick's* gin and tonics pool side. Neither of them are wearing their swimsuits, but rather cut-off denim shorts from *Redun* and matching *Alexander Wang* crop tops.

LAUREN

You know, being an intern is actually fun. We got to slide into a bunch of celebrities' DM's today. I mean, I know it's not really production work, but, like, it's totally fun.

HEIDI

Are you going to be able to get me into the party?

LAUREN

No. I'm not going to mess up my internship and do something shady, just to get you and your friends into this party.

HEIDI

Yeah...

INT. LAUREN AND WHITNEY'S DESKS - LATE MORNING

WHITNEY is reading a 'Shouts and Murmurs' piece from the *New Yorker*, in print. LAUREN is sorting recycling.

WHITNEY

The other night, my improv group's show--

SHANE opens his office door and walks over to their desks.

SHANE

Hi, Lauren.

SHANE turns to WHITNEY.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Whitney, hello.

WHITNEY/LAUREN

Hi!

SHANE

How are you guys doing?

WHITNEY/LAUREN

Good.

SHANE

So, you guys are going to work this party tonight. Whitney, you'll be at the door with Jacob. Lauren, you're going to be in the party.

Pause.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Now, there's sort of this VIP area, full of gluten-free snacks and ironic VHS copies of the first episode of the new season. These seats are reserved for Internet stars.

LAUREN

Ooo!

SHANE

But, what I really what you to understand is that you're working. You are not there to party or play. You are there to document content. If I see you eating the gluten-free snacks, you'll be gone.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Okay?

LAUREN

Cool.

WHITNEY

Well, we're going!

LAUREN

It's exciting!

EXT. CHATEAU MARMONT PATIO - LATE EVENING

The *Vice on HBO* party is packed with white hipsters. In one corner, *UCB* improvisers are making up jokes about the Instagram models passing by.

BRANDON WARDELL orders a Pabst Blue Ribbon, on draft.

JACOB walks LAUREN over to the VIP area. It's full of those gluten-free snacks and boxes of dusty VHS tapes.

JACOB

Make sure you guard this area. This is for VIP's.

LAUREN

So, no one can sit here in the mean time?

JACOB

Nope.

LAUREN

You got it. Have fun, Jacob!

LAUREN waves the wave to end all waves. It will later become a GIF on *GIPHY*.

Pause.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Whitney, come in, it's Lauren.

EXT. CHATEAU MARMONT DRIVEWAY - LATE EVENING

WHITNEY stands with a clipboard and an earpiece. She's wearing a vintage *Donna Karan* dress her mom gave her at brunch last month.

WHITNEY
I know!

HEIDI, AUDRINA, JORDAN, and BRIAN waltz up to the driveway. HEIDI and AUDRINA can barely walk in their *Charlotte Olympia* heels.

JORDAN and BRIAN carry them.

When they reach the top, HEIDI pulls her *iPhone* out of her purse.

HEIDI
I hope we get in!

AUDRINA
I hope we get in, too!

EXT. CHATEAU MARMONT PATIO - LATE EVENING

LAUREN feels her *iPhone* ring in her purse. It's HEIDI.

LAUREN
(on phone)
Hi, Heidi! How are you darling?

HEIDI
(on phone)
Well, I'm standing outside with our Silverlake squad, can you get us in?

LAUREN looks like she just found out her rescue pug that she grew up with just died.

LAUREN
Seriously?

HEIDI
Yeah, we're here.

LAUREN
What are you doing here, Heidi?

HEIDI

Well, we're trying to get in. We're trying to sneak in.

LAUREN

Okay, but you're not on the list.

LAUREN laughs nervously.

HEIDI

Come on, just sneak us in.

Pause.

LAUREN

Yeah, see, I don't want to get in trouble for letting you guys in, but Whitney's working the door, so I'll see if I can let you guys in.

EXT. CHATEAU MARMONT DRIVEWAY - LATE EVENING

HEIDI looks annoyed and drunk.

HEIDI

(on phone)

Yeah, do whatever you can please.

LAUREN

(on phone)

Go up to the door and ask for Whitney. She's wearing a vintage *Donna Karan* dress.

HEIDI

Okay.

HEIDI, LAUREN, JORDAN, and BRIAN walk up to WHITNEY.

EXT. CHATEAU MARMONT PATIO - LATE EVENING

LAUREN microphones over to WHITNEY.

LAUREN

Whitney, it's Lauren. I have a couple of friends coming. How much of a big deal would it be to let them in?

WHITNEY
 (over microphone)
 If they come right now, like right
 this second, I can sneak them in.

LAUREN
 Okay, well they're coming right
 now. They are gonna ask for you.

HEIDI, AUDRINA, JORDAN, and BRIAN smile at WHITNEY.

HEIDI
 Whitney, hi, I'm Heidi.

WHITNEY
 Okay, are you guys' Lauren's
 friends?

HEIDI
 Yeah.

WHITNEY opens the velvet rope and they walk up the driveway.

HEIDI (CONT'D)
 Thank you so much!

EXT. CHATEAU MARMONT PATIO - LATE EVENING

HEIDI spots LAUREN watching the VIP area. She takes off her
Charlotte Olympia heels and sprints over to her.

HEIDI
 Hi!

HEIDI hugs LAUREN.

LAUREN
 Hi! Okay, you guys cannot get me in
 trouble. Seriously.

JORDAN
 Are you stressed out?

LAUREN glares at JORDAN.

LAUREN
 I have a very stressful job. I have
 to guard this VIP area. It's for
 Internet stars only.

BRIAN
 This area right here?

BRIAN points to the VIP area.

JORDAN

Well, this looks like our area!

HEIDI, AUDRINA, BRIAN, and JORDAN sit down in the VIP area. They are not Internet celebrities. Yet.

BRIAN and JORDAN grab cans of PBR off the VIP table and chug them. They laugh.

LAUREN looks pissed. HEIDI dances to the latest Blood Orange track.

EXT. CHATEAU MARMONT PATIO - LATER

HEIDI cozies up with JOHN PAUL--a fuccboi who went to Hampshire college and live's off of his inheritance from his grandfather, a founding editor of the *New York Times*.

JOHN PAUL whispers into HEIDI's ear.

JOHN PAUL

I don't have a girlfriend, so now I'm like shopping for one on the Internet.

LAUREN looks stressed.

JORDAN

Drama. Always drama.

LAUREN

Hey, hey, stay here.

JORDAN

No, no.

JORDAN gets up and walks over to HEIDI.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

You know what he's saying to you. He's trying to get in your pants, bottom line.

HEIDI

I didn't do anything! I walked over there, I went to the bathroom, checked Instagram, calm down!

JACOB turns his head towards JORDAN and HEIDI.

JORDAN
Next time, I'm beating his ass.

JACOB walks over to the VIP area, where LAUREN and her friends are still sitting.

JACOB
Can I talk to you for a second?

LAUREN
Yeah.

LAUREN stands up.

JACOB
Was there some drama at the door? I heard about some crying and fighting...

LAUREN
Oh, there was, but now it's over. It was nothing. There's fine. They're just boyfriend and girlfriend. They just fight a lot.

Pause.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
But, is everything okay with you?

JACOB
Yeah, we're good.

JACOB walks away and starts talking to a manic pixie dream girl.

LAUREN walks over to where HEIDI and JORDAN are sitting.

LAUREN
(to Heidi)
You guys! Hey! You can't fight anymore in public.

HEIDI
We're not fighting. We're pretend conscious uncoupling.

SHANE sees that there are non-Internet celebrities sitting in the VIP area. He walks over to the reserved area.

SHANE
And who are these people?

LAUREN stares at her friends. They stare back.

LAUREN stands up.

LAUREN
This is Brian, Jordan, Audrina, and
Heidi.

SHANE
No one should be sitting here,
unless they're Internet famous or
verified. Preferably both.

LAUREN
(high-pitched voice)
Okay!

SHANE
We'll talk about it on Monday.

LAUREN
(nervously)
Get up, get up!

HEIDI, AUDRINA, BRIAN, and JORDAN get up.

AUDRINA
Are you in trouble?

LAUREN
I don't know.

WHITNEY walks over to the VIP area.

WHITNEY
Did he just yell at you?

LAUREN
Yeah...

LAUREN (CONT'D)
He was like "No one should be
sitting here. We'll talk about it
on Monday."

WHITNEY bites her nails and thinks about her future in
Hollywood.

BRIAN
Yo, let's get out of here and go to
Fred's for some pancakes.

HEIDI, BRIAN, AUDRINA, and JORDAN leave the party.

LAUREN looks stressed. She knows that she's made a huge mistake. It could ruin her chances of making it as an indie screenwriter.

But, this is all good content for her next spec script.

END OF SHOW

