

**REINVENTING AMY**

FADE IN:

INT. AMY'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - DAY

AMY CARO (mid 30's) sits before her vanity applying makeup in a deliberate and energetic way.

She is lean in her body and face; her eyes pierce her own reflected image and then travel to a small sketch of a nude man tacked to the corner of the vanity. She smiles and taps him twice on the head, a good luck ritual.

EXT. MANHATTAN - DAY

Skyscrapers tower over Roosevelt Island and the East River. A subway car rises up from Queens.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAY

Amy rides the commuter-packed N train. An OLDER MAN in a gray suit gazes at her over his Wall Street Journal. Their eyes meet. He smiles sheepishly.

She checks her phone, turns and watches the flowing skyline.

INT. HUNTER MEDIA MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Over the sea of cubes is a banner dominating the workspace that reads: "Welcome to Hunter Publishing Media."

Amy strides past a beehive of activity: writers, designers and programmers.

FRANK DECARLO (mid 30's), a Wall Streeter in a dark suit--out of place among the creatives--scans the floor and paces back and forth. Frank booms.

FRANK

I wonder who's getting fired today.

Amy freezes, her mouth falling slightly open. Others look up at this tyrant from their cubes. Frank sees her.

FRANK (CONT'D)

We're looking into all of you.

A door flings open, CHARLOTTE TIMMONS, a sculpted beauty in her late 40's, stands ready for a fight.

CHARLOTTE  
What the hell are you doing?

FRANK  
Improving morale.

CHARLOTTE  
Creative teams don't thrive on  
harassment.

Frank gives her a wide, predatory grin.

FRANK  
I am getting more profitable  
creativity out of Ron Cates's four-  
man team at a fraction of the cost.

Amy looks at the cube farm, everyone distracted by the fight.

CHARLOTTE  
Ron came up through these ranks.

Frank brandishes a glossy magazine.

FRANK  
I've got amateur porn sites doing  
more per month than this.

CHARLOTTE  
These people aren't making porn.

FRANK  
Maybe if they did, we wouldn't own  
this train wreck.

Frank's eyes rove over Amy, top to toe.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Look at this one. She could make  
money on my computer screen.

Amy's lips part wanting to reply. Charlotte slams the door.

STEVE, late 50's middle manager, walks up to the room and  
opens to enter, but stops to watch Frank as he engages Amy.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
What's your name?

Amy swallows hard, frozen.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
I'd hire you to dress up my office.

Amy's eyes narrow as if zeroing in on a target.

FRANK (CONT'D)

If you were just a little younger.

Frank smiles at his punch line and turns on his heel, heading toward the coffee station.

Steve and Amy's eyes meet. Steve's eyes drop to the ground.

Amy lets out a sigh of frustration.

Steve shakes his head and walks into Charlotte's office, leaving the door ajar.

FRANK (CONT'D)

This coffee is shit. Whoever made this, see me now.

Amy turns away from the spectacle of Frank and heads towards the cube farm, pausing to eavesdrop outside Charlotte's office.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

CHARLOTTE TIMMONS brandishes a stuffed manila envelope. Steve slumps in the chair before her.

CHARLOTTE

Don't be angry. We both knew this was coming. I did what I could.

Steve buries his face in his hands.

Charlotte looks over his shoulder and sees a small piece of Amy. She stands up and heads to the door.

INT. HUNTER MEDIA MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Charlotte sticks her head out the door and glares at Amy. Amy flinches as the door slams shut.

Amy hits her cube and logs in to her computer.

RAQUEL, a fit African American woman (early 30's), peers over from the neighboring cube.

RAQUEL

What was that?

AMY

Frank DeCarlo's wish was fulfilled.

RAQUEL  
Steve?

Amy nods.

RAQUEL (CONT'D)  
He ask you to dress up his office?

AMY  
If I were younger.

RAQUEL  
Gym?

AMY  
(nods)  
Getting younger is not an option.

Amy opens Adobe Illustrator.

INT. KICKBOXING RING - DAY

Amy spars with Raquel. Raquel drives Amy to the floor with a roundhouse kick. Raquel helps her up.

RAQUEL  
You've lost your focus.

AMY  
Who can focus?

Raquel nods. Amy drops back into a stance for another round.  
The two women hit each other as hard as they can.

INT. HUNTER MEDIA MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

Empty cube farm, Amy on the phone.

AMY  
Listen to me, Michael, the new  
version has to collect the address  
books, browsing histories and photo  
galleries.

Amy listens, furrows her brows, shakes her head.

AMY (CONT'D)  
It's called an End User License  
Agreement.

Amy listens some more, smacks the desk.

AMY (CONT'D)  
 Get this right or I'll code it  
 myself. Don't think we need you.

She slams the phone down and begins making notes on her computer.

CHARLOTTE  
 (O.S.)  
 Amy?

Eyebrows raised, Amy looks up from the computer monitor.

INT. CHARLOTTE TIMMONS'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Amy steps into Charlotte's office, scans the surfaces. Trophies and plaques trumpet decades of her industry accomplishment

Charlotte is seated behind her desk, flicking through pictures on an iPad. She looks up, musters a smile.

CHARLOTTE  
 Did Michael ask you if mining  
 people like they were copper bother  
 you?

Amy nods slowly, still scanning the surfaces of the room.

AMY  
 He had a problem with the new app's  
 privacy policy.

CHARLOTTE  
 Understandable. He's Irish. Are you  
 looking for a manila envelope?

Amy inhales sharply. Charlotte sighs.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)  
 I am sick of Whitestone's  
 efficiency experts and DeCarlo's  
 cuts in every area.

AMY  
 I--

Charlotte holds up her hand to silence Amy and nods.

CHARLOTTE  
 I was forced to let go sixty-seven  
 people today. Sit.

Amy takes a seat in front of Charlotte who continues reviewing pictures.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)  
I'm reviewing your portfolio.

Amy's CELL chimes. She silences it.

AMY  
Sorry.

Charlotte lays the iPad flat.

CHARLOTTE  
Ever thought about being brand director?

Amy's mouth parts; she's stunned.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)  
DeCarlo expressed an interest.

AMY  
DeCarlo? He doesn't--

CHARLOTTE  
He knows your work. Whitestone's allowing me one internal nominee.

AMY  
DeCarlo?

CHARLOTTE  
Yes, the ape from Whitestone Equity. If you prevail, you'll be able to pick your own team.

AMY  
I like the group I'm with.

CHARLOTTE  
The new position will also require travel to L.A. and work with Ron.

AMY  
(repulsed)  
Ron? DeCarlo brought him back?

Amy's phone chimes again as Charlotte speaks.

CHARLOTTE  
As an independent contractor. Will you shut that thing off!

Amy silences the phone again.

AMY

Sorry. The app overrides my audio settings. It's a bug.

Charlotte nods, sighs.

CHARLOTTE

Don't let that happen with DeCarlo. It's Friday. It's late. Go home and think about it.

AMY

Sorry, I thought--

The phone goes off again. Charlotte turns back to her computer and waves her away.

CHARLOTTE

Try uninstalling that app.

INT. HUNTER MEDIA MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

Amy languidly walks back to her desk, scanning the empty cube farm.

CHRIS WILLIAMSON, a large man approaching his mid-30's with thinning blond hair, T-shirt and jeans, pushes a cart full of computer equipment. He smiles when he sees Amy.

CHRIS

Hey, what's happening?

Amy, not eager to see him, heaves a sigh of resignation and shrugs. The phone chimes again. White hot, she strangles it.

AMY

Goodbye, dating service app.

CHRIS

Whoa, you use a dating service?

Amy looks at Chris, eyes like razors.

AMY

I actually go on dates, Chris. Why don't you leave on time for once and meet someone.

Chris's face slackens, smile gone. Amy grabs her bag, storms out.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

Amy on the N train flipping through texts.

FOUR TEENAGE BOYS travel through the car with bookbags and skateboards. They take the seats opposite her. One stares, then two, then all four.

BOY ONE puts his skateboard on the floor and rolls it back and forth under his foot in Amy's direction. Amy appears oblivious.

The boy lets the skateboard go as the train comes to a stop; it is ambiguous whether he meant to or not. It shoots towards Amy.

Amy stops the skateboard with footwork like Messi.

She looks up at the boy and right through him. He smiles, sheepishly, and turns red. The other three boys look away.

Amy holds the skateboard beneath her foot until the train stops--her stop. She sends the skateboard back to the boy with force, stands up and smiles at him. He watches her in wide-eyed, parted lip awe as she exits the train.

EXT. ASTORIA STREET - NIGHT

Amy walks with purpose. Crowds thin out as she leaves the subway station. She scans the street intently.

EXT. ASTORIA STREET OUTSIDE AMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Amy's apartment is on the third floor of a converted three story house. She ascends an outside staircase to the second floor.

She gets out her keys and unlocks the door. She walks through...

INT. FLIGHT OF STAIRS TO AMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

...Amy's guard is down now. A SMALL FIGURE slips in behind her and lets the door shut on its own.

Amy trudges up the stairs, readying the key for the inside door. The small figure pads silently behind her.

Amy gets the key in the door, unlocks it, senses something, turns and is face-to-face with a thirteen-year-old girl in a Steelers jersey and jeans. This is SHAWNA DOUGAL.

Amy SCREAMS and STRIKES at the girl, who instinctively jumps back, and begins to fall down the stairs only to grab the handrail at the last moment.

AMY

What are you doing?

The girl is stunned--wide-eyed, mouth open.

AMY (CONT'D)

You trying to mug me?

The girl slumps to her knees on the stairs, still holding the railing.

SHAWNA

Aunt Amy?

INT. AMY'S APARTMENT KITCHEN - NIGHT

Shawna is seated at the kitchen table. Amy plants a steeping cup of tea in front of her. Amy opens a bottle of wine.

AMY

Your interrupting my evening with a bottle of wine and Lifetime.

Shawna looks around the small 700 square foot apartment made up of the essentials: kitchen, den, bedroom and bathroom.

SHAWNA

(humorless)

Ha, ha. I get it. My mom watches that sometimes.

AMY

Maybe she's at a Lifetime fan club meet up. Pity I wasn't invited.

SHAWNA

She said she was meeting friends.

Amy sips her wine, regards Shawna, then looks out the window at the nearby Manhattan skyline.

AMY

(to herself)

At least one of us has friends.

SHAWNA

Can I have some milk and sugar?

Amy puts down her wine and gets the sugar bowl from an overhead cabinet.

AMY  
Milk's in the fridge.

Shawna gets it, adds both to the tea.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Excuse me, I have to change.

Amy leaves the room.

INT. AMY'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amy sheds her work clothes and dons a white tank and capris. The phone rings. Amy picks up.

AMY  
Hello?

SONDRA'S WORDS are slow, slurred, and stuck together.

SONDRA  
Amy...Amy...'sthat you?

AMY  
Sondra?

SONDRA  
Is Shawna with you?

AMY  
You mean the little girl you left outside my building? Yes. Now tell me, what the hell is going on?

SONDRA  
You have to come get me.

Amy hears a commotion over the phone. A woman screams at a man, accusing him of hitting her. Amy listens.

SONDRA (CONT'D)  
You ha..ave to come get me. Tyler's gone.

AMY  
Who's Ty...are you drunk?

SONDRA  
Among other things.

AMY  
Where are you?

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

Amy rides an empty subway car, leg pumping like a piston.

INT. AMY'S APARTMENT DEN - NIGHT

Shawna is vigorously texting when her phone dies. She gets the charger out of her suitcase and plugs the short cable into the wall.

She finishes the text sitting on the floor, looks around the place and starts exploring.

INT. AMY'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shawna walks into the bedroom: a stuffed bookshelf, a closet, a freestanding full-length mirror, a vanity and an ornate queen bed with two end tables.

Paperbacks and jewelry are stacked high on the end tables along with photos of teenage Amy and Sondra on a beach, a family portrait with their parents, and a picture of Sondra and Shawna.

Shawna picks up the one of her younger self and then scrutinizes the one of Amy and Sondra.

The bookshelf gets a cursory perusal: a few literary journals, romance novels, books on art and graphic design.

Intrigued, she slides open the closet and looks at Amy's clothes, pausing to admire some of Amy's work outfits as well as her evening wear, including a little black dress she removes.

She steps in front of the full-length mirror holding the black dress over her--a perfect fit.

She sits down at Amy's vanity and holds up Amy's picture next to her face and leans in, comparing herself to Amy.

She discards the picture and then tries out a few expressions in the mirror: some smiles, a pout, a come hither look, wide-eyed innocence.

She notices a charcoal sketch of a nude young man looking down at her. She leans in to study it.

EXT. MANHATTAN APARTMENT STEPS- NIGHT

A disheveled SONDRA, early 30's, slumps on the steps waiting.

EXT. SUBWAY STAIRS - NIGHT

Amy passes a mendicant peeing on a wall and makes her way up a flight of subway steps.

INT. AMY'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shawna rifles through Amy's underwear drawer pulling out bras and panties of every different color and style until she finds a small red leather purse. She opens it and finds \$500.

SHAWNA

Wow!

She pockets two twenties and carefully puts the rest back.

EXT. STREET BETWEEN 7TH AND 8TH AVENUE - NIGHT

Amy walks past a diverse collection of men, women, and children all out for a commerce-filled night. She is offered drugs and money in return for sex. She quickens her pace.

INT. AMY'S APARTMENT DEN - NIGHT

Shawna boots up Amy's computer. Smiles when she sees it is not password protected.

She signs into Facebook and scrolls through some posts, messages her friend KRISTEN, and sends a selfie using the webcam.

She clicks on the e-mail icon and scrolls through Amy's mail.

SHAWNA

Wow! You know a shitload of guys.

Shawna begins reading Amy's correspondence.

EXT. MANHATTAN APARTMENT - NIGHT

Amy finds Sondra on the steps of a brownstone. Sondra's eyes light up when she sees Amy. She holds out her arms.

SONDRA

You don't know how good it is to see someone I don't immediately label as a son-of-a-bitch.

Amy climbs a few steps and the women embrace briefly.

AMY

Sondra, what the hell is going on?

SONDRA

(slurred, shaking her head)  
Everyone left. There was a fight.  
Tyler...

Sondra vomits. Amy dodges it, but some splashes her shoes.

SONDRA (CONT'D)

Oh, shit. Not good.

AMY

My god, you are so fucked up.

SONDRA

I'm sorry. Is Shawna OK?

AMY

Yes. I'm impressed you care.

They begin to walk down the street back to Eighth Avenue.

SONDRA

(dreamily)  
Shawna.

AMY

I almost killed her in the stairwell.

Sondra laughs and Amy shakes her head in exasperation as they struggle up the street together.

SONDRA

Russ and I got divorced.

AMY

Did I know that?

SONDRA

He's got a new girlfriend. Bitch found an attorney to hound me.

AMY

Why?

SONDRA

I had a fight with Russ when he came to get Shawna, and I had a boyfriend over. She had the gall to call me a slut, so I slapped her.

AMY

So she got an attorney.

SONDRA

A woman who specializes in going after women. D'you believe that?

Amy kisses Sondra on the cheek and squeezes her shoulders.

AMY

Let's go home and get you cleaned up.

A MAN approaches them, spreads his arms wide to block their way.

MAN

\$500 for the two of you and I'll throw in some blow.

Sondra cackles in his face. Amy pulls her sister even closer to her. The man steps closer.

AMY

Fuck off.

MAN

(aggressive)  
Fuck you, cunt. I'll give you \$250 and keep the blow for myself.

Amy sees a CAB coming. The man continues to block their path.

AMY

This will be expensive.

Amy sprays his face full of pepper spray and he screams. She plants her foot in his groin and shoves him in front of the cab, which screeches to a stop.

She drags Sondra to the side of the cab and throws her in.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Amy slides in and slams the door shut. Cabbie looks stunned.

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