

LIZA ON DEMAND

"Pilot"

Episode #101

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TBD

REVISED NETWORK DRAFT - 10.27.17

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - EARLY MORNING (D1)

A BLUE KIA drives up Vine, an UBER DECAL on the window. Inside, LIZA drives a basic business BRO (bluetooth on ear, button-up shirt, expensive work-meets-adventure backpack. He is mid-phone conversation:

BRO

Sweet, I'm just hitting the gym before my 9:15...Sweet, let's grab an IPA after work...Sweet, but I gotta bounce by 7 'cause I double booked some Tinder bitches...

Gross. LIZA ROLLS HER EYES as she puts on her turn signal to pull over, but STOPS as something catches her eye: a TRAFFIC COP, writing tickets. Liza DEFTLY SWERVES BACK INTO TRAFFIC. Glances out her rearview at the Cop. When she's a safe distance away, she pulls over.

LIZA

O-kay! Here we are, you have a great day!

BRO

(terminates his call)
My gym was a full block back that way.

LIZA

What? Oh, yeah, there was a huge rain puddle there, like a lake. And those shoes look very new, so...you're welcome!

BRO

A rain puddle. In L.A.. In May.

LIZA

Plus everybody walks their dogs right there. It's basically poop Disneyland. So...ta-dah!

BRO

Or, you could just admit you're a terrible driver who doesn't pay attention. Never mind, I'll just say it in your rating.

HE PULLS OUT HIS PHONE with the all the authority of an entitled passenger in a Kia.

LIZA

Wait wait wait! Look, look. You're right, okay? There's no poop lake.

(MORE)

Ep. 101 "Pilot" REVISED Network Draft

LIZA (CONT'D)

There was a traffic cop standing right there and it seems I have a...substantial number of unpaid parking tickets and I didn't want to be seen and get caught so I lied.

(sincere)

I hope this won't affect my rating. I'm extremely and genuinely sorry.

She looks at him pleadingly. He looks back.

BRO

Fuck that, I paid for this ride and I didn't pay to walk a block out of my way because some bitch is too dumb to pay her tickets. One star.

HE OPENS HIS PHONE. Liza glares, fire in her eyes.

LIZA

Okay. That's how you wanna play? Okay. Guess you're forgetting that I get to rate you, too...

And she pulls out HER PHONE.

LIZA (CONT'D)

Talking on your phone, calling women "bitches"... Bro, I will give you a rating so low no one would pick you up even if you had a handle and "Gucci" stamped on your ass. And before you say anything else, you should know I also drive for Lyft, Curb and Shitbox -- the unfortunately-named new service for people who can't afford Uber, Lyft or Curb. Also I deliver food for Postmates and groceries for Instacart. I do tasks for Favor and favors for TaskBasket I am gig economy or die bro, do you read me? So unless you want me to tank your rating with every single on-demand service leaving you to do all of your crap yourself until the end of time, you best move that finger over to the Five star and I will do the same.

They stare one another down, fingers hovering over their touch screens like a Tarantino movie about coders.

LIZA (CONT'D)

What's it gonna be, bro? How many stars?

BRO

You go first.

LIZA

You think I just arrived on this planet?
Same time or I blow your world up.

BRO

Fine. One...

LIZA

Two...

BRO

Three.

LIZA (CONT'D)

Three.

They both hit the Five stars. DING!

LIZA (CONT'D)

Sweet.

(smiles)

You have a great day!

MAIN TITLE: **LIZA ON DEMAND**

INT. APARTMENT - DAY (D2)

CLOSE ON: A small, absurdly ugly, little dog. He pants at the camera.

He is sitting on the lap of HARLOW (20's, expert in nothing, opinion on everything).

HARLOW

Okay, I have an announcement. Well, we have an announcement... You guys have to promise not to say anything. Bark-Paul Gosselaar has a meeting at Nike. He just got his own shoe deal!

Liza and OLIVER (20's, doesn't need your fucking approval) sit across from Harlow. They look confused.

LIZA

So is it shoes for the dog? Or are they shoes for people that have a picture of the dog on them?

OLIVER

I think dog shoes would be cuter.

LIZA

Me too. I vote for little dog shoes.

HARLOW

No...I don't know. That's why I'm flying up to Portland for the meeting! But, guys -- Bark-Paul crossed a million followers on Instagram. You realize that changes everything. Endorsement deals. Ad sales. I mean, we're talking mid-six figures.

Liza and Oliver can't believe this.

OLIVER

Wait, are you going to move out? Buy your own place? Because if you need a realtor!

He waves his hand excited.

HARLOW

No! I'm so busy with all of his appearances and photo shoots and travel engagements -- it's much easier for me to just keep my place here. Though I am considering buying a loft in Tribeca.

(checks her phone)

My driver's here. Anyway, while I'm away... Liza, I need you to promise me that you won't AirBnB my room.

LIZA

What? I would never --

HARLOW

I know you already did it twice.

LIZA

-- do that again.

HARLOW

Thanks. Love you guys!

Harlow leaves.

OLIVER

The world's ugliest rescue dog gets a shoe deal and I'm wearing knockoff Guccis. What a time to be alive.

LIZA

No, no, you are not going to get me to shit talk her. She's our friend and we should be happy for her. We should not point out that she was about to take that dog back to the shelter before it became instafamous.

(MORE)

Ep. 101 "Pilot" REVISED Network Draft

LIZA (CONT'D)

Or that Bark-Paul is racist and growls at me when I walk past --

(mad at herself)

Goddamn it. I tried. I really tried.

OLIVER

There's a place in hell for women who don't support other women with famous, ugly dogs.

Liza sits.

LIZA

It's just... It's hard not to compare. You sell real estate, Harlow manages a famous dog... What do I have? A liberal arts degree, a pile of student debt and a regrettable Gotye tattoo.

OLIVER

Now he's just somebody that we used to know.

Liza glares.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Hon, don't be so hard on yourself. You'll find your thing.

LIZA

What if I don't? I'm so busy working my ass off doing all of these different gigs that I have no time to focus on anything else. I've got too much side hustle and no time for main hustle!

OLIVER

Or that's just an excuse you make so you don't have to commit to anything.

LIZA

What? I'm fully committed.

OLIVER

Sure. Like the way you fully committed to your picture wall...

He points to a wall in the apartment covered with PICTURE FRAMES. But there are NO PHOTOS in the frames.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Or putting that IKEA table together.

Indeed, in the corner, there's a dusty table on its side with TWO LEGS, the other legs on the floor beside it.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

You just had to put four legs on.
(before she can argue)

Not to mention all the unpaid parking tickets? Girl, your serious lack of follow through has turned you into an outlaw.

LIZA

Well, I would finish all of those things but I'm so busy with all of my gigging jobs that -- Oh jeez, I do use that as an excuse for everything.

OLIVER

So stop making excuses. Just finish one thing. Go online right now and at least pay your parking tickets.

LIZA

Fine.
(grumbles)
Only because that stupid table is impossible.

She takes out her phone and credit card. DING! Her phone chimes.

LIZA (CONT'D)

Oh! Just got a TaskBasket job --

OLIVER

OH MY GOD!!!

LIZA

Sorry, sorry -- you're right. Paying tickets.

Oliver is looking at his phone.

OLIVER

No! Look at this!
(shows her his phone)
The Cupcaken! It's here!

LIZA

The Cupcaken?

OLIVER

Yes! The cupcake baked inside a cupcake
baked inside yet another cupcake! The
chef from New York is opening a pop-up
restaurant in LA for one day only. Today!

LIZA

Oh my god!

OLIVER

Fuck your parking tickets! We're getting
a Cupcaken!

LIZA

Ha!

(realizes)

Wait -- are you just saying that so I
won't finish these tickets and you can be
right?

OLIVER

No -- I wish I had thought of that but
no. I do not fuck around when it comes to
exclusive dessert drops. Okay, I've got
to show a house at ten. You do your
TaskBasket and meet me at noon.

They head out, excited.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Cupcaken!

LIZA

CUPCAKEN!

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - A LITTLE LATER (D2)

Liza, wearing a TASKBASKET t-shirt, stands opposite a
WEEPY MAN (early 30's) holding a PET CARRIER. There's a
skinny, older-looking, orange CAT in there.

LIZA

You...want me to...?

WEEPY MAN

Euthanize my cat.

LIZA

You want me to kill your cat?

He hands her a PIECE OF PAPER. Sniffs.

WEEPY MAN

Here's the address of the vet, just take him inside and bring him to the desk. I called my credit card in. I told them to dispose of the ashes, I don't want to see them. You're a merciful angel for doing this thank you--

He chokes back a SOB. Liza looks at the cat, it MEOWS.

LIZA

I...he doesn't even look sick.

WEEPY MAN

He has cancer, are you honestly questioning whether or not my cat should be able to end his life with dignity? Do you know how hard this is?!

LIZA

Of course not, no, no, cancer is terrible. I hate cancer--

WEEPY MAN

Your app says "any job, any time", how dare you?!

LIZA

I'm so sorry, of course I'll do it.

WEEPY MAN

No, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry, this is just a really stressful time. Julius is family. I've had him since he was a tiny kitten, he used to eat my socks. And my toothbrush. And my ten inch anatomically correct--

(stopping himself)

...sweater.

LIZA

I will...deliver him with dignity.

WEEPY MAN

You're so lovely. Thank you. Let me just...say goodbye one more time actually I can't, I can't look at that beautiful smooshy Julius face again it's too --

He holds a hand over his mouth.

WEEPY MAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry --!

He slams the door shut, leaving Liza there with the cat carrier. Shit.

EXT. VETERINARIAN'S OFFICE - LATER (D2)

Julius is in the carrier on the front seat. Liza has unzipped the little door so his head can peek out. But Liza just sits there. She looks at her phone.

LIZA
"FaceTime Oliver".

The phone dials. Oliver picks up.

OLIVER
Oh my god you're still sitting there, do you realize how long you've been sitting there?

LIZA
Don't worry, it's a free lot, I won't get a ticket.

OLIVER
Liza, this man is paying you to kill his cat, now go inside and kill his cat!

A WOMAN looking at the house passes in the background, concerned. Oliver turns, somber face:

OLIVER (CONT'D)
It's sick. Quality of life issue.
(back to Liza)
I have a house full of people here, you need to stop calling me.

LIZA
But--

OLIVER
No. No 'buts'. This is what we were talking about. Finish the job. Finish the cat. Then meet me for the Cupcaken.

He hangs up. Liza hangs up. Sighs. She looks at Julius.

LIZA
So, Julius, I...I know we just met so this is kinda weird...and I don't know if anyone explained to you what we're about to do.

(MORE)

LIZA (CONT'D)

Lord knows I did not get up today thinking, "today is the day I end somebody's life"...although who really ever thinks that? I mean maybe like a hit man? I guess they think that. But I'm not a hit man. And you're just a cat. Not *just* a cat. But a cat who...looks like he had a good long run. Had a life full of...fun cat adventures. Like chasing mice or playing with yarn, or... being afraid of cucumbers...

Liza looks out the window, trying to formulate her thoughts.

LIZA (CONT'D)

But you know what? You shouldn't be afraid. You're going to a better place full of--

She turns to look at Julius. Looks alarmed.

LIZA (CONT'D)

Whoa, whoa that's my hairband, don't--! Damn, you just totally swallowed that! That...can't be good. Although, I guess it's not gonna kill you since I'm about to kill you, but that was a little fucked up, just saying. Anyway. Let's...call it even. Okay.

(steels herself)

Okay. I will finish this.

Then BLOOP! Her phone blows up. It's another TASKBASKET job. Liza looks at it.

LIZA (CONT'D)

"Holly is requesting a Tasker in Sherman Oaks". Ooh, I should take that, I'm really close.

She glances at the cat, then hits "ACCEPT", relieved.

LIZA (CONT'D)

We'll come back.

She STARTS THE CAR.

INT. LOVELY HOME - A LITTLE LATER (D2)

HOLLY (early 40's), a well-dressed woman who exudes confidence, leads LIZA through to the open living area of her immaculate home. Lots of framed family photos with a HUSBAND and TWO BOYS. Holly is TYPING INTO HER PHONE.

LIZA

Wow, your home is really beautiful.

HOLLY

Thank you, I use that app, Spiffy? They send the best cleaning people. I mean you'd never know I have three boys running around peeing on everything.

Liza looks down at the floor, has she stepped in any?

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Hang on a sec, I was just tipping my Instacart shopper... Also have to send a Venmo for school hot lunch...

LIZA

I do Instacart.

HOLLY

Don't you love it?? Isn't it great how you can get literally everything done through your phone now?

LIZA

I meant I...shop for Instacart.

HOLLY

Okay, that's adorable.
(launches into business mode)
Anyway, here's the deal: my son Xander has to put together this jigsaw puzzle for school tomorrow.

She holds up a PUZZLE BOX.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

But he has Mandarin at 3 and then coding class, plus piano practice...I mean am I really paying that school 30 grand a year so he can do puzzles? Puzzles??

She looks to Liza for an answer.

LIZA

Pfff.

HOLLY

Exactly. So, priorities. What's the best use of Xander's time. Not doing a puzzle.

LIZA

Shazam.

Liza looks uncomfortable. Why did she say that?

HOLLY

Perfect. I have to run to my office for a few hours. If you finish before I get back just let yourself out. And help yourself to anything in the kitchen.

LIZA

Oh, sorry, I left something...perishable in my car, is it okay if I bring it in?

HOLLY

Sure, there's an extra fridge in the garage for entertaining, you can just put it in there.

LIZA

It's more of a not fridge thing but thanks! Puzzle me!

Holly looks at her blankly. Liza steps up.

LIZA (CONT'D)

I meant...I'll just...take that.

Liza reaches for the box.

INT. LOVELY HOME - A FEW MINUTES LATER (D2)

Liza puts JULIUS' CARRIER DOWN ON THE TABLE next to the PUZZLE BOX: **GREAT FIGURES IN SCIENCE! 500 PIECES.**

LIZA

500 pieces? Tsk, I can do this in like ten minutes.

She DUMPS THE PIECES on the table then wanders out of frame. Returns with a BOTTLE OF WINE, a GLASS and a CORKSCREW. Looks at Julius.

LIZA (CONT'D)

What? She said "anything in the kitchen". Don't judge me.

INT. LOVELY HOME - A LITTLE LATER (D2)

Liza is nearly finished with the puzzle. She sits back and sips her wine.

LIZA

Look at this place. What do you think she does for a living? Maybe that could be my thing. She's so intimidating and *on it*. And did you see her hair? You didn't see it. But it was like that kind of shiny that you think is a trick in commercials? But it was real.

(sips)

This is delicious, I bet Oliver would love it. Maybe I'll bring it home.

Julius MEOWS.

LIZA (CONT'D)

Jesus, Julius. I *told* you she said I could help myself, you weren't even here-- Wait where's the cork?

She looks around. It's not there.

LIZA (CONT'D)

Did you eat the cork?

Julius MEOWS.

LIZA (CONT'D)

Are you a flipping vacuum?! Why would you eat that?! I can't take wine in my car with no cork!

Her PHONE RINGS. Oliver. FaceTime.

LIZA (CONT'D)

Heyyy.

OLIVER

I'm closing the house up, are you ready?

Liza stands and starts trying to finish the puzzle with her free hand.

LIZA

Uh...I need like 15 and then I can leave. I'm closer than you though so--

Julius MEOWS.

OLIVER

Are. You. Fucking. Kidding. Me.

LIZA

Just gotta finish this puzzle! Great figures in science!

OLIVER

You still have the cat!!

LIZA

NoIdon't--!!

She tosses the phone aside and scrambles to finish the puzzle. Pops in just a few more pieces.

LIZA (CONT'D)

Marie Curie, Albert Einstein, Jane Goodall, oops, here's your ear... Then these pieces are all Stephen Hawking.

(putting the pieces in)

Stephen Hawking's pants, Stephen Hawking's pants, annnd we are --

(stops)

Where's the last piece? Where's the last piece of Stephen Hawking's pants?

She looks around the table, the floor, under the box.

LIZA (CONT'D)

That is literally his dick. I can't leave Stephen Hawking without a dick! Where is that piece??!

Julius MEOWS. Liza's eyes narrow.

LIZA (CONT'D)

You ate Stephen Hawking's dick, you dick.

EXT. POP-UP SHOP - LATER (D2)

Oliver is waiting in line outside the BAKERY POP-UP SHOP with other anxious FOODIES. Liza hurries over to him with the cat carrier, excited.

OLIVER

Cupcaken!

LIZA

Cupcaken!

Oliver looks at the cat carrier and shakes his head.

LIZA (CONT'D)
I'll do it later!

He peeks inside the carrier.

OLIVER
Ugh. That is the saddest pussy I've seen
since Marcy McCloud tried to turn me
straight at bible camp.

LIZA
Great spot in line.

OLIVER
Tell me about it.

Oliver nods to an ATTRACTIVE GUY in a tank top in line.
He's got some cut, tan guns.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
(leans in to Liza)
Check out Golden-arms over there. We have
been making serious eye contact for the
last fifteen minutes. After this maybe
we'll make a man-aken. That's a man
wrapped in a man wrapped in a...

Oliver gives Golden-arms another glance.

LIZA
Great. You're falling in love and I'm
waiting for a cat to poop out Steven
Hawking's dick.

Goldenarms overheard that. He looks slightly disturbed.

OLIVER
Okay, I don't know what that means but
you are not helping.

The line moves a step closer.

INT. POP-UP SHOP - A LITTLE LATER (D2)

Liza and Oliver make it inside the store. They look
psyched!

OLIVER
Cup!

LIZA
Cake!

OLIVER

En!

BAKERY WORKER

You can't come in here with that cat.
Health code.

LIZA

What? No... I can't leave it.
(confides)
It's dying.

OLIVER

Not fast enough.

BAKERY WORKER

No animals. You have to leave.

LIZA

But-- Wait, what about that duck?

And sure enough, someone is sitting at a small table with
a DUCK.

BAKERY WORKER

That is a registered therapy animal. Do
you have paperwork?

LIZA

Yes. No. Fine.
(to Oliver)
I'll be back. Hold my place.

BAKERY WORKER

No holding places in line.

LIZA

Then just get me a triple chocolate.

BAKERY WORKER

One per customer.

LIZA

Oh my god! You've got rules wrapped in
rules wrapped in more rules! It's like a--

MOST OF THE PEOPLE IN LINE

-- Rule-caken.

LIZA

Oh, tur-duck all of you. C'mon, Oliver,
we'll take him out and get back in line.

But Oliver's not going anywhere.

LIZA (CONT'D)

Oliver. I'd get out of line for you! Some friend you are!

A few people turn to look, including Golden-arms. Oliver panics, wants to look good in front of this guy!

OLIVER

(loudly)

Some friend I AM! Getting out of line to care for my friend's sick cat! Because I am sensitive and loving and super fit!

Oliver scoops Liza, with the carrier, up into his arms like Richard Gere at the end of "An Officer And A Gentleman". He strides out with her.

EXT. POP-UP SHOP - MOMENTS LATER (D2)

The cat carrier is in a shady spot under a bench.

LIZA

He'll be okay under there. Right?

OLIVER

What's the difference?!

LIZA

Right. You're right. Okay. Back in line.
(trying to rally)
Cupcaken!

OLIVER

(flagging)

Cupcaken.

INT. POP-UP SHOP - MOMENTS LATER (D2)

Liza and Oliver finally make it back inside the shop... to see a POSTMATES DELIVERY GUY leaving with a LARGE BAG OF CUPCAKENS.

BAKERY WORKER

Okay! Those were the last ones. Sorry, we're sold out.

She puts a CLOSED SIGN on the counter.

OLIVER

NO!

LIZA

Come on! You can't be out!

BAKERY WORKER

That Postmates guy just left with the last dozen.

LIZA

Dozen? You said it was one per customer!

BAKERY WORKER

For people in line. Postmates was running a special. Order up to a dozen.

Liza looks dejected. Oliver nudges her.

OLIVER

Wait -- don't you work for Postmates?

LIZA

Yes... I do! I work for Postmates!

BAKERY WORKER

Really?

LIZA

Yes!

BAKERY WORKER

That's cool. We're still out though.

She turns around and starts to clean up.

EXT. POP-UP SHOP - CONTINUOUS (D2)

Liza and Oliver walk out of the shop, defeated.

LIZA

I'm so sorry.

OLIVER

Sorry isn't going to fill my mouth with delicious nesting cupcakes.

LIZA

Maybe you can still share one with Golden-arms?

They look up to see Golden-arms sharing a Cupcaken with his friend -- who was clearly his BOYFRIEND. Damn.

OLIVER

Great. Now I can't fill my mouth with him either. Dammit Liza, you know I'm not attracted to anyone who doesn't look like Jude Law in "The Holiday". This could have been a really meaningful departure for me.

LIZA

That one's not my fault.

OLIVER

Now I have to go back to work with no cupcake and no hot man to hook up with in one of the extra bedrooms...

LIZA

Oliver --

OLIVER

And I'm going to wind up at Ralph's buying Double Stuff Oreos, eating a whole sleeve and then shame spiraling into two hours of crossfit...

LIZA

Oliver!

OLIVER

What?!

LIZA

He's gone. The cat's gone.

OLIVER

Really?

And sure enough, the cat carrier is unzipped -- and EMPTY.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Guess you're not seeing Stephen Hawking's dick again.

Liza looks around. SHIT!

EXT. POP-UP SHOP - LATER (D2)

Liza and Oliver are looking around the block for the cat.

OLIVER

Did you leave it unzipped?

LIZA

No! Maybe he unzipped it from the inside?

OLIVER

(putting it together)

Yes! He got tired of waiting for you to put him out of his misery and went to buy a gun. If he goes to one of those gun shows there's no background checks...

Liza sits down on the curb. Slumps.

LIZA

I'm a failure. I had two simple things to do and I couldn't do either of them. The cat, the puzzle...I mean it's no wonder all my friends are enormous successes and I'm a total loser. I'm never going to find my thing because I'm literally not good at anything.

OLIVER

Well I wouldn't say I'm an *enormous* success. I'm definitely a rising talent...

LIZA

Maybe I should just move back home to Tuscon. I guess my dad will give me a job answering phones at his orthodontist's office. But then he'd have to fire Peggy, and she's had that job for twenty five years. She came to all of my birthday parties so that's bound to be awkward. She'll probably start drinking and her husband will leave her -- and take up with some woman who's really just after his Royal Family Commemorative Plate collection. They'll want to split up the plates -- but you can't split up Will and Kate. Somebody in that family deserves a happy ending. But they'll never get it. All because I can't finish anything.

Liza's phone RINGS:

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hello?! Is this the TaskBasket woman who took Julius?

LIZA

Um...

WOMAN'S VOICE

Julius?! My cat?!!

LIZA

Your cat?

INT. APARTMENT - LATER (D2)

A WOMAN (30's, stressed, dressed like she just got back from Burning Man) paces on the phone. Behind her we see the formerly WEEPY MAN who hired Liza to kill the cat. Now he just looks surly.

JULIUS' REAL OWNER

Yes, my asshole roommate called you! He wanted to get rid of my Julius!

WEEPY GUY

That cat is the devil! He's like a Roomba with mange!

JULIUS' REAL OWNER

So move out, Lyle!

WEEPY GUY/LYLE

You move out, Shelly! I can bike to work from here!

JULIUS' REAL OWNER/SHELLY

(back to Liza)

Please tell me you didn't kill Julius!
There's nothing wrong with him!

(INTERCUT)

LIZA

There's nothing wrong with him?
(pointed, to Oliver)
There's nothing wrong with him!

She smiles at Oliver. See?! She was right all along!
Oliver shrugs. Whatever.

SHELLY

Where is he?

LIZA

Uh...

SHELLY

What? What is it? You know Julius is chipped. I can see exactly where you are!

LIZA

Oh... you can?

(realizing)

And... where exactly is he? I mean--am I?

SHELLY

Third and Sweetzer.

LIZA

(confused)

Really? But that's right here...?

She looks around. And across the street... SPOTS A MAN, HOLDING JULIUS, WALKING TOWARDS A PARKED CAR. She points him out to Oliver.

LIZA (CONT'D)

Yes! I see him! I mean -- he's right here. With me. The whole time. I'll bring him right back!

Liza hangs up. She and Oliver take off after the guy.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS (D2)

Liza and Oliver run up to the CAT GUY (40's, pasty, in coveralls covered with cat hair).

LIZA

Hey! What are you doing with that cat?!

CAT GUY

I'm rescuing it, obviously.

LIZA

No no, that's someone's cat! You can't take it!

CAT GUY

Well, whoever that "someone" is didn't seem to care about him at all -- leaving him under a bench like a discarded newspaper or... a used condom.

LIZA

Gross. But we only left him for five minutes!

CAT GUY

I see. So it's your cat. Well you should have thought of that before you neglected this beautiful creature. Like a wilted flower. Or a... used condom.

LIZA

Okay, you really need to expand your references -- But I'm on your side. I saved this cat's life today! Someone wanted to kill it. And I saved it!

Cat Guy looks skeptical.

OLIVER

(to Cat Guy)

Lemme get this straight -- you just drive around, looking for cats to rescue? Like some kind of Cat Batman? Like... Catman?

CAT GUY

Yes. That's exactly what I am.

He points to his dingy personalized license plate. It reads CATMAN.

CAT GUY (CONT'D)

And your actions are staunchly anti-feline. This cat clearly deserves a better home. I'm going to make sure he finds it.

He shuts the passenger door. The cat is inside. He turns, but Liza steps closer, glaring.

LIZA

Oh, you're not going anywhere.

He turns back, curious at her tone.

LIZA (CONT'D)

Look, to you, this may just look like a cat that I was supposed to put to sleep. And didn't. That ate a piece of a puzzle I was supposed to put together. And didn't... But I won't dwell on those tiny failures, because to me, that cat is a promise. A promise I made to his owner to bring him home alive and not dead. So that's what I'm going to do. Because that's what I'm good at.

(realizing)

I'm good at helping people. Helping them get where they're going or doing the stuff they don't want to do or can't handle on their own. I am the glue that keeps everyone's life from falling apart. I am the promise. Of the future -- and that future starts today.

(MORE)

LIZA (CONT'D)

This is the day I'm going to finish what I started. So I'm not asking you -- I'm telling you. Give me the fucking cat.

But Cat Guy is now distracted by the cat in his car.

CAT GUY

Wait -- is he trying to eat my earbuds?!
Let go of those, you little asshole!

He opens the car door to make him stop -- and Liza QUICKLY PUSHES CAT GUY AWAY AND REACHES IN AND SCOOPS UP THE CAT. She yells to Oliver.

LIZA

RUN!!!

Liza spins and scrambles away from the guy!

CAT GUY

Hey!

Oliver steps in front of Cat Guy to block his way.

OLIVER

(yells to Liza)
Go Liza! Run!
(turns back to Cat Guy)
Wait. So you're not even going to try to chase after her?

CAT GUY

Oh god no. You know how many stray cats there are in this city? No. Catman does not do running.

They both look at Liza, booking up the sidewalk. Bless her heart.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER (D2)

Liza hands over the cat to Shelly, who hugs him tight.

SHELLY

Sorry I got a little intense on the phone. I was just worried about my wittle baby Orange Julius...

She cuddles the cat happily. Then yells over her shoulder:

SHELLY (CONT'D)

You are a monster, Lyle! A MONSTER!

LYLE

THAT CAT IS A MONSTER!

(to Liza)

And you are the worst Tasker ever! You didn't finish the job! I'm not paying you!

SHELLY

Ignore him. You did the right thing.

LIZA

Thanks.

(beat)

Are...you going to pay me? For bringing him back?

SHELLY

Oh, I'm not on TaskBasket. I don't know how that would work.

LIZA

Oh, you can sign up!

SHELLY

I get so many emails already.

Liza nods. Reapproaches.

LIZA

Hey, since I did bring your cat back without, you know, murdering it... Do you think I could maybe hang out here for a bit?

SHELLY

Awww. You got attached to him, didn't you? Julius is awfully irresistible.

LYLE

Like Ebola!

SHELLY

Eat a dick, Lyle!

LIZA

He really is. So if I could just maybe hang out until Julius...

(quickly)

...poopsoutapuzzlepiecesoIcangetpaidonmyo
therjob?

SHELLY

Whaaat?

LYLE

What the fuck?

SHELLY

What kind of weird business are you running?

LYLE

Seriously. You need to leave. What kind of sociopath are you?

SHELLY

No stars!

LIZA

You don't even have the app!

They slam the door in Liza's face.

INT. LOVELY HOME - LATER (D2)

Holly leads Liza into the house again. Holly is on the phone:

HOLLY

Hunter is sick? Okay so only 11 kids...
Of course, the Postmates guy just dropped them off. I'll have someone drive them to the field at 5. Okay, bye!

She hangs up. Looks at Liza?

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Did I call you?

LIZA

No. I mean yes, earlier you called me. I did the puzzle?

HOLLY

Right! Right, right! God, so many people in and out!

LIZA

Anyway, I just wanted to apologize and explain why I didn't finish.

HOLLY

Are you kidding me? It's perfect! I love that you didn't finish!

Holly walks over to the puzzle.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Leaving the last piece out so Xander could finish the puzzle himself? Genius! It's so important that kids feel a sense of accomplishment!

Liza slowly nods, tries to go with it.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

And it's a piece of Stephen Hawking, his favorite scientist! So thoughtful! I almost didn't see it under the wine glass!

Holly holds up the MISSING PUZZLE PIECE.

LIZA

I...thought he'd feel even more accomplished if he had to look for it.

HOLLY

So clever. Five stars!

Holly gives Liza a FIVE STAR RATING on the app. DING!
Liza does a little triumphant dance.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

I know we can tip on the app but I want to make sure it goes in your pocket...

She crosses to her HANDBAG on the counter. Next to it, a large BAG from CUPCAKEN. Liza gasps.

LIZA

Are those Cupcakens?

HOLLY

What? Oh, yeah, I'm soccer snack mom today. I don't get it but the kids begged me for them and I saw they were on Postmates, so...Do you want one?

LIZA

Are you serious? You'd give me a Cupcaken? Oh my god, I could share it with my roommate, it would seriously be the greatest thing that ever happened to me!!

HOLLY

It's...just a cupcake.

LIZA
Inside a cupcake, inside a cupcake!

Holly shrugs.

HOLLY
I just bought it because it was
expensive.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER (D2)

Liza walks happily to her car, carefully holding the
CUPCAKEN.

LIZA
I love you and I can't wait to eat you.

Then she looks up.

LIZA (CONT'D)
Nooooo!

A TOW TRUCK DRIVER is preparing to hitch her car to his
truck. She starts to run.

LIZA (CONT'D)
No no no nooooo!

TRUCK DRIVER
Sorry. Says you've got seven unpaid
tickets. I gotta tow ya.

LIZA
I was literally about to pay all of them
this morning! I swear! I will go home
right now and do it! Seriously if you
only know the day I've had --

TRUCK DRIVER
You can pay parking tickets from your
phone. You can do anything from your
phone now. Hey... is that a Cupcaken?

LIZA
Uh, yes. It is.

TRUCK DRIVER
I really wanted one of those. I couldn't
leave work to wait in line.

LIZA
Did you try Postmates..?

He looks at the Cupcaken, then at Liza. She looks like she's about to cry. He doesn't budge. Then holds it out.

LIZA (CONT'D)

Here you go. You have a great day.

EXT. STREET - EVENING (N2)

Liza pulls up to her building in her car.

INT. APARTMENT - EVENING (N2)

Liza hits a key on her laptop.

LIZA

Seven tickets paid in full.

OLIVER

Thank god.

LIZA

And I finished the table.

The IKEA table is now upright. On THREE LEGS. The other leg is just propped in a corner.

LIZA (CONT'D)

It doesn't look like the picture but I'm telling you those instructions were difficult.

(back on track)

And... look at this!

She shows him her phone.

LIZA (CONT'D)

I got an email from the people at TaskBasket. I've gotten so many five star ratings that I'm eligible to apply for Elite Status. Elite Taskers get paid twice as much per gig and a 401K and health insurance! I don't even know what a 401K is! Instead of killing myself working for all of those different apps, I can put all of my focus on this one and get something out of it. I can make a career of this! Side hustle will be my main hustle! I found my thing!

OLIVER

I'm happy for you. Genuinely. Not the kind where I shit talk you when you leave the room.

Harlow enters with Bark-Paul and arms full of gift bags.

HARLOW

Haaay.

She plops down.

LIZA

Oh, you're back early!

HARLOW

What a day, we are exhausted. Bark-Paul threw up in the limo. Oh, and the shoes are for people, not dogs. They just have a tiny "BPG" on the side. They don't feel very on brand, but Nike says pre-orders are off the charts.

She sits up and roots through the bags.

HARLOW (CONT'D)

And look at all this free stuff I got! The Cupcaken people were there but Bark-Paul and I are off sugar until after his calendar shoot so I didn't take any. Ugh, we need a shower and a cocktail.

She exits with the dog. Liza watches her go.

LIZA

She didn't take any. "They're off sugar."

OLIVER

I know a Tasker we could call to kill that dog.

LIZA

Just gotta figure out a way to make it look like an accident.

(she checks her phone)

But first -- I have to pick up a fur coat... for *Rihanna*.

She hops up, accepting her next job.

OLIVER

Are you fucking kidding me?

LIZA

Yes. I actually have to pick up toilet paper for someone named Randy in Echo Park. But once I'm Elite -- you never know.

She stands there, imagining her better life. Then snaps out of it.

LIZA (CONT'D)

I better go. Randy's sitting there waiting. Literally. I think he might have texted me from the toilet. I'll let you know.

She heads for the door.

OLIVER

I'm good.

LIZA

I feel like you wanna know.

OLIVER

Not even remotely curious.

LIZA

I'll send you a picture.

OLIVER

Don't!

LIZA

Got it! Two pictures! We'll put 'em up on the photo wall!

She heads out.

END OF SHOW