

Swipe Right

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FADE IN:

INT. GYNECOLOGIST OFFICE - DAY

A NURSE lays out tools on a tray: a speculum, long cotton swabs, test tubes...

OLIVIA MAPLE, 35, a neurotic workaholic, lies with her feet in stirrups on the exam table, thin blue paper blanket covering her lower half.

She picks up the duckbill-looking speculum.

OLIVIA
This thing always reminds me of a
duck.
(puppeteers in Donald Duck
voice)
Time to open my vagina.

NURSE
Please put that down.

FREEZE on Olivia's embarrassed face as she puts it down...

HER LINKEDIN PROFILE POPS UP ON SCREEN

(Note: main characters will be introduced by a pop-up of the social media app they use the most.)

-HER PROFILE PIC: fake "ready to sell" smile, shiny blouse, not a hair out of place...

OLIVIA MAPLE

Wilson & Hines Insurance Co.

"Hope for the best. Prepare for the WORST."

PROFILE SWIPES RIGHT OFFSCREEN, UNFREEZE on Olivia's face, clearly preparing for the worst.

OLIVIA
Is Dr. Olson gonna be a while?

NURSE
Oh, she's out today. Dr. Bennett
should be here in a minute. He's
great.

OLIVIA
Oh okay--
(suddenly hits her)
Wait, he's a guy?

NURSE
Yeah.

Olivia stiffens.

OLIVIA
Please tell me he's like really old
and doctory. I didn't wax my--

As if on cue, the insanely handsome DR. BENNETT, late 30s,
enters.

DR. BENNETT
Hello, I'm Dr. Bennett. How are you
doing today?

FREEZE on his charming smile...

HIS FACEBOOK PROFILE POPS UP

**PROFILE PIC: Dr. Bennett at the beach throwing a frisbee,
body as hot as his face.**

DAVID BENNETT

**Facebook Status: 2 hrs, "I'd say it's my guilty pleasure, but
I don't feel that guilty for enjoying Bachelor in Paradise."**

PROFILE SWIPES RIGHT OFFSCREEN, UNFREEZE as he grabs her
chart, walks behind her open legs, she SLAMS them shut.

OLIVIA
Doing pretty good.

He sits, lowers his chair, his head right between her legs.

DR. BENNETT
Oh, look at that. Happy birthday.

OLIVIA
How do you know that? What are you-
counting the rings?

Dr. Bennett smiles, holds up her chart.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Oh.

DR. BENNETT
Just going to go through a couple
things here and we'll get you right
out so you can celebrate.
(checks chart)
Okay, looks like it's been a little
over two years since your last pap
smear.

OLIVIA
Yeah, I haven't had any sexual
partners, so...

DR. BENNETT
Oh, that's okay.
(writes in her chart)
No sexual partners--

OLIVIA
 (suddenly feeling judged)
 You don't have to write down "no
 sexual partners". I've had sex
 before. Like a lot. Well, not a
 lot. I'm not a slut.

DR. BENNETT
 No, I wasn't thinking that--

OLIVIA
 I mean, in college I was a little
 slutty. But who wasn't, right? And
 I was nothing compared to like Tina
 Matthews. I mean, it made sense:
 her dad left when she was five. The
 writing was on the wall--

DR. BENNETT
 I'm just going to write down "not
 currently sexually active"--

OLIVIA
 I did have one lesbian experience.
 But wasn't for me. Never liked the
 taste.

The nurse just stares at her, disgusted. Dr. Bennett smiles,
 writes in her chart.

OLIVIA
 Are you writing this down?

DR. BENNETT
 No, no. Not everything you're
 saying. Just a few notes.

OLIVIA
 Because the last two years I've had
 like no sex at all. Has it really
 been two years?

DR. BENNETT
 We don't have to keep talking about-

OLIVIA
 You know, now that I think about
 it, I'm sure it's fine down there.
 Maybe I can just come back once I'm
 having sex again...

DR. BENNETT
 (smiles)
 No, it's okay. Might as well get it
 done since you're here. I promise
 it'll be quick. Especially since
 there's no STD testing or family
 planning concerns I assume.

OLIVIA
 Oh no, no, that's waaaay later. Not
 even thinking about that yet.

DR. BENNETT
 Gotcha. Okay, well just so you know, if you think you might want kids someday, the decline in fertility starts to accelerate rapidly after thirty-five.

Olivia's face drops.

OLIVIA
 Rapidly?

He rolls his chair closer to her legs.

DR. BENNETT
 Yep. Just something to think about. You could always freeze your eggs.

Olivia stares at him, speechless.

OLIVIA
 Uh huh.

The SNAP of Dr. Bennett's gloves brings her back to reality.

DR. BENNETT
 Alright, I just need you to slide down closer to me and open your legs.

Olivia slides down sheepishly, slowly opens her legs a bit until his face is framed by them.

DR. BENNETT
 A little closer.

Olivia's butt slides even closer, inches from his face.

DR. BENNETT (CONT'D)
 Right to the edge.

OLIVIA
 Any closer and I'd be your beard.

DR. BENNETT
 That's okay. I can just do it from here.
 (to the nurse)
 Speculum.

The nurse reaches for the speculum. Olivia lays there awkwardly as he inserts it, the room completely silent except the loud CLICKING of the speculum opening her vagina. He grabs a cotton swab, gathers a sample.

DR. BENNETT (CONT'D)
 (to the nurse)
 Cytobrush.

The nurse looks around, can't find it.

NURSE

It's in room six. Be right back.

And she's gone. Olivia's eyes widen in fear. Dr. Bennett holding the speculum in place in her vagina...

DR. BENNETT

She'll...be right back.

OLIVIA

(mortified)

Okay.

They both sit there for an endless, painfully awkward beat...

DR. BENNETT

So any birthday plans...besides the gynecologist?

OLIVIA

Ha! No. Just working.

(out of her nervousness)

This may be the only action I'm getting today.

Dr. Bennett smiles uncomfortably. Olivia freezes, can't take that back.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Sorry. I didn't mean it like that. I know this isn't "action."

DR. BENNETT

It's okay. I know--

OLIVIA

I would've at least waxed.

(uneasy laugh)

Which I totally do normally, by the way. You caught me right before I go in. I actually have an appointment later today. Today's my "day of appointments". Probably should've done that one first, huh?

DR. BENNETT

No, you're fine. It's not bad at all.

(catches himself)

I don't mean bad. I just mean-- It...it's fine.

OLIVIA

You have to grow it out when you wax, you know? That's the only reason mine's like this right now. It's not always like that. Just right before I wax. Which I'm doing today. I mean- not bald. I leave a little. I'm not seven. I always think that's so weird when guys are into girls like that, you know? Need something, right? Like a landing strip or something.

Just then, the door swings open. The nurse hurries in--

DR. BENNETT

The cytobrush! Awesome.

Dr. Bennett takes it from the nurse, lowers his head and inserts the cytobrush...

ON OLIVIA-- ready to crawl into a hole...

OLIVIA (V.O.)

Nobody wants to end up alone.

EXT. WILSON & HINES INSURANCE - DAY

At the end of a tree lined parking lot sits a four story, lavish brick building. Wilson & Hines Insurance Co. etched on the door.

OLIVIA (V.O.)

Getting older happens whether you're ready for it or not.

POV-- A cake held in a woman's perfectly manicured hands. So many candles forced on it, you can't even see the frosting. The hand pushes the glass door open, leading us inside.

INT. WILSON & HINES INSURANCE - MOMENTS LATER

POV-- We follow the cake down a hallway of cubicles filled with EMPLOYEES on their headsets, talking to clients, tapping away on their computers like robots...

OLIVIA (V.O.)

We control so much in our lives, but the one thing you can't control is time.

At the end of the hallway, the cake reaches a cubicle where we find Olivia on the phone. A whiteboard filled with WEEKLY GOALS hung behind her.

OLIVIA

(to her headset)

My Mom never worried about time until my dad dropped dead at 55. He had a heart attack during a golf lesson and left her with nothing but a mortgage and twelve more golf lessons. Definitely wasn't the future she planned. Let us help you set your family up with life insurance and protect your future today.

(listens to customer)

Great. I'll transfer you to Danny for an appointment.

She puts them on hold, notices the cake.

OLIVIA

Jayne! Awww. You brought me a cake.

We finally see to whom the hands belong: JAYNE PHELPS, 26, Olivia's younger sister, a stay-at-home mom secretly desperate for some excitement in her life.

She swipes a chunk of frosting from the cake with her finger. Puts in her mouth...

FREEZE ON JAYNE'S FACE.

HER INSTAGRAM PROFILE POPS UP

JayneandJim (her name combined with her husband's)

PROFILE PIC: Jayne holding her 1 year old daughter, her husband Jim standing next to her, giant house in the background.

Thumbnail sized pics below: Hands shaped into a heart around a baby's feet, food pictures of perfect dinners, Jayne dressed in a hot tennis outfit at a country club.

"It's not how big the house is, it's how happy the home is."

PROFILE SWIPES RIGHT AS WE UNFREEZE on Jayne eating the frosting.

JAYNE

Happy birthday! Does Mom know you're using her story to sell insurance?

OLIVIA

She's living in my guest room. It's my story now, too.

(to the intercom)

Danny, please pick up Mrs. Reeves on line two to schedule an appointment.

DANNY, 22, Olivia's perky assistant, pops his head up over the partition between them.

DANNY

Will do!

FREEZE ON DANNY'S OVER-SMILEY FACE.

HIS GRINDR PROFILE POPS UP

PROFILE PIC: A shirt off bathroom selfie. Serious face, serious six pack.

DANNY - ONLINE 10 MINUTES AGO

22 Years old. "Looking for love...or at least a tight ass."

PROFILE SWIPES RIGHT AS WE UNFREEZE.

OLIVIA

Dammit, Danny. I told you to use the intercom!

DANNY

Right. More professional.
(notices the cake)
Is it your birthday?!

OLIVIA

Line two, Danny.

DANNY

Right!

He ducks back into his cubicle.

JAYNE

Birthday on a Friday night! Wanna go out? Please say yes.

OLIVIA

No, I'm doing LAEs tonight.

JAYNE

You're getting laid tonight?!

OLIVIA

No. LAEs: Loss Adjustment Expenses.

JAYNE

Olivia, you need to get out with real people.

OLIVIA

(points to the cubicles)
I'm with real people everyday.

JAYNE

Those are robots. You guys use acronyms to communicate. It's weird. We're going out. Get you real laid...I mean, after three dates and only if he's husband material.

Jayne pulls out matches from her purse, starts to light the candles.

OLIVIA
I'm too tired, Jayne.

The match burns out before Jayne can light all the candles. She strikes another match.

JAYNE
Well yeah. That's what happens when you get old.

OLIVIA
I'm not old.

The match burns out again, still more candles to light. She grabs another-- Olivia grabs her hand.

OLIVIA
Oh my God. Couldn't you have just used a lighter?

JAYNE
Yes, but this is much funnier.

Frustrated, Olivia blows out the candles.

OLIVIA
My doctor told me I should freeze my eggs today because apparently your ovaries explode at 35.

JAYNE
It's true. Shit is just drying up in there.

OLIVIA
Shut up, Jayne. My eggs are plentiful and wet.

JAYNE
You haven't even gone on one date since you and Ryan broke up.

OLIVIA
I've been busy.

JAYNE
There are so many apps for that now. Let's get you on Tinder, Bumble, Plenty of Fish, Match, Zoosk, DateHookup, OkCupid, Meetup, Hinge, Badoo--

OLIVIA
Okay now you're just making up sounds.

JAYNE

I have a friend who just married a guy she met on Coffee Meets Bagel.

OLIVIA

How do you even know all of these?

JAYNE

I'm a stay-at-home mom with a one year old. I do a lot of Googling.

OLIVIA

Well, I appreciate you trying to pimp me out, but I'm good.

JAYNE

You can at least take one night off for your birthday. Go out like we used to.

OLIVIA

You just wanna go out 'cause you're bored and you can finally drink.

JAYNE

I love my life, okay, but have you seen my nipples?

Jayne lifts her shirt, revealing her extremely swollen, sucked raw, purple nipples. Olivia panics, scans the room to make sure no one saw.

OLIVIA

Put your shirt down, psycho. I work here.

JAYNE

Just look at them. I swear to God, 18 hours a day, all I do is feed this goddamn thing. I need a night out.

OLIVIA

By "goddamn thing", do you mean your precious little daughter?

Danny pops up from his cubicle.

DANNY

Mrs. Reeves is scheduled--
(notices Jayne's nipples)
Ahh!

Jayne lowers her shirt, embarrassed.

OLIVIA

Intercom, Danny!

DANNY

(disturbed)
Right.

Danny drops back into his seat.

JAYNE

Jim reacts the same way when he sees me naked. I need to get my vagina tightened. Abby ripped it all the way to my butt with her big fat head. I don't think it healed right.

Olivia's intercom BUZZES.

OLIVIA

Yes, Danny.

DANNY

(through intercom)
Feeling a little sick. Can I get some air?

OLIVIA

Of course.

Danny runs off.

OLIVIA

You've gotta stop talking about your ripped vagina in my office.

JAYNE

Look, I'm abandoning my baby for the first time to go out with you on your birthday so that you don't have to die alone! You've got to get out and meet people.

OLIVIA

I'm good. Thanks.

JAYNE

Okay fine. Go do your stupid LAEs. All alone on a Friday night. On your birthday. Alone. Unmarried. No kids. With no one else around. By yourself, while I'm at home being drowned with love by my FAMILY--

OLIVIA

Okay, I get it. I'm gonna be alone. Speaking of that...

(Points towards the exit)

Thank you so much for the cake and for making me feel so good on my birthday. I'll call you later.

JAYNE

Alright. Happy birthday.

As Jayne walks down the cubicle hallway, Olivia looks down at the cake full of half melted candles. So many candles...

INT. OLIVIA'S HOUSE - DAY

A one story 1960s home, view of the valley over a pool. Olivia walks in, balancing a pile of files in her arms.

INT. OLIVIA'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Dishes piled high in the sink, Olivia sweeps some Styrofoam take-out containers and microwave dinner boxes off the counter to place her files down to find--

Her mom, MARY MAPLE, 53, pretty. She was only 18 when she had Olivia and acts more like her older sister than her mom. She sits at the island counter in a tight Forever 21 dress and overdone makeup.

OLIVIA

Mom?! You scared the shit out of me. Why does your face look like a Kardashian?

MARY

Thanks! Watched Kylie Jenner's makeup tutorial on YouTube. Check this out-

She takes an empty shot glass and sucks on it. She releases, her lips look like they've been stung by a thousand bees.

OLIVIA

Oh my God!

MARY

It only lasts a couple hours, but how great is this?! Now let's go out and celebrate your birthday!

FREEZE ON MARY.

HER TINDER PROFILE POPS UP

PROFILE PIC: Obviously taken from the mall's Glamour Shots. Cleavage out, hair sprayed stiff, sexy look in her eyes...

MARY, 18 years old with 35 years of experience.

PROFILE SWIPES RIGHT AS WE UNFREEZE.

OLIVIA

We aren't going anywhere. I'm exhausted and still have a lot of work to do.

MARY

Come on. Life isn't all about work.

OLIVIA

Says the lady who's never had a job in her life.

MARY

And look how great I turned out!

OLIVIA

I'm having trouble taking you seriously with your lips like that.

MARY

(points to the take-out boxes)

Are you starting a collection?

Olivia rolls her eyes, throws the containers in the trash.

OLIVIA

Would it kill you to help clean up?

MARY

That's a lot of take-out.

OLIVIA

I don't have time to cook.

MARY

Sure you do. Jayne has Abby, runs that whole household, keeps her husband happy, and still finds time to cook for everyone, including me.

OLIVIA

Jayne orders from the Italian place down the street and claims she made it. She's been Mrs. Doubtfiring you since we were kids.

MARY

Someone sounds a little jelly.

OLIVIA

Oh my God. Stop. I'm not jealous. The word is jealous. And why would I be? Have you seen her nipples? Gross.

MARY

Yeah, she grew a human being inside her womb, gave birth to it, and has kept her alive solely from milk that she excretes through the life-giving taps of her nipples. Really gross.

OLIVIA

That actually made it sound even grosser.

MARY

Well it's not selling insurance, but...

OLIVIA

Oh my GOD! Yeah, I sell insurance. So that you can have a fucking roof over your head for what was supposed to be a week, but is now going on what?...Three years! Have you even applied for a job yet?

Mary sits back down, stung.

MARY

I didn't realize I was such a burden. I only take up one tiny, closet-sized room.

Olivia SIGHS, beyond frustrated.

OLIVIA

I'm sorry, Mom. I didn't mean it like that. You're not a burden.

Mary walks over to Olivia, puts her arm around her.

MARY

I know you didn't, honey.
(hands her an envelope)
Happy birthday.

Olivia smiles, calms down. She pulls a card out of the envelope with a picture of a terrified looking cat with its mouth wide open that says: "You're how old?!" Her smile fades...

She opens the card, the cat has a gun to its head. A gift certificate to Beverly Hills Plastic Surgery inside. She looks up at her Mom, confused.

MARY

Noticed some wrinkles popped up around your eyes. Happened to me in my thirties, too. But that'll cover your first units of Botox. You're gonna love it!

Mary smiles at her with her giant lips, excited.

MARY

We could go together. How fun would that be?!
(sings á la Beyoncé)
All the single ladies! All the single ladies!

Sweat beads up on Olivia's forehead, suddenly realizing where she could be heading...

OLIVIA (PRE-LAP)

I can't do it!

INT. OLIVIA'S BMW - LATER THAT NIGHT

Olivia, dressed hot, waits in line at a Starbucks drive-thru. Her phone on Facetime with Jayne on her dash.

OLIVIA
I seriously can't live with that woman anymore. She's making me crazy.

INT. JAYNE'S HOUSE/OLIVIA'S BMW - INTERCUTTING

Jayne, laid out on her back, Spanx on, desperately tries to zip up the side of her dress.

JAYNE
Yeah, Mom's batshit. I'm just happy she got you out.

JIM PHELPS, 30, Jayne's husband, nicest guy in the world, but couldn't be more vanilla, walks in with Abby, 1. He sits on the bed and kisses Jayne.

JAYNE
Oh god, Jim, what did you eat?

JIM
Had garlic fries at work a couple hours ago. Hi, Olivia.

OLIVIA
Hey, Jim.

JIM
Alright, you girls have fun tonight. Abby and I will hold down the fort. Oh, babe- you should bring some smatter tonight.

OLIVIA
What's smatter?

JAYNE
No, Liv, don't ask!

JIM
(proud his joke worked)
Nothing. What's the matter with you?

Olivia chuckles. Jayne rolls her eyes.

JAYNE
Okay, good one, honey. Bye! Gotta get ready.

He kisses Jayne again and walks out with the baby. Jayne wipes her mouth.

OLIVIA
He's so cute.

JAYNE

Yeah, he was even cuter when he cared what I thought about his breath. Now my upper lip smells like garlic spit.
(tugs the zipper)
These freakin' boobs.

OLIVIA

Well you better shove those enormous, over-sucked, purple nipples into that dress and get out before I change my mind. It's already past my bedtime.

Olivia pulls up to the drive-thru window.

CASHIER (O.S.)

Welcome to Starbucks. What can I get for you tonight?

JAYNE

Double up on that caffeine 'cause we don't have a bedtime tonight.

OLIVIA

Can I get your biggest iced coffee?

JAYNE

Atta girl.

CASHIER (O.S.)

Okay, that'll be three forty-five at the first window.

She pulls up, clicks on her interior light to check her makeup while she waits, examines the lines around her eyes as she squints.

OLIVIA

Holy fuck. Mom was right.

Jayne still struggles to pull up her zipper.

JAYNE

Stop looking in the mirror.

Olivia stretches out her skin like a face-lift with her hands- Just then, the CASHIER, early 20s, bubbly, opens the window. Olivia jumps back in her seat, embarrassed.

CASHIER

Oh my gosh, my Mom does the same thing. That's so funny!

OLIVIA

(mortified)
Hilarious.

Olivia hands the CASHIER a five dollar bill.

CASHIER
Oh, actually the girl that was in
front of you paid for your drink.

The cashier hands her the iced coffee.

OLIVIA
(lights up)
Really? Why?

CASHIER
I guess just a pay-it-forward kind
of thing.

OLIVIA
Wow, that's so nice. Here, lemme
pay for the car behind me.

She looks back, smiles at the SUV behind her.

CASHIER
Okay. That'll be seventeen twenty.

Jayne LAUGHS through the speaker.

OLIVIA
What?! Mine was like three dollars.

CASHIER
Yeah.

Olivia sees a small car pull up behind the SUV.

OLIVIA
What about the car behind them?

CASHIER
(checks her register)
Theirs is...nineteen eighty.

JAYNE
Jesus Christ! You gettin' coffee in
an airport?

OLIVIA
What the hell are these people
drinking?

CASHIER
You don't have to pay. I think she
just wanted to do something nice.

OLIVIA
I mean, I wanted to pay. It just
doesn't really make sense, you
know? I got an iced coffee.

The cashier does a once over on Olivia's brand new BMW.

CASHIER
Sure.

Olivia starts to take her foot off the brake, inches forward--
She feels the judgement coming from the cashier's eyes...

OLIVIA
(stops the car)
Ugh. Fine. Here.

She hands her a credit card. The cashier runs it, Olivia's
blood boiling while she waits.

CASHIER
(hands her receipt)
Thank you.

Olivia goes to sign...

OLIVIA
Thirty-seven dollars?!

CASHIER
Yeah. For both cars. Isn't that
what you said?

Jayne finally tugs her zipper all the way up just as Olivia's
about to lose it.

JAYNE
Just pay it, cheap ass! The tits
are in and I am on my way!

Olivia signs, her eyes shoot daggers at the cashier as she
drives off.

EXT. ROCK AND REILLY'S BAR - NIGHT

Olivia walks up to the bar, iced coffee in hand. The muscled
BOUNCER stops her.

BOUNCER
Just a second, miss.

OLIVIA
Oh, you need my I.D.?

BOUNCER
No, you're fine.

She sighs.

BOUNCER
You can't bring that drink inside.

OLIVIA
Look, I just paid forty bucks for a
fuckin' iced coffee. Please.

BOUNCER
That's just...stupid.

OLIVIA
I understand that.

BOUNCER
You're not bringing it in.

OLIVIA
It's my birthday, man.
(leans in, flirty)
You can't let this one thing slide?

BOUNCER
Happy birthday. No.

The bouncer holds up the trash bin next to him.

OLIVIA
No way. Forty dollars!

Olivia opens the lid, eyeballs the bouncer as she chugs the entire thirty ounces like it's the antidote, not taking a breath. Suddenly, she chokes, ensuing a COUGHING ATTACK. She recovers, crushes the empty cup, throws it in his bin.

OLIVIA
Ask for my I.D.

BOUNCER
What?

OLIVIA
(in his face)
I said: Ask. For. My. I.D.

BOUNCER
(humoring her)
Show me your I.D.

Olivia smiles proudly, reaches into her purse...but it's not there. She kneels down, rummages through her wallet. Looks up at the bouncer.

OLIVIA
I forgot it.

BOUNCER
You're fine.

Defeated, she walks into the club...

INT. ROCK AND REILLY'S BAR - NIGHT

A packed bar, bad karaoke going on in a corner. Olivia walks up to Jayne at the bar, boobs pouring out of her dress, full on make-up, as far away from "Mom-Jayne" as possible.

JAYNE
Happy birthday!

OLIVIA
(shouts)
I'm fucking old, Jayne!

JAYNE

Whoa. Why are you yelling?

OLIVIA

I just drank a shit ton of coffee!

JAYNE

You need Tequila. Alcohol's a depressant. It'll counteract.

Jayne points out the line of Tequila shots on the bar. Hands Olivia one. They both throw some back.

OLIVIA

(rapid coffee speed)

You think I look old? I mean, this is it. I'm officially mid-thirties. Like right smack dab in the middle. The skin around my eyes looks like a Shar Pei when I smile. Do you see the wrinkles?

(smiles to show the lines)

They just showed up like today.

Olivia takes another shot.

OLIVIA

Gray hair, too. And apparently all my eggs are drying up at a rapid pace. I'm freaking out, Jayne!

She throws back another shot. Jayne follows.

OLIVIA

Sorry, too much coffee. What the fuck is this pay-it-forward shit, by the way? Is that like a thing now? Wasn't that a movie with that kid from "The Sixth Sense?" God, he aged horribly, right? Like what happened? He's like a bad SnapChat filter come to life. You know I didn't even get carded coming in here. Did you? I don't think I look that old. You think I work too much? That can make you look old. I probably make more money than that stupid bouncer though. I can't believe we're actually out. We so needed this. Your boobs look amazing!

JAYNE

Okay, we need to order more. You're literally having a conversation with yourself. But first...

Jayne pulls out her phone.

JAYNE

I have a surprise for you.

Jayne turns her phone around to show Olivia.

JAYNE
I signed you up on Tinder!

FREEZE ON OLIVIA'S HORRIFIED FACE.

OLIVIA'S NEW TINDER PROFILE POPS UP

PROFILE PIC: Olivia's sporting major cleavage in a tight shirt, drink in hand, big, open mouthed smile.

OLIVIA, 35 "Kissing toads..."

JAYNE
Get it? Gotta kiss a lot of toads before you find your prince.

OLIVIA
You used my real name?! And where is that picture from?

JAYNE
From my bachelorette party. It's the only one of you not in a blazer. Look at the guys on here.

Jayne swipes through a few GUYS, most annoyingly holding up their shirts to show off their six packs.

OLIVIA
Seriously, delete the app! What if someone I know sees me?

JAYNE
Everyone's on here now. It's not a big deal.

OLIVIA
Seriously, take me off.

JAYNE
Liv, not every guy's a cheater like Ryan. You gotta get back out there. Start kissing your toads soon. You're gonna be like seventy before you find a good guy. End up like that lady.

Jayne points to the back of a WOMAN sucking face with a BALDING OLDER MAN on the dance floor.

JAYNE
Desperate as fuck.

OLIVIA
That's sad.

JAYNE
That's your future.

The woman turns around--

OLIVIA
That's Mom!

Mary sees them, waves.

INT. ROCK AND REILLY'S BAR - NIGHT

Olivia, Jayne and Mary sit in a booth.

OLIVIA
What are you doing here, Mom?

MARY
What? You think you were going to go celebrate your birthday without me? Jayne tagged your location on Instagram.

FREEZE ON JAYNE'S "OOPS" FACE.

JAYNE'S INSTAGRAM POPS UP

HER PICTURE: Jayne holding up two shots of Tequila, drunk look in her eyes, tongue out like Miley Cyrus.

"I'm at a bar!!!! Girls night!"

INSTAGRAM SWIPES RIGHT OFFSCREEN. UNFREEZE as Olivia throws Jayne an annoyed look, she shrugs.

JAYNE
I got bored waiting for you.

OLIVIA
At least your lips went back to normal.

MARY
(touches her lips)
They did?!

JAYNE
(points to Mary's date at the bar)
Who's our new dad?

MARY
That's Hank. My Tinder date. Told him I'd call him later. Girls' night!

JAYNE
See, Liv, even Mom's on Tinder.

MARY
(excited)
We could go on double dates!

OLIVIA
No, thank you.

JAYNE
Why not? I was going through.
There's some good guys on there!
Husband material.

MARY
Or just knock the rust off your
fuzz box. When's the last time you
got laid?

OLIVIA
Mom!

MARY
I'm serious. Do hymen's grow back?

OLIVIA
I'm gonna need another shot.

JAYNE
I made her a Tinder profile.

Jayne hands her phone to Mary.

MARY
Whoa, that's a hot picture.

JAYNE
Just try it tonight. Go out with
whoever you match with. Start
kissing some toads.

OLIVIA
If you say toads again, I'm gonna
slap you.

MARY
See, I told you you need Botox.
Look how great you look without
crow's feet.
(swipes through profiles)
I wanna see if you get the same
guys as me on your Tinder.

OLIVIA
(gets up)
Alright, I have to pee--

MARY
Hey, isn't this your ex?

Olivia stops in her tracks as Mary turns the phone around.

RYAN'S TINDER PROFILE POPS UP.

PROFILE PIC: Handsome, boyish grin.

RYAN, 35

"Raised in Ohio, residing in L.A. Hoping not to end up in the next "Tinder Nightmares" book"

Olivia grabs the phone, stares at it in shock.

JAYNE
You okay?

OLIVIA
Of course. It's been two years. I'm fine.

She puts the phone on the bar, a determined look in her eyes.

OLIVIA
Fuck it. One night won't hurt me.

JAYNE
We get to Tinder?!

Olivia picks up the phone, looks down at Ryan's picture...

OLIVIA
Bye, Felicia!

She swipes right on his profile, the green "Like" pops up.

JAYNE
You just swiped right on Ryan!

OLIVIA
What do you mean? I was just trying to get to the next guy.

Jayne takes the phone from her.

JAYNE
Let me Tinder for you.

OLIVIA
Wait, is he gonna see that I swiped right on him?

MARY
Not unless he swipes right on you.

OLIVIA
You think he will?

Jayne feverishly swipes right on the phone...

TINDER PROFILE AFTER TINDER PROFILE POPPING UP AND SWIPING RIGHT OFF SCREEN.

"Shirt Off Selfie In Bed Guy," "Looks Oedipal With His Mom Guy," "Clearly Gay, But Still On Tinder Guy," "Looks Like He Has An Extra Y Chromosome Guy"...

OLIVIA
Jayne, stop! I don't want to go out
with all those guys!

JAYNE
Come on. It's fun.

OLIVIA
For you!

Suddenly one of the pictures captures Olivia's eyes. She
grabs the phone.

OLIVIA
Oh my God.

MARY
He's hot.

OLIVIA
It's my gyno.

JAYNE
A doctor? Jackpot! Swipe right!

Jayne tries to grab the phone, but Olivia smacks her away.

OLIVIA
No! I told him that him holding a
speculum inside me was the most
action I was going to get today.

JAYNE
So? He was probably turned on.

OLIVIA
Not with my bushbeast vagina.

JAYNE
He's a doctor. Your vagina's in
mint condition compared to the
blown out vags he has to deal with.
Like mine. It looks like roadkill.

A GUY next to them looks queasy, walks away.

OLIVIA
You've got to stop talking about
your vagina anywhere. Besides, what
kind of guy grows up dreaming of
staring and poking at vaginas all
day? It's creepy.

MARY
I would say every guy dreams of
that. But he chose to stare and
poke at sick vaginas all day.
That's the creepy part.

JAYNE
Eww. *Sick* vaginas?

Mary notices something on his picture.

MARY
He "Super Liked" you.

OLIVIA
He what?

MARY
See that blue star next to his name? He wants you to see that he likes you before you swipe on him.

JAYNE
And that's after seeing your nasty vag! You have to marry him. This could be your pay-it-forward karma coming back to you!

Olivia stares at the screen, suddenly filled with hope.

OLIVIA
He "super liked" me?

She swipes right.

THE "IT'S A MATCH" SCREEN POPS UP. OLIVIA AND DR. BENNETT'S PICTURES NEXT TO EACH OTHER.

Olivia's eyes light up with hope.

OLIVIA
Holy shit.

A MESSAGE BUBBLE POPS UP MOMENTS LATER.

Dr. Bennett: I was hoping you'd swipe right. :)

Jayne grabs the phone, sends him a message from Olivia:

Olivia: Come meet me and my sister out at Rock and Reilly's!

OLIVIA
What the fuck, Jayne?!

JAYNE
You can thank me later.

Dr. Bennett: Right down the street from me. Be there soon.

JAYNE
Date number one!

MARY
Hope you shaved your legs.

OLIVIA
I need another drink.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ROCK AND REILLY'S BAR - LATER

Olivia throws back another shot at the bar, Jayne and Mary next to her, drunk.

OLIVIA'S POV-- Dr. Bennett walks through the door.

FREEZE ON DR. BENNETT, LOOKING HOT IN HIS STREET CLOTHES.

HIS TINDER PROFILE POPS UP.

PROFILE PIC: A close up. His mega-watt smile and kind eyes framed by his perfectly chiseled jawline.

DAVID, 39

"Can we please tell my mom we met the old fashioned way?"

OLIVIA
There he is.

Jayne and Mary's mouths drop.

OLIVIA
Oh shit, I never peed--

JAYNE
Don't leave now. He'll think you're a weirdo.

Olivia crosses her legs as Dr. Bennett approaches.

OLIVIA
Hey, Dr. Bennett.

His eyes widen in shock as he just stares at her, speechless.

OLIVIA
What?

DR. BENNETT
You're going to think I'm crazy, but I didn't realize you were my patient.

Olivia's face drops, thought she made an impression on him.

OLIVIA
Oh, you didn't...Right. That makes sense. My picture's a few years old, so...

Jayne and Mary cringe silently in the barstools beside her.

DR. BENNETT
I think out of context...I just didn't put it together.

He smiles awkwardly, not sure what to say.

OLIVIA
Yeah, I'm sure there's some sort of
rule against dating your patients.

DR. BENNETT
Especially when you're a
gynecologist.

MARY
They make porns about that kind of
stuff, you know.

OLIVIA
Mom!

Dr. Bennett LAUGHS.

OLIVIA
Sorry, this is my Mom, Mary, and my
sister, Jayne.

He shakes Jayne and Mary's hands.

DR. BENNETT
Nice to meet you. So cool that you
go out with your mom and sister.
Only time my mom goes out is to
play Bridge every Tuesday night.

MARY
Had her when I was eighteen. Most
people think we're sisters.

DR. BENNETT
(smiles)
I could see that.

JAYNE
You know, it's not like you're
actually Olivia's doctor. You were
filling in.

DR. BENNETT
That's true. Don't think there are
rules against dating someone else's
patient. And it is your birthday,
right? Let me at least buy you all
a drink.

OLIVIA
No that's okay. They're leaving
soon--

JAYNE
(to the BARTENDER)
Three shots of Tequila please!
(to Dr. Bennett)
Thank you.

Dr. Bennett pulls out his credit card, Olivia grabs his arm,
drunkenly stares at him.

OLIVIA
Listen, I'm sorry if I made it awkward in the office today, Dr. Bennett. Obviously I didn't see that as a sexual thing--

DR. BENNETT
No need to talk about it. And please, call me David.

OLIVIA
(lets go of him)
Right. Sorry. David. Making it awkward again.

DR. BENNETT
I think awkward's cute.

Jayne's mouth drops in excitement. Olivia smiles, smitten. Jayne hands them their Tequila shots, proud look in her eyes. They hold up the shots to cheers...

DR. BENNETT
Happy birthday. I'm really happy I came out tonight.

OLIVIA
(beaming)
Me, too.

They clink, shoot them back. Olivia notices Jayne and Mary, ogling them like it's a movie.

OLIVIA
You wanna grab a table? Alone.

DR. BENNETT
I'd love that.

INT. ROCK AND REILLY'S BAR - LATER

Olivia and Dr. Bennett sit at a small table by the window facing Sunset Blvd, Jayne and Mary keep an eye out from the bar.

OLIVIA
This is better. My family can be a little...out there.

DR. BENNETT
I thought they were great. First date and I already met your mom.

OLIVIA
And you've seen my vagina!--
(mortified)
Sorry. Sometimes stuff just comes out of my mouth. I hope you don't think it's weird that I swiped right on you after...I mean, with you being my gyno and whatnot. I mean, my temporary gyno.

DR. BENNETT
 (laughs)
 No, I'm glad you did. Definitely up
 there as the most interesting way
 I've met someone.

Olivia starts to laugh-- just as her bladder is about to
 explode.

OLIVIA
 Oh God.

DR. BENNETT
 Sorry, did I just make it awkward?

OLIVIA
 (gets up, drunk)
 No, no. You're awesome...but I
 drank my body's weight in coffee
 before I came in here and I'm about
 to piss myself.

DR. BENNETT
 Don't do that. They have bathrooms.

OLIVIA
 (smiles)
 Much better idea.

DR. BENNETT
 I'll have a drink waiting for you.

OLIVIA
 Back in two seconds...David.

Olivia heads towards the bathroom, barely able to walk
 straight from her bladder pains. Jayne sits up on her chair
 at the bar-

JAYNE
 Where the fuck are you going?!

INT. WOMEN'S ROOM LINE - CONTINUOUS

A line snakes around the corner to the women's room. Olivia
 crosses her legs, bounces like a four year old holding their
 pee. She taps on the WOMAN in front of her.

OLIVIA
 Excuse me. I have to pee so bad. Is
 there any way I can jump in front
 of you?

WOMAN
 Oh you have to pee? Oh okay. Why
 don't you just go ahead of all of
 us then. We're just standing here
 as performance art. It's called
 "wait in fucking line, bitch."

The woman turns back around. Olivia crouches over, about to pee. Looks up at the never ending line of WOMEN, then over at the men's room- NO LINE. She looks over at Dr. Bennett.

OLIVIA'S POV-- A HOT GIRL approaches him. Jayne gestures at her watch from the bar, mouths "hurry the fuck up!"

Olivia panics. Hobbles over to the men's room. She pushes the door open a bit, takes a peak. Too scared to go in, she starts to head back to the ladies room line--

But it's even longer now. Her bladder about to explode, she beelines it back to the men's room, hurries inside...

INT. MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's empty. And there's a stall! She hobbles over to it, ready to cross the finish line, pushes on the door-- LOCKED!

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Someone's in here.

She hunches over, about to pee her pants.

OLIVIA
How long are you gonna be?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
As long as it takes.

OLIVIA
Who takes a shit in a bar?!

Frustrated, Olivia looks over at the urinals. She stumbles to the door, but there's no lock. She grabs the trash can, drunkenly drags it to block the entrance.

She goes back to the urinals, stands in front of the short one, can't believe she's about to do this.

OLIVIA
(to the man in the stall)
Don't come out till I say.

Out of options and desperate, she throws her underwear down to her ankles, backs up over the urinal, her balance a little off from the Tequila. She holds open her dress a bit as she awkwardly lowers her butt into it...

OLIVIA
(to the man in the stall)
You're making me do this!

And like a horse after a race, lets a giant stream of pee shoot into the urinal, not a drop touching the dress. A huge look of relief sweeps across her wasted face.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Jesus.

Mid-stream, the door moves, hitting the trash can. Someone's trying to get in!

OLIVIA
Ocupado!

Olivia looks up in horror as the trash can is slowly pushed away by the door...

She tries to force her pee out faster, shakes her butt-- It's too late. Dr. Bennett walks in! He stands there in shock, both facing each other for a beat, pee still gushing.

OLIVIA
...Still think awkward is cute?

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Olivia sits with Jayne and Mary at the crowded bar, all sloppy drunk, empty shot glasses surround them, phone in Olivia's hand.

DR. BENNETT'S TINDER PROFILE POPS UP NEXT TO THEM. OLIVIA CLICKS ON "UNMATCH DAVID". "ARE YOU SURE?" COMES UP, SHE CLICKS "UNMATCH" AND HIS PROFILE SWIPES LEFT OFFSCREEN, GONE.

OLIVIA
(hands phone to Jayne)
Well, I'm gonna need a new gyno.

JAYNE
I told you to hold it.

OLIVIA
I couldn't! Thirty ounces of coffee and a shit ton of Tequila, Jayne. It was like a damn geyser.

MARY
They make pornos about that, too. Maybe you shouldn't have unmatched him.

JAYNE
You know why this is? It's because you didn't pay-it-forward right. You had all that negative energy while you were paying.

OLIVIA
I'm going to pay-you-fucking-forward in the face.

MARY
Girls--

JAYNE
See! Negative energy.

OLIVIA
I wasn't into him anyway.

JAYNE

Yeah, why would you be? A hot doctor with a perfect body, Pantene Pro-V hair and a great sense of humor. What a loser! He was freakin' marriage material.

OLIVIA

Not everybody needs to get married with kids by thirty, Jayne.

MARY

You're on your way to forty, honey.

JAYNE

Yeah, and with only one serious relationship under your belt.

Olivia glares at them, speechless. The pressure of time weighing heavily on her shoulders.

OLIVIA

Gimme your phone.

Jayne pulls it out of her purse, hands it to Olivia.

JAYNE

Are we gonna Tinder?!

Olivia drunkenly clicks open the app.

OLIVIA

Fuck yeah. I'm swiping right!--
That's the good one, right?

MARY

Obvi.

OLIVIA

(picks up a Tequila shot)
Cheers, bitches!

They shoot back more shots. Olivia looks down at the phone, determined look in her wasted eyes--

THE WHOLE SCREEN SWIPES RIGHT AS HER FINGER DOES.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. OLIVIA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

In the darkness, we hear a series of BEEPS.

A ray of sunshine BEAMS through a crack in the curtains, illuminating a plush king size bed. We follow the ray of sun up the half naked body to Olivia, asleep, makeup smeared.

The beam hits her eyes, waking her. Groggy, she sits up, grabs her head in pain.

OLIVIA

Ugh.

Another BEEP. Olivia searches through her sheets to try to find the source. Nothing. Another BEEP. She looks around the room, doesn't move, awaiting the next beep...

BEEP! Her head whips towards the door- it's coming from another room. She steps down off the bed--

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Olivia follows it down the hallway- BEEP! Passes the bathroom-

OLIVIA'S POV-- Vomit all over the toilet and floor...

Disgusted, Olivia heads towards the sound. She reaches a closed door. BEEP! About to go insane, she pushes it open...

INT. MARY'S ROOM - DAY

Olivia walks into the closet sized, messy room to find Jayne spooning with Mary, who's passed out, mouth open, a little drool puddle on the pillow.

OLIVIA
(sotto)
Jayne!

Jayne sits up, hair a rat's nest, fake lashes half off.

JAYNE
Morning, Pukey.

OLIVIA
What the fuck is that beeping?

JAYNE
What beeping?

BEEP! It's coming from Jayne's phone on the bedside. Olivia grabs it, goes to shut it off when she notices--

ON JAYNE'S PHONE-- an endless list of Tinder alerts.

Olivia opens the app. Her tired eyes widen in fear...

ON JAYNE'S PHONE-- 252 matches!

OLIVIA
Holy shit. Two hundred and fifty-two matches?!

MARY
(wipes drool from her chin)
Oh, to be young again.

OLIVIA
How many times did I swipe right?!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ROCK AND REILLY'S BAR - FLASHBACK TO LAST NIGHT

Olivia's on top of the bar, completely wasted. Her finger swipes right with each CHANT from the PATRONS.

PATRONS
SWIPE! SWIPE! SWIPE!

"IT'S A MATCH" SCREEN POPS UP NEXT TO HER HEAD- HE'S HOT!

OLIVIA
Another match! Shots!

The crowd CHEERS as the Bartender pours Tequila across the line of shot glasses.

BACK TO PRESENT

Olivia lays on the bed with them, scrolls through the hundreds of messages, confidence suddenly filling her face.

OLIVIA
Two hundred and fifty-two guys
swiped right on me?

Her face drops when she reaches the end of the messages.

OLIVIA
Guess Ryan didn't.

She stares at the phone for a beat. Mary sits up, takes it from her.

MARY
Look. Whatever. Just write it off as a fun, drunken night, and now you can go back to your regularly scheduled programming of cubicles and conference calls.

Olivia sits up, wipes some smeared mascara from under eyes, suddenly determined.

OLIVIA
You know what? Fuck it. I'm done doing that-- I mean, I'm still gonna work with the cubicles and conference calls. I love my job-- But last night was the most fun I've had...ever. Even though I power-pissed in a urinal in front of my hot doctor.

MARY
I still don't think that's a deal breaker.

OLIVIA

Yesterday I woke up fine. Totally happy with where I was and how my life was going. And then it's like, all of a sudden, I'm old. And I realized last night- I've been a swipe left girl.

JAYNE

A what?

OLIVIA

My whole life is just passing me by. Well, I'm done doing that. From now on I'm the fucking swipe right girl.

(points to Jayne's phone)

I'll go out with every single one of those motherfuckers.

MARY

All of them?

OLIVIA

I don't know. Maybe I will, Mom. I'm having a moment here!

JAYNE

You're gonna date *this* dude?

Jayne shows Olivia the phone.

A DIRECT MESSAGE SCREEN POPS UP:

Griffin: Good morning and high vibrations to you!

OLIVIA

Oh my God.

JAYNE

Hey, I think it's good. Start kissing your toads--

Olivia SLAPS Jayne, stunning her.

OLIVIA

Sorry. I warned you.

MARY

Does this mean we're going on double dates?!

OLIVIA

Absolutely not. And if I'm going to start dating, you gotta start looking for a job. I'm not getting into another relationship with you still living here. We saw how that worked out last time.

MARY
Whoa. All of a sudden you're getting into a relationship?

OLIVIA
I'm just saying- maybe it's time we try something new. Could be fun.

JAYNE
What about me?

OLIVIA
You just take care of your kid and keep those damn nipples covered.

Jayne looks down at her shirt, notices the milk circle stains from her leaky breasts.

JAYNE
I hate my body.

Olivia takes the phone, clicks on Griffin's profile.

GRIFFIN'S TINDER PROFILE POPS UP

PROFILE PIC: Cross fit guy. He's lifting his shirt to show off his six-pack, sporting Oakley sunglasses, foot up on a rock, his spandex awkwardly displaying his junk...But worse than all of that, he's wearing fucking 5 TOE SHOES.

Griffin, 27

OLIVIA
I mean, he is kinda cute...minus the five toe shoes.

JAYNE
Fixable.

MARY
(points to his shorts)
Look at the size of that thing!

OLIVIA
There's got to be at least one good one on here, right?

Olivia takes a deep breath, types...

THE DIRECT MESSAGE SCREEN POPS UP AGAIN:

Olivia: Hi.

CUT TO BLACK: