

DEAD GIRLS

Episode 2: "Eileen"

written by

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COLD OPEN

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL RECESS FIELD - DAY

It's the '90s. FOURTH GRADE GIRLS sit in the grass near a playground, where other KIDS play. Despite their 9-year-old awkwardness, they're stylish and cute in their Abercrombie & Fitch halter tops, cutoff jean shorts, and butterfly clips.

RINGLEADER

Middle school is going to be, like,
a-whole-nother *thing*.

SECOND-IN-COMMAND

I heard that each year the eighth-
grade guys make a list of the
hottest new fifth graders.

ALL

(various)

Pervs!!/ Ew!

They all giggle with disgust and delight. One girl, YOUNG EILEEN (9, thin and lanky) tries to hide her discomfort.

ANOTHER GIRL

Do you guys shave your legs?

The affirmative answers come in quick succession:

ALL

(various)

Yeah./You have to./It looks so
gross.

ANOTHER GIRL

It's *summer*. I mean I can't wear a
bathing suit without shaving!

RINGLEADER

My sister told me that all the
fifth-grade girls do it.

Eileen hasn't said anything, and apparently that's not okay. The girls look from her to each other, back and forth, judgmental smiles breaking on their faces.

Eileen looks down at her legs. The hair is noticeable to her for the first time.

RINGLEADER (CONT'D)

Eileen, no offense or anything, but
you should *probably* shave.

Eileen looks up to see the other girls hiding-but-not-hiding their giggles. Eileen's looks down again: her legs, then the other girls', all perfectly hairless.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL RECESS FIELD, PAVEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

A TEACHER blows a whistle as all the FOURTH GRADERS run into imperfect lines.

TEACHER

All right, kids, line up! You know
the drill!

Eileen and the other girls take their places in their respective lines. Eileen's got her sweatshirt tied around her waist, trying and failing to casually wrap it around her legs.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The walls are covered with posters of Roxane Gay, Angela Davis, also Joan Rivers and Chelsea Handler. Below them, the head of the ADULT EILEEN we know from the pilot episode—tall and beautiful and blonde, with a glint in her eye that says, "I model, I'm not a model"—her face towards the ceiling, smiling in ecstasy. Eileen looks down at her own naked body to the top of a MAN's head. He's performing oral sex on her. We almost can't see his face behind Eileen's FULL BUSH.

TITLE CARD: DEAD GIRLS

INT. APARTMENT - EVENING

Eileen and oral sex guy GREG (late 20s, scruffy in a manicured way—the kind of guy who says he's going to teach himself how to make bread but never does) sit at their efficiency kitchen table wearing headphones. There are laptops, microphones, a soundboard—the whole podcast setup.

EILEEN

Welcome to another episode of—

GREG

LowKey Feminism, with—

EILEEN

Eileen and—

GREG

Greg!

EILEEN

Now let's—

GREG

Unlock—

EILEEN

Your inner feminist. LowKey
Feminism is a podcast that speaks
to the truths and contradictions of
being a modern feminist.

GREG

And before we dive in, a reminder
that we'll be going live on
Facebook next Saturday at 7 p.m. As
always, it'll be all-inclusive
programming—

EILEEN

Are we selling cable subscriptions,
Greg?

GREG's eyes say *haha* but also *shut up* as he doesn't miss a
beat.

GREG

—and allies are welcome to join as
well. Please like the page and
follow us on Instagram and Twitter
at @lowkeyeandg.

Eileen looks at Greg. He mouths *what?* She rolls her eyes, but
smiles.

EILEEN

And e-mail your questions,
concerns, and topic suggestions to
lowkeyeandg@gmail.com. All right,
in this episode we'll be discussing
makeup—lipstick, blush, mascara,
highlighter—

GREG

Eileen, what is highlighter?

EILEEN

I was hoping you could tell me,
Greg. Why is makeup such a
ubiquitous part of so many women's
everyday routines—

GREG

Well, anyone can use makeup, but today we're going to focus on women.

EILEEN

Yes, for sure. Thanks Greg...um...so, why is makeup such a ubiquitous part of so many women's everyday routines...Why does our society see makeup as an indicator of a woman's worth? Why do so many women feel they can't leave the house without it?

GREG

Both ancient Egyptian men and women actually believed that wearing makeup would impress the gods. Their spiritual worth was linked to their physical appearance.

EILEEN

I mean, for women, that's basically still true, just replace spiritual worth with competence, ambition, general value. Everything is tied to the way we look. I can't wait tables without lipstick on, but you guys can get funding for your startup with wet hair and Szechuan Sauce on your shirt.

GREG

And, like, women are way smarter than men. I mean, the future is female whether old white men like it or not.

EILEEN

...yeah, sure, fallopes forever, but it's a part of a bigger problem. It's the Beauty Bias. I mean, look at Hollywood. In Hollywood, even beautiful people play ugly people—

GREG

Eileen, ugly isn't—

EILEEN

I mean, I'll be watching a Sci-fi movie, cut to NASA headquarters, Mission Control, all the astro-physicists looking up at the big screen watching Matt Damon spiral down to earth or some shit and suddenly I'm watching porn, because there are so many hot girls in glasses breathing heavily. That's not what NASA looks like!

Greg looks at Eileen, a little wary. Eileen mouths, *what?* Greg shakes his head, and shakes it off, with a smile.

CUT TO:

GREG

Well, some women like makeup. They want to wear it.

EILEEN

Yes, definitely. And you do you and all that, but, *are you doing you*, or are you doing *who you've been made to think is you?* Who are you doing it *for?*

Greg looks a little uncomfortable, but not upset.

CUT TO:

SAME AS BEFORE - LATER

We're further into the recording session. Food wrappers litter the table, they're leaning back in their seats, and they've let go of their NPR voices a bit.

GREG

I don't mean to interrupt—

EILEEN

Yes you do, that's okay. You can interrupt me. I interrupt you.

GREG

Okay, I don't want to *mansplain*, I just want to try to articulate something you told me before, or really taught me, that I thought was eye-opening. Women are expected to portray their character through their clothes, their hair, makeup.

(MORE)

GREG (CONT'D)

And there are so many *manholes* you can accidentally fall down if, say, the man you're interviewing with for a job hates his ex who used to wear the same shade of lipstick you're wearing. And you can't look "frumpy" but also not too sexy. It's impossible to get it right every time and it takes up so much of your time and energy.

Eileen smiles at Greg, pleased. They eye each other.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Eileen and Greg bust into the bedroom and onto the bed, furiously making out. She lays down, inviting Greg to crawl on top of her.

EILEEN

Tell me what you're going to do to me, Greg.

Greg smiles while Eileen waits.

GREG

You're so hot...

Greg kisses her.

EILEEN

Greg, tell me what you're gonna do to me.

GREG

I'm gonna make love to you...

EILEEN

Yeah...but what are you gonna do...?

GREG

(thinks he's being sexy)
Whatever you want.

Eileen tries to hide her frustration and stay playful.

EILEEN

Yeah, but...you know what I want, don't you?

Greg keeps kissing Eileen. She's getting more frustrated, but trying to keep it sexy.

EILEEN (CONT'D)
 Greg...I'm all yours. Tell me what
 you're gonna do to me.

Greg pops off of Eileen. Now he's the frustrated one.

GREG
 Eileen. What is going on?

Eileen is embarrassed but tries to keep the playfulness
 alive.

EILEEN
 I, just, I don't know. I think it'd
 be sexy if you sort of took
 control, you know, like...be
 confident about it-

GREG
 Okay, Eileen. I don't-sorry I'm not
 this pseudo-typical male...

Greg fumbles for the right word.

EILEEN
 ...man?

Greg takes aim and sulks at Eileen.

EILEEN (CONT'D)
 (giving up)
 I'm sorry. Just forget it. It
 doesn't matter.

Greg skulks off over to the bathroom, leaving Eileen on the
 bed.

GREG (O.S.)
 You're going to alienate listeners.

EILEEN
 ...what?

Greg comes back into the room.

GREG
 You're being a little politically
 incorrect in ways that I think some
 people won't appreciate.

EILEEN
 Well, that's just kinda who I am,
 Greg. I'm sorry.

Eileen pauses, looks up at Greg. An idea.

EILEEN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. What should I...stop
doing?

GREG
You shouldn't talk about people
being ugly.

EILEEN
Yeah?

Greg sits on the bed. Eileen starts touching his chest.

GREG
Yeah, I mean, people are going to
be offended by that.

EILEEN
Yeah? I'm sorry.

GREG
(getting impassioned)
Yeah, well, it's just not good for
the brand, you know?

Eileen pulls at Greg's shirt and kisses his neck.

EILEEN
Uh-huh...

GREG
Branding is important!

EILEEN
It is. It is important. Tell me,
tell me what else I did wrong.

Eileen pulls him closer, but Greg deflates.

GREG
It's fine. I'm not going to, like,
reprimand you. I just need some
space.

Eileen stops. Greg's not really getting it. Heavy sigh.

EILEEN
Okay. You want some water?

GREG
Yes, please!

She smiles at him insincerely. He doesn't see it. She gets up and walks to the kitchen. As she passes by the computers, she notices that they're still recording. She casually hits the space bar to stop it.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

A *True Detective*-esque scene—a tree made to look like a southern live oak, hung with Spanish moss and Satanist twig-symbols. There is a circle of large rocks under the tree, a twig Pentagram on the ground inside. Surrounding the scene is television equipment. CREW MEMBERS mill about. Director's chairs tell us this is the set of "SOUTHERN CRIME."

Eileen, in a blue robe with twig headdress, as she appeared in the pilot, walks towards the set, eating a Twizzler. Near a camera, in a director's chair labeled: SAM O'SULLIVAN, sits a blonde, ruggedly handsome MAN in a Sheriff's uniform. He turns and gives Eileen an obnoxious upward nod. He mouths *hi*.

A male crew member, JASON, comes up to her suddenly.

JASON
Are you Eileen?

EILEEN
Hi.

JASON
Hi! I'm Jason. I'm the AD. Nice to meet you!

JASON (CONT'D)
(on his walkie)
I have Victim Number One. Yeah, I know, of course they're ahead of schedule today. Yeah, Sullivan's ready. You have an ETA on Geiger? Fuck. Copy. Thanks.
(to Eileen)
All right, so. Sorry, what was your name again?

EILEEN
Eileen...Victim Number One.

JASON
Right. *Thank you*. Sorry about that, it's crazy here today! So hair and makeup's already done, looks like?

Eileen nods and shows off what's under her robe. She's near nude with thin flesh-colored underwear and nipple covers, and gruesome makeup: teeth marks on her neck, scars and stitching on her chest and stomach. Jason's look lingers. Eileen raises her eyebrows at him. It's not the first time she's been inappropriately checked out. But...he's staring at her vag. *What the fuck.*

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

Jason pushes Eileen into a trailer labeled "SOUTHERN CRIME; SAM O'SULLIVAN." and closes the door.

JASON

Hair and makeup is crowded, so you
can use Sam's trailer.

The trailer door closes behind Jason with Eileen inside. He walks off.

JASON (CONT'D)

(into his walkie)

Dude, like *thick*, like, too bad she
wasn't around when props needed
more Spanish Moss.

INT. TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Eileen can hear Jason laugh as she leans against the trailer door. She's holding a can of men's shaving cream and a disposable razor.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Pink tile and porcelain tell us we're not in the trailer bathroom. Young Eileen sits on the toilet with the sink running. A disposable razor in one hand. Men's shaving cream in the other. She has way too much shaving cream on her legs. It's on the floor, her hands, in the sink, just everywhere. She's shaving slowly and methodically. She's terrified. The hair comes off in uneven chunks and a few blood spots show she's nicked herself a few times.

YOUNG EILEEN

(under her breath)

Shit!

She's gotten herself right on the back of her ankle and the blood *flows*. She tries to stop the blood with her fingers.

Then, the door opens slightly. It's Eileen's DAD. All he can see is Eileen on the toilet looking down with blood on her fingers. He quickly closes the door and we hear his footsteps hurry away. Eileen's eyes go wide. Two sets of footsteps coming towards the door.

MOM (O.S)
(loud whispered)
Okay. Okay.

Eileen looks up at the door while she presses toilet paper against her ankle.

MOM (O.S) (CONT'D)
(yelling from outside)
Eileen? You okay, honey?

YOUNG EILEEN
Yes, mom, I'll be out soon!

MOM (O.S)
(a bit closer)
Okay, well let me know if you need any help!

Then, an Always pad slides under the door. Eileen looks in mortified disbelief. Then she picks it up, opens it, clearly her first time opening one, and presses it to her bleeding ankle. She turns on the bathtub.

INT. TRAILER BATHROOM - SAME AS BEFORE

Now we're in the tiny trailer bathroom. Eileen is moving some shaving cream between her fingers, looking at the tiny, useless razor. She goes back into the main area of the:

INT. TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

A production assistant's belt lays on a chair. From it she takes a large pair of scissors. The blades are grimy and sticky. She takes a resigned breath but her eyes land on a pair of fancy electric clippers. On the mirror behind them is a reference picture of Sam O'Sullivan in his sheriff's uniform, with his perfectly imperfect five o' clock shadow. Eileen smiles.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Greg sits and Eileen stands in front of him. Eileen's neck still has an outline of the teeth marks.

GREG

Let me see.

EILEEN

I can't fucking believe they made me do this. These teeth marks won't come off, but that's nothing compared to how awful *this* is.

GREG

Can I see?

EILEEN

I look like a fucking five-year-old down there, it's creepy.

Greg playfully goes for Eileen's pants and she laughs, pushing him away.

GREG

Come on Eileen...

(singing)

COME ON, EILEEN, TOO-LOO-RYE-AYE

Greg dances with Eileen. She laughs.

EILEEN

Okay!!

She shows him.

GREG

Ouch.

He lowers down on his knees, pouts. Eileen braces herself. He kisses her there, gently.

GREG (CONT'D)

Does that hurt?

EILEEN

Not great.

GREG

I'm sorry, darling. That's shitty that they made you do that.

Eileen pulls up her underwear, frustrated.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Greg and Eileen are just getting in bed. Greg sort of pauses for a second after slowly getting in. Eileen rolls over and looks at him, *what?*

GREG
Can I see it again?

EILEEN
My pre-pubescent pussy?

GREG
It's still you.

Eileen pulls down her underwear and Greg goes under the covers. Eileen jerks.

EILEEN
Greg, I'm sore.

Greg pulls the covers off to look at Eileen.

GREG
I think it's kind of sexy.

Eileen winces.

EILEEN
Sorry, I'm just really tired.

Eileen rolls over.

GREG
K, good night.

Greg kisses her and turns off the lights. Eileen stares into the black, eyes wide. Then she squints in pain and reaches her hands down to ITCH.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Eileen tosses and turns, trying to wedge her covers between her legs to relieve the itching. She's been up all night. An alarm clock goes off.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Greg and Eileen stand in line outside a restaurant, waiting for a table. Eileen is visibly uncomfortable, crossing and uncrossing her legs. In front of them in line are four PRETEEN GIRLS.

One girl is sitting in a plastic lawn chair, one of many placed throughout the line on the sidewalk. This is GRACE (10, funny and confident), our next episode's Dead Girl. With the girls is Grace's dad, ROY, who we'll also get to know in the next episode.

PRESENT-DAY RINGLEADER

Oh my god, I HATE tweezing! I'm so bad at it, I HAVE to get them waxed.

NOT-AS-COOL GIRL

Doesn't that rip your skin off?

PRESENT-DAY SECOND-IN-COMMAND

I actually read that waxing causes premature aging.

ROY

Aren't thick eyebrows in right now?

The girls are silenced by awkwardness.

GRACE

(not embarrassed at all)
Yeah, they are, Dad.

Grace seems to have some power, and the thickest brows of the bunch.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I mean, you don't want to look like Wolverine.

Our not-as-cool girl and our second-in-command laugh hesitantly.

PRESENT-DAY RINGLEADER

You have to, like, keep things manicured, you know?

The other girls nod obediently.

ROY

Sure, yes, of course.

Eileen is too distracted by hating this that she doesn't see Grace exchange an eye roll and a smile with Roy.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Heyy!!!

Eileen turns and three hipster types, MARIA, KEVIN, and AL, arrive. They greet each other in that Brooklyn way.

EILEEN

They said that they'd be able to
seat us in, like, 5 minutes.

MARIA

Oh really? Amazing.

The line moves forward and Grace gets up, leaving the chair open. They move forward toward the open chair. Greg sits.

MARIA (CONT'D)

So, how was the shoot? *Southern
Crime* is *such* a good show. Did you
meet Sam O'Sullivan??

Eileen looks down at Greg. Something's bothering her, but she isn't sure what. She notices Maria staring at her.

EILEEN

Yeah. Um, I'm good, I'm good, yeah,
how are you?

While Maria answers, Eileen looks back at Greg, sitting, and itches.

INT. RESTAURANT - SOME TIME LATER

MARIA

Oh my god, it was *so good*.

AL

I mean, all movies should just be
produced, directed, written, and
star only women.

KEVIN

Amen! I mean ah-women!

They laugh. Eileen itches.

GREG

Seriously, can men just stop making
movies?

MARIA

YASSS, THANK YOU!

More laughter and they express their agreement. Eileen watches Greg watch Maria. There's a pause. Apparently, Eileen is supposed to talk now.

EILEEN

Um...I...didn't really like it.

Beat. Greg is clearly embarrassed.

EILEEN (CONT'D)

I mean, it just, wasn't a good movie.

AL

Really?? I loved it.

KEVIN

I mean, I thought it was incredible.

MARIA

I just like to support women-led productions.

AL

What didn't you like about it?

Eileen is awkward at first, but her intensity increases, and so does her itching.

EILEEN

Ummm, I guess I just didn't...like it? Personal preference? Um...the plot made no sense and the characters were just so underdeveloped. I mean halfway through the movie, I realized I didn't know what half the women's names were, or why their book club was recruited by the FBI in the first place. And it was never really explained why the evil dudes, I don't even know, were they Chinese? That kinda seemed racist, um-why they would choose the, um, oh my god, whatever, Sandra Bullock's character...do you know what her name was? See? Like why they would choose her as their point of contact for this sort of ridiculous attack. It didn't make any sense, and then all the CGI shit, it just wasn't funny at all.

MARIA

I thought it was hilarious.

GREG

I felt really inspired by it.

Eileen's really letting loose now.

EILEEN

People's standards are lower because a woman made it. It's like when a little kid draws something and you're like "oh, wow, yes, that's so great! I do see the dog's ears" or whatever. Like, the feminist thing to do to *me* is tell the truth. Like, no that doesn't look like a dog, it's just a brown blob. If the movie sucks, it sucks. Why can't we hold female directors to the same standards you hold Christopher Nolan and fucking Woody Allen.

Eileen is itching vigorously now. Having hit her confidence stride, she has no idea how obvious it is that she's doing something strange under the table. Greg might be the only one who can really tell what she's doing, but the others are still uncomfortable at the movement of her arm.

MARIA

Okay, well let's not talk about Woody Allen.

GREG

Eileen, trigger warning.

Eileen stares at Greg while everyone looks around awkwardly.

KEVIN

I thought the editing was really great too.

MARIA

Oh yeah, it was, um, what's her name?

AL

Was it the one who edits for David Lynch?

MARIA

Oh, the one that was married to him?

The voices fade off as Eileen tries to breathe her way out of both the awkwardness and the itch. Finally she unceremoniously takes her glass of ice water and places it between her legs.

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

Eileen storms into the apartment, Greg after her.

EILEEN

You threw me under the fucking bus!

GREG

Eileen, I simply disagreed with you about the movie.

EILEEN

It is a bad movie!!

GREG

Well I respectfully disagree. Like I did at brunch.

EILEEN

No, see, there's no respect! That's the problem! If people respected the director enough to even know her name, which none of you did, they'd be able to objectively say that movie sucked.

GREG

You didn't know her name either.

EILEEN

Fuck off, Greg.

GREG

You don't always need to be so... opinionated in front of our friends.

EILEEN

What? How does *that* make sense?

GREG

I think you just need to be sensitive. The movie wasn't bad enough for you to be so mean to Maria.

EILEEN

Mean to Maria?

GREG

I think, sometimes, you're harder on other women than on men.

EILEEN

What?

GREG

Eileen, you were bullied by other girls when you were younger...

EILEEN

(makes a siren noise)

Oh! Oh! Trigger!

GREG

Eileen. Even Kevin and Al liked that movie...

EILEEN

Kevin and Al are trying to fuck Maria! Do you really not know that?

Greg comes over to Eileen and holds her.

GREG

Eileen. I'm sorry you hated *The Book Club*—and that the majority of the population liked it. You have your own opinions, and that's why I love you. I just don't want you alienating your friends over something so stupid. And yes, the vaguely Chinese villain was racist and also just odd.

EILEEN

Well, why didn't you agree with me about that then? In front of everyone?

GREG

I guess I just don't need the conflict.

Eileen looks at Greg, and odd glint in her eye.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Eileen is leading the way. Greg is clearly confused, but fine with it. They start taking each other's clothes off. Greg goes for Eileen's underwear.

EILEEN

Ow, ow, ow. Careful.

GREG
Still hurts?

EILEEN
It's only gonna get worse as it
grows back. Like your baby beard.

GREG
Well I just shave that whenever it
itches.

Eileen looks at Greg.

EILEEN
I don't want to... keep it this
way.

Greg keeps undressing Eileen as they get onto the bed. She squirms a little, but he doesn't notice. Eileen is trying to get into it but something is off, even as Greg's head slides towards her vagina. Then, Eileen's POV: she looks down at herself. She's covered in shaving cream with Greg going down on her. He flips his head up, shaving cream flying off his head. It's on his upper lip like a milk mustache.

GREG
I think you should keep it this
way...

He's got a disposable razor and he smiles wide. He wields the razor down to shave her. She squirms and tries to wipe the shaving cream off and realizes that she has tiny arms and hands. They're the arms and hands of a little girl. She leans up and looks in the mirror, Young Eileen stares back. She screams and looks back down. Now her legs have bandaids all over them and she's at recess with the girls from before.

RINGLEADER
Eileen, do you not know how to
shave?

As the girls laugh, Eileen, an adult again, looks down again at her legs. Long thick hair is sprouting from them uncontrollably. The girls all scream with laughter. A WOMAN in a windbreaker and baseball cap appears and starts braiding the hair.

WOMAN
You didn't like my movie, huh?

She looks down again. Now she is getting a bikini wax from an ESTHETICIAN. She is Asian.

ESTHETICIAN

(cartoonish Asian accent)

Okay, only five more to go. It's okay, I'm only vaguely Chinese.

Ripppp! the esthetician pulls off a wax strip as Eileen screams. There's blood on the wax strip. She holds it out for Eileen.

ESTHETICIAN (CONT'D)

Want to see?

Eileen is horrified. She shakes her head and pulls back.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Want to see?

Suddenly Eileen is looking up at a PLUMBER talking to her Mom and Dad. He's holding up the bloody pad from before. It's wet and crumpled.

PLUMBER

Your washing machine flooded because *this* was stuck in your drain hose. I won't be able to quote you on the water damage...

Suddenly she's in her childhood bathroom again. She's still an adult, but the bathroom is huge, *Alice in Wonderland* style. It's filling with shaving cream. She can't get out. She bangs on the door, crying.

EILEEN

Help! Mom! Dad! I can't get out!

Greg opens the door. He's dressed like Woody Allen. He sounds like Woody Allen talking to a child, which is specifically creepy.

GREG

Hi, Eileen. You, ah, you want to join my book club? Come on, Eileen.

The unmistakable rhythmic bass of the breakdown and build-up section of "COME ON EILEEN" comes in menacingly and Eileen is back on the *Southern Crime* set. She's at the center of the Satanic circle in her Dead Girl hair and makeup. She's tied down with tons of people around her: Greg, Jason the AD, the esthetician, the plumber, the *Mom's Night Out* director, Sam O'Sullivan, Kevin, Al, Maria, and all the girls from elementary school. They SING:

ALL
 (repeated throughout)
 COME ON, EILEEN, SHAVE YOUR VAGEEN,
 COME ON, EILEEN, SHAVE YOUR VAGEEN,

GREG
 SO YOU'VE GOT A RASH, HUN,
 WELL, THIS IS THE FASHION,
 OH, EILEEN!

Of course, the music gets faster as their maniacal faces close in on Eileen, pushing disposable razors and throwing white foam in her face.

SAM O'SULLIVAN
 SAY!

GREG
 COME ON, EILEEN,
 I'M NO LONGER TORN,

SAM O'SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
 YOU'VE GROWN...
 SO OVERGROWN!

GREG (CONT'D)
 BABE, DON'T PUSH ME,
 CUZ I LIKE YOUR PUSSY,
 WHEN YOUR BUSH IS SHORN!

EILEEN
 No no stop!

The song continues (IF YOU NEED US, HERE'S A VENUS, TAKE OFF EVERYTHING!!!) as they close in on her.

EILEEN (CONT'D)
 STOOOOOOOOOPPP!

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eileen wakes up in a cold sweat, her comforter twisted and cocooned around her.

EILEEN
 Sorry, I had a bad dream.

GREG
 Yes. I know.

EILEEN
 I'm fine.

They go back to sleep. Well, Greg does. Eileen keeps itching.

INT. FANCY HALLWAY - DAY

BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMEN fill a large, stylishly decorated hallway. Eileen is one of them. While the others look chic and dressed up, Eileen wears loose sweatpants and her hair seems unwashed. She squirms constantly—the itching is driving her insane. When she can't outright itch herself, she shakes her legs. From a television hanging from the ceiling we hear:

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Sometimes I wonder, am I the
hero...

Eileen looks up. Sam O'Sullivan is driving a police car, smoking a cigarette with ANOTHER MAN.

SAM O'SULLIVAN
...or the villain.

A twangy, moody television theme plays. O'Sullivan makes out with a WOMAN (too young for him, too hot for him) in the back of the police car. She moans.

SAM O'SULLIVAN (V.O) (CONT'D)
A good man doesn't know how to
catch a bad man. Cuz he's never
been...a bad man.

Sam O'Sullivan arrests a CRIMINAL and puts him in the back of the car. The scene fades as the show logo comes across the screen.

VOICE OVER
Southern Crime. Sundays at 9 on
H2O.

A TV REPORTER appears on screen, sitting at a desk.

REPORTER
For those just joining us, the body
of 23-year-old Maggie Lind, star of
hit series "Scandal Queen," was
found—

A young, overworked-looking YOUNG WOMAN comes in with a clipboard, taking Eileen's attention.

YOUNG WOMAN
Okay ladies, we'll call you in
small groups, please line up in
order of height.

This isn't anything new, but Eileen isn't excited. The woman calls out names while Eileen turns back to the TV.

Footage of the Pacific Coast Highway with a chyron that reads: MAGGIE LIND, "SCANDAL QUEEN," DEAD AT 23.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Police responded to reports of a car that had crashed off a cliff in Santa Monica, California—

YOUNG WOMAN

—and Eileen Schaeffer.

Eileen is pulled away from the television by the sound of her name. She unconsciously and uncomfortably pulls at her underwear with a look that says *Ugh*.

CUT TO:

Eileen and five other girls awkwardly line up in height order. Eileen waddles uncomfortably—she's Ministry of Silly Walks-ing it right now.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)

Okay follow me.

They do.

INT. HOLDING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

YOUNG WOMAN

Okay you can sit. I'll take you in individually. They're gonna want to see you walk in bra and underwear, so you can take it off here or in there, up to you. And if you don't have it on your comp card already, please make sure you have your personal contact info, not just your agent's. There are pens here.

She points to a small table with a pile of pens. The girls all look at each other and then start taking off their clothing. Eileen is sheepish and uncomfortable, completely unlike we saw her before. One MODEL gives another a sly smile and a nod. The other one smiles back. Eileen watches all of this. She tries not to itch. But then she realizes... the other models aren't snickering about her. Another MODEL is holding her forearms over her underwear. The other girls are subtly not-so-subtly looking over and smiling. Eileen sees it—the brown curly hairs poking out from under the seams of the embarrassed model's underwear.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)
I'll be right back, and then,
Eileen, we'll start with you.

CUT TO:

INT. CASTING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Eileen strides in the door, the unapologetically confident woman we saw before. She smiles brazenly at the CASTING TEAM sitting behind the table. She walks towards them runway style—but with a wide stride—and then stops, one hand on her hip. She sticks her pelvis forward into her pose and we see that she has drawn tiny curly lines all over the front of her underwear and on the insides of her legs.

INT. SUBWAY - LATER

Eileen waddles onto the subway. She's still itching like crazy. No seats. She leans up against a pole, headphones in. Her hand grabs the pole, and she smiles. No one's looking—she presses herself against the cold pole. Some relief on her face. Then, she's disrupted suddenly by someone tapping her shoulder. She spins around—it's a GUY, gesturing to his now-empty seat—do you want to sit? She waves and mouths *no, thank you*. He insists with a gesture, and she laughs and mouths *okay*. She sits. She smiles to herself. Then gets sad. Another wave of itching comes over her.

INT. APARTMENT - EVENING

The apartment is decorated with pink paper garlands shaped like uteri and female symbols. A camera on a tripod stands across from the couch. Somehow it is connected to a computer underneath it (I don't know how FB Live works, but things are ready to go). Greg is busy bee setting up. Eileen sits on the couch, fidgeting intensely and holding an ice pack between her legs. Greg sits down next to her.

GREG
All right, ready to go?

He smiles wide at her excitedly. Eileen swallows and nods.

GREG (CONT'D)
It's okay to be nervous. I love
you. I love our podcast. This is
going to be great.

He's all giddy. Greg leans towards the computer, looks back at Eileen. She smiles halfheartedly. As he hits the space bar, she shifts uncomfortably. Greg nods her on:

EILEEN

Welcome to another episode of—

GREG

LowKey Feminism!! With—

EILEEN

Eileen and—

GREG

(through his teeth)

Eileen!

Eileen furrows her brow—*huh?* He motions to her crotch with his head. The ice pack. She not-so-slyly removes it from her crotch and out of frame.

GREG (CONT'D)

Sorry about that! LowKey Feminism with Eileen and Greg!

Greg nods her on.

EILEEN

Now let's—

GREG

Unlock...

Beat. Greg looks at Eileen encouragingly.

EILEEN

(robotic)

Your inner feminist. LowKey Feminism is a podcast that speaks to the truths and contradictions of being a modern feminist.

GREG

And this is our first special event Facebook Live episode! While you're here, make sure to like, like, like the page and comment, comment, comment! And, as always, follow us on Instagram and Twitter at @lowkeyeandg!

Greg looks at Eileen. She's so itchy and she can't do anything about it.

GREG (CONT'D)

And e-mail your questions,
concerns, and topic suggestions
to...

EILEEN

Lowkeyeileenandgreg@gmail.com.

Greg has finally realized Eileen is out of sorts. He takes
the reins.

GREG

Okay! So as those of you who have
been listening to our podcast know,
Eileen and I are a couple! That's
right, she's the Wonder Woman and
I'm...her invisible jet. Ha! Eileen
is the best woman I know, and she
has taught me so much about
feminism, and, again, as our loyal
listeners know, while I am a white
cis male, I consider myself a
feminist ally to all my sisters, an
ally to my brothers and sisters of
color, and an ally to the LGBTQIAPK
community, the immigrant community,
a friend to indigenous peoples, and
a quarter-member of the Jewish
community.

Greg looks nervously expectant at Eileen. She's sweating.

EILEEN

Um, I'm Eileen. I am a woman...with
a vagina...

Eileen tucks one foot under herself and tries to itch herself
with her own foot. Greg sees this.

GREG

Eileen is a feminist. She is also
an ally to people of color, an ally
to-

EILEEN

I think they get it. We like
everybody. Except people who hate
anybody.

She shoves a smile at the camera.

GREG

Okay! Well, that's a good way to put it. Eileen and I are an aspiring writing duo.

Eileen is really sweating now.

EILEEN

We are?

Greg shoots a look to Eileen, but quickly remembers the camera.

GREG

Today's topic is, as you may have guessed, relationships! So as a cis couple, we can obviously only offer knowledge of our specific and narrow experience, *but* as we do every week, we would like to shed some light on the interplay between a feminist and an ally who are romantically involved. From practicing self-care while living with your *cis-nificant* other to practicing mindfulness within your relationship. So, to start, let's talk about—

EILEEN

Hair. Let's talk about hair.

Greg looks at Eileen: *huh?*

EILEEN (CONT'D)

Let's. Fucking. Talk. About. Hair.

GREG

Umm, okay...yeah, hair. Starting with hair. Hair in the drain, hair on your head—

EILEEN

Hair on your body. Let's talk about the hair on your body. And on your *cis-nificant other's* body.

GREG

Sure, hair is—

EILEEN

I think I'm gonna start this one off, *Greg!*

Eileen is off the rails.

EILEEN (CONT'D)
Does anyone have hair down there?

Eileen looks at the computer.

EILEEN (CONT'D)
No comments.

She pouts sarcastically.

EILEEN (CONT'D)
Oh well. Anyways, I *did*. But I had to shave it for a *job*. Because apparently the only thing more grotesque than a mutilated dead woman is her body hair!

GREG
Okay—

EILEEN
Now *I* think women should have hair down there. If you want to trim, whatever, cool, go to town, but, *personally*, I think no hair is MIGHTY UNCOMFORTABLE.

Eileen is standing now, itching for the world to see.

GREG
Eileen—

EILEEN
But I also think it's weird. Sorry if this isn't *politically correct*. But I think it's weird for grown women to be *bare* in their underwear. Oh, that rhymed!

GREG
Eileen, let's talk about—

EILEEN
Let's talk about you, Greg! Now that you've experienced my pussy weeded and paved, which do you prefer?

Greg is speechless.

EILEEN (CONT'D)

No, don't answer that. Yet. Now, the role of hair on the vagina is to keep out bacteria. True fact. And it is also believed that—I read this—hair might be an indicator of sexual maturity. So that a prospective sexual partner can look at a vagina, and when there is hair there, it's like, Vrrrooom! Green light. GO! That is a viable pussy! And when there is no hair, it's
(makes screeching car stopping noise)

Stop! Red light, stop! That is a baby vagina, and NOT for sex! Okay? So this obsession with shaved pussies, shaved legs, shaved armpits, shaved fucking nipples is a result of this sexualization of youth. Like baby youth, like pre-teen youth!

GREG

Eileen—

EILEEN

Okay sure, maybe it's because it's better for lighting in porn or whatever—but I don't know, have you ever seen pubes catch light? Fucking gorgeous. Don't you think, Greg?

GREG

Umm, yeah...yup. Pubic hair is natural and beautiful.

EILEEN

Oh? Really? Because I didn't think you thought that. Or else I wouldn't have had a dream where you wanted to fuck 9-year-old-me.

GREG

Okay!

Greg goes for the laptop to cut the FB Live feed, but Eileen grabs it. It keeps recording.

GREG (CONT'D)

What are you doing?!

EILEEN

I'm being a feminist. What are you doing?

GREG

Oh, you're not a feminist!

Eileen pauses. She kind of likes that she's gotten a rise out of him.

EILEEN

Well, you're not a man.

Greg gets the other laptop off of the kitchen table. Eileen stares at him, confused. They square off, each holding a laptop.

GREG

Turn off the feed.

EILEEN

Why should I?

Greg clicks around on his laptop and then hits the space bar. From the computer, we hear:

EILEEN'S VOICE FROM THE COMPUTER

Tell me what you're going to do to me, Greg.

Eileen's eyes go wide. Greg's face is hot with righteous anger.

GREG'S VOICE FROM THE COMPUTER

You're so hot...

KISSING NOISES come from the computer.

EILEEN'S VOICE FROM THE COMPUTER

Greg, tell me what you're gonna do to me.

Eileen's face changes to a smile. Greg furrows his brow at her, confused.

GREG'S VOICE FROM THE COMPUTER

I'm gonna make love to you...

EILEEN'S VOICE FROM THE COMPUTER

Yeah...but what are you gonna do...?

GREG'S VOICE FROM THE COMPUTER

Whatever you want.

Eileen's smile gets wider, less maniacal now, more sure of herself.

EILEEN'S VOICE FROM THE COMPUTER
Yeah, but...you know what I want,
don't you?

More kissing noises from the computer.

EILEEN'S VOICE FROM THE COMPUTER
(CONT'D)
Greg...I'm all yours. Tell me what
you're gonna do to me.

Beat. Eileen raises her eyebrows, a fierce look in her eyes, Greg won't back down, though he's scared. He's forgotten what's next:

GREG'S VOICE FROM THE COMPUTER
Eileen. What is going on?

EILEEN'S VOICE FROM THE COMPUTER
I, just, I don't know. I think it'd
be sexy if you sort of took
control, you know, like...be
confident about it—

GREG'S VOICE FROM THE COMPUTER
Okay, Eileen. I don't—sorry I'm not
this pseudo-typical male...

Greg is frozen. He's knows what's coming but has to hear it:

EILEEN'S VOICE FROM THE COMPUTER
...man?

Greg hits the space bar. Their eyes are locked. Eileen's soften with pity. Greg's with mortification. They share a moment of shame. Is a reconciliation coming?

GREG
Fuck you, Eileen! Oh poor you, poor
beautiful, tall, model Eileen! Some
preteen girls were mean to me when
I was 9, *wah wah wah!* My boyfriend
won't dirty talk me, *wah!* My vagina
itches, *wah!* But I'm still a
feminist, even though I hate movies
directed by women and I make a
living off my looks! You're NOT a
feminist. You're not even an ally.
I figured it out, Eileen! I
unlocked it! You're not a lowkey
feminist! You're a lowkey *bitch!*

Eileen stares at him. Greg breathes heavily, satisfied with himself but looking smaller than ever. We just now realize how much shorter he is than Eileen. Eileen might be realizing it for the first time too.

She takes a deep breath. Places the laptop on the table, the FB Live feed still live. Looks at Greg. And walks out of the apartment.

INT. NEW APARTMENT - DAY

We PAN across Eileen's posters—the same ones we saw before, but hanging on a different wall. Under them, Eileen sits with herself at a table in a small studio apartment. She's still unpacking, but the vibe is decidedly less Brooklyn-hipster and more on-sale-Anthropologie.

The podcast microphone sits next to her. She's got Facebook open on her laptop—Greg's profile. There's a picture of him with Maria. She's got red lipstick and thick-rimmed glasses and the caption reads "Marching for equality with this glass ceiling breaker!! #inspiredbymylady"

She closes Facebook, puts on her headphones, and pulls the microphone to her mouth.

EILEEN

Helloooo, listeners, lovers, and lowlives. This is Eileen Schaeffer and you're listening to Fuck Off, Feminism, a feminist podcast that isn't afraid to sometimes say, "Fuck off, feminism." Do you love your reproductive rights but prefer when your boyfriend drives? Do you believe all women but think some just suck? Will you always love Gloria Steinem but also Inglourious Basterds? Cozy up pussy-cats. For this, the first episode, the topic is men. I know, not very feminist of me, but fuck off.

Eileen smiles to herself. We ZOOM OUT, going through the ceiling (maybe it's made of glass) and outside to an overhead of Brooklyn as Eileen gets into it:

EILEEN (CONT'D)

In my opinion, real men want equal pay, will give you their seat on the subway, and floss their fucking teeth with your pussy hair.