JEWISH AMERICAN PUG

Written by

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[ANIMATED PILOT]

COLD OPEN

CHYRON: SCHOOL NIGHT...

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE - 'THE APT' NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

New York HIPSTERS (late teens, early 20s) line up outside *The Apt* [pronounced 'Apartment'], a nightclub that is also the home of a poor Eastern European family. Two CLUBBERS negotiate with a BOUNCER who could care less about them.

CLUBBER #1
We're with Max.

CLUBBER #2
Yea, Max. He runs this place.

The BOUNCER doesn't even look at them.

CLUBBER #1
Look, *guy*. We know Max.

CLUBBER #2 takes out his phone and shows it to the BOUNCER.

CLUBBER #2
See this? This is Max's number.

CLUBBER #1 takes out his phone and shows it to the BOUNCER.

CLUBBER #1
This is Max's Instagram. We friends. We good good friends.

The CLUBBERS begin to devolve.

CLUBBER #2
Me and Max have dinner and laugh other week. He go ha-ha-ha. Then I go ha-ha-ha. We laugh!

CLUBBER #1
Me know Max! Max know me! MAX MAX!

The CLUBBERS turn and rouse the crowd.

CLUBBER #1, CLUBBER #2, CROWD
(chanting)
Max! Max! Max! MAX!

An SUV pulls up. Out steps New York's richest and most powerful high school girls: KATE STONE (16), NAOMI ZAMIAN (16) and a walking, talking pug named AMANDA CURRENSTEIN (16). The girls kiss the BOUNCER hello. He leans down. AMANDA licks both sides of his face.

INT. ‘THE APT' NIGHTCLUB - KITCHEN - NIGHT

AMANDA, KATE & NAOMI make their way through the kitchen of the club/apartment. The poor Eastern European FAMILY sits at a dining table, sadly eating their meal as CLUBBERS mill about their home, smoking cigarettes and spilling drinks.

INT. ‘THE APT' NIGHTCLUB - BATHROOM - NIGHT

NAOMI and KATE dump cocaine on their hands and place it in front of AMANDA who snorts it. NAOMI and KATE help themselves. REVEAL GRANDMOTHER of the poor Eastern European family soaking in the bathtub behind them and watching TV.

INT. ‘THE APT' NIGHTCLUB - BEDROOM - NIGHT

AMANDA, KATE & NAOMI are on the dance floor which is actually the bedroom of the SON of the poor Eastern European family. CLUBBERS dance and grind and spill drinks on the BOY as he tries to do his homework at his desk.

SERGEI (35), a loudly dressed Russian oligarch, waves the girls over to his table which is actually just the bottom bunk bed. AMANDA hops up. SERGEI tries to kiss her, but she just grabs the cigarette out of his mouth with her teeth. This drives SERGEI wild.

INT. ‘THE APT' NIGHTCLUB - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Everyone trickles out, except for AMANDA and SERGEI who make out on the bottom bunk. The SON of the poor Eastern European Family lies in the upper bunk, wide awake and terrified.

END OF COLD OPEN

OPENING CREDITS

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

MR. & MRS. CURRENSTEIN sit in a doctor's office. ANDRE CURRENSTEIN (60s) exudes wealth and bad health. His wife DIANE (40s), sports all the jewelry. A DOCTOR draws red "X's" over x-rays of their private parts. They look solemn.

EXT. CITY STREET - DUCKLAND ORPHANAGE & PETE'S PET SHOP - DAY

MR. AND MRS. CURRENSTEIN stand outside an orphanage. Orphans crawl around a display window. The CURRENSTEINS' eyes drift to the adjacent display window, PETE'S PET SHOP. Their eyes well as they see a PUG puppy playing in a display window.

TIME DISSOLVE - The CURRENSTEINS leave the pet store with the PUG puppy. The ORPHANS watch with anger and dismay.

INT. SCIENCE LABORATORY - VARIOUS - DAY

THE CURRENSTEINS watch as the PUG undergoes experiments:

- The PUG is brainwashed with images of fashion and money.

- The PUG is asked to choose between dog food and a salad. The PUG goes for the dog food and is <zapped> with electricity. The PUG <whimpers> and heads to the salad.

- The PUG learns English. The words "CHAI LATTE" and "NO WAY" are projected onto a screen as the Pug is prompted to speak.

PUG
<bark>

The Pug is <zapped> with even more electricity. Then:

PUG (CONT'D)
(broken English)
Chai latte. No way.

The CURRENSTEINS and LAB DOCTORS congratulate each other.

EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

The PUG exits a department store, flanked by NAOMI & KATE, and wearing a necklace that reads: "AMANDA." She is no longer a PUG. She is AMANDA CURRENSTEIN, Jewish American Pug.

END OPENING CREDITS

ACT I

EXT. LEGACY ACADEMY - MORNING

Legacy Academy sits on a beautiful Upper East Side street in a Pre-war building. Chauffeurs drop off STUDENTS in uniforms. This is the most elite private school in New York City.

INT. LEGACY ACADEMY - HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - MORNING

HEADMASTER LESLIE (70s, only wears tweed) takes a call in an office filled with antique furniture and old class photos.

HEADMASTER LESLIE
(into phone)
<hmmm> I understand. And how many boys was it? Seven? Yes. Well, I wouldn't worry too much Byron. It was the 60s. No one told us we *couldn't* do that with the students.

<knock knock>. Legacy's newest teacher DIANE WESTIN (35, too crunchy, too liberal) pokes her head in. HEADMASTER LESLIE waves her in as he finishes the call.

HEADMASTER LESLIE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
But just like Kidney Stones and Occupy Wall Street, this too shall pass. I have to run. Talk soon.

HEADMASTER LESLIE hangs up and turns to Diane.

HEADMASTER LESLIE (CONT'D)
Diane! I've been meaning to come and find you. How are you finding your first few weeks at Legacy?

DIANE WESTIN
Good... I think.

HEADMASTER LESLIE
Something troubling you?

DIANE WESTIN
Well it's--it's the students. They live such glamorous lives.

HEADMASTER LESLIE
Oh, Diane. Don't let the world of Legacy intimidate you.
(MORE)

HEADMASTER LESLIE (CONT'D)
We spend all summer scouring the city for full paying Asians and non-Jews to fill our freshman class just like every other private school. Okay?

DIANE WESTIN
Okay.

HEADMASTER LESLIE
Good. Now run along. And if any of the students give you problems, do not hesitate to tell me.

DIANE WESTIN
Actually. There is one student.
(checks her notes)
A miss Amanda Currenstein?

HEADMASTER LESLIE seizes with fear.

DIANE WESTIN (CONT'D)
She's a sophomore in my European History class.

HEADMASTER LESLIE
Oh, I'm well aware who Miss Currenstein is.

INT. LEGACY ACADEMY - HALLWAY - INTERCUT

A hungover AMANDA walks the hallway, shrouded by NAOMI and KATE. STUDENTS stop mid-conversation and just stare.

DIANE WESTIN (V.O.)
I understand she's quite popular.

HEADMASTER LESLIE (V.O.)
Duh! Every girl wants to be her. Every boy wants to talk to her.

A TEACHER pouring coffee in a lounge stops and stares as the coffee overflows. The scalding coffee melts his skin to the bone but the TEACHER doesn't flinch. He just keeps staring.

HEADMASTER LESLIE (V.O.)
And every teacher wants to sleep with her. And money? She's swimming in it. In fact her parents donated a back-up diving pool just to get out of parent-teacher conferences.

The school MASCOT, the MONEYBAG, stares. The MASCOT rips off his mask revealing a YOUNG BOY. Then, the YOUNG BOY, still stunned, accidentally rips off his own head, killing himself.

HEADMASTER LESLIE (V.O.)
Popular? No. Amanda Currenstein is powerful!

AMANDA just doggy jumps over the puddle of blood.

INT. LEGACY ACADEMY - HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

HEADMASTER LESLIE dabs his brow with a neckerchief.

DIANE WESTIN
I'm not concerned with her popularity or whatever it was her parents donated.

HEADMASTER LESLIE
A back-up diving pool.

DIANE WESTIN
I don't care!
(then, resetting)
I'm concerned with her education.

DIANE WESTIN drops a student evaluation on the desk.

DIANE WESTIN (CONT'D)
She hasn't completed a single assignment. Not one. And when she does show up to class, which is rare, she's hung over and smells of goulash and cocaine.
(then, catching herself)
I think.

HEADMASTER LESLIE excitedly grabs his phone and his rolodex.

HEADMASTER LESLIE
<gasp> They re-opened The Apt?! I have been dying to go. I'll text Byron. I think his janitor lives there and can get us in.

DIANE WESTIN slams the desk.

DIANE WESTIN
Sir!

HEADMASTER LESLIE
(resetting)
Look. Some students don't have time for homework or tests. The New York socialite scene is its own school. For some students -- students like Amanda Currenstein -- Legacy Academy is merely... a hobby.

DIANE WESTIN
I didn't get into education just to be someone's hobby.

HEADMASTER LESLIE
What are you proposing?

DIANE WESTIN
I'd like to fail Amanda.

HEADMASTER LESLIE just stares at her for a beat, THEN:

HEADMASTER LESLIE
Okay, yea, but with grade inflation that's what, an A-?

DIANE WESTIN
No grade inflation. I'm going to fail her for real. An F. She needs a wake up call. A reminder of just how important her education is.

HEADMASTER LESLIE <taps> a pencil on his desk for a second.

HEADMASTER LESLIE
Alright.

DIANE WESTIN
Really?

HEADMASTER LESLIE
Just be careful. You don't want Amanda Currenstein as an enemy.

DIANE WESTIN
I think I can handle her.

HEADMASTER LESLIE
<scoff>
(then)
Now if you'll excuse me, I'm late for a school board meeting. Apparently our yearbook doesn't look nearly enough like a United Colors of Benetton ad.

INT. LEGACY ACADEMY - SOPHOMORE LOUNGE - MORNING

AMANDA, NAOMI and KATE lay out and tan in the Sophomore lounge. It looks like a SOHO HOUSE with day beds, a DJ spinning lounge music and waiters shuffling about.

AMANDA
<uhhhh> My head feels like Nancy Kerrigan's knees.

KATE
I know. The Apt has been on point!

AMANDA
Are you Debra Messing with me?! It's been SO boring.

KATE
RIGHT?! And the music. <umm> Could it be more predictable?

AMANDA
I actually like the music..

KATE
(quickly)
SAME!
(then, desperate)
I just wish the crowd was a little more...

KATE looks at AMANDA trying to get a read. Nothing.

AMANDA
What?

KATE
What did you think of the crowd?

AMANDA
No. You tell me first.

KATE sweats bullets.

KATE
I thought it was <uhh>
(then, to NAOMI)
Nomes. Help!

NAOMI lowers her tanning mirror and leans up.

NAOMI
Manders. Did I see you hooking up with Sergei again?

AMANDA
<ugh> Yes.

NAOMI
That's like the twelfth time this week.

AMANDA
I know. He wants to know if we're "Page Six" official yet.

NAOMI
No! What did you say?

AMANDA
I said are you Debra Messing with me? You're divorced. Get married and we'll talk.

NAOMI
Smart.

KATE
Good for you.

AMANDA
I'm just so over these oligarchs. There's like forty of them and I'm like enough already. You know, it's like mom always remarks: *Why date an oligarch when you can date a monarch.*

Suddenly someone catches AMANDA's eye. She pops up.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Who the fark is that?!

REVEAL TRISTAN VON DANDER (16), the Prince of Pangaea. He passes the girls and tips his tiny golden crown.

NAOMI
That's Tristan Von Dander, Prince of Pangaea. I heard he was spending a semester in New York -- I guess he's spending it at Legacy.

KATE
Pangaea?! That's old money.

NAOMI
The oldest. His ancestors used to summer in the Garden of Eden before it got too Jew-y.

AMANDA licks her fangs.

AMANDA
He’s mine! Quick. How do my nipples look?

AMANDA rolls over. All 6 nipples pierce through her dress.

KATE
They look sick.

NAOMI
That turkey is done.

KATE whips to NAOMI, wide eyed.

KATE
Did you say turkey? Are we doing turkey now?

NAOMI ignores her as AMANDA flips onto her feet.

AMANDA
I’m going in.

Just then LIZZIE BECKER (16) hugs TRISTAN. LIZZIE is AMANDA’s enemy. She winks to AMANDA.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
What the hell is Lizzie doing?!

NAOMI
You didn’t know?

AMANDA
Know what?

NAOMI
Lizzie and Tristan were born at the same catamaran hospital. Their families are UBER black close.

AMANDA
That slut!

LIZZIE walks off with TRISTAN laughing and staring at AMANDA.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
<growls>

INT. LEGACY ACADEMY - BACK UP DIVING POOL - DAY

On the wall is a plaque that reads: “CURRENSTEIN BACK-UP DIVING POOL.”

AMANDA stands on the high board, takes a couple of <smoker's breaths> and dives. She doggy belly-flops into the pool. NAOMI and KATE <applaud> from the side. As AMANDA resurfaces, COACH TURKIN (50s, Danny Devito-esque) stands pool side.

COACH TURKIN
Currenstein. My office. Now.

INT. LEGACY ACADEMY - COACH TURKIN'S OFFICE/LOCKER ROOM - DAY

COACH TURKIN sits in his office which also happens to be right in the middle of the boys locker room shower. All the BOYS cover themselves as COACH TURKIN works at his desk. In walks AMANDA which only brings the boys more shame.

COACH TURKIN
Currenstein. Come in.

AMANDA hops up on a chair across from COACH TURKIN.

COACH TURKIN (CONT'D)
Look, I'm not gonna beat around the bush since no one seems to have one these days.
(motions to boys, then)
You're cut from the back-up diving team.

AMANDA
ARE YOU DEBRA MESSING WITH ME?!

COACH TURKIN
I am not Debra Messing with you. You're failing European History.

COACH TURKIN pulls out her student evaluation. There's a giant "F" on it.

AMANDA
Yea, but with grade inflation that's like an A- or something.

COACH TURKIN
That's what I said but this F isn't getting inflated.

AMANDA
You're Debra Messing with me?

COACH TURKIN
I'm not Debra Messing with you.

AMANDA
An F?! I don't even know who teaches European History.

COACH TURKIN
My hands are tied here. You can't dive until your grades improve.

AMANDA
Well, if I can't back-up dive then you can't use my back-up diving pool.

AMANDA storms out of the office/shower.

INT. LEGACY ACADEMY - BACK UP DIVING POOL - MOMENTS LATER

A freshman, DAVID (15, nerdy and scrawny), stands cautiously atop the highest diving board. He's terrified as students watch from the side of the pool

DAVID
C'mon David. You can do this. Just dive off the high board and you'll finally be popular!

AMANDA runs over to the pool pump, bites the toggle and pulls it towards "DRAIN" just as DAVID finally jumps. The pool quickly empties and DAVID crashes into the empty pool.

INT. LEGACY ACADEMY - GIRLS LOCKER ROOM/HERMÈS STORE

The GIRLS LOCKER ROOM is beautiful. It is filled with fine furniture. It looks like the Colony Club and it even has an Hermès store attached to it. Seriously. There is a SALESPERSON at the front standing beside a handbag display.

NAOMI & KATE sit on a bench as AMANDA paces around angrily.

KATE
How can you be off the back-up diving team?! It's your pool.

AMANDA
Cuz I got an F in European History.
(off their shrugs)
And there's not gonna be a fucking touch of grade inflation.

KATE
<gasp>

NAOMI
<gasp>

NAOMI (CONT'D)
How is this even possible?

AMANDA
Apparently, you have to show up to class and do the assignments. Did you guys know that? No one told me.

NAOMI
No one told me.

AMANDA and NAOMI turn to KATE.

KATE
I only know what you guys let me know.

AMANDA
This is so unfair. School can be such a concentration camp.

KATE
I know.

NAOMI
<gasp>

KATE
What?

AMANDA
Kate, you can’t say that. You’re not Jewish.

KATE is embarrassed. In B.G., NAOMI spots LIZZIE approaching.

NAOMI
Don’t look now but I think Lizzie’s about to start some shit.

LIZZIE
Well if it isn’t Dog the Bounty Hunter.

AMANDA
<growl>

LIZZIE
As much as I love our daily squabbles, I don’t have time today. I’m meeting Tristan for lunch at Cipriani. They’re serving Bellinis and showing Felinnis.

AMANDA
You really think Tristan would ever go for some dumb loser like you?

LIZZIE
Dumb? That's rich coming from the B who can't get an F turned into an A.

KATE
(confused)
So many letters.

AMANDA <growls> as LIZZIE <laughs>.

LIZZIE
Gotta run. Oh, and Manders. Do clean out your locker. These are for the back-up diving team only.

LIZZIE strolls off. AMANDA is steaming with anger.

AMANDA
I'm heading to Cipriani.

NAOMI
Aren't you forgetting something? European History's next period.

AMANDA
<gahhh> Everything is so annoying. I just want to--

AMANDA squats on the floor and scrapes her butt on the rug.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

INT. LEGACY ACADEMY - DIANE WESTIN'S CLASSROOM - DAY

DIANE WESTIN is teaching EUROPEAN history to the class. All the students are either texting or falling asleep.

DIANE WESTIN
And as the rise of a professional military class of knights continued into the 12th century so did the practice of "scutage" or "shield money," which was feudal payment, typically in the form of cash given in lieu of military service from a vassal to an overlord. Questions?

A STUDENT raises her hand.

STUDENT
Is that like when my daddy was drafted into Vietnam and he paid a migrant worker to get facial reconstructive surgery to look like him so he wouldn't have to fight and then that migrant worker died during the Battle of Khe Sanh so the government doesn't think we exist and now we don't pay taxes?

DIANE WESTIN
<uhhh>

The classroom door flies open as in barges AMANDA.

AMANDA
Alright, everyone out. I gotta talk to Miss Shit Stirrer over here.

All the STUDENTS immediately get up to leave.

DIANE WESTIN
(to AMANDA)
You cannot talk to me like that!
(then, to the STUDENTS)
Everyone stay in their seats!

The STUDENTS sit back in their chairs.

AMANDA
OUT!

The STUDENTS get back up.

DIANE WESTIN
STAY WHERE YOU ARE.

The STUDENTS sit back down.

AMANDA
Leave and I'll get you all into the Met Gala. This year's theme, *Flyover States*.

The STUDENTS bolt out of the room. DIANE just stares angrily.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Oh relax. I'll get you in too. Just gotta turn that F into an A-.

DIANE WESTIN
How dare you!

AMANDA
Oh. You're from a flyover state, aren't you? Wait! Let me guess.
(giving her a once over)
Bad hair. Bad eyes. Bad skin. Bad grandparents with a bad will...
(then, excited)
Ohio!

DIANE WESTIN
Stop this!

AMANDA pulls out tickets to other events.

AMANDA
Fine. Don't want the Met Gala. How about backstage passes to the Save the Poachers foundation?

DIANE WESTIN
Enough.

AMANDA
VIP passes to the Blasian Baby Bazaar?

DIANE WESTIN
STOP THIS!

AMANDA
<guh> What the hell do you want?

DIANE WESTIN
I want you to learn!

AMANDA
You're Debra Messing with me?

DIANE WESTIN
I know how important you think popularity is. But nothing is more important than an education. I'm not budging on this. Unless you start showing up to class and doing the work, I will keep failing you.

The two stare at each other for a beat. Then, AMANDA slowly squats and pees a few drops on the floor.

INT. LEGACY ACADEMY - SOPHOMORE LOUNGE - DAY

A WAITER takes lunch orders from AMANDA, NAOMI & KATE.

AMANDA
I'll take the lamb bolognese but instead of lamb can I have grilled salmon and instead of bolognese, I'll just have lettuce.

WAITER
So you want a salad with grilled salmon?

AMANDA
No. I want what I want. What's wrong with you?

AMANDA takes a bread roll and throws it at him.

WAITER
Of course. I'm so sorry.

NAOMI
I'll have the same.

KATE looks at the menu.

KATE
<hmm> The turkey sandwich sounds interesting. I'll have that.

NAOMI and AMANDA stare at her.

KATE (CONT'D)
(defeated)
I'll have what they're having.
(then, quietly to herself)
(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)
One day, turkey. I'll know what you taste like. One day.

AMANDA
What is happening to this place? Lizzie is dating a hot prince, I'm getting kicked off the back-up diving team I literally paid for and now the waiters are talking?

NAOMI
So you figured out the European History thing?

AMANDA
Fuck my exposed butthole. AND there's that. That Miss Westin is impossible.

KATE
Why don't you just get a tutor?

AMANDA turns to KATE who seizes up. NAOMI nods to KATE to continue.

KATE (CONT'D)
Well. When I was failing Math, Science, English and History last year my parents got me a tutor and he just did all my homework for me. You should just do that.

AMANDA lights up.

INT. CURRENSTEIN LIMO - DAY

The girls are pouring champagne and doing coke as <music blasts>. The LIMO DRIVER is depressed in the front.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - TUDORS & TUTORS STORE - DAY

The GIRLS roll out of the limo in front of the store, TUDORS & TUTORS. In one display window is a mannequin wearing a purple robe and holding a crown. In the other display window is a real TUTOR teaching pre-calc to a mannequin.

TUTOR IN WINDOW
Sin-x plus sin-3x divided by--

The TUTOR spots the girls and <bangs> on the glass.

TUTOR IN WINDOW (CONT'D)
HELP ME OR KILL ME! HELP ME OR KILL ME!

INT. TUDORS & TUTORS STORE - DAY

TUDORS & TUTORS is divided into two sides. The TUDOR side sells monarchy-specific items: thrones, robes, crowns, etc. The TUTORS side is simply where people can buy tutors for homework, SATs, etc. A SALESWOMAN approaches the girls.

SALESWOMAN
Welcome to Tudors & Tutors--

AMANDA
Yea, is there someone skinnier we can talk to?

The SALESWOMAN is perfectly healthy but the burn still hurts.

SALESWOMAN
(stifling tears)
<uhh> Just a second.

The SALESWOMAN runs off crying. Just then, the girls notice TRISTAN VON DANDER in the TUDORS section with a SALESMAN.

TRISTAN VON DANDER
I'll take this scepter in a Louis the XL, not the medium.

SALESMAN
Of course. Would you like it gift wrapped in zebra skin?

TRISTAN VON DANDER
Yes. And please include this note.

The SALESMAN takes out a pad and paper and writes.

TRISTAN VON DANDER (CONT'D)
(dictating)
Dear King of Lick-my-dick-tin-stein. What is up fam. So bummed I can't attend Incest Fest this year. Please accept this white rhino ivory scepter as an apology. Best to the wives. See you at Burning Man. Sincerely Pure, Tristan Von Dander, Prince of Pangaea.

TRISTAN spots the girls staring at him.

TRISTAN VON DANDER (CONT'D)
(to SALESMAN)
I'll meet you at the register.

TRISTAN approaches. In the B.G., the SALESMAN crosses to a tiny stable which houses a dazzle of zebras. He picks one and leads it into a back room, grabbing a sword off the wall before entering.

TRISTAN VON DANDER (CONT'D)
Ladies.

O.S. SFX: Zebra being slaughtered.

TRISTAN VON DANDER (CONT'D)
Allow me to introduce myself. I am Tristan Von Dander. Prince of Pangaea and occupier of the desk behind you all in Chauffeured-Ed.

TRISTAN takes a deep bow.

KATE
(blushing)
I'm Kate Stone. Queen of Turkey.

NAOMI
What are you talking about?

KATE
(covering)
What? I'm obvi kidding.

NAOMI turns back to TRISTAN.

NAOMI
I'm Naomi. Cool crown. *Tres* chic.

TRISTAN nods appreciatively to NAOMI.

AMANDA
And I'm--

TRISTAN VON DANDER
Amanda Currenstein.

AMANDA blushes.

TRISTAN VON DANDER (CONT'D)
I've heard quite a bit about you.

AMANDA
From Lizzie? <pfft> The only thing she fills those lips with is lies.

NAOMI and AMANDA high five. KATE raises her hand and lowers it quickly.

TRISTAN VON DANDER
I sensed a feud between you two.

AMANDA
A feud? Does Le Sports Sac have a feud with Goyard?

NAOMI and AMANDA high five again. KATE raises her hand again and lowers it quickly.

TRISTAN VON DANDER
Well said. If I hadn't known Lizzie since our water births at Catamaran Hospital, I might think it wiser to be squired around this city with someone like you.

AMANDA and TRISTAN stare at each other. The sexual tension is palpable. TRISTAN touches his crown with his finger and then licks the finger. AMANDA slobbers. The two edge closer to each other when suddenly TRISTAN's phone <buzzes>.

TRISTAN VON DANDER (CONT'D)
Well, I must go. I'm late for my dick pic portrait. I'm having one commissioned for a sext I'm sending to Lizzie later. Goodbye. For now.

TRISTAN grabs the zebra wrapped scepter from the now blood soaked SALESMAN and leaves.

NAOMI and KATE stand stunned. KATE who is standing right behind AMANDA sweats profusely because AMANDA is in heat.

KATE
Manders! You are literally hot for this guy.

AMANDA
Am not!

KATE
(wiping her brow)
Are too!

AMANDA
What does it matter? Lizzie's got her claws dug deep into this one.

A sickly skinny MANAGER quickly approaches the girls.

MANAGER
I sincerely apologize for the previous employee's girth. She's been banished.
(moving on)
Now, is it a tutor with a d or t that brings you in today?

AMANDA
I'm usually all about that d, but today's about tutors with a t.

MANAGER
(with a wink)
Perhaps we can find you both.

INT. TUDORS & TUTORS - DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The GIRLS sit on a couch, sipping champagne. Time for a TUTOR runway show. TUTORS are pulled and displayed for AMANDA. They are all very sad. It feels like a sex trafficking ring.

AN ASIAN MAN approaches.

AMANDA
Nope.

A YOUNG WHITE WOMAN steps forward.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Next.

AN INDIAN WOMAN steps forward.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
No. Sorry.
(then, clarifying)
You. Not the dress.

More TUTORS are brought out but AMANDA is not satisfied.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
I guess I'm just looking for something a little less... boring.

The MANAGER has an idea.

MANAGER
I think I have just the thing. It *is* from last season.

AMANDA
(disgusted)
Excuse me? I don't own anything from last season. My heels are from spring/summer 2027.

MANAGER
I think you'll like this.

The MANAGER heads to the back room. There's <commotion> O.S.

VOICE (O.S.)
Go away. Get your hands off of me! I'm not some chattel you can just haul in front of some entitled piece of...

The MANAGER finally drags out DUNCAN (25, handsome liberal). AMANDA is quickly intrigued.

DUNCAN
(to AMANDA)
...SHIT! You are a piece of shit!

The GIRLS are all intrigued.

NAOMI
<oooh> I like him.

AMANDA
Me too.

KATE
Me too too.

MANAGER
Ladies. This is Duncan and--

DUNCAN
And I wouldn't be here if I didn't have a massive amount of student debt.

MANAGER
Right. Thank you Duncan. His rate--

DUNCAN
I just thought you should know that I'm here against my will, like a political prisoner.

No one cares.

MANAGER
He’s a thousand an hour.

AMANDA
Is that negotiable?

MANAGER
I’ll go to $1,250, but that’s it.

AMANDA
$1,400.

DUNCAN
<ahem> You know you’re negotiating against yourself, right?

AMANDA flashes DUNCAN a condescending smile.

AMANDA
$1,500.

DUNCAN
I feel like Arthur Dimmesdale up here.
(off their blank stares)
From the Scarlet Letter.
(off more blank stares)
The book. By Nathaniel Hawthorne.
(off the blankest stare)
Jesus, how dumb are you?

AMANDA
$1600. Final offer.

MANAGER
Deal.

The GIRLS get up and leave. AMANDA stops and turns to DUNCAN.

AMANDA
7pm. My place. Tonight.

DUNCAN
I don’t even know where you live.

AMANDA
That’s fine. Everyone else does.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE - CURRENSTEIN FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

DUNCAN walks up to a large brownstone home on Fifth Avenue. It takes up the entire block. DUNCAN <knocks>. A cleaning lady, CARMEN (50s), opens the door.

CARMEN
Yes?

DUNCAN
I'm Duncan. Amanda's new tutor.

CARMEN
Come with me.

INT. CURRENSTEIN FAMILY HOME - TSA CHECKPOINT - CONTINUOUS

DUNCAN and CARMEN walk through the impressive home. It's filled with magnificent sculptures and art. DUNCAN and CARMEN approach a TSA security checkpoint.

DUNCAN
You're kidding?

DUNCAN walks down the zig-zag roped maze. No one is in line but he still has to walk back and forth between the ropes. Meanwhile, CARMEN just goes right to the front.

CARMEN
(off Duncan's anger)
Pre-check.

DUNCAN finally makes his way to the front. He puts his belongings in the bins. TSA AGENTS guide him through while barely breaking from their conversation.

TSA AGENT #1
(to TSA AGENT #2)
You order chicken in restaurants? I do all the time.
(to DUNCAN)
If you have a laptop, please put it in a separate bin.
(back to TSA AGENT #2)
Cuz you know some people don't order chicken in restaurants.

DUNCAN puts his laptop in a bin.

TSA AGENT #2
<uh-huh>

TSA AGENT #1
(to TSA AGENT #2)
Those people be like it's the only thing on the menu they can cook at home so why waste money on it?
(to DUNCAN)
Step forward and raise your hands.
(back to TSA AGENT #2)
Not me. I see chicken, I'm getting it.

DUNCAN steps forward and raises his hands. TSA AGENT #1 scans him with a wand.

TSA AGENT #2
<uh-huh>

TSA AGENT #1
(to TSA AGENT #2)
So what if I can cook that at home? That's not why I go to restaurants.
(to DUNCAN)
You're all set.
(BACK TO TSA AGENT #2)
I go for the cute waiters. And the chicken.

DUNCAN collects his things as CARMEN pulls up in a golf cart.

INT. CURRENSTEIN FAMILY HOME - HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

CARMEN and DUNCAN drive past famous paintings like *Guernica* and *Nighthawk,* rooms with massive bookshelves and amazing furniture, multiple kitchens, a dentist's office, a law firm, and a mall. They stop outside AMANDA's bedroom.

CARMEN
Good luck.

DUNCAN gets out as CARMEN drives off. DUNCAN takes a deep breath and <knocks> on the door.

AMANDA (O.S.)
Who is it?

DUNCAN
Duncan.

AMANDA (O.S.)
Who?

DUNCAN
(annoyed)
Duncan. The tutor.

AMANDA (O.S.)
Who?

DUNCAN
Jesus Christ you moron--

AMANDA (O.S.)
Oh it’s you! Come in!

INT. CURRENSTEIN FAMILY HOME - AMANDA’S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It’s a massive room with an even bigger closet. Thousands of dollars of clothing and also just thousands of dollars riddle the floor. The room overlooks Central Park.

DUNCAN
Quite the place you have.

AMANDA
Yea. We’re comfortable.

DUNCAN
Comfortable? You have your own TSA.

AMANDA
Yea, I think there’s an airport upstairs. I forget.

An <airplane takes off> O.S.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Duncan. I live a certain life that I doubt you could comprehend. But I’m not here to tutor you on what it’s like to be rich. You’re here to tutor me on what it’s like to be smart. Got it?

Disgusted, DUNCAN heads to her desk to get started.

DUNCAN
Fine. What class is it that you’re struggling in?
(then, to himself)
Cuz it’s not upper class.

AMANDA
European History.
(then, barely whispering)
I’m higher than upper class.

DUNCAN
Why don’t you show me what textbook you’re using and we’ll get started.

AMANDA just looks at DUNCAN annoyed.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)
You know what a textbook is, right?

AMANDA holds up different pairs of massive diamond earrings to her ears and checks the mirror.

AMANDA
Duncan. I don’t have time for this. They’re unveiling the Male Statue of Liberty tonight. It’s gonna be a huge party and if I know Lizzie, she’s gonna show up with Tristan. So I need to look amazing.

DUNCAN
Who’s Tristan?

AMANDA
He’s the Prince of Pangaea and he’s banging my arch nemesis.

AMANDA throws the earrings down.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
But what do you care? You probably think it’s some rich kid problem.

DUNCAN
You don’t have to be rich or poor to have a broken heart.

DUNCAN turns to AMANDA with empathy. She doesn’t care.

AMANDA
<ugh> Suck your dick you lame bitch. Broken hearts are for environmentalists and people who own sweatpants.
(then, reiterating)
The syllabus is on the table. Just look at it and start writing a paper or whatever it is my teacher wants me to do. I gotta get ready.

DUNCAN
Fine!

AMANDA
Fine!

DUNCAN angrily turns back to the desk and gets to work. AMANDA angrily turns to her closet and pulls outfits.

AMANDA gets dressed as DUNCAN examines the syllabus. He catches a glimpse of AMANDA changing in the closet. AMANDA spots him peeking.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Are you watching me change?

DUNCAN
(flustered)
What?! No!

AMANDA
It’s fine if you are. My mom used to smash the creator of Chat Roulette so I’m pretty used to it.

DUNCAN is bright red.

DUNCAN
I’m not. Besides, you’re very young. Too young for me. So young, it would be <u>illegal</u>.

AMANDA
You’re totally falling for me.

DUNCAN
I certainly am not.

AMANDA pulls out heels.

AMANDA
Well make sure you don’t. We would never work. You’re basically my homework slave.

DUNCAN
I’m more of a vassal.

AMANDA
What?

DUNCAN
A vassal. It’s a person who has entered into a mutual obligation with a lord or monarch. Typically you’d give me a fief or parcel of land in exchange for my services, but I’ll take the large sum of cash instead.

AMANDA
Well I wouldn’t date a vassal and I’m definitely not gonna date someone who knows what a vassal is let alone uses it casually in a sentence.

JUST THEN, AMANDA’s front door monitor rings.

ON CAMERA MONITOR: LIZZIE is at the door with TRISTAN.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
You have got to be Debra Messing with me! What the hell is Lizzie doing here!? And with Tristan!

AMANDA jumps on the table and grabs a bejeweled knife. She puts it in her mouth and darts out of the room.

<u>EXT. CURRENSTEIN FAMILY HOME - FRONT STOOP - NIGHT</u>

LIZZIE and TRISTAN are standing there. LIZZIE has her arm wrapped firmly around TRISTAN’s waist. AMANDA opens the door with a knife in her mouth. She drops it to her paw.

AMANDA
You have five seconds to get out of here or I will go all Amanda Knox and Joran van der slit your throat.

LIZZIE
I’m not here to fight. Just making sure you and I aren’t wearing the same thing tonight.

AMANDA
The Male Statue of Liberty unveiling? Of course you’re going.

LIZZIE
Why not? It’s a great way to introduce Tristan to New York.

TRISTAN VON DANDER
Apologies for the unannounced visit. I told Lizzie I could have just sent my vassal but she insisted we come ourselves.

LIZZIE
It's pronounced *castle*. *Cass-el.*
(to Amanda)
He's too cute sometimes.

AMANDA
No, you moron. A <u>vassal</u>. It's a person who's entered into a mutual obligation to a lord or monarch.

AMANDA (CONT'D) LIZZIE
<gasp> <gasp>

LIZZIE and AMANDA are shocked. TRISTAN is intrigued. HE takes AMANDA's arm and leads her to the car, leaving LIZZIE behind.

TRISTAN VON DANDER
That's correct. Tell me, Miss Currenstein, are you a fan of European History?

AMANDA
(blushing)
It's tight.

LIZZIE
Tristan! Where are you going?

TRISTAN VON DANDER
(turning to LIZZIE)
Well to the party of course.
(back to AMANDA)
With Miss Currenstein.

TRISTAN opens the door for AMANDA. LIZZIE is in tears.

Before AMANDA gets in, she looks up to her room. Duncan stands there, watching. He nods to AMANDA. She nods back. There is something building between these two. And just as the tension seems to build to its greatest point, CUT TO:

<u>INT. LIMO - NIGHT</u>

TRISTAN and AMANDA bang hard in the back of the limo. It is filthy, disgusting and at moments... very tender.

<u>END OF ACT III</u>

TAG

INT. CURRENSTEIN FAMILY HOME - AMANDA'S ROOM - MORNING

AMANDA stumbles into her room at the crack of dawn. Her heels in her mouth. She notices something in the printer. It's a paper with the title: "European History: A History." There's a post-it on it with a handwritten note. She reads it.

DUNCAN (V.O.)
"Hope the night was everything you hoped it would be. I wrote this cuz you can't -- Duncan."

INT. LEGACY ACADEMY - GIRLS LOCKER ROOM - DAY

AMANDA holds the paper but now there's a "B-" on it. AMANDA wears a bathing suit - she's back on the team. There's a different handwritten post-it note on it. AMANDA reads.

DIANE WESTIN (V.O.)
"There's no way you wrote this. But maybe you learned something. - MISS WESTIN."

AMANDA shoves the paper in her locker and heads out.

INT. LEGACY ACADEMY - BACK-UP DIVING POOL - DAY

AMANDA walks over to the pump for the pool. COACH TURKIN gives her a nod of approval. AMANDA bites the toggle and pulls it back towards "FILL." Water dumps into the pool. As the water rises, so does the dead body of DAVID, the young boy who dove earlier. Everyone is shocked. But not AMANDA. She happily jumps in. Everyone copies her. Just like they always do. Just another day at LEGACY ACADEMY with NEW YORK's most powerful Jewish American Pug, AMANDA CURRENSTEIN.

END OF PILOT