

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

EMILY JONES (40's) stares at her reflection the bathroom mirror.

EMILY

What's it gonna take to convince you
I can do do this job?

A different tact.

EMILY (cont'd)

What's it gonna take to convince you
I can do this job?

A different tact.

EMILY (cont'd)

What's it gonna take to convince you
I can do this job?

She sees something in the mirror and takes a closer look at her chin. *WTF?* She grabs tweezers and plucks a hair from her chin. She catches a glint of something and leans in to check her hair. *Fucking roots already?* She tilts her head backwards ever so slightly and is faced with the biggest insult of all. *Is that a fucking mustache?* She grabs for the cupboard.

CUT TO:

INT.BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A line of hair dye is plastered over her roots and she is just finishing up applying a cream mustache. She picks up the tweezers and begins to pluck her eyebrows but just as she grasps the hair, BANG, BANG, BANG on the door causing her to rip out too many hairs and drop the tweezers.

EMILY

Jesus fucking christ!

CHILD'S VOICE

WHAT?

EMILY

Nothing!

She takes a breath and gathers herself.

CHILD'S VOICE

I NEED TO GO POTTY!

EMILY
Use the other bathroom.

CHILD'S VOICE
Daddy was just in there.

EMILY
Well I'm in here now.

CHILD'S VOICE
His bathroom is too stinky.

She reaches for the door.

CHILD'S VOICE (cont'd)
Why do you have a mustache?

EXT. STREET - AN HOUR LATER.

Doors of a small school bus closes. Emily is now wearing business suit and looking pretty good, all things considered. The bus pulls away and Emily waves longer than she wants to. She checks her watch. And runs.

EMILY
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.

CUT TO:

INT. RECRUITER'S OFFICE - DAY

Emily sits opposite a very put-together BECKY (30's), who stares at her laptop. The clock ticks.

EMILY
Should I come back?

BECKY
Why?

Emily motions to the recruiter's laptop.

EMILY
I didn't want to interrupt.

BECKY
I'm reading your resume.

EMILY
I'm an idiot.

BECKY

No, no. It's on me. Becky.

Reaches to shake her hand. Emily reaches back.

EMILY

Emily. But, you know that.

BECKY

So, what kind of work are you looking for Emily. Says here, you're an actress?

EMILY

I'm pretty open. It's one of the things I do-did. I have a lot of irons in the fire. Just see what comes at me, you know? It's been awhile.

BECKY

Yeah, I see there's quite a gap here. Twenty-eleven to now? What have you been up to?

EMILY

I had a baby.

The woman looks incredulously at her.

BECKY

No way!

EMILY

Yes way!

BECKY

Wow. Ovaries huh? Well, that gives me hope.

EMILY

Hope?

BECKY

That it's not too late. I mean not by a long shot.

CUT TO: