

DEBCAM - S2:E9: CAT LADY - COLD OPEN

INT. - DEB'S OFFICE (DAY)

Deb enters the frame and sits in front of her computer. She has a piece of paper in her hand from which she is reading. The following dialogue is prescriptive and may be ad libbed. Only the side itself and the salient breakdown information should necessarily be kept intact.

Deb has never watched this kind of show and is more than mildly insulted that she's aged out of "young mom". She's also extraordinarily offended on behalf of women everywhere at the gruesome stereotypes present in the role.

DEB

(Her agent has written her)

Deb, I've been putting you up for everything I can find and as you know, nothing has been really biting. I think you've aged out of young mom a little bit. The bad news is that you won't hit another pocket of roles until you're in your 50s. Good news, though, is that I found you a role I think would just be amazing for you. It's a show about freshly divorced, sexy, middle-aged women. It's a female empowerment thing that I think you could really sink your teeth into. Sides are attached. Send me your audition by noon tomorrow. Knock this one out of the park, kiddo. If you don't, it'll be another 20 years or so before you're castable.

Deb stares at the page, offended. Turns computer off.

DEBCAM TITLE CARD

TITLE SEQUENCE

Super short theme song plays with title "Debcam", A Fake Geek Girl Production.

TAKE 1: SEX KITTEN / OLD MOM

DEB

How can I be aging out of young mom?
I'm in my 30s. I'm literally the age
of young moms.

READER

That's bullshit.

DEB

I know, right! I mean, look at Sandra. She's my age and she just had her first kid, like, a year ago! I am *exactly* young-mom-age.

DEB

God! This is just so insulting.

READER

It's not that bad.

DEB

Not that bad?! First I age out of young mom and now the only role my agent can find for me for the next 20 years is a divorcé. Are those my only options as a woman? I'm either a baby maker or embittered and aged?!

READER

You're reading too much into it.

DEB

Am I? Am I?!

(reads from breakdown)

"Jane is an extremely bitter older woman

(glares meaningfully at Reader)

She's just gone through a messy divorce in which her husband got everything but the cats." She's a *cat lady*, Rita.

READER

Could be worse.

DEB

(continuing to read breakdown)

"In this scene, Jane talks with the women from her divorce support group about how difficult her week has been. Conversations with her ex and sex kitten co-workers make moving on difficult."

READER

Does it actually say "Sex kittens"?

Deb points to exact line in email where it does, in fact, say sex kitten.

READER (CON'T)
 (laughing)
 This is awesome. I mean awful.
 Just...awful.

TAKE 3: GROUP THERAPY

Cuts are written in to help pacing. We should include cuts of reaction faces as if she's listening to other people's stories as well.

READER
 Jane, is there anything you want to share with the group today? How was your week?

DEB
 How was my week? Oh, you know. Not so bad. My ex called me up on Monday to tell me that he's moving in with Cynthia.

CUT TO : DEB LAUGHING AT SOMEONE ELSE'S STORY

CUT BACK TO: MONOLOGUE

Apparently the rat bastard didn't want me to hear about it from someone else. Instead I got to hear it straight from the jack ass's mouth.

CUT TO: DEB TUT-TUTTING AT SOMEONE ELSE'S STORY

CUT BACK TO: MONOLOGUE

Know what else I could hear? Cynthia. In the background. Wanting to know where she should put the armoire. The armoire we bought *together* on our honeymoon in Thailand. The armoire I bought us because I thought it would be something we could pass down to the children he'd said at the time that he wanted. Only it turns out he didn't want kids - a tidbit I didn't learn until our 10th anniversary when, in the middle of a celebratory dinner, he casually tells me he had a vasectomy

at 23.

CUT TO : DEB ANGRILY AGREEING WITH SOMEONE ELSE'S STORY

CUT BACK TO: MONOLOGUE

Yep. He's stuffing his face with asparagus tips telling me he never planned to have kids and why am I acting like it's such a big deal? I hope that armoire falls on her when she's moving it.

CUT TO: DEB LAUGHING BUT IT TURNS INTO CRYING

CUT BACK TO: MONOLOGUE

On Tuesday Oscar hacked up three hairballs onto my pillow then pooped in my shoe.

CUT TO: DEB EMPHATICALLY SHAKING AND NODDING HER HEAD AT SOMEONE ELSE'S STORY

CUT BACK TO: MONOLOGUE

Oh, Wednesday was a hoot, too. I went out with some girls from work who kept insisting I looked great *for my age*. You want a piece of advice? Never ask a 22 year old how old they think you look. Not unless you want to be told you could pass for 50. "Like, my mom's age, I guess."

CUT TO: DEB FLIPPING EVERYONE ELSE OFF

CUT BACK TO: MONOLOGUE

My mom's age, my ass, you tween-y sorority stick figure! Eat a fucking sandwich before you shrink so far into yourself you form a fucking singularity in the middle of this bar and the anti-gravity sucks us all into a vortex of false eyelashes and Michael Kors handbags.

CUT TO : DEB APOLOGIZING TO EVERYONE ELSE

CUT BACK TO: MONOLOGUE

So, then Thursday rolls around...

READER
(interrupting)
I think that's enough for one evening.
Thank you for sharing, Jane.

DEB
Bite me.

END CREDITS

Short theme song with (ideally) credits rolling over an
outtake. Final credit rolls, screen goes to black with FGGP
logo.

READER
God. PMS much?

DEB
Do not. Go there.