

Lights Up

By

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FADE IN

INT. AMPHITHEATER - NIGHT

The house lights are down. The stage lights are on a small group of actors on a stage, ACTING OUT the last scene of a play in the *Revolution Festival of Plays*.

In the audience sits RAEGAN ATWOOD - 22 years old, with short auburn hair hanging loosely by her face. Raegan sits with a smile on her face.

The lights go down on stage. The audience APPLAUDS. Raegan claps along with them.

The casts of each play comes out to take their bows. The playwrights come on stage to join them. On stage with them is FIONA MCCAFFREY - 23 years old, long brown hair pulled up in a tight ponytail. Raegan jumps to her feet and hoots and hollers for Fiona. Fiona glances quickly at her and grins from ear to ear.

CUT TO

EXT. AMPHITHEATER - OUTSIDE STREET

Raegan and Fiona walk out of the theatre, with Raegan's arm wrapped loosely around Fiona's shoulder.

RAEGAN

Best play of the night. I'm gonna be saying that all the way home.

FIONA

You're not just being a good sport, right? I mean, *Poppy* was a pretty good one.

RAEGAN

What, that sob-fest? Fiona, *Accident Coverage* was obviously the best. Everything worked!

FIONA

(smiling)

I mean, yeah, it kind of did.

RAEGAN

(in a loud announcer voice)

Ladies and gentlemen, world renowned playwright Fiona McCaffrey!

(normal)

(MORE)

RAEGAN (cont'd)
 And now we gotta do what all
 successful people do; drink until
 we forget how to be successful!

FIONA
 Slow down, I'm not successful yet.
 It was one festival.

RAEGAN
 Hey, this is my one opportunity to
 get smashed all week and I'm taking
 advantage of it, now let's
 gooooooo.

FIONA
 Alright, alright! Check to see if
 Barnum's is still open.

Raegan pulls out her phone. An email attachment is on the
 phone from BrickHouse Theatre Productions. Her eyes widen
 and her face goes expressionless.

RAEGAN
 Fee, wait up.

FIONA
 What's wrong?

RAEGAN
 It's BrickHouse.

FIONA
 Oh shit. Read it, this could be it.

Raegan quickly opens the email.

RAEGAN
 (reading the email)
 "Dear Ms. Atwood; we thank you for
 sending us your play *Invisible
 Bridges*. While we admire your
 creativity and originality, we feel
 that at this time it is in our best
 interest to decline to produce your
 work for our upcoming season.
 Please do not hesitate to contact
 us again in the future. Best,
 Kimberly Hudson. President,
 BrickHouse Theatre Productions."

Fiona grimaces. Raegan silently puts her phone back in her
 purse. She purses her lips and tightens her jaw.

RAEGAN
 (somewhat to herself)
 Damn. Third one this week.

FIONA
 Rae, I'm sorry. That sucks.

Raegan sucks in a breath, trying to hide how disappointed she really feels.

RAEGAN
 Fine. It's fine, they suck anyways.
 It's all fine. Let's just get
 drunk, it's your night.

FIONA
 Okay, you sure?

RAEGAN
 Yep, let's go.

She hangs her arm around Fiona's shoulder again and the two walk towards the bar together, trying not to let the disappointment ruin the rest of the night.

INT. APARTMENT #543 - KINGSTON APARTMENTS - EVENING

Apartment #543 is a two-bedroom setup, with a small kitchen and a living area with a beat-up love seat perched in front of a television, which PLAYS and old episode of Family Guy.

Raegan sits on the couch with her laptop open. She is laser focused on her laptop and typing furiously, hardly paying attention to the show in front of her.

Fiona is in the bathroom drying her hair with a VERY NOISY HAIR DRYER. She is dressed in khakis and a light denim button-up.

RAEGAN
 Fiona, you got a minute?

FIONA
 (loudly)
 What?

Fiona shuts off the hair dryer.

FIONA
 (normal volume)
 What?

RAEGAN
I need to borrow your genius
playwriting brain.

Fiona puts down the dryer and heads over to Raegan. She plops down on the couch next to her.

FIONA
What's up?

RAEGAN
I just need you to read through
this edit I made.

FIONA
To *Bridges*?

RAEGAN
Yeah.

She hands Fiona her laptop.

FIONA
Where specifically?

RAEGAN
Fourth line down, I extended a
scene. Can you read it out loud for
me?

FIONA
Sure.
(reading from the online
script)
Jake: "Lori, I have to say I'm not
that surprised. It's never been out
of your character to pull a stunt
like this." Lori: "A stunt?! You
call this a fucking stunt, Jake?
The knife is right there in front
of you, and you think it's nothing
but a stunt?! Jake: "What are you
gonna do, cut me? Stab me? Maybe
mutilate my face a little and send
me to the hospital, where at worst
I'll maybe lose an eye, but at best
I'll just have some deep scars that
will be off putting at first but
over time will just blend into my
face and look like I just had a bad
encounter with a shaving razor? I
know your type, Lori, and I know
what's coming to me. Lori: "How's

(MORE)

FIONA (cont'd)
this for my type?" Lori pulls a gun
out and fires. Blackout. Lights
come up on Gerard and Henry in
Pherson's Park -

RAEGAN
That's it, that's good. What do you
think?

FIONA
A little clunky, and I would maybe
re-do the final line. Anything
else?

RAEGAN
Nah, the rest is fine. Thanks.

FIONA
(confused)
So that was your only edit on the
entire thing?

RAEGAN
Yeah. You say it like it's a bad
thing.

FIONA
Well, I don't know, I would think
you'd want to go back and do more
revisions.

RAEGAN
Why? The rest of it is fine. I
already sent it out to Huntington
and GarageWorks, and I'm sending it
to Sabertooth and Horizons tonight.

FIONA
Yeah, but with a few rejections
under your belt you're gonna want
to tweak it some more. I'd say hold
off on the other two until you've
got something better.

RAEGAN
(a little offended)
Fiona, this *is* my something better!
It's not gonna grow any more
because it's gone as far as it can
go.

FIONA

Okay, sorry I even suggested it.
I'm going to work.

Fiona gets off of the couch and grabs her purse from off of the kitchen table.

FIONA

I give you advice and as usual, you completely ignore it.

RAEGAN

(sarcastic)

Yeah, well, next time give better advice and maybe I'll consider it.

FIONA

I'm practically a therapist, I give such good advice. I'll see you later.

RAEGAN

(playful bantering)

Okay bye, no one will miss you.

FIONA

Shut up.

Fiona heads out the door. Raegan returns her attention to her laptop. She types a few more sentences.

INT. GREEN GARDEN RESTAURANT - LATE AFTERNOON

The Green Garden Restaurant is a vegetarian restaurant just outside of the city. Raegan works during the day as a waitress.

Raegan clears off a table. She picks up the check to check the tip. She rolls her eyes at what can only be a weak tip, then glances at the clock. It's 5:55 - five minutes left in her shift.

INT. GREEN GARDEN RESTAURANT - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Raegan signs herself out of work and grabs her jacket. She quickly yanks out her phone. Two new emails. Her eyes widen.

She darts out the door, yanking her jacket haphazardly over one arm as she handles her phone in the other.

EXT. GREEN GARDEN RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Her eyes scan her phone rapidly, but her pace slows to a halt. Her face falls, and her jaw tightens. The news is obviously not good. She looks up from her phone and lets out a frustrated breath.

She crams her phone back into her purse and walks away.

INT. APARTMENT #543 - KINGSTON APARTMENTS

Raegan opens the door and shuts it behind her in a huff. Fiona is sitting at the kitchen table with her laptop open in front of her. She is talking on the phone enthusiastically.

FIONA

(on the phone)

I swear, I've got the email up now...well it's not much, but it's bigger than the last one! They're saying sometime in July. Will you be able to make it then?...yes, I'll give Mom a call, but I'm not expecting much from her. What matters is what you think...I love you too, thanks for everything. Alright, I'll call you later. Thanks Dad. Bye.

Fiona hangs up. She meets Raegan's gaze and bounds up.

FIONA

Rae! You're not gonna believe this. *Accident Coverage* is getting picked up by the Fringe Theatre Festival! They said they'll start casting in two weeks and then rehearsals can begin at the end of the month. I can't believe it!

RAEGAN

(feigning enthusiasm)

Yeah, I can't either.

FIONA

(jokingly)

Well, hey, don't congratulate me or anything.

RAEGAN

(annoyed)

Yeah, congrats, whoopee, okay. Anything else?

FIONA

Wow, what's up with you today?

RAEGAN

Nothing. Nothing. It's just that those festivals don't mean anything.

FIONA

Don't mean - what are you talking about?

RAEGAN

It's not like your show has any shot of getting picked up by anything.

FIONA

You're kidding me. This is because your show isn't getting picked up, isn't it? Rae, just because I've found work a little earlier than you doesn't mean you can take your anger out on me.

RAEGAN

Oh, so THAT'S what you call it? You "found work"? Fee, you haven't found work. Waitressing is work. Your bartending is work. Getting a play produced on Broadway is work. Festivals? Not work. Little festivals like that don't mean shit.

FIONA

They don't mean shit?! Well, hate to be an ass, Rae, but getting your show rejected over and over again "doesn't mean shit" in this world. My foot's in the door, which is more than you can say for. So it would mean a lot to me if you would drop the pity party and be a little more supportive of your best friend, considering how supportive she's been of you!

Raegan rolls her eyes and goes to the kitchen. She grabs a beer out of the fridge and heads to the couch.

RAEGAN

Don't you have to get ready? You know, for "work"?

FIONA

You know what? Fuck you.

Fiona storms into the bathroom, slamming the door behind her. Raegan sits slumped on the couch, taking long swigs of her beer.

The SHOWER starts.

Raegan notices Fiona's laptop sitting open on the counter. She sits up, eyeing the screen. Slowly, she rises from the couch and moves towards the table.

She sits down in front of the laptop. Tentatively, she minimizes the screen that was open.

On the screen is a folder marked "PLAYS."

She opens the folder. A huge list of plays pops up.

Raegan clicks on a few plays. Some are short, only about 10 pages each. She clicks and clicks, but comes up with brief plays of different genres.

Finally, Raegan taps on one play entitled *Dear Isaac*. She is surprised to see that it is 94 pages long. She starts to read the first page, and is very quickly impressed.

The SHOWER shuts off. Raegan snaps to attention. In a flash, she pulls up the screen she minimized. Fiona's email is on the screen. She pulls open a new email tab and plugs in her account.

She drafts a new email to herself and uploads a PDF of *Dear Isaac* to the email. She hits "Send" and quickly clicks out of the tab.

She darts back to the couch and puts on the TV, trying to cover her tracks.

Fiona steps out of the bathroom, with a yellow towel wrapped around her head and a grey bathrobe around her body. She looks at Raegan. Raegan drinks her beer, eyes to the TV screen. Fiona rolls her eyes and heads to her bedroom to get changed.

Raegan breathes a quick sigh of relief.

INT. APARTMENT #543 - RAEGAN'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

The lights are off in the apartment. Fiona is asleep in her room.

Raegan sits up in bed with her laptop in front of her. *Dear Isaac* is pulled up. She is about halfway through. She can't believe how good this play is.

Raegan suddenly has a thought. She goes to the title page. With uncertainty, she deletes the title.

A beat.

Raegan slowly types in its place, *Invisible Bridges*.

Another beat. Raegan exhales roughly.

She deletes the line "Fiona McCaffrey." She replaces it with "Raegan Atwood."

Raegan opens up her email tab. She goes to other emails she's sent to theatre companies and copies the pitch she wrote to them.

She opens a new draft addressed to Roundabout Theatre Company and pastes that text. She then attaches the altered play to the email.

Raegan lets the mouse hover over "send" for a long, agonizing moment.

She sucks in a breath. She hits send. She slams her laptop shut and brings her hands to her face. She cannot believe that she stooped so low, but knows there's no going back.

INT. APARTMENT #543 - KINGSTON APARTMENTS - MORNING

Raegan is in the kitchen, sipping a cup of coffee and preparing a bowl of cereal. She is dressed in her work uniform.

Fiona wanders out of her bedroom, wearing a t-shirt and pajama pants and with her hair pulled up in a messy bun.

FIONA

Morning.

RAEGAN

Morning. Want some coffee?

FIONA

Sure.

RAEGAN

Hey, Fee. I said some nasty things last night. I was in a shitty mood. You didn't deserve that. You know I'm always happy for you.

FIONA

It's okay. Maybe you're right, it's a festival. It's not much.

RAEGAN

No, it's great. It really is. I was just an asshole.

FIONA

(good-naturedly)

Yeah, but when are you not?

RAEGAN

Shut up.

Fiona throws her arms around Raegan's shoulders in a bear hug, catching her off balance. Raegan laughs, but something feels off to her. She knows she really messed up last night.

INT. BARNUM'S DIVE BAR - EVENING - THREE DAYS LATER

Raegan enters the bar, having just wrapped up another shift at work. The bar is not terribly crowded - a few groups of young people LAUGH LOUDLY at some terrible joke, beer glasses CLINK as they hit the table.

The counter has three other CUSTOMERS sitting at it minding their own businesses. She plops down at the seat in front of a fuzzy TV that PLAYS a Yankees game.

The BARTENDER, a tall, 27 year-old with shaggy brown hair pulled up in a man bun, stops in front of her.

BARTENDER

What can I get you?

RAEGAN

A Blue Moon please.

The bartender leaves to prep her drink. Raegan watches the game for a moment. The bartender sets her drink down in front of her and goes to tend to another patron. Raegan sips the beer and pulls out her phone.

On the lock screen is an email notification from Roundabout Theatre Company. Raegan nearly spits out her beer.

Tentatively, she opens the email and begins to read it to herself.

RAEGAN

(reading the email to herself)

"To Ms. Atwood; thank you for submitting your work to us. We see great potential in *Invisible Bridges*, and we would like to meet with you to discuss possible production opportunities. Please respond at your earliest convenience, and we look forward to working with you. Best, Ed Cooper, President, Roundabout Theatre Company."

(out loud)

Holy fuck.

The three people at the counter go quiet for a moment and looks at Raegan.

BARTENDER

Need anything else?

RAEGAN

Yeah. Um, another beer? Or a shot of something really strong?

INT. ED COOPER'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON - TWO DAYS LATER

ED COOPER'S office is white and blue, lined with posters of all kinds of theatrical productions produced by Roundabout. His desk is full of pictures of himself with famous actors, directors, and showbiz people.

ED himself is a skinny man in his late 40s, with grayish brown hair and black glasses. He has a very warm personality and is all smiles behind his desk.

Raegan, on the other hand, is scared out of her mind. She sits in the chair across from him and picks at her fingernails, shifts her legs, and rubs at her head.

ED

It really is a pleasure to meet you, Ms. Atwood. We so rarely get original plays like yours anymore, and from someone so young! If you don't mind, how old are you?

RAEGAN

I'm, uh, 22.

ED

22? My goodness! Fresh out of college, I assume?

RAEGAN

Yeah, U-Michigan, class of, last year I guess.

ED

Well, it really is a pleasure to meet you, Ms. Atwood.

RAEGAN

(awkwardly)

You can, you can call me Raegan. I'm not one for being super formal. I mean, my friends call me Rae, but you don't have to do that if you don't want to.

(a beat)

I'm sorry, that was weird. I'm just kind of nervous.

ED

You don't have to be, Raegan. Just relax, I'm not here to intimidate you.

RAEGAN

Okay, thank you Mr. Cooper.

ED

Please, call me Ed. Now let's talk *Bridges*. I must say, your take on this subject matter was extremely well-paced. The uniqueness you brought the the dialogue and the character interactions were some of the best I've seen in a long time. Now, Roundabout productions are a collaborative process. We strive to give the writers as much say in their vision as possible, because they've lived with the characters and story for so long. If there is anything your director, actors, set crew, or even myself can do to realize your vision, you do not hesitate to step in.

RAEGAN

My vision? Well, to be honest, Mr. Cooper -

ED

(with a smile)

Ed.

RAEGAN

Okay, Ed. To be honest, I'm not even quite sure what that is. It's all very overwhelming. I mean, just yesterday I was receiving a rejection email, and today here I am talking to you about my "vision".

ED

Of course it's overwhelming! It wouldn't be good theatre if it wasn't! And we're happy to be there every step of the way. But ultimately the choice is yours. It's your play, after all. So, Raegan, would you like Roundabout to be the company that makes *Invisible Bridges* visible?

Raegan pauses. The words "Your play" echo in her head. She still can't quite believe how she got here. Saying no would keep her from being a full-blown plagiarist, but saying yes would move her even closer to her goal.

Raegan nods.

RAEGAN

Yes. Ed, I would love to work with you.

ED

Wonderful! Congratulations, Raegan. I look forward to producing your play.

RAEGAN

Me too.

The two shake hands.

INT. APARTMENT #543 - KINGSTON APARTMENTS - EVENING - TWO WEEKS LATER

Raegan is in the kitchen preparing dinner for Fiona and herself. Fiona is again on the phone, but this time she is speaking loudly and angrily. She paces back and forth in front of the TV.

FIONA

(on the phone)

So you're saying there's nothing they can do?...So they change the theme and don't bother to tell anyone? Or is it no one bothers to tell me because I'm the amateur?...That's what I thought. Well fine. They can go ahead and drop *Accident Coverage*. If I'm just going to get kicked around like a high school freshman because I'm the rookie, then I don't want to be there. Tell Fringe that I thank them for their time, but I just made their decision a lot easier...that's my final say. Thank you.

Fiona hangs up and tosses her phone on the couch. She plops down next to it.

FIONA

Dammit.

RAEGAN

So you quit Fringe?

FIONA

No, they dropped me. I just made it sound more like it was my decision.

RAEGAN

Classy.

FIONA

They wanted plays by more pronounced playwrights. I just wasn't "famous" enough, but they of course decided not to tell me anything. I should have known it was too good to be true.

Raegan joins Fiona on the couch with a homemade pizza, a bottle of beer, and a can of coke. Fiona takes a sip of the coke.

RAEGAN

So that's it? *Accident Coverage* comes to a close?

FIONA

For now, at least, but I think I'm done submitting it places. I've written better. Ah well. What can you do? It happens.

RAEGAN

I'm sorry Fee. I really wanted your play to be a success.

Fiona pauses at this comment. She turns to Raegan, eyebrows raised.

FIONA

Is that all you care about? Being a success? Don't you ever just write? Not even care who's going to see it, just write?

RAEGAN

Write what?

FIONA

Something that means something to you. Something personal or important. Something that you write just for yourself, with no intention of selling it.

RAEGAN

No, why would I do that?

FIONA

I don't know, it just seems like you don't really care about writing something that means a lot to you, to keep the gears turning.

RAEGAN

It's unproductive. I don't waste my time writing junk that I don't want to sell.

FIONA

Junk. That's what it is to you. Junk.

RAEGAN

Yeah.

A beat. Fiona studies Raegan intensely.

FIONA

Okay. Okay. Rae, I want to show you something.

Fiona jumps off of the couch and goes to the kitchen table. She grabs her laptop and returns to the couch.

FIONA

I'm going to show you what "junk" looks like to me.

Fiona opens her laptop. She clicks on the PLAYS folder.

Raegan's eyes widen. Has she been found out?

FIONA

You see this folder? All of this "junk?" It's all plays I write for me. Not even my best work. I don't care. I write about what I know. This one right here, *Saturday Cartoons*, is based on a day of my childhood with my dad and my alcoholic mom. *Up And Away*, based on a story my grandmother told me to get me to fall asleep at night. *Tommy and Deedee*, stories of my brother and I. All short plays that I write just for me. But this one here -

She clicks on *Dear Isaac*. Raegan bites her lip.

(continued)

- based on the suicide of my best friend. The day I wrote this, I had nearly downed a bottle of Ambien. And it's a *really* good play. And I have no intention of selling it, or becoming successful off of it or any of these plays. Yes, I write because I want to be a writer, but I don't crave success like you do. So yeah, my show isn't "successful." So what? I'm not gonna stop writing. I'm not gonna stop writing "junk." Because I don't need that success to tell me what to do next. Get it?

Silence. Raegan watches Fiona carefully with regret in her eyes. She sits back into the couch.

RAEGAN
(partially to herself)
I never considered that.

Fiona swats a tear away from her eye.

RAEGAN
You okay? I didn't mean to get you
upset.

FIONA
(sniffing)
I'm fine. I'm sorry. I got a little
heated.

RAEGAN
But you're right. It's not junk. I
never considered how much I just
want success. I'm so sorry, dude.

FIONA
It's okay. I'm okay. I'm sorry I
got so mad.

RAEGAN
I get it. It's okay.
(a small beat)
Pizza?

FIONA
(laughs)
Yes please.

The two eat their pizza, but Raegan's heart is no longer into it. She knows how badly she screwed up.

INT. ROUNDABOUT THEATRE REHEARSAL SPACE - EARLY AFTERNOON -
THE NEXT DAY

The rehearsal space is a wide room with white and blue walls. A mirror stretches across one wall, and a ballet barre stretches across the other.

Raegan sits in front of the mirror with GREG COHEN - a stocky, muscular man in his early 30s with short black hair, wearing a striped red button-up - the director of *Invisible Bridges*.

They sit watching two actors, MIRIAM ROCKWELL and KEVIN ST. CLAIR. Miriam is a 5'3" 24 year-old with dirty blonde hair pulled in a low ponytail. Kevin is a 5'10" 25 year-old with neatly combed brown hair. Both hold copies of the scripts in one hand.

Miriam and Kevin act out a scene from the script. Greg watches their movements carefully, jotting down notes every now and again. Raegan is a little more distracted - she doodles around her copy of the script.

Kevin is rehearsing a particularly heavy monologue.

KEVIN

(monologuing)

"Alright. You want to know how I feel? Before I lost Isaac, I used to turn a blind eye to death. I see it on the news nearly every day. "Shooter kills four in a convenience store." "Five people killed in a 9 car pile-up." "Famous philanthropist John Fucking Jacob died of a heart attack." And I didn't care. I could be sad, sure. I could think "That's horrible, so sorry it had to happen to them." But then I would go on with my own life. Life sucks, shit happens, you move on. Move on, they say. You'll get through this, they say. They say. They say. They say. I had no idea. I had no idea it would be me."

Greg stands up.

GREG

Okay, let's hold there for a moment. Kevin, I'm not getting that sort of inner turmoil that I need from you. It should be more biting. Raegan, what do you think?

Raegan distractedly pops her head up. She has been barely paying attention.

RAEGAN

Huh?

GREG

How should Kevin approach his little monologue?

Raegan has no idea what to say.

RAEGAN

I...I thought it looked pretty good.

GREG

We have to get to the heart of the monologue. Do you think you could tell us what you were thinking when you wrote this? How you came up with it?

Raegan sits with her jaw slightly open, trying to think of some sort of BS to spout. Suddenly she has an idea. Her face relaxes and she stands up.

RAEGAN

Well, this is something that I haven't told anyone before, but I never wrote this with the intention of showing it to anyone. The play itself is based on my best friend committing suicide. I wrote this scene when I was feeling particularly suicidal and utterly hopeless. I think Jonathan in this moment is feeling exactly how I felt when writing it - raw, destroyed, like death was lurking around every corner. I didn't write this play with an audience in mind. So don't act for an audience. There is no audience. There is just what is happening to you.

The actors and director look stunned.

GREG

Wow. Thank you for opening that up to us.

(to the actors)

Okay, let's start that scene from the top. Remember, act for you.

Raegan slinks back to her seat. She sits and watches with a mix of satisfaction and guilt. Those weren't her words or ideas, and she knows it.

INT. APARTMENT #543 - KINGSTON APARTMENTS - EVENING

Raegan stands in front of the bathroom mirror combing her hair. She is dressed up nicely in a pair of slacks and a light blue button-up. She is wearing more make-up than usual.

Fiona comes up behind her.

FIONA

So where did you say you were going again?

RAEGAN

(lying)

Oh, it's just a meeting with the set designer. They said it was a formal thing, so, slacks were necessary.

FIONA

Huh. So there isn't an open rehearsal tonight?

Raegan stops dead.

RAEGAN

Who told you?

FIONA

No one. It was in Backstage magazine.

RAEGAN

Ahh. I see. Damn.

FIONA

And I wasn't invited because...?

RAEGAN

(feebly)

Because...it's mostly for press and they didn't really want many, um, audience members yet.

FIONA

Uh-huh. Right. A rehearsal open to the public and they don't want a lot of the public to be there. You know, you look hilarious when you're lying. So again, why did you decide against inviting me?

Raegan is trapped and she knows it.

RAEGAN
You want the truth?

Fiona raises her eyebrows.

FIONA
I don't know. Am I going to like
what I hear?

RAEGAN
Probably not.
(takes a breath)
I didn't invite you, because I
didn't want you to get jealous.

FIONA
(testing the word)
Jealous.

RAEGAN
Yep. That I hit the big time first
and that you're struggling more was
going to lower your self-esteem,
and I don't want that to happen to
you.

A blatant lie. Fiona can immediately tell how insincere this is, and for a moment, anger flashes across her face. But suddenly she softens.

FIONA
You were my biggest fan with
Accident Coverage, were you not?
I've been nothing but supportive
with your endeavors, have I not? I
would never be envious of you. You
know better than anybody how much
of a fan I am of you. I'm your
system, and you're mine. And it
would mean a lot to me if you
invited me to this rehearsal.

A beat as Fiona waits for a response. Raegan is speechless. There's no way she can hide anything else.

Raegan sighs defeatedly.

INT. ROUNDABOUT THEATRE REHEARSAL SPACE

MEMBERS OF THE PRESS surround the rehearsal space, many of them wielding cameras. The actors do their thing, RECITING their lines and getting really into the play.

Greg, Kevin, Miriam, and the rest of the ACTORS all get briefly interviewed by the press at various times. Raegan also gets interviewed.

Fiona sits in the seats set up for the public to watch the process. Her face slowly gets more and more expressionless as the rehearsal goes on. She doesn't say anything to Raegan or anyone around her. She simply watches the process.

INT. APARTMENT #543 - KINGSTON APARTMENTS

Fiona opens the door to the apartment, with Raegan trailing sheepishly behind her.

Fiona closes the door behind them. The tension in the air is palpable. Raegan knows exactly what's coming.

Fiona turns to face Raegan. If looks could kill, Raegan would be dead on the floor.

FIONA

(cold)

You have anything else you want to say to me? Maybe another excuse? Or maybe you want to grow some balls for once and tell me why you did it.

RAEGAN

Fiona, I'm sorry.

FIONA

I don't care. Why did you do it?

RAEGAN

Can we not do this now? I'm tired and I've already said --

FIONA

(exploding)

No! I'm not gonna just let you walk away from this! You don't just steal your best friend's work, not to mention her most *personal work* yet! And did you seriously think that you could hide that from me? What the fuck was going through your mind?

RAEGAN

Fiona, *Invisible Bridges* sucks. There. I said it. I *hate* to admit it. And your writing is really fucking good. So when I found *Dear Isaac*, I just felt like there was no way I could ever be that good.

FIONA

And you wanted success.

RAEGAN

And yes, I want to be a successful writer. Is that such a crime? I'm sorry I stole from you, but at least you should be a little happy!

FIONA

What?!

RAEGAN

I obviously loved your writing and I wanted to give it exposure! And now it's on Broadway! Doesn't any of that make you at least a little grateful?

FIONA

Listen to yourself, you self-absorbed bitch! You steal my work without having the decency to think about my opinion, and you hide it from me! Now you expect me to feel fucking happy for you! The thing that you don't seem to get, Rae, is that it's no longer mine! I don't get to say "that play is mine" because no one will believe me, and because it's under your name! Does that credit on the playbill say, "written by Fiona McCaffrey?" Nope, it says "written by Raegan fucking Atwood!"

RAEGAN

What do you want me to do?! I can't cancel the show, it goes up in two weeks!

FIONA

Yes you can.

Raegan's face falls.

FIONA

You go to your producer man tomorrow. You tell him to pull the production. Tell him anything you want, just convince him to drop it. Or I call a lawyer, and I sue your ass. I make a scene, get the press involved, and give you hell. Don't forget I'm in this business too.

RAEGAN

You wouldn't.

FIONA

Watch me.

An agonizing beat. Fiona doesn't break eye contact.

RAEGAN

(utterly defeated)
I'll talk to Cooper.

FIONA

Good.

(beat)

I guess I never told you congratulations. One way or another, you got your name up in lights.

Fiona heads into her bedroom and shuts the door behind her. Raegan sits at the kitchen table and buries her head in her hands.

ED (O.S.)

So what can I help you with today, Raegan?

CUT TO:

INT. ED COOPER'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON - THE NEXT DAY

Raegan sits in front of Ed's desk, quietly distraught. Ed sits in front of her at his desk, chipper as always.

RAEGAN

(strained)
I need you to pull the show.

ED

What? What are you talking about?

RAEGAN

I need you to pull the show. It can't go up.

ED

I don't understand. We're this close to tech, it will be a huge blow to this company if we drop it so abruptly. Is something going wrong? Do you need me to talk to Greg?

RAEGAN

No, no. I just need you to drop it.

ED

Can you at least tell me why?

Raegan opens her mouth to speak, but stops herself. What she says next determines everything about her future in New York as a playwright.

RAEGAN

It's because I did not write this play...alone.

ED

Really?

RAEGAN

(dramatically lying)

I had a co-writer. She gave me full permission to take the show as my own, but became jealous after she saw the open preview and threatened to tell everyone I stole it from her if I didn't pull it, and now I don't know what to do, Ed.

ED

(serious)

Does she have a lawyer?

RAEGAN

Not yet. She wanted me to make a move first.

ED

This puts me in a tight spot. You want this show to go up, correct?

RAEGAN

Yes.

ED

Do you want the show to go up with a co-writer?

RAEGAN

I didn't at first, but I don't want her to sue me!

ED

And I don't either. So here's what I want you to do. You talk to your writer friend. Try to convince her to let it go up in exchange for a co-writer credit. If she still threatens to get a lawyer, I will get you the best legal team I can, and we'll fight with you on this. But get her to change her mind first. Roundabout can't have this hanging over their heads. I'm going to trust you on this, okay?

Raegan nods pathetically.

EXT. ROUNDABOUT THEATRE

Outside of the theatre, Raegan shuffles along the sidewalk, feeling utterly defeated. Her phone buzzes in her pocket. She removes it.

It's a text from Fiona: "DID YOU TALK TO YOUR GUY?"

RAEGAN

(in a text)

"Yes. Let's talk later."

Raegan hits SEND and continues walking.

INT. ROUDABOUT THEATRE LOBBY - NIGHT - WEEKS LATER

It is the opening night of *Invisible Bridges*. Raegan stands in the lobby of Roundabout Theatre Company. She is dressed in a gala dress and her hair is done up, and she is holding a program of the show. She is chatting with some other ATTENDEES.

Member of the AUDIENCE CHAT with each other, enter the theatre, purchase tickets, etc.

Across the lobby, Raegan sees Fiona walk in. She is wearing a nice dress, albeit more casual than Raegan's.

Raegan cautiously walks over to her.

RAEGAN
I wasn't sure if I'd see you.

FIONA
It's my show too.

RAEGAN
Our show, I guess is what the
public thinks.

Raegan flashes the show playbill to Raegan. On the title page it says "WRITTEN BY RAEGAN ATWOOD AND FIONA MCCAFFREY."

FIONA
Our show. Right. Go ahead and think
that.

RAEGAN
Where are you sitting?

Fiona shows her her seat assignment.

RAEGAN
Wanna go in?

FIONA
Let's go watch "our" show, shall
we?

Fiona enters the theatre. Raegan hesitates. The lights flicker, signaling the beginning of the show. She follows Fiona in.

INT. ROUNDABOUT THEATRE

Raegan finds her seat. She looks around for Fiona. Fiona is three seats down looking at her playbill. Her face is expressionless.

The audience MURMURS and CHATS amongst themselves.

The lights go down. The audience begins to APPLAUD.

Raegan slides down in her seat and folds her arms.

As the curtain slides up, a very small smile forms at the corner of Raegan's mouth. She had gotten the success she had been craving, in some form, sacrifices and all. If it was worth it or not is up to her to decide.

FADE TO BLACK