

ROCKBOTTOM

HOW LOW CAN YOU GO?



Rock Bottom - Comic Series

9 episodes/35 min each

When a failed menopausal screenwriter discovers an international feature film incubator for young writers, she's determined to get in with her feature. Problem is she only fits one criterion...

"You're always told to conquer your dreams, right? Believe in yourself, listen to no one, go with your inner truth, right? And then, when you finally dare to reveal your 'million-dollar feature' to a very known director, he literally slams the door in your face"... I erupt at the dazed students and can barely stand. A heat flash is flowing through my body and my knees tumble. I try to get back to the lecture, but I'm falling apart. I'm soaked with sweat when a freezing breeze from the A/C triggers a deep sneeze from the bottom of my pelvis.

I try to flee to the toilet before the tsunami that's forming inside of me erupts! But it consumes me and there is no safe ground. And while I slip on the urine that just burst out of me, it hits me: **My vital days are coming to an end.** What better time to produce my one and only feature...than now? I feel so vibrant and bad-ass and ripe (almost rotten) that nobody can stop me! **Not even my pelvic floor!**

Galia, 46, has a husband, kids, and a reasonable job, but she can't stand her life! Her kids have grown and don't give a fuck, her husband is a start-up director that lives in his own time-zone, and she can't bare writing even one more marketing text for the "pop it pal". She examines her life and doesn't understand what went wrong... From the biggest promise in copywriting school, she transformed to be this resentful menopausal woman that has done **nothing meaningful in her life...**

One day, she has to replace her boss at a marketing lecture for junior cinematographers. At the most crucial moment, a hideous heat flash goes through her body! Whilst fleeing to the toilet and slipping on her own urine, at the lowest point of her life, she discovers an ad on the wall that literally calls her: "The French embassy is looking for young women from the Middle East to produce a feature film in Hollywood"!

With a clammy finger she goes over the criteria: "French citizen from the Middle East, alumna of the school of..." **I've got a French passport!** a voice in her head echoes as she starts to get butterflies. She continues reading: "Translation to French and a pilot scene" – **Alright, alright** -- "co-director or co-producer" -- there's **got to be some director that still don't know me** --, and when she reads the words **maximum 30-years-old** her mind starts objecting but her heart is beating so hard that she can hear the blood flowing in her ears. A new world is growing inside of her with green plants, and flowers in numerous colors, and she can no longer hear or see anything, and she only knows this: This opportunity might be **the last one** in her life, and she ain't gonna miss it. And this time, she'll fit into every single one of these criteria, **even if she has to bend reality!**

So, she starts bending! She tells famous director Natalie Marcus (her nemesis from copywriting school) she's about to die, only for the slight chance of getting Natalie on board. She pleads with her religious French aunt (whom she hasn't seen in 20 years) to translate her script, which is all **sex, drugs and Rock'n'roll**. Auntie Francine, just like Natalie, kicks her off! So as a last resort, she turns to the 'Female Writers Guild', hoping they forgot what she did back at school... Well, they sure didn't! So, they take revenge and set her up with a sicko translator from Fiverr...

But she pulls through... Like a raging bull she's set to recruit a young all-women rock band, "The Wolves", to shoot a pilot scene for the feature. So, when she hears that sick people with cancer get a shitload of weed, she come to pay condolences at an old friend's "Shiva", just to steal four hefty bags of weed. Once "The Wolves" humbly accept the green bribe (not before trying to beat the shit out of her with a fender guitar) they agree to shoot the scene with a rock-punk-grunge cover of **"You can't always get what you want"** but instead of filming **stoned 49-year-old groupies**, she uses what she could find downstairs: Two 80-year-old Russian cleaning ladies that dance like they're high on bleach fumes!

Exhilarated with her winning streak, Galia manages to get invited to a meeting with the last willing producer, which turns out to be an ambush. She demands Galia stop sending them transcripts, merchandise, ideas of any kind, otherwise they're going to sue for harassment!

How would she get a producer now? In a moment of ingenuity, she arrives at a book signing and asks Ruth Efroni, the famous author and producer, to write an extremely personal dedication in her book. What Ruth doesn't know is that a carbon paper is hidden between the pages and the desired signature now seals Galia's letter of intent.

Now, Galia feels the mission is at her fingertips. But there's still one criterion that she is unable to crack. How would she prove that she's not one day older than 30? Her "super supportive" friends suggests that she'd go to the internal affairs office and make them change her age **at gunpoint**... When they all burst out in laughter, Galia suddenly realizes that there is something here! She recalls the "Liran-Shaked" Supreme Court precedent that allowed LGBTQ people to erase gender from their ID card, so she stalks the minister of internal affairs at her local bar and convinces her to pass a law to erase age from the ID due to potential agism. **"If I feel 30, why should it say I'm fucking 46??"**

When Galia is sure she checked all the boxes, **she finally applies to the incubator**. She suddenly discovers that Sarah Silverman joined the judges' panel! OMG! She worships Sarah! Wouldn't it be a good idea if Sarah knew that? So, she conducts an investigation (that wouldn't fail the FBI) and discovers that Sarah has extended family in Israel, and furthermore, one of her sisters is a Reform Rabbi who lives in Jerusalem! So, she sets up a marriage counseling session with her. She doesn't really believe in God but what harm could this possibly do? (It certainly wouldn't affect her chances of getting in, right???)

After she doesn't receive a response in a long time, she wanders aimlessly at a posh clothing store (with a big whisky smoothie) harassing women at a shopping tour. She yells at them that "all is doomed because we, middle-aged women, are losing our vitality. We're so old we might as well croak!" Naturally, the store owner kicks her out, but just as she does, Galia gets a notification: **she was accepted to the next phase – the pitch!** Feeling like Julia Roberts in "Pretty Woman", she sticks her phone in the seller's face and says: "**Big Mistake... Huge!**"

This is the money time! Galia gets on the Zoom meeting with a fake background of a sloppy student apartment. She starts pitching **Sarah Silverman** when the background suddenly disappears and she's revealed at her worst: a maid is standing behind her with a Dyson vacuum, sucking all her wrinkles out... Sarah is shocked but before she can say anything, Galia gives her the speech: Middle-aged women have no hope of becoming meaningful in this world, so no wonder she had to pretend to be dying, or steal weed at a "**Shiva**" or meet a Reform Rabbi when she's an atheist. Oops...! Sarah realizes that Galia is her stalker screaming that she would never work in this industry!

Now literally, all is lost. Galia is so upset that she runs to cry out in frustration in the nearby fields. A second before she lets it all out, "The Wolves" call to tell her that a big producer from Werchter Music Festival saw the scene she shot and wants in!

WHATTTTT???? Galia can't believe her good luck! She falls to her knees and screams to the heavens: **I DID IT!!!!** And just then, a wandering bird drops feces right into her mouth. She almost chokes but without hesitation, she wipes the dropping from her mouth and takes a stride forward. '**Cause if she's gotten this far with all the shit she suffered, she's not gonna let this break her, right!?**

Hey, I'm Galia, a Copywriter with over 20 years of experience, for the past 7 years, running my own marketing agency. Two years ago, when I turned 44, I realized that NOW is the only time to do what really gives me the shivers...script writing! So I spent the last two years studying at "[First Draft](#)" and "[The workshop](#)". Luckily, my twisted mind was appreciated, and I was signed with [Nawi-pro](#) for the development of "Freedom is a bitch", a comic feature about two women who travel to a Rock festival to be young groupies again, when menopause symptoms attack: Heat flushes, Urine leakage and more. When Covid started and all productions stopped I decided to write "Rockbottom" a "mocumentary" about me and my last chance in life before I croak, to produce the one feature I wrote, in Hollywood...

Here are two of the writing and directing I did: [Foo Mizva](#) - participating and advisory, [HOWTOOL](#) - writing and directing. Since I have to do something at all times (Did someone say ADHD?) I initiated "women pass knowledge" group, for women to get their knowledge from many professional women in any field of expertise. The "Women Make Money" group, to educate women in the finance area. I have also initiated "Hilarious women", a Facebook group reminding women to laugh every day, and every now and then I produce theme parties for women and my community...I am a mother of three special needs kids and am married to a start-up husband...What can I say? **CHALLENGE IS MY LIFE...**