

# GOLD DIGGERS

AN ADULT ANIMATED SERIES

THREE GOLD DIGGERS SEARCH FOR THEIR SUCKER

BY CLARISSA JACOBSON & SHAYNA WEBER





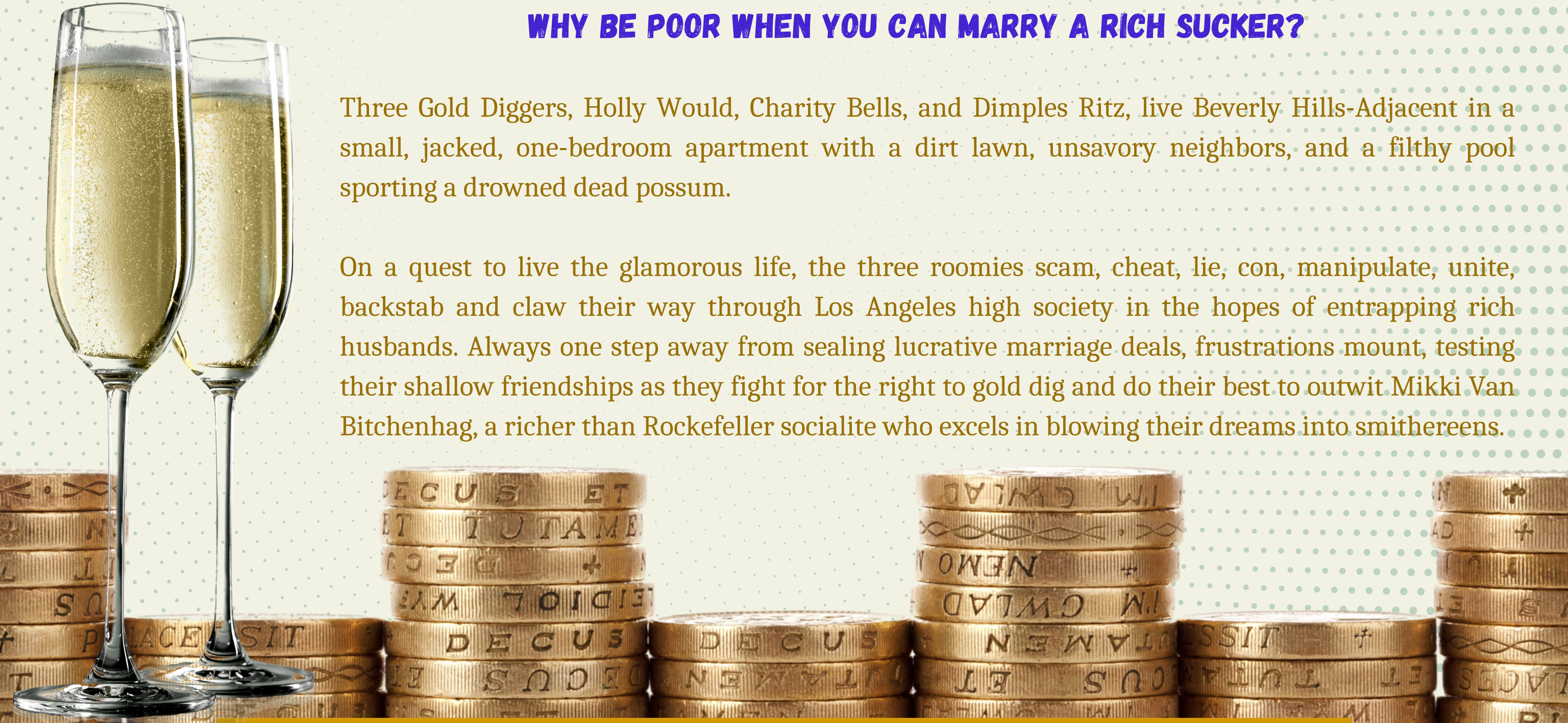
# SYNOPSIS



## WHY BE POOR WHEN YOU CAN MARRY A RICH SUCKER?

Three Gold Diggers, Holly Would, Charity Bells, and Dimples Ritz, live Beverly Hills-Adjacent in a small, jacked, one-bedroom apartment with a dirt lawn, unsavory neighbors, and a filthy pool sporting a drowned dead possum.

On a quest to live the glamorous life, the three roomies scam, cheat, lie, con, manipulate, unite, backstab and claw their way through Los Angeles high society in the hopes of entrapping rich husbands. Always one step away from sealing lucrative marriage deals, frustrations mount, testing their shallow friendships as they fight for the right to gold dig and do their best to outwit Mikki Van Bitchenhag, a richer than Rockefeller socialite who excels in blowing their dreams into smithereens.





# HOLLY WOULD – GOLD DIGGER



**HOLLY WOULD**, 21 (26, but always rounds down), is a leggy African-American who empties her pocketbook every week to keep her hairstyle fresh - that shit is expensive. A small-town girl, determined to be a star, Ms. Would hails from Buck Creek, Indiana where she auditioned for every play at the VFW but never made the cut due to zero acting talent and the inability to memorize lines. She however did achieve Buck Creek icon status after hiring her own glam squad and photographer and selling her autographed headshots for five bucks a pop to clueless menfolk under the guise they would be worth something someday. Determined to win an Oscar and be featured on TMZ, Holly would do almost any "acting" job if there's an opportunity to get "discovered" or meet her sucker. Her biggest fear is ending up like her mother who teaches piano with a long pointer stick while lying in a lawn chair lounge in their dilapidated living room. Whenever shit hits the fan, she's haunted by a bludgeoned version of "Für Elise."



**GOAL: TO MARRY A RICH SUCKER TO MAKE HER A STAR AND BE FEATURED ON TMZ**





# DIMPLES RITZ – GOLD DIGGER

**DIMPLES RITZ** is ageless; she's had so much shit done to her face and body she could be 24 or 84. Dimples will never tell (just like she won't ever tell that her real name is Mabel Horowitz). A vast following on social media where she promotes her plastic surgery procedures for a discount and pimps her GoFundMe campaigns for her "life-saving operations," she's desperate to marry a rich sucker so she can achieve her "body ambitions" and be the perfect arm candy. A passion for fitness, she's addicted to the Tracey Anderson Method (because that's what Gwyneth does) but has recently added karate to her schedule after binge-watching "Cobra Kai" on Netflix. Believing her own hype, she's convinced everyone including herself that she's from Key West when she's from Jacksonville, that she's clairvoyant when she makes up shit, and that she has dimples when she doesn't. She considers herself the "classy" one, believes in the law of attraction and always "manifests" invites to private big money events, much to the irritation of her gold digging roomies.



**GOAL: TO MARRY A RICH SUCKER TO FUND HER PROCEDURES AND BE THE ULTIMATE TROPHY WIFE**





# CHARITY BELLS – GOLD DIGGER

**CHARITY BELLS** (Latina), 30 (33, but refuses to be over 30) - has dirty blonde hair with dark black roots, pouty pink lips, and a mustache she has to constantly keep up on. Street-smart, big mouth Ms. Bells grew up on the wrong side of the tracks in Jersey, selling magazines under the guise of raising money for her "education," using the donations for manicures, and knockoff Gucci belts. Today, she wants the real deal and tells everyone she's from the Upper East Side, went to Mount Holyoke and traveled with Unicef. Determined to be a RICH divorcee (having already been a POOR divorcee twice), Charity shimmies her way into philanthropic events to snare unsuspecting suckers by convincing them that she's a "*giver*" and has a "*passion for helping.*" In real life, she's a bartender at a titty bar by the Burbank Airport but claims she's a sommelier. Currently, Ms. Bells attends Valley College where she studies law to keep up on the latest in prenups and strengthen her argumentative skills when she gets caught shoplifting.

**GOAL: TO DIVORCE A RICH SUCKER SO SHE CAN BE AN EX-WIFE LIKE MACKENZIE SCOTT (JEFF BEZOS' BABE)**



# MIKKI VAN BITCHENHAG



# THE NEMESIS

MIKKI VAN BITCHENHAG, 57, is “*old money, old money, east coast, Hamptons, high society, dahling.*” Heir to the Van Bitchenhag fortune, which was founded in 1622 as the first colonial fashion house specializing in brass buckles for Pilgrim shoes and hats, she is an icon of style, sporting more bling bling than Puff Daddy, a giant ostrich feather hat, form-fitting Dior pencil skirt, and loud silk shirts. Always seen with a glass of Pinot Grigio in hand, she’s an excellent Samba dancer, chain-smokes Virginia Slims, can’t stand loud noise or children, and is a lousy tipper “*Money doesn’t grow on trees.*” She owns a ferocious Teacup Yorkie which lives in her Chanel bag and she’s not adverse to unleashing it when she needs to “*drive a message home.*” The director of the Hollywood Walk Of Fame Guild, Ms. Van Bitchenhag is a tireless advocate for the rich and famous and makes it her life’s work to uphold the purity of wealthy bloodlines by exposing the riffraff who attempt to infiltrate the ranks of high society.



**GOAL: TO PREVENT GOLD DIGGERS FROM SULLYING THE CIRCLE OF THE RICH AND FAMOUS**





# SERIES OVERVIEW



Every thirty-minute episode tells the tale of how our Gold Diggers plan, execute and ultimately fail at capturing their rich sucker.

Holly Would always takes an acting job that she can use to bait her sucker - whether it be starring as the damsel in distress, the seductress or the naive ingenue. Unfortunately, she always overacts, leading to disaster which blows her chance and causes her to enroll in more on-camera classes in hopes of a thespianic breakthrough.

Dimples Ritz never has to work to get close to her sucker because of her supreme belief in the law of attraction - whether it be manifesting invites, tickets, or free trips. Unfortunately, the universe has other plans, leading to disaster which blows her chance and causes her to burn her vision board and realign her intentions.

Charity Bells relies on her skills as an expert "philanthropy crasher" to lure her sucker - whether it be playing the selfless Mother Teresa angle, the poor me sympathy card, or the fawning Love Bomber. Unfortunately, her manipulations backfire, leading to disaster which blows her chance and causes her to shoplift to take the edge off.

In every episode, Micki Van Bitchenhag shows up to thwart and destroy their gold digging aspirations. Unfortunately, she's so insane, she always blows her chance at sending these frauds back to "*wherever the poor people go*," leading her to drown her defeat in yet another ostentatiously expensive Pinot Grigio.

Though the Gold Diggers are roomies their "friendship" is fragile. They're in competition, but they've made a pact - whoever gets rich first lifts the other two up. They band together for one reason only: their desire to land rich suckers is stronger than their mistrust for one another.

SONG: GOLD DIGGER by Frank Reno



AT THE END OF EVERY EPISODE WE PROVIDE AN ESSENTIAL GOLD DIGGER LIFE LESSON



# WHY WE CREATED THIS DEPLORABLE PIECE OF "ENTERTAINMENT"



To our chagrin, we still haven't cracked how to marry rich. We've tried, believe us. We've read a book, watched a YouTube special, and memorized the lines in *Pretty Woman*.

Yet, still, we are compelled to lasso poor dudes and take care of them.

How many times have we been known to shack up with a "man" simply because he's good on a skateboard? So what if he can't afford a car, has no regular job, and has been known to sleep on a park bench. He's trying!

Fuck! Is this weakness in our character? Are we missing the gold digging gene? What the fuckity fuck is wrong with us?

But seriously.

We are fascinated with women that are Gold Diggers and men who think every woman is one.

We are so far from these exotic creatures, we've overcompensated in the other direction. Shayna for example, lived with an out-of-work actor for ten years. When she finally dumped his ass, she was so happy to get rid of him she gave him her car. He had no problem letting her continue to pay the loan off even after she was married to someone else. Clarissa on the other hand, has huge anxiety when a guy even reaches for his wallet. She breaks into a sweat, preemptively pulls out her Amex because "FUCK YOU AND YOUR MONEY, I DON'T OWE YOU A BJ FOR DINNER, IN FACT I'LL PAY FOR BOTH OF US."

What better way to delve into our own psychology and answer these difficult questions than by exploring the hopes, passions, and dreams of three gold digging bitches who seek a better life?

It's hilarious, depressing, nauseating, but also enviable... ah to have a dude pay for you and feel no guilt... and to keep asking for more? GENIUS.



WE DID IT FOR MONEY





# CONTACT

REBEL MINX

Clarissa Jacobson / Shayna Weber

323.394.0078

[info@rebelminx.com](mailto:info@rebelminx.com)

