

MIDNIGHT TRAIN TO HOLLYWOOD

Based on...
(a lot of crazy \$#%@ that happened to me)

Written by

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TITLE CARD:

"Hollywood is a pimp and ho game. As long as you're not the one wearing fish nets and pumps all the time, it's a good game to be in..." - Bill Duke

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS...

INT. CLINTON MANNER - DAY

The house is large. Elegant. Everything in the place looks expensive as hell. YADIRA CONWAY (Black, mid 40's), stares intensely at a hidden foe.

She drips alpha dog energy in the best way. She wears fitted jeans, a tank top, a gun holster and a large cowboy hat.

YADIRA

Now I know what you're thinkin', mister. You're thinkin' "I know this here little lady got her hands down there low by that there holster. No way she can draw faster than me". I reckon you're also a' pondering "That little ole lady can't possibly be the fastest gun in the west." Well guess what, sucka. You're messin' with Rebecca Portier. And I'm the last damn sheriff in the west you wanna be fussin' with.

She's talking to herself in a tall mirror. She draws a stapler from the holster but it slips out of her hand and smashes the mirror.

YADIRA (CONT'D)

Shit!

CHICK (O.S.)

CUT!

Her husband CHICK CONWAY (Black, early 30's) is standing around her. He holds a camera phone in a make shift holder.

He's ripped. Intimidating yet earnest. "Mississippi Masala" Denzel swag oozes from him. He's dressed like a working carpenter with a stack full tool belt.

CHICK (CONT'D)

Well, damn.

YADIRA

OH I'M SORRY, BUBBA! I-

CHICK

-It's fine.

YADIRA

-I didn't think...the damn thing just slipped out of-

CHICK

-It's fine, it was just a mistake-

YADIRA

-Yeah but the mirror-

CHICK

-It's fine. They're not coming back for another couple of hours so I can just replace it with-

They hear a car pulling into the driveway from outside.

YADIRA

Fuck! They're back already!

CHICK

Ok, ok, ok let me think.

YADIRA

There's no time for YOU to think! You're going to get in trouble!

Yadira looks around, thinking.

YADIRA(CONT'D)

I'll take care of this! Remember that time in Joshua's office?

CHICK

Yeah I think I kno-

YADIRA

-Just be cool.

She turns the mirror around with the cracked part facing away from the front door. She opens a window and climbs out of it.

Chick lifts a power drill and begins drilling screws into a large wooden shelf. The door opens and a hip white couple in their 50's strut in. CAROLINE and RONALD CLINTON.

RONALD

Hey, Chick. How's it going?

Chick pretends not to hear him over the drill noise.

CAROLINE

It's fine. Let him keep working.
I'll just grab my purse and we can
leave before he even notices.

EXT. CLINTON MANOR BACKYARD - DAY

Yadira looks around the yard in a panic until she sees a squirrel eating a nut. She looks back to the Manor and back to the squirrel.

A large, ferocious pitbull, BUSTER, sets its eyes on her and darts towards her. Yadira puts her hands out and shakes her head vigorously. Buster pounces on her.

INT. CLINTON MANOR - DAY

Chick's drilling and peeking nervously towards the window.

CAROLINE

I can't find it anywhere. Let's
just ask Chick.

RONALD

Hey, Chick!

Chick glances towards the window again and sighs to himself. He slowly turns around which makes him almost miss the squirrel that Yadira throws through the window.

Caroline yells and runs in a panic. Chick jumps up and "inadvertently" knocks down the mirror with the power drill.

RONALD (CONT'D)

CAROLINE! CAROLINE! SLOW DOWN! IT'S
JUST A SQUIRREL!

Yeah, no. Caroline's panicking and running around freaked out. Chick chases the squirrel around, picks it up and throws it back out of the window.

EXT. CLINTON MANOR - DAY

Yadira's listening to the chaos and stifles a laugh as Buster licks her face. She whispers to Buster.

YADIRA

Thanks, Buster. Now SIT.

Buster sits down as the squirrel flies past her face.

YADIRA (CONT'D)

SHIT!

She springs to and runs after Buster as he runs after it.

INT. CLINTON MANOR - DAY

Ronald's calming Caroline down.

RONALD

Sorry about that, Chick. We didn't mean to sneak up on you like that and make all that noise.

CHICK

Oh, no, that's ok but the mirror-

CAROLINE

-No I'M sorry about that, guys. I just freaked out. Would you mind replacing the mirror glass? We'll pay you extra of course.

CHICK

...No problem. Glad to.

Ronald looks on the table and sees her purse.

RONALD

Hey here's your purse, darling. Let's hurry and get back to the theater. See you later Chick. Keep up the good work.

CHICK

Sho'nuff.

Chick can't hold back his smile as they leave. He turns back to the window. He pops his head out, looking for Yadira but doesn't see her. The door bell rings and he opens the door. It's Yadira with leaves and grass in her her hair.

YADIRA

Who's better than me?

CHICK

No. Damn. Body. C'mere woman.

He scoops her up and they kiss deeply.

YADIRA

You smell like squirrel ass.

INT. CONWAY APARTMENT - NIGHT

The place is a "no bedroom" dump. There's a bathroom and the "kitchen" is a stove and freezer ten feet from the floor mattress. There's a small iPad on top of the freezer.

Chick's sitting at the edge of the bed watching Yadira's performance from Clinton Manor on the iPad and taking notes.

CHICK

You did great, babe. You kinda laid that accent on a lil' thick, though, don't you think?

INT. CONWAY BATHROOM - NIGHT

Yadira's staring in the mirror and brushing her hair.

YADIRA

You got me pretending to be a chick named "Rebecca Portier". I get "Blanche DuBois" vibes from that name. The bitch sounds sassy.

CHICK (O.S.)

I hadn't thought about that. You got good instincts, Yadi. You SURE you don't want to be an actress?

Yadira continues brushing her hair in the mirror with a trembling hand. She becomes transfixed on her reflection.

She drops the brush, afraid. A distinguished but clearly not to be fucked with Latino man (late 50's) JOSHUA GONZALEZ, appears behind her in the mirror.

He's like a shark pretending to be a human being in a fancy suit. He grabs her hair from behind and repeatedly rams her face into the mirror, shattering it.

CHICK O.S. (CONT'D)

Babe?

Yadira's staring at herself in the undamaged mirror as she snaps out of her day-spell.

YADIRA

Sorry, what did you say?

CHICK (O.S.)

You should be an actress. Maybe when you drop me off at the audition you should try to audition too? It co-stars Caity Lawrence. You like her movies.

YADIRA

Umm...yeah...yeah...no I...

She slinks out of the bathroom and lights up a Burnie.

YADIRA (CONT'D)

Hard pass. I'm out of the
"entertainment" business.

CHICK

You good?

YADIRA

Yeah I'm ok.

CHICK

You had another day-spell? You saw
HIM again, huh?

YADIRA

I'm ok. It's fine.

CHICK

Yadi, he's not getting out for
another 20 years. He's not goi-

YADIRA

-It's fine! Really. Now, tell me
how great my performance was again?

CHICK

...Yeah. Yeah ok. Well you really
brighten up the screen when you're
on it. Your instincts are great
too. Not bad for an Army brat. I
wouldn't have given her an accent.

YADIRA

YOU'RE the one that taught me how
to read a character. Because YOU
are a great screenwriter, Bubba.

CHICK

"Chick".

YADIRA

Your momma called you "Bubba" I'm
gonna call you "Bubba".

CHICK

Ok "Yadira".

YADIRA

At least MY new name sounds exotic, hater. Yours sounds like an old Cowboy from the 1950's.

CHICK

That's why it's so dope. You think Hollywood is going to cast a brother named "Bubba Fisher"?

YADIRA

Hollywood's not a person, darlin'.

CHICK

What do you mean?

YADIRA

You always say "Hollywood's not gonna do this" or "Hollywood's not gonna do that". Hollywood's not a person. It's a business.

CHICK

It's not even a business. It's a game. With all these damn preset rules designed to keep people like US from winning.

YADIRA

"US" who?

CHICK

Working class people.

YADIRA

You get another rejection email?

CHICK

I wish. These muthafuckers don't even respond. Look at this shit.

He takes the iPad and scrolls through "email sent" folder.

CHICK (CONT'D)

Check out all these query letters to agents, execs and managers.

YADIRA

You sent 460 emails?! I knew you contacted a few but not so many. How many responded?

CHICK

Four.

YADIRA

FOUR?! OUT OF 460?!

CHICK

It's frustrating as hell. When I email to ask for them to represent me as an actor or a screenwriter, the few that DO reply say they can't take unsolicited emails.

YADIRA

What does that mean?

CHICK

That because I don't have representation I can't even ASK them for representation.

YADIRA

But...that's stupid.

CHICK

That's what I'm saying! It's the same for any of these producers I'm trying to get to collaborate with me to produce my script. Basically I have to get big time first before they'll give me the time of day.

YADIRA

But if you got big time without them why would you then need them?

CHICK

Exactly!

YADIRA

Wow. Not sure who's dumber. Hollywood for all that crazy or you for trying so hard to get their approval.

CHICK

Definitely me. It's the "business" I chose. I'm not bitching about rejection. Shit, you rejected me three times before we got married. I just hate being IGNORED. They can even reply "fuck off" and that would be cool. At least it's acknowledging that I EXIST.

YADIRA

Yeah, you-

They whip their heads to the door as they hear a creaking noise. They look to each other with urgency. She pulls out a sharp machete from under her pillow.

He reaches behind his back and draws a Smith & Wesson M&P Bodyguard 380. He nods to the door and she stands beside it.

He creeps to the door and peeks out of the peephole. He sees an athletic looking DELIVERY GUY holding a delivery package.

CHICK

Yeah, what's up?

DELIVERY GUY (O.S.)

Package here for a "Chick Conway"?

Chick looks to Yadira and counts down from "3" with his fingers. When he finishes, she unlocks four different lock bolts on the door and opens it quickly.

Chick grabs him by his collar and yanks him into the apartment. The guy drops the package as he hits the floor.

Yadira locks each lock on the door and picks up the package. Chick holds his gun to his face as he pins him to the floor.

CHICK

Who the fuck sent you?!

DELIVERY GUY

I-I-I-don't know what you're-

CHICK

-BULLSHIT! No one sends me shit here! Who the fuck are you? Talk, muthafucka!

DELIVERY GUY

I-I-I-

YADIRA

-Shit.

CHICK

What's up, Yadi?

YADIRA

It's from you.

CHICK

Wait, what?

YADIRA

The package. It's from you TO you.

CHICK

Shit.

She opens it and pulls out a screenplay titled "LAST DAMN SHERIFF IN THE WEST".

YADIRA

You mailed your screenplay to yourself?

CHICK

Cheaper than paying the copyright.

Chick lifts him up as Yadira notices a "leaking" sound.

CHICK (CONT'D)

Uhh hey man. My bad. Been getting harassed by Scientologist muthafuckas. You know how it is.

YADIRA

Chick, he's pissing on the floor!

DELIVERY GUY

What the fuck is wrong with yau'll, man!?

The pee soaked Delivery Guy struggles unlocking each door lock. He jets out of the apartment, terrified.

Chick jumps to the door and locks each bolt quickly. He turns to Yadira and she's fighting back tears. He hugs her strongly as the tears win out, soaking his embrace.

INT. CPC CASTING AGENCY - DAY

Chick and Yadira are standing in a crowded hallway with dozens of other HOPEFUL ACTORS. Chick's holding his headshot and resume while they are going over his script quietly.

YADIRA

"So, are you going to let me in or not?"

CHICK

"No ma'am. You're not on the guest list."

YADIRA

"But I COULD be on the guest list if I sneak you a few bucks, huh?"

CHICK

"You could make it rain, darlin'
and I still wouldn't let you in."

YADIRA

There you go, babe! You got this.
Are you going to uh...ya know.

CHICK

Of course. They're not gonna treat
a brother seriously if I don't.

YADIRA

Ok. Just don't make a fool of
yourself. Please. It's uh...you
haven't really nailed it down yet.

An INTERN LADY steps out from the audition room.

INTERN LADY

Chick Conway?

He looks to Yadira, excited.

YADIRA

I'll wait outside.

She kisses him on the cheek and he walks into the audition room. Yadira flashes a look of annoyance when she notices the lady admiring Chick's ass.

INT. AUDITION ROOM - DAY

Chick stands on an "x" on the floor across from a camera. Behind the camera is a table where a white woman in her 60's, CAROL, is sitting with a white man of similar age and a younger white man in his 20's.

This is CARLTON and PETER respectively. The intern lady hands Carol Chick's headshot and resume and leaves. Carol looks him over. Twice. Chick notices this and smiles bashfully. Carlton and Peter are unimpressed.

PETER

Ok, slate your name and let's get
this show on the road.

Chick looks into the camera and speaks with the worst British accent you've never heard.

CHICK

Cheers, my name is Chick Conway and
I'm auditioning for the role of
"Club Bouncer #1".

The auditioners stare at each in bizarre confusion.

CARLTON
You'reeee British?

CHICK
Yes, Govna. A bit collywobbles at the moment but yes I'm a Brit.

CARLTON
Interesting.

CAROL
I'll say.

CARLTON
Any experience as a bouncer?

CHICK
Actually yes. I used to tussle at a strip club.

CAROL
That sounds...interesting to say the least.

CHICK
I'll say. But I met the love of my life there so it wasn't all piss & grins, yeah?

Peter lifts up a copy of the script.

PETER
Let's do it. Action. "So, are you going to let me in or not?"

Chick switches back to his normal accent.

CHICK
"No ma'am. You're not on the guest list."

PETER
"But I COULD be on the guest list if I sneak you a few bucks, huh?"

CHICK
"You could make it rain, darlin' and I still wouldn't let you in."

PETER
Cut. Awesome!

CAROL

Woow your American accent is
EXCELLENT. How long have you been
in the States?

CHICK

Oh thank you. Came 'cross the pond
a gander ago.

CARLTON

Interesting. Thank you Mr. Conway.

CHICK

Cheers.

He walks out. Carol and Peter are staring at the door.

CARLTON

Keep your pants on, guys.

EXT. CPC CASTING - DAY

Yadira's leaning next to her car and smoking a roach. She
starts to focus on a sonofabi- on a man in his forties.
S.O.B. MAN's walking with a TODDLER GIRL.

The girl's holding a milkshake while the man is on his phone.
The girl waves at Yadira and Yadira smiles back.

A SKATEBOARDER skates by them and knocks the milkshake out of
her hand accidentally and keeps going. The girl cries,
angering the man.

S.O.B. MAN

Are you fucking kidding me?! You
know how much that cost??

He grabs her aggressively by her arm. Yadira runs up on him.

YADIRA

HEY!

She punches him square in the jaw, knocking him down.

YADIRA (CONT'D)

Hey! Leave her the fuck alone!

S.O.B. MAN

Are you fucking crazy?!

YADIRA

Maybe get off your damn phone when
you're with your little girl,
mutherfucker!

S.O.B. MAN

Bitch, what the fuck's wrong with you?!

He gets up, grabs her by her collar and pushes her back.

YADIRA

You're supposed to protect her you bastard! What the fuck is wrong with YOU?

Chick appears suddenly and grabs him by his collar.

CHICK

The fuck is going on??

S.O.B. MAN

This your girl? She fucking decked me for no reason!

YADIRA

Fucking right I did! He's bullying his own kid!

S.O.B. MAN

Mind your-

CHICK

-Enough.

Chick unhands him aggressively.

CHICK (CONT'D)

Go on about your business. Get the fuck outta here. "Bitch".

S.O.B. tries staring Chick down. He backs down but shouts back while walking away.

S.O.B. MAN

Man, fuck you.

YADIRA

Fuck him?? Fuck YOU!!

Chick pulls her away with him gently.

CHICK

Yadi, what the fuck? You can't do shit like that.

YADIRA

I know...I just...I don't know! Ok? I just...when he grabbed her arm I-

CHICK

-I understand, baby. But you-

YADIRA

-Yeah ok. How was the audition?

He speaks in his "British" accent.

CHICK

Bloody brilliant, mate.

YADIRA

Christ, you're so corny.

He pulls her in close.

CHICK

And that's why you love me.

YADIRA

I do?

CHICK

Oh you don't know, huh?

He laughs and tickles her, making her laugh loudly. As they laugh and walk towards their car, Yadira notices a Chinese woman of similar age and apprehensive paranoia.

ISABEL CHUNG, is walking towards her. Yadira shakes her head slightly and waves her off. Chick and Yadira get in their worn down black 1970 Plymouth Hemi Cuda and drive off.

INT. MCDONALD'S - DAY

Chick and Yadira are eating in a crowded and dumpy McDonald's. Chick's eating, more like assaulting, triple the amount of food she is. She watches him eat with envy.

YADIRA

You young muthafucka. You eat that much AND keep your six pack?

CHICK

Aaaww, you're sexy when you're being a hater, babe.

YADIRA

You better treat me like you're treating that burger later, Bubba.

CHICK

You know I always deliver.

He peeks over at his phone.

YADIRA

Fucking goodness, quit checking your phone. I thought you don't worry about the auditions anymore?

CHICK

Yeah I always say that shit to make myself feel better. I know it's a small role but I just need to get my foot in the door. I don't give a fuck wether that's as an actor, writer, carpenter or dishwasher. If I can just get my foot in the door-

YADIRA

Good luck kicking you the fuck out.

CHICK

Damn right.

Yadira looks behind him and sees Isabel standing outside, eating French fries. They make eye contact. Isabel nods to the parking lot and walks back outside.

YADIRA

Dang, I left my phone in the car. Be right back.

CHICK

Yup.

She walks out of the restaurant.

INT. ISABEL'S CAR - DAY

Isabel's waiting in her Prius as Yadira gets in.

ISABEL

Hey Athi. You-

YADIRA

-What are you doing here? What if someone followed you? I can't be seen with a reporter. What if Bubba saw you?

ISABEL

It's me. I wouldn't risk it if it wasn't important and I don't have your new number.

YADIRA

Yeah I got a new one yesterday. I forgot to call y- what's up Izzy?

ISABEL

They're setting him free in four days. I hear he's coming for you.

Yadira freezes and sinks in her seat.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

A few months ago, we were hearing that the new District Attorney was getting bought off left and right. I'm trying to run an expose on him but until then, none of his "early releases" can be overturned.

Yadira's frozen except the tears that pour down her face. Isabel reaches out to hug her but Yadira pushes her off.

Isabel looks on as Yadira can't control her emotions anymore. She reaches out to hug her again. This time Yadira doesn't push her away.

INT. MCDONALD'S - DAY

Chick's eating at his table and is talking on the phone. Yadira slowly walks back in. She sits down as he hangs up.

CHICK

I got the part!! We film tomorrow!

YADIRA

I...what?

CHICK

They just called. They said they "liked my commitment to the character" HAHA!

YADIRA

Oh...wow...HAHA! Congratulations!

CHICK

I know it's another small role, but-

YADIRA

-Your foot is in the door.

CHICK

OUR foot is in the door. I love you, babe.

YADIRA

I love you too.

CHICK

Let's celebrate. Helluva day, huh?

YADIRA

Yeah. I'll say.

INT. CONWAY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chick and Yadira are in bed. He's sleeping while she's staring at the ceiling. She gets up and pours herself a dry martini with a shaky hand. Flashback's are "bold."

FLASHBACK:

INT. YADIRA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Yadira's sleeping in her bed. Her hair's bright blond as oppose to her natural hair now. She wakes up quickly and notices Joshua standing at the edge of her bed pointing a Glock at her.

JOSHUA

I heard a rumor that there was someone working for me that's been ratting me out to the Feds. Ain't that some shit? An FBI informant under my own nose. What do you think about that, Athi?

YADIRA

I...I don't...why are you here?

JOSHUA

Why would one of my dancers betray me like that? After all the shit I do for you guys. That's ALL I fucking do. I look out for my fucking people and one of y'all rat me the fuck out??

YADIRA

You don't think it was me, do you?

Joshua says nothing. He strokes her hair with his gun.

YADIRA (CONT'D)

Do you?

Joshua holsters the gun.

JOSHUA

Of course not. Just fucking with you. Bring her.

A Black, muscular, giant of a man with a veneer that would scare a grizzly, BRANDON JEAN, and a MUSCULAR WOMAN drag in a white woman in her 30's. Her face is bruised and she's crying. STEPHANIE TAYLOR.

YADIRA

Stephanie?!

STEPHANIE

Joshua thinks I'm the informant!
It's not me! Someone used my phone!
Athi you gotta tell him I would nev-

Joshua slaps her to the floor. He draws a knife out of his pocket and shanks her six times in her chest and stomach. Yadira screams in horror as her friend's blood splatters on her bed and on her face.

JOSHUA

You tell the other dancers. I don't fuck with disloyalty. You know that better than anybody. Anyone else tries some shit tell, them to ask Stephanie here if they should.

He nods to the door and his two bodyguards walk out. Before he walks out, he turns to Yadira and gestures her to clean up. Yadira breaks down crying.

END FLASHBACK

Yadira finishes her drink and jumps up startled when Chick puts his hand on her shoulder.

CHICK

Hey, hey, it's me. You zoned out there for a second.

YADIRA

Yeah, I'm ok. I didn't mean to disturb you. You're ready to go to Set already? Sorry, I lost track of the time.

CHICK

You couldn't sleep?

YADIRA

I'm just...I don't know. I don't want to distract from your excitement. I'm sorry.

CHICK

You're not. It's cool. I've had speaking roles like this before.

YADIRA

Yeah but you get excited every time you get booked. You always think things are going to be different every time you book something. I wish I could be like you.

CHICK

An actor?

YADIRA

An optimist.

CHICK

Well...maybe that's why we work. I'll stay optimistic and you stay beautiful.

She smiles. They kiss and hug. She smacks him on the ass.

YADIRA

C'mon. I'll drop you off at Set.

CHICK

Yes ma'am.

Chick picks up his screenplay from their counter.

EXT. CLUB SCHOLARS - NIGHT PRE

Chick's on Set, dressed as a bouncer in front of the club alongside a white FEMALE STAND-IN. There are dozens of EXTRAS and CLUB CAMERAMEN are lined up outside of the club.

CAITY LAWRENCE, a young white actress in her 20's and dripping sexy and early Madonna, walks past the crowd with two ASSISTANTS. The crowd buzzes about her.

Her assistants stand behind the cameras and she struts towards Chick, replacing the female stand-in.

Assistant Director, JONATHAN STUCKMAN, a lame hippie inspired man in his 50's, speaks to her.

Caity looks Chick up and down like he's a cold Corona in the Sahara. She and glides over to him. He excitedly reaches out to shake her hand.

CHICK

Hey there, Ms. Lawrence. Pleasure to meet you. My wife's a big fan-

CAITY

-I don't shake hands.

CHICK

Oh. Yeah. Me neither.

CAITY

I CAN be a little "handsy" sometimes, though. Just go with it.

CHICK

"Handsy" how?

She smiles playfully to him.

STUCKMAN

BACKGROUND!

CHICK

Hey what di-

STUCKMAN

-ACTION!

CAITY

So, are you going to let me in?

CHICK

No ma'am. You're not on the guest list.

She gets closer to him and grabs his crotch. Chick's eyes bulge but he holds character.

CAITY

But I COULD be on the guest list if I sneak you a few bucks, huh?

CHICK

Y-you could make it rain, darlin' and I still wouldn't let you in.

STUCKMAN

CUT! Excellent take, guys! Chick, your reaction was absolutely hilarious. Very natural.

CHICK

Uh, thanks.

STUCKMAN

Honestly you guys nailed it but
we'll do more for prosperity.

He walks away. Caity walks closer to Chick.

CAITY

Looks like I'm going to be grabbing
your balls all day. Can you handle
that?

CHICK

I've had worse days at the office.

Caity laughs and playfully punches him in the arm.

INT. CONWAY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Yadira sits down at her counter where a large chocolate cake
is waiting for her.

She pours a half bottle of Jack Daniel's on it and kisses the
cake. She sticks her fork in and her phone rings, startling
her. She annoyingly answers it.

YADIRA

Hello?

Silence.

YADIRA (CONT'D)

HELLO?? Who the fuck if this?

JOSHUA

See you soon, Athi.

She hangs up quickly and jumps up in fear.

YADIRA

SHIT!

EXT. CLUB SCHOLARS - NIGHT

Chick and Caity are laughing with each other.

CAITY

That's funny. You're pretty funny,
Chick. How many movies have you
been in?

CHICK

I would say about a dozen or so. Been an extra, a stand in, a photo double, stunt double, voiceover. But this is only my third speaking role. I've actually started writing my own screenplays now. I've actually got a good one inspired by Blazing Sadd-

CAITY

-Niiice. How come?

CHICK

Just got tired of playing "Thug #1" or "Prisoner # 2" all the time.

She laughs loudly and grabs his arm. Is she high?

CAITY

You're funny, Chick. You sound like a friend of mine. She wants to produce her own stuff but it ain't easy. You know Cameron Mitchell?

CHICK

Of course! I love her work. Haven't seen her in a while though. Always wondered what happened to her.

CAITY

She turned 40.

Chick opens his mouth to say something but doesn't really know how to respond to that. A MAKE UP WOMAN comes over to her and starts fixing her hair and make up.

CAITY (CONT'D)

Hey she's actually starring in a little Indie film next week in L.A. One of their black guy actors got hurt doing a stunt. I could help her cast you.

CHICK

Wait...SERIOUSLY?! No way. Aren't there a lot of black actors in L.A.?

CAITY

Yeah but the guys in L.A. aren't the most masculine fellas in America. They could use an alpha like you.

CHICK

Wow, thank you!

CAITY

Yeah, come by my trailer after the shoot. We can exchange information.

CHICK

Hell yes.

The make-up woman finishes her work. She checks Chick out and smirks and rolls her eyes, which throws Chick off a bit.

INT. CONWAY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Yadira's on a video call with Isabel.

YADIRA

It was HIM, Isabel! He fucking called me! How the fuck did he get this number??

ISABEL

Athi, there was no way it could have been him. I know his schedule.

YADIRA

So?

ISABEL

He was doing a psyche evaluation when someone called you.

YADIRA

I know it was his damn voice, Izzy!

ISABEL

Ok. Ok let's just say it was him. How did he get your number?

YADIRA

He was the biggest drug dealer in Georgia! Owned half the damn clubs there. He's resourceful as fuck.

ISABEL

Ok. I'll see what I can find. What are YOU going to do?

YADIRA

I don't know. I thought moving here was far enough. I guess not. We're going to have to pick up and go again but further this time.

ISABEL

Have you told Bubba about this?

YADIRA

Nah. But I will after I pick him up from Set. I just feel bad about bringing him down after he's so excited to be back on Set.

ISABEL

You're married. Isn't it your job to disappoint each other from time to time?

Yadira tries to crack a smile but can't.

INT. CAITY LAWRENCE TRAILER - NIGHT

Caity's wearing a sexy bathrobe and drying her hair with a hair dryer when she hears a knock on the door.

CHICK (V.O.)

Hey Caity, it's Chick!

CAITY

C'mon in!

He swaggers in and raises an eyebrow at her attire.

CHICK

Uh hey.

She tosses him her cell phone.

CAITY

Here. Type in your number. Thirsty?

He looks her up and down.

CHICK

Maybe just a little.

She walks to her fridge as he starts to type in his number.

CHICK (CONT'D)

Damn, this trailer is HUGE.

She tosses him a Corona. He sits down on her couch and she walks over to him with a bottle opener. He waves her off and takes the cap off with his bare hand, arousing her.

He takes a sip. She straddles him and starts kissing his neck. He spits out some of his drink and stands up quickly.

CHICK

What the hell are you doing??

CAITY

What the hell are YOU doing??

CHICK

Girl, you know I'm married, right?

CAITY

Uhhh so am I?

CHICK

Bullshit. Since when?

CAITY

Last month. Alejandro Ortega. Don't you read the trades?

CHICK

No shit? Wow. Congratulations.

CAITY

Thanks! So can we fuck now or what?

CHICK

Well no. I'm not "Hollywood Married", I'm "real life" married!

CAITY

Then what the hell are you doing in my trailer??

CHICK

YOU invited ME!

CAITY

Well yeah but I thought you knew how this works? I scratch your back, you fuck my brains out?

CHICK

I'm sorry. You're fine as fuck but so's my wife. She's...she's my world.

CAITY

Oh that's so sweet! Well fine. Get the fuck out and go back to your "world".

CHICK

Wait, are you still going to recommend me for the Cameron Mitchell movie?

CAITY
Are we going to be fucking?

CHICK
Um, no.

CAITY
Well then there you go. C'ya later.

Caity takes the rest of his Corona, plops down on the couch and starts to drink the rest of it.

He shakes his head and storms out of the trailer. When he closes the door behind him she puts the cold bottle between her legs and "relaxes."

INT. CHICK'S CAR - NIGHT

Yadira's parked outside in their car. Chick gets in and slams the door. He angrily mutters under his breath.

YADIRA
Uuummm hi?

CHICK
Sorry babe. Hi.

YADIRA
Should I even ask about the shoot?

CHICK
No. Maybe you shouldn't.

YADIRA
Ok then.

They drive off in silence. She peeks over from time to time and sees he's stewing mad.

YADIRA (CONT'D)
So I-

CHICK
-She tried to fuck me.

YADIRA
...What?

CHICK
Caity Lawrence offered me a job in L.A. in a Cameron Mitchell movie. But I had to fuck her to get it.

YADIRA

Everybody wants to fuck you, Bubba.
It's...your super power.

Yadira's eyes flash a thought and she pulls over, thinking.

CHICK

Yeah but I ain't with that casting couch shit. My screenplays are good enough. I don't need that shit.

YADIRA

...Fuck her.

CHICK

Exactly. Fuck her. Fuck all of those gate keeping muthafuckas.

YADIRA

No. No I mean Fuck. HER. I want you to fuck Caity Lawrence.

CHICK

...Come again?

YADIRA

She says she'll get you to L.A. and do a CAMERON MITCHELL film?? All you gotta do is fuck her? But you won't because of me, right?

CHICK

...You know when I say "she wants to fuck me" I'm not being rhetorical, right?

YADIRA

Normally I would agree with you. Normally I would've bitten her fucking ear off by now. You know that. There's something I've been meaning to bring up to you.

CHICK

What's that?

YADIRA

...Joshua's getting out in four days. He called me earlier.

CHICK

Shi-...That's why Isabel visited you.

YADIRA

You knew that she-

CHICK

-How the fuck is he getting out?? I swear he won't put a fucking finger on you, Yadi.

YADIRA

That's why I want you to fuck Caity.

CHICK

We'll go back to witness protection-

YADIRA

-And change our names AGAIN? Babe, I can't do that to you. Your career is starting to get traction. Success is just around the corner. I can feel it. You're a star, babe.

CHICK

None of that shit means a damn thing to me if you're not safe.

YADIRA

Then let's get the best out of both worlds. We can go to L.A. like Caity says. If we can get rich out there we'll be able to pay for some real protection. Rich and famous folk don't have to deal with shit like this! They're protected.

CHICK

Yadi...I don't even know what to say right now.

YADIRA

Say you'll fuck her. I need you to fuck her. Fuck her for me. Fuck her. Fuck her for US.

CHICK

...Ok...ok. I'll do it. For us.

Yadira strokes his hair appreciatively as her eyes water.

YADIRA

Thank you. Thank you darling. Is she still on Set?

CHICK
Her trailer. I'll text her now.

YADIRA
Ok. Let's go grab you some
protection from the store.

They turn the car around and go.

EXT. TRAILER PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Chick and Yadira pull up to the TRAILER SECURITY GUARDS in front of a large parking lot full of movie trailers.

Chick smiles to a MUSCULAR SECURITY GUARD. He shows a Set pass to him and the guard lets him in.

INT. CHICK'S CAR - NIGHT

They pull up in front of Caity's trailer and sit in silence.

CHICK
Ok. You want to go park somewhere
for about...what? An hour, maybe?

YADIRA
An hour? Muthafucka, You ain't here
to cuddle.

CHICK
Right, right. Ok. 30 minutes.

YADIRA
Ok cool. Don't let her get on top.
You're fucking HER, she's not
fucking YOU.

CHICK
Right.

YADIRA
And no butt stuff. I know how
freaky these Hollywood chicks are.

CHICK
Of course.

YADIRA
You can kiss her on the forehead
afterwards. Just to be a gentleman.

CHICK
Right.

YADIRA

Oh and please take the rubber with you. Don't throw it out in her trash. Ok?

CHICK

Ok babe. I'm good. Let's get it over with. I love you.

YADIRA

I love you too, baby.

He gets out of the car. Yadira looks on with appreciation and regret. She cries all over the steering wheel as she sets a timer for 30 minutes on her phone.

INT. CAITY LAWRENCE TRAILER - NIGHT

Caity's drinking tequila and reading a script. She hears a knock on the door and becomes excited.

CHICK (V.O.)

It's Chick.

She puts the script down and walks halfway to the door.

CAITY

Come in.

He walks in and closes the door behind him. When he turns back to her she's face to face with him.

She kisses him on his neck and drops her robe to the floor. She grabs his hand and leads him back to her bedroom.

EXT. CAITY LAWRENCE TRAILER - NIGHT

Yadira's waiting, parked outside of the trailer, impatiently smoking Chronic. She checks her timer and it's 20 minutes over time.

YADIRA

Fuck this.

She opens the door to get out just as Chick creeps out of the trailer. They both get in the car.

YADIRA (CONT'D)

What the hell took you so long?

CHICK

Yeah I know, my bad.

YADIRA

Well?

CHICK

Yeah I uh...I fell asleep.

YADIRA

What the fuck?? You fell asleep??

CHICK

She did too. She couldn't really hang like that so I grabbed a Corona and fell asleep on her couch. It's cool.

YADIRA

Oh. Oh, ok then. You good?

CHICK

Yeah. Yeah I guess so.

YADIRA

C'mon. Let's get you in the shower and wash all that "skank" off you. I'll cook you some dinner.

CHICK

Damn right you're cooking dinner. You owe me.

YADIRA

Do I, though?

She laughs which makes him laugh. They drive off.

TITLE CARD:

2 DAYS UNTIL RELEASE...

INT. CONWAY APARTMENT - DAY

Yadira's wearing the same outfit she was when they were filming at Clinton Manor.

She turns around to look towards the door and Chick walks in holding two six packs of Sam Adams. She speaks with a southern accent as Rebecca Portier.

YADIRA

OH I'M SORRY, CHICK! I was just foolin' over here. Uhh how much of that did you hear?

CHICK

I suppose I've seen worse impressions of me. I guess you saw the arrest video too, huh?

YADIRA

Umm have you heard yourself, "Big Country?" Hey don't complain about being kinda famous, hon.

Chick hands her a beer and pulls her in close.

CHICK

I "reckon" you could make it up.

YADIRA

I uh "reckon" I could, Sheriff.

Chick picks her up and puts her on the couch. He takes her hand and kisses it as he works his way up.

YADIRA (CONT'D)

Oh wait. While you were at the store someone from the FBI came by for you.

CHICK

Woman I don't want to spend the night talking about no FBI. The only thing I want to hear from you tonight is...

He notices Yadira zoning out but tries to stay in character. She furiously kicks over their coffee table into the wall, damaging both. Dozens of ants crawl out of the the wall.

CHICK (CONT'D)

Cut! Hey! Yadi, c'mon!

Chick runs over to the kitchen cabinet and takes out bug spray. He runs back and sprays them rigorously. His iPad was recording on the table. He turns it off.

CHICK (CONT'D)

What's the matter, baby?

YADIRA

She ain't gonna call.

CHICK

She's gonna call.

YADIRA

It's been two days and she hasn't responded to any of your messages and hasn't confirmed the damn part. Joshua's getting out in two days!! I'm going to absolutely cut this bitch for lying to you.

CHICK

Listen. No fucking way she's that stupid to go back on her word now. She'll hold her word.

YADIRA

It can be so annoying how you always see the best in people.

CHICK

Keeps me from breaking shit.

YADIRA

Yeah, sorry about that.

CHICK

I built it once I can build it twice. You know sometimes I think you break shit because you know I can fix it.

YADIRA

I just...I just feel awful that I encouraged you to...ya know. What if it was all for nothing?

CHICK

What if it wasn't?

YADIRA

I love you, you sexy fucking naive dummy.

CHICK

That might be the sweetest thing you've ever said to me. You're scared, huh?

YADIRA

Of course I'm scared. He's coming for us! You don't think he knows we moved here?? We have to get the fuck out of here!

CHICK

I told you I'll protect you. Just like last time.

YADIRA

You think he'll come at us the same way twice? I-

Chick's phone pings. They glare at each other a moment and he runs to get his phone off the kitchen counter. He picks it up and reads his messages.

He looks up at Yadira with a smile larger than the Grand Canyon. Yadira's eyes instantly water with tears of joy and he picks her up with enthusiasm.

LOS ANGELES. 1 DAY UNTIL RELEASE...

EXT. WYNDHAM HOTEL - MORNING

Chick and Yadi step out of an Uber in front of the hotel with their minimal luggage. They look up with amazement at the grand hotel.

YADIRA

We're staying HERE for four days?!
I though this was an Indie film?

CHICK

An "Indie" film with a 10 million dollar budget.

YADIRA

Ookay. Hmmph. You think they have ants in the walls here?

They smile and laugh to each other as they walk in.

INT. WYNDHAM HOTEL - MORNING

Chick and Yadira walk up to the front desk in the crowded lobby. From the lobby, they can see a small connected indoor cafe with a few WYNDHAM PATRONS.

One of the patrons is CAMERON MITCHELL. A bored, unimpressed Ingrid Bergman type knock out of a white woman, mid 40's.

She's having breakfast with a chubby used car salesmen type of guy in his 50's that would probably make YOU bored and unimpressed too.

This is ERIC GOODELL. His smug demeanor and resting bitch face doesn't jibe with her grace and wine induced chill.

CHICK

Hey that's her! That's Cameron Mitchell!

YADIRA

Woow, yup. Damn she's looks cooler than a muthafucka. Why'd don't you go introduce yourself?

A CONCIERGE comes up to them behind the desk.

CONCIERGE

Hello sir. Ma'am. Welcome to the Wyndham. How can I help you?

CHICK

The name's Chick Conway. I'm...I'm filming a movie here and the studio booked a room for me?

CONCIERGE

No problem sir. Would you happen to have a picture I.D. with you?

Chick hands him his driver's license. The concierge looks under the desk and pulls out a pair of room key cards.

CONCIERGE (CONT'D)

Here you go sir. You can put your luggage next to the desk and I'll have someone bring it up to you.

CHICK

I carry my own bags, chief.

CONCIERGE

Yes sir.

Yadira drops her luggage.

YADIRA

Shit, carry mine. Thanks, darling.

They walk away from the desk, keeping an eye on Cameron.

CHICK

You think I should talk to her, huh?

YADIRA

Yeah why the fuck not? You're colleagues now, right?

CHICK

You coming with me?

YADIRA

Um, no. I'm going to go abuse room service and sweep our room for electronic devices. Go handle your business.

She slaps him on the behind and leaves. He stands in the lobby nervously planning how to introduce himself.

INT. WYNDHAM CAFE - MORNING

Cameron's washing down her Belgium waffles and black cherry ice cream with red wine for breakfast.

Eric's drinking coffee and typing on his phone. She stares at him with contempt as he's focusing on his phone instead of her. He lifts his head up and she fakes a smile.

CAMERON

How's the coffee?

ERIC

It's good.

CAMERON

Hazelnut?

ERIC

French Roast.

CAMERON

Ah. Of course.

ERIC

Kinda early for wine, yeah?

CAMERON

Hmmm. These might be...the BEST waffles I've ever had.

ERIC

...Honey. The film is going to shoot for 4 days. Then you can go back to the villa and hang out with your friends.

CAMERON

They're not MY friends, "honey", they're yours.

ERIC

What do you want from me, Cameron?

CAMERON

You know what I want.

ERIC

Not your damn film project again. I told you producing your own film is not as easy as I make it look. You don't need that stress right now.

CAMERON

Yeah and I need THIS?

ERIC

THIS is a good role. We gotta rebrand you. You're not "America's sexy neighbor" anymore-

CAMERON

-Wow...

ERIC

-These art house films are going to-

CAMERON

-What better way to reinvent myself than producing a project MYSELF?

ERIC

Why don't you just let me do my job? Haven't I done good by you? I..

CAMERON

What?

ERIC

There's a guy staring at you.

She turns to see Chick awkwardly staring at her.

CAMERON

Well damn.

ERIC

Honey...

When Chick notices them looking at him he smiles and walks over to them. He reaches their table and puts out his hand.

CHICK

Morning, Cameron Mitchell. I'm Chick Conway. I'm going to be filming "Lancaster Hotel" with you.

She smiles but neither of them shake his hand, which puts Chick off a bit.

CAMERON

Oooh you're playing "Jamal", right?

CHICK

Yes, ma'am.

CAMERON

Don't "ma'am" me, sweetheart.

CHICK

My bad.

CAMERON

This is Eric. My agent, slash manager, slash producer, slash accountant, slash husband from time to time...

ERIC

Nice to meet you, Chick.

CHICK

So you're an agent? That's cool. I'm looking for an agent myself.

ERIC

Is that right?

CHICK

Yeah I'm a screenwriter, too. Actually I got this film inspired by "Blazi-

ERIC

-So what's your call time?

CHICK

In about two hours. I better go get ready. I guess I'll see you later, Cameron. Great to meet you.

CAMERON

Yeah you too. We're gonna have fun.

Chick nods and walks away. Cameron stares at his backside as he does before turning back to an annoyed Eric.

ERIC

Strange fella. I thought we had a black guy on the film already?

CAMERON

We did but he hurt himself doing a stunt on a commercial. This is the guy Caity...“recommended”.

ERIC

Ah yes. Good ole Caity. Well look, I gotta go. Diana Sanchez is signing up for the next Star Wars film and I gotta tighten up her contract before she signs.

CAMERON

Of course she is. You do a really great job for her.

ERIC

Aw, thanks, honey. See you later.

He gets up and gives her a kiss on the forehead. She looks on with venom as he walks away.

INT. CHICK'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Yadira's standing on a desk unscrewing a light bulb. She takes it out and looks around it. When she's satisfied she starts to screw the light bulb back in. Chick walks in.

CHICK

You didn't finish sweeping yet?

YADIRA

Finishing now. We're clean. How did it go with Cameron?

CHICK

Kinda awkward. She seems nice enough though. That's her husband.

YADIRA

Yikes. She can do better.

CHICK

I know, right? He was kind of a jackass, too

Chick walks over to her and she drops herself into his arms. He carries her over to the bed. He takes her shoes off and starts rubbing her feet.

YADIRA

That's soooo good. But I need a shower. Joining me?

CHICK

Nah I gotta get to Set pretty soon.
Can't be falling asleep on the job.

YADIRA

Nervous?

CHICK

A little bit. Alot riding on this.

She sits up and holds his hands.

YADIRA

I believe in you, Bubba.

She kisses his hands and sashays to the bathroom. He checks his watch, shrugs, takes his shirt off and follows her in.

INT. LANCASTER HOTEL SET/KITCHEN - DAY

Chick and Cameron are filming with the rest of the CREW in a hotel kitchen. Cameron is dressed like a cop holing her prop gun.

She's protecting a "bruised" Chick that's dressed like a stereotypical street thug. She's engaged in a "shoot out" with four STUNTMEN.

CAMERON

I'll cover you! Run for it Jamal!

CHICK

I...I can't leave you Officer Banks!
You been too good to me!

CAMERON

Jamal! Now!

CHICK

You're my friend!

Cameron shoots down all of her targets. She moves to pick up Chick but doesn't see another "thug" coming up behind her.

CHICK (CONT'D)

Officer Banks, watch out!

He jumps in front of her and takes the bullet for her.

CAMERON

NOOOO!!

A crying Cameron shoots down the last thug and cradles Chick.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Jamal! Jamal! You...you saved me! Why did you do that??

CHICK

Ain't nobody never done anything for me before. You're my friend, ain't you?

CAMERON

Yes I'm your friend, Jamal. I'm your friend.

Chick closes his eyes and his head falls to the side. JJ CLINTON, a skinny hippy looking man in his 30's with coke bottle glasses, saunters over to them.

JJ

CUT!

Cameron playfully strangles Chick and helps him up.

CAMERON

That was fun, Chick! Good job.

CHICK

Thanks, Cameron! What about you? Damn you almost made ME cry.

They laugh as JJ doesn't seem amused.

JJ

Awesome job as always Cameron. Chick can I talk to you a sec?

CHICK

Uhhh sure.

They walk away from Cameron. She slightly moves towards them so she can ear hustle.

CHICK (CONT'D)

What's up? You didn't like my take?

JJ

No it's not that. I mean it's just that...you know I liked it. But the writers...you know, they won't like you changing the lines so much.

CHICK

What lines did I change?

JJ

The lines were supposed to be
 "Ain't nobody never done NOTHIN' FO
 me be FO".

CHICK

Isn't that what I said, JJ?

JJ

You said "Ain't nobody never done
 ANYTHING FOR me beFORE."

CHICK

Uh huh. I see.

JJ

Yeah, man. "Jamal" is from the
 street. You make him sound like he
 went to Harvard or something.

CHICK

Right, right. So I'm using too many
 "r's", you say.

Cameron stifles a laugh.

JJ

Yes, I guess you can say.
 Just..."urbanize" it a bit more ok?

CHICK

Uh sure.

JJ pats him on the back and walks away. Cameron walks over to
 a slightly dejected Chick. She whispers to him.

CAMERON

Fuck that. Do it the same damn way.
 You were fucking awesome.

She walks away back to where they were filming. Chick smiles
 towards her with appreciation and follows.

INT. WYNDHAM HOTEL CHICK'S ROOM - MORNING

TITLE CARD: RELEASE DAY...

Yadira's researching the cast of "Lancaster Hotel" on IMDB
 and smoking a "Willie Nelson". She's jotting down extensive
 notes on a notepad when Chick enters the room.

YADIRA

Hey babe! How was filming today?

CHICK

Fine.

He angrily pulls out a bottle of Crown from the mini bar and pours himself a glass. He frustratingly sits on the bed.

YADIRA

Uuuuhhh..."fine"?

CHICK

Yeah it's just...I don't know. It was dope. It was cool. I mean yeah it was aight. Whatever. It's cool.

She raises an amused eyebrow to him.

CHICK (CONT'D)

Ok, filming with Cameron was amazing. You would like her. She's a real pro. Could've stolen the scenes but she was real generous. The damn director and the producers I met were damn jackasses though. Made me feel like I didn't belong or something.

YADIRA

Do YOU feel like you belong?

CHICK

When I'm actually doing the acting I do. It's those moments between takes that piss me the hell off.

YADIRA

Well if YOU think you belong then you do. So to hell with them.

CHICK

Yeah you're right. Thanks. Uhh. Also they cut the schedule. Last day of filming is tomorrow.

YADIRA

Seriously?? Why??

CHICK

I don't know. Something with the budget or something.

YADIRA

Ok...ok then. I think we can make this work for us.

CHICK

What are you doing?

YADIRA

I'm researching your cast and crew for this film. Someone there has to have something to offer us.

CHICK

You don't trust me to hustle our next opportunity myself?

YADIRA

Of course not. You met yourself?

CHICK

What's that supposed to mean?

YADIRA

You're too damn nice. I love that about you. You're one of the four good people I've ever met in my life. You think it's bothering people when you ask for a favor. Being nice is holding you back.

CHICK

It got us here, didn't it?

YADIRA

Your dick got us here, honey.

CHICK

My talent is what's going to KEEP us here though.

YADIRA

It SHOULD, but what if it doesn't? Looking over this cast and crew there are opportunities for us.

CHICK

Like what?

YADIRA

You know one of your producers is married to one of the producers of the next Christopher Nolan movie?

CHICK

So You want me to fuck her too?

She scrunches her face.

CHICK (CONT'D)

Oh c'mon Yadi!

YADIRA

What??

CHICK

I can't just fuck my way to the top!

YADIRA

Chick, they been fucking you for years! Why not return the favor?

CHICK

I don't know, because I'm married?

YADIRA

Damn I love you. You don't even seem like a real person sometimes. Most guys would love a pass from their wife to fuck other women.

CHICK

You married me because I'm NOT like those muthafuckas though, right?

YADIRA

Yes, but realize something.

CHICK

What's that?

YADIRA

Deep down you're a genuinely good person and deep down...I'm not. Let me make the tough decisions FOR us in this matter. Please. I'm scared, ok?! I'm scared that Joshua's going to find me. He's going to kill me! AND you! He's a fucking monster and he's getting released TODAY!

CHICK

Yadi, I-

YADIRA

-Even the feds can't hold him. You think I WANT you fucking all these women?! Of course I don't. I just think that this is the only way. Not just for me but for YOU.

CHICK

You...you don't think I'm good enough to make it in Hollywood on my own merit, do you?

YADIRA

Of course I do! You're not the problem, THEY are! Hollywood is as cut-fucking-throat and vicious as they come. I doubt anyone who's been successful here did it without having to compromise themselves somehow. It's how the world works.

CHICK

You're wrong. Not everyone is as cynical as you are.

YADIRA

Sure they are.

CHICK

I'M not.

YADIRA

YOU don't have to be. You have me. You know how much it hurts me every night to watch you slaving away on these screenplays that NO ONE wants to read? Seeing how hurt you are that you send out HUNDREDS of inquiry letters and no one even responds to you?

CHICK

It's part of the business!

YADIRA

I see how it hurts you and it hurting you hurts ME. My plan is the best way for us to get everything we want. Everything we deserve. Please trust me on this. It'll work out. But we have to agree. This is our best shot at everything we want. Please, Bubba.

CHICK

...What do you need me to do?

YADIRA

I just need you to get me on Set tomorrow. I'll handle the rest. Is there a wrap party or something?

CHICK
Yeah. Yeah I think so.

YADIRA
Perfect.

EXT. LANCASTER HOTEL SET/MILK ST. - DAY

There's a crowd of LANCASTER EXTRAS outside watching the scene. Cameron and Chick are engaged in a battle with a group of HOTEL STUNTMEN.

Yadira's sitting from a distance watching the scene with her sunglasses on.

She smiles with a sense of pride as she sees how good Chick is and how much fun he's having.

She surveys the crowd, crew and cast and sees an Asian-American woman in her 40's going on 60's.

ANYA AYOUNG. She stands tall and dignified although she clearly is holding a ton of stress on her shoulders. Anya's looking on at the scene.

When the actors take a break, Anya takes out her cell phone and starts to talk on it.

Yadira continues staring at her as Anya storms away further from the Set, arguing on her phone. Yadira smirks to herself and looks back to the Set.

JJ
CUT! Check the gate!

The cast and crew start clapping. Cameron and Chick are clapping and Cameron whispers something to him that makes him laugh. Yadira notices THIS too.

JJ (CONT'D)
Ladies and Gentleman, give it up
for Cameron Mitchell!

The crowd cheers louder. Cameron blushes and mouths "thank" you. She pulls Chick close to her and points at him. Everyone cheers loudly for him as well. Yadira claps too.

INT. SCHOLAR'S BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

The CAST and CREW have the upscale restaurant to themselves and there's loud music playing.

Chick's at the bar picking up a plate of boneless chick strips and two glasses of Kentucky's finest.

He sees Yadira being carded at the door by two BAR SECURITY GUARDS. Chick hustles over to them.

CHICK
She's with me, fellas.

The guards let her in and they walk over to the bar.

YADIRA
I'm with YOU? Excuse me, "Big Time".

CHICK
Hey you're late. What's up?

YADIRA
I was calling Isabel to get an update. I couldn't get in touch with her though. How's it going?

CHICK
It's going well. I've been hanging out with Cameron over there.

YADIRA
Yeah I bet you have.

CHICK
Here we go...

YADIRA
-Joking. Are you keeping an eye on-

CHICK
-Anya's over there. At the bar.

YADIRA
Look, I'm sor-

Chick storms away to Cameron's table. Yadira looks on with regret. She sees Anya negotiating a drink at the bar.

Yadira takes out a small sticky note from her pocket and reads it. It says "Miss. Montana/Clark Canyon". She rips it up and puts it in her bra. She leans on the bar next to Anya.

YADIRA (CONT'D)
I don't think that drink is gonna drink itself, darlin'.

ANYA
Hmm? Yes...I'm just-

YADIRA
-You mind if I park here with you?

ANYA

Yeah, sure go ahead.

Yadira moves closer and reaches out. They shake hands.

YADIRA

Yadira. I'm Chick Conway's agent.

ANYA

Cool. I'm Anya. Chick's a nice guy.

YADIRA

I know, right? It's so crazy being out here. A city this big can be kinda overwhelming ya know?

ANYA

I guess so. Where are you from?

YADIRA

We're living in Boston now but I'm from Montana.

ANYA

No way! I'M from Montana too!

YADIRA

Big sky country, baby!

They high five each other.

ANYA

Wow, what part?

YADIRA

I grew up in a little shack near Clark Canyon.

ANYA

We used to go camping near Beaverhead all the time! Wooow, small world.

YADIRA

I know, right? So are you part of the crew or...

ANYA

I'm ONE of the producers.

YADIRA

Hell yea, a Montana gal doin' the damn thing!

ANYA

Damn right.

They toast.

YADIRA

You don't seem to be enjoying yourself like everyone else.

ANYA

Yeah, I guess I'm just annoyed.

YADIRA

Wouldn't have anything to do with that ring on your finger would it?

ANYA

Ugh, ain't it always?

YADIRA

HAHA! Of course it is. Well I know he's not being unfaithful. Not with a woman as fine as you.

ANYA

You would think so, wouldn't you?

YADIRA

I'm sorry, darlin'. You look like a damn model or something. What the hell's his problem??

ANYA

I USED to model. I was runner up f-

YADIRA

-For Miss Montana! 2003, right?!

ANYA

Yes, that's right!

YADIRA

I knew you looked familiar!

ANYA

HAHA! Wow those were different days. I moved out here to L.A. not long after that. But out here it seems like there's nothing but "Miss Montana's" walking around. My husband fucking told me once "A Montana "10" is an L.A. "4." Ain't that some shit?

YADIRA

Wow what a jerk! Sorry I didn't mea-

ANYA

-You're right. What kinda fucked up thing is that to say to your wife?

YADIRA

Well hell, why don't you find your own little "10" out here? Get your swag back or something. That's what the fuck I would do.

ANYA

Hollywood's smaller than you think.

YADIRA

I see. Well...ya know...Chick's not from Hollywood.

Anya glances at Chick laughing with Cameron and then glances back at Yadira.

ANYA

...Yeah?

YADIRA

Yeah.

ANYA

W-where's he from?

YADIRA

He can be...from wherever you want him to be.

ANYA

I uh, heard he was married.

YADIRA

I heard you're married too.

Anya thinks it over. Yadira gestures to the SCHOLARS BARTENDER to give her another drink. The bartender brings her another full glass.

Yadira takes out a key card for her hotel room and slides it to Anya under her drink.

Anya looks back at Chick and back at Yadira. Chick and Cameron are sitting at their table drinking rum and sharing chicken strips. Cameron's making him laugh.

CAMERON

So I told the mutherfucker "Well go get John Shaft, then!"

They burst out laughing.

CHICK

That's some funny shit right there.

CAMERON

Isn't that crazy? You sure you want to be part of Hollywood?

CHICK

Not when you tell THOSE stories!

CAMERON

Seriously though. How's your "Hollywood experience" been so far? Is this what you want?

CHICK

Well I admit that it's been a bit...I don't know.

CAMERON

What?

CHICK

I always felt like when I got here things would just kinda...just happen for me I guess.

CAMERON

How so?

CHICK

Well it's been kinda tough to talk to anyone. It's like there's a secret society or something here and I don't know the secret handshake. Feel me?

CAMERON

...I do.

CHICK

Do you really? You're Cameron Fucking Mitchell.

CAMERON

HAHAH! I'm a 45 year old "Cameron Fucking Mitchell".

CHICK

Yeah you know Caity said something like that? What did she mean?

CAMERON

Oh, Caity...

CHICK

HAHA! Why does everyone always make that face when I say her name?

CAMERON

Everyone loves Caity. She's the most fearless woman I know.

CHICK

Yeah I can see that.

CAMERON

I kinda wish I could be like her.

CHICK

Fearless?

CAMERON

Young.

CHICK

You're only 45.

CAMERON

Bless your heart.

CHICK

No I mean it! You're more beautiful now than when you were in "The Mountain and the Hard Place".

CAMERON

...Wow...thank you, Chick. That's the sweetest thing anyone's said to me in a...very long time. Wish the Industry thought the same way.

CHICK

Why don't they? My wife's 45 and she's the most beautiful woman in the world.

She stares at him with contained bewilderment. Is this guy for real?

CAMERON

So. How DID you guys meet anyway?

CHICK

I uh, tried to steal her car.

CAMERON

Say what??

CHICK

Ha, yeah. That used to be my thing.
I grew up poorer than anything.
Used to work cain't to cain't.

CAMERON

"Cain't to cain't"?

CHICK

Means I used to work so early, you
go outside you "cain't" see and you
come back so late you still
"cain't" see.

CAMERON

HAHA!

CHICK

So yeah, I could steal any car,
anywhere in 25 seconds straight up.
She used to work at a...club. Always
had some of the best cars parked
near there. I was able to get her
car going but I didn't realize Yadi
thought paying parking tickets was
"Un-American". Seriously. So I made
a rookie mistake. I didn't see the
car boot.

CAMERON

No way-

CHICK

-Yup. So she walks out of the club
and sees me getting out of the car.
Instead of calling the cops, you
know what she did? She punched me
in the face!

CAMERON

She did NOT-

CHICK

-She did. She said if I wanted to
be a "real man instead of a loser
than I should get a real job". So I
asked her if they were hiring. So
she got me a bouncer job.

CAMERON

Oooohh that's so romantic.

CHICK

What can I say? I'm as romantic as they come. Don't change the subject though. Why are you talking like you're washed up or something?

CAMERON

Well, in Hollywood, when an actress hits 40 they might as well start applying for Medicaid as far as they care. You go from being the "hot girl next door" to "the hot mom" to "nagging wife".

CHICK

Ouch.

CAMERON

Yeah. Then you spend years doing small budget indie films trying to prove you still have value.

CHICK

Can't be all bad.

CAMERON

No? Why's that?

CHICK

Well you got to meet ME. That's gotta be worth SOMETHING, right?

CAMERON

Now why didn't I think of that?

Chick glances to Yadira at the bar talking to Anya. Yadira winks at him. He frustratingly takes another sip. Cameron notices the exchange.

CHICK

So.

CAMERON

So.

CHICK

Why not just make your own movies?

CAMERON

Why don't YOU make YOUR own movies?

CHICK

I AM making my own movies.

CAMERON

Seriously? Wow you're just full of surprises. I WANT to make my own stuff. But my agent-

CHICK

-Slash manager, slash husband, slash accountant...

CAMERON

HAHA! Yes. Him. He thinks it would be better if I rebrand myself with these art house films.

CHICK

What do YOU think?

CAMERON

I uhhh, I don't know.

CHICK

Well it sounds like you're complaining about the status quo in Hollywood but you're playing right into it. If you got yourself an idea, a dream, a...a...vision, then you gotta go get the damn thing.

Cameron stares him down, impressed and smirks slightly.

CAMERON

So what's your movie about?

CHICK

You...actually want to know?

CAMERON

Uhhh YEAH. Why wouldn't I? You clearly have a gift for words.

CHICK

Nah it's just that no one ever asks wha...well it's a modern urban western that's inspired by "Blazing Saddles" and "48 Hours".

CAMERON

Fuck you, "Blazing Saddles?!"

CHICK
Uhhh yeeeah. You got a problem
with "Blazing Saddles"?

CAMERON
Fucks no! I love that movie! I was
INSPIRED by that movie!

CHICK
Get outta here.

CAMERON
No seriously. My father was a
stuntman on that whole shoot. I've
watched it a million times. It's
why I started loving movies in the
first place!

CHICK
"I want you to round up every
vicious criminal and gunslinger in
the west. Take this down.
I want rustlers, cut throats,
murderers, bounty hunters"...

CAMERON
Ooh! Oh! Wait..."desperados, mugs,
pugs, thugs, nitwits, half-wits,
dimwits, vipers, snipers, con men,
Indian agents"-

CHICK
-"Mexican bandits, muggers,
buggerers, bushwhackers,
hornswagglers, horse thieves"-

CAMERON
-"bull dykes, train robbers, bank
robbers, ass-kickers, shit kickers"-

CHICK/CAMERON
-"and Methodists!"

They laugh louder than anyone else in the restaurant and
Cameron grips his arm as she laughs. Yadira's sitting at the
bar alone and sees this. She struts over to them.

CHICK
Ok, ok you know your shit!

CAMERON
Damn right I do.

CHICK
Well maybe we can help each other?

CAMERON
Hmmm.

CHICK
I mea-

YADIRA
-Hey guys. Cameron it's so nice to meet you. I'm Yadira. Chick's wife.

CAMERON
Wow, awesome to finally meet you. Chick talks about you all the time. I love your hair by the way!

YADIRA
Oh thank you. It's my last bag.

Cameron is thrown off by that.

CHICK
You joining us, babe?

YADIRA
No I gotta turn in early. That deal I was working on went through so so whenever you're ready I just need you to put your...stamp on it.

CHICK
Yeah. Yeah. I'll take care of it.

YADIRA
Ok thanks. Nice to meet you, Cameron.

CAMERON
You too, Yadira. Thanks for sharing your husband.

Yadira shanks her a dagger of a look. Chick glances his eyes back and forth at them both.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
I've enjoyed his company greatly. You're a very lucky woman.

Yadira nods slightly and walks away.

CHICK
I suppose I should get going.

He stands up to leave. Cameron gently grabs his wrist.

CAMERON

Do you want to?

He doesn't answer. They look around as some of the other cast members are staring. She let's go begrudgingly and he sulks away with regret, leaving her alone with Jack Daniel's.

EXT. SCHOLAR'S BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

Yadira storms out of the restaurant. She paces back and forth and settles down on a nearby bench.

She jumps up in fear at the sound of a Harley Davidson. She turns to the street and sees a dozen L.A. BIKERS riding by.

The sound they make is incredibly loud and overtakes everything. She cups her ears, trying to block out the sound.

FLASHBACK:

ATLANTA...

EXT. SILVER CASTLE GENTLEMAN'S CLUB/ALLEY - NIGHT

Yadira's running out of the club with a duffel bag to a running car waiting. A cornrowed Chick's behind the wheel.

CHICK

C'mon, Athi!

YADIRA

Yeah, I'm good! Let's go!

She gets in the car.

YADIRA (CONT'D)

Wait-wait-wait. I left my purse in the dressing room!

CHICK

We don't have time to get it!

YADIRA

I need it! It has the SD card with copies of all the evidence I got against Joshua.

CHICK

How could you drop that?!

YADIRA

I was rushing!

CHICK

I'll go get it. Just keep the car running. If I'm not back in four minutes, just leave. Ok?

YADIRA

I'm not leaving without you, Bubba!

CHICK

Just do it!

Chick gets out and runs into the club. Yadira gets out and runs over to the drivers side. She hears the loud roar of several Harley Davidson's.

YADIRA

Shit, shit, shiiiiitt!!!

She gets in the car and starts to drive off. She stops the car when the alley's blocked by several LARGE ARMED MEN on motorcycles, lead by Brandon Jean. Italics means Creole.

BRANDON

Get the fuck on out, Athi.

Yadira gets out and walks over to him.

YADIRA

Brandon! How are you?

BRANDON

Going somewhere, Athi?

YADIRA

Yeah I was going to go see Joshua. He said to go meet him at the bar.

BRANDON

That's crazy because I thought Josh was right behind you.

She turns around to a right cross that floors her.

JOSHUA

Athi. What have you been up to?

Yadira spits out blood and staggers to her feet.

YADIRA

Un-J-J-J-I didn't sell you out!

He grabs her by her throat and throws her til she bounces off the hood of her car.

JOSHUA

You did!! YOU sold me out!!

Yadira spits blood in his face.

YADIRA

YOU betrayed ME!! You better get
the fuck out of here! The Feds are
coming here right now!

Joshua looks to his guys. He nods to them and they clear out.
He grabs Yadira by her arm and starts to drag her away.

JOSHUA

You of all people should know what
happens when someone betrays my
trust. I did everyth-

YADIRA

-I betrayed YOUR trust?!

She punches him in the face and he lets her go. She runs
towards him with rage. He grabs her shirt collar and pulls
out a knife from his belt in one quick motion.

He stabs her in the stomach. He retracts the knife and she
falls to the floor. He kicks her in her back. He reaches
behind his back and pulls out a Smith & Wesson Model 29.

JOSHUA

To hell with you. You're a loser.
Just like your father.

She starts to pass out as as a loud gun shot sound wakes her
back up. She looks over to the club door and Chick's there
with his just fired Beretta M9, still aimed at Joshua.

Joshua grabs his shoulder and drops his gun. Chick shoots him
again in the stomach and he falls.

Chick picks up Yadira and quickly puts her in their car. He
drives off.

Brandon and two other bikers run back to the alley with their
guns out. Chick drives right through them and keeps driving.

END FLASHBACK

Yadira watches the bikes go by with tears in her eyes.

INT. CHICK'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Chick's sleeping on the bed as Yadira walks in.

She stares at him with loving regret. She sees Anya's ring on the floor. She hits the mini bar and pours herself a Brandy.

She walks over to the bathroom and turns on the shower. Chick opens his eyes and hears her throwing up in the bathroom.

INT. CAMERON'S BEVERLY HILLS MANSION - NIGHT

Cameron enters the massive house. She types in a security code on the door and walks over to the dimly lit kitchen.

CAMERON

Lights.

The light turns on and she's startled to see Eric smoking a Churchill and drinking Scotch with his laptop on the table.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

You scared the shit out of me!

ERIC

How was the party?

CAMERON

It was...fun.

She picks up his glass to take a sip but he snatches it back. She waves him off and pours her own glass.

ERIC

You usually hate wrap parties.

CAMERON

The company was better tonight.

ERIC

So I hear.

CAMERON

I don't give a fuck what you hear.

ERIC

I got you the role to help you in your career! Not to go fucking around with some extra. You're better than that.

CAMERON

Fuck you! What does that even mean?

ERIC

I'm trying to rebuild your career!
I can't have people seeing you be
so desperate for attention you're
fucking around with nobody's!

CAMERON

Wow. Everything you just said was
INCREDIBLY ignorant. You think he's
a nobody because he's not famous?
Looking at all this fancy bullshit
here I know it's easy to forget but
your parents were coal miners! Th-

ERIC

-Don't talk abo-

CAMERON

-ey're "nobody's" too?! You sh-

ERIC

-It isn't about me! It's about YOU!

CAMERON

-EVERYTHING'S about YOU!

ERIC

No it's about you and Jamal ge-

CAMERON

-His name is Chick Conway!

ERIC

Is it really? I was doing research
on him. Can't really find a damn-

CAMERON

-Jesus, you're running background
on him??

ERIC

-thing about a "Chick Conway".

CAMERON

It's Hollywood, Eric. Fake names
are the most honest thing about
this damn place. But it's crazy
that you seem more upset that I'm
getting attention from and giving
attention to a quote unquote
nobody. I would hope that you would
look at YOURSELF and see why that's
happening at all.

ERIC

What the hell does THAT mean?

CAMERON

Chick treats me like a woman. Like a PERSON. Like you used to. He doesn't look at me like a product or a client. Now you say some shit about me not being "the sexy girl next door" anymore? You hurt the shit out of me when you said that. Chick's wife is 45! The same age as me. 10 years older than him and he WORSHIPS her. Why can't you feel the same way about me anymore?

Eric finishes his drink, closes his laptop and stands up.

ERIC

Stay away from "Chick Conway". Act your damn age.

He storms out of the kitchen, leaving her frustrated and trying to contain her tears.

INT. WYNDHAM CAFE - MORNING

Chick and Yadira are eating breakfast. Yadira has her phone on the table and she keeps checking it.

CHICK

She'll call.

YADIRA

She better fucking well. I told her we're leaving the hotel today. I think they start filming in a couple of days.

They stare off awkwardly in silence.

YADIRA (CONT'D)

Do you hate me?

CHICK

Why would you ask that?

YADIRA

If someone asks you if you hate them and you don't say "of course not" than that means you do.

CHICK

I don't hate you.

YADIRA

Do you...do you love me less than you did yesterday?

CHICK

I love you more.

YADIRA

Y-you do?

CHICK

Yeah I do. I know how hard it's been on you to ask me to do...this.

YADIRA

It really has been, honey. I do feel terrible about it.

CHICK

When I was with Caity and Anya, there's a point where I have to make a choice to go through with it. I have this beautiful and sexy woman in front of me. She's excited to sleep with me. But she's not as beautiful as my wife. Her skin doesn't taste as good as my wife's. Her scent doesn't soothe me like my wife's does. But I need to go to bed with her to protect my wife. So I'll do whatever I have to do... because my wife's my world.

Yadira wipes tears from her eyes and leans across the table. She kisses him passionately and gratefully.

YADIRA

I love you, "Chick Conway".

CHICK

I love you too "Yadira Conway".

YADIRA

That DOES sound pretty cool.

CHICK

Doesn't it??

Her phone buzzes. They both get excited and she reads her messages. She flashes a big, beautiful smile at him. Chick laughs as Yadira gets up and walks around the table. She leans down and hugs him from behind.

YADIRA
YEEEEES!!!! You did it, babe!

CHICK
Nah. WE did it.

EXT. CAMERON'S MANSION - MORNING

Cameron's lounging poolside in the back of her mansion. She's drinking Chardonnay and sharing a joint bigger than her head with Caity Lawrence. Caity's downing Laois Gin.

CAITY
Eric seriously said that? What a tool. He hasn't changed at all, huh?

CAMERON
Oh he's changed plenty. He used to be a nice guy.

CAITY
He was nice because he saw your potential. You were nominated for an Oscar with your first lead. You were THE 'it' girl. Everybody wanted to fuck you. Shit I wanted to fuck you and I was five.

Cameron laughs as she takes a drag.

CAMERON
Thank you, Caity. You always know the right thing to say.

CAITY
Because I'm awesome.

CAMERON
Because you're awesome.

CAITY
You just need to do your own thing. You've been in this business long enough. Time to put your big girl pants on, babe.

CAMERON
What do you mean? You mean that studio idea again?

CAITY

YES! Just start your own studio and production company. You don't have to start off huge. Hell look at what Tyler Perry did. And you have way more resources now than he did then. He was living out of his fucking car for goodness sakes.

CAMERON

I mean I have an IDEA for a film and I started writing a screenplay. That's not the same as RUNNING MY OWN STUDIO.

CAITY

Yeah I know. But collaborate or something. You can do it. You've helped me and other actors alot more than you think.

Cameron smirked and takes another sip.

CAMERON

Yes and you've demonstrated your way of paying it forward is a little different than mine.

CAITY (CONT'D)

HAHAH! Yeah my way is a lot more fun.

She closes her eyes lovingly and take a drag.

CAITY (CONT'D)

MOTHERFUCKER, I can still feel Chick inside me.

CAMERON

Daily reminder that I don't approve of your methods. But don't you feel kinda...I don't know...guilty or something for sleeping with Chick?

CAITY

No not really. I like to fuck and Chick is is extraordinarily fuckable.

CAMERON

What about Alejandro?

CAITY

Alejandro who?

CAMERON

Alejandro your HUSBAND?

CAITY

No he's actually not as fuckable as Chick, surprisingly.

CAMERON

Sweet Jesus, Caity, I'm saying don't you feel bad for cheating on your husband?

Caity thinks it over and laughs.

CAITY

OH I thought you were being serious. So yeah, look. Don't change the subject. You are the smartest, hardest working, most blah, blah, blah, yada, yada. Look you're the shit, Cam. You can do anything you set your mind to. I truly believe that. YOU just gotta believe it too.

Cameron looks out to the beautiful horizon, pondering Caity's advice as Eric stares at her from their balcony.

CAMERON

I never told you about how I got that first lead role, did I?

CAITY

No I don't think so. I mean I heard the rumors.

CAMERON

What rumors?

Caity takes a strong sip.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

What fucking rumors?

CAITY

Well...I mean it was Harold Katzenberger who cast you. The guys in prison for multiple accounts of sexual assault. The master of "the casting couch".

CAMERON

So all this time you thought I
fucked my way to the top?
Seriously?

Caity grabs her hand gently as Cameron's getting upset.

CAITY

Hey, honey. It's ME, ok? I would
never judge you. I understand how
this industry works. Bill Duke once
said "Hollywood is a pimp and ho
game. As long as you're not the one
wearing fish nets and pumps all the
time, it's a good game to be in".

She drags some more.

CAITY (CONT'D)

We play a preset game with preset
rules the best we can. Now me I
choose to take the bull by the horn
and try my best to control my own
destiny. Whatever it takes.
Whatever...whatever I can live with.
Whatever the fuck happened with you
back then doesn't define who you
are. YOU do.

Caity wipes a tear from Cameron's eye.

CAMERON

I...I want you to know what happened.

CAITY

Cam-

CAMERON

-No seriously. I want you to know
what happened.

CAITY

...Ok, darlin'.

FLASHBACK:

INT. KATZENBERGER OFFICE - NIGHT

**A Caucasian, sloppily dressed, stalky, pig of a man sits
behind a large overcompensating desk in his casting office.**

**He's sharing the french fries and beer he's consuming with
his desk and the floor. HAROLD KATZENBERGER.**

A 25 year old Cameron looks around the room awkwardly as he doesn't acknowledge her until he finishes eating.

When he finally looks up, his eyebrows raise, taken aback by her beauty.

KATZENBERGER

Well, aren't you a babe.

CAMERON

Uhh is that a good thing?

KATZENBERGER

Who are you reading for?

CAMERON

I'm reading for the role of 'Dolly'.

KATZENBERGER

Aren't you a little...over dressed to be reading for Dolly? You read the casting call, right?

CAMERON

Uh, I don't own a dress THAT short.

KATZENBERGER

Ok whatever. Shoot.

She sings into a sultry BLUES SONG #1. She's dynamite. Harold's not listening.

He's focused on her cleavage like a Bud Light in a hot desert. She finishes the song and Harold applauds.

CAMERON

Thank you!

KATZENBERGER

Wow, that was outstanding. You remind me of Mariah Carey. You got that...that thing she got ya know?

CAMERON

Oh my God, I don't know what to say. Thank you so much!!

He gestures over to the couch in the corner.

KATZENBERGER

Have a seat. I'll grab a contract.

CAMERON

Seriously?! WOW! This is CRAZY!!

He rustles through his desk. She's taking it all in and can barely keep her excitement to herself. He slithers over and sits down on the couch, next to her.

She moves away slightly. He flashes a smile drenched in venom and scumbaggery. She tenses up but manages to force an awkward sort of smile.

KATZENBERGER

So you want this part, huh?

CAMERON

Uh, yes, of course! I feel I really connect with her struggle to find what her role is in the wor-

KATZENBERGER

-So I got this contract here. You sign this, all your dreams come true. You fucking made it! That's what I can do for you. The question is...what can you do for me?"

CAMERON

I...uh...I don't know what you mean. I mean I can give my all to this character. I know that.

He plays with her hair and whispers in her ear.

KATZENBERGER

I know you can give your all to HER. But what are you willing to give to ME?

Harold kisses her ear and cheek. Cameron tries to speak but her voice doesn't leave her mouth. She's getting dizzy. He moves his hand on her lap.

CAMERON

Please...I just want the role. My fathers par-

KATZENBERGER

-Imagine getting your parents everything they want? You sign this you can make their dreams come true too. You'll be a fucking star. Just play the game a bit. You don't want be looked at like a hoe or something. I understand that.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

But trust me, you won't. I wouldn't allow that. I never have.

CAMERON

Yes...but...I...please don't. Please don't touch me.

Cameron grabs his wrist and moves it off of her. He gets up in a rage and slaps her with the rolled up contract. He grabs her arm and throws her to the floor.

KATZENBERGER

"GET THE FUCK OUT!!"

INT. KATZENBERGER WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

The RECEPTIONIST outside of the office hears them and tenses up. She looks towards Harold's office shamefully. She puts on earphones and goes about her business.

INT. KATZENBERGER OFFICE - NIGHT

Cameron gets up to leave. He kicks her in the back and arm back to the floor. He takes her by the arms and picks her up.

KATZENBERGER

You think you can say no to ME?!
Who the HELL do you think YOU are?!
You're DONE!! Find a new career,
bitch. You're DONE in this one.

Harold pushes her to the door hard, bruising her face. Cameron cries her way out of the office.

INT. KATZENBERGER WAITING ROOMD - NIGHT

Her clothes are ripped and she's bruised and bleeding. The receptionist avoids making eye contact with her.

END FLASHBACK

Cameron and Caity are crying and holding hands.

CAITY

Oh my God, Cam. Am I...is that why you're always disapproving of what I do? Am I like HIM?! Cam, I-

CAMERON

-My father put two and two together and went back to his office with a shotgun. Daddy told him he would blow his fucking brains out if he didn't give me the part.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

I was still so fucked up I couldn't even sing during the filming. My songs had to be dubbed. I never could sing after that night. Not even in the fucking shower.

She takes the blunt from Caity and drags so much she coughs.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

I always promised myself that one day I would-I would change things. I would help new talent along the right way. And I tried but it was just so easy to let Eric take control for me. OF me. I was always too scared to LEAD because I couldn't even help MYSELF. I don't know what the fuck I'm supposed to do, Caity. But whatever I do next... It's going to be from the heart.

Caity reaches over and they embrace strongly.

INT. L.A. GRANDMASTER HOTEL/LOBBY - DAY

Chick and Yadira are walking through a larger lobby than their previous hotel with their very light luggage.

YADIRA

Now THIS is a hotel!

CHICK

Damn spectacular.

He hands her a Smart Watch from his pocket.

CHICK (CONT'D)

Hey take this.

YADIRA

You bought me a gift? Uuhh but you know I hate wearing watches.

CHICK

Yeah but this city's huge and we're going to be separated a lot. It's got a GPS locator on it. I bought one too. We gotta be able to know where each other is. Just in case.

YADIRA

Actually that's a pretty good idea. Hey what time is the van bringing you to Set?

CHICK

Uh, In an hour. Gonna be there til
real late at night so don't wait
up. I probably won't have my phone
on me until lunch time.

YADIRA

Ok. Should we go over the scene a
little bit before they pick you up?

CHICK

Fuck yes! I'm nervous as hell.

CAMERON'S POOL - NIGHT

Cameron's still lounging at her poolside sans Caity. She's
being kept company by lady Chardonnay.

FLASHBACK:

INT. CLUB SCHOLARS BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

Chick and Cameron are speaking at their table.

CAMERON

I WANT to make my own stuff...but my
agent-

CHICK

-Slash manager, slash husband,
slash accountant...

CAMERON

HAHA! Yes. Him. He thinks it would
be better if I rebrand myself with
these art house films.

CHICK

What do YOU think?

CAMERON

I uhhh...I don't know.

CHICK

Well it sounds like you're
complaining about the status quo in
Hollywood but you're playing right
into it. If you got yourself an
idea, a dream, a...a...vision, then you
gotta go get the damn thing.

END FLASHBACK

Cameron takes out her phone and sends Chick a text message.

CAMERON

"Send me the script".

Eric watches on from their balcony and sends a text message to a "Detective Cohen."

"I want you to tail Chick Conway. Tell me everything."

INT. L.A. GRANDMASTER HOTEL/CHICK'S ROOM - DAY

Chick drops their luggage on the floor as Yadira takes in the massive room and kicks off her shoes.

YADIRA

Wow! Look at this place! This is where you belong, Bubba!

CHICK

You really think so?

She grabs him and plants a big kiss on him.

YADIRA

Fuck yes! C'mon, let's celebrate!

CHICK

Nice to see you excited again, babe.

She turns on music from her phone and plays Ambrosia's "You're The Only Woman".

She starts dancing to herself in the mirror. She's so damn good she can even make THIS song sexy. She watches Chick watching her.

She turns to him and keeps dancing. Her sundress seemingly teasing him. He's enthralled as she dances closer to him. He picks her up and lays her on the bed.

He lifts her leg and kisses her feet. Then lower to her calf then her quads under her skirt. He kisses lower still until her face fills with bliss.

FLASHBACK:

Yadira's laying in a hospital bed at an FBI location in Atlanta. She has bandages on her face and is hooked up to IV's.

She wakes up and smiles when she sees Chick sitting by her side, sleeping. She winces lifting the blanket and sees a large bandage wrapped around her stomach. Chick wakes up.

CHICK

Hey, baby. How are you feeling??

YADIRA

Bubba? Bubba where are we?

CHICK

Your FBI contact came through for us. He sent a medical van to pick us up. They also arrested Joshua once I gave them your evidence against him. You did it!

YADIRA

No, baby. WE did it.

CHICK

I guess now this is the first time in your life you'll be able to decide what YOU want to do. What YOU want to be. So what's next?

YADIRA

I don't know. I never thought freedom was actually possible. I never gave it much thought. Whatever I do, all that matters is you're by my side. You're the only person in my life besides my father who ever looked out for me. You're the only person I trust totally and completely. I love you, Bubba.

CHICK

I love you too. But I do have an idea of what you should do next?

YADIRA

What?

Chick reaches in his pocket and pulls out an engagement ring. Yadira stares at it with affection. She laughs painfully.

YADIRA (CONT'D)

You don't give up, do you?

CHICK

Have we met?

YADIRA

We can't get married, Bubba. You know that.

CHICK

Of course we can. YOU just don't want to.

YADIRA

It's not that. I-WE got something good, something GREAT going on. Why risk it with marriage?"

CHICK

What's the risk?

YADIRA

Marriage never works out well in my family. It's a curse. Plus now we're going to have to go to witness protection or something, right? Can't you see how that complicates things?

CHICK

Athi, I love you more than life itself. Whatever happens from here on in, whatever things go from here I want it to be with you. Let's break the curse. You and me? We're dynamite together.

YADIRA

W-what about your acting? Aren't you mad you're going to have to give that up? The purpose of witness protection is too keep a low profile. Acting's your dream. Haven't you sacrificed enough by getting involved in my drama? Joshua only hates you because you stood up for me.

He gets in the bed with her and puts his arm around her.

CHICK

YOU'RE my dream, darlin'. My love...my LIFE...is yours.

The tears from Yadira's eyes drench his lips as she kisses him with a passion on a thousand suns.

END FLASHBACK

INT. L.A. GRANDMASTER HOTEL/LOBBY - MORNING

Yadira's walking by the bar while on her cell phone. She gets frustrated and hangs up the phone.

YADIRA

Damn it, Isabel, where ar-

She freezes as she sees a news report on the bar TV.

The chyron says "WASHINGTON POST JOURNALIST ATTACKED IN BOSTON" She walks closer. A FEMALE REPORTER is speaking.

REPORTER #1

The Washington Post says that one of their chief investigative journalists is in rough shape after what appears to be a vicious attack near a suburb in Boston, Massachusetts. They ask the nation to respect her privacy.

YADIRA

Izzy...

INT. L.A. GRANDMASTER HOTEL/CHICK'S ROOM - MORNING

Yadira storms in, panicked. She's pacing back and forth. She calls Chick but gets his voicemail.

She lights up a joint with shaky hands and smokes it, trying to calm her nerves. She settles down and shows a steely gaze.

EXT. L.A. GRANDMASTER HOTEL - MORNING

Yadira barges out of the hotel with determination and a duffel bag. She is picked up by an UBER.

She doesn't notice the woman keeping an eye on her in a blue corolla car parked across the street.

She's a white woman in her late 40's. She has the demeanor and look of an Army vet who's seen some combat.

If it's a staring contest between her and a pit bull, bet on her every damn time. This is DETECTIVE BRENDA COHEN. She drives off and follows the UBER.

EXT. LAX AIRPORT - MORNING

Yadira's UBER drops her off in front of the airport and she runs inside. Detective Cohen is parked not too far behind her and takes pictures of her running into the airport.

EXT. SET OF "STRANGER IN TOWN" - DAY

Chick's walking back to his trailer. He takes out his phone and checks his messages. He sees the message from Cameron and puts his hands on his hips in welcome disbelief.

He rubs his watery eyes and "Tiger Woods" an air fist's a celebration. A PRODUCTION ASSISTANT jogs up to him.

P.A. #1

Hey, Chick!

CHICK

Afternoon.

P.A. #1

Sorry to bother you. We gotta run that last take back before lunch.

CHICK

Why's that? It was perfect.

P.A. #1

It was but we had a continuity error we can't fix in post.

CHICK

Alright. Let me take a piss real quick and check my messages.

P.A. #1

Ok, thank you so much.

The P.A. leaves and Chick walks into his trailer.

INT. CHICK'S TRAILER - DAY

Chick swaggers into his trailer, trying to listen to his messages on his phone.

He drops the phone when he notices a white man in his 50's is sitting on his couch wearing very revealing clothes. This is JOHN, "About to be in the wrong damn trailer" HOWARD.

CHICK

YO WHAT THE FUCK IS UP WITH YOU?!

JOHN

Hey don't be rattled, Chick. I'm John Howard. I'm one of the producers on the movie.

CHICK

The fuck are you doing in here?!

JOHN

C'mon, Chick. Don't be like that. I heard about you. I got a part for you on my next film. You know the action flick with Robert Pattinson and Tom Cruise?

John walks closer to him and starts to rub Chick's arm.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Hey it's ok. Caity told me how...
"committed" you are to your craft.

Chick doesn't say anything. He's frozen. John starts rubbing Chick's shoulder some more. John puts his hand on Chick's belt to unbuckle it. Chick's face lights up with rage and he punches John in the face, knocking him to the floor.

CHICK

Get the fuck out.

JOHN

You think you can say "no" to me?
What the fuck is wrong with you?

CHICK

Wrong with me? What the fuck is wrong with YOU?!

JOHN

I will fucking RUIN you!

CHICK

Fuck you. I...I already ruined myself. Get the fuck out. Before I ruin YOU too.

John limps out of the trailer and Chick slams the door.

CHICK (CONT'D)

FUUUUUUCKK!!

He looks down and sees his phone is damaged.

CHICK (CONT'D)

SHIT!

He flops on the coach and plants his face in his hands in frustration.

BOSTON...

EXT. CONWAY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Yadira's wearing sunglasses and a Red Sox cap as she walks out of her old apartment, holding a small brown bag.

She walks briskly to her old car which has a stack of parking tickets on the windshield.

She picks up the stack and throws them over her shoulder. As she starts to get in her car she freezes. She hears the loud sounds of Harley Davidsons.

She looks to the far corner of the street and sees the headlights of three Harley's. She jumps in the car and peels off fast. She ducks down as gunshots shatter her rear window.

YADIRA

SHIIIIIT!!

She picks up the pace and tries her best to maneuver around the tight Boston streets as the THUG BIKERS pursue. Yadira reaches into her brown bag and pulls out Chick's gun.

She "Steve McQueen's" a corner which makes her window face the bikers and she returns fire. The bikers scatter in different directions and buys her a bit of a reprieve.

YADIRA (CONT'D)

Think, bitch, THINK! Ok...Hey Google!
Map to 300 Beacon Street!

PHONE

Head north ,dummy! At the traffic
light, turn right!

She books it even faster. As the phone barks out directions in Samuel L. Jackson's voice. She can still here the Harley's in the distance.

PHONE (CONT'D)

In 20 feet, your destination will
be on the muthafuckin' right!

She parks on the street corner and waits for the bikers to catch up. She sees that the lead biker is Brandon Jean.

Once they make eye contact she runs the rest of the way and climbs over a fence.

Brandon sees this and sends his two henchmen to follow her over the fence. Brandon stays by her car.

EXT. SUBURBAN BACK YARD - NIGHT

Yadira's hiding next to a shed and calls 911.

911 OPERATOR
911, what's the nature of your
emergency?

YADIRA
Shots fired at 300 Beacon Street!
Some crazy bikers! Hurry!

She hangs up. She's peeking around the shed and she sees the armed bikers creeping around the yard, looking for her. They both turn to the shed when they hear a dog barking loudly. Yadira's hand unleashes a pit bull. It's Buster.

YADIRA (CONT'D)
Sic 'em, Buster!

Buster pounces quickly on BIKER #1, taking him to the ground and forcing him to drop his gun.

BIKER #2 jumps back afraid and lifts his gun to shoot at Buster. Yadira shoots the bastard twice through the back.

YADIRA (CONT'D)
Buster! Down boy!

Buster jumps off of Biker #1 and Yadira shoots him twice in the chest. She climbs over a different side of the fence which leads her to the neighbors yard.

She hides there a moment until she can hear and see police sirens. Brandon hears the sirens as well and drives off.

When he leaves, Yadira runs as fast as she can, jumps into her car and drives off.

INT. MASS GENERAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A POLICE GUARD opens the door for Yadira to walk in and closes the door. Yadira freezes in horror at a bruised, bandaged and damaged Isabel.

She's sleeping. Yadira walks over to her and strokes her hair with a trembling hand. Yadira sits next to her. Yadira opens her mouth to speak but can't as her tears speak for her.

She reaches in her purse and pulls out her hair brush. She brushes Isabel's hair with a still shaky hand. Isabel's eyes slowly open.

She cracks a slight smile and lifts a hand to Yadira. Yadira holds it and bends down to her friend. They embrace in a hug of relief and pain.

LOS ANGELES...

EXT. SET OF "STRANGER IN TOWN" - NIGHT

Chick's eating a snack at Craft Services. He looks over to a GAFFER watching the news on their tablet. He sees a report on Isabel's attack.

CHICK

FUCK!

He sees the same P.A. From earlier.

CHICK (CONT'D)

Hey! Let me borrow your phone real quick! C'mon!

P.A. #1

Y-y-yes sir.

He takes out his phone and Chick snatches it. He calls Yadira but it goes to her voicemail. He checks his voicemail.

YADIRA (V.O.)

Bubba, I know you're going to be pissed at me but I have to go back to Boston. Joshua attacked Isabel and I have to go check on her. She's only hurt because of me! I can't let what happened to Stephanie happen to Isabel. I used Stephanie's phone to call the FBI and she paid for that. I just can't do that to Isabel! Finish your filming today. Don't worry about me. I'll be back on the 3:15 am flight. I'm going to rent a car to come back, ok? I love you!

Chick hangs up the phone and stares off to nowhere.

INT. CAMERON'S MANSION/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cameron is in her bed, drinking wine and reading Chick's "Last Damn Sheriff in the West" screenplay on her tablet.

She's laughing loudly when Eric walks in. He starts to change his suit to pajamas.

ERIC

What the hell are YOU reading that's so funny?

CAMERON

A screenplay.

ERIC

What screenplay? I didn't send you anything. Who sent you that?

CAMERON

Chick. He wrote it. It's hilarious!

ERIC

Bullshit. You're just trying to piss me off.

CAMERON

Riiiiight because everything is about you.

ERIC

Who the fuck is HE to send you a script? I'M your agent. Fucking amateur. Turn that off. You can't read unsolicited screenplays. You know better than that.

CAMERON

It's not unsolicited. I asked him to send it to me. I'm thinking of producing it.

ERIC

Bullshit you are.

CAMERON

Bullshit I am.

ERIC

Just what the fuck do you think you're doing, Cameron?

CAMERON

I'm acting my age.

They freeze each other down with icy stares. She sips her wine with a smirk. Eric storms out and slams the door.

INT. CAMERON'S MANSION/SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

Eric takes out his cell phone and makes a phone call.

ERIC

What have you got for me, Cohen?
Yeah...really...interesting. Yeah ok.
Just call me in the morning.

He hangs up the phone and opens the door. Cameron is standing on the other side of the door and pushes him.

CAMERON

Call her off, Eric! Call her off
right fucking now!

ERIC

I'm doing this for you!

CAMERON

Call her off!!

ERIC

NO!

CAMERON

If Chick is such a nobody, why are
you unleashing your corrupt cop
attack dog on him?

ERIC

Aren't you being a bit dramatic?

CAMERON

Ok then. Well thank you, Eric.

ERIC

For what?

CAMERON

For just making things a little
clearer for me.

She walks out of the room, leaving Eric looking on unsure if
he's gone too far.

INT. L.A. GRANDMASTER HOTEL/CHICK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Chick barges in his room, holding a packaged pre paid phone.
He rips the package open, takes his old simcard from his
damaged phone and puts it into the new phone. He calls Yadira
but it goes to voicemail.

CHICK

Yadi! Call me back ASAP. I'm back
at the hotel. Let me know where you
are. Alright.

He hangs up the phone. He sits down on the couch, frustrated.
He grabs his phone eagerly when it rings.

CHICK (CONT'D)

Yadi??

CAMERON

Um no, sorry it's Cameron.

CHICK

Oh. Hey Came-

CAMERON

-Go look outside your window.

CHICK

Say what?

CAMERON

Look outside your window.
Discreetly. You're being followed.

CHICK

What are you talking about?

CAMERON

Outside. Blue Corolla. You're being followed by Eric's attack dog ex-cop named Brenda Cohen. She's very armed, and very dangerous. Be careful, Chick.

She hangs up. Chick walks over to his window and peeks out of the curtain until he sees the Corolla.

He can see Brenda smoking a cigarette and eyeing the hotel. He turns back from the curtain quickly as the door unlocks. Yadira opens the door and runs to him. They embrace strongly.

CHICK

Hey...hey what are you doing back so early? I thou-

YADIRA

-I took an earlier flight.

CHICK

How are you feeling? What happened?
How's Isa-

YADIRA

-She's hurt pretty bad. I was frisked and a cop stayed with us. Joshua came after me when I went to our apartment to get your gun. I figured it was a trap but I NEEDED to see her! He hurt her because of ME! I'm sorry I didn't tell you I was going but I knew you wouldn't let me and to be quite fucking

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

honest, I was so damn...FURIOUS maybe
I wasn't thinking straight.

CHICK

You saw him?

YADIRA

No he sent Brandon and some thugs
after me. I killed those guys but
Brandon got away. Sorry, I had to
bring the fight to Clinton Manor I
needed Buster's help.

CHICK

You what?! Are THEY hurt?

YADIRA

No they're fine but they're just
going to have to answer some
questions they can't answer. I came
back right after that.

CHICK

You said you used my gun?

YADIRA

Yeah.

CHICK

Did you dis-

YADIRA

-I threw it in the river.

CHICK

Ok...ok. Alright you're here now.

YADIRA

We're here for NOW. We need more
money to get our own place HERE. We
can't move back to Boston.

CHICK

We can't stay here, Yadi. I can't
stay here.

YADIRA

Why not? You've tried to get here
for years.

CHICK

It's not as great as I thought.
Just being rich and famous doesn't
solve every damn problem. These

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

muthafuckas are just as fucked up as the rest of us. They just got more money to mask the pain. I gotta get the hell outta here.

YADIRA

And do what, exactly?

CHICK

I think Cameron's going to help me produce "Last Damn Sheri-

YADIRA

-Oh come the fuck on, Bubba!

CHICK

"Come on" what?

YADIRA

No one gives a fuck about your screenplays!

CHICK

Why...why would you say that? You don't think I have what it takes?

YADIRA

I do but THEY don't. C'mon, Bubba. You know how the game is played here. You gotta fuck one of these chicks again. That's the fastest way we're going to be able to settle down some roots here is for you to just-

CHICK

-Just whore myself out.

YADIRA

That's not what I was going to say!

CHICK

That's what it is! I just can't do that anymore. I gotta make it MY way. I can do this!

YADIRA

I know you can, honey. I'm just saying we need to do something right NOW! They didn't kill Isabel because they WANTED me to come visit her. It was a damn set up.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

Joshua gets out of jail for a day or so and he's already coming at us. We need to do something NOW!

CHICK

You're not listening to me! I can't do it anymore, Athi! That ain't who I want to be!

YADIRA

Bubba-

CHICK

-People around here are starting to look at me and expect it now.

YADIRA

C'mon, Bubba-

CHICK

-I had to kick a muthafucka out my trailer earlier today. I can do this! You just gotta trust me.

She shakes her head and walks to the bathroom.

YADIRA

Of course I trust you...of course I trust you. I'm taking a shower.

She slams the door behind her. A frustrated Chick walks over to the window and peeks back out of the curtain. He sees Detective Cohen still out there and closes the curtain.

CHICK

Shit...

MONTAGE: VARIOUS LOCATIONS

-Chick's filming an action scene in a bar Set.

-Yadira's jogging on the main populated streets.

-Cameron's walking behind a REALTOR into a massive mostly empty and worn down warehouse. She's looking around and taking pictures. She's asking the REALTOR questions about it.

-Chick's being driven to a different location in a van with VAN ACTORS.

He's sitting in the passenger seat and looks to the side mirror. He sees Detective Cohen's blue Corolla not too far behind them.

-Yadira jogs faster and faster. She can hear imaginary Harley Davidson's engines and imaginary gunshots louder than ever in her mind and jogs faster until it's a run.

END MONTAGE

INT. L.A. GRANDMASTER HOTEL/LOBBY - NIGHT

Yadira walks into the lobby, still sweaty from her run. She's speaking on her phone as she walks by the front desk and nods to DONNIE TAKADA, an eager as hell Japanese-American man in his 30's. He waves, trying to get her attention.

YADIRA

Trust me, these screenplays are incredible. What's great about Chick is that he's so versatile.

Donnie waves some more.

YADIRA (CONT'D)

It's a great idea! Ok I gotta go. Call me after you've read through some of them. Ok, talk to you later. Yes, Donnie. What can I do for you?

DONNIE

Good evening Mrs. Conway. Hey there's a letter for you.

YADIRA

From who?

DONNIE

I don't know. Some big dude. He said you could give it to someone named "Athi" for him?

Yadira freezes in her tracks. She looks frantically around the crowded lobby. She hesitantly takes the envelope.

YADIRA

D-do you have a letter opener?

DONNIE

Yes ma'am.

Donnie hands her an envelope and a sharp letter opener. He smiles when she pulls out a \$20 bill and hands it him discreetly.

She cuts the envelope open and puts the letter opener in her hair like a pin.

She takes out the paper from the envelope. It says "Long time no see, Athi." She crumbles it up and starts to walk fast out of the lobby.

EXT. L.A. GRANDMASTER HOTEL - NIGHT

She takes out her phone and calls Chick. INTERCUT.

CHICK

Hey babe, wha-

YADIRA

-He's here.

CHICK

Where are you? The van's dropping me off. I'm a few minutes away.

YADIRA

I just walked out of the hotel. I-

She drops the phone as she's whisked away by Brandon. He's discreetly holding a gun in her back and squeezing her arm.

BRANDON

Shut the fuck up and get in the car, Athi.

He walks her over to a large SUV. He throws her in the back seat and closes the door.

INT. JOSHUA'S SUV - NIGHT

Yadira's face to face with Joshua.

JOSHUA

Hi, Athi. Damn. I missed you.

YADIRA

H-hi...Uncle Joshua...

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Chick's riding in the back of the movie van. He's whispering loudly on the phone.

CHICK

YADI?! YADIRA!!

BRANDON (V.O.)

Hi Bubba. Bye Bubba. I owe you one. See you soon.

CHICK

Brandon?? You bitch made
muthafucka!! Don't you put a
fucking hand o- hello?! Shit!

INT. JOSHUA'S SUV - NIGHT

Yadira's sitting in fear next to Joshua, looking down with
tears in her eyes. They speak Spanish

JOSHUA

So. Hollywood, huh? I'm impressed.
I mean Bubba always talked about
going to Hollywood but I always
thought he was too fucking stupid.
I mean he did fall in love with a
washed up stripper, right?

Yadira says nothing.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

You look good, though. Look like
you've put on a few though. Maybe
you should've kept dancing. You've
always been your best self when I
was around.

Yadira says nothing. Joshua grabs her by her face and rams it
into the window, cutting her face and making her scream.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

After all I've done for you?! When
your dumbass father jumped on a
fucking grenade, was he thinking of
you?? Was he thinking of ME?! Me
and you were supposed to look out
for each other!

YADIRA

Fuck you! Daddy asked you to look
out for me when he deployed! You
betrayed HIM! You're not half the
man he was! I don't owe you shit!!

She punches him in the face. He grabs her by her throat and
slaps her in the face.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Chick's van is almost at the hotel. He leans to the DRIVER.

CHICK

Hey man let me off here instead.

DRIVER

Yes sir.

EXT. CORNER OF GRANDMASTER HOTEL STREET - NIGHT

The van drops him off and drives away. He takes out his phone and calls the hotel.

INT. L.A. GRANDMASTER HOTEL - NIGHT

INTERCUT:

Donnie picks up the phone.

DONNIE

Thank you for calling the Gra-

CHICK (V.O.)

-Donnie! It's Chick.

DONNIE

Hey Mr. Conway! How's it goi-

CHICK (V.O.)

-I need a favor, Donnie.

DONNIE

Hey you and your wife are always good to me. Whatever you need.

EXT. GRANDMASTER HOTEL - NIGHT

Detective Cohen is in her car taking notes. She's writing "Who is Bubba Fisher?" She turns back to the hotel and sees Donnie running towards her. She opens the door, grabs him by his collar and slams him to the car.

DET. COHEN

What the fuck do you think YOU'RE doing?

DONNIE

I-I-I-

DET. COHEN

-Why are you running up on me?

DONNIE

There's a message from Cameron Mitchell for you.

DET. COHEN

What the hell are you playing at?

DONNIE

I don't know why she called the hotel but she says to tell "Detective Cohen in the blue Corolla across the street to get on the phone."

She looks him up and down suspiciously and let's go of him. She gestures back to the hotel and he leads her there.

INT. L.A. GRANDMASTER HOTEL/LOBBY - NIGHT

Donnie leads her to the phone and hands it to Det. Cohen.

DET. COHEN

Hello? Hello?

CHICK (V.O.)

Thanks for the loan, Det. Cohen. Your car AND the gun under seat.

DET. COHEN

Is this Chick Conway?! Oh wait, should I say "Bubba Fisher"?

CHICK (V.O.)

You can trust me, Detective Cohen. Give Donnie your number.

DET. COHEN

Why would I do that?

CHICK (V.O.)

Because I'm going to do what I do best.

DET. COHEN

You're...you're going to fuck me?

CHICK (V.O.)

No. I'm going to write you a story, Detective. I'm going to make you a hero again.

She hangs up the phone and runs outside. The car isn't there.

EXT. THE L.A. RIVER - NIGHT

Brandon parks the SUV.

INT. JOSHUA'S SUV - NIGHT

Yadira's barely conscience and her face is still bleeding from the window smash and Joshua's hands are bloody.

Brandon gets out and closes the door. He takes watch outside as tears stream down Joshua's face. They speak English.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Athi, I'm sorry. Did I hurt you?

YADIRA

F-f-f-fuck you.

JOSHUA

You know, I've been so angry with you for so long. Me and you, we're family. We're blood! We're supposed to forgive each other for anything, right? I put clothes on your back and food in your stomach. Your father left US to serve a country that would rather see people like us in cages! I took the route that would work best for US. I'M here! Where the fuck is HE?!

YADIRA

HE was selfless. A HERO!

JOSHUA

He was a damn FOOL!

YADIRA

And fuck you with that cage shit. You don't give a fuck about "people like us". I was just cheap fucking labor. You basically pimped me out for your own gain! Only a MONSTER would...only a monster would...do that to someone they're supposed to love...oh wow.

JOSHUA

Bullshit! I helped you the best I could. You fucking sellout!

He punches her, knocking her head against the window.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

All I asked in return was your loyalty. The Feds seized my assets. All of my money! I have NOTHING! You're the only family I have and now because of you...I won't even have THAT in a few minutes.

Yadira looks out of the window with desperation.

MONTAGE: VARIOUS LOCATIONS

-Chick parks a few yards away from Joshua's SUV. He looks at his phone and sees his GPS locator mark her location.

He sees Brandon keeping watch around Joshua's SUV. He picks up Detective Cohen's gun and drives slowly towards them.

-Joshua cries as he starts to strangle Yadira.

JOSHUA

Fuck you for making me do this.

-Chick starts to speed up towards Brandon. He puts his arm out of the window with Det. Cohen's gun. Brandon notices this and pulls out his Glock 17. They engage in a shootout.

BRANDON

Hey boss! Get down!

-Joshua eases his grip just a little and glances towards the window. Yadira takes the letter opener out of her hair and stabs Joshua in the neck.

She repeatedly stabs him in his chest. His eye. His neck. Again and again. She's crying and laughing uncontrollably as she continues to stab her until her cries becomes laughter.

-Brandon falls as he's hit several times. Chick parks and gets out of the car. He runs to the SUV and opens the door.

He sees Yadira's covered with blood, crying while mounted on Joshua. She's holding the bloody letter opener.

Chick helps her up and leads her to Cohen's car. She's laughing and crying uncontrollably.

TITLE CARD:

2 WEEKS LATER...

LOS ANGELES...

INT. CAMERON'S SUV LIMO - DAY

Chick and a bandaged Yadira are sitting in the back of the limo, being driven by CAMERON'S DRIVER. They're watching the news on a large tablet.

Detective Cohen's on the screen receiving a medal from the Mayor. The chyron on the bottom of the screen says "HERO EX-DETECTIVE HONORED BY THE CITY". She's given a microphone.

DET. COHEN

I'm not a hero. I was just in the right place at the right time. I'm just glad I was able to save Mrs. Conway from such a dangerous man. Thank you for honoring me today.

YADIRA

How about that?

CHICK

Well you know what they say. Hollywood loves a come back story.

CAMERON'S DRIVER

We're here.

The park in front of a smiling Cameron. She wraps on the window with a big smile. Yadira rolls down the window.

CAMERON

You guys ready??

YADIRA

You know you millionaires are pretty eccentric, right?

CAMERON

I know, right? Close your eyes.

CHICK

Uhhhh I hate surprises.

CAMERON

Just trust me, Chick. You're going to love this!

EXT. WAREHOUSE LOT - DAY

The driver comes around and opens the door. Cameron grabs both of their hands and leads them a few yards away. She let's go of their hands and throws her hands in the air.

CAMERON

Ok, open them! TA-DA!!

Chick and Yadira see the large abandoned warehouse she was in earlier. There is construction work being done on it.

YADIRA

Yaaaay an abandoned warehouse!

CHICK

What's this, Cameron?

CAMERON

THIS, my friends, is "Cameron Mitchell Studios"!!

CHICK

You're starting your own studio?!

CAMERON

YUP! This studio is going to focus on small budget indie projects with unique, topical and ORIGINAL storytelling. We're not about the sequels, prequels and all that. We're going to focus on new, upcoming storytellers who haven't been heard before. I want our work to MATTER. What do you think, Chick?

CHICK

Fuck. YES!! I'm so proud of you! Wait...you keep saying "we". Eric is doing this with you?

CAMERON

Eric? HAHA! Nah. We went our separate ways. At least for a while until we can figure out what we want. You two showed me the kind of relationship I really want. I'm not sure Eric is capable of that. We'll see. But when I say "We" I mean WE. Me, you and OUR agent. Yadira.

CHICK

Wait...what?

CAMERON

It was your wife's idea.

CHICK

What??

YADIRA

Uhhhh surprise?

CAMERON

She called ME, actually. Right before the attack. She sent me all of your other screenplays and convinced the shit out of me that we should really invest in each other. Your stories are exactly the kind I want to build this studio from and

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

her fearless and willingness to take risks is exactly what I need in an agent.

Chick looks to Yadira with pride and awe.

CHICK

You...YOU did this, babe? You really do believe in me?

YADIRA

Of course I do, baby. Just like I believe in US. We can do anything... we can BE anything we want to be. Me you and Cameron, none of us ever really have been able to decide what we WANT to do. Now we can. We can do some beautiful work together. So what do you say?

Yadira and Cameron wait with anticipation.

CHICK

Wow, you guys. You kiddin' me? Let's. Fucking. GO!!

CAMERON

YESSS!!

Yadira and Cameron hug him. Cameron waves to her driver. He brings over three shot glasses of Grey Goose.

YADIRA

HAHA! You ARE eccentric!

They each take a glass and toast.

CAMERON

To the roads less traveled.

YADIRA

To untold stories.

CHICK

To...my wife.

Yadira blushes and they take their shots. Cameron puts her arms around them as they walk towards their future...

THE END