

**HollyWEIRD!**

by

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**1 INT. NIGHT - GLAMOROUS HOLLYWOOD AWARDS CEREMONY**

We pan across a beautifully decorated ballroom with an elevated stage. The room is full of beautiful Hollywood actors in their best formal wear. Everyone is smiling and having a great time while sitting at circular tables spread out across the glamorously decorated ballroom. A glass podium sits under a spotlight at the center-stage with a microphone and a golden award emblem emblazoned on the front of the podium.

We hold on a beautiful woman's smiling face. Dorothy, 21 - Blonde haired Caucasian woman with natural girl-next-door good looks. An effortlessly pretty, wholesome all-American type. Her natural good looks, however, conflict with her teased out 1990's hair, excessive eyeshadow, and bright lipstick that makes her look more like "Married with Children's Kelly Bundy going to the prom" than a glamorous Hollywood starlet.

DOROTHY

(GLEEFUL V.O.)

It's all led to this. All the hard work and stick-to-itiveness. Finally, I made it. All it takes is believing in yourself, lots of practice, and of course, a little luck. I'm so grateful to be here.

Slow pan out to reveal Dorothy seated at a table full of stars. She fidgets with the tableware out of nerves and excitement. We can tell this is a new experience for her. She smiles and takes a deep breath while trying to play it cool.

DOROTHY

(excited V.O.)

This could be the moment where my life changes FOREVER!

She nervously smiles at the well-tanned older man with blindingly bright white teeth sitting across from her. He's elegantly dressed, slightly tipsy, and very flirty. He winks and raises a glass to her. As he begins to open his mouth to flirt with her, we hear the event's announcer booming from the large speakers.

AWARD PRESENTER

(off-screen)

And the winner is...

Dorothy perks up and shifts her focus to the stage, eagerly waiting for the name of the winner.

AWARD PRESENTER  
(off-screen)  
Benjamin Davis!

Dorothy and the rest of the attendees applaud. Dorothy is fully focused on the stage until an older British woman in her 60's with silver hair wearing an elegant gown and holding an award of her own labelled "LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT AWARD" taps Dorothy on the shoulder.

BRITISH ACTRESS  
Who are you and why the hell are  
you in my seat?!

Dorothy is startled, and stammers to explain herself.

DOROTHY  
Oh. I - I - um...

Dorothy smiles sheepishly at the woman. Camera slowly pushes in for a close-up on Dorothy.

[TITLE CARD + OPENING CREDITS WITH SHOTS OF  
FAMOUS/HISTORIC HOLLYWOOD LOCATIONS AND MUSIC]

**2 INT. NIGHT - DINGY AND GRAFFITI COVERED HOLDING CELL, ONE  
HOUR LATER.**

The camera gently pulls out from the close-up of Dorothy; except she is no longer in the glamorous auditorium. She is in a holding cell with harsh lighting, and gray concrete walls with random graffitied scrawled across it. We gently pull back, revealing Dorothy's surroundings as she speaks to someone off-camera.

DOROTHY  
I always wanted to be an  
actress. As a kid, I would put  
on plays for my family. I had  
the lead in my high school play.  
Everyone said that I was  
talented.

HARD CUT TO FLASHBACK IN DOROTHY'S MIND. SHOT FROM BELOW,  
IN A CHILD'S POINT OF VIEW, WE SEE AN ADORABLE ELDERLY  
GRANDMOTHER TYPE SMILING DOWN AS IF SPEAKING TO A CHILD  
AND CLASPING HER HANDS.

GRANDMOTHER  
You're so talented!

CUT BACK TO DOROTHY AS THE CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS OUT FURTHER.

DOROTHY  
...and I would be a star someday.

HARD CUT TO FLASHBACK IN DOROTHY'S MIND OF HER DRAMA TEACHER - AN Effeminate HISPANIC MALE, MID-50S, DRESSED IN A BLACK TURTLENECK. BIG "HIGH SCHOOL DRAMA TEACHER" ENERGY. WIDE-EYED AND APPLAUDING.

DRAMA TEACHER  
You'll be a star someday!

CUT BACK TO DOROTHY AS THE CAMERA CONTINUES TO PULL OUT FURTHER.

DOROTHY  
Everyone liked me back home. I was the prom queen, homecoming queen, class president, head of the future farmers of America. I even won the Miss Charming pageant 3 years running. So, I packed up everything I owned and got on a bus to Hollywood. I've been here for three years... and nothing. I can't get an agent without having a film role. I can't get a film role without having an agent. No one will see me. I can't even get arrested. Well, that was until tonight.

While Dorothy speaks to the person out of frame, we widen out to reveal that Dorothy is seated on a metal bench in a holding cell talking to an older woman who is passed out - drunk. The drunk stirs slightly at the sound of Dorothy's story, snorts, then falls back asleep.

From Dorothy's POV, we see a middle-aged police officer speaking from the other side of the jail cell.

COP  
Gumm, Dorothy.

DOROTHY  
Yes?

COP

Come on. You're free to go.

From behind the cop appears Dorothy's roommate, Zoe; an attractive African American woman in her mid-20s with her hair in box braids past her shoulders. She is wearing a black jacket over a white KPWR Radio Power 106 FM t-shirt and acid washed jeans, invoking Whitney Houston and Janet Jackson classic looks of the late 1980's/early 1990's. Zoe looks at Dorothy with a look of relief on her face.

ZOE

C'mon babe. Let's head home.

DOROTHY

I'm so glad to see you. Can we grab something to eat first? I'm so hungry. I've only had Tic Tacs and celery for the last week to fit into this dress.

### **3 INT. NIGHT - CANTER'S DELI, ONE HOUR LATER**

Overhead shot of table with Dorothy and Zoe's order being placed onto the table by the waitress. Zoe has ordered pancakes with fruit, and a tall cup of coffee. Dorothy has ordered blintzes and a bagel with lox, and a large glass of ice water. A take-out box is placed on the edge of the table as if they are already planning for their next meal.

Standard two-shot showing Zoe as she unrolls her napkin and places it on her lap. She puts the utensils next to her plate. Dorothy quickly grabs a pen from her purse and begins to write on the top of the takeout box. In closeup, we see she has written: "To Buzzy, Enjoy! - from the girls."

Setting it aside, Dorothy grabs her knife and fork and begins to cut into her food.

DOROTHY

(gleeful)

I love Jewish food. They never had this kind of food in the small town I grew up in. You can taste the centuries of tradition in every bite. It just tastes...

Dorothy searches for a good word to describe the history behind the meal she is enjoying.

DOROTHY  
(unsure of herself)  
'old.'

Zoe is partly listening as she adds sugar and cream to her coffee.

ZOE  
If it's stale, you can send it back.

DOROTHY  
You know what I mean.

DOROTHY  
Mmm. So good.

Dorothy takes another bite and rolls her eyes in a moment of ecstasy, enjoying the flavors dancing on her tongue. Zoe reaches for the pancake syrup dispenser from the condiments on the table.

DOROTHY  
Did you know that we wouldn't have Hollywood without some great Jewish people? Studio heads, directors, actors. Did you know that the Warner Brothers were Jewish? And - Kirk Douglas is Jewish! I always loved his chin-dimple. So sexy.

With a wink, Zoe toasts Dorothy with the dispenser of pancake syrup.

ZOE  
L'chaim!

Dorothy raises her glass and toasts the syrup. Zoe drizzles the syrup on her pancakes.

ZOE  
What were you thinking, sneaking into there tonight? You are lucky they dropped the charges. I had to tell them that you were only there looking for the bathroom.

DOROTHY

I HAD to give it a try. I'm at a loss for how to get my face in front of the right people.

ZOE

You mean the face that has capers on it?

Zoe reaches across the table with a napkin and wipes away a little food from Dorothy's chin.

DOROTHY

Oops. Thanks! You know what I mean. There were a lot of powerful and influential people there. I'm having so much trouble getting a gig. I came here to be a star. I can't work at the bar forever.

ZOE

Well, at least you get tips. I just get weirdos leering at me. They just stare at me.

DOROTHY

You work as a model! Your last gig was at a tradeshow standing by a sports car all day. They were going to look at you or the car or both. At least they're not pawing at you.

ZOE

(pointing with her fork)  
Trust me, they tried. I had so many middle-aged creeps trying to get my phone number that I gave in.

DOROTHY

You gave them your number?

ZOE

Pfft... not MY number.

Zoe slyly raises an eyebrow and takes a bite of her pancakes.

DOROTHY

What did you do?

ZOE

I gave the first guy the phone number to Hollywood Forever Cemetery, then gave the second guy the first guy's number, and so on.

DOROTHY

Why do you know the phone number to the cemetery?

ZOE

I did a photoshoot there a few weeks back.

DOROTHY

A photoshoot at a cemetery? What were you promoting? Caskets?!

ZOE

You're not far off. They had me dressed as the sexy widow in some life-insurance campaign. The theme was "you can't take it with you."

Zoe's hand gestures through the air as if displaying the slogan on a billboard.

ZOE

But my skirt was so short, I looked more like a gold-digger than a grieving wife. If it were a movie, you'd suspect her of killing the husband.

DOROTHY

Oh, I love those old Whodunit movies!

ZOE

Well, it looked like I did it... and did him to death.

Dorothy giggles.

ZOE

I don't know why everything has to be sexy in advertising.

DOROTHY

They say sex sells.



ZOE

I guess. But mixing high heels  
and headstones just doesn't make  
sense to me.

Zoe takes a sip of her coffee and continues to speak  
after placing the mug down.

ZOE

(emphatically)

I mean, I have some great ideas.  
I could be the person who comes  
up with the campaign. I want to  
run my own agency someday. I'm  
not just a pretty face, you  
know.

Zoe punctuates her statement by pointing at her face with  
her fork full of pancakes and syrup.

DOROTHY

Oh totally! You're the smartest  
person I know. I don't know many  
people here. But you're  
certainly the smartest.

ZOE

Thanks... I think.

Zoe looks confused at her friend's comment, scanning them  
for any sarcasm. The gesture is just as pure and innocent  
as Dorothy's entire character. Without finding any  
sarcasm or ill-intent, Zoe shrugs it off and takes a bite  
of her food

DOROTHY

Oh! Maybe you can be my agent!  
How would you 'sell me' to a  
studio?

ZOE

Honey. As a Black woman, I don't  
feel comfortable with 'selling'  
a person. But I think I know  
what you mean.

Dorothy mimes the word 'oops,' wipes her chin with her  
napkin and eagerly awaits Zoe's response.

DOROTHY

But do you think you could use  
that beautiful brain of yours to  
make me a star?

Dorothy then sits up in her seat, tall and proud with a flirty look on her face, like she's being photographed by Playboy. Her hands crossed in her lap, shoulders forward forcing her arms to squeeze her breasts together and pursing her lips in a kissing expression, she poses in a Marilyn Monroe/Bettie Page pose that any classic pin-up girl would be jealous of. Then quickly tosses her hair forward and back doing her best Farrah Fawcett/Charlie's Angels pose.

ZOE

Take it down a notch, "Ms.  
Page." You're either going to  
give people the wrong idea about  
us or give that one a heart  
attack.

Zoe gestures to an elderly man seated in a neighboring booth within the women's eyeline.

Cut to a 2-person shot of an elderly couple seated in a neighboring booth.

The Elderly Man sits entranced by Dorothy's posing. He is frozen, holding a coffee cup halfway to his mouth, which now sits open. Across from him in their booth sits an Elderly Woman who clearly wants his attention over the young women.

ELDERLY WOMAN

(snapping her fingers)

Harold. Wake up!

Cut back to Dorothy and Zoe

ZOE

Besides, you're not just a  
pretty face either. You told me  
that you were a great student  
when you were in school. And  
talented... You made that dress  
from scratch. You received those  
awards for your school plays.

DOROTHY

Well, those were just school  
plays. I'm no Patti LuPone.

ZOE

But you could be. Or Meryl  
Streep. Or any big star. Stop  
talking down about yourself.  
You've got the skills and the  
look. You just need confidence.  
Ninety-nine percent of  
auditioning is "confidence." I  
go into an audition and -  
    (striking a model's pose)  
I am the next Josephine Baker.  
    (she strikes another pose and gets  
    louder)  
The next Beverly Johnson!  
    (changing pose and getting louder)  
The next Diana Ross!  
    (changes pose and sits proudly with  
    her chin up)  
Black is beautiful, and I AM A  
STAR.

DOROTHY

    (cheerfully)  
Yes, you are!

Dorothy applauds.

DOROTHY

But I thought you wanted to be  
more than just a pretty face.

ZOE

I am. But this...

Zoe points to her face.

ZOE

and these...

Zoe points to her chest.

ZOE

...may get me into the door. But I  
am going to start to use THIS

Zoe points to her head.

more often, so I can stay in the  
room and one day take over the  
building.

DOROTHY

I've got this.

Dorothy points to her face.

DOROTHY  
and these.

Dorothy points to her chest.

DOROTHY  
But I can't even get onto the  
block.

ZOE  
I don't just rely on my physical  
assets. I charm them.

DOROTHY  
I charm them too. At least I  
would if I could get a proper  
audition. Not like that lunch  
meeting with the guy who just  
wanted pictures of my feet.

ZOE  
Maybe this agent experiment  
isn't such a bad idea. Look - I  
have the day off tomorrow. I'll  
help you go through the trades,  
run lines for auditions,  
whatever you need. Let's grab  
some as soon as we're done  
eating.

DOROTHY  
Done!

Dorothy puts down her silverware onto an empty plate and  
dabs the corners of her happily grinning mouth with her  
napkin.

#### **4 INT. MORNING - SMALL APARTMENT BEDROOM, THE NEXT DAY**

The room is neat and clean. The décor is feminine, but  
not too dainty. A few framed family photos sit on a  
dresser in front of a mirror. A Polaroid photo of Zoe and  
Dorothy wearing matching Mickey Mouse ears is tucked into  
the frame of the mirror, alongside old ticket stubs from  
concerts that she's attended - N.W.A., TLC, Stevie  
Wonder, and Lollapalooza 1991. The door is closed, the  
curtains are drawn shut. Zoe sleeps peacefully on a twin  
bed. An alarm clock reads 7:59 AM in bold red digits. As

it flips over to 8:00 AM, the door slowly opens to reveal a smiling Dorothy, peaking her head into Zoe's bedroom.

DOROTHY  
(singsong)  
Rise and shine, sleepy head.

Zoe stirs then covers her head with a pillow.

ZOE  
(groggily)  
What time is it?

DOROTHY  
8 AM.

ZOE  
(groggily)  
It's my day off.

DOROTHY  
You promised. I have coffee.  
Aaaaand the audition listings!

ZOE  
Gimme 10 minutes.

Zoe grabs her covers and pulls them over her head.

## **5 INT. MORNING - SMALL APARTMENT KITCHEN**

The two women sit across from each other, each engrossed in the large stack of copies of Hollywood trade magazines and flyers on the table between them. Zoe chews the back of an ink pen while she reads. Dorothy's eyes scan the pages for anything that is worth following up on, flipping page after page while sipping her coffee and snacking on a slice of buttered toast. A small boombox with built-in cassette player sits on the windowsill nearby. We hear a broadcast of American Top 40 with Casey Kasem's voice reading a request and dedication for "Bette Davis Eyes" by Kim Carnes softly in the background.

DOROTHY  
I can't seem to find anything.  
At least nothing that doesn't  
sound illegal. Here's one for an  
audition on a ship? 'Must be  
good with your hands.' Do they  
want someone who can juggle?  
Unload cargo?

Zoe responds without looking up.

ZOE

Sounds like they want someone to  
juggle the casting agent's  
cargo, if you know what I mean.

DOROTHY

Ewwwwwwwwww!

ZOE

Hmm, this could be something -  
'Wanted: American beauty to star  
in the next atomic-age lizard  
film from Dojo Studios. Must  
have passport and...' Oh, wait.  
You need to be able to speak  
Japanese. Do you speak Japanese?

DOROTHY

I worked in that sushi  
restaurant for 2 weeks in Little  
Tokyo.

Proudly and gleefully, Dorothy proclaims

DOROTHY

'Arrivederci!'

ZOE

That's Italian, dear. I think  
you mean 'arigato.'

DOROTHY

I guess that explains why there  
weren't many Asian people there.  
And why the cops busted the  
place. I bet it was a front for  
the mafia, like the olive oil  
business in The Godfather.

Dorothy sighs deeply, looking deflated and begins to  
slump forward in her chair, with her head eventually  
resting on the table in her folded arms.

ZOE

Let's put that in the 'maybe'  
pile.

Dorothy speaks with her face buried in her arms on the  
table.

DOROTHY

There must be something out there for me.

ZOE

Ooh! Look here! This audition is in two hours and only down the street.

Zoe circles an ad with her pen and hands it to a now perked-up Dorothy.

Cut to close-up of the ad as we hear Dorothy read it out loud. 'WANTED: Raven-haired beauty with a sense of humor and a curvy figure. Must work well with animals.'

DOROTHY

Cool! Two out of three ain't bad. But in case you haven't noticed, I'm a blonde.

ZOE

Not after I get through with you.

## **6 EXT. DAYLIGHT - OUTSIDE OLDER APARTMENT COMPLEX**

Zoe sits behind the wheel of a red 1978 Ford Capri parked on the street outside of their shared apartment. It is well maintained and still in good shape, but far from flashy. Dorothy is in the passenger seat; her face is obstructed by the visor being down. Zoe starts the car but abruptly stops to roll down the window to call out to a shabbily dressed man walking on the opposite side of the street. He has a cup of coffee in his hand and is pushing a shopping cart with his belongings inside.

ZOE

Hey! Buzzy! Did you get the Danishes?

We meet Clifford "Buzzy" Bukowski, a man in his mid-50s with a bushy beard and unkept salt and pepper hair being held back by a tie-dyed hippie bandana across his forehead covering his receding hairline. His hands are dirty, but his cheap neon-yellow sunglasses are vibrant and clean. A dusty tan jacket covers his stained Comedy Store t-shirt. His jeans are frayed at the cuffs and there is a rip at the knees. He is a former child star, now living on the streets of Los Angeles in an almost Buddha-like existence which he adopted during his time in

the 60's. His few meager possessions are contained in his shopping cart - a sleeping bag, an old camping canteen, some old paperback books from the library, and a straw hat to block out the sun on really hot days. In his youth, he was best known for his time as a child star on a TV show called "Buzzy Busts Loose" - a "Leave it to Beaver" type of show where he and his wholesome family of ranchers in the Wild West. Buzzy's character is credited for popularizing the "finger guns" motion and exclaiming "You got it!" as a catchphrase.

BUZZY

Sure did. It really hit the spot too. You're both sweethearts. Do you know that? Where are you two off to in such a rush on this beautiful sunny day in the City of Angels?

ZOE

Dorothy has an audition.

Leaning down to look into the car, Buzzy squints while sliding his sunglasses down with one finger.

BUZZY

I wondered who that was. I used to be on TV, you know. But I haven't gotten a role since puberty hit me like a bus. I sprouted 6 inches during my show's summer hiatus one year and that was that. But you... you got "the look"! Break a leg, kiddo.

Buzzy stands up, waves at the two women with an exaggerated child-like wave and a wide smile then gives them the "double guns" finger motion.

Zoe smiles, the women cheer as they speed off.

**7 INT. AFTERNOON - MODEST SMALL CAR SEATED AT A RED LIGHT ON LOS ANGELES STREET**

Close up of Zoe driving her car.

ZOE

You're lucky that I get to keep whatever I wear on my photoshoots.



Pull out to reveal Dorothy in the passenger seat wearing a sleek black wig and a tight black cocktail dress that is lowcut in the front. She is putting the finishing touches on her make-up in the visor mirror while Zoe drives. A pair of stiletto heels sit on the dashboard keeping Dorothy's headshot from flying away. The radio plays "Ain't 2 Proud 2 Beg" by TLC in the background. Dorothy is looking into the visor mirror, checking her wig and makeup.

DOROTHY

You're a genius, Zo!  
You know what, I do look pretty  
hot. Maybe I should take new  
headshots as a brunette.

Dorothy finishes off her lipstick and makes a satisfying lip-smacking sound, then smiles at Zoe as both women have a laugh at Dorothy's playfulness.

The car pulls up to a four-story studio's office building off Sunset and Gower. As the car slows down Dorothy scrambles to put her heels on before getting out of the car, headshot in hand; ready to take on the world she steps out of the car and asks -

DOROTHY

What do you think? How do I  
look?

Cut to Zoe in the driver's seat.

ZOE

Like a million bucks. Knock'em  
dead, doll. Remember - it's all  
about the confidence. Stand tall  
and act like you belong there.  
You're an actor after all.

Zoe gestures with her hands in a dramatic Shakespearean flourish to emphasize the word "actor."

DOROTHY

I AM an actor!

Dorothy mirrors Zoe's Shakespearean gesture before an about-face motion. Dorothy spins around and struts through the large double doors of the office building, swinging them wide with confidence.

As she watches her best friend take her first steps towards stardom, Zoe smiles. With a look of pride on her face, Zoe speaks out loud to herself.

ZOE

I think that was my first  
successful marketing exercise.  
New packaging, confident  
attitude. Now I just hope that  
she remembers what I told her.

## 8 INT. DAY - OFFICE WAITING ROOM

MUSIC: Shangri-La by Nelson Riddle

We pan across a crowded room. At the front of the room is a woman seated at a desk reading a paperback novel and looks disinterested in the sea of dozens of anxious wannabe actresses of various backgrounds and ages - all shapes and sizes, and all with raven black hair, sexy black dresses, and holding their headshots. One is bottle-feeding an infant. Some are chatting with each other. Some are silently waiting. Others are visibly nervous. Dorothy finds an empty seat and sits down next to a very tall drag queen in full make-up and a dress that is identical to what Dorothy is wearing, only better fitting than Zoe's hand-me-down. The Drag Queen's make-up and hair are perfect, and she exudes an air of confidence that no one else in the room has. Dorothy smiles politely at the drag queen and settles into her seat, nervously clutching her headshot. Dorothy begins to make small talk to the Drag Queen.

DOROTHY

(nervously)

Have you been waiting long?

DRAG QUEEN

(disinterested)

About an hour.

Dorothy nods her head and begins to look around the room at her competition.

DOROTHY

Oh. Okay.

Dorothy takes a beat and continues to make small talk.

DOROTHY

Have they taken many girls in?

DRAG QUEEN

Maybe a dozen or so. I saw 3 people come out that looked like they had been crying. I'm not worried though. I can cry on command.

Dorothy looks impressed at the Drag Queen's statement.

DRAG QUEEN

I'd show you, but I don't want to ruin my makeup.

DOROTHY

Well, that's understandable.

DRAG QUEEN

Come to think of it. The last girl that went in was sitting in your chair. But I don't remember seeing her come out.

DOROTHY

Is she still in there?

DRAG QUEEN

She must be. It's been at least 20 minutes since anyone's come out.

Suddenly, we hear a woman scream from behind the door and a thud. There's a commotion from the other room, and then we see the Associate Casting Director pop his head out of the door. He is in his mid-late 40s with a shaved head and wearing tinted glasses and a brown suit jacket. He begins to speak and addresses Janet, the secretary behind the desk - an older woman with auburn hair pulled into a bun and sensible business suit and a funky/fun lapel pin who is seated behind a desk smoking a cigarette and directing the traffic of the eager actresses between reading paragraphs of a trashy romance novel - "Once in Your Life" by M. DiMaggio, featuring a shirtless Fabio-type holding a buxom woman in an embrace.

ASSOCIATE CASTING DIRECTOR

Janet, we've got a fainter!

JANET

Another one?! Christ. These broads need to toughen up.

Janet throws her hands up in the air in frustration and then dials a number on the push-button phone on the desk.

JANET

Can you send the nurse up here again? Yeah, we've got another fainter.

Janet pauses a beat while listening to the person on the other end's response.

JANET

Yep, I guess I can cross her off the call-back list.

Janet hangs up the phone and goes back to her paperback novel as if nothing happened.

ASSOCIATE CASTING DIRECTOR

(with a sarcastic smile)

Thank you, Janet. Who's next?

Without looking up from her paperback novel, Janet points in the direction of Dorothy and the Drag Queen but lazily doesn't point to anyone in particular.

JANET

She's been here a while.

The Associate Casting Director looks in the direction of Janet's apathetic finger. His eyes lock onto Dorothy, who has been sitting calmly in her chair throughout the preceding chaos. He points to Dorothy and hurriedly waves her over.

ASSOCIATE CASTING DIRECTOR

Okay, honey. You're up.

The Associate Casting Director snaps his fingers, gives a grin then uses his thumb to point over his shoulder to the door that he just came through.

ASSOCIATE CASTING DIRECTOR

Follow me.

The Associate Casting Director takes Dorothy by the hand and quickly shuffles her from her seat towards the now open audition room door.

DOROTHY

But she was...

Smiling politely at the Associate Casting Director, Dorothy graciously gestures to the Drag Queen while Dorothy is practically pushed through the door. Dorothy turns her head and mouths the words "I'm sorry" to the Drag Queen who looks visibly aghast with her mouth open in shock and confusion.

DOROTHY  
(With an apologetic tone, whispering  
from over her shoulder towards the  
Drag Queen)  
Wish me luck.

Turning her head and rolling her eyes in a huff, the Drag Queen mumbling.

DRAG QUEEN  
Break a leg... you bitch.

DOROTHY  
(innocently)  
What was that?

DRAG QUEEN  
(dismissive tone and forcing a smile)  
Nothing. I-I love your wig.

Dorothy, with a concerned look on her face, softly whispers to the Drag Queen as she touches her head.

DOROTHY  
You can tell it's a wig!?

Frustrated, the Drag Queen looks around for a sympathetic voice in the room only to find her competition averting their eyes.

THE ASSOCIATE CASTING DIRECTOR  
(To Dorothy)  
Time is money in this business.  
This could be your big break,  
sweetheart. Let's go.

The camera pans as we follow Dorothy and the Associate Casting Director towards the door. We hear the Drag Queen in the background as the Associate Casting Director escorts Dorothy into the dimly lit room on the other side of the door.

DRAG QUEEN  
(off screen)  
What the actual f-

THE DOOR SLAMS AND CUTS OFF THE DRAG QUEEN'S EXASPERATED EXPLITIVE.

## 9 INT. DAY - OFFICE CASTING ROOM

We enter a dimly lit room. One spotlight points towards a spot on the floor with an X made of electrical tape in front of a blank backdrop.

An eager Dorothy and the Associate Casting Director enter the sparsely decorated office. Three people from the studio are seated in folding chairs behind a long collapsable table in the shadows, only illuminated by small desk lamps on the table. A generic abstract painting is on the wall behind them. A single potted palm in the corner of the room. A sofa is unoccupied to the left side of the room.

As if they are unaware of Dorothy and the Associate Casting Director's presence, the three figures continue to drink coffee, smoke cigarettes, and look through the binders in front of them. The binders contain page after page of headshots of nearly identical women who have auditioned before Dorothy, dressed in the same fashion she is currently dressed in.

Returning to a wide shot, the three continue to talk amongst themselves in hushed tones, paying no attention to the new arrival.

The Associate Casting Director points out the X on the floor to Dorothy as he walks her around the video camera set up on a tripod in the middle of the room.

ASSOCIATE CASTING DIRECTOR

Stand here and look into the camera, say your name and the role you are auditioning for.

DOROTHY

Role? Oh, I don't think it said in the ad. Did you need to pay by the letter?

Dorothy hands the Associate Casting Director her headshot as well as the ad for the audition. She points to the ad during the exchange.

The Associate Casting Director looks at the headshot, pauses for a second with a confused look on his face, then holds it up next to Dorothy's face when he notices

that she's not a brunette in the photo, then takes it away again.

ASSOCIATE CASTING DIRECTOR  
You must have seen the old ad.  
We are looking for someone to  
replace Countess Carmilla.

DOROTHY  
Countess Carmilla? The midnight  
monster movie host?! I love that  
show. Wait! Why are you  
replacing her? I just watched  
the black and white Dracula from  
1931 on her show last week.

ASSOCIATE CASTING DIRECTOR  
(speaking closely to Dorothy in a  
whisper)  
You know how in the movie,  
Dracula says he doesn't -

ASSOCIATE CASTING DIRECTOR  
(imitating Bela Lugosi)  
"drink wine"?

ASSOCIATE CASTING DIRECTOR  
Well, let's just say that she  
does.

The Associate Casting Director proceeds to mime a  
drinking motion with his hands and pretends to stagger  
like a drunk.

ASSOCIATE CASTING DIRECTOR  
...And vodka, gin, whiskey, as  
well as pops pills.

With a shocked look on her face, Dorothy puts her hand on  
her chest as if to clutch invisible pearls at the sound  
of the gossip.

CASTING AGENT #2  
If you two are finished with the  
gab session, can we begin?

ASSOCIATE CASTING DIRECTOR  
Absolutely, boss.

The Associate Casting Director places his hands on  
Dorothy's shoulders and positions her on the X. She  
straightens her posture throwing her shoulders back. This

is the moment she's been waiting a lifetime for - her first real audition. She stands proudly on the X, quickly and nervously doing any necessary last-minute checking of the edges of her wig to make sure that none of her blonde locks slip out. The Associate Casting Director hurriedly walks across the room to stand behind the people at the table and hands them her headshot. Casting agent #3, seated at the end of the table, takes it without looking at it and sets it down next to a shoebox which sits at the edge of the table.

The Associate Casting Director grabs the shoebox and walks over to the camera in the middle of the room, presses a button to turn it on, then stands near the couch just out of frame from the audition room's camera but within our view, still holding the shoebox.

CASTING AGENT #3

(to Dorothy)

In your time.

DOROTHY

Sorry?

CASTING AGENT #2

Whenever you're ready we can start.

DOROTHY

(with a smile)

Okay great. My name is Dorothy Gumm. You know, like bubble gum, but spelled G-U-M-M. But I didn't get a script.

CASTING AGENT #1

Oh, you wouldn't have. This is just to assess how you react on-camera.

DOROTHY

(still smiling)

React to what?

THE ASSOCIATE CASTING DIRECTOR

Close your eyes and put your hand out.

Looking at the couch, then back at the Associate Casting Director, then back at the couch, then back at the people at the table with a knowing look on her face, she gets wide-eyed and anxious.



DOROTHY

Oh no. I know where this is going. I thought I was auditioning for this roll for a commercial a few weeks ago and this guy thought he could...

Dorothy points at the couch and then gesturing back to herself and back to the couch and begins wagging her finger "no." Dorothy puts her hands on her hips and continues.

DOROTHY

Well, that wasn't happening, mister.

The people at the table begin to murmur and start to get annoyed. The Associate Casting Director calmly corrects Dorothy.

THE ASSOCIATE CASTING DIRECTOR

That's not what this is.

DOROTHY

(relieved)

Thank goodness. I was in such a rush this morning that I didn't get to shave my legs. And I'm not that kind of girl anyway. I want to get my role on my merits, not on my back. I won't do nude scenes, either. Well, unless it's tasteful and integral to the plot.

Dorothy pauses and looks around the shadowy room at the casting agents. She feels like she's speaking too much and begins to explain herself and apologise.

DOROTHY

Can you tell that I'm a little nervous? I ramble when I'm nervous. Some people find it endearing.

A nervous smile comes over Dorothy's face.

ASSOCIATE CASTING DIRECTOR

Just relax. You'll do fine.

The Associate Casting Director looks over at the trio at the table as if to say, "I've got this under control," then looks back at Dorothy.

Dorothy nods and takes a deep breath, collecting herself as she exhales.

ASSOCIATE CASTING DIRECTOR

Now, close your eyes and keep them closed until I say. And please put out your hands.

DOROTHY

That's exactly what that fake casting agent told me to do.

The Associate Casting Agent furrows his brow. Dorothy obliges and puts her hands out.

DOROTHY

Okay. I'm ready.

From Dorothy's POV: The screen slowly goes black mimicking her eyelids closing. In the darkness we hear what's going on but don't see anything yet.

ASSOCIATE CASTING DIRECTOR

Here you go. Now be gentle with him.

DOROTHY

I told you that I'm not -

ASSOCIATE CASTING DIRECTOR

Would you relax and trust me? Now, keep your eyes closed until we tell you to open them.

DOROTHY

Okay. I'm really ready this time. Hey, that tickles.

ASSOCIATE CASTING DIRECTOR

Do you remember in the ad it said that we were looking for people who are good with animals, right?

DOROTHY

Oh yeah. It feels too small to be a kitty. Is it a fuzzy little hamster? I had a hamster named

Bogey as a kid. And Bogey loved to sit on my shoulder and nuzzle against my neck. It was so sweet.

ASSOCIATE CASTING DIRECTOR

We are thinking about adding an animal or two to the show with the new Countess.

CASTING AGENT #3

Market research shows that TV shows with animals do well in the ratings.

CASTING AGENT #2

Lassie, Mr. Ed, that pig on Green Acres, you get the point.

DOROTHY

Absolutely! Who doesn't love a cuddly and cute co-star?

CASTING AGENT #2

(softly to Casting Agent #1)

She looks extremely comfortable with it.

DOROTHY

(to the fuzzy animal)

Did you want to sit on my shoulder like Bogey, fuzzy little fella?

CASTING AGENT #3

You can open your eyes when you're ready.

DOROTHY

Sure. Hello, my fuzzy little friend. What should I call you?

We return to Dorothy's POV as her eyes open and we see a large tarantula sitting calmly in her hands.

Cut to two-shot of Dorothy gingerly holding the large tarantula, and Associate Casting Director anticipating her reaction.

Dorothy inhales sharply but quickly catches herself and remembers that she's there to impress them. Her reaction at this moment is clearly part of the test and she would

be damned if she freaked out and cost herself her first audition. She also wouldn't want to hurt the animal.

DOROTHY  
(calmly to the tarantula)  
What's your name? I bet it's  
something cute. Something that  
fits your personality.

DOROTHY  
(to the casting agents)  
Is it a boy or a girl? I don't  
know where to look on a spider.

CASTING AGENT #2  
I never bothered to ask. But  
their name is...

Picking up a clipboard from the table and skimming it  
with their finger for info.

CASTING AGENT #2  
Spike. And a male.

DOROTHY  
(to Spike)  
Well, you're very sweet Spike. I  
hope that you choose me to be  
your co-star, sir.

Dorothy holds Spike in her left hand while gently petting  
it with her index finger on her right hand and blows it a  
little kiss directed towards her furry co-star.

CASTING AGENT #1  
Okay. I think we've seen what we  
needed to see. We'll be in touch  
with our answer soon.

ASSOCIATE CASTING DIRECTOR  
I'll take Spike now.

DOROTHY  
(to the Associate Casting Director)  
Thank you.

DOROTHY  
(to Spike)  
Thank you

Dorothy gives a little wave to the tarantula as he is  
being put back into his case.

DOROTHY  
(To the agents)  
Thank you all. I can't wait to  
hear from you.

**10 INT. NIGHT - THE FROLIC ROOM, THREE DAYS LATER**

The small historic Hollywood bar is quiet for a Tuesday evening except for the sounds of a small TV in the corner behind the bar. As we pan across the historic dive, we see the small TV as the nightly news wrap up and then hear the voice of Ed McMahon as he introduces an episode of The Tonight Show with Johnny Carson. The familiar theme song plays and Ed's voice comes through the tiny speaker, just barely audible over the grumbling of the three gruff barflies sitting at the bar.

ED MCMAHON (ON TV)  
From Hollywood - the Tonight  
Show, starring Johnny Carson.  
This is Ed McMahon along with  
Doc Severinsen and the NBC  
Orchestra, inviting you to join  
Johnny and his guests: Oscar  
winner Benjamin Davis, TV's  
Mayim Bialik and the legendary  
George Burns. And now, ladies  
and gentlemen - Heeeeere's  
Johnny!

The sound of the TV fades away as we pan across the bar to show Dorothy working behind the bar. She is wearing a Bart Simpson "Don't have a cow, man" t-shirt and jeans, and her hair pulled back into a ponytail. Dorothy is wiping down the bar with a rag in a vacant space which was recently occupied by a customer. Dorothy works her way down the bar and stops at one of the regulars who are seated near the door; Marty Lee - a man in his early fifties, modestly dressed in collared shirt and loosened tie and slacks. His suit jacket lays across the empty seat next to him. He is on his way home from a late meeting and wearing a tired expression on his face. As she wipes the bar, Dorothy looks up at Marty and addresses him with concern.

DOROTHY  
Rough day, Marty?

MARTY  
Yeah. I sold another script.

DOROTHY

But you're a writer. That's a good thing, right?

MARTY

I guess. It's just not a good script. I hate the idea.

DOROTHY

Then why did you write it?

MARTY

Paramount asked me to. They wanted another dumb, run of the mill, rom com.

DOROTHY

What's wrong with rom coms? I love them. Have you ever seen "Roman Holiday" or "Some Like it Hot"? They're fantastic.

Dorothy clutches the bar rag to her chest and throws her head back.

MARTY

Of course. And there isn't anything wrong with rom coms. But I have all these other great ideas, and all they want from me is the same predictable drivel. But I have so many other ideas in my head. So many other projects that I want to work on, but this is all the studios are interested in.

DOROTHY

Well, I'm interested. What are your other ideas?

MARTY

I've got so many. They want romantic stories, so I presented one that was set on the Titanic. But I was told that no one wants to see a movie about the Titanic because they know how it will end.

DOROTHY AND MARTY

(in unison)

With the boat sinking.

MARTY

Sure, fine. But I can do things other than romance. I also pitched a script about scientists who clone dinosaurs from DNA found in ancient mosquito blood. They said that it was too unbelievable. No shit! It's science fiction.

DOROTHY

I'd see that.

MARTY

(in agreement)

Right?!

Marty finishes his drink and sets it down.

DOROTHY

Another?

MARTY

Oh, I have plenty of others. I have this idea about these blue aliens whose world gets invaded by humans. They're called the Na'---

Dorothy cuts him off.

DOROTHY

I meant, "Did you want another drink?"

MARTY

Thanks, but no. I should be going. I have to finish the script on which I've been working. It's about this billionaire who falls in love with one of the sex workers on Hollywood Boulevard.

DOROTHY

Are you sure you can sell that?

MARTY

They'd be fools to turn it down. It has heart. It has passion.

It's a modern-day Cinderella tale. I'll let you know how it goes.

Marty gets up to leave but turns back around and addresses Dorothy.

MARTY  
I almost forgot! How'd the audition go? Have you heard back from them?

DOROTHY  
Not yet.

MARTY  
Well, I'm sure it's only a matter of time.

Dorothy smiles and crosses her fingers.

MARTY  
Maybe I'll write a role for you in one of my scripts. Would you play a motorcycle riding kung fu-superhero trapped in a computer-generated world?

DOROTHY  
Motorcycles, kung fu, and superheroes? Sounds like the Holy Trinity of an action film.

MARTY  
(speaking to himself)  
Hmm... "Trinity?" I like how that sounds.

Marty waves to Dorothy and exits.

Dorothy picks up the now empty glass from Marty, places it in the sink behind her then proceeds to wipe away the water left behind from the glass when Zoe runs through the open door with an excited grin on her face.

ZOE  
You did it!

DOROTHY  
(excitedly)  
What?!



ZOE

You did it! I mean, you booked it. They just called so I raced over here.

DOROTHY

I'm going to be the next Countess Carmilla?!

Dorothy jumps over the bar and greets Zoe with a massive hug.

ZOE

(while being hugged)  
Not really.

Dorothy pushes Zoe away from their hug.

DOROTHY

Wait! You just said..

ZOE

Okay, let me start from the beginning.

Dorothy sits down at the bar and looks up at Zoe as she stands and begins to explain.

ZOE (V.O.)

(hurriedly)  
Okay, so you know how I had that early start for the photoshoot today?

CROSS FADE

**11 EXT. DAY - TRAFFIC JAM ON THE 101**

ZOE (V.O.)

I was heading home, but there was roadwork, and I had to detour down Santa Monica.

VIEW OF A FRUSTRATED ZOE DRIVING HER CAR

ZOE (V.O.)

I suddenly got a craving for Chow Fun. And there, in the distance, like a mirage, was the Formosa. I haven't had a bite to eat since dinner last night so...

CLOCK WIPE TRANSITION

ZOE (V.O.)  
I popped in and grabbed some  
food.

**12 INT. DAY - THE FORMOSA RESTAURANT**

Through a series of quick camera wipes, we see Zoe walking up to the bar to place her order, pay for it, and receive a bag with her takeout order, then see her in the car putting the key in the ignition starting the car in close-up, then wide shot of her car driving away.

HARD CUT

**13 INT. NIGHT - THE FROLIC ROOM**

DOROTHY  
(eagerly smiling)  
I'm sure there's a point to  
this.

ZOE  
I'm setting the scene.

**14 INT. LATE AFTERNOON - ZOE AND DOROTHY'S APARTMENT**

Zoe enters the apartment and quickly puts her keys and purse on a small table near the door. She hurriedly puts the bag with her takeout inside on the coffee table on her way to the refrigerator in the kitchen a few steps away. She returns with a soda and puts it down next to the take out - kicking her shoes off without using her hands. She presses the button on the TV's remote turning it on. MTV is playing the video for "Unbelievable" by EMF.

ZOE (V.O.)  
So, I get home sit down, kick my  
shoes off and switch on MTV and  
get ready to chow down when...

Zoe removes her takeout and chopsticks from the bag, splits the chopsticks into two, and eagerly plunges them into her steaming box of takeout.

Push-zoom to a ringing push-button phone on the other side of the room.

ZOE

Damn it!

Zoe stabs her chopsticks into the box of takeout and places the box of takeout on the table. She quickly walks over to the ringing phone. Collecting herself, she answers the phone.

ZOE

(calmly answering the phone)

Hello?

HARD CUT

**15 INT. NIGHT - THE FROLIC ROOM**

Still eagerly smiling. Dorothy gesturing with her hand to speed things along.

ZOE

I'm getting there.

DOROTHY

(still smiling)

Then get there.

The bar patrons in the background have now stopped their conversations and are eagerly listening to Zoe's excited story.

BAR PATRONS IN UNISON

Yeah!

Zoe and Dorothy look around, pause for a beat, and Zoe reaches into her back pocket and pulls out a folded piece of yellow legal paper. Gingerly, Zoe hands it over to Dorothy as if it was a sacred religious object. Dorothy grins ear to ear as she receives it.

Dorothy unfolds it and reads its contents. Her eyes get wide, and she audibly squeals with excitement, then quickly gives Zoe a big hug. The two women hug and jump up and down in excitement.

BAR PATRON #1

Well, what the hell does it say?

DOROTHY

(to Bar Patrons)

I'm going to be on T.V.!

Dorothy excitedly waves the paper as the bar patrons erupt in cheer and applause.

**16 EXT. NIGHT - DARK AND FOGGY ROAD ALONG RUNYON CANYON, TWO DAYS LATER.**

Framed in 4:3 Fullscreen TV format with a CRT television effect like a late 1980's news broadcast. We pan across a foggy deserted road in the Hollywood Hills. Mysterious and tense synthesizer music begins to play. As the fog continues to roll in, we continue to pan across the brush to reveal a pair of women's feet with painted red toenails. A lone white high heel shoe lays beside one of the feet. A splash of crimson has desecrated the once clean and pure white leather footwear. We continue to pan along the road, we see more of the woman's body lying on the ground. She is surrounded by a chalk outline and dressed in a cute and fashionable skirt and top that is fun and flirty with a youthful tone. She was clearly someone with a vibrant personality, but that personality had been snuffed out. The woman's pale skin is bathed in the pulsing red and blue lights of a nearby police car mocking her now nonexistent heartbeat. As the music begins to fade into the background, we hear a rich baritone voice from off-screen.

MYSTERIOUS MAN IN TRENCH COAT

(dramatic tone V.O.)

Some come to Hollywood for fame  
and fortune. A lucky few find  
it. While others find themselves  
in danger - staring into the  
eyes of a madman, instead of the  
lens of a big studio's film  
camera. That's what happened to  
this young woman.

As we continue to pan up across the lifeless body, it is revealed that the woman on the ground is Dorothy. Her eyes are closed; her body is still. Her hair is messy, body contorted, and her colorful clothes are torn and stained with blood, splattered across her once clean outfit.

We pan out as a police officer covers the body with a sheet, and other officers begin to examine the crime scene. The man who was speaking is now visible. He has stepped into the frame to reveal that he is an attractive man in his late fifty's/early sixty's, graying hair at the temples with an air of gravitas about him. He is wearing a long trench coat covering a suit and tie, like

a detective from a 1940's noir film. He has the classic good looks of a matinee idol of a bygone era. Now he has parlayed that classic movie star quality into being a TV star in his older years. He stands next to Dorothy's now covered head and continues with his monologue. He places his hands in his pockets and speaks directly to the audience, breaking the fourth wall as the mysterious synth music swells then fades out.

MYSTERIOUS MAN IN TRENCH COAT

Her life was tragically cut  
short just when she thought she  
was about to have her big break.  
A tragic end for a such a  
promising young woman, never to  
wake-up from her dreams of  
stardom.

TV DIRECTOR

(Off screen)

Aaaaand... cut!

With the sound of the director's voice, we cut to standard widescreen format and are taken out of the "TV footage" effect.

TV DIRECTOR

Okay that's a wrap. Moving on  
now.

Dorothy sits straight up with the sheet still covering her face. She reaches out from under it, pulls it down revealing her smiling face. Her long blonde hair covers her face from the sheet, so she blows it out of the way with a deep exhale. Amid the chaos of the set around her, she stands up and dusts herself off and sets the sheet aside. The Mysterious Man in Trench Coat and crew pay no attention to the smiling former corpse.

DOROTHY

How was that?

The actor playing the cop just shrugs as he walks away.

DOROTHY

Looking towards the director and Mysterious Man in Trench Coat

Mr. Director! How was that?

The director ignores Dorothy as he is speaking to the Assistant Director and the Mysterious Man in Trench Coat

about the next shot. Dorothy walks over to the three men and sensing a moment to jump into their conversation, she clears her throat.

DOROTHY

How was that Mr. Director?

TV DIRECTOR

(confused and slightly dismissive)

What? Oh, yeah, you were great.

MYSTERIOUS MAN IN TRENCH COAT

(with a fake reassuring tone, but

disinterested in anything to follow)

Absolutely. The best corpse  
we've had here in a while.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

(with a polite smile)

I really believed you were that  
corpse.

The Assistant Director takes Dorothy by the arm and leads her away from the Director and Mysterious Man in Trench Coat.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Thanks for coming out today. You  
can take these clothes back to  
wardrobe.

DOROTHY

Do you know when the episode  
will air?

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Sometime in the fall. We're not  
sure yet. You know how it goes.

DOROTHY

Not really. This was my first  
role.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

(with pity and a smile)

"Unnamed corpse #2". Well, we  
all have to start somewhere.

Crane shot pulls out to show the cameras and crew members dismantling the "Hollywood Hills Road" set on a soundstage as Dorothy walks towards the exit sign. A door opens exposing the light of the real world. Dorothy walks

through, looking over her shoulder briefly at the film set behind her.

**17 EXT. NIGHT - STUDIO BACKLOT OUTSIDE OF SOUNDSTAGE**

A row of trailers lines the outside of the soundstage. Dorothy exits one trailer with the word "Hair and Make-up" on the door. She is looking more like her usual vibrant self, wearing her street clothes, and smiling. As she exits, she turns and waves to the people inside of the trailer. She's clearly made friends with them during her brief time in the trailer.

DOROTHY

Thanks girls. Tell your son,  
"Good luck" with his karate  
tournament, Gale!

Dorothy mimes a karate chop and smiles.

As Dorothy walks down the steps, she spots an actor that she recognizes - recent Academy Award winner, Benjamin Davis, exiting the neighboring soundstage. He is walking to his trailer across the lane, just outside of the soundstage. The man is handsome, wearing a tattered WWII soldier's uniform and a towel around his neck. He is in his mid-late forties with movie star good looks. He enters his trailer and closes the door behind him. Dorothy watches him, then checks her makeup in the reflection in the side mirror of a parked golf cart outside of the make-up trailer. She then quickly walks to the handsome actor's trailer. After collecting herself, she reaches into her purse and pulls out her headshot while standing at the bottom of the trailer's steps. Excitedly, she climbs the steps and knocks on the trailer door. We can hear music ("Orinoco Flow" by Enya) softly playing from inside of the trailer. After a moment we hear the actor from behind the closed door.

BENJAMIN

One second!

Dorothy's eager smile gets wider and her grip on her headshot gets tighter.

BENJAMIN

(from behind closed door)  
Come in.

**18 INT. NIGHT - SPACIOUS STAR WAGGON TRAILER**

Dorothy opens the door to reveal a trailer decorated with various knick-knacks from around the world, mostly Eastern religion statues mixed and matched with no discernable connection. There are several lit candles in the corners and incense burning on a small incense holder as if he were about to meditate.

Benjamin enters from behind a closed door wearing a black silk robe. He smiles warmly at Dorothy.

BENJAMIN

Well, hello there. Please, have  
a seat. Make yourself  
comfortable.

He gestures at the loveseat and Dorothy sits down still clutching her headshot. She places it on the side table next to a small statue of a woman with foreign writing carved into it.

BENJAMIN

(warmly)

How's your day going?

DOROTHY

Great now. Thanks for asking. My  
name is Dorothy, and I have to  
say that I am a big fan. I've  
seen all your films. I'm an  
actor too. In fact, I just  
wrapped on the set across the  
street...

Dorothy begins to happily discuss her day with the virtual stranger with her usual bubbly exuberance. Her voice and the new age music playing on the expensive stereo in the corner begin to fade into the background as Benjamin begins to hyper focus on Dorothy's body instead of her words. Benjamin looks at her with a hunger in his eyes. His gaze goes from her eyes to her lips, then to her neck. Her voice begins to be muffled by the sound of Dorothy's heartbeat. He continues to fake interest in her muffled words, occasionally nodding, while obsessively looking at her neck. His breathing quickens as he watches her Jugular vein pulse with every excited heartbeat. As his anticipation increases, we only hear Dorothy's heartbeat above her story about her day.



Benjamin takes his index finger and places it on the bottom of Dorothy's chin, turning her face away from him so she is in profile and exposing her neck.

Dorothy smiles, gently moves his finger away from her face and from under the sound of her beating heart we can hear her speak again.

DOROTHY

I've been told that I have a striking profile. I'm glad you noticed. I could only afford one photo on my headshot, so I went with the front view.

Dorothy reaches over to grab her headshot from the table and when she turns around Benjamin has transformed. His once beautiful eyes are now a vibrant demonic red. Long fangs protrude from his wide grin as his mouth opens like a lion about to sink his teeth into a gazelle. Dorothy shrieks as the room spins and she passes out.

CUT TO BLACK

Moments later, Dorothy slowly comes to. She is now lying on the loveseat with a cold hand towel across her forehead.

Across from her, seated at a small dining table only designed for two people, we see a well-tanned 19-year-old man, shirtless with blonde hair. He is sipping a glass of orange juice and snacking on oatmeal raisin cookies. When the surfer notices that Dorothy is starting to come to, he chugs the rest of the juice and taps the hand of the man seated across from him, Stanley, a thin man in his mid-60s with a pencil thin mustache and dark suit jacket and pants with a pink dress shirt on underneath, and matching pocket square in the breast pocket of the jacket. Stanley has been fanning Dorothy with her own headshot while she was unconscious. But he had stopped paying attention to her while he reads a copy of Entertainment Weekly.

SURFER DUDE

(very relaxed and pointing towards Dorothy)

Dude...

Stanley puts down his magazine and turns his attention back to Dorothy.

STANLEY

(to Dorothy)  
Oh good. You're awake. Are you  
okay?

Dorothy nods yes.

DOROTHY  
Who are you?

STANLEY  
My name is Stanley. I'm here to  
check on you.

Stanley puts the headshot back down on the table and  
helps her sit up.

STANLEY  
(speaking over his shoulder)  
I think she'll be fine.

DOROTHY  
(still disoriented and confused)  
Are you a nurse or something?

STANLEY  
Or something.

BENJAMIN  
(from the other room)  
Is she okay?

STANLEY  
She's okay.

DOROTHY  
What happened? The last thing I  
remember was...

Dorothy is interrupted by the sight of Benjamin entering  
the room. His face is no longer the grotesque fanged  
creature that she thinks that she saw, but the handsome  
actor that the world knows and loves. He does, however,  
have a small trickle of red liquid in the corner of his  
mouth. Dorothy starts to panic once more.

DOROTHY  
No! No! No! Stay away from me.

She hurriedly touches her neck and looks at her hands  
only to find that it's clean and undamaged. Then she uses  
her fingers to create a cross.

STANLEY

It's okay. You're okay. I think  
you're just a little confusion.  
That's all.

Stanley turns toward Benjamin and notices the blood still on Benjamin's mouth. With the frustration of a parent silently scolding a child in public, Stanley silently mouths the words "wipe your mouth" to Benjamin.

Benjamin quickly grabs a towel and cleans up.

Dorothy looks at the three men, and feeling very unsafe, gets up to run away, but she's still dizzy and falls back into a seated position on the loveseat. Her eyes are wide.

BENJAMIN

(to the Surfer Dude)

I think you should go now.

Looking back at Benjamin, The Surfer Dude reveals a bandage on his neck. He stands up and addresses Stanley with his hand out.

SURFER DUDE

Dude?

STANLEY

Sorry, I almost forgot. Here you  
go, as per our agreement.

Stanley hands the Surfer a \$100 bill. The Surfer grabs the money with his index finger and thumb on his left hand from Stanley's, then flicks his index finger against the crisp \$100 bill with his right hand's index finger before folding it and putting it into his pocket with a smile. The Surfer Dude exits with a spring in his step.

SURFER DUDE

Duuuude!

As the trailer door closes behind the strutting surfer, Dorothy continues to try to put together the pieces of what just happened.

DOROTHY

I'm not sure what is going on.

STANLEY

Maybe it was something you ate.

DOROTHY  
I did have some cheesy garlic  
bread from crafty.

BENJAMIN  
(hissing and pointing at Dorothy)  
Garlic!

Dorothy checks her breath for a garlic smell by breathing into her palm and sniffing the air in her cupped palm.

After a beat, we can see the expression on Dorothy's face as she starts to figure out what really happened.

DOROTHY  
(pointing at Benjamin)  
He's a vampire!

STANLEY  
(lazily dismissive)  
What? No! Vampire? No. C'mon.

BENJAMIN  
(to Stanley)  
Clearly, she knows what's going on. I'll just glamour her and she can move along.

DOROTHY  
Glamour? Do you mean, like Marilyn Monroe? How is a makeover going to help anything?

STANLEY  
Not that kind of glamour. Just think of it like hypnotizing you to forget about this.

DOROTHY  
Wait! What?!

BENJAMIN  
Look into my eyes...

Dorothy, frozen in fear, shuts her eyes tight.

STANLEY  
Come on, now. It doesn't hurt. Would you rather live with the knowledge that vampires and werewolves are real?

In shock, Dorothy opens her eyes.

DOROTHY  
(shocked)  
Vampires AND WEREWOLVES?!

BENJAMIN  
Good going, Stanley.

STANLEY  
(to himself)  
It's just not my day, I guess.

BENJAMIN  
Okay... Okay. I won't glamour you.  
But you'll have to sign an NDA  
and never tell anyone what you  
saw here.

DOROTHY  
(defiantly)  
Or what? You're going to kill  
me?

BENJAMIN  
No. I'll just sue you. I'm not a  
monster, for Christ's sake. I'm  
a modern vampire.

BENJAMIN  
(gesturing around him at his new age  
decorations)  
I meditate for crying out loud!

BENJAMIN  
(to Dorothy)  
I am what you could call  
"California sober;" I only drink  
from willing donors, like our  
surfer friend. Locally sourced  
and totally organic. All  
organized by my friend Stanley.

Stanley nods to Dorothy.

BENJAMIN  
(continues)  
Surfers' blood is a great source  
of Vitamin D.

STANLEY  
(to Dorothy)

I offer a service that caters to an exclusive clientele. I procure hard-to-find items for a reasonable fee. In Benjamin's case, Think of me as a dietician. I provide a steady diet of healthy donors to the area vampires. And the donors, and I, are paid handsomely.

Benjamin turns to check his reflection in the floor length mirror.

BENJAMIN

Besides, I don't want to gain weight. Hollywood is a business of aesthetics. Today, the average person has so much cholesterol in their blood. It goes straight to my hips. But none of that really matters because you can't tell anyone what you've seen.

STANLEY

It's not like the public would believe that Golden Globe winner and People Magazine's Sexiest Man Alive 1982 and 1984 is a vampire, anyway.

DOROTHY

Wait... How can you be a real, legit vampire? You're probably just some rich weirdo.

BENJAMIN

You did see the teeth, right?

DOROTHY

But I saw you wipe your mouth while looking into the mirror.

BENJAMIN

Oh, that's an old wives' tale. I think some old vampire made that up centuries ago just as a way to trick the public. Besides, how could I be so stylish if I couldn't see myself in the mirror?

Benjamin turns to look at himself in the mirror, checking his hair with a smile.

BENJAMIN

Depriving myself from seeing myself – now that would be a true horror story. As for the garlic thing, I just don't like it. A little goes a long way and too many people just drown their food in it instead of letting the natural flavors come through.

STANLEY

(to Dorothy)

Personally, I like garlic.

DOROTHY

(to Stanley with a smile)

Me too. Have you ever been to Dana Tana's restaurant?

STANLY

(excitedly)

Been there? I can walk there from my house.

Benjamin interrupts the distracted pair.

BENJAMIN

(to Dorothy)

Look, I am sorry that you got mixed up in all of this. Is that your headshot? You're looking to break into show business, right? I'm assuming that's the reason why you knocked on my door.

Dorothy nods yes.

BENJAMIN

Let me make it up to you. I've got a film that I'm producing. It starts in 2 weeks. I can get you into the cast. It's nothing big. Just two scenes. But it is with a major studio. You could use the credit toward getting your SAG card and getting your next gig.

DOROTHY  
(cautiously)  
Is it a horror movie?

BENJAMIN  
You said you've seen all my  
films. Have you ever seen me in  
a horror movie?

# **19 INT. DUSK - SOUNDSTAGE MOVIE SET**

We cut to a close-up of a clapperboard that says  
"Squadron Attack on Planet Dellfold: The Valmar  
Rebellion" written in the space reserved for the film's  
title.

FRENCH DIRECTOR  
(off screen)  
Action!

With the sound of the director's voice and the snap of  
the clapperboard, we reveal an elaborate set designed to  
look like a cave on the moon. The faux moon rocks are  
bathed in an eerie pale green. Puffs of dry ice from the  
smoke machine create a low hanging fog along the floor.  
Dorothy enters holding a futuristic metallic ray gun. She  
is dressed in a form-fitting black and silver bodysuit  
with matching boots that would make Barbarella jealous.  
Her hair is teased higher than Dolly Parton could aspire  
to have, with a punk rock pink streak on one side. Her  
makeup highlights and accentuates her cheekbones, and a  
thick stripe of black makeup goes across her eyes from  
one side of her head to the other in an inch tall  
horizontal stripe. With a serious look on her face, as if  
she is hunting for someone ...or something. She looks down  
at the ray gun in her hand and begins to speak.

DOROTHY  
(with an earnest delivery)  
The chronometer says that we  
can't be far from galactic  
center-point. We'll need to keep  
our wits about us. Otherwise,  
the kingdom will fall. We took  
an oath. We must not fail.

Dorothy's co-star appears. He is a very muscular man in  
his mid-forties, a pro-wrestling type. He is Ronald Kino,  
a journeyman-actor. He has been working in films for  
years, appearing in bit roles in movies, TV, and  
commercials. Ronald is wearing silver face paint and



prosthetics as part of his robot costume. A robot is the perfect role for his personality - or lack thereof. Ronald is quiet, stoic and near robotic when not in character. Robot-Ronald follows Dorothy across our screen, stalking an invisible enemy.

RONALD

Bleep-boop-beep-beep.

DOROTHY

(earnestly)

That's right. We must NEVER give up.

Suddenly, a flash pot explosion goes off behind the pair. The pyrotechnics cause sparks and smoke to fly into the air. Dorothy and Ronald lurch forward and fall to the floor as if being knocked down by a shockwave. The two lay on the floor.

FRENCH DIRECTOR

Cut! Excellent!

Ronald helps Dorothy to her feet. The two dust themselves off as they get to their feet. The crew hurries to set up the next shot behind them when suddenly, louder than the staged explosion a bald man in an expensive suit and chomping on a cigar, storms into the set waving his arms in the air. He is quickly followed by three assistants as if he was their mother duck.

CIGAR MAN

(angrily)

Shut it down. Shut it down now!

FRENCH DIRECTOR

(to Cigar Man)

Mon dieu?! What are you doing?!

CIGAR MAN

(to French Director)

We're shutting this film down. You've gone over budget, and I can't keep pouring money into this travesty.

FRENCH DIRECTOR

Travesty?! How dare you!

CIGAR MAN

I dare. My studio writes the checks around here. And this

production is bleeding us dry.  
I've been reviewing the cost  
report. You're going way over  
budget. I'm tired of throwing  
money at your little space-  
western-whatever it is.

FRENCH DIRECTOR  
I have a vision! I have  
integrity!

CIGAR MAN  
And I have a business to run.  
Not a charity for artsy weirdos.

FRENCH DIRECTOR  
(angrily)  
"Merde pour cerveaux!"

CIGAR MAN  
Watch your mouth or you'll be on  
the next plane back to France  
and spend the rest of your days  
stomping grapes in obscurity.  
You'll be lucky to direct school  
plays in Siberia. You'll never  
work in this industry again!  
Don't you know who I am?

FRENCH DIRECTOR  
(smuggly)  
"Monsieur Tête de Cochon"?

CIGAR MAN  
(to his Assistants)  
What?! What'd he say?

Averting their eyes and looking down at a stack of papers  
that they've been holding, Assistant #1 hurriedly hands a  
paper to the Cigar Man.

CIGAR MAN  
Stuff a baguette in it for a  
second. I have a solution.  
You'll get to finish your movie.  
But without these expensive  
special effects, make-up, etc.

FRENCH DIRECTOR  
(calming down, but still suspicious)  
How?

## CIGAR MAN

Computers, my boy! This is the way of the future. It's the 1990's after all. Stop living in the past. We don't need to waste money on these sets and practical effects. We can do it all on computers. My studio has made a deal with a software company from Tokyo that can cut the cost of films like this in half.

With a proud smile, the cigar chomping studio head begins to walk around the set pointing at actors and props as he continues his pitch.

## CIGAR MAN

The best part of it all, you get to have more control over the finished product. The sky isn't blue enough? No need to paint the set again or wait for better weather! We'll fix it with the computer. The leading man's jaw isn't square enough? We'll fix it with the computer. Hell, if he's not handsome enough, we'll use the computer to replace him all together. We can replace them all with the computer!

## FRENCH DIRECTOR

More control? Ultimate control...  
Je l'aime!

The two hug and become friendly again.

## FRENCH DIRECTOR

(to the crew)

Shut it down! Shut it down now!  
Strike the set. Everyone - go home!

The Cigar Man throws his arm around the French Director, and they exit with the Cigar Man's assistances in tow behind them in a more cheerful mood. As they walk away, you can hear them making plans for drinks as if their shouting match never happened and things are instantly smoothed over between the two. We pan out to reveal the shocked and dismayed cast and crew left behind in silent confusion.

Benjamin exits the small make-up trailer on the set behind the cameras. His hair is perfectly quaffed, and he is dressed like a "space military captain." Two thin alien antennae prosthetics protrude from his forehead. Proudly he stands in a hero's pose and proclaims.

BENJAMIN

I'm ready for my scene.

Still silent, everyone turns to look at him. In the quiet, one of the stagehands lets a metal tool drop from his hand. The clanging of the tool snaps them out of their own stunned silence, allowing them to realize that they are now unemployed. They begin to murmur amongst each other and start to dismantle the set, as instructed. Ronald walks off. Benjamin stands there, confused, and looks around. Dorothy looks at Benjamin and shrugs her shoulders.

## 20 INT. EVENING - BOARDNERS BAR

The cast and a few of the crew sit at the bar and in the booths of the dimly lit and swanky bar. The walls are decorated with photos of famous stars who have graced the barstools in times of joy and in times of sorrow. It is a who's who of the current day stars going back to the days of Errol Flynn and W.C. Fields. Outside of the bar, the city is alive with locals and tourists, happily enjoying the night. The mood within the four walls of the bar is a mix of frustration and sadness. Benjamin turns from the bar and addresses the group as music plays in the background.

BENJAMIN

Come on everyone. It's not that bad. This happens. We'll find new projects. But for now, drinks are on me!

TEAMSTER FROM SET

(slamming his fist on the bar top)  
I worked hard on those sets. Two weeks just on the moons of Scramuzza set! They can't replace us with a computer. I'm a skilled craftsman, goddamn it! I'll have my union grind this city to a halt.

Benjamin pats the man on the back as he passes him, crossing the room from the bar towards the booths. He

nods to Ronald who is approaching the bar. We see Dorothy who is already seated in one of the booths. Above the booth are framed autographed photos of Andy Griffith, Lucille Ball, and Gloria Swanson. Dorothy looks sad as she stares down at her soda, stirring her drink with a straw, chasing the cherry around and around in the glass. Benjamin slides into the booth and sits next to Dorothy.

BENJAMIN

How are you holding up?

DOROTHY

Okay, I guess. I should be used to disappointment by now.

BENJAMIN

I'm sorry that your first speaking role ended up this way. I know things look bad. But that's how things go sometimes in this business. Sometimes, you think you've got a role only to have it yanked out from under you. I've never had a movie pulled because of a computer before - but if you live long enough, you'll experience a lot of new things. Trust me.

DOROTHY

I bet you've seen a lot in this town.

BENJAMIN

Oh, you have no idea about the things I've seen. I've seen four of the Three Stooges naked.

Dorothy looks confused and starts counting on her fingers as Benjamin continues.

BENJAMIN

But coming here always lifts my spirits. I used to come here all the time with Lizzy Short back in the day.

DOROTHY

Was she also an actress?

BENJAMIN

No. Well, not really. But she was a good friend. A real pistol. Such a shame about what happened to her.

DOROTHY

(sympathetic)

I'm sorry. What happened?

Before Benjamin could speak, Elsa Strom slides into the booth and sits next to Benjamin with an espresso martini in her hands. Elsa - the former head of the film's makeup department and a good friend of Benjamin. She knows his secrets, as well as many other secrets in Hollywood. Elsa is a short woman in her early-30s with dark wavy hair. Despite her short stature, she exudes the energy of a giant with her confidence and funky fashion choices. She is wearing Doc Martins, leather pants and a "Who killed Laura Palmer?" t-shirt. She has impeccable make-up, highlighted by winged eyeliner accenting her deep brown eyes from behind vibrantly colored cat's eye eyeglasses. She confidently walks the line between punk and new wave with her exterior. Inside, she is no nonsense, very intelligent and fiercely loyal.

ELSA

So, what's our plan? What are our next steps?

BENJAMIN

Not sure yet. Have you two met? Elsa, this is Dorothy. Dorothy, this is Elsa.

DOROTHY

(to Benjamin)

Oh, yes! We met in the makeup trailer. She was responsible for that massive wig that they had me wear. She made it out of two smaller wigs. Very impressive. She also cleaned up my eyebrows for my closeup.

ELSA

Sorry that you didn't get to film that part. You've got great bone structure. I'm sure your agent will find you something soon.

DOROTHY

I don't really have an agent. My friend Zoe helped me get my previous role. That's when I met Benjamin, and he helped me get this one.

ELSA

Let me guess. He met you somewhere and invited you back to his trailer for a drink then offered you a role in his next film.

DOROTHY

Not really...

BENJAMIN

(to Elsa)

But she did see my...

Benjamin mimes "fangs" with his two fingers in front of his mouth.

ELSA

(turning to Benjamin)

Really!? You are getting sloppy, Benny-boy. At this rate, the entire West Coast will know about your sweet tooth.

BENJAMIN

I know. I know.

ELSA

You were able to evade paparazzi and vicious gossip reporters like Hedda Hopper and Louella Parsons for years. But a pretty blonde is going to be your downfall just like every other man in this town.

DOROTHY

It's kind of my fault. I wasn't really supposed to be there.

ELSA

(to Dorothy)

Dear, don't let these men gaslight you into thinking their flaws are your fault. He can't help who he is. But he shouldn't

have burdened you with his secret lifestyle. It's not your fault that he can't keep it in his... mouth.

BENJAMIN

(to Elsa)

Hey! I'm right here.

ELSA

(to Benjamin in a condescending tone)

Hush. The grown-ups are talking.

Dorothy laughs at Elsa's joke then takes a sip of her drink.

DOROTHY

(to Elsa)

Like "Gaslight" with Ingrid Bergman? Great movie. I love those black and white classics. Oh, and she was so beautiful in Casablanca.

ELSA

(to Dorothy)

Is that what brought you to Los Angeles? You wanted to be like Bergman? Let me guess - you were the prettiest and funniest girl in your hometown of middle-of-nowhere U.S.A., and you thought you could conquer Hollywood in a week.

BENJAMIN

That's a little rough don't you think?

DOROTHY

(to Benjamin)

To be fair, she's not totally wrong. But I knew it would take more than a week. I just didn't expect it to be years.

ELSA

Sorry to be so blunt. I'm not saying that you're not your own unique person, or just some cliché. But there are a lot of people with the same backstory



in this town. I've lived here all my life, and I see it all the time. They breeze into town and expect to be given the world on a silver platter just because they are a pretty face. Well, this town is full of pretty faces. Speaking of which, where'd you get your nose? That's quality work.

DOROTHY

(touching her nose out of confused embarrassment)  
I was born with it.

ELSA

Lucky. It's nice. It looks like one of my father's noses.

DOROTHY

Your father has more than one nose?

BENJAMIN

Elsa's father fixes noses - and more. The Strom family are very well-respected plastic surgeons. Elsa almost took up the family business after graduating at the top of her class in med school. She was well on her way to becoming the youngest plastic surgeon in the state of California.

ELSA

My family has been here since the early 1900's. My grandfather was a scientist and doctor who immigrated from the old country. He was the doctor to the stars. And when the film industry moved from the East Coast to the West Coast, granddad followed and set up shop in Beverly Hills.

DOROTHY

Oooh! Very nice. I was on Rodeo Drive just last week. My best friend Zoe is a model. One of her photos is being used in a

campaign and we went to see it  
being put up.

ELSA

Gucci? Chanel? Louis Vuitton?

DOROTHY

It was a bus-stop ad at Wilshire  
and Rodeo Drive for Burger King.  
But the photos were lovely. She  
should be here to pick me up  
soon. You're going to love her,  
she's the best.

(to Elsa)

What made you give up medicine?

BENJAMIN

She fell in love with an  
actress.

DOROTHY

Actress? Cool! I've never met a  
real lesbian before.

ELSA

(sarcastically)

You found out that vampires and  
lesbians are real. You're having  
a hell of a week, aren't you?

BENJAMIN

You don't have to be so rough.  
Your acid tongue is why we broke  
up.

ELSA

You're the only one that's  
complained about my tongue.

DOROTHY

(to Elsa)

Wait, you two dated? I thought  
that you were a lesbian.

ELSA

(to Dorothy)

Actually, I'm bi.

DOROTHY

(to Benjamin)

Besides, I wouldn't call Chinese  
takeout and a quick grope

session backstage at The  
Troubadour "dating."

Shifting his attention back to Dorothy, Benjamin  
dismisses Elsa's snide comments.

BENJAMIN

(to Dorothy)

Anyway... Our Elsa left the  
plastic surgery business and her  
family's money behind and ran  
away to join our circus. You  
should see her special effects  
makeup work. So realistic.

ELSA

When the actress broke my heart,  
I started making my own. Hearts,  
eyes, extra heads. Movies were  
my first love, anyway. My father  
and grandfather would have all  
the glamorous movie stars come  
in for a nip here, a tuck there.  
I met them all.

BENJAMIN

That's how we know each other.

DOROTHY

You've had plastic surgery?

BENJAMIN

No. I'd never let a knife touch  
this beautiful face. But I must  
keep up appearances. As time  
goes by, vampires need to use  
makeup and other tricks to look  
like we are ageing like everyone  
else around us. Eventually, we  
have to move to a new town,  
change our name and appearance.  
This way people don't recognize  
us and get suspicious. Do you  
know how many times I've had to  
fake my own death?

ELSA

(to Benjamin)

Do you know how many times I had  
to fake an orgasm?

DOROTHY

(to Benjamin)  
That sounds hard.

ELSA  
It's actually quite easy. You just need to commit to it and scream a lot. Just like any other acting role.

DOROTHY  
(bashfully)  
I was talking about the faking your own death thing.

BENJAMIN  
Not really. If you can get a fake ID and a ride out of town - you're set. It's not like there is some sort of computer logging everyone's exploits all the time for the public to see.

DOROTHY  
I meant emotionally. Like, don't you find it difficult to sever ties with friends and loved ones?

BENJAMIN  
It was in the beginning. But I have a good foundation here. People come and go in the entertainment world all the time. And as long as they can keep my secret, I'm safe. I met Elsa's grandfather just before I was turned. He used to throw lavish parties. I was a musician at the time, and we played hot jazz while the guests popped champagne and danced until dawn. After I turned, his connections with local blood banks kept me fed. I think he felt sorry for me because the vampire that turned me was one of the guests at the party. He didn't know she was a vampire though. She only got invited because she was a popular silent film actress at the time.

DOROTHY

I didn't know you were a musician.

BENJAMIN

I would have come out again in New York instead of Los Angeles about twenty years ago. I was a founding member of the rock group Kiss.

ELSA

Yeah, but he was too vain to wear the makeup, so they kicked him out.

DOROTHY

What did you play?

BENJAMIN

Guitar. Some piano, and a little saxophone.

DOROTHY

Vampires and saxophones? I never would have put those two things together.

We suddenly hear a familiar voice from over Dorothy's shoulder.

ZOE

(to Dorothy)

Saxophone vampires? I thought your movie was about a space princess or something.

DOROTHY

(startled)

What! Zoe! Oh, hi. When did you get here?

ZOE

Just now. Are you okay?

DOROTHY

For sure. This is Elsa Strom, she works in makeup and special effects.

ZOE

(to Elsa)

Nice to meet you.

ELSA

(to Zoe)

The pleasure is all mine.

DOROTHY

(to Zoe)

And I'm sure you recognize  
Benjamin Davis.

ZOE

(To Benjamin)

It's nice to meet you. Dorothy  
and I have seen all your films.  
We even used to watch your TV  
show where you were a live-in  
nanny to those kids.

Benjamin begins to stand up like a gentleman and greet  
his new guest.

BENJAMIN

(to Zoe)

That's nice of you. Won't you  
have a drink? It's on me.

ZOE

Thanks, but I think we're going  
to split.

ELSA

(to Dorothy)

Oh, you're not leaving so soon,  
are you? We're just getting to  
know each other.

DOROTHY

(looking up from her seat)

One drink, Zo. C'mon. I'll drive  
home. This is just soda.

ZOE

One drink.

Clock-wipe transition to several hours later and Elsa,  
Benjamin, Dorothy, and Zoe squeezed into one booth.  
Ronald has joined them. Everyone else has gone home, but  
the drinks are still flowing, and laughter and  
conversation continue as music plays in the background.  
We rejoin the group as Benjamin wraps an anecdote.

BENJAMIN

And then the agent asks the  
man, what do you call your act?  
The man proudly smiles and says,  
"The Aristocrats!"

The group erupts in laughter.

RONALD

(quietly)

I don't get it.

ELSA

I'll explain it to you later big  
guy.

Elsa pats Ronald on the leg.

RONALD

Thank you.

Elsa gives Ronald's leg a little squeeze causing him to  
freeze up for a second. Elsa's hand lingers there for a  
moment before she takes it back.

DOROTHY

So, Ronald. How did you get into  
acting?

BENJAMIN

Showbusiness is in his DNA.

RONALD

My mother was an actress. My  
father's family owns one of the  
oldest cinemas in Hollywood.  
They met when one of her films  
premiered at his family's  
cinema. So I've been surrounded  
by movies for my entire life. My  
first job was tearing tickets at  
the cinema.

DOROTHY

Oh, how nice. I bet you saw a  
lot of movies growing up. What's  
your favorite movie -

Ronald interrupts. Staring into the middle distance to no  
one in particular, he begins to monologue.

RONALD

(dramatically)  
It was nice. Until one day...

We ripple dissolve into a flashback.

**21 EXT. DAY - 1980'S CINEMA EXTERIOR ON A SUNNY AFTERNOON**

With a 1980's film effect, and Christopher Cross's "Ride Like the Wind" playing in the background, we pan across a line of eager cinemagoers of varying ages as they queue up outside of the cinema. The marquee reads "Coal Miner's Daughter" and "Star Wars: Empire Strikes Back." Children excitedly hold Star Wars toys as they stand with their parents.

RONALD (V.O.)

It was an unseasonally breezy  
May in 1980. I was working the  
box office at my family's  
cinema. The weather was cooler  
than usual but the box office  
was hot. We had just lost The  
Master of Suspense, Alfred  
Hitchcock only days before. But  
the film on everyone's mind  
wasn't Psycho or The Birds. No.  
It was The Empire Strikes Back.  
Young and old were eager to see  
the longawaited Star Wars  
sequel. Myself, included.

We continue to pan across a very long line of people waiting to get their tickets for the movies. We see a mix of teenagers from different cliques mixed together in the line - jocks, nerds, valley girls, goths & punks, etc. They could easily feel at home as extras in Fast Times at Ridgemont High. A skateboarder practices his tricks while others in line look on. One teenage couple disregard their surroundings and deeply kiss for the entirety of their screen time as if they are the only ones around. An elderly couple look on and remember when they were young as they hold each other's hands. We continue to pan across the line until we reach the ticket window. There we see Ronald, he is dressed comically younger than he was introduced with shaggy 1970's hair like John Travolta on Welcome Back Kotter and a few zits. This late bloomer is wearing a collared shirt and tie under his uniform vest with "Ronnie" printed on the plastic nametag affixed to the lapel. He has clearly hit a late growth spurt, but his wardrobe has yet to catch up. He is uncomfortable in



the ticket booth, which is almost too small for him to maneuver in.

RONALD (V.O.)

The Empire Strikes Back was subject to much speculation by the sci-fi fan community. Rumors swirled about what would happen in the fanzines for months. One of the guys at my junior college was convinced that Billy Dee Williams was playing Luke's father. The anticipation was palpable. The night - electric. But I would have to wait until after my shift to see it.

We see a caucasian male in his early 20s exiting the cinema and onto the street. He is the classic 80's yuppie villain in the style of Karate Kid's Johnny Lawrence or Revenge of the Nerds' Stan Gable. He has a popped collar, sweater knotted around his shoulders, a bright smile, and the air of confidence that only a 1980's yuppie would have at the height of their powers. He has one arm around a pretty blonde with big hair. The world is his and if you aren't part of his country club sect, you're a loser and need to get out of his way. The woman with him is curvy and wearing a tight red sweater and a black skirt while chewing bubble gum and twirling her hair. Despite her bubbly outward appearance, she is the typical 'mean girl' and would have thought that the kids in Carrie didn't take it far enough when setting up the bucket of pigs blood. She is laughing at something that the yuppie said before exiting the doors, which was no doubt at the expense of some poor soul on the inside of the cinema.

YUPPIE MAN

(loudly)

That movie was terrible!

Yuppie Woman giggles.

YUPPIE MAN

(to Ronald in the ticket booth)

I mean, how can you charge almost three whole dollars for that trash? The sets were terrible. The special effects were horrendous.

RONALD

(meekly)

Who? Me?

Yuppie Woman continues to laugh.

YUPPIE MAN

Look here you big goof. I didn't like the movie, and I want my money back.

RONALD

(meekly)

Sir, I assure you that we didn't make the film. We just show them.

YUPPIE MAN

Hey! Have you ever heard of "the customer is always right"?

RONALD

(meekly)

Well, yes. But that's not really what that expression means. It is about fashion, and the full quote is "The customer is always right in matters of taste."

YUPPIE MAN

You're gonna taste my fist if you don't give me my six bucks - now!

YUPPIE WOMAN

(to Yuppie Man)

Don't forget about the popcorn and sodas, baby.

YUPPIE MAN

(to Ronald)

Make it an even ten bucks, dingus. And make it snappy.

RONALD

I'm sorry sir, but we can't give refunds on the movies. And it looks like you ate all the popcorn and drank all the soda.

The Yuppie Man reaches through the window of the ticketbooth and grabs Ronald by the tie.

YUPPIE MAN

Get your ass out here now or  
I'll pull you through this  
window!

Ronnie nervously exits the booth in his ill-fitting  
uniform and high-water pants. His large size does nothing  
to dissuade his antagonizer.

YUPPIE MAN  
Look here you dumb pile of shit.  
I want my twelve bucks and I  
want it now!

RONNIE  
  
You just said it was ten dollars.

YUPPIE MAN  
There is a two dollar "pissing  
me off" tax.

The Yuppie Man begins poking Ronnie in the chest as the  
people in line watch on and gawk at poor Ronnie's  
situation.

YUPPIE MAN  
Now are you gonna give me my  
money, or what?

YUPPIE WOMAN  
(to Yuppie Man)  
Hit him! Punch him in his big  
dumb face.

RONNIE  
(cowering)  
Th-There's no need for violence.

YUPPIE WOMAN  
(to Yuppie Man)  
You know how much it turns me on  
to see you pound on a nerd.

YUPPIE MAN  
(to Yuppie Woman)  
Oh yeah, baby!

Yuppie Man kisses Yuppie Woman on the mouth, and squeezes  
her ass. He then cracks his knuckles and addresses  
Ronald.

YUPPIE MAN

Listen up dipshit. You're gonna give me my money back or I'm going to turn your face into pulp. The movie sucked and I want my money back! What kind of shit was that? Vader is Luke's father?! Give me a goddamn break!

Ronald's face gets bright red at the spoiler and the verbal abuse. He balls up his fist, leans back and just as he begins to swing the screen goes black.

WE HARD CUT BACK TO THE BAR.

## 22 INT. EVENING - BOARDNERS BAR

The group are sitting on the edge of their seats listening to Ronald's story.

RONALD (V.O.)

And that is when I blacked out. They say I beat the guy up pretty badly. But he was okay after a few weeks in the hospital. I didn't get to see the film that night. But I did after I was let out on bail. My dad fired me from the cinema that day too. Luckily, there were some off-duty cops in line for the film as well. They took my side in court and I was let off with a warning.

DOROTHY

Oh my.

RONALD

I just love movies so much. If I couldn't work at the cinema, I want to be on the cinema's screen. I even have a collection of movie memorabilia and props at home.

ELSA

(to Ronald)

Really? Me too. I have E.T.'s finger. I bought it at a shop in West Hollywood. It takes D

batteries and has been known to really light up a date or two.

Dorothy looks confused, but Zoe gets the joke and tries to redirect the conversation.

ZOE

So, with production shut down. What are you going to do next?

ELSA

We were trying to figure that out before you got here.

ZOE

Why not film your own movie?

DOROTHY

I don't know. If I could, I would have done that a long time ago, Zo. But that costs more money than I have. Plus, we would need a script, a crew, and distribution.

BENJAMIN

You know, it's not a bad idea. I have some money in the bank that I've been saving for a rainy day. We would need to raise additional funds as well.

ZOE

(to Dorothy)

What about your writer-friend from the Frolic Room? He always has tons of scripts that the studios don't want. And they're really good scripts too. Remember that one he let you borrow for that audition? That one about the little girl with the voices of her emotions in her head? It was cute. Or the one about the family of muscle car racers. I'm sure he'll have something that you'd like. And I know he'd love to bring one of those rejected scripts to the big screen and really stick it to the big studios.

BENJAMIN

(to Dorothy, pointing to Zoe)  
It sounds like she has it all  
planned out.

ZOE

(to Dorothy)  
The budget will be tight if  
we're putting our own money  
behind it. You're going to need  
someone who is good with numbers  
to watch every penny.

DOROTHY

(to Zoe)  
It sounds like you've just  
volunteered.

ZOE

If the film is a success, and  
I'm a producer on it, I could  
use my share of the profits to  
open a modeling agency like I've  
always dreamed of. I have a  
meeting with my boss, Gary  
Grayson of Grayson Modeling, in  
a few weeks. Maybe he would like  
to invest.

BENJAMIN

He's a billionaire. I'm sure he  
could spare a few dollars to  
support the arts.

DOROTHY

(to Zoe)  
Let's put your big brain and  
your MBA to use.

ELSA

MBA? Impressive. Where from?

ZOE

UCLA

BENJAMIN

(to Zoe)  
I went there too.

ZOE

Which year?

BENJAMIN

Oh, long before you.

BENJAMIN

(to the group)

What do you say we reconvene at my place on Friday night? Say, around 8PM? Dorothy, can you get your writer-friend to bring some of his ideas?

DOROTHY

I'm sure he'd love to sit down and discuss his work.

BENJAMIN

Excellent! Here's my card. I have my new cellular phone number on there.

Zoe takes the card and puts it in her purse

**23 EXT. NIGHT - A QUIET NIGHT IN THE BIRD STREETS OF LOS ANGELES, A FEW DAYS LATER.**

Zoe's car pulls up outside of an impressive two-story multimillion dollar home on the curve of Nightingale Drive. It sits behind a tall black metal fence that keeps out intruders but does not obstruct the view from the street. The first floor is windowless and made of concrete. There is a recessed black door near the right side of the structure. A row of well-maintained bushes decorates the front of the house to the left of the door, leading to a covered carport. On the right side of the house there is a row of palm trees and a small garden. The second floor has some small windows and a balcony that overlooks a swimming pool and faces west towards the Hollywood sign. We can hear the music from Zoe's car's radio playing "Doowutchyalike" by Digital Underground because the windows of the decade old car are down to compensate for the broken air conditioner in the car. Zoe parks her car on the street and outsteps Zoe and Dorothy. As Zoe exits the car, she locks the door. As Dorothy exits the car, she pulls forward the passenger seat to allow Buzzy out. He is wearing tan shorts and a Grateful Dead t-shirt. The three take a moment to view the expensive home before walking up the stone path. Dorothy moves first, then Zoe. Buzzy hangs back for a second and shakes his head and begins to speak.

BUZZY

I don't know why people waste their money on these big houses.

ZOE

Some people are insecure and feel the need to be flashy. Some people are just greedy.

DOROTHY

I don't think Benjamin would be the greedy type. He is very charitable. He did two episodes of Battle of the Network Stars to raise money for sick kids.

ZOE

Didn't he punch Tony Danza on that? Or is that an urban legend?

DOROTHY

I'm sure it was an accident.

BUZZY

That's not what I heard, man. I heard that Danza brought this homemade pasta sauce for the crew to try. It was his mother's secret recipe or something. Benjamin refused. Danza took an offense to it and things got heated. Before you knew it, William Shatner and Michael J. Fox were pulling them apart. At least that's what I heard, man.

BUZZY

(dismissively waving his hand and pointing at the house)

But, like, if you have this kind of money, you should be helping people with it. Not spending it on material things for yourself, you know? You gotta help people. Like, you can't take it with you. That's why when I'm gone, you'll get everything I own.

DOROTHY

Thank you Buzzy. That's sweet of you.



BUZZY  
(double guns finger motion)  
You got it!

The trio walk up to the door.

ZOE  
I'm with Buzzy. If you've got  
it, spread it around.

DOROTHY  
(with innocent shock)  
My mother would be mortified if  
she heard that I was spreading  
it around.

ZOE  
(rolling her eyes)  
Money. Spread money around.  
Besides the money thing, there  
is something about him that I  
can't put my finger on. And if I  
could, I'd want to wash it.

DOROTHY  
Well, everyone has their  
secrets...

#### **24 INT. NIGHT - BENJAMIN'S HOUSE**

We hear the doorbell chiming and Benjamin walks into the frame to answer the door. As he opens the door, we see our three visitors framed within Benjamin's open door as he welcomes his guests inside. We can hear Kenny G's "Songbird" playing in the background.

BENJAMIN  
Hi everyone.

DOROTHY  
Hi Benjamin. You know Zoe. This  
is Buzzy. I hope it's okay that  
he's come along. He's offered to  
help us go through the scripts.  
He used to have a TV show in the  
60's, so I think he can help us  
pick a winner.

BENJAMIN

I remember Buzzy from his TV  
show days - "Buzzy Busts Loose."  
I never missed it.

Benjamin does the double finger guns at Buzzy.

BENJAMIN  
You got it!

BUZZY  
(with a smile)  
That's me.

Benjamin reaches his hand out and shakes Buzzy's hand.

BENJAMIN  
Welcome to my home. Make  
yourselves comfortable. Can I  
get you anything?

As he breezes past Benjamin and into the entrance way, Buzzy subtly wiping his hand on his shorts, taking Zoe's earlier comment too literally. The windowless room is a well-lit time capsule with furniture and décor from the 1960's, with a touch of antiques and classic movie posters in frames. There is a large sectional sofa occupying one corner of the room and recliner, opposite it. A small low table sits in the middle of the room. A kitchen area is visible on the other side of a long black marble bar top. A vintage stereo cabinet sits against one wall with antiques, a bonsai tree, and framed photographs on top.

BUZZY  
(to Benjamin)  
Got any weed?

ELSA  
(from off screen in the adjacent  
kitchen)  
I do!

Elsa walks into the living room from the connected kitchen and walks over to a small purse sitting on top of a sketch pad placed on the floor next to an expensive and comfortable leather recliner. She is wearing a bright red short skirt, combat boots, and an "Alternative Tentacles" t-shirt. She reaches into the purse and pulls out a sizeable already rolled joint from a box of cigarettes. The joint that looks even larger compared to her dainty and slender fingers.

DOROTHY

Elsa!

Dorothy quickly walks over to hug her new friend. Elsa looks pleasantly surprised and embraces her young friend.

ELSA

(to Dorothy)

Would you like to join us for a smoke?

DOROTHY

No thanks. It's not my thing. I haven't smoked since that time in high school where I got so high that I thought I was Abe Vigoda in the Godfather.

ELSA

(pausing)

More for us.

ELSA

(to Benjamin, pointing at the joint)

Benji, we'll be out back.

ELSA

(to Buzzy)

Come on cowboy.

Elsa and Buzzy exit. Buzzy has a spring in his step as they leave.

BENJAMIN

(to Dorothy & Zoe)

Have a seat. Mi casa su casa.

ZOE

Thank you.

BENJAMIN

(to Dorothy)

Where is your writer friend? I thought he was coming with you.

DOROTHY

Oh, he should be here at any minute. He mentioned a studio meeting when I spoke to him yesterday. He was going to come straight over afterwards.

BENJAMIN

That's cool. Get comfortable.  
There is beer and soda in the  
fridge. Would you like anything?

Benjamin points to the steel refrigerator on the opposite side of the bar area. As Zoe stays in the living room looking around, Benjamin walks Dorothy over to the refrigerator and opens the large doors to reveal several six packs of beer and soda, but not much else. Dorothy grabs a soda.

DOROTHY

Zo, are you thirsty?

ZOE

I'm good. Thanks though.

Zoe continues to walk around the room looking at the items that Benjamin has on display, taking in her surroundings. There are random small knickknacks, sculptures and statues mixed amongst framed photos of Benjamin with different celebrities - Elton John, Vincent Price, Liz Taylor, Eddie Murphy. Classic movie posters are hung on the wall. One small, framed photo catches Zoe's eye - an advertisement showing a man who looks very similar to Benjamin except with a curly moustache. He is holding a saxophone, dressed in a 1920's white suit with a tie and straw boater hat. It is part of a larger piece, as evident by the cut-off text promoting a musical act. It is frayed at the edges but sits nicely in the small frame. Zoe pauses to study it with her hands behind her back, as if it were an item on display at a museum.

Dorothy and Benjamin enter the room. Dorothy is sipping her soda as she crosses to sit on the sofa.

ZOE

(to Benjamin)

Wow, you look a lot like your...  
grandfather?

BENJAMIN

(to Zoe)

Handsome guy, right? That photo  
is almost one hundred years old.

Benjamin very smoothly changes the subject directing the young woman's attention from the photo.

BENJAMIN

Can I get you anything to snack  
on while we wait for your  
friend?

ZOE

Now that you mention it. I could  
go for a bite.

Benjamin looks at Zoe with a very interested look on his  
face as if he were checking to make sure that he heard  
what he thought he heard.

DOROTHY

(chokes on her soda and does a small  
spit take)  
Oh, I'm so sorry.

ZOE

Are you okay?

DOROTHY

(wiping her mouth)  
Yeah, I'm fine. It just went  
down the wrong way.

BENJAMIN

I don't keep much food around  
because I'm rarely here for  
dinner. Maybe we can order  
takeout in a bit.

Stanley enters the room with the Surfer Dude from  
Benjamin's trailer following behind. Surfer Dude is  
wearing an open Hawaiian shirt revealing his abs and a  
pair of vibrantly colored shorts and flip flops. A fresh  
bandage is on his inner elbow.

STANLEY

(To Benjamin)  
Takeout twice in one night?  
Decadent. The life of a  
bachelor...  
(to Dorothy and Zoe)  
Hello all.

SURFER DUDE

(pointing at Dorothy with a smile of  
recognition)  
Dude!

DOROTHY

(smiling back, she blushes)

Hello again.

Zoe notices the interaction and raises an eyebrow with curiosity.

ZOE

(quietly to Dorothy)

How do you two...

DOROTHY

(quietly to Zoe)

It's a long story. Later.

STANLEY

(to Dorothy)

I'm glad you're up and around.  
Benjamin said that you're  
working on a project together.

DOROTHY

That's right. We're here to  
choose a script.

STANLEY

Lovely. I wish we could stick  
around to see what makes the  
grade, but I must be off. The  
night awaits. It was nice to see  
you again.

SURFER DUDE

(to Dorothy in an attempt to catch  
her attention)

Dude... Dude.

Surfer Dude reaches into his pocket and slyly shows a wad  
of cash to Dorothy and flashes a proud smile.

SURFER DUDE

Dude!

Dorothy gives him a thumbs up.

STANLEY

(to Benjamin)

Good luck with the scripts. I'm  
sure you'll find something you  
can sink your teeth into.

Benjamin leads Stanley and Surfer Dude to the door,  
practically pushing Stanley out. Surfer Dude stumbles a  
bit, as if slightly drunk or woozy. As Benjamin opens the

door, we see Marty standing there just about to knock as the door opens. His right fist is up, ready to knock, while cradling a large stack of scripts in his left arm and holding a briefcase in his left hand. Marty has one script in between his teeth.

STANLEY

(turning to Benjamin)

I didn't know that you had a new paperboy.

Removing the script from between his teeth and placing it under his arm, Marty reaches out his free hand to shake Stanley's hand. Stanley softly shakes Marty's hand.

MARTY

Hi, I'm Marty Lee. I'm here for a meeting with Benjamin Davis.

Benjamin swoops in and shakes Marty's hand and welcomes him into the house while shooing Stanley away.

BENJAMIN

(to Stanley)

Goodbye Stanley.

(to Marty)

Hello Marty, it's nice to meet you. Come on in. I've heard great things. Dorothy and Zoe are already here.

MARTY

I'm sorry that I'm late. Traffic was nuts.

Stanley and Surfer Dude exit as Dorothy stands up to meet Marty halfway to the door. Marty enters and Benjamin closes the door behind him.

DOROTHY

Marty! How was the meeting?

Marty walks into the living room and he puts his briefcase down and props it up with the large stack of scripts.

MARTY

Same as always. They want the usual drivel. Boy meets girl. Boy loses girl. Boy finds girl. It's so predictable! I had a great script for them, but they

didn't want it. So, it's back to the well.

Buzzy and Elsa walks in and addresses Marty as if she was already part of the conversation. Buzzy is clearly stoned.

ELSA  
(to Marty)  
What was your pitch,  
Shakespeare?

MARTY  
(to Elsa)  
Oh, hello. I'm Marty Lee. How  
are you?

Marty reaches out and shakes Elsa's hand. He then turns to Buzzy and tries to shake his hand.

MARTY  
(to Buzzy)  
Hi --

BUZZY  
(Buzzy cuts him off)  
You're damn right.

Buzzy giggles like a child, then falls back onto the sofa giving Marty the double guns fingers as he flops down with a mellow and peaceful stoner smile.

MARTY  
(turning back to Elsa)  
It was about a kid who feels  
overlooked in his large family.  
One day, they set out for a big  
Christmas vacation in Paris and  
the kid gets forgotten at home.

ZOE  
Poor kid. All that and, on  
Christmas? Sounds like a real  
sad one.

MARTY  
It's actually a comedy because  
two burglars attempt to rob the  
house, and they're thwarted by a  
series of Rube Goldberg machines  
that the kid has set up to  
defend the house.



ZOE

A child outsmarts two adults  
with traps instead of him  
calling the cops.

MARTY

I admit that it has some plot  
holes, but that's just the  
initial pitch. But I have other  
stuff for you.

Marty sits down on the floor and starts to place the  
scripts on the coffee table in front of him. The group  
gathers around as if they are watching him deal cards  
from a deck and they are all players in the card game.  
With the scripts in place, he begins to describe each  
one.

MARTY

This one is a comedy. This one  
is science fiction. This one is  
a period piece set in World War  
II. This one is a romance. This  
one is a horror movie. This is a  
neo-noir. These two came to me  
in a dream - one is a modern  
retelling of A Christmas Carol.  
This one has a monkey as one of  
the main characters. Would you  
be open to hiring a monkey?

The group looks around at each other and dismisses the  
idea of the monkey.

Marty slides over his briefcase, pops open the locks and  
reaches inside. He pulls out one final script and places  
it with reverence onto the table. It is dog-eared, with  
well-worn pages and has a slightly faded cover page. He  
holds it as if it were sacred.

MARTY

And this one - this was one of  
my first scripts. I wrote it  
just before my accident, but I  
think it's one of the best ones  
I have. It would be perfect for  
an independent feature such as  
yours. There is a strong female  
lead, nuanced characters, no  
need for big sets, and a  
surprise that I think you'll  
like. But don't let me sway you.

You might like one of the others more.

BENJAMIN

Accident?

DOROTHY

Marty was struck by lightning.

BUZZY

Far out!

The lights dim except for Marty. We start on a wide shot with Marty in the center of the room and progressively get closer and closer on his face as the drama builds.

MARTY

I was at a Dodgers game a few years ago with one of the studio heads. I mentioned in one of our meetings that I was a Dodgers fan, and he mentioned that the studio had a corporate box, and he invited me to come to the game with him. Except once we got there, he insisted on sitting in the stands with everyone else. So, there is no corporate box for us. But it was a beautiful night. The crowd was hot. The Dodgers were up by two runs. We were having a great time. The hot dog guy was taking forever to get to us, so I decided during the seventh inning stretch to go over to the concessions stand and grab some more beers and a couple of Dodger dogs for us. Just as I got back to our row, there was a clap of thunder and a bright white light. The next thing I remember was waking up on the ground surrounded by strangers. Those Dodger dogs exploded all over me too.

As we reach Marty's conclusion the lights return to normal, and we cut to everyone staring at Marty with wide eyes.

ELSA

You don't look like you're any worse-for-wear. Was there any lasting physical damage?

MARTY

Nope. No superpowers or anything fun like that. The most I get is an occasional migraine and really vivid dreams. But enough about me. Read these scripts, talk about it, and let me know what you think.

DOROTHY

Are you not sticking around?

MARTY

Sorry, but I can't. I have an early meeting back at the studio. I need to get a good night's rest because I think it will be a long day. They want me to meet with Bill Cosby and Michael Jackson. Michael wants to be in a buddy-cop movie with Cosby. Then Mr. Cosby is taking us out for drinks afterwards. Meanwhile, I have to put their ideas into a script that we can use.

DOROTHY

Wow! That sounds like a great idea. People will want to see that for decades.

ELSA

(in a snarky tone)

Good luck. I hear that Bubbles the Chimp gets script approval.

Marty stands up, grabs his briefcase, and reaches out to shake Benjamin's hand.

MARTY

Thanks for the opportunity to collaborate with you.

BENJAMIN

It's my pleasure.

MARTY

(to Dorothy)  
Oh, before I forget, here is my  
business card.

Marty reaches into his pocket and hands Benjamin a business card. Benjamin looks at it, smiles politely and places it into his own pocket while walking Marty to the door as the rest wave goodbye.

BENJAMIN  
Let me get you one of mine. I  
just made some new ones. We're  
going to need them if we want to  
look serious while raising funds  
for this project.

Benjamin reaches into a large Manila envelope sitting on a small table near the door. He takes out several cards, hands one to Marty, holds onto the rest and shakes Marty's hand.

BENJAMIN  
It was nice to meet you too.  
We'll be in touch with our  
choice.

DOROTHY  
Good luck with the meeting,  
Marty!

As Benjamin closes the door behind Marty, he turns to the group and begins passing out his new cards to everyone present.

BENJAMIN  
Here you go. One for you. One  
for you. And one for you.

Close up of the business cards with "Desmodus Entertainment" "Benjamin Davis, president" and a phone number written on it.

DOROTHY  
Desmodus Entertainment?

BENJAMIN  
Yeah, I think the Latin makes it  
sound prestigious. Don't you?  
Okay everyone - grab a script  
and let's get reading. There  
must be a gem in there. We just  
need to start mining for it.

We get a sped-up timelapse video of the group reading through script after script, coming, and going to the kitchen, shifting in their seats, changing chairs, trading scripts with each other, etc. Occasionally they pair off and sit side-by-side to show each other something interesting in their script. We see Elsa stand up, put her script down on the table, then walk over to the cordless phone sitting in a cradle on the countertop. She reaches into a drawer, pulls out the Yellow Pages, then places it on the countertop. She flips through it quickly, picks up the phone, and with no audible dialogue, we see her take dinner orders from Dorothy, Zoe, and Buzzy while calling in a takeout order. Elsa hangs up the phone and sits back down as the others continue reading. She picks up another script and begins to read it. Buzzy has since fallen asleep on the sofa. His head is back, and the open script lays on his chest. The group continues to shift in seats and share scripts for a few seconds more until we jump back to normal speed with the ringing of the doorbell.

The doorbell stirs Buzzy awake. He rolls over onto his side.

BUZZY

Is it morning already, ma? I  
don't wanna go to school today.

ZOE

That must be the takeout guy.

BUZZY

(fully alert)

Thank goodness. I've got a  
serious case of the munchies,  
man.

BENJAMIN

Okay, let's take a break. I'm  
sure we can all use some  
sustenance to keep going.

Elsa quickly reaches into her purse for some cash and walks over to the door, opens it, and after a quick "thank you," she trades the cash for the two large brown bags that the delivery man is holding. She promptly walks over to the countertop as the group begins to rise and stretch from their comfy seats. She rips into the bags and starts placing Chinese takeout containers on the counter in a row and begins to distribute the food like a short order cook. As she calls out their names and orders, she slaps a pair of disposable chopsticks down on

top of each box that she has lined up and begins to call out the names and orders.

ELSA

Let's see - Chow Fun for the lovely Zoe. Stir fry tofu and veggies for Buzzy. Kung pow chicken for Dorothy ...and sweet and sour chicken for yours truly. Here are the fortune cookies for afterwards as well.

ZOE

Thanks Elsa. What about Benjamin?

ZOE

(to Benjamin)

Aren't you hungry?

At hearing Zoe's question, Dorothy freezes and holds her breath waiting for Benjamin's response. Benjamin stands up and walks into the bar area across the room.

BENJAMIN

Yes, I'm on a liquid diet cleanse. You enjoy your dinner. I'm going to prepare mine now. I'll be back in a minute.

BUZZY

Mind if I put on some tunes while we chow down, dude?

With Buzzy's question breaking the brief tension, Dorothy walks back to the sofa with her takeout in hand. Benjamin points to a door that leads to an adjacent room.

BENJAMIN

Sure thing. The record player is there and there are some records and tapes in the cabinet. But there are more in the next room, through those doors.

Benjamin exits through the bar area into a kitchen area and closes the doors behind him.

BUZZY

Woah! Déjà vu.

DOROTHY

Yeah?

BUZZY

(looking at his takeout box)  
Yeah... Doors. Chinese food. I  
used to get Chinese food with  
Jim Morrison after gigs. Trippy,  
man.

Buzzy walks over to the record room, opens his takeout box and reaches in with his bare fingers. He pulls out some fried tofu then promptly pops it into his mouth while walking over to the record room.

Elsa takes some pencils from her purse and opens her sketchpad. She sits on the floor with her takeout box in her lap and the sketch pad on the table.

ELSA

I think I'm going to do some sketches while we eat. There were a few ideas that I need to get down on paper after reading this script.

Using her pencil, Elsa points to Marty's pre-lightning strike script.

ELSA

There are some fun special effects scenes there. And I have some new latex that I've been dying to use.

DOROTHY

For fake body parts and stuff?

ELSA

Yes. And I can use some of them in the film.

Dorothy looks confused.

ELSA

Out of everything I've read tonight, this one has my vote. What about you girls? Did anything jump out at you from what you've read?

ZOE

(swallowing her bite of food)

Yeah. I liked that one too. I like the twist in it. I did NOT see that coming.

DOROTHY

That's my favorite too. I like how it shows a strong woman taking charge. It's a positive message for the young girls who might see it. Plus, she's glamorous.

Dorothy tosses her own hair back to punctuate "glamorous".

ELSA

Well, even if the guys vote for something else, this one has won the majority vote.

Dorothy high fives Zoe, then goes back to her dinner.

ELSA

(not looking up from her sketchbook)

But I think I can easily get everything I need for this one on the cheap. But you're the money person, Miss Z. What do you think?

ZOE

Well, just looking at the locations and small cast - it's a good fit for our shoestring budget. I mean, everyone will be doing double duty - in front and behind the camera. Dorothy is the lead, clearly.

DOROTHY

I'm handy with thread and needle too. I can help with the costumes.

ZOE

Buzzy! What about you? Care to step back into the limelight?

Zoe takes a bite of her dinner and waits for Buzzy to answer, but only gets silence.

ZOE



(to Elsa and Dorothy)  
Let me go see what he's up to.  
He's like a toddler. When he's  
quiet, I get nervous.

We hear something fall from inside the record room.

BUZZY (OFF SCREEN)  
Aw man.

Zoe leaves the living room and heads towards the record room. Elsa puts her pencil behind her ear and grabs her chopsticks to take a bite of her food.

ELSA  
(chewing)  
Benjamin would be the villain.  
Naturally.

DOROTHY  
Well, he does have that serious look to him. And the villain is meant to be rather suave and charismatic. I'm sure he can deliver that monologue at the end about vengeance and ancient spirits. It does require real gravitas. He needs to have a powerful presence - like Charlton Heston in The Ten Commandments.

ELSA  
(in between bites)  
And like most actors, he wants to direct. So, there's our director too.

BUZZY  
(from the other room)  
I know where we can film!

Buzzy sticks his head out from the record room holding a copy of The Doors' album "Strange Days" on vinyl in his arms, and continues to speak while standing in the door frame.

BUZZY  
We can go to the ranch that my old TV show used as a set when I was a kid. It's been closed for years, and it would be great to

go back there. I haven't been back since I was hanging out with Charlie and his girls. I remember this one time - The Beach Boys and I were hanging out with Hunter S. Thompson...

Buzzy continues to speak as he walks back into the record room. Zoe walks past Buzzy and reenters the living room holding a copy of "We Are the World" on vinyl.

ZOE

Am I going crazy, or is this Benjamin in the We Are the World photo?

Zoe shows the album jacket with autographs and signatures from all the performers including messages addressed to Benjamin, such as "Thanks for being part of history" - Q. We get a close up of the group photo and see Benjamin standing next to Daryl Hall and Lionel Richie. A heart is drawn around Benjamin's face, accompanied by "Cyndi xoxo" written in bright pink ink. Someone has drawn a moustache on Paul Simon.

## **25 INT. NIGHT - BENJAMIN'S KITCHEN**

Zoe turns the corner into Benjamin's kitchen while examining 'We Are the World' on vinyl. The kitchen is modern and dimly lit. A blender whirrs in the background.

ZOE

Hey Benjamin. What's the deal with this? How did you get to sing on 'We Are the World'?

She looks up from the album to see Benjamin standing in the kitchen with one hand on the power button of his empty blender, and the other holding a blood donation bag. His head is tilted back, his fangs are out, and he is squeezing every drop out of the bag that he can get. Because of the blender noise, Benjamin doesn't hear her question and continues to gorge himself on the blood.

Zoe stands there in stunned silence. She drops the record on the floor and freezes like a deer in headlights. Benjamin slurps the last of the liquid from the bag into his mouth, leaving a trickle of crimson at the corner of his mouth. He releases his finger from the blender's button and suddenly notices his guest in the kitchen.

BENJAMIN

Shit.

Benjamin puts the bag on the countertop and as he takes a step towards Zoe to try and explain, she lets out an ear-piercing scream. Zoe turns to run leaving Benjamin fangs out and embarrassed.

**26 INT. NIGHT - BENJAMIN'S LIVING ROOM**

Zoe rushes over to Dorothy and grabs her by the arm, yanking her from her seat on the sofa. Zoe's eyes are still on the kitchen.

ZOE

(in a panic)

We've gotta go!

DOROTHY

What happened? What was that scream?

ELSA

(rolling her eyes and taking a deep breath)

I'm sure I can guess.

Elsa puts down her sketchpad and pencils on the table and stands up. Benjamin enters the room with his fangs still out. He strikes a dramatic pose and addresses Zoe.

BENJAMIN

Look into my eyes...

Dorothy jumps in front of the frightened Zoe, shielding her from Benjamin's hypnotic gaze.

DOROTHY

No. No you don't. You're going to apologize first. And then you can ask her if she wants to be hypnotized or whatever.

ZOE

Forget that. I'm leaving - NOW!

(to Dorothy)

And so are you.

ELSA

(calmly to Zoe)

It's okay. We're not in any danger. Our Benny is no threat.

ZOE

(to Elsa)

Fuck that. Your "Benny" is a blood sucker. The black person is always the first one to die in a horror movie, so I'm leaving now before its too late. You can stay if you want to, but Dorothy and I are going.

Zoe addresses Benjamin from over her friend's shoulder.

ZOE

And if you try to stop us...

Zoe fumbles for her next word, quickly scanning the room with her eyes for a weapon to protect herself with. She reaches down to the table and grabs a fistful of used chopsticks and holds them in her fist.

ZOE

I'll stake you where you stand!

Zoe turns for the door with her chopsticks in hand. Benjamin wipes his mouth with the back of his hand and retracts his fangs. He licks the small smear of blood, cleaning it from his skin and causing Elsa to cringe slightly at Benjamin's poor table manners.

DOROTHY

(holding Zoe by the shoulders to comfort her)

It's okay. He won't hurt you.

ZOE

(slowing down her panic)

W-W-Why aren't you freaking out?

DOROTHY

(to Zoe)

Because a few weeks ago, I saw it too.

BENJAMIN

(to Dorothy)

It?

DOROTHY

(to Zoe)

Remember when I told you about me meeting him on the lot? And I went into his trailer. Well, I may have left out a tiny detail.

ZOE

(to Dorothy)

A tiny detail!? You mean the fact that you're new friend is Nosferatu!

BENJAMIN

(to Elsa)

C'mon now. I am much more attractive than he was.

Benjamin steps forward with his hands open and in front of him. Zoe raises her chopsticks stake once again with a non-verbal threat and glares at Benjamin. Benjamin puts both hands down and slowly takes a step back.

DOROTHY

(to Zoe)

When I met him in his trailer, he thought that I was there to donate blood. That's how he feeds - via donations. The man you met earlier, Stanley, he runs a service to help feed people like Benjamin. The cute surfer with him was a donor.

BENJAMIN

(to Zoe)

She's right. I don't hurt people. I gave that up a long time ago. I live a peaceful life now. No more hunting in the night. No more living off wild animals like a parasite.

DOROTHY

(to Zoe)

After we cleared up our mix up, he offered to hypnotize me to make me forget.

BENJAMIN

(to Zoe)

It is called "glamouring" and its painless.

DOROTHY

But I told him no. I didn't want anyone playing around with my mind. And to make it up to me, he helped me get the role in that space movie.

Zoe looks at Dorothy with shock and confusion. She has been betrayed by her best friend and put in danger because of Dorothy's obsession with stardom.

ZOE

Why didn't you tell me this sooner!

DOROTHY

Would you have believed me if I told you that Benjamin Davis, the movie star, was a vampire?

ZOE

I would have believed you. You're my best friend, and I take you at your word.

DOROTHY

Well take me at my word now. Benjamin won't hurt us. I have spent so much time with him over these last few weeks getting to know him? Working on that movie with him? He's a sweetheart whos' been saddled with this affliction. He can't help who he is. Besides, we have been hanging around him all night. If he wanted to hurt us, he could have done that hours ago.

ELSA

I think we should all just calm down a second...

ZOE

(to Elsa)

You - I don't know you.

ZOE

(to Dorothy)

And you - I thought I knew you. Maybe he did mess around with your head to get you to believe

that he's some sort of peaceful person. But he's just an animal. This will only end with horror and heartbreak if you stay.

DOROTHY

I trust him. You've got to believe me.

Benjamin steps forward.

BENJAMIN

If I may...

ELSA

(quietly to Benjamin and putting her hand on Benjamin's shoulder to gently make him step back)

Not. Now.

Both Dorothy and Zoe shift their focus to Benjamin for a second. Dorothy's eyes say "not now". Zoe has daggers in her eyes that say "try me" as she raises her chopsticks-stake again.

ZOE

He probably had slaves back in the day. I saw that photo of you in the Civil War.

Zoe points to the old framed advertisement from earlier.

BENJAMIN

(to Zoe)

How old do I look? That photo was from vaudeville. Not the Civil War.

ZOE

(to Benjamin)

I bet you did black face.

BENJAMIN

Absolutely not!

ZOE

Pfft!

Benjamin realizes that these details are not going to sway Zoe, so he tries a calmer technique.

BENJAMIN

(to Zoe)

Look - you don't have to trust me just because someone says to trust me. I get it. Just give me a chance to earn your trust like you would anyone else.

Zoe gives Benjamin the side-eye and crosses her arms.

BENJAMIN

Oh, and FYI, just because someone is from an older generation that doesn't mean that they're racist. I was the first white guy to get shot on screen by Pam Grier. I was wearing a perm, a prosthetic nose and a moustache in those days, so you probably wouldn't recognize me. This is when I was doing stunts under the name "Anthony Walsh III".

Smash cut to the credits rolling for the movie Coffy, as the theme song plays. With a paused VHS effect on the screen, we freeze frame on the list of stunt performers. We lock in on a credit that reads "Anthony Walsh III - Honkey #3". An arrow points to the name as we hear a ding before going back to the room.

ZOE

(sarcastically)

You're a real trailblazer, Tony.  
Or whoever you are.

BENJAMIN

I also marched with Dr. King in Alabama.

Benjamin walks over to the framed advertisement of his "lookalike relative" in the picture frame and continues to plead his case.

BENJAMIN

I owned a jazz club in New Orleans that welcomed EVERYONE when it was illegal to have "mixed" crowds. I also turned some white-sheeted Good Old Boys bright red when they tried to lynch a 12-year-old boy who lived next door to me.



ZOE

HA! So, you admit to being a killer!

BENJAMIN

I've reformed my old ways. I don't go around killing people anymore. The last time I did that was in World War II. I was fighting alongside the Allies as we liberated the camps. Nazi blood tastes like literal shit - by the way. "Pure" blood my ass.

Dorothy gags.

DOROTHY

(to Elsa)

How does he know what shit tastes like?

Elsa shrugs.

ZOE

(to Benjamin)

You want a cookie for doing the right thing? Just because you have Dorothy fooled, doesn't mean that I don't think you'll kill one of us the first time you feel like a snack.

ZOE

(to Dorothy)

You'll be smart to stay as far away from him as possible.

Zoe begins to storm off.

DOROTHY

(to Zoe)

He's been very good to me these last few weeks. We shouldn't judge him on how his people are portrayed on screen. I can't go around judging people like that. If I did, I'd have no friends here.

Buzzy enters from the record room.

BUZZY

What's the commotion, man?

ZOE

(matter of factly)

Benjamin is a vampire! Dorothy knew and she willingly dragged us here. We're leaving. Let's go.

Zoe marches towards the door.

BUZZY

(in a calm tone to Zoe)

Okay. His record collection was trash anyway, man. All those records and not a single Monkees album in sight? "Head" was groundbreaking stuff, man.

Buzzy turns towards Benjamin, Elsa, and Dorothy, then tips a fake hat and in an exaggerated and almost cartoonish manner addresses everyone else in the room.

BUZZY

It 'twas a lovely evening.

NON-DIEGETIC MUSIC: "Lullaby" by The Cure

Buzzy giggles and turns to opens the door for Zoe. But Zoe has already turned the knob and is making her exit. Still clutching her chopstick-stake, Zoe pauses to look back at Dorothy, shakes her head in frustration, and continues down the path to her car. As Buzzy and Zoe approach the car, we hear Buzzy speak.

BUZZY

Wait - Benjamin is a vampire? Far out, man. That's wild. I thought that I dated a lady bigfoot once. It turns out she was just a really tall Italian chick.

A frustrated Zoe gets into the car and slams the door behind her, revving the engine. Buzzy calmly climbs into the passenger's seat.

BUZZY

Can we get tacos on the way home? I've got the munchies, man.

Cut to Dorothy standing in the doorway, with tears in her eyes as we hear the car drive away. She is flanked by Benjamin and Elsa. Benjamin pats Dorothy on the back. Elsa puts her head on Dorothy's shoulder to comfort her. Music fades out.

FADE OUT

**27 INT. DAY - DOROTHY AND ZOE'S APARTMENT, ONE WEEK LATER**

FADE IN

Zoe sits silently at the kitchen table sadly eating a sandwich. The golden rays of the sun leaking in from the kitchen window do nothing to brighten her mood. The phone begins to ring. Zoe throws her head back in frustration. After the third ring, the answering machine picks up.

DOROTHY  
(from the recording)  
She's Zoe!

ZOE  
(from the recording)  
And she's Dorothy!

Dorothy and Zoe's recorded voices speak in unison.

DOROTHY & ZOE  
(from the recording)  
And we're not here to answer the  
phone.

Zoe frustratedly waits for the recording to end as she drinks some iced tea from a glass.

DOROTHY  
(from the recording)  
So leave a message.

ZOE  
(from the recording)  
After the beep.

We hear the beep and a familiar voice is on the line.

DOROTHY  
(over the answering machine)  
Zo? C'mon, I know you're home. I  
will keep calling until you pick

up. I just want to talk. I miss  
my best friend.

(sadly)

Please pick up.

Zoey shakes her head 'no' and takes a bite from her sandwich, then drops the rest of the sandwich on her plate in frustration. She's lost her appetite.

DOROTHY

(over the answering machine)

Look - if you get this message,  
I'll be working at the bar  
tonight. Maybe you can stop in  
or something. We've chosen the  
script and I'd like to have you  
on board with us. I love you.

The distraught Dorothy hanging up the call as we hear it click. Zoe takes a deep breath and sighs, then sits in the silence. After a beat, we hear a knock at the door. Zoe rises from her chair and goes to answer the door. She opens the door to reveal Buzzy wearing a bright pink tanktop with a photo of a palm tree on it, baggy pants, and neon yellow sunglasses. He's holding one hand behind his back.

BUZZY

(with a mischievous smile)

A delivery for you.

Buzzy reveals a bouquet of flowers and hands them to Zoe.

ZOE

Oh Buzzy. Thank you. You  
shouldn't have.

Zoe takes the bouquet of flowers from Buzzy and notices a card.

BUZZY

I didn't. She did.

Zoe looks at the card. We see it close-up. The card reads "I'm sorry. Can we talk? - Dorothy" handwritten in blue ink.

ZOE

I guess you're her errand boy  
now.

BUZZY

I go where I am needed.

Buzzy stands in a heroic pose with his hands on his hips.

ZOE

Come on in. Have you had lunch?

BUZZY

Not yet.

ZOE

(gesturing to the kitchen table)

Have a seat.

Zoe turns her back on Buzzy and walks to the refrigerator which still has photos of Dorothy and Zoe stuck to it with cute magnets, then opens the door. Buzzy sits down in the chair where Zoe was just seated. While her back is turned, Buzzy casually begins to take bites from Zoe's half-eaten sandwich. With her back still turned, Zoe begins gathering items from the fridge for a sandwich and addresses Buzzy while still looking in the refrigerator.

ZOE

Mayo, mustard, or both?

BUZZY

(through a mouthful of food)

I think it has both.

Zoe turns around confused at Buzzy's response, which is all too clear when she notices the now empty plate on the table and Buzzy picking food from his teeth with his pinky finger.

ZOE

I was going to make you your own.

BUZZY

Cool! Thanks! I've got the munchies again. I guess I just have a high metabolism or something.

Zoe sits down and begins to make Buzzy a sandwich of his own. Zoe turns around with the sandwich ingredients. She closes the refrigerator door behind her, then begins to lay everything out on the table and starts constructing sandwich number two.

DOROTHY

I'm assuming that you've spoken with her.

BUZZY

Who?

ZOE

You know who.

BUZZY

Mama Cass? She died years ago, man. They say it was a ham sandwich that did her in, too.

Buzzy pauses.

BUZZY

Do you have turkey?

Zoe stops what she is doing and puts a hand on her hip, correcting Buzzy in frustration.

ZOE

Dorothy.

BUZZY

Where?

Zoe puts the food down and snaps her fingers at Buzzy.

ZOE

Focus.

BUZZY

Just trying to lighten the mood. Yeah, I've talked to her. She's heartbroken, man.

Zoe places the finished sandwich in front of Buzzy and sits down across from him.

BUZZY

Thank you.

ZOE

You don't think I'm heartbroken too? She chose that - that creature over me. Over us! She put us all in danger. And for what? Some silly dream to be in the movies!

BUZZY

I've done some asking around,  
and I can't find any real dirt  
on Benjamin. No one even knew  
about the vampire thing. But  
that doesn't excuse Dorothy for  
not being up front with us.

ZOE

Right.

BUZZY

But, like, if someone has a  
secret, man, and they're not  
hurting anyone - maybe it's up  
to them to share that secret  
when they're ready. It wasn't  
Dorothy's story to tell.

ZOE

(getting defensive)  
Are you taking her side?

BUZZY

I'm not taking anyone's side,  
kiddo. I just know that there  
were a lot of people in this  
town who had secret lives - like  
Rock Hudson, Marlene Dietrich,  
Tab Hunter. And they felt that  
they couldn't be open about who  
they really were for fear of  
being judged harshly, losing  
their jobs, or worse. If he's  
not hurting anyone, what's so  
bad about it?

Buzzy takes a bite out of the sandwich. Zoe turns in her  
chair facing away from Buzzy and folds her arms. Her jaw  
is clenched because she wants to argue, but she knows  
that Buzzy has made good points. Her eyeline catches some  
of the photos of herself and Dorothy that are attached to  
the refrigerator and she softens slightly.

BUZZY

Dorothy has a kind heart. I know  
you do too. Why else would you  
help an old burnout like me?

Buzzy takes another bite out of the new sandwich. Zoe  
turns back to face Buzzy with a tear in her eye. She  
wipes it away and bites her lip to keep the tears from  
flowing.

BUZZY

You should talk to Dorothy. It's not worth throwing away a friendship.

Buzzy reaches out and touches Zoe's hand.

BUZZY

You never know when you'll need a friend—or when you won't see them again.

Taken back by Buzzy's sudden lucidity and eloquence, Zoe is briefly stunned.

ZOE

Is that a haiku or something? That's beautiful. Did you write that?

Buzzy gets up, wraps the rest of the sandwich in a napkin and drops it into his pocket and begins heading towards the door.

BUZZY

Nah. I think I saw it in the men's room wall at Barney's Beanery. Just think about it, man.

ZOE

(dabbing the corner of her eyes from tears)  
Eating and running?

BUZZY

I think I'll check in on my other daughter. Plus, tomorrow is a big day for me and I need to get my rest. I am a producer on Dorothy's movie. I have to hit the streets and start to raise funds.

**28 MONTAGE - SET TO THE SONG "SCARFACE (PUSH IT TO THE LIMIT)" BY PAUL ENGEMANN**

-- EXT. DAY: Buzzy tap dancing in front of the Chinese Theatre for spare change from tourists.



-- INT. DAY: Dorothy is welcomed to her seat on the set of a "Press Your Luck"-style game show. She smiles at her fellow contestants and is welcomed by a cheesy-looking gameshow host with capped teeth and perfectly quaffed hair. The host points to the game board and shows that the first category is "Hollywood history."

-- EXT. DAY: Marty walks past a fence with posters pasted onto it, reaches into his briefcase and staples flyers that read "Fund the next big movie! Cash, check, and money order accepted. Call (213) 555-FILM" alongside Benjamin's headshot and Dorothy in a Glamour Shot type of photo.

-- EXT. DAY: Buzzy washing car windows at Beverly Hills sign for spare change. Buzzy has a near miss with a speeding car on the street.

-- EXT. DAY: Ronald stands on the street with a large box and brown paper bag in his arms outside of a store on Hollywood Boulevard. He takes a deep breath, places the full bag down and reaches for the doorknob. As the door closes behind him, we pan out to reveal the shop's large display window. The window has the words "Mike's Movie Memorabilia" in large block letters. The I's are dotted with stars. Under the name it reads "We buy & sell movie history." in script with "Since 1979" in a smaller font underneath. In the window we see a shelf displaying autographed headshots and signed scripts. To the side of the display, we see two mannequins one dressed in a blonde wig and woman's white dress similar to Marilyn Monroe's "Seven Year Itch" subway grate scene. The other mannequin is wearing a men's suit similar to Charlie Chaplin's Little Tramp, complete with hat and cane.

-- INT. DAY: Dorothy starts winning money on the game show with correct answers.

-- EXT. DAY: Buzzy selling maps to the stars homes that he's made by hand. Buzzy has a near miss with a speeding car on the street.

-- INT. AFTERNOON: Elsa wakes up late in a modestly decorated bedroom. We pan out to show a beautiful Hispanic woman still asleep in the bed with her. The woman is facedown and topless with the covers pulled to the small of her back. Grabbing her glasses from the bedside table, Elsa casually rolls out of bed wearing an oversized Jane's Addiction "Nothing Shocking" t-shirt. Elsa stands up, stretches, grabs her pants from a chair in the corner and begins to get dressed. Elsa reaches into her purse for her keys, and finds a Post-it note

that reads "remember - raise funds today!" stuck to her wallet. She closes the purse and confidently struts out of the room with her new friend still asleep.

-- INT. DAY: Dorothy makes it to the game's final question and answers it correctly, winning the big jackpot on the game show - cash prize, a car, a year's supply of Turtle Wax. Balloons and confetti fall from the ceiling as Dorothy jumps up and down hugging the host.

-- INT. DAY: Ronald stands at the counter of Mike's Movie Memorabilia and begins presenting the man behind the counter items from his box and bag - a child's wooden sled with a rose painted on it, a taxidermied horse's head, a pair of ruby red slippers. With each item, the man behind the counter's eyes widens more and more in astonishment.

-- EXT. DAY: Buzzy accepts change for washing car windows and hands the driver (celebrity cameo) one of Stanley's flyers. Buzzy has a near miss with a speeding car on the street.

-- EXT. AFTERNOON: We see Elsa at an upscale Beverly Hills restaurant with outdoor seating. A handsome waiter approaches her table and brings her a martini. Elsa tilts her sunglasses down and gives a flirty look to the waiter. Smash cut to Elsa and the waiter making out in the restroom. Smash cut as they both exit the restroom, walking their separate ways and straightening their clothes/fixing their hair. Smash cut to the table at the restaurant. Elsa pays the bill, drops a \$100 bill as a tip, and pinches the butt of the waiter as he walks away. Elsa puts her wallet back into her purse and sees a Post-it note that reads "remember - raise funds today!"

-- EXT. AFTERNOON: We see Ronald leaving Mike's Movie Memorabilia counting a large wad of cash which he promptly puts into his pocket realizing that he's back on the mean streets of Los Angeles, as he walks out of frame.

-- INT. NIGHT: Benjamin is in his living room, making phone calls to his famous friends (Nicolas Cage, Johnny Depp, Alice Cooper, Demi Moore, Drew Barrymore, Weird Al, Tim Burton, Richard Pryor, Wynonna Ryder, Tom Hanks, Eddie Murphy, Pee Wee Herman, Danny Devito, Prince, Lionel Richie, Ozzy Osbourne, Madonna). We use era-relevant footage of stars on the phone in a split screen with Benjamin.

-- EXT. NIGHT: Elsa stands across the street from outside of The Sevent Veil on Sunset Boulevard at night. The neon sign reads "nude girls." She notices a trio of sexy women walking in and flirting with the bouncer at the door. She notices a sign above the door says, "amateur night - cash prize." She thinks for a second and then nods her head as if to say, "why not?"

-- INT. NIGHT: Marty walks into a video rental store and asks if he can put up flyers. Reveal to show Quentin Tarantino cameo as the clerk. Marty lays the briefcase on the counter, pops the locks, and hands Tarantino-clerk some flyers. Tarantino-clerk says, "nice briefcase," then writes "script idea: mysterious briefcase" on a piece of paper after Marty exits.

-- EXT. NIGHT: Elsa stands backstage at The Seventh Veil in a trench coat waiting for her cue to go on. Her eyes scan the audience packed with riotous metal heads and bikers who are getting sloppy drunk and being raucous towards the topless woman on the main stage.

-- INT. NIGHT: Benjamin chatting with older Caucasian men in business suits at Musso & Frank's. He buys a round of drinks and hands over his credit card. During the exchange, we see Benjamin showing a black and red credit card sized card to the waiter. The card has a picture of Hollywood Walk of Fame star on it, but instead of a movie/radio/music icon, it has a bat in silhouette. The waiter nods knowingly. The waiter knows that this is a signal to get a special drink from the special private stash reserved only for specific clients.

-- INT. NIGHT: Elsa gets her cue to go on stage from a stagehand with a head mic and a clipboard. But she stops herself after taking just a single step. She shakes her head "no" then turns around and walks out.

-- EXT. NIGHT: Buzzy handing out flyers with Ronald outside of The Rocky Horror Picture Show outside of the Nuart Theatre. They are both in full Rocky Horror costume. Ronald is dressed like Columbia with face paint and a golden hat. Buzzy is dressed like Dr. Frank-n-furter with face paint, a corset, pearls, and heels. Buzzy has a near miss with a speeding car.

-- INT. NIGHT: Benjamin and the older Caucasian men are still chatting. The waiter returns with a round of various cocktails. He puts the drinks down on the table, but hands Benjamin his Bloody Mary. Benjamin slips the waiter a \$20 tip. The group toasts to close the deal.

-- EXT. NIGHT: Elsa knocks on the door of a large mansion and a distinguished elderly man wearing a smoking jacket and holding a pipe opens the door. Elsa hugs him. Inside the mansion's study, we see the man filling out a check then handing it to Elsa. She kisses him on the cheek and the two exit the frame as we close-up and hold on items on the man's desk - a "World's Best Dad" mug next to a framed photo of the man looking 30 years younger and standing next to a pre-teen girl wearing glasses and a hairstyle just like Elsa.

-- EXT. NIGHT: Buzzy is putting fundraiser flyers on windshields of cars parked on Rodeo Drive. As Buzzy crosses the busy street, we take on the point of view of the large city bus with Buzzy in its headlights. Buzzy doesn't see the bus until it is too late. We zoom in to a close up of Buzzy in the glow of the bus's headlights.

BUZZY

Aw, man...

SMASH CUT TO WHITE

We hear the screeching of the tires and commotion as the the montage comes to a brutal and tragic stop.

**29 EXT. DUSK - HOLLYWOOD FOREVER CEMETARY, DAYS LATER.**

We pull back out to reveal a lovely funeral wreath with white flowers placed throughout and Buzzy's headshot in the center. The photo is from Buzzy's younger days as an actor. A sash that reads "Rest in peace Clifford "Buzzy" Bukowski" runs across wreath. The wreath has a child's plastic toy cowboy style pistol affixed to it, as a nod to his most famous acting role. A modest wooden casket sits ready for lowering into the hallowed ground where Hollywood's icons lay in eternal slumber. Several flowers lay across the casket. The sun is setting as we pan across the row of mourners.

Dorothy is wearing a conservative black dress and gloves. She has been crying and continues to dab her eyes with a white handkerchief. Elsa stands by her side - her usually vibrant clothing all black, but still stylish and modern. A small pillbox hat sits on her head, with a tiny net veil attached. She comforts Dorothy with a pat on her back. Marty stands next to Elsa in a black suit and tie. His hands are clasped in front of him. We continue to pan across the row of mourners and see random celebrities mixed amongst with the mourners - Bill Murray, The Red Hot Chili Peppers, Tom Cruise, Weird Al, Glenn Close,

Steven Spielberg, Cher, Slash. We also see several "normal" people in the crowd - an old Asian couple, a very muscular black man with a shaved head, three homeless people (two male, one female) dressed in dusty and torn clothes, a Cher impersonator dressed more like Cher than the actual Cher, Angelyne dressed in her usual pink outfit except for a black armband, and a group of sobbing Chicano gangsters. And at the end of the row of mourners is Zoe. Zoe is wearing a nice black dress, and Buzzy's sunglasses from when we are first introduced to him. She holds a tissue in one hand and a rose in the other. Benjamin arrives with Stanley, holding an umbrella over Benjamin's head as the sun goes down. Benjamin is in a black suit and tie. Stanley is wearing a black blazer and pants with a dark purple shirt and bolo tie. They walk up to Dorothy and Benjamin gives her a hug. Stanley looks around and sees that the sun has gone down. He nods to Benjamin, who takes a deep breath and nods to Stanley. Stanley puts the umbrella away as Benjamin who reacts to the transition from day to night like a regular person getting into a hot bath - taking a few seconds to go from discomfort to being at ease. Stanley puts his hand on Dorothy's shoulder. On one of the saddest days of their young lives, the two women who were so close are now separated by a sea of people.

An older Indian man in religious guru robes walks into the frame and stands next to wreath. He proceeds to sit down on the grass and produces a sitar from off screen and begins to accompany Ronald in a heartfelt but comically off-key rendition of Boys II Men's "End of the Road." The Chicano gangsters are really feeling it. One pours out a 40-ounce beer for Buzzy. Another lifts his shirt to show a large tattoo of Buzzy's face in a religious style portrait and "¡Lo entendiste!" written under the portrait in calligraphy. He points to it, kisses his fingers, and then points to the sky. The coffin lowers after the brief, and flat, musical performance. The tears begin to flow with the mourners as the coffin is lowered into the ground. Mourners drop roses into the grave as they begin to disperse, leaving only our group behind.

Zoe stands on her own on the outside of the group. She removes Buzzy's glasses from her face and puts them in her purse. Dorothy quietly walks over to Zoe. The two stand there for a moment, side by side, looking at the grave. Finally, Dorothy breaks the silence.

DOROTHY

What was with those guys?

ZOE

Buzzy's old show was really big in Mexico. They called him "pequeño vaquero" - the little cowboy. It still runs in reruns in Spanish.

DOROTHY

How cute!

ZOE

Yeah. He was loved by people from all walks of life.

DOROTHY

He really was a special guy.

The two stand in awkward silence for a moment longer. Dorothy turns to Zoe, grabs her hand, and begins pleading.

DOROTHY

I'm sorry. I'm sorry for not being upfront with you about everything. I'm sorry for the whole damn thing. Can you ever forgive me?

ZOE

I'm sorry too. I should have trusted you. You're not a child. You can be friends with whoever you want. You have good instincts on people. I mean, you're friends with me... right?

DOROTHY

Yes! If you'll have me back.

The two hug. During the embrace, we see Benjamin in the distance looking at the two women's reconciliation. He smiles, and taps Elsa and Stanley on the shoulder, breaking their conversation. The three look on with smiles. Zoe notices that she's being watched as the embrace with Dorothy ends. She looks at Dorothy and speaks.

ZOE

Vampires, huh?

DOROTHY

I know - vampires, right?! How weird?! Who knew.

ZOE

Are you sure about him?

DOROTHY

He's a really good guy. He's just... different.

ZOE

Good guy, huh?

DOROTHY

He paid for the services and plot. Who knows where Buzzy would have ended up without him. Now - now he can be with the rest of the stars. Where he belongs.

ZOE

(addressing the casket)

You're finally getting the star's treatment that you deserved for so long.

DOROTHY

Benjamin said that Buzzy deserved a dignified send off. It's something that few child actors and vampires get to have. Or so I'm told. He felt like they were kindred spirits. With Benjamin being able to be open about his secret, he and Buzzy did a bit of bonding over the last few days. They talked about old Hollywood stars of the 50's, partying with hippies in the 60's, and on and on. Did you know that they both dated Cher? They both claim to be Pauly Shore's godfather. And they both had a deep dislike for John Wayne. Like - really hate him. It was a personal, aggressive hatred. Anyway, they were like too old friends by the end.

ZOE

I guess I never considered that.  
It must be a lonely life being a  
vampire. I know Buzzy got  
lonely, but he at least had us  
to hang out with from time to  
time. And I guess everyone,  
living or undead, just wants to  
live and die with some dignity  
and respect.

DOROTHY

Everyone needs a friend.

Dorothy smiles and puts her hand on Zoe's shoulder. Zoe  
smiles back.

ZOE

You never know when you'll need  
a friend—or when you won't see  
them again.

With Buzzy's words ringing back in her ears, Zoe wipes a  
tear from her eye thinking of her lost friend. The two  
again.

DOROTHY

Does this mean...?

ZOE

How could I abandon my sister?  
Plus you're going to need me to  
manage your career once this  
movie opens. I'm sure that Buzzy  
would say that the show must go  
on.

Dorothy smiles with a tear in her eye, and gives Zoe the  
"double finger guns" gesture and drops Buzzy's  
catchphrase.

DOROTHY

You got it!

The two smile at the thought of Buzzy looking down at  
them. Dorothy takes a beat to wipe away her tear.

DOROTHY

And you've got me. I'll be 100%  
honest with you from here on  
out. What do you say we go and  
grab a drink?



ZOE

I'd love to but I can't. I need to go home and change into something less formal. I'm meeting with Mr. Grayson, the head of the modelling agency, tonight at his mansion. He's supposed to give me the details on some upcoming campaign. I think it will be a big step in my career.

DOROTHY

That's amazing! I'm so happy for you. I have to work at the bar tonight anyway. That's where we were going to meet.

ZOE

You're working tonight? After a funeral?

DOROTHY

I have to fill in for someone who's out with the flu. They've been out for a few days and everyone has picked up an extra shift. I can use the tips anyway.

ZOE

Yeah. Well, when I'm your manager and this movie is a hit, you won't have to worry about that.

Dorothy smiles at Zoe with relief in her eyes.

DOROTHY

I'll be fine. Benjamin and everyone else will be keeping me company. I'll see you tonight after your meeting and you can tell me all about it. I'll pick up some tacos on the way home.

ZOE

It's a date.

DOROTHY

I might get out early, so call me. Benjamin got one of those

new cellular phones and he'll be  
with me so you can just meet us  
wherever we end up.

Dorothy reaches into her purse and pulls out Benjamin's  
business card and a pen. Dorothy uses the pen to write  
his cell number on the back.

DOROTHY

Here is his number. Just call  
him and we can all put this  
horrible day behind us.

Zoe puts the card in her purse. The two hug, and walk  
separate ways - Zoe to her car, and Dorothy to our group  
who have been chatting amongst themselves.

### **30 EXT. NIGHT - THE STREETS OF HOLMBY HILLS**

Zoe drives her modest car uphill through the winding  
streets of Holmby Hills passing multimillion dollar  
estates more akin to palaces than homes. "Round and  
Round" by Tevin Campbell plays on the car radio as she  
climbs higher and higher into the heavens of the hills.  
The higher she gets, the larger the houses get. She  
occasionally checks her handwritten notes and looks for  
street signs in the night. She is wearing a cute orange  
button-up top with the top two buttons undone. On her  
head is a white bandana mimicking Aaliyah, allowing her  
hair to flow out the sides and back. A comfy pair of  
jeans and sneakers along with a small purse completes her  
casual outfit.

She finds her way to a private driveway with a massive  
black gate that obstructs her view of what is beyond the  
obelisk-like doors. A single light pointing towards a  
metal call box stands as a lone sentry to the property. A  
security camera keeps a watchful eye from a post above  
the light. Zoe pulls her car up to the call box, puts the  
car in park and rolls down her window. She leans forward,  
pressing the button on the call box and waits for a  
moment. Then we hear a voice.

GRAYSON (OVER SPEAKER)

Can I help you?

ZOE

Hello. My name is Zoe Baker and  
I'm here to see Mr. Grayson.

GRAYSON (OVER SPEAKER)

Zoe! Let me buzz you in. You can park in front of the house. Normally, I'd have the staff park your car, but I've given them the weekend off. Just follow the driveway up. You can't miss it.

We hear a brief buzz, and the large gates open to reveal the driveway is more of a private road which leads to an opulent mansion. The road is dotted with small lights and beautifully manicured landscaping. A large lighted fountain sits at the center of the circular driveway. The massive cathedral-like double doors sit at the top of white stone stairs, flanked by two large palm trees reaching up into the night. Zoe parks her small car at the foot of the large stairs. As she exits her car, her reflexes tell her that she should lock her doors. But she looks around and realizes that this is the safest place in the world tonight, so why bother? She grabs her purse and begins her journey into the opulent estate. Zoe has visited expensive homes before for parties and photoshoots. But this was the next level.

Zoe reaches the large front door and rings the doorbell. After a few seconds, a figure appears through the glass and welcomes her inside. Mr. Grayson - a tall clean-shaven Caucasian man in his late fifties with thinning shoe polished-black hair, slicked back into a small ponytail which lays outside of his powder blue terrycloth robe. Over his left chest, the letters GG are embroidered in gold thread set in a script font. He's well-tanned from a life in the California sun in summer, and tanning beds from jet setting to ski resorts during the winters. He flashes a friendly smile and offers his hand to Zoe. She reaches out to shake his hand, and he kisses the top of her hand. His hands are big and make Zoe's hands look like those of a child. Perfect for a construction worker, but he's never done manual labor a day in his life. His fingers are thick and decorated with a wedding ring on one hand, and a pinkie ring on the other. A thin glittery gold chain sits nestled in a tuft of chest hair that peeks out from his robe.

GRAYSON

My apologies for my attire. I was trying to squeeze in a few laps before you got here, and time just got away from me. Got to stay fit. Especially when I'm always around such beautiful

people. Welcome to my humble  
abode.

Grayson gestures for Zoe to come in. With a smile, Zoe  
accepts the invitation and enters.

ZOE  
(looking around)  
It is quite impressive.

Grayson closes the door behind them, and the pair walk  
down the entranceway into an open living space with a  
fancy sofa in front of a thick glass coffee table which  
sits on top of a fuzzy rug. It looks almost like a large  
chunk of ice floating on the surface of a fizzy soda.

Zoe continues to look around in astonishment as her host  
leads her through the almost museum-like room.

GRAYSON  
On this wall we have a Basquiat.  
I'm sure you know about him.  
Over here we have a lovely  
Renoir. Those chairs are a Finn  
Juhl. Watch out for the table.  
It's a one-of-a-kind Thomas  
Stearns. It is practically  
invisible because of the purity  
of the glass.

Two books sit on top of the table - "Photography Year  
1980-81" and a well-worn book of Herb Ritts photography  
open to show an attractive nude woman, photographed in  
black and white. A case with statues and awards in  
varying sizes and shapes sits against the back wall. Zoe  
looks around in an attempt to take it all in, but she is  
ushered past this impressive display.

GRAYSON  
Just the result of a lot of  
arduous work. I've been around  
the world but it's always good  
to come home. Can I offer you  
something to drink? It's been a  
hell of a week, so I've opened  
something special - a 1972  
Chateau Latour.

ZOE  
Same. I had to bury a good  
friend today. I can certainly  
use a drink.

GRAYSON

(with a sympathetic tone and a comforting hand on Zoe's shoulder)  
I'm sorry to hear that.

GRAYSON

(with a smile in an attempt to cheer Zoe up)  
Let's go out onto the patio. I want to show you this amazing view. It's the best part of the property in my opinion.

Grayson opens another set of large double doors that reveals a large outdoor patio with a row of lounge chairs facing away from the house surrounding a pool so large that Zoe thinks that she could fit her apartment inside of it. The edge of the property has a small hedge set up as a border between the pool area and the steep drop off to the land below. Grayson stands proudly next to his young guest as the lights of the city twinkle below just as much as the stars twinkle above.

GRAYSON

Isn't it beautiful?

ZOE

It's breathtaking.

Grayson walks over to the outdoor bar just steps away and returns with two glasses of an extremely expensive wine. In handing one over to Zoe, he begins to speak.

GRAYSON

Just think - somewhere down there right now there is traffic, poverty, couples fighting, stress and aggravation. But up here, it's quiet and peaceful.

ZOE

I think you just described my old neighborhood in a single sentence.

GRAYSON

Rough childhood, huh? How's your new neighborhood? When I was last in town you mentioned that you were moving into an apartment across town.

ZOE

Oh, it has been a while since I've seen you. That was a year ago, maybe. Yeah, the new place is great. I mean, it's nothing as nice as this. But it's nice, ya know. My roommate and I like it.

GRAYSON

Roommate? Boyfriend?

ZOE

Nah. My best friend Dorothy. Poor thing is trying to get her foot in the door as an actor, but the studio shut down production on her film before she could finish her first scene.

GRAYSON

It's a rough business.

ZOE

She'll bounce back. She just has that never-give-up spirit. It would be annoying if she weren't so sincere about it.

Zoe takes a sip of her wine as she sits down placing her purse on the empty seat next to her.

I met her castmates at the saddest wrap party and they were discussing filming an independent film.

GRAYSON

Oh really? That will take money. Do they have those kinds of funds?

Grayson reaches into his robe pocket and pulls out a small remote control. As he speaks, he clicks a button, and a small fireplace comes on. He clicks it a second time and soft classical music begins to play - "Boléro, M. 81".

ZOE

They have Benjamin Davis as part of the cast and he's investing his money.

GRAYSON

(outloud to himself)

Benjamin Davis... didn't he do  
that movie about the guy who did  
that thing.

GRAYSON

(to Zoe)

What was it... Oh, it's on the tip  
of my tongue. He won an award  
for it too... Don't tell me. I  
liked it too. It had that woman  
who was in that German film, but  
she's not German.

GRAYSON

(annoyed at himself)

What was it!?

GRAYSON

(to Zoe)

It doesn't matter. He's a good  
actor. That much I know. I've  
invested in a few movies. Art  
films mostly.

ZOE

Yes, I did read about that.  
There was some French art film  
or something, right? Aren't you  
going to Cannes for the opening?

GRAYSON

Lovely city. Have you ever been?

ZOE

Maybe one day. I did some  
modelling in London but never  
made it out of the UK.

GRAYSON

That's what I wanted to talk to  
you about.

Grayson sits down in the pool chair next to Zoe with both  
hands on his wine glass, looking into her eyes with  
excitement.

GRAYSON

Starting next week, I'm going to  
be travelling to Europe, Asia,  
and Africa. I'll be gone for 2

months setting up location shoots for a campaign for a massive global client. I can't say who just yet, as the ink hasn't *quite* dried yet on the contracts. But it will be huge - not only for my agency, but for the models in the campaign. It will make them global superstars. I'm only inviting the best of the best. The upper echelon in this business, and the brightest new stars. That's where you come in. Would you like to come with me?

ZOE

(in stunned amazement)

Oh wow! Yes! That would be amazing! Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! This is a tremendous opportunity, and I won't let you down.

GRAYSON

I'm glad you said "yes." How about some champagne to celebrate?

ZOE

I haven't finished my wine yet. But why the hell not?

GRAYSON

That's the attitude I like to see. You see an opportunity and you jump on it.

Grayson walks over to his outdoor bar, reaches under the counter and into the mini fridge, grabbing a bottle of chilled champagne. He grabs two glasses from the stand and pours the champagne until it foams over the top of the glasses.

ZOE

I've been hoping for an opportunity like this. I really want to do what you do someday. Not just be in front of the camera. But be behind it as well, running the show.



GRAYSON

Ambition! I love it. That's what will get you far in this business. You're a gorgeous woman, but you have to be willing to seize the day - Carpe diem!

Grayson reaches into a drawer at an outdoor desk and pulls two items out and places them into his pocket, then walks back over to Zoe with the overflowing glasses of champagne.

Grayson hands a glass to Zoe and the two clink their glasses together.

BOTH

Cheers!

Grayson's fancy CD player begins a new song - Mephisto Walz No. 1, S. 514. The quick piano subtlety indicates a change in mood on the way.

GRAYSON

Now - tell me about your friend's movie.

Grayson settles into the chair and sets aside the business talk. He wants to get to know Zoe better.

ZOE

They've chosen the script and casting is complete. It's very independent, so there is a tight budget. I think that's going to be the main hurdle to overcome.

GRAYSON

What's it about?

ZOE

It's about this beautiful young woman...

GRAYSON

(interrupting)

I like what I'm hearing so far. Go on.

Grayson takes a sip of his champagne.

ZOE

She is out walking down Sunset late one night after attending a rock concert and she is abducted - right off the street! And she must fight for her life and escape the clutches of her captors.

GRAYSON

I love an action film with a hot chick in it.

Grayson takes a another sip of his champagne.

ZOE

There is a plot twist too. But I won't spoil it.

GRAYSON

Always keep them guessing. I like it. I like it. Are they looking for investors?

ZOE

Oh absolutely. They need around two million dollars in total. Even with Benjamin Davis's money and being attached to the film, it will take a bit of leg work to get that much money for it.

GRAYSON

I think I can help you out. How does one million dollars sound?

Grayson puts his drink aside and stands up.

ZOE

(watching in stunned amazement)  
You'd do that?

GRAYSON

Consider it done. I like helping people that I like. And I like you.

Grayson reaches into his pocket and pulls out his checkbook and a fancy ballpoint pen. He fills out the check, places the pen down on the table, then folds the check in four.

GRAYSON

The question is -

Grayson leans towards Zoe and instead of handing it to her, he puts the check into Zoe's cleavage.

GRAYSON  
(softly in Zoe's ear)  
How will you repay me?

Zoe recoils. She is stunned for a second, then pushes him away.

ZOE  
I don't think so! I came here to discuss business.

GRAYSON  
(trying to be seductive)  
And we did that. Now let's discuss pleasure. I mean, do you think that check doesn't come with any strings attached?

ZOE  
I'm getting out of here.

GRAYSON  
You're not going anywhere, bitch.

Grayson grabs Zoe by the wrist. Zoe throws her remaining champagne in his face, escaping his grasp as he wipes away the alcohol from his eyes. As she stands to run away, she reaches for the other glass of wine and throws that in his face as well. This time smashing the wine glass on the ground, shattering it into a million little pieces, as a way to slow down the barefoot Grayson.

GRAYSON  
Oooh, I like 'em fiery.

Grayson stands up and carefully walks around the glass shards as he begins to follow Zoe as she quickens her pace from the outdoor area into the house. She is focused on the door. As he follows her, Grayson's robe comes loose and opens to reveal that he is only wearing a small Speedo. The robe is fluttering behind him, and the robe's belt begins whipping around and starts to fall from its loops. As Zoe enters the living room, Grayson angrily grabs her shoulder, spinning her around to face him. Zoe kicks him in the balls, giving her a second to get ahead of him, but it wasn't a clear shot. Grayson shakes it off

and continues to give chase. But in his blind rage, he doesn't realize that his robe's belt has come loose, and it finds its way under his feet causing him to trip. He falls - suddenly and HARD - hitting his head on the edge of the glass table and is instantly killed. Zoe is almost at the front door when she hears the loud thud and grunt. Zoe turns around. She can clearly see the corner of the table now deeply embedded inside of Grayson's forehead.

Stunned, Zoe slowly creeps back to check on him. The man who was full of rage and running across the expensive Italian marble floor a moment ago is completely still except for the trickle of blood coming from his deep wound. His eyes are wide open and staring at the fluffy rug on the floor below the table. His mouth is agape. Zoe covers her mouth to keep from screaming. She softly steps back and then makes a mad dash for the door as if she is still being chased.

She races down the large steps and jumps into her unlocked car, slamming the door. After slamming the car door shut, she realizes that she doesn't have her keys. They are still in her purse which is on the outdoor chair. Zoe rushes back into the house with a two-part mission - find her keys and get the hell out of there. She silently tiptoes around Grayson's body with its forehead still fused to the table. She looks up at the Basquiat painting on the wall (Untitled Skull) then looks down at Grayson again before dashing to the outdoor area and quickly grabbing her purse from the chair.

Heading towards the door, keys in-hand, she pauses as she passes the body and realizes that she needs help. From where she stands, she can see Grayson's home office just off the living room. On the desk in the shadows sits a fancy-looking corded-landline phone on the large wooden desk.

### **31 INT. NIGHT - GRAYSON'S HOME OFFICE**

Our POV is facing from the perspective of the office's back wall. The lights are off, but we can see the desk, the large leather chair, the fancy phone, and a desk lamp in the shadows as moonlight sneaks in through the large windows. Through the open doorframe, we can also see Grayson's legs in the living room.

Zoe enters the room and removes her bandana from her head. She wraps it around her hand and uses it as a makeshift glove to keep from leaving fingerprints on the desk lamp. The door frame never leaves our shot,

contrasting the dark and dim office where Zoe stands and the brightly lit living room where Grayson's legs are visible. Flipping the lamp on, she continues to use her makeshift glove to look for a phonebook in the desk drawers. She finds the Los Angeles Yellow Pages and removes it, placing it next to the lamp. Opening it to the Bars and Restaurants section, she finds The Frolic Room's listing and calls in hopes to get some kind of help from Dorothy who was working a shift. With the aid of the bandana, Zoe picks up the receiver and places it on the desk then dials the rotary phone with her finger wrapped in the bandana - tension mounting with every rotation of the dialer. Zoe hears the call connect and grabs the receiver with her handkerchief-covered hand as it begins ringing. She collects herself with a deep breath anxiously awaiting her best friend, her sister, Dorothy, to answer the line. A gruff voice that she doesn't recognize picks up. We can hear the intro for The Arsenio Hall Show playing over the TV's speaker in the background.

GRUFF VOICED BARTENDER

Frolic Room.

ZOE

(confused and nervous)

Dorothy?

GRUFF VOICED BARTENDER

Nah, she ain't here. Who's this?

ZOE

Its her roommate.

GRUFF VOICED BARTENDER

(cheerfully)

Zoe, right? She talks about you all the time. I feel like I already know you.

ZOE

Do you know where she is?

GRUFF VOICED BARTENDER

She was on her way home I think. She mentioned something about tacos on the way out too. I can take a message if she comes back.

ZOE

No... that's... okay.

GRUFF VOICED BARTENDER

Okay. Have a good night.

ZOE

(blankly)

You too.

Zoe hangs up the phone and stares blankly into the darkness, her back to the open door unsure of her next move. She doesn't want to call the cops because the cops will arrest her. There is no way she wouldn't go to jail for this. Grayson was too powerful and practically worshipped in this town. She is just a Black girl from Compton - a nobody by their standards. In a lightbulb moment or out of desperation Zoe's hand plunges into her purse. She rummages around for a few seconds and produces Benjamin's business card that Dorothy gave her earlier. We see it in close up as Zoe flips the card over to reveal the cellphone number written in Dorothy's handwriting. Zoe dials the number and Benjamin answers.

**32 INT. NIGHT - THE RAINBOW BAR AND GRILL "OVER THE RAINBOW"  
UPSTAIRS PRIVATE BAR SECTION**

MUSIC: "The Last in Line" by Dio

We see Benjamin, Elsa and Stanly happily enjoying cocktails as they are seated in a private booth in the infamous rock'n'roll bar. Metal music plays in the background over the speakers while metal musicians and their girlfriends and hangers-on mill about. The dive bar vibe is highlighted by the string of colorful Christmas lights strung overhead. The wooden panel walls are bathed in the reflections of neon bar signage. A worn wooden yellow sign with handpainted red lettering clings to the wall for dear life. The sign reads "Lair of the Hollywood Vampires" and lists the names of this rock-star club's members in two columns: Alice Cooper, Keith Moon, Bob Brown, John Lennon, Ringo Starr, Harry Nilsson, Mickey Dolenz, and David Benjamin. Our trio are sitting under the sign with Benjamin Davis seated directly below the name of David Benjamin. Putting one finger to his ear to be able to hear over the music, Benjamin answers his ringing, clunky, Motorola DynaTAC mobile phone while Elsa and Stanley continue their conversation.

BENJAMIN

Hello

ZOE

(over phone)

Benjamin? Is Dorothy with you?

BENJAMIN

She was. But we left her at The Frolic Room. She was going to finish her shift and get tacos for you two. She wanted to stay in tonight with you for some proper catching up. Did you change your mind and want to party with us?

Zoe is silent.

BENJAMIN

Hello? Are you okay?

ZOE

(over phone)

No...

BENJAMIN

Where are you? What's happened?

Like a tidal wave, Zoe's emotions come crashing through and she breaks down in tears. We hear her crying. We widen out our shot revealing our trio in the bar now focused on Benjamin's conversation. We don't hear Zoe's side of the conversation but see Benjamin's face reacting to a few seconds of her story. He nods as she tells him over the phone, reacting to the terrible tale.

BENJAMIN

We'll be right over.

### **33 INT. NIGHT - GRAYSON'S OFFICE**

Zoe hangs up the phone, still shaking. She turns around and sits on the floor, in the dark. Zoe looks back at Grayson's legs in the distance. She turns back around to the office and looks out the window into the night wondering what will happen to her next and how Benjamin plans to help her. She pauses and looks down, noticing the paper check still sticking out of her bra. She grabs it and unfolds it, showing us, in close-up, that it is signed and written out to Zoe for one million dollars. The memo section of the check reads "Independent film investment." Realizing that she is touching a million-dollar check, she stuffs it into her jeans pocket with a frustrated look on her face, then begins to cry while

looking out the window waiting for her help to arrive. We see Grayson's leg twitch in the background.

HARD CUT

**34 EXT. NIGHT - IN FRONT OF GRAYSON'S MANSION**

Hard cut to the point of view from the inside of Elsa's dark car trunk. The trunk opens and we see Benjamin and Elsa drop a full body bag into the trunk of Elsa's vintage convertible. Elsa hops into the driver's seat and with a nod to Benjamin and the still shaken Zoe, she speeds off into the night. Benjamin and Zoe watch in silence as the taillights of Elsa's car grow smaller in the distance while standing outside of Zoe's car on the passenger side. Benjamin breaks the silence.

BENJAMIN

Ray Charles.

ZOE

Huh?

BENJAMIN

You asked how I ended up on the We Are the World record. I've been friends with Ray since he was a kid. We were hanging out after the Grammy Awards that night and he invited me along.

ZOE

Is - is Ray Charles a vampire too?

BENJAMIN

No. But I gave him his first piano lesson.

**35 EXT. DAY - ZOE & DOROTHY'S APARTMENT COMPLEX, ONE WEEK LATER**

It's a sunny afternoon in the City of Angels; birds are chirping as Dorothy walks to the apartment's mailboxes to pick up the mail. As she walks along the covered concrete walkway, we see Buzzy's shopping cart tied to a post. It is empty except for a funeral wreath that has been added to its side, converting it to a memorial shrine. The wreath is adorned with a sash that reads "RIP Buzzy" in handpainted lettering. A child's drawing of Buzzy with a



halo and angel wings is safety-pinned to the ribbon. Dorothy pauses and looks at it with sadness in her eyes. Holding back a tear, she opens her mailbox from the rows of boxes using a key. Reaching into her mailbox, she retrieves a few letters and magazines, as well as a small brown box.

**36 INT. DAY - ZOE & DOROTHY'S APARTMENT**

Dorothy enters the apartment with the mail in hand to find Zoe sitting on the sofa with a full laundry basket at her feet. Zoe is flipping through channels on their small TV set. We see snippets of game shows, soap operas, and random commercials. Zoe is in a daze, flipping channels and not really taking in what she is seeing.

DOROTHY

Okay, I'm back with the mail. Do you need any extra quarters for the washing machine?

Dorothy reaches into her pocket to fumble for change. The dazed Zoe does not respond.

DOROTHY

You can't just sit there watching...

Dorothy looks at the TV and sees that Zoe has stopped on a rerun of "What's Happening!!."

DOROTHY

"Sanford and Son"?

ZOE

"What's Happening!!"

Dorothy, still holding the mail, sits down next to Zoe on the sofa.

DOROTHY

You tell me. That's what I want to know. What is happening with you? I know you've been through some rough stuff. But we need to go on with our lives.

Zoe looks away from Dorothy, shaking her head.

ZOE

My whole world has been turned upside-down lately. I was attacked by my boss. I'm responsible for his death, so the cops could come knocking on that door at any minute for me. We buried Buzzy. You and I got into the worst fight ever. And vampires - VAMPIRES?! What the hell?! How am I supposed to act? How the hell do you process this all?

DOROTHY

I know there are things that I can't change, so I just have to accept it and go with the flow. I mean, look at Buzzy. He was living on the streets with no money, no place to live, no family. He had us looking out for him, but he was off on his own. He took what life handed him and enjoyed the time he had here.

Zoe huffs and rolls her eyes. Dorothy puts the mail down on the coffee table and hugs Zoe. After a deep hug, Zoe opens her eyes and spots the letter on top is addressed to both of them and taped to the small brown box.

ZOE

What is this?

Zoe picks up the box/letter combo and sees that the return address is from the Law Offices of Howard, Fine and Howard.

ZOE

Oh no. I can't open that. What if they know about what happened at the mansion?

DOROTHY

Well, it's addressed to both of us. I'll open it.

Dorothy uses an ink pen from the table to open the envelope. Zoe mutes the TV and sits in the fetal position preparing herself for news of her impending arrest. Dorothy unfolds the letter. We see the letter in close-up in Dorothy's hand as she begins to read it aloud.

DOROTHY

Dear Ms. Gumm and Ms. Baker. The offices of Howard, Fine, and Howard would like to offer our deepest condolences to you on the loss of your friend Clifford "Buzzy" Bukowski. Mr. Bukowski spoke fondly about the two of you during our conversations. He told us about how kind you both are and how you offered to help him even though he never asked for help. You saw someone who was sleeping on the streets and reached out to your fellow man. This type of kindness is rare these days and I am certain that you will put his sizable wealth to good use.

Dorothy continues with a confused tone in her voice. Zoe's eyes are wide listening to what has just been said.

DOROTHY

(continuing to read)

Please come to our offices at your earliest convenience to sign the necessary papers to allow for the transfer of the sum of \$35 million dollars in stocks and bonds, as well as \$5.75 million dollars in cash from the Bank of Beverly Hills. Mr. Bukowski has also bequeathed to you the merchandising rights to his likeness, as well as his life story for books, TV and film projects. Sincerely, Jerome Howard, Attorney at Law.

The two women look at each other and scream for joy. They hug each other and jump up and down in excitement.

ZOE

What was in the box?

Dorothy opens the box to reveal a VHS tape. It has a label that reads "CLIFFORD BUKOWSKI - LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT." Dorothy shows it to Zoe. Zoe grabs it and walks over to the TV and pops it into the VCR then rushes back to the sofa to sit next to Dorothy who hurriedly

presses play on the remote control. From their point of view, we see the tape playing on the TV. After a few seconds of static on the TV we see Buzzy sitting in a nice leather chair with a bookshelf behind him. He is in the law office wearing a suit. His hair is slicked back, but he is wearing his neon sunglasses and smiling. Cut back to a two-shot of Dorothy and Zoe sitting next to each other on the sofa, excitedly holding each other's hands as tears build up in their eyes at their lost friend smiling back at them from the TV screen. Cut back to the women's POV of the TV.

BUZZY

(on the TV, imitating a ghost and wiggling his fingers at the camera)

Boooooooooo!

A voice off-camera in the room with Buzzy coughs.

BUZZY

Oh, yeah. I Clifford Bukowski,  
being of sound mind -

Buzzy lowers his sunglasses and gives a wink to the camera.

BUZZY

- and body, hereby bequeath my earthly possessions to Zoe Baker and Dorothy Gumm. I have been lucky to meet a bunch of cool people in my life. But the two of you took care of me when you thought that I was a nobody. You showed me love when you could have just stepped over me like an old pair of soiled underwear on the street. Well, surprise! I had a ton of money in the bank. And it's yours! Split 50/50, of course. I never had much use for money and material goods. But it just kept building up over the years thanks to residuals and interest. My old TV show was syndicated all over the world for decades. Do you know how much Nigeria liked your old pal Buzzy? They made a statue of me in Lagos! There is also some stocks that I have as well. I

let some weirdo trace my foot in 1974 for a shoe he was designing, and he gave me stock in his company. Joke's on him, I don't like shoes! But I hear they're doing well. They have a basketball player doing commercials for them now. So good for them. And good for you. The amount of money you've got access to now should be enough to help you fulfill your dreams. Unless your dream is to ride a unicorn at sunset with Abraham Lincoln. If that's your dream, I know a guy that has these primo mushrooms out of a lab at Berkley.

Man off-screen clears his throat.

BUZZY

Where was I? Oh yeah, I've given money here and there to help people I've met over the years. But you never asked me for money. You never asked me for anything except for friendship. And out of the goodness of your heart you gave and gave to me. So now it's in your hands - the whole ball of wax. Whatever is left, it's yours. Just consider it as a way of saying 'thank you' for looking out for this old stoner. And no matter what life throws at you - you got it!

Buzzy does the double guns finger motion and waves to the camera. Buzzy addresses the person off-camera.

BUZZY

Hey, can I, like, donate my body to science, man?

The tape stops and we see static on the TV screen.

Cut to a two-shot of the women on the sofa in tears, wiping their eyes.

ZOE

(stunned)

Wow.

DOROTHY

It looks like I can pay someone  
to do our laundry for us now.

Zoe has an epiphany, then sits upright and reaches for the laundry basket. Rummaging through the clothes, she pulls out the pants that she was wearing on the night at Graysons. She reaches into the pocket and reveals the million dollar check, then shows it to Dorothy.

ZOE

Buzzy's gift makes this seem  
small now.

DOROTHY

(in awe)

When it rains, it pours.

Dorothy snaps her fingers with a eureka moment of her own.

DOROTHY

You know what this means, right?

She reaches for their landline phone and quickly begins to dial.

DOROTHY

Hello Benjamin. You're never  
going to believe what just  
happened to us. I think we've  
got our funding for the film.

Zoe places the check on the coffee table. We push in to see the memo section of the check that reads "Independent film investment".

**37 EXT. NIGHT - HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD, ONE MONTH LATER.**

Dolly shot along a busy Hollywood Boulevard. There are street vendors, costumed buskers, and families snapping photos of the Walk of Fame stars and each other. We continue to dolly through the crowd until we reach a very confident Dorothy. She is dressed in tight blue jeans and a black leather jacket; her small purse is over one shoulder. Dorothy walks confidently through the crowd with her head held high and a spring in her step as if she is walking to her own theme song. Dorothy stops at a storefront that has an "out of business" sign on it. She

looks at her reflection in the window to check her lipstick. Before she can put away her lipstick, we see two figures wearing crimson-colored religious robes in the reflection standing behind Dorothy. The larger one wraps their arms around Dorothy's torso with one hand and the other over her mouth. The second figure grabs Dorothy by the ankles as they swiftly drag her away into the night, and out of frame, as she feebly struggles to escape. We hold for a beat on the empty street until we hear a voice off screen.

BENJAMIN

(off screen)

Cut!

Benjamin sits in the backseat of Elsa's vintage convertible. The car has its top down and a film camera and boom-mic pointing towards where Dorothy was just abducted. Elsa is behind the wheel. We see Dorothy still in the arms of her abductors, but much more relaxed now. All three turn and look at the direction of the car/camera set-up.

DOROTHY

Wooo! That was great.

The hooded figures release Dorothy and help her to stand. They remove their hoods and reveal themselves as Ronald and Zoe. Ronald stands stoically in his robe awaiting his next direction from Benjamin. Zoe gives a smile of approval to Dorothy.

DOROTHY

(to Zoe and Ronald)

You were great! I really believed that I was in danger for a second.

RONALD

(matter-of-factly)

You were perfectly safe. I can bench press over four hundred pounds.

ZOE

Well, Mr. Director. How did that look?

Benjamin stands up in the back seat of the car and addresses the actors on the sidewalk over the heads of random passersby who pay them no mind. Another car honks

at the crew's "camera car" and Elsa stares at the driver of that car with daggers in her eyes to intimidate them.

BENJAMIN

Very good. Normally, I'd say we should do another take for protection. But since we are blocking the street and don't have any permits, I think we are good to move on. All aboard to the next set!

The gang rushes towards the car and climbs in. Ronald lifts Zoe and Dorothy like giddy children and places them into the car. He sits down in the passenger seat. With everyone seated, Elsa takes the chance to peel out in her vintage convertible. Tires squealing into the night as pedestrians finally start to pay attention.

**38 EXT. NIGHT - AN ABANDONED FILM SET AND FORMER RANCH IN THE HILLS NORTH OF HOLLYWOOD**

Among the brush, and twisted dry branches, we see a clearing. This will be their set for the evening. An unmanned boom mic is positioned high in the air on a crane, locked into position above the open space. We only hear the chirping of crickets and a single coyote howl in the night. A film camera sits on a tripod pointing towards a large flat stone which has been turned into a spooky cult's altar. There is a crimson cloth that matches the robes worn by Dorothy's would-be abductors laying across the stone. A large ancient symbol is emblazoned on the cloth. A goat's skull sits at the center of the stone altar facing the camera. The altar has large white candles in gothic candelabras standing proudly on either side. The candles in the candelabra burn brightly as wax drips down. Smaller candles adorn the edge of the altar and flicker with the breeze. Portable lights sit just out of the frame of the crew's camera to allow mood lighting. Between the altar and the camera sits a wood pile. At the center of the wood pile a large wooden post stake stands at attention, waiting for its own Joan of Arc to arrive. Under the nose of the film camera's lens sits a large stepladder with a wood burning barbecue grill on the top step. The sound of crickets is broken by Benjamin's voice followed by the sound of hooded figures chanting in Latin.

BENJAMIN

(off camera)

Action!



We pull out and see the scene from the camera's point of view. The group begins chanting.

ALL

(in unison)

Carnem hanc igni praeparamus.

Carnem hanc igni praeparamus.

Carnem hanc igni praeparamus.

Three hooded cult members arrive in their crimson robes, carrying a bound and gagged Dorothy over their heads. Dorothy struggles in vain for her freedom. Dorothy is tied to the stake by the largest hooded figure. The group of hooded figures stand aside to the left of the captured Dorothy. They clasp their hands in prayer and begin to hum as another hooded figure enters the frame from the right. He stands for a moment at the altar and raises his hands in acknowledgment of an unseen deity in the sky. He then reaches up and lowers his hood, revealing a familiar face - Benjamin. In a booming preacher's voice, he addresses the small congregation.

BENJAMIN

Welcome, my children. We gather  
on the holiest of nights under  
the star of Zora for the most  
sacred of our sacraments - The  
Offering of the Innocent.

Preacher Benjamin walks closer to Dorothy as she struggles with her ropes. He removes a dagger from his robe, pricks his thumb, and smears the blood on the forehead of the anxious and bound Dorothy.

BENJAMIN

Oh most unholy Zora - please  
accept our offering of this pure  
soul, and the flesh that it  
occupies. I, the High Priest of  
The Chaotic Goat and my  
congregation offer this  
sacrifice to you!

The hooded figures begin chanting louder and louder. Dorothy begins to scream in vain from behind her muffled mouth. One of the hooded figures enters the frame carrying a fiery torch.

BENJAMIN

(loudly proclaiming)

May the fires consume the flesh  
and nourish Zora for another  
year!

Preacher Benjamin calmly smiles as the torch is lowered to the stack of wood below Dorothy's feet. Thunder rumbles in the distance. The tension builds as we slowly push in on a closeup of Dorothy as the flames begin to rise. The orange glow of the fires begins consuming helpless Dorothy. The close-up continues to slowly push in, as we focus on Dorothy's face - tighter and tighter, showing her tightly shut eyes as she struggles with her restraints.

Trapped Dorothy suddenly stops struggling and her eyes burst open to reveal that her blue eyes have transformed into inhuman red eyes. She stares into the camera, and we quickly pull back to reveal Dorothy has broken her restraints. She rips the gag from her mouth, revealing vampire fangs. The previously meek and struggling young woman now stands in the glow of the flames snarling and at the shocked and frightened cult members. Two members turn and run off into the woods. One is frozen in fear. The cult leader screams.

BENJAMIN

(exaggerated)

Noooooooooooooooooo! You fools! You  
didn't capture a regular girl.  
You caught a vampire!

Dorothy-vamp raises her hands, now complete with claw-like nails and lunges towards High Priest Benjamin who now cowers on the ground. She stands over him in the light of the flickering flames, fangs and claws ready to rip at his flesh.

BENJAMIN

(normal voice)

And cut.

We pull back and reveal the set again. We are back in the "real world." Elsa steps out from behind the camera after stopping the recording. She grabs a fire extinguisher from her feet and begins to spray it, putting out the flames in the barbecue grill that were used to create the practical effect of forced-perspective flames on Dorothy. Benjamin walks over to the camera as Zoe and Ronald remove their hoods once again. Dorothy reaches into her mouth and removes the fake fangs. The third hooded figure removes his hood, revealing that Marty is joining them on the shoot.

MARTY

Thanks for letting me be part of the production. I've never been on this side of the camera before.

ZOE

Well, thank you for doing it for free. We did need another body. And it's cheaper than hiring another actor. We're already paying for big boy here.

Zoe points at Ronald.

MARTY

(to Ronald with a smile)

We haven't been formally introduced. I'm Marty Lee. I'm the writer of the film, and fellow-cult member today, I guess.

Marty reaches his hand out to shake Ronald's hand. Ronald extends his hand and gives Marty a very firm handshake. Marty is taken off guard by the effortless strength in Ronald's grip.

RONALD

(stoic and serious)

Ronald Kino. I have seen all of your movies. I especially love the rom-coms. I've been in two of them. In one, I was a bouncer in a bar. In the other, I was a bouncer in a night club.

Ronald loosens his grip on Marty's hand. Marty massages his hand after Ronald's unintentionally strong handshake.

MARTY

I'm glad to hear you weren't typecast. It's nice to meet you.

MARTY

(to Benjamin and Elsa)

Hey, I wanted to ask you something about the effects. Shouldn't Dorothy's fangs be more gnarly and gross?

Benjamin looks at Marty with a steely look in his eye as if Marty just said something surprisingly offensive.

BENJAMIN  
(offended)  
Gnarly and gross?

Dorothy wearily steps back as if she expects there to be trouble between the two men. Elsa confidently steps forward and puts one hand on Benjamin's chest and stands between the two men and addresses Marty with a smile.

ELSA  
It will play bigger on screen.

Unaware of his faux pas, Marty thinks for a beat.

MARTY  
Fair enough. You're the vampire expert on this set.

ELSA  
(to Marty, with a smile)  
Oh, I know vampires inside and out. You can put the words in their mouths, I'll put the teeth in their mouths. Sound good?

MARTY  
Sounds great. What's next on the slate?

Still peeved by the comment, with a menacing glare Benjamin stares directly into Marty's eyes and answers his question.

BENJAMIN  
(coldly)  
Bloodshed and dismemberment.

Marty looks confused by Benjamin's words. Zoe enters with a large box with the word "LIMBS" written on it.

ZOE  
(to Elsa)  
Where do you want these?

### **39 EXT. NIGHT - WOODED AREA**

We see Benjamin behind the camera in a new location - a wooded area with tall trees jutting up into the night

sky. Benjamin is no longer in his cult leader's robes but back in his street clothes - jeans, boots, and a striped sweatshirt. Dorothy has returned the fake fangs to her mouth and stands behind one of the trees, peeking out at Zoe's hooded figure - frightened and alone in the woods. Dorothy is ready to attack the scene. "Dorothy-vamp" is ready to attack the cult member.

BENJAMIN

Action!

Cut to a montage of Dorothy in her vampire makeup chasing the hooded figures through the woods and in the city streets, set to "Burn in Hell" by Twisted Sister. Dorothy-vamp stalks them from behind trees, cars and walls. She pounces on them and bites them one by one. She dismembers the bodies leaving a bloody mess - ripping arms from the bodies of the cult members and blood spraying on Dorothy-vamp's face as she drinks the blood like water from a hose. We see some footage from the camera's perspective, and others that are behind the scenes shots which reveal the cast standing around watching the shot being filmed, waiting for their cue, and special effects being applied, etc.

Mixed in with the behind the scenes footage there are "outtakes" of the cast playing around with the fake limbs - swordfighting each other, tapping someone on the shoulder with the fake hand, Elsa uses the fake hand to caress Ronald's muscles as he looks at her with a confused expression on his face.

We see an "outtake" of Dorothy-vamp ripping a fake arm from a dummy dressed in a cult robe. She swings the fake arm over her head as blood squirts from the torso. We can see Elsa sitting off camera as she manually pumps the blood by hand.

We see an "outtake" of the blood spraying machine as it malfunctions causing Dorothy to get soaked with a comically huge blast of fake blood, more akin to a firehose.

We see Dorothy attempting to bite Benjamin's Cult Leader character but he waves her off and gives her directions on how to "actually" do it. She does a second take and Benjamin approves. They hug. As the song crescendos, we see a slow motion shot of Dorothy-vamp standing on a pile of cult member "bodies", her face and clothes splashed with blood. She is holding the severed head of the cult leader in the air - victorious over her captors and drunk on their blood and adrenaline as the song fades out.

BENJAMIN

CUT! And that's a wrap! We are done!

With Benjamin's words we cut back to "real life" and show the cast giving a round of applause to Dorothy. Dorothy tosses the fake head to Elsa, wipes away the blood from her face and takes a bow. We pull out as the group high-fives and celebrate.

PULL OUT IN A CRANE SHOT AS WE FADE TO BLACK

**40 EXT. DAY - SUNSET BOULEVARD, ONE MONTH LATER**

Zoe and Dorothy are driving down Sunset Boulevard when they spot a billboard for their finished film which has gone up on Sunset Boulevard only steps away from the iconic Chateau Marmont. The title boldly reads "The Offering of the Innocent" with a dramatic photo of Dorothy and Benjamin in a mysterious red light and shadows. The words "Directed by Oscar winner Benjamin Davis" appear across the top. Zoe pulls the car over and they excitedly point it out. Out of the corner of her eye, Dorothy spots the drag queen from her audition exiting a TV studio and onto the street. The drag queen is in full Countess Carmilla costume, smoking a cigarette and listening to music on a Walkman on her cigarette break as she stands against the wall. Dorothy reaches into the car's back seat for a box, then rushes towards the new Countess Carmilla. Zoe remains behind.

DOROTHY

Hello. You probably don't remember me but...

COUNTESS CARMILLA

(without looking)

I'll tell you like I have told everyone else - he and I are not dating. We're just good friends. I do not care if you're having his baby. No photos, please.

DOROTHY

No. It's me. From the audition.

Countess Carmilla does not recognize Dorothy.

COUNTESS CARMILLA

Sorry dear.

Dorothy removes the long-sleeve black shirt from around her waist and puts it on her head to mimic the long black wig she wore in the audition.

DOROTHY

How about now?

COUNTESS CARMILLA

Oh, the white girl with the crooked wig. How are you doing? Did you want an autograph?

Countess Carmilla grabs the VHS tape and reaches into her bra and grabs a pen to autograph the VHS tape box.

COUNTESS CARMILLA

Who should I make it out to?

DOROTHY

No that's okay. I wanted to give you my movie.

COUNTESS CARMILLA

Honey, do I look like I work at Blockbuster Video?

Countess Carmilla hands the tape back to Dorothy. Dorothy points to the box and its label.

DOROTHY

No no. I'm in the movie.

COUNTESS CARMILLA

You are too delicate for porn. They will chew you up and spit you out, little Miss Wholesome. Trust me.

Dorothy laughs and points to the tape and then to the billboard with her face on it.

DOROTHY

It's nothing like that. I'm in an independent film directed by Benjamin Davis. It's a horror film. And I think it would be great if you checked it out. Maybe we can promote it on your show sometime.

COUNTESS CARMILLA

I don't know.

DOROTHY

What would you say ...to President Jackson?

Dorothy reaches into her pocket and pulls out a twenty dollar bill and places it into the VHS box sleeve.

COUNTESS CARMILLA

I'd tell him to free his slaves.  
I can't be bought for \$20.

DOROTHY

Sorry...

Countess Carmilla takes a drag of her cigarette.

COUNTESS CARMILLA

Make it \$50 and I'll watch it.  
If I like it - IF I like it, you  
and that gorgeous hunk of man  
Benjamin Davis can come on my  
show and talk about it. But no  
promises.

Dorothy reaches into her pocket and produces the remaining money in singles and coins. Countess Carmilla folds the bills and places them in her bra.

Dorothy hugs Countess Carmilla.

DOROTHY

Thank you so much. You won't regret it. I'm sure you're going to love it.

COUNTESS CARMILLA

Okay, girl. Take it easy now. I said I would watch your little film. I didn't offer you my kidney. Besides if you hadn't bombed the audition, I might not have gotten this role. So...

Zoe pulls up and toots the car horn and waves.

DOROTHY

That's my ride. Gotta go! Oh, I don't think I ever caught your name.

COUNTESS CARMILLA

Just call me The Countess, doll.



DOROTHY

I'm Dorothy. That's Zoe. Thanks again.

Dorothy gets into the car and Zoe drives away. Countess Carmella takes a drag of her cigarette as she watches the car drive away.

COUNTESS CARMILLA

At least she is wearing a better wig this time.

Countess Carmilla ashes her cigarette and goes back inside the TV studio.

**41 INT. NIGHT - COUNTESS CARMILLA TV SHOW SET, ONE WEEK LATER.**

We see a closeup of a TV monitor showing footage of the movie "I Was a Teenage Werewolf." We pan over and see another monitor showing a live feed of The Countess Carmilla Show set. We see a man in shadow watching both TV monitors and wearing headphones. We step back further and reveal that we are on the set now. The set is built to look like an old Victorian living room. Fake cobwebs decorate the corners of the room. The back wall has large bookshelves with macabre knick-knacks placed amongst the ancient looking spell books - a small monkey skull, a prop hand in a medical jar, creepy Daguerreotype photos of side-show performers labeled "Mother" and "Father." There is a fake window cut out of the wall revealing a full moon made of paper hanging just beyond it. At the center of the room is a black and purple Victorian sofa and matching high back chair with an electric chair's crown affixed above it. An end table sits between the chair and sofa, with an ornate goblet sitting next to a human skull. A large tarantula (Spike) occasionally walks across the skull, disappearing in and out of the empty eye sockets. Large candelabras sit on either side of the sofa. Dry ice fog is pumped into the set. The Countess Carmilla practically glides into the scene and stands in front of the camera.

TV DIRECTOR

(in silhouette)

And in five. Four. Three.

We can see him silently count two and one. He then points to The Countess.

COUNTESS CARMILLA

(to camera)

What a hair-raising predicament!  
Trust me, dear - a little  
electrolysis and you will be  
prom queen in no time! It worked  
for me. I wonder if the curtains  
match the shag carpeting.

We hear thunder sound effects and see flashing from the other side of the false window. Then we hear a gong sound effect.

COUNTESS CARMILLA

I think we'll have to pause our  
little feature for a moment  
because it looks like we have  
some guests. Hot, and I do mean  
hot off his win at the Academy  
Awards - its Hollywood  
heartthrob Benjamin Davis with  
the lovely ingénue and rising  
star Dorothy Gumm.

We hear sound effects of applause mixed with ghosts and chains rattling. Benjamin and Dorothy enter and make their way to the sofa. The Countess shakes Dorothy's hand and tries to kiss Benjamin on the lips. He pulls back and she runs her hand along his cheek. The Countess walks over to the chair. Benjamin lets Dorothy sit on the sofa closer to The Countess as the three sit down.

COUNTESS CARMILLA

Don't be afraid, Mr. Davis. I  
won't bite. ...Not unless you want  
me to.

DOROTHY

What if he were to bite you?

The Countess doesn't hear Dorothy as she is too busy staring at Benjamin, who gives Dorothy a stern look. He doesn't want the excited young actress to blow his cover on live TV.

BENJAMIN

Thanks for the offer. And thank  
you for inviting us to your  
show.

DOROTHY

Yes, we really appreciate it. I  
watch it every week.

COUNTESS CARMILLA

I'm surprised its not on past  
your bedtime.

DOROTHY

(to Countess Carmilla)

Oh, it is part of my weekly  
ritual. My best friend Zoe and I  
get takeout and stay up late to  
watch it.

(to the TV camera)

Hi Zoe!

BENJAMIN

We watched last week's episode  
where you showed "The Man Who  
Laughs". I remember when I first  
saw it but I haven't seen that  
one in years. It's a great film.  
Thank you for showing it. Very  
moving.

DOROTHY

I know, right? Poor Gwynplaine.

COUNTESS CARMILLA

(to Benjamin)

I love a sensitive man. A  
sensitive man with beautiful  
eyes ...and thighs that could  
choke a bear.

Countess Carmilla's eyes roam across Benjamin's body as  
she completely ignores Dorothy. Countess Carmilla catches  
herself daydreaming, and with a dramatic flair she begins  
to fan herself with a collapsable hand fan and goes back  
to her questions.

COUNTESS CARMILLA

I hear that you two have been  
working on a film together.

DOROTHY

Yes, we have made an independent  
film called The Offering of the  
Innocent, and our opening night  
is this weekend at the Cinearama  
Dome.

(to TV camera)

And we would love to see you all  
there.

We see Spike the Tarantula crawling up the arm of the sofa and onto Dorothy's arm. Dorothy spots her furry would-be co-star and pats him on his head with her fingertip.

COUNTESS CARMILLA

(to Benjamin)

You're known for your acting, especially with your recent Academy Award win. But I hear that you're behind the camera for this one. Is that true? Do we not get to see your handsome face and unbridled masculinity on the big screen?

BENJAMIN

(to Countess)

Oh, I am in front of and behind the camera for this one.

COUNTESS CARMILLA

Oh, I love a bit of versatility.

BENJAMIN

It was a great opportunity to show my skills as a director. I'm in the film playing opposite Dorothy. She is our star. I think you'll be pleasantly surprised with her abilities. I can't wait to show the film to everyone.

Spike continues to crawl up Dorothy's arm until he is on her shoulder and nestled against her neck.

COUNTESS CARMILLA

(to Benjamin)

Maybe we can play a little "you show me yours and I'll show you mine". Would you like to see my pussy?

Dorothy looks around shocked and confused. Countess Carmilla looks off-set.

COUNTESS CARMILLA

Come here, Aleister!

A sleek black cat walks into frame and curls up in The Countess's lap.

COUNTESS CARMILLA  
(to Aleister the cat)  
Good little pussy.  
(to Benjamin)  
Can I curl up in your lap?

DOROTHY  
(whispering to Benjamin)  
I think she likes you.

BENJAMIN  
(to Countess Carmilla)  
We'll save a seat for you.

COUNTESS CARMILLA  
(to Benjamin)  
I hope there is a lot of  
cushion.

Dorothy giggles.

(to TV camera)  
Well, that's all the time we  
have for this week. I'd like to  
thank my guests: the stunning  
Benjamin Davis and his co-star  
Dorothy Gunt.

DOROTHY  
Gumm. Like "bubble gum" but with  
an extra M. G-U-M-M.

COUNTESS CARMILLA  
(to Dorothy)  
Whatever.  
(to TV camera)  
You can see the opening night  
premiere of their new film, "The  
Offering of the Innocent" this  
Friday at the Cinearama Dome.

BENJAMIN  
(to TV camera)  
Tickets on sale now.

COUNTESS CARMILLA  
(to TV camera)  
And don't forget to tune in next  
Saturday, when we will be  
showing Vincent Price in "The  
Tingler".  
(to Benjamin)

Did you know that was also my  
 nickname in college?  
 (to TV camera)  
 Goodnight my little ghouls.

**42 EXT. NIGHT - OUTSIDE OF THE CINEARAMA DOME, THREE DAYS  
 LATER.**

MUSIC FADING IN - "Hooray for Hollywood" by John Williams  
 and the Boston Pops

We start on a close-up of the film's poster framed in a  
 lighted box on the exterior wall of the cinema near the  
 door. We pull back from the poster as an employee of the  
 cinema enters the frame and places a "SOLD OUT" sticker  
 across the film's poster. We continue to pan out and  
 reveal a red carpet rolled out from the front door to the  
 curb. There are moving searchlights shooting into the  
 night sky. A stretch limousine pulls up and The Surfer  
 Dude exits the driver's side wearing a chauffeur cap,  
 black suit jacket without a shirt, He is also wearing  
 colorful swim trunks with flip flops. The Surfer Dude  
 rushes to the back and opens the door. Tipping his hat,  
 he welcomes our cast to the opening night of their film.

SURFER DUDE

Dudes.

Zoe steps out wearing an elegant emerald-green gown with  
 spaghetti straps, matching high heels and Buzzy's neon  
 sunglasses. Her hair is pulled back, and her braids fall  
 across her shoulders.

Ronald emerges from the limo in a rented tuxedo; the  
 jacket sleeves and pant legs are too short for his bulky  
 frame. The two stand opposite each other as they begin to  
 form two rows of people on either side of the car door.

Elsa exits wearing a tailored 1930's tuxedo and white  
 bowtie in the style of Marlene Dietrich. She puts on a  
 top hat to complete the ensemble as she steps out of the  
 limo, straightens her bowtie, then looks at Ronald and  
 Zoe then back at Ronald trying to decide which side to  
 stand on. In a Chaplin-esque motion she quickly steps  
 over to Zoe and stands next to her with a smile on her  
 face. Zoe playfully rolls her eyes at Elsa's flirtation.

A shiny silver-tipped black cane emerges from the limo's  
 door and hits the ground before Stanley's feet touch the  
 floor. Stanley is wearing a sparkling burgundy suit  
 jacket to rival anything in Elton John's wardrobe, a

white dress shirt with large collars resting on top of his jacket, and an ascot tucked into the shirt collar. A small red ribbon adorns his lapel. He exits with the swagger of royalty and walks over to stand next to Ronald.

Benjamin exits looking every bit of the dashing leading man that he is, wearing a black tuxedo and perfect hair. We push in slightly as Benjamin extends his hand to reveal Dorothy reaching out from the limo and takes his hand. Dorothy's blonde hair is down and styled. She is dressed in a lovely strapless red gown with matching wrap and white gloves up to her elbows. She is also wearing a simple silver necklace with faux diamonds and matching earrings. Dorothy is wearing Buzzy's bandana around her wrist on top of the gloves. Dorothy steps out, looks around and smiles at her friends but seems slightly let down at the lack of a crowd. Surfer Dude closes the door behind Dorothy, as the music fades out.

DOROTHY

Where is everyone? I thought it was sold out.

BENJAMIN

They're already inside.

ELSA

It's called being fashionably late, dear.

DOROTHY

(to Surfer Dude)

Before we go in, can you take our photo? I want to remember this moment forever.

Dorothy takes a Polaroid camera from her purse and hands it to The Surfer Dude.

ZOE

(looking around)

I don't think I'll need a photo to remember tonight.

The group crowd together in front of the limo and Surfer Dude snaps a group photo. With the flash going off, they step back and line up alongside the red carpet as if to let a dignitary pass, allowing Dorothy to be the first to walk the red carpet and the first to enter the cinema - leading the charge because they would not have been brought together without her. Surfer Dude rushes ahead to

open the door. Dorothy steps forward with Benjamin behind her. Elsa steps forward next and hooks arms with Ronald and Zoe as if they were off to see The Wizard. Stanley follows behind them, strutting with his cane in hand. Dorothy stops at the door and nervously fixes her dress. She nods to the Surfer Dude, who is ready to open the door on Dorothy's cue.

DOROTHY

Thank you.

SURFER DUDE

(with a smile)

You're welcome.

Dorothy is taken aback for a second, pats Surfer Dude on the shoulder and smiles. She then faces the door, closes her eyes, and takes a deep breath in and holds it for a second in a short silent prayer of gratitude. We see the group eagerly awaiting their entrance behind Dorothy. She exhales.

DOROTHY

(whispering to herself)

And, action...

Surfer Dude opens the door to the cinema as a brilliant bright white light pours out from inside the lobby.

With smiles on their faces, the cast step inside to a burst of applause from the unseen audience and are engulfed in the heavenly light from within.

FADE TO WHITE.

#### **43 INT. NIGHT - BOARDNERS: FILM WRAP PARTY**

The group excitedly burst through the doors of Boardners. The mood is much more jubilant than their first wrap party. We pan across the room for an Animal House-style ending, holding on the faces of each group member as we find out what happens to them after the film while "Tonight" by The Go-Go's plays.

As we see shots of the cast celebrating with drinks and palling around, the lower-third displays the following text superimposed on the screen.

THE FILM IS A MODEST SUCCESS IN AMERICA PICKING  
UP STEAM ACROSS THE COUNTRY OVER THE NEXT FEW



MONTHS UNTIL, EVENTUALLY BECOMING A CULT HIT  
WITH ITS VHS RELEASE.

We see a split-screen shot slide in as our group continues to celebrate. The split-screen footage shows the Box Office report showing the film listed at number 8. Crossfade to a video rental store, where we pan across the rows and rows of VHS tapes until we stop and show copies of the film on VHS. A cliché multi-racial group of middle class teenagers excitedly enter the frame. One teen picks up the VHS rental box, they look at it and approve.

The split-screen of the video rental store is pushed away and is replaced by footage of a cinema full of Asian people excitedly watching the film. Some are in cosplay dressed as Dorothy's "vamp" character and the cult members.

THE FILM WAS A MASSIVE HIT IN JAPAN UNDER THE  
JAPANESE TITLE WITH SOLD OUT SCREENINGS FOR  
MONTHS IN TOKYO AND OSAKA.

We see the exterior of a Tokyo cinema as a large group of moviegoers exit past a row of Japanese movie posters. We see a close up of the Japanese version of the film's poster. We hold on a close-up of the poster and the translated title of the film is superimposed on the screen.

"BLOODLUST OF THE PEROXIDE BLONDE"

Superimposed text fades out. Split screen slides away and we see Zoe, smiling and laughing in a wide shot. Superimposed text reads:

OVER THE NEXT 10 YEARS, ZOE BAKER BECOMES THE  
YOUNGEST FEMALE BILLIONAIRE AFTER TAKING OVER  
THE GRAYSON MODELLING AGENCY AND BECOMING AN  
EARLY REALITY TV STAR WITH A POPULAR MAKEUP  
LINE. SHE QUIETLY DONATES MILLIONS OF DOLLARS  
EVERY YEAR TO INNER CITY SCHOOLS IN NEED.

The split screen shows shots of Zoe watching photoshoots and giving instructions to photographers. We crossfade to an advertisement for a "Next Top Model" style reality show called "Baker's Dozen" with Zoe mentoring twelve younger models. We crossfade to show Zoe handing a check to a school principal and being applauded by a group of excited children.

Superimposed text fades out. Split screen falls away as we see Marty walking through the door and greeting the group. A smiling Marty congratulates them as the screen splits to show Marty on red carpets, palling around with Martin Scorsese, Quentin Tarantino, and Steven Spielberg. We see TV footage of Marty accepting an Oscar.

Superimposed text reads:

BECAUSE OF THE CULT SUCCESS OF THE FILM, MARTY BECOMES ONE OF THE MOST SOUGHT-AFTER SCRIPTWRITERS IN HOLLYWOOD, AND A DARLING OF THE FILM FESTIVAL CIRCUIT. SEVERAL OF HIS FILMS WIN THE OSCAR FOR BEST-SCREENPLAY. HE PASSED ON THE BILL COSBY/MICHAEL JACKSON BUDDY-COP PROJECT.

Split screen pushes out as we see Marty saying hello to Zoe. Marty turns to shake Ronald's hand but catches himself remembering the strong handshake, he opts for a high five instead. They high five, as a new split screen pushes in with superimposed text reading:

WITH HIS CUT OF THE FILM'S PROFITS RONALD BUYS BACK HIS MOVIE MEMORABILIA AND DISPLAYS IT IN HIS FAMILY'S CINEMA LOBBY WHERE HE CAN SHARE HOLLYWOOD HISTORY WITH MOVIELOVERS. HE CONTINUES WORKING IN COMMERCIALS AND TV SHOWS, POPPING UP IN GUEST ROLES ON TV SHOWS LIKE FRIENDS, SEINFELD, AND LAW & ORDER, AS WELL AS WINNING A SEASON OF DANCING WITH THE STARS.

Split screen footage shows Ronald admiring his props in large glass cases in the cinema lobby while an older couple wearing the cinema uniform that Ronald wore in the flashback stand next to him and smile. The man pats him on the back with fatherly approval. The woman wraps her arms around his waist and hugs him. Cross-dissolve to footage of Ronald inserted into a Friends episode seated at Central Perk. Cross-dissolve to an older Ronald winning Dancing with the Stars.

Superimposed text fades out. Split screen slides out and we see Stanley patting Ronald on the back then sliding his hands to Ronald's muscular arms. By the expression on his face, he is impressed by Ronald's solid muscular physique. Stanley sips a martini while laughing with the rest of the group. A split screen slides in we see political posters in shop windows and buttons worn by people which read "STANLEY FOR MAYOR OF WEST HOLLYWOOD - NO LAST NAME. NO BS.." We see Stanley giving his acceptance speech at a podium in front of flashing cameras. We crossfade to show Stanley wearing a hard hat

and a suit while standing next to a roadwork crew who are filling potholes. Crossfade to show Stanley serving meals to homeless people in a soup kitchen. Cross fade to show Stanley cutting the ribbon outside of a blood bank. Superimposed text reads:

STANLEY RAN FOR MAYOR OF WEST HOLLYWOOD AND WON - TWICE. HE HELPED BRING ABOUT MUCH-NEEDED INFRASTRUCTURE UPDATES. INCLUDING ROADWORK, COMMUNITY OUTREACH FOR THE UNHOUSED, AND A NEW BLOOD BANK. HE CONTINUES TO HELP THOSE SPECIAL CLIENTS WHO REQUIRE HARD TO FIND ITEMS.

Superimposed text fades out. Split screen falls away as the new Countess Carmilla sashays her way up to the group and begins chatting with them. Split screen slides in showing footage of The Countess Carmilla's TV show segments - with CRT TV effects. Carmilla is interviewing celebrities, holding Spike the Tarantula, and hamming it up with spooky antics to the camera. Spinning tabloid magazine covers tease romantic relationships with Countess Carmilla and Johnny Depp, Madonna, as well as a Weekly World News cover asking "Is Carmilla an alien?" Cross dissolve to show The Countess holding a cellphone in a modern television ad for "Love Bytes" dating app. She shows the phone to the audience, then swipes the phone's screen with an approving look on her face. Superimposed text reads:

THE COUNTESS CARMILLA'S AUDIENCE GROWS AFTER HER SHOW GETS SYNDICATED ACROSS THE COUNTRY, AND SHE IS ROMANTICALLY TIED TO STARS LIKE JOHNNY DEPP AND MADONNA IN THE TABLOIDS. IN 2010, SHE INVESTS HER MONEY IN THE EXTREMELY SUCCESSFUL GOTH DATING APP "LOVE BYTES."

Superimposed text fades out. The split screen falls away as Surfer Dude, still shirtless except for his chauffeur's jacket, enters the frame and puts one arm around The Countess Carmilla who gives him the side-eye and moves his arm from her shoulder.

The Surfer Dude puts his hands up and apologizes. The nods and smiles at Zoe. Zoe smiles back as she takes a sip of her drink. Superimposed text reads:

DUDE.

Surfer Dude breaks the fourth wall and looks into the camera and smiles at us knowingly. Then turns his attention back to the group, sitting down next to Zoe, as the text fades out.

Elsa enters the frame with a drink in her hand. She gestures over her shoulder to the attractive brunette bartender and shows the group a napkin with the bartender's phone number on it. Split screen slides in and we see Elsa in a dark room. Lightening crashes. We see Elsa standing in the shadows. She throws a large mad scientist style lever, and the lights come on revealing her own special effects studio. She crosses her arms looking proudly over the rows of props and masks in various stages of completion. A dozen or so people enter behind her and go to their stations and begin working. The final person to arrive is the bartender who gives her a kiss on the cheek. Elsa smiles contently. Superimposed text reads:

ELSA CONTINUED WORKING ON HER PASSION - SPECIAL EFFECTS. SHE WAS HIGHLY REGARDED AS THE BEST IN THE BUSINESS, WORKING ON DOZENS OF FILMS OVER THE YEARS. SHE EVEN OPENED HER OWN SPECIAL EFFECTS STUDIO TO MENTOR OTHER ASPIRING EFFECTS ARTISTS. ALL WHILE CONTINUING HER OTHER PASSION - BRUNETTES.

Superimposed text fades out. The split screen falls away. Elsa gestures to someone off screen to come over. The split screen slides in as we see Grayson walking into the frame, except he is vastly different from when we last saw him. In addition to a more relaxed body language, he is wearing a Grateful Dead t-shirt, acid washed jeans, and a substantially large gauze bandage wrapped around his head slightly covered by a hippy bandana. Superimposed text reads:

ELSA AND BENJAMIN WERE ABLE TO SOLVE ZOE'S "GRAYSON PROBLEM" WITH A LITTLE BIT OF OLD-WORLD KNOWHOW FROM ELSA'S GRANDFATHER'S MEDICAL BOOKS AND BUZZY'S DONATED BRAIN. WITH BUZZY IN CONTROL OF GRAYSON'S BODY, AND HIS FORTUNE, THINGS ARE A LOT MORE MELLOW THESE DAYS. THE NEW GRAYSON DID INDEED TRAVEL THE WORLD, AS PLANNED. BUT INSTEAD OF PHOTOGRAPHING MODELS, HE SPENDS HIS TIME AND MONEY FEEDING IMPOVERISHED COUNTRIES.

Split screen slides in showing Benjamin and Elsa arriving at Grayson's mansion on the night of the accident with a frightened Zoe in the background. Benjamin comforts Zoe as Elsa puts on a pair of rubber gloves, pulling one back to give a satisfying snap.

Within the split screen, we briefly replay the hard cut to the point of view from the inside of Elsa's car trunk

with the body being dropped inside. Crossfade to show Stanley handing Elsa a jar with a brain floating in a clear pink liquid. We can see her peeking through the clear liquid and smiling. The jar has BUZZY BUKOWSKI written on a label affixed to the jar. Clock wipe showing Elsa holding a whirring autopsy saw. She pulls a surgical mask over her face and begins to work on something or someone outside of the frame. She gets spritzed by some blood but is unfazed. Clock wipe to show Elsa holding a needle and thread, sewing something just out of frame. Clock wipe showing Elsa rubbing her hands together as lightning strikes behind her. Buzzy/Grayson sits up and takes a giant rip from a bong. The two laugh as Stanley pinches the bridge of his own nose and shakes his head at the silliness of it all. Elsa reaches over and gives him Buzzy's neon sunglasses and hippie headband to cover the large forehead scar. He puts them on and gives her the double guns finger gesture. They both smile at each other.

Superimposed text fades out. The split screen falls away. Benjamin pats Buzzy/Grayson on the back before sliding past him and sitting down in the booth. Benjamin looks around at the smiling group satisfied with bringing the group together. He sips a special Bloody Mary cocktail, and his fangs pop out but quickly grabs a napkin to cover his mouth. He takes a deep breath to calm himself, pretends to dab his mouth then puts the napkin down after feeling his fangs go back inside. Superimposed text fades in and reads:

BENJAMIN WENT ON TO DIRECT TWO MORE FILMS BEFORE HIS PREMATURE DEATH BY ACCIDENTAL DROWNING IN HIS OWN TOILET IN 1997. HIS EARLY DEATH AND CULT STATUS OF HIS FILMS CEMENTED HIS PLACE IN HOLLYWOOD HISTORY. IN 2026 A MASKED ELECTRONIC MUSIC DJ NAMED BEN JAMMIN' WOULD IMMERGE FROM THE LOS ANGELES UNDERGROUND MUSIC SCENE PLAY CLUBS AND FESTIVALS AROUND THE WORLD. GARLIC WAS BANNED FROM ALL FOOD BACKSTAGE AT HIS GIGS.

Split screen pushes in showing Benjamin directing another film full of Hollywood A-listers. One is a big budget World War II drama. The other is a black and white David Lynch-esque art film. Newspapers spin into view with headlines that read "DAVIS DIES," and "ACTOR'S LIFE LOST DOWN THE DRAIN." Crossfade to pan across a massive nighttime crowd at Coachella 2026 leading to the stage where a man wearing a hoodie and fuzzy bat mascot head stands behind a pair of turntables and samplers, mixing and cutting a hip hop track with samples from the film's

dialogue sprinkled in as psychedelic images - including warped and remixed footage of the film - play on the giant stadium screens behind him. The split screen slides away and text fades out.

Benjamin continues to sip his cocktail while joking around with everyone as Dorothy enters the frame with a colorful cocktail of her own. She receives a round of applause and standing ovation from the group. She bows and then sits down with everyone else. Split screen slides in and superimposed text fades in.

DOROTHY GUMM BECAME ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR HORROR "SCREAM QUEENS" OF ALL TIME, APPEARING IN TWO BIG BUDGET SEQUELS FOR THE FILM, AS WELL AS A CAMEO IN THE 2026 REBOOT. SHE ALSO APPEARED IN SEVERAL OTHER FILMS AS WELL AS ON BROADWAY AND THE WEST END. SHE BECAME AN EGOT WINNER FOR HER PORTRAYAL OF BETTY WHITE IN A BIOPICT IN THE YEAR 2035.

In the split screen we see Dorothy in her vamp character attacking E.R.-era George Clooney and Scream-era Courtney Cox in the film's sequel. We see an older version of vamp-Dorothy getting staked by Jenna Ortega in the "reboot" of the film. Crossfade to Dorothy on a Broadway stage performing a monologue in a one-woman-play, standing under a spotlight as she bows and roses are thrown at her. Crossfade to older Dorothy receiving her Oscar in a similar staging set-up as the first scene bringing everything full circle. The text fades out. We see the younger "present day-1992" Dorothy juxtaposed with older Dorothy in split screen.

FADE TO BLACK

**44 EXT. DAY - CLOSE UP OF WET CONCRETE ON SIDEWALK, ONE MONTH LATER.**

The music fades into the background as we see a freshly poured slab of concrete, smooth and pristine like a blank sheet of paper. A finger, Dorothy's finger, begins to write something in the concrete slab. We pull back to see Dorothy's smiling face as she writes her message on the sidewalk on this sunny Los Angeles morning. We cut back to the concrete, which now reads "Dorothy Gumm xoxo." Dorothy reaches down again and daintily puts her handprint into the concrete. She stands up with a self-satisfactory smile on her face. We suddenly hear a voice from off screen.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

(off screen)

Hey lady! What the fuck do you think you're doing? We worked on that side of the street all morning. Can't you read the sign?!

We pull back further to show a Wet Concrete sign on the sidewalk outside of Dorothy and Zoe's apartment. City construction workers stand around in hard hats and vests pouring concrete on the opposite side of the street. Dorothy bashfully smiles and waves with her cement smeared hand, then quickly dusts it off. Dorothy walks over to Zoe, waiting in her new car with the engine running. The car is a red 1992 Ford Taurus - showroom new. The music fades in again as Dorothy and Zoe drive away. We see the car's personalized plates which read "U GOT IT" as the car pulls away into the California sun as Paula Abdul's "Forever Your Girl" plays.

Clock-wipe into a classic movie "The End" card superimposed over our stars' exit and closing music. We hold for a few seconds, then "The End" has a line drawn over it in lipstick. The words "Just the beginning! - (heart) Dorothy" are scrawled on the screen.

FADE TO BLACK

CREDITS ROLL AS THE SONG CONTINUES

**45 INT. DAY - SAN DIEGO COMIC CON, SEVERAL YEARS LATER.**

We pan across a long line of people of various ages, anxiously waiting in a curving line. Some are in costume as pop culture characters. We continue until we get to the front of the line. A heavyset man steps aside to reveal a small girl, no more than 10 years old with blonde hair, plastic vampire teeth in her mouth and red blood drawn on the corner of her mouth in lipstick. She is dressed like Dorothy-vamp and is next in line.

The little girl steps up and holds out an old headshot of Dorothy.

LITTLE GIRL

Can you sign this for me please?

We see an older Dorothy seated at the table with a banner over her head that reads "Dorothy Gumm - The first and only EGOT winning scream queen."

DOROTHY

(to child)

Sure thing, sweetheart. Who  
should I make this out to?

LITTLE GIRL

My name is "Zoe."

DOROTHY

What a lovely name. Did you know  
my best friend's name is Zoe?

The little girl and Dorothy smile at each other and  
Dorothy signs the autograph.

THE END