

CELEBRITY HALL PASS

Written by

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A quaint little Irish Pub tucked among the urban sprawl of Los Angeles. An old beat up Mercedes Benz is parked crookedly near the trash cans. The late-morning birds chirp.

Standing by the door is JAKS (late 20's), an unpretentious and level headed lesbian from Britain. She has an armful of Tupperware housing several meals worth of colorful food. She impatiently checks her watch.

T.A. (O.S.)

If it isn't my favorite dyke!

Jaks rolls her eyes at the obnoxious and flamboyant voice. Its owner, TONY "T.A." AMATTO (60's) glides down the alley wearing pajama pants, sunglasses, and a vintage *Stones* shirt.

JAKS

I've told you repeatedly Tony,  
don't call me that.

T.A.

Oh relax your asshole, sweetheart.  
You're so uptight!

He stretches like a cat exposing his leathered stomach, pulling a pack of smokes from his pocket.

T.A. (CONT'D)

Good lord am I hungover, shit got  
crazy last night! I mean crazy!

JAKS

Sounds like a normal Tuesday for  
you then.

T.A.

You know me I go all-in, *balls*  
*deep*. Offers on the table if you  
want to try out some male biology.

JAKS

I had a big breakfast, thanks.

He lights up, as Jaks waves away the smoke.

T.A.

Your loss... Where's Kitty-Kat?

JAKS

Late, as usual.  
(re: the smoke)  
Do you mind?

(MORE)

JAKS (CONT'D)

The insemination is in three months. Your stale cologne is bad enough, I don't need to be sucking down your secondhand smoke as well.

T.A.

Oh please, a little secondhand never hurt anyone. My mom smoked the whole way through with me.

JAKS

And look how you turned out. Just, please. Stefani is insistent I stay as pure as can be leading up to the pregnancy.

(re: Tupperware)

I get shipped off everywhere I go now with these meticulously calculated, organic meals. I'm surprised I'm even allowed to leave the house sometimes.

T.A.

Your sugar momma needs to relax.

JAKS

Stefani is my wife, not my "sugar-momma", thank you very much.

T.A.

Call it what you want honey, you ain't footing the bill for that little tadpole by slinging Guinness and Shepard' pie! You eat the "V" for your rent check, whether you admit it or not!

He mimes cunnilingus as Jak's face sours.

Just then a a weathered VW Cabriolet skids into the lot. The door flings open, and out hops KATHY MACINTOSH (30's). She's fit with an earthy beauty, and intense grounded presence. Well, *normally*. Right now she's manic, scrambling--

KATHY

Sorry I'm late-- Sorry! Oh my god-- I'm gonna throw up! I think I'm gonna-- I'm gonna throw up--

She sprints past them, digging out her keys. She quickly unlocks the door and disappears inside. T.A. Turns to Jaks.

T.A.

Exactly how I woke up this morning.

2 INT. KENNEDY'S PUB. BATHROOM. MOMENTS LATER. 2

Kathy splashes her face with cold water, composing herself.

KATHY  
Breathe, Kathy! Breathe...

She takes a calming breathe. T.A.'s voice breaks the peace.

T.A.  
(through door)  
What's the scoop Kitty-Cat? You  
knocked-up or something?

3 INT. KENNEDY'S PUB. CONTINUOUS. 3

Kathy emerges from the bathroom, shellshocked. T.A. waits with eager ears and thirsty lips.

KATHY  
You'll never believe what I'm about  
to tell you! Not in a million  
years.

T.A.  
Oooh, gossip! Gimme the juicy  
secrets girly, and a Bloody Mary.

Jaks chimes in as she sets up the server station for the day.

JAKS  
Maybe some coffee first, Tony?  
Something *besides* alcohol for once?

T.A.  
Coffee's for quitters.  
(back to Kathy)  
Better make it a double, Kitty-Kat.  
Long day ahead me at the salon.

Kathy grabs a bottle of whiskey, pouring a hefty shot.

T.A. (CONT'D)  
Woah easy! Let me warm up first.

KATHY  
It's not for you, it's for me--

She quickly shoots the whiskey back, savoring the burn.

T.A.  
Mmm, this must be good. Spill it  
bitch!

KATHY

I'm sorry, everything's just--  
Really fucking surreal right now!  
Okay. Okay.... Where do I begin? I  
guess, well...

FADE TO:

4 EXT. MOVIE THEATER. NIGHT. FLASHBACK. 4

The marquee reads "The Dying Sunrise".

KATH (V.O.)

I guess it all started back when I  
was... Oh, god! Fifteen?

TEENAGE KATHY waits with a few giggling FRIENDS.

KATHY (V.O.)

I still remember it like it was  
yesterday.

Teenage Kathy steps up to the CASHIER.

TEENAGE KATHY

Four tickets to "The Dying  
Sunrise", please.

5 INT. MOVIE THEATER. NIGHT. 5

The theater lights dim. Teenage Kathy settles into her seat,  
popcorn and large soda in hand. The opening music swells.

CLOSE ON MOVIE SCREEN: "A BILL MAVERICK FILM... WILL  
TIPPET... THE DYING SUNRISE..."

KATHY (V.O.)

I had heard of Will Tippet. Knew  
who he was, I suppose. But I never  
really thought he was anything  
special. Just another pretty actor.

Teenage Kathy's eyes go wide, as her mouth falls open,  
popcorn stuck between her wired braces.

KATHY (V.O.)

But in that moment...

6 EXT. WYOMING COUNTRYSIDE. SUNRISE. 6

A silhouetted man on a horse appears over the horizon.

KATHY (V.O.)  
 ...you know, the one where he rides  
 over the hill on horseback? I was  
 captivated!

7 INT. MOVIE THEATER. SAME. 7

Teenage Kathy is entranced, frozen in admiration.

KATHY (V.O.)  
 I couldn't take my eyes off of him.

6 EXT. WYOMING COUNTRYSIDE. SUNRISE. 6

WILL TIPPET (late 20's), a tall handsome man with piercing blue eyes and sandy blonde hair. He's dressed like a turn of the century cowboy, complete with unfiltered cigarette.

KATHY (V.O.)  
 The most beautiful man I'd ever  
 seen! I never wanted to be a saddle  
 so badly in my entire life.

T.A. (V.O.)  
 I'm hard just thinking about it!

KATHY  
 Shut up Tony, this is my fantasy!  
 It was in that immature, hormone  
 driven moment that I found the man  
 I wanted to spend the rest of my  
 life with. *William. Tippet.*

7 INT. MOVIE THEATER. SAME. 7

Back to Teenage Kathy as she melts, lost in Will's eyes.

KATHY (V.O.)  
 But that was twenty years ago. And  
 a fantasy...

WIPE TO:

8

INT. KATHY AND JOE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. PRESENT DAY.

8

Kathy's sturdy all-American husband JOEY MACINTOSH (mid 40's) lays in bed, watching TV. Not the best looking guy, but no schlub either. He wears his bulk and graying hair well.

KATHY (V.O.)

...flash forward to last night, and reality.

Kathy enters in baggy sweats and an old t-shirt. She heads into the connected bathroom, squirting toothpaste onto worn bristles. She speaks to Joey over the running water--

KATHY

I think we should take the TV out of the bedroom, love. I read it reduces intimacy between couples.

JOE

Says who, Oprah? Where am I gonna escape to for games then?

Joey's channel surfing lands on a celebrity gossip show. The tan, toothy, and plastic REPORTER spouts off, mid segment--

REPORTER (ON TV)

Well I know I'd eat that way, if I could look like her at that age!

His token laugh carries through to the next segment.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

And in other news, Hollywood Heartthrob, turned bad-boy, turned vegan humanitarian, Will Tippet, made his return to the U.S. this afternoon...

JOEY

Oh look, it's your boyfriend!

Kathy dips her head in from the bathroom, mid brush--

ON TV: WILL TIPPET (OLDER NOW, 40'S) SPORTING LONG HAIR AND A SCRAGGLY ZZ TOP BEARD. HE'S DRESSED IN WORN JEANS AND A LEATHER JACKET, AS HE BARRELS FORWARD THROUGH THE AIRPORT HEAD DOWN. A HOARD OF PAPARAZZI FILM HIS EVERY MOVE.

REPORTER

...the former A-list actor will begin filming tomorrow on "One Last Day", the long running soap that helped launch his career more than twenty years ago.

Kathy chimes in with a mouthful of toothpaste.

KATHY

(mouthful of toothpaste)  
You better watch out now that he's back in town, mister. He's my sexual hall pass, after all.

JOEY

Your what?

She spits.

KATHY

My *hall pass*? You know, my celebrity crush I get to sleep with if I ever have the chance. And you, can't be mad!

JOEY

That's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard.

KATHY

Hey I'm telling you now, so you don't get mad when it happens.

JOEY

(incredulous)  
Oh, okay! You get the chance, you go for it, babe! I'll be here, watching TV, from the comfort of my bedroom. Without judgement from you. Or Oprah!

Kathy flips him off, and moves back to the sink. With a smile, Joey rises and heads into the bathroom.

INT. KATHY AND JOE'S BATHROOM. SAME.

Kathy finishes brushing as Joey lands behind her. She dips out, sucked back into the "news" report--

ON TV: FOOTAGE OF WILL REPORTING TO SET. HE WAVES TO FANS FROM THE BACK OF A TOWN CAR, SIGNS AUTOGRAPHS, ETC.

REPORTER (ON TV)

After two consecutive DUI charges and aggravated assault charges over an altercation with the paparazzi--

ON TV: A TERRIBLE MUGSHOT OF A BLURRY-EYED WILL.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Tippet's well documented meltdown forced him to flea the country to avoid prosecution...

Joey adds his two cents as Kathy moves back to the sink.

JOEY

I never got he appeal. Seems like a dirty hippie, if you ask me.

KATHY

Oh, please! He's the most beautiful man that's ever lived! They'd carve statues of him if this were ancient times. That face. Those ABS...

Joey grabs is bulky gut in sarcastic pride.

JOEY

Hey, what about me? All this man?

She playfully pokes his belly with her toothbrush.

KATHY

I don't see you on the walls of any teenage girls, love.

JOEY

Now that hurts.

She holsters her toothbrush, as Joey begins to brush.

REPORTER (ON TV)

After two years abroad, the actor has settled on a plea bargain with the district attorney's office...

JOEY

(mouthful of toothpaste)  
Typical.

REPORTER

...There will be no jail time for the *twice* "World's Sexiest Man", only probation and community service as he returns to the U.S.

Kathy and Joey continue their choreographed dance around the tiny bathroom as Kathy rubs lotion onto her face.

KATHY

I'm just pulling your chain, love.  
You know you're my "real life"  
night in shining armor.

She gives him a loving peck on the cheek and heads back into the bedroom. Joey moves to the toilet.

REPORTER

Once known for his party lifestyle and high-profile relationships--

ON TV: FOOTAGE OF WILL ON THE RED CARPET WITH A SLEW OF FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD LEADING LADIES.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

--Tippet's focus has now shifted towards several humanitarian and environmental causes, placing him among many of Hollywood's altruistic elite.

ON TV: WILL PUMPS WATER IN RURAL AFRICA FOR A POOR MOTHER AND CHILD. THEN, WILL SHAKES HANDS WITH (LEO? MATT DAMON?)

JOEY chimes in as he pees.

JOEY

Gimme a break! All these pompous celebrities think they're saving the world.

KATHY

Shhh!

Joey shakes, flushes and moves back to the sink.

JOE

(soto)  
So much for no TV in the bedroom.

REPORTER

The actor recently broke his two year silence, releasing the following statement--

ON TV: A STILL PHOTO OF WILL, ALONG SIDE THE QUOTE.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

"The time in my life where I didn't care about anything but myself is long gone. This time away has been eye opening for me. The process of getting sober is an ongoing struggle, but I know I can have a greater impact on this world if I use my voice as a celebrity for the greater good, instead of chasing money, fame, and many of the things I lost myself to in the past."

Kathy removes the decorative pillows from the bed as Joey tidies up the bathroom and picks at his face in the mirror.

KATHY

See, not only is he handsome, but he's a good person too.

JOE

Well, like I said, you get the chance, you go for it. I give you my blessing.

REPORTER (ON TV)

The actor also issued a public apology to his fans, and the cast and crew of "Death Gear 7", almost three years after his infamous blowup during filming of the long running franchises final installment.

ANOTHER STILL PHOTO AND TEXT QUOTE FROM WILL.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

"There are no excuses for my actions. All I can say is simply, I am sorry."

ON TV: CELL PHONE FOOTAGE OF WILL AS HE WALKS UP TO A BOOM OPERATOR ON THE MOVIE SET, GETTING RIGHT IN HIS FACE.

WILL (ON TV)  
 "You think that's funny? You think that's-- I don't see you laughing now, do I!"

Joey turns off the bathroom light, as Kathy settles into bed.

ON TV: WILL VIOLENTLY YANKS AWAY THE BOOM OP'S EQUIPMENT.

WILL (ON TV) (CONT'D)  
 "Laugh again I (~~fuckin~~) dare you!"

Joey doesn't climb into bed as expected. But rather, he opens the closet door, sifting through the hangers.

JOE  
 God, what a jackass!

Kathy rolls her eyes as Joey pulls out an E.M.T. work shirt.

KATHY  
 We all get carried away sometimes.  
 It was all blown out of proportion.  
 I mean it wasn't *that* bad...

ON TV: WILL SMASHES AND STOMPS THE BOOM OPERATOR'S EQUIPMENT ON THE GROUND LIKE A CHILD THROWING A TEMPER TANTRUM.

WILL  
 Look at me when I'm (~~fuckin~~)  
 talking to you! I will (~~fuckin~~)  
 murder you! LOOK AT ME!!!

Smashing and crunching sounds from the TV as Kathy cringes, doubting her assessment. Joey smirks, tying his boots.

JOE  
 God I hate these overnight shifts.

He rises and checks his watch.

JOE (CONT'D)  
 Shit! I'm gonna be late.

He gives Kathy a quick peck on the lips.

JOEY  
 Goodnight babe, I love you!

He rushes out the door, leaving Kathy there alone as she gets sucked back into the "news" report.

KATHY

...I love you too.

REPORTER

And in other news, legendary director Bill Maverick has announced that his next film, will indeed be his last. Best known for his Oscar winning epic, "The Dying Sunrise"--

Kathy turns off the TV, looking around the room. She sighs, and clicks off the lights as we--

CUT TO:

16 INT. STAR WAGON. NIGHT.

16

The door to the trailer opens. In comes WILL TIPPET dressed in the same outfit from the TMZ footage. Age and partying have taken their toll, but somehow he might even be sexier. Even behind that hideous beard.

WILL

(calling out behind him)

Yeah, just-- give me a minute!

He shuts the door with a sigh of relief. After a quiet moment he flips on the TV, slumping down into a plush chair.

WILL (ON TV) (CONT'D)

I said look at me when I'm  
(~~fucking~~) talking to you! LOOK AT  
ME!!!

WILL (CONT'D)

Nope.

He quickly turns off the TV in disgust, tossing the remote. Then, an idea. Reaching into his jacket pocket he removes a flask of whiskey. He debates it for a moment, then unscrews the cap and savors a thick, hefty swig. Heaven.

KNOCK! KNOCK!! His privacy is shattered as he coughs.

MUFFLED VOICE

Mr. Tippet?

Will clears his throat, composing himself.

WILL  
 (calling out)  
 Just a second...

He stashes the flask, pops a mint, and checks his breathe.

WILL (CONT'D)  
 It's open!

In pops a petite, intense looking young woman, LINDSAY NOELLE (mid 20's). She sports French braids, a bomber jacket, chic cargo pants (somehow), and a scarf. She's all business.

LINDSAY  
 Mr. Tippet hi, I'm Lindsay. I'll be your assistant while you're on the show. It's nice to meet you.

She extends a firm handshake, looking him square in the eye.

WILL  
 Thanks. And please, call me Will.

LINDSAY  
 Got it. Will. I was a really big fan of some of your early work. Is it true you lived without electricity for over a year to prepare for "The Dying Sunrise?"

Lindsay breaks away, sorting through papers, not listening.

WILL  
 Thank you... And, yeah I did... It's probably what led to my first divorce, but ugh... Are you? An actress, or--

LINDSAY  
 God no! I have too much self respect for that.

She shoves a stack of papers at Will, steam rolling onward--

LINDSAY (CONT'D)  
 Your call sheet and revised sides for tomorrow. I know it's late, but we kept hair and makeup here to clean up all...  
 (re: shaggy appearance)  
 ...*this*, before you start back tomorrow. We pushed your call time, so you can sleep in if you'd like. I'm sure you tired from--

WILL  
No! Do me a favor...

Will flips through the sides as he speaks.

WILL (CONT'D)  
See if you can find me a yoga class  
for the morning...

Lindsay begins typing away on her iPhone.

WILL (CONT'D)  
Haven't had time traveling the last  
few days, and my back is wrecked!  
(re: sides)  
Ugh, seriously?  
(back to LINDSAY)  
I'm staying at my old place, up in  
the hills. Not far. Find something  
close by, and early enough to--

His phone buzzes as Lindsay interrupts.

LINDSAY  
Done. "The Flying Yogi". One mile  
away. Looks like they have an  
8:00am, should give you enough  
time. I texted you the details, and  
your driver as well.

Will's face twists at the word "driver".

LINDSAY (CONT'D)  
I'll call first thing in the  
morning to make sure everything is  
squared away. Sound good?

WILL'S thrown by the expediency. LINDSAY moves to the door.

WILL  
Ugh, yeah... That was... Thanks.  
Did you say my, "driver?"

LINDSAY  
I did, yes. Anything else?

WILL shakes the script in his hand.

WILL  
Yeah, better writing! God, who  
approves this shit?  
(groans)  
Ugh, I can't believe I'm back to  
working on a soaps!

He tosses the pages aside, rubbing his head in frustration.

LINDSAY

Yeah... Trust me, not my dream job  
either, but... It pays the bills.  
Welcome back, I guess.

An awkward beat.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

I'll be on my way.

She turns to the door--

WILL

Wait!

She stops, turning back inside.

WILL (CONT'D)

What about now?

LINDSAY

I'm sorry?

WILL

You said you were a fan of some of  
my *early* work. What about now?

She searches for the most diplomatic answer. Then...

LINDSAY

It's alright.

Will looks he got smacked with a fish. It's the honest truth.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

I mean, it's just... Big budget  
action stuff. Kind of the same  
thing over and over. Not really *my*  
taste, but ugh... yeah...

WILL

Oh... Okay...

NASALY VOICE (O.C.)

There he is!

The awkward moment between the two is broken by SAL DISERNO (40's), a constipated looking man with Coke-bottle glasses and a forced happiness about him, masking deep buried rage.

SAL

Jesus, you look like a god damned yeti! Don't worry, we'll get you all cleaned up. Welcome back buddy!

They hug as Lindsay uses the opportunity to slip away.

Will eyes her as she leaves. Sal looks around the trailer, assessing the array of kale chips, fruit and other vegan/eco-friendly options. He makes his way to the mini fridge.

SAL (CONT'D)

Everything good? Got everything you need? All the right snacks? Drinks?  
(removing a bottle)  
We got kombvucha! It's organic.

Sal extends the overpriced bottle to Will.

WILL

I'm fine, thanks... Hey Sal, who's that girl? My assistant?

SAL

Huh? Oh, I dunno, some P.A. we promoted. Why? She no good?

WILL

No, I just... I dunno... I don't know if I like her energy. Her vibe. She's a bit... blunt.

SAL

She's gone. Poof! Done.

Will tries to backtrack, but it's too late.

WILL

No, I didn't mean--

SAL

Nope! New assistant. I don't need you worrying about people's "fung shoo" and shit! You get the new scene for tomorrow?

WILL

Yeah, about that... Sal, you really need to get some better writers. I mean this shit is terrible!

SAL

We're number one in our time slot three years straight!

(MORE)

SAL (CONT'D)

It doesn't have to be good, it just has to get watched more than the other guys.

DEEP VOICE (O.C.)

Uh-hummm! Excuse me, sir?

At the door is a hulk of a man, former football hero CHRISTOPHER PARKER (40's). He wears a driver's cap, black suit and tie, all but bursting out of the stitches.

SAL

Ahh, perfect! Will, this is your new driver, Christopher Parker. Chris, Will. Will, Chris.

Christopher wedges himself through the tiny door extending a meaty handshake to Will, who accepts.

CHRISTOPHER

Nice to meet you.

WILL

Likewise...

Will tries to place the familiar face.

SAL

No need for unreliable Uber's anymore! It's my treat. From the show, to you. Just... until all that DUI stuff is cleared up.

He pompously shoos Christopher out of the way and moves to the door. His iPhone dings with a message.

SAL (CONT'D)

Fuck! I have go put out some fires in the budget department. Anything you need, you let Chris here know! He'll look after you, until we hire you a new assistant. Keep an eye on you, keep you on time, right Chris?

CHRISTOPHER

(unenthusiastic)

My pleasure, sir.

WILL

I don't need a nanny, Sal.

(to Christopher)

No offense.

Christopher stares blankly back at Will.

SAL

Well let's show the industry that  
then! Stay off the booze, drugs.  
Show up on time. Good to have you  
back, buddy. Good stuff!

Sal gives an awkward "thumbs-up" as he leaves. Will and  
Christopher share a silent, awkward moment. Then...

CHRISTOPHER

I'll be in the car.

Christopher squeezes himself back out the tiny door. Will is  
left there alone, leaning back in his chair. He sighs...

WILL

Fuck me.

FADE TO BLACK:

- 17 EXT. LOS ANGELES. SUNRISE. 17  
Light spills onto the hills. Birds chirp as Traffic begins to  
clog the cement arteries of the freeway.
- 18 EXT. THE SUNSET STRIP. MORNING. 18  
The posh valet of The Standard Hotel.
- 19 EXT. THE STANDARD HOTEL. POOL DECK. SAME. 19  
The place is trashed. Bottles and half empty drinks  
everywhere. The STAFF gathers hundreds of bottles of "Mr.  
Bubbles" that litter the scene. Several POOL GUYS drain the  
last of a gigantic soup of fluffy white foam.
- 20 INT. STANDARD HOTEL. PENTHOUSE SUITE. SAME. 20  
More fallout from last nights chaos: Clothes, drugs, etc.  
Passed out in the plush bed wrapped in white sheets is DANNY  
O'BRIEN (30). Boyishly handsome with disheveled hair and  
scruff. A spoiled Malibu rich kid, who never grew up.  
He's sandwiched between a pair of naked blonde MODELS.  
KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!!! A voice speaks through the door--
- CONCIERGE (O.S.)  
Mr. O'Brien?

Danny groans, his eyes crusted shut like a naked mole rat. He drags himself out of bed as the models stir.

KNOCK! KNOCK!! KNOCK!!!

CONCIERGE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Mr. O'Brien, can you answer the  
door please!

DANNY  
(mumbling)  
I'm coming, just... five more  
minutes...

KNOCK! KNOCK!! KNOCK!!!

DANNY (CONT'D)  
ALRIGHT! I'm up! Jesus...

He shuffles his feet and bare ass to the door.

KNOCK! KNO-- Danny whips the door open--

DANNY (CONT'D)  
WHAT!

CONCIERGE  
OH MY! I'm sorry sir, I--

The Concierge quickly turns away from the very naked Danny.

CONCIERGE (CONT'D)  
I'll come back when you... Have  
clothes on?

Danny strains his drunken eyes, taking in the blurry figure.

DANNY  
Oh, hey! I remember you. You helped  
me carry that drunk girl out to the  
Uber last time. How you been, man?

He extends a hi-five. The Concierge obliges. Danny stumbles back into the room, as the Concierge cringes at the mess.

CONCIERGE  
Good, sir. Ugh, Mr. O'Brien?

DANNY  
Please! Call me Danny. My Dad's  
"Mr. O'Brien".

Danny plops down on the couch, snagging a warm beer off the floor. The Concierge notes the naked Models in the bed.

CONCIERGE

Oh! I'm so sorry sir. Should I come back when you're alone?

DANNY

Huh?

(realizing)

Oh, don't worry about them. They're French. Or Swedish, or something. Nudity's normal in their culture.

(extending his beer)

Sit. You want a drink?

CONCIERGE

I'm okay, thank you.

Danny scrounges through the mess on the coffee table.

DANNY

Let me guess, another noise complaint from last night? I've been warned? Blah, blah, blah...

CONCIERGE

Well, there is that. And the issue with the pool... But also--

Danny's search finally yields a fancy vape unit. He checks the cartridge, and draws a thick hit.

CONCIERGE (CONT'D)

Sir, this is a non-smoking room.

Danny hold in the hit, grabbing a rolled up hundred off the table, extending it to the Concierge, coke dust and all.

DANNY

Why don't we make it our little secret.

Danny winks and exhales as the Concierge accepts the hundred.

DANNY (CONT'D)

So what's up?

CONCIERGE

Well sir, there seems to be a slight problem with your credit card. It's been declined.

DANNY

(chortles)

No, it's a Black Card, there's no limit on the account. Try again.

Danny finds his phone and begins swiping away as he speaks. MODEL #1 has rises, walking behind Danny, grabbing a T-Shirt off of the couch and slips it on as she heads to the kitchen.

CONCIERGE

I did, sir. Several times. I also contacted American Express directly. It appears the account has been frozen.

DANNY

That's no good.

Danny's eye drifts over to Model #1 in the kitchen, pouring herself stale coffee. Her bare ass peaking out the bottom of the oversized t-shirt which read "Heirloom Herb Co."

DANNY (CONT'D)

Oh, perfect! Don't move... This'll be a great shot for the Gram...

He frames the shot as Model #1 flips him off, coffee in hand.

*SNAP!*

MODEL #1

You better tag me in that, asshole.

DANNY

Of course, beautiful!  
 (soto, evaluating pic)  
 That's why you're here...  
 (back to CONCIERGE)  
 Look you know who my father is.  
 Just, put it on his agency account.

CONCIERGE

I would sir, but. We've been instructed *not* to allow you to access that account.

Danny's eyes drift past the Concierge to the door where two very large, intimidating SECURITY GUARDS stand, arms crossed.

CONCIERGE (CONT'D)

And do to the extensive nature of the damages to the room and pool deck, I'm afraid I can't let you leave until we obtain proper payment.

DANNY

Well fuck me then.

Then MODEL #2 sits up in the bed, her hair a wild mess.

MODEL #2  
Can we order room service?

DANNY  
Ladies? You got any money on you?

21 INT. THE FLYING YOGI. MORNING.

21

Peaceful and serene. Aerial silks hang from the high ceiling. Several FEMALE STUDENTS set up their spaces for class.

A young Latina instructor, NATHALIA ORTEGA (early 20's) checks in students on the class iPad. She has a similar earthy beauty to Kathy, grounded and wise beyond her years.

Suddenly the door opens, spilling light into the quiet space.

KATHY  
Hi! Sorry, I'm late. Sorry.  
(a deep calming breathe)  
Hi. Everyone here?

She gives Nathalia a warm hug hello.

NATHALIA  
(re: iPad)  
There's one more on the schedule.

KATHY  
Okay. Please help them get set up  
when they arrive.  
(to class)  
How're we doing today? Our usual  
Tuesday crew here I see...

A soft and quiet murmuring from the Students as Kathy makes her way to the front, setting her things aside.

KATHY (CONT'D)  
Looks like we're waiting for one  
more, so if you'd like to start by  
finding a standing meditation, feel  
free to do so. We'll get started  
here in just a minute. Excuse me.

She slips into the bathroom--

22 EXT. THE FLYING YOGI. MORNING.

22

A black luxury SUV pulls up to the front entrance.

23 INT. LUXURY SUV. SAME.

23

Christopher throws the car into park.

GPS VOICE

"Arrived. The Flying Yogi. 8645  
Ventura Blvd."

Will eyes the building from the back seat. Gone is his scraggly beard, replaced with a perfect amount of stubble.

WILL

Is this the place?

Christopher eyes him from the rear view mirror.

CHRISTOPHER

Did you not hear the voice?

An awkward silence...

WILL

Ugh, thanks. I'll see you in a bit.

He leaves, Christopher shakes his head.

CHRISTOPHER

(mock voice)

"See you in a bit."

24 INT. THE FLYING YOGI. SAME.

24

The door creeps open and in slips Will dressed in token hippie-yoga attire. With sunglasses and beanie on, he's very incognito. Nathalia approaches, studio iPad in hand.

NATHALIA

Hi! You must be...

(re: iPad)

Will?

WILL

Yes, hello.

He takes off his glasses, expecting her to gush. Nope.

WILL (CONT'D)

Will *Tippet*?

Nothing.

NATHALIA

Okay, Will Tippet. Nice to meet you. I'm Nathalia Ortega. If you could just read over and sign this waver form real quick, we're about to get started. Is this your first time doing aerial yoga?

Will's ears perk up, he looks around the space.

WILL

Aerial? Sorry, I thought this was--

NATHALIA

Ah, your first time! Don't be intimidated. You're gonna love it. Here...

She shows him to the last open silk in the back corner.

NATHALIA (CONT'D)

(assessing the height)

This one should be perfect for you. Place your shoes and things over by the bench. Make sure your phone is totally off! Not on vibrate.

He signs with his finger and hands her back the iPad.

WILL

Maybe I should just watch for--

NATHALIA

Don't be silly, life's too short to just sit on the sidelines. Dive in! I hope you enjoy your first class. Welcome, Bill.

She's off. Will timidly looks around the unfamiliar space.

WILL

It's, "Will"... Thanks...

Kathy comes out of the bathroom noting the last student has arrived, just not *who*. Will sets his things aside.

KATHY

Ahh, perfect, we're all here.

Kathy composes herself upfront with a smile. Will stares upward at the intimidatingly silks.

KATHY (CONT'D)  
Let's get started.

DISSOLVE TO:

25 INT. THE FLYING YOGI. LATER.

25

Kathy has herself contorted in a painful looking split. With her eyes closed, she takes a deep breathe, speaking softly.

KATHY  
Feel the tension in your inner  
thighs dissolve as you take nice  
full breathes, letting your hips  
open further and further, as  
gravity does all the work for you.

The other students breathe deeply and follow suit. Accept Will who struggles in the back, nowhere close to the pose.

KATHY (CONT'D)  
As we come out of our splits, let's  
make our way into our first  
inversion for today.  
(demonstrating)  
Stepping forward and away from our  
silks, we reach behind us, finding  
the small of our backs and the top  
of our buttocks creating a nice  
little cradle for ourselves. Then  
with both hands grasping the edge  
of the silk on the inside, we open  
our hands like a book, leaning  
backwards as we lift our legs up  
and over our heads, finding our  
first full inversion.

She makes it look easy. Will has twisted and turned himself inside his silk. NATHALIA steps in to help. Kathy notices as well, expertly flipping herself out of the silk to assist.

KATHY (CONT'D)  
Connect to your breathe, and notice  
how it feels to be fully and safely  
supported within the silk...

NATHALIA  
Here you go-

She adjusts his hands and arms, leaning him backwards.

NATHALIA (CONT'D)  
-now legs up!

WILL

No, I don't think I can--

Nathalia hoists him upside down as Will scrambles to find his balance, flailing about.

NATHALIA

Bravo! See, not so hard is it?

WILL

Yeah, no. It's... Great...

His loose tank top falls down obscuring his face, exposing his ABS. His cut off sweats also fall, exposing his hairy thighs (and perhaps a bit more). Kathy steps in--

KATHY

How're we doing back here?

NATHALIA

Not bad. First class, and we're already upside down!

KATHY

Ya! How does it feel?

Will speaks from behind his tank top.

WILL

Wonderful, but-- Maybe you could ugh... I feel a bit "exposed".

Kathy delicately adjusts Will's loose shorts, covering his bits and pieces which have flopped out to the side.

KATHY

Oh my, yes... There you go, all tucked in! You might want to wear *pants*, or *tights* next time.

WILL

Noted. Thanks.

Kathy and Nathalia share a giggle as she steadies his legs, trying to correct the balance. She assesses his silk.

KATHY

Let's actually have you come back down for a minute, you're a little twisted off your plum line.

WILL

What's a plum--

KATHY  
N-no, don't--

Will begins to hinge at the hips, the weight of his legs throwing him off balance as KATHY tries to save him from crashing down. The momentum propels KATHY forward into the silk, her face burying into his crotch as the pair land in a precarious and embarrassing "69" position.

WHAMM!!! Her forehead slams right into his crotch.

WILL  
Aaarrrggg!

KATHY (CONT'D)  
Oh my god I'm so sorry, I--

He grabs his manhood in agony--

WILL  
Ugh! No, it's okay, I'm fine.  
Really, I'm--

KATHY pops up as the pair come face-to-face.

KATHY  
Sorry, it's just you-- Oh my god,  
your Will Tippet!

He smiles as he winces through the pain.

WILL  
I am. Yes. Hi, nice to meet you.

A TEXT DIALOGUE BOX POPS OUT FROM KATHY'S TEMPLE. INSIDE IS AN ANIMATED EMOJI VERSION OF KATHY, HER ALTER EGO "KITTY".

KITTY'S EYES BULGE OUT OF HER HEAD INTO GIANT RED HEARTS, HER TONGUE HANGS AS SHE PANTS LIKE A DOG IN HEAT. SHE RIPS HER CLOTHES OFF, HER EMOJI BODY COVERED IN BLACK CENSORED BARS.

HER DIALOGUE TYPES OUT BELOW: "TAKE ME, WILLIAM! RAVAGE ME!"

Kathy quickly shakes off the text bubble, composing herself.

KATHY  
I'm sorry, I-- Okay. Let's get you  
back up, love. I mean Will-- I mean  
William, ugh-- Mr. Tippet.

Nathalia steps in to help.

KATHY (CONT'D)  
Sorry about that, are you okay?

WILL

I'll be fine, I think-- Sorry I've never done this before.

KATHY

That's okay, we'll ugh-- We'll get you there let's just--

Kathy quickly turns away, unable to keep her calm at the sight of him. She makes her way up to the front of class.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Sorry about that class. Let's all ground ourselves. Coming back down to our starting positions with both feet on the floor...

The class obliges.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Let's all take a nice deep calming breathe as we center--

\*KITTY POPS BACK UP: SHE FLICKS HER WRIST AND SLINKS OVER TO WILL, SHOOTING A DEVILISH GLANCE BACK AT KATHY. SHRUGGING HER EYEBROWS, SHE TAKES A GIANT GULPING BREATHE, AND PROCEEDS TO BURRY HER FACE INTO WILL'S CROTCH. SLURPING NOISES ABOUND.

KATHY (CONT'D)

--as we center ourselves and calm our minds. Let's ugh--

Kathy's eyes go wide in horror as the other STUDENTS share a confused look. Nothing to see in reality, but in Kathy's mind Kitty is having her way with Will's genitalia.

NATHALIA

(clearing throat)

Kathy? You okay?

KATHY

Ugh, yeah... sorry... just a moment. Excuse me!

She rushes into the bathroom, shutting the door.

NATHALIA

Well that was fun! Let's all close our eyes and regroup, shall we?

27 INT. PRODUCTION TRAILER. MORNING.

27

LINDSY steps up into the trailer, doling out coffees--

LINDSAY

Okay, I have a non-fat Pumpkin Spiced Latte... Regular Pumpkin Latte... Salted Carmel Latte with sugar-free syrup, no whip... a full-fat white mocha frappucino... and a large coffee. Black. Which we already provide at craft services.

SAL DISERNO pops his head in. A deadpan happiness as usual.

SAL

Ah, perfect. Coffee? Black?  
(he takes his drink)  
It's gonna be a good day, people. I can feel it! I can feel it in the air! Tippet here yet?

The show's A.D. SIMON (30's) chimes in--

SIMON

Not yet. He's...  
(re: watch)  
Nine minutes late.

SAL

Fucking actors! Let me know the second he gets here. I'm not gonna put up with this shit. I'll fire his ass, I don't care.  
(re: LINDSAY)  
Oh, that's right. Lindsay, is it?  
Can I talk to you for a second.

He motions outside. She follows, confused.

28 EXT. PRODUCTION TRAILER. MOMENTS LATER.

28

LINDSAY and SAL, already mid argument--

LINDSAY

Fired! Are you serious? For what?

SAL

I'm not big on having to justify my actions, which is why I became a producer. You'll be paid in full for today so, you're welcome.  
(MORE)

SAL (CONT'D)  
 You have 15 minutes to get off the  
 lot. Goodbye!

He walks off, done with this conversation. She chases after  
 him, desperately trying to get in the last word.

LINDSAY  
 No, no, no-- You don't understand,  
 I need this job! I--

SAL  
 Everyone *needs* the job they're  
 being fired from! You're not  
 special. There's no use in arguing,  
 or begging. So, please.

SAL dips down into a studio golf cart, pulling out his phone.

SAL (CONT'D)  
 "Call Harry O'Brien."

LINDSAY  
 I want to talk to Tippet. I deserve  
 to-

SAL  
 You don't DESERVE anything! God,  
 people your age. Fucking coddled  
 millennials. The god damn  
 participation trophy generation!  
 (into phone)  
 Yeah, this is Sal Diserno, I need  
 to speak to Harry Goldman about his  
*fucking client* being late on day  
 one! ...No I will not fucking hold!  
 Have him call me back.

He hangs up. Back to Lindsay.

SAL (CONT'D)  
 Let me give you a little life tip.  
 Once you're the one who does the  
 firing you, can say and feel  
 however the fuck you want. Until  
 then? Keep your mouth shut, and  
 swallow your fucking pride.  
 (into iPhone)  
 "Call Christopher Parker."  
 (to Lindsay)  
 Now get the fuck off my lot.  
 (to driver)  
 Stage 9.

With that, the golf cart whizzes off. Lindsay is left behind furious and scorned. She looks around, eyeing a bounty of granola bars from a nearby craft services table. She snatches an armful, along with a Diet Coke. And another. Another...

WIPE TO:

30 INT. THE FLYING YOGI. SAME.

30

Kathy hangs in an inverted prayer position. Her hands at heart center, eyes closed. She gently sways back and forth.

KATHY

Let your body relax as the stress  
of gravity melts away with the rest  
of your day... Be fully here...  
Fully present in this moment.

Will fidgets in his silk, taking a deep calming breathe.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Enjoy the peaceful calm of your  
newly stilled mind. I'll be here  
holding space for you. Take your  
time... Whenever you are ready,  
please leave quietly. Namaste.

She slowly flips herself out of the silk. The other students do the same at their own pace as the space thins out.

CLOSE ON UPSIDE DOWN WILL: A SOFT SMILE AS HE GENTLY SWAYS.

KATHY admires him as she wraps up her silk. Nathalia approaches, whispering softly to Kathy--

NATHALIA

Do you need me to stick around?

KATHY

No, I'll take care of it. Thanks  
love.

They hug, as Nathalia slips out the door. Kathy is now alone with Will, who is suspended upside down mediating.

31 INT. LUXURY SUV. SAME.

31

Christopher snores softly, head against the window. His peaceful nap is ruined by in an incoming call. He catches his bearings, noting the caller I.D. It's "Sal".

CHRISTOPHER

Ah, shit!

Then noting the time on the dash, "10:24".

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

AHH, SHIT!!!

He answers the call, swinging the door open--

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Hello, sir... Yes I know, we're  
leaving right now! I know, sir!

He barrels forward--

32

INT. THE FLYING YOGI. SAME.

32

Kathy squats down in front of Will, soaking in a proper view of the man she's spent most of her life dreaming of.

After an intimate beat, she leans in close for a smell. BOOM! Christopher tackles open the door--

CHRISTOPHER

Mr. Tippet!

KATHY

Ahhhh!

WILL

AHH!

Kathy jumps back as Will's eyes shoot open. He crashes down onto the floor, noting Christopher's panicked look.

WILL (CONT'D)

What time is it?

CHRISTOPHER

It's 10:24, I'm sorry sir.

WILL

Fuck! I'm late!

He scrambles to his feet grabbing his things. Christopher waits by the door as Kathy watches apologetically.

KATHY

I'm sorry. You looked so peaceful,  
I didn't want to--

WILL

(Slipping on his sandals)  
No, it's fine. I feel great! It's  
just...

(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

Part of this whole returning to the show deal was to prove I could show up on time, and--

CHRISTOPHER

SIR!

WILL

Right! Nevermind. Ugh, thank you?

Christopher rushes outside, as Will rushes to the door.

WILL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I never got you--

He finally stops, fully taking her in for the first time.

KATHY

Kathy...

They share a moment.

WILL

Kathy... Thank you. It was truly...

She melts into his eyes.

WILL (CONT'D)

*Beautiful.*

Christopher's voice booms from outside.

CHRISTOPHER

TIPPET!!!

WILL

I've got to go.  
(mispronouncing)  
Na-maw stay.

With that, he's gone. Kathy is left alone, wondering if any of that actually happened. She looks around the space, eyeing the silk Will used in class.

She walks over, bringing it close to her nose as she deeply breathes in his memory. She melts down into the satin material, dreaming of her handsome cowboy...

KATHY

Oh, William... William. Tippet...

\*KITTY POPS UP: HER EYES LOOK AROUND THE SPACE: THE COAST IS CLEAR. HER HAND RUNS DOWNWARD, AND BEGINS RUBBING. KITTY'S EYES ROLL BACK IN PURE ECSTASY, AN EMOJI "O-FACE".

KNOCK! KNOCK!!

Kathy's flails around in the silk to find a MIDDLE AGED STUDENT (40's), waiting to start the next class. Kathy looks back and up at her, melted like butter in Will's silk.

KATHY (CONT'D)  
Hi, come on in! Sorry, I was just... Meditating.

T.A. (V.O.)  
That's it?

WIPE TO:

33 INT. KENNEDY'S PUB. DAY.

33

T.A. And Jaks stare at Kathy, lost in the memory.

T.A.  
You got me all wet for that?  
Where's the sex? The torrid love affair? The sweaty three-way with that tight little Nathalia chick?

Jaks rolls her eyes.

JAKS  
Oh please! This is real life Tony, not some cheesy porno film.

T.A.  
Honey, you should follow me around for a few days!

KATHY  
I just... I can't believe I got to meet him. Face to face.

JAKS  
Face-to-crotch!

T.A. turns to Jaks, proudly--

T.A.  
Ah, she does have a sense of humor!

JAKS  
Oh, piss off Tony!

KATHY

I still feel like I'm dreaming.  
Like it wasn't real...

JAKS

Well, I'm happy for you dear. It's not everyday you get to meet such an iconic celebrity. Let alone your very own hall pass. Does it still feel the same? Or has the mystique been shattered?

KATHY

What do you mean?

JAKS

Well, you know the saying? "Never meet your heroes?"

T.A.

Same goes for fucking 'em!

Jaks smacks T.A.

JAKS

I mean, at the end of the day he's still just a man. Flesh and blood. Imperfect. Fallible.

KATHY

Yeah, I guess so...

Kathy ponders the thought.

T.A.

Well this has been a complete waste of my time.

(re: his crotch)

And blood flow.

He drains his drink.

T.A. (CONT'D)

Next time you have the opportunity to fuck someone who was named the "Sexiest Man Alive", *twice!* You take it. I don't care if you're married? Single.? I don't care if you have to do it right in front of your husband as he watches and cries. You jump on that world famous dick, and you ride it girl!

KATHY

Well your terrible advice is much appreciated as always, Tony. But I don't think I'll be sleeping with Will Tippet anytime soon... In reality, at least.

T.A.

Such a bore! I'll be back. Keep my tab open. Later bitches!

T.A. slinks out the back. Kathy and Jaks are left alone.

JAKS

Well, back to normal life then.

Jaks moves off to do side work. Kathy accepts the mundane.

KATHY

Yeah... back to normal life.

EXT. ELEGANT HIGH RISE. CENTURY CITY. DAY.

This place screams opulence.

HARRY (O.S.)

I know what the contract says,  
Sal... What do you want me to do?  
Babysit him 24/7 for Christ's sake!

34

INT. HARRY O'BRIEN'S OFFICE. DAY.

34

A stern looking man, HARRY O'BRIEN (late 50's) practices his putting skills as he carries on a conversation over speaker.

SAL (OVER SPEAKER)

It's day one, and he's already pulling this shit, Harry. I can't run my show like this.

A well suited AGENT sits silently nearby, papers in hand.

HARRY

He's a shit, always has been! It's what happens when you get everything you've want handed to you for too long.  
(lining up a putt)  
Like my fucking worthless son...

Just then the door opens, and in slips a hungover Danny sporting jean shorts, an unbuttoned flannel, and sunglasses.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Speak of the devil.

DANNY  
(saluting)  
Father.

Danny makes his way inside as Harry goes back to his putting.

SAL (OVER SPEAKER)  
What'd you-- Hold on, Harry...

Murmuring on the other end from Sal--

SAL (CONT'D)  
(back to Harry)  
He just checked in at the gate.  
You're fucking lucky, Harry!

Harry flips Sal off from the safety of his office.

HARRY  
Love you too, Sal! Look, why don't  
we just forget about this one. He's  
getting used to responsibility  
again. You like basketball? Lakers?  
I got floor seats right next to  
Jack with your name on 'em?

SAL (OVER SPEAKER)  
Nobody likes the fucking Lakers  
anymore, Harry. I've gotta go.  
Handle your fucking clients!

Sal hangs up as Harry misses a putt.

HARRY  
(re: putt)  
Shit! Fucking weasel.  
(to AGENT)  
Continue.

Danny pours himself a hefty scotch from Harry's collection.

AGENT  
As I was saying, we've secured the  
TV vehicle for Vanessa Jones--

DANNY  
(chiming in)  
Mmm, she's hot! Great ass.

Harry shoots his son daggers.

AGENT

A guaranteed thirteen episodes at \$50,000 each, and her label has agreed to distribute any original music from the show.

Harry sinks a putt, fist pumps.

HARRY

Boom! That's what I like to hear. What about things on the Bill Maverick front?

He lifts a massive, thick script off his desk.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Tippet won't leave me the fuck alone about this god damn indie film. Thinks it's the *Pulp fiction* to his Travolta.

He drops the script back down onto his desk with a loud thud.

AGENT

Nothing. Maverick's been holed up down at his ranch in Texas. Apparently he doesn't believe in the use of cell phones or the internet during the creative process. He does have a land line attached to an old answering machine in the nearby town. But, no response to our messages so far. The latest rumor is he's going with all "unknowns".

Danny sits down, propping his feet on Harry's desk. He removes his phone and begins swiping, sipping his scotch.

HARRY

The reclusive old bastard has one last film in him, and what? He wants to cast it with riff-raff from the community theater? No, I want that film filled with *my* talent. If it's not Will, maybe Russel, or Vigo... One of them might be up for the potential Oscar nom. Keep on it! Now fuck off, I have to talk to my jackass son.

The agent nods and exits as Danny raises his glass. Harry lines up one last putt. A miss.

DANNY

Never did have much of a short  
game, pops.

Harry scowls, as Danny swipes away on his phone. With his  
putter, he pushes Danny's feet off his polished desk.

HARRY

Will you quit playing fuck-fuck on  
your goddamn phone for five  
seconds! And take off your glasses  
for Christ's sake. We're inside.  
Who do you think you are, Bono?

Danny pushes his glasses up onto his forehead.

DANNY

Why'd you cancel my Black Card?

Harry grabs a thick credit card statement off his desk.

HARRY

Fifty-five thousand, four-hundred  
and ninety-six dollars and thirt-  
two cents. Your credit card  
statement for last month.

He flips through the statement.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Eight thousand dollars in Uber  
rides. Three grand at Starbucks...  
And don't get me started on how  
much this little weed company of  
yours is costing me!

DANNY

That is a net positive investment.

HARRY

It could be, yes. I had my  
accountants look through your piss  
poor excuse for book keeping. Are  
you aware that you *personally* buy  
more weed than the rest of your  
client list combined?

DANNY

Glaucoma runs in the family.

Harry is unimpressed by his son's attempt at humor.

DANNY

Look, it's not like I'm smoking all that myself. Most of it's for sampling at parties, marketing. You told me I needed to apply myself so, I started a business. Like you wanted me to.

HARRY

It isn't a "business", son. It's god damn excuse for me to continue funding this entitled lifestyle of yours.

(lines up a putt)

It was your mother's fault! I told her we should have spanked you growing up.

DANNY

Yeah, I'm sure with a little physical abuse I would of turned out much more to your liking. Too bad you were never around.

HARRY

Oh, boo-hoo! I worked. Like every other father that handles his shit. What do you want, an apology?

DANNY

All I'm saying is, maybe it woulda been nice to have some of those lame dinner table conversations in my lifetime. You know, "What did you learn in school today, Son?"

(soto)

Not that I went, but...

HARRY

Okay, you want to talk? Fine. "Hi son. How's your day?"

DANNY

Not bad. A bit hungover. I had a threesome last night so, *worth it!*

HARRY

"How's the legal drug dealing business coming along? Want to tell me why I got a call from the Standard Hotel this morning, informing me that I owe them six grand for damages to their pool?"

DANNY

Cause we thought it would be cool to dump in a hundred bottles of bubble bath, and Snapchat the foam party? It was pretty sick!

He pulls out his phone to display the video--

DANNY (CONT'D)

I think Nicholas Cage was there? Check it out--

He extends his phone to HARRY who takes it and violently whips it across the room, shattering it against the wall.

HARRY

CAN YOU BE SERIOUS FOR ONE GOD DAMN SECOND!!!

Danny freezes. Harry slumps into his chair, rubbing his face.

DANNY

Woah! Okay... Let's just remember your blood pressure, old man.

HARRY

I can't do this anymore, Danny. You're cut off. I'm cancelling all your accounts, and I'm shutting down the dispensary.

Danny quickly rises.

DANNY

Woah, woah, woah-- Let's not get carried away here! Just, hold on.

HARRY

You're a financial black hole, son. All you do is spend, and spend!

DANNY

Me? What about your gold-digging girlfriend? Who's three years younger than me by the way! I bet she blows through more money than I do just on bleaching her asshole!

HARRY

Careful, son! She could very well be your mother some day.

Danny steadies his suddenly queasy stomach.

DANNY

I literally just vomited in my mouth. Brrr!

He sits down onto the corner of the desk, feigning sincerity.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Look, dad... You don't wanna be one of those sad old guys you see driving around in some overpriced dick-mobile? With their little blonde arm-candy next to them, just praying the boner pills don't cross react with their statin medication. No. You're better than that Harry James O'Brien. You stay gold, Pony Boy!

He rubs his father's head. Harry smacks his hand away.

HARRY

I'm tired, Danny... I Moved here from New York when I was eighteen with nothing. Look at me now... I built this empire, and for what? Who am I gonna leave it to? You? So you can fuck it up when I'm gone?

Danny shrugs, "Yeah, probably." Harry rises from his chair.

HARRY (CONT'D)

(re: office window)

Them? Those blood sucking leaches out there, just waiting for me to drop dead? Or retire?

(screaming)

NOT A CHANCE, ASSHOLES!

He makes his way to the window, taking in the view.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I know you never met your grand dad... But he was a butcher. Woke up every morning at 4:00am to go hack up flesh and bone for a living. Hated every second of it. He wanted me to take over the family business some day. I couldn't stand the smell. I didn't know what I wanted to be back then, I just knew I *didn't* want to be a butcher. He couldn't accept that so, he kicked me out on my eighteenth birthday.

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)  
 He said, "You want something  
 different outta life? You go earn  
 it!" So I did.

Harry turns back inside to Danny.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
 I never made you do anything you  
 didn't want to, because I wanted  
 you to be your own man some day.  
 And look at the result...  
 (shaking his head)  
 You're a grown man wearing jean  
 shorts at noon on a Tuesday.  
 What're you doing with your life,  
 son? Maybe it is my fault. I dunno.  
 I think part of me like any father,  
 always hoped you might want to  
 follow in your old man's footsteps  
 some day... Become an agent.

Danny digests this softer side of his harsh father.

DANNY  
 Why haven't you ever told me this?

Just then, Harry's ASSISTANT interrupts from the door.

ASSISTANT  
 Excuse me, sir? I have David  
 Fincher in conference room two.

HARRY  
 I'll be right there.

She quickly exits. Harry grabs his sport coat from the back  
 of his chair. Danny sits, processing...

HARRY (CONT'D)  
 Go home, son. And shower for  
 Christ's sake. You smell like a god  
 damn frat house.

Harry makes his way to the door. As he's about to exit--

DANNY  
 Wait! Just... Give me a chance.

Harry searches him, wondering where this is going.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
 You want me to be an agent? Okay  
 fine! I'll be an agent.  
 (MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Let me prove to you I'm not as  
worthless as you think.

HARRY laughs, incredulously.

HARRY  
Ha! You? An agent?

DANNY  
Yeah, why not?.

HARRY  
What, you think it's that easy?

DANNY  
Can't be that hard, you figured it  
out.

Harry sizes up his son.

HARRY  
Alright you cocky little prick!  
I'll tell you what...

He grabs the Bill Maverick script off his desk.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
You get that stubborn old fuck Bill  
Maverick to hire Tippet for the  
lead in his next movie? I'll let  
you keep your stupid little weed  
shop. And your precious black card.

DANNY  
Are you serious?

HARRY  
What the fuck do I care! Tippet's  
career's as good as dead. It's a  
hail marry at best, and I'm  
expecting you to fail anyways.

DANNY  
Gee, thanks. Okay, so... how do I  
go about doing this?

HARRY  
"Can't be that hard, I figured it  
out", right? You can start by  
reading this overwritten,  
pretentious ass script!  
(whips script at DANNY)  
You've got one week.

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)  
 You handle your end of the bargain,  
 I'll come through on mine.

Danny steps up, eying his father suspiciously.

DANNY  
 Alright, old man. You have yourself  
 a deal.

He extends a formal handshake, Harry takes it.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
 And don't think you're gonna back  
 out of this either! A verbal  
 contract is binding in the state of  
 California.

Harry smirks as he shakes his son's hand, sealing the deal.

HARRY  
 First lesson of this business son?  
 Always get it in writing.

With that, Harry leaves. Danny watches him go then makes his way back around the desk. He grabs the rest of his scotch, slumping down into Harry's chair. He spins around like a little kid, feet off the ground, as he drains the drink.

35 EXT. STUDIO LOT. DAY.

35

Lindsay storms forward drinking one of her stolen Diet Cokes. Will's luxury SUV drives by. She stops, debating her move.

LINDSAY  
 Fuck it!

She about-faces, storming back over to WILL as he exits--

LINDSAY (CONT'D)  
 (shouting)  
 Excuse me!

No response, Will heads towards his trailer.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)  
 Will Tippet! I want to talk to you  
 for a second!

WILL  
 (noting *who* it is)  
 Oh shit!

He b-lines towards his trailer.

LINDSAY  
Why'd you get me fired?

WILL  
Look, I don't know what Sal said to you but, what's done is done. No hard feelings. Best of luck in--

As he reaches for the door handle-- SMASH!!! Lindsay whips the half-full Diet Coke at him, narrowly missing his head.

WILL (CONT'D)  
What the fuck! Are you crazy?

LINDSAY  
You're acting is shit! That's what I *wanted* to say. That's what I *should* have said. But I didn't. I said it was alright. That it wasn't really my thing. I'm sorry I told you the truth, and that your ego couldn't handle it... But what do you care? I needed this job. Now I can't pay rent. Thanks.

She places her hands at heart center, gently bowing her head.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)  
Namaste, Asshole.

Satisfied, she storms off. Will is left stunned at the brash nerve of this woman.

36 INT. KENNEDY'S PUB. DAY.

36

Kathy watches the highlights from a soccer match with a few OLD REGULARS. T.A. is back, drink in hand, antagonizing Jaks.

T.A.  
All I'm saying is, if you've never been with a man, how do you know?

JAKS  
Trust me Tony, you of all people are not going to convince me to switch teams.

T.A.  
Don't limit yourself so much! I play for both teams.  
(soto)  
All time quarterback, sweetheart.

He winks, she cringes. The back door of the pub opens, and in walks an exhausted Joey in his E.M.T. uniform.

JOEY

Course you're here drinking, Tony!  
Why wouldn't you be? It is 2:30  
after all...

T.A.

Joey boy! Okay Jaks, what about  
this sexy mo-fo? Would you sleep  
with him? If Kathy would approve?

He meets Kathy at the end of the bar for a hug and kiss.

JOEY

I'm totally fine with being left  
out of this conversation.

KATHY

The usual, love?

Kathy grabs a pint glass and begins to pour Joey a beer--

JOEY

No babe, I'm-- Well, just a short.  
I'm exhausted from these  
overnights. Wanted to just swing  
by, say hello before I crash.

T.A.

Joey, let me ask you a question?  
Ever been with a man?

JOEY

Don't get your hopes up, Tony.

T.A.

Please, you'd be so lucky! No,  
we're talking hypotheticals here.  
Our little Jaks is a "dick virgin"  
of sorts. If it were okay with  
Kathy, would you give her a little  
taste of the "D"? For science's  
sake?

JAKS

What do you not understand about  
the fact that I'm not attracted to  
men? Hi Joey.

Joey smiles and raises his drink to Jaks.

T.A.

You're telling me you never even fantasize about it? What it'd be like to have a nice big sausage stuffed inside that lady-bun of yours? You don't see some hot, sweaty shirtless hunk on TV and get a little primordial tingle down there? Come on, we'll make Joey your "Hall Pass", then your sugar mama can't be mad.

JOEY

Oh, great! This again?

KATHY drops the half-pint off for JOEY.

JAKS

Who's your "Hall Pass", Joey? We all know Kathy's.

Joey guffaws at the apparent publicness of his private life.

JOEY

Glad to see you share our intimate bedroom conversations with the town gossip queens here.

KATHY

(re: T.A.)

Oh please! He's too self absorbed to talk about anyone but himself--

T.A. flips her the bird as he sips his drink.

KATHY (CONT'D)

--and Jaks is just too good of a human being to spread rumors.

Jaks courtesies with a smile.

T.A.

Come on, spill it! Who you fucking inside that big noggin of yours?

He tries to knock on Joey's head, as he's smacked away.

JOEY

If you must know, I don't have one. I'm a married man. I love my wife, and only my wife. End of story.

T.A.

This ain't about "love", Joey-Boy.  
It's about hot-stank sex fantasies.  
It's healthy, we all have 'em!

JOEY

Well, not me.

T.A.

I wasn't aware you joined the  
sisterhood.

T.A. blesses Joey and is once again smacked away.

KATHY

Oh, knock it off you two!  
(then, bubbling)  
Babe, speaking of Hall Passes!  
You'll never believe who came to my  
yoga class this morning!

JOEY

(thick sarcasm)  
Who? Will Tippet?

He gives a hearty laugh, looking to the others. Nothing.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Oh, come on! You're joking?

Dead silence.

JOEY (CONT'D)

*Will Tippet?* You're serious?

T.A.

Yeah, better watch out Joey-boy. He  
might just snatch up that hot piece  
of ass right out from under you!

JOEY

Oh, yeah! I can see it now... "Will  
Tippet Stole My Wife", it'll be the  
title of my tell-all memoirs.

He laughs some more at the ridiculous scenario. Kathy's face  
sours, she's had enough of his incredulous mocking.

\*KITTY POPS UP: SHE CROSSES HER ARMS, TAPPING HER FOOT, JUST  
WAITING FOR JOEY HOT SAY THE WRONG THING.

KATHY

You think this is funny?

His laughter dies down, as he sees Kathy's mood has turned.

JOEY

Well-- Come on, babe? I mean it's  
*Will Tippet!*

This stings KATHY. She tries not to bite back.

\*KITTY PULLS OUT A MASSIVE MACHETE FROM BEHIND HER BACK,  
WIELDING IT IN PREPARATION TO ATTACK, FOAMING AT THE MOUTH.

KATHY

What? You don't think it's a  
possibility he could find me  
attractive?

JOEY

Okay! Listen, that's not what I  
meant. It's just-- He dates  
terrible women. And he can't stay  
faithful to save his life. You're  
way too good for him.

He reaches over the bar for her hand. She's not buying it.

\*KITTY WILDLY SWINGS THE MACHETE WITH BLOODTHIRSTY EYES, THEN  
DISAPPEARS IN A POOF.

Kathy turns away, burying her rage in some dishes.

T.A.

Nice try at a save, Joey-boy!

T.A. drains his drink and slips out the back for a smoke.

After an uncomfortably quiet beat, Joey tries to repair the  
damage. He walks behind the bar over to his scorned wife.

JOEY

Babe? ...Hey. You know I didn't  
mean anything by it. I just-- Look  
this whole thing this is  
ridiculous. You're my wife. I love  
you, and you love me. This is a  
stupid fight, over a silly fantasy.

KATHY

You're right, it's stupid...

JOEY

I'm gonna go home and do some work  
around the house.

(MORE)

JOEY (CONT'D)  
 I'm off tonight, so I'll try and wait up. Maybe we can watch a movie or something? Preferably one *not* starring Will Tippet? Okay?

She gives him a pity laugh.

JOEY (CONT'D)  
 I love you.

KATHY  
 Love you too.

He pulls her in, kissing her forehead and peels off, giving Jaks a defeated wave goodbye.

JOEY  
 Bye Jaks.

JAKS  
 Goodbye Joey.

He exits. Life as usual goes on at the bar...

37 EXT. STUDIO LOT. WILL'S TRAILER. DAY. 37

Will exits in wardrobe, as Sal pulls up in the golf cart.

SAL  
 There he is! I was getting worried.

WILL  
 I know, I know, I'm sorry Sal. It won't happen again.

SAL  
 I know it won't. Let's just, keep on top of it! You all good to go?

WILL  
 Absolutely, yes. Hey, Sal? I need you to do me a favor?

SAL  
 What's up?

WILL  
 That girl, Lindsay? My assistant?

SAL  
 Yeah, it's done. I fired her.

WILL

I heard... Look, the whole thing was a big misunderstanding, I--

SAL

No. I don't back peddle on firing people, it shows weakness. You do that, it's mutiny around here.

WILL

Well regardless... I at least want to apologize. Have production contact her, have her swing by my trailer at the end of the day?

SAL

Ahhh... you got a little thing for her? She does have that militant Marilyn Monroe vibe going on.

WILL

No, I don't have a thing--

SAL

Hey, it's not my place. Whatever keeps you happy and focused. Just, be careul. I don't need a Weinstein scandal on my hands.

(winks)

I'll let production know. Okay, let's have a good first day back. Alright buddy? Alright? Alriiight.

Sal gives Will a forced high-five, and dips back down into the golf cart, whizzing off. Will walks towards set--

38

INT. CRAMPED SILVERLAKE APARTMENT. DAY.

38

Lindsay opens the door to a small eclectic space. Craigslist furniture, incense, and a hand-me-down piano. Her roommate (and cousin) TERRY (mid 20's), sits on the couch assembling a homemade lamp out of industrial metal piping.

TERRY

Hey! You're home early.

LINDSAY

(sheepishly)

Yeah...

She sets her things aside, slumping down on to the couch.

TERRY

You got fired again, didn't you?

LINDSAY

It wasn't my fault--

TERRY

Lindsay, how many times are we gonna go through this?

LINDSAY

I know, but-- I really didn't do anything wrong this time! I just gave my honest opinion to Will Tippet about his shitty acting.

Terry sighs, and goes back to his work.

TERRY

He is a pretty these days... Well, rent's due tomorrow. The lamp store is doing pretty well on the Etsy, so... I can cover you again this month, but we really need to come up with some sort of a plan if things don't change! Maybe downsize to a studio, or--

LINDSAY

Sharing a one bedroom with your *boy cousin* as a full grown woman is bad enough. I'm not going to live in a studio with you, no offense. I'll just... Sleep in my car... I dunno?

She rests her head on his shoulder.

TERRY

Everything will work out somehow. It always does.

BUZZ! BUZZZ!! BUZZZZ!!!

Lindsay digs her phone out of her pocket. Her faces twists.

LINDSAY

Hello? ...This is her... Okay...

Terry searches for answers, she quiets him with her hand.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

...yeah, no I can, yeah... Okay... thank you...

She hangs up.

TERRY

What?

LINDSAY

That was the show. Apparently Will Tippet would like to speak with me?

TERRY

Hey, you see? It'll work out. Manifesting. Positive vibes! All that good shit...

Terry hops up, and moves off to the kitchen.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Now don't fuck it up! I'm tired of living off rice and sardines.

39

INT. KENNEDY'S PUB. EARLY EVENING.

39

The bar is half full as Kathy finishes switching things over to the tall, ever stoic evening bartender, JASON (30's).

KATHY

Okay, all set. I'll see you tomorrow, love!

Jason gives a subtle wink. Kathy heads towards the door.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Goodbye my drunken darlings!

OLD REGULAR

Aww, you're leaving already? Let me buy you a drink!

KATHY

No, it's been a long day. I'm gonna-

OLD REGULAR

(cutting her off)  
Come on! One drink?

She shakes her head, trying to resist.

KATHY

A beer does sound good right about now... Okay, but just one!

She hangs her purse underneath, saddling up at the bar.

OLD REGULAR  
What're ya having?

KATHY  
Guinness, please.

REGULAR  
Jason! Guinness on my tab.

Jason nods, grabbing a pint glass as Kathy gets comfortable.

40 INT. VENICE BEACH HOME. SUNSET.

40

Danny, script in hand, paces back and forth. His face is twisted in disapproval as he reads through the dense pages.

DANNY  
Oh my god, I can't do this! Who the fuck reads anymore? This shit is so boring! Dad was right. Bunch of emo-cowboy shit...

He tosses the script aside, and taking a hefty drag from his trusty vape unit. He turns, speaking to someone offscreen.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
What? Oh come on, don't look at me like that.  
(holding in the hit)  
I'm doing the best I can, okay!

No response. He exhales.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Oh, what? You think you could do any better? When's the last time you did *anything* around here, huh? You just lay around on your fat ass all day.

No response.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
What I thought. You lazy fuck!

CUT TO: A SLEEPY EYED CAT LAYS ON A NEARBY CHAIR, PURRING RAPIDLY BACK AT DANNY. MEET "MR. WHISPERS"

Danny plops down into a hammock strewn across his back deck. Mr. Whispers jumps up into his lap with a meow.

DANNY (CONT'D)

We're fucked, Mr. Whispers! What was I thinking? I'm not cut out to be an agent. How the hell am I going to pull this off?

MEOW!!!

DANNY (CONT'D)

Yeah, you're right. I better figure something out. I don't, we'll be living in Encino... Assistant managing a T-Mobile store... Brrr!

He shudders at the thought, grabbing his phone.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Let's see how the old Twitter feed is coming along, huh buddy!

(he swipes away)

I posted the new strains for next month's cartridge release...

"Cinnamon-Toast-Kush" and "O.G.

Jedi Mind Trick". What do you think's the fan favorite, buddy?

Mr. Whispers purrs as Danny rubs his furry cheeks.

DANNY (CONT'D)

The people have spoken. Looks like "Cinnamon Toast Kush", for the win!

He tosses his phone aside, resting his head back with a sigh.

DANNY (CONT'D)

How the hell am I gonna convince a stubborn old fuck like Bill Maverick to hire a train wreck like Will Tippet? I'd have better luck getting him to hire you! Maybe I should just...

(re: his vape unit)

...ask the universe?

He draws a huge hit. His eyes close. The hammock sways. Then--

DANNY (CONT'D)

THAT'S IT!

He tries to leap out of the hammock, getting twisted in the netting as it flips upside down. MR. WHISPERS scampers off as DANNY crashes to the ground with a THUD!!!

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Ah, fuck me!

He scrambles for his phone, frantically swiping/tapping away.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Please tell me-- One time, Just--  
No whammy-- No whammy-- No whammy--  
No whammy-- No whammy-- STOP!

Danny's face lights up at the results shining back at him.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Jackpot!

41 INT. WILL'S TRAILER. EVENING.

41

Will slumps in his chair, reading his sides. KNOCK-KNOCK!!

WILL  
It's open!

Lindsay sheepishly pokes her head in.

LINDSAY  
You wanted to speak with me?

WILL  
Yeah, come in. Sit.

She uncomfortably sits like a child about to be scolded.

LINDSAY  
You're not going to press charges  
against me or anything, are you?

WILL  
No. I'm an adult. I can be chewed  
out and not have to sue someone  
over it. Has that happened?

LINDSAY  
Once. At my last restaurant job, I  
broke my managers nose after he  
sexually harassed me during my  
employee review. They dropped the  
charges after I was forced to  
apologize. So I guess, "I'm sorry?"  
Even though I don't really mean it.

He laughs at her total honesty.

WILL

Yeah, I've been there, trust me.  
Too many run-ins with the  
paparazzi. Well, your forced  
apology is accepted.

They share a smile. A beat.

WILL (CONT'D)

I'm not used to being spoken to the  
way you talked to me yesterday.  
And today. To be honest, I--

LINDSAY

Look if you're gonna lecture me you  
can save it. I'll just be on my--

She rises, he stops her.

WILL

Please! Let me finish. I wanted to  
thank you. For calling me out.  
Treating me like a normal human  
being. You're right. My acting is  
shit! I've been phoning it in since  
I turned forty. I don't even read  
scripts anymore, I just have them  
feed me my lines off camera with an  
ear mic.

Will recoils in shame. Lindsay process this turn of events.

LINDSAY

Well, I mean... you still had a few  
successful hit movies, right?

WILL

Doesn't mean they were any good.  
And sure as hell doesn't mean they  
were *fulfilling*. Or they meant  
something in the grand scheme of  
things.

LINDSAY

Fair enough... Well, "you're  
welcome" then. Yes. I think your  
acting is *shit*. Maybe you should  
work on that.

They share a smile.

WILL

What do you do Lindsay? Outside of  
harassing washed up celebrities?

She laughs at the self deprecating comment.

LINDSAY

Well, to be honest I'm usually looking for a new job, since I tend to get fired a lot. This isn't the first time. But... I'm a musician. Well, *trying* to be.  
(skeptical)  
Why do you care?

WILL

Just want to get to know you as a *person*, rather than just my assistant.

LINDSAY

Uh, *former* assistant, to be clear.

WILL

For the show, yes. But I'm currently in need of a *personal* assistant and, you just got fired. Or so I hear?

Lindsay eyes him suspiciously.

LINDSAY

You want to hire me as your personal assistant? This isn't some sleazy ploy to try and sleep with me, is it?

WILL

Please, give me some credit. No. It's because, you're honest. *Brutally!* You don't bullshit people, or hide your opinion. I need that in my life right now. I got myself into the mess I was in because I surrounded myself with enablers, "yes men". I need someone around to keep me humble. Grounded. So... what do you say?

She searches him, gauging his sincerity. Then, confidently--

LINDSAY

I want a raise from what they were paying me on the show.

WILL

Double it, sure.

LINDSAY  
Plus mileage.

WILL  
Of course.

LINDSAY  
And I play open mics at night, well *sometimes*... So you're gonna have to be flexible with that!

WILL  
We'll make it work, don't worry.

LINDSAY  
Well... I guess I don't have anything to lose! Okay Mr. Tippet. You have yourself a new assistant.

She extends a formal handshake. He accepts, sealing the deal.

WILL  
Good. First order of business, I want to hear some of your music.

Lindsay's eyes go wide as Will moves back to his sides.

WILL (CONT'D)  
You get to criticize my work, I get to criticize yours.

LINDSAY  
I, ugh... Well, I... Don't really have anything *recorded* yet...

WILL  
Huh? Maybe you should work on that?

Touché!

LINDSAY  
I'll get right on it, *boss*.

She smiles and moves to the door.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)  
Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to go tell Sal to fuck off and die.

WILL  
Woah, easy tiger! You catch more flies with honey than you do with vinegar. Don't burn your bridges.

LINDSAY

Okay, "Dad". I'll apologize. Then I'm going to rub it in his face with kindness, good call. Anything else?

WILL

Yeah, one more thing...

42

EXT. KENNEDY'S PUB. BACK PARKING LOT. EVENING.

42

Kathy exits the pub, shouting goodbyes back inside.

KATH

Goodnight loves, get home safe!

She digs into her purse for her keys. Then, like nails on a chalkboard...

T.A. (O.S.)

What's up, sexy bitch!

T.A. waltzes up, cigarette dangling from his lips. His hair is slicked back and he's dressed for the evening, shirt undone two or three buttons too many, reeking of cologne.

KATHY

Oh god Tony, your cologne!  
Excessive, even for you.

He sidles up behind her, smacking her ass.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Oww, Tony!

T.A.

Mmm! Girl, that yoga bum is getting tight! Joey's one lucky man.

KATHY

Yeah... not that he notices.  
(re: cigarette)  
Can I?

He hands the cigarette over to her.

T.A.

Well he better! Or someone else is gonna come along and tap that ass! You just give me the go ahead, I'm right in there! And sweetheart, you'll never be the same.

He estimates his manhood at a good foot, foot and a half.

KATHY  
I'll pass, thank you.

He shrugs off the rejection, Kathy turns towards her VW.

T.A.  
Hey where you going? Let me buy you  
a drink?

KATHY  
No, I've already had a few. I'm  
calling it a night.

T.A.  
Alright, Kitty-Cat! Come here.

He pulls her in for a hug. After a beat, Kathy tries to pull  
away but he braces her, speaking *sincerely* from the heart.

T.A. (CONT'D)  
You know you're gorgeous, right?  
And beautiful? And amazing! Any guy  
would be lucky to have you! Don't  
you forget that. He hear me?

She melts into him as he hugs her deeply. For all his flare  
and bravado, he is a caring friend.

KATHY  
Thank you, Tony. Really.

T.A.  
You're like a sister to me... A  
freaking smoking hot sister I would  
totally fuck!  
(re: his crotch)  
Do you feel this thing?

He breaks away, adjusting his impending erection.

KATHY  
Oh, Jesus, Tony!

T.A.  
Sorry, I'm on a lot of ecstasy and  
Cialis right now. Everything gets  
me hard-- Not that you *wouldn't*,  
even without!

KATHY  
Okay, that's my cue to leave.

T.A.

Go spend some sexy time with Joey-boy. Remind him of what he's got. I'll see you tomorrow, sexy bitch.

KATHY

Okay, love. Don't get *too* crazy tonight.

T.A.

You know me!

She peels off to her car. T.A. Watches her go with a sad smile, then slicks his hair back, pumping himself up. With a deep breathe in, he talks *downward*, directly to his groin--

T.A. (CONT'D)

You ready big-boy? Let's do this.

Yes, he talks to his penis. Why wouldn't he? He strides confidently forward into the bar.

43

INT. CRAMPED SILVERLAKE APARTMENT. NIGHT.

43

Lindsay slips inside, plastic bag of take-out in hand.

LINDSAY

"Honey, I'm home!"

Terry enters, vinyl record in hand. Like a true hipster.

TERRY

You're in a good mood.

LINDSAY

I am! I got my job back-- Well, I got hired as Will's personal assistant, actually. At *double* what I was making on the show!

TERRY

Oh my god, Linz! That's amazing!

He gives her a hug. She breaks away, displaying the take out.

LINDSAY

Here. Your favorite! Spicy ramen.

TERRY

No, you didn't have to--

LINDSAY

No, no, I've leached off you long enough. It's my turn to be the bread winner in this relationship. It's my way of saying, "Thank you."

TERRY smiles, taking the ramen.

TERRY

See! Honesty pays off in the end.

LINDSAY

Yeah sometimes, I guess...

TERRY

Come on, I'm starving.

He moves towards the kitchen, Lindsay follows.

TERRY (CONT'D)

This is gluten-free, right?

LINDSAY

Oh my god, just eat it!!!

44 INT. KATHY'S VW CABRIOLET. NIGHT.

44

Kathy comes to a stop at a red light. She rests her head against her hand, glancing up out the windshield:

A BILLBOARD AD FOR WILL'S RETURN TO THE SHOW. HIS ICONIC FACE AND SMOLDERING SMILE STARING DOWN AT HER. THE WORDS: "THE DOCTOR WILL SEE YOU NOW" WRITTEN ACROSS THE BOTTOM.

KATHY smiles, pondering the moment.

BACK TO THE BILLBOARD: KITTY APPEARS, STRUTTING ACROSS WITH A SEXY SWAGGER - A FEATHER BOA DRAPED OVER HER SHOULDERS. SHE CARESSES AND LICKS WILL'S LARGER THAN LIFE FACE.

Kathy laughs at herself, shaking it off. She drives away--

45 INT. KATHY AND JOE'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

45

Kathy enters, dropping her keys on the table. She calls out--

KATHY

Babe, you up? Sorry I'm late, I--

She turns into the living room, finding a slew of lit candles. In the center of the coffee table is a bottle of wine, with a note leaning against it. Kathy walks over, looking around. No sign of Joey. She picks up the note--

CLOSE ON NOTE: "COULDN'T WAIT UP. SORRY. I LOVE YOU! -JOEY"

She smiles at the kind gesture, snatching up the bottle.

FADE TO:

46 INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. 46

Kathy sits curled up on the couch, sipping her wine. She reads "The Power of Now" by Elkhart Tolle, or some other such worldly/New Age book.

47 EXT. WILL'S HOUSE. NIGHT. 47

The SUV pulls up to a large, unkept Hollywood Hills home.

48 INT. LUXURY SUV. SAME. 48

CHRISTOPHER throws the SUV into park, speaking back to WILL.

CHRISTOPHER

Have a good night, sir... and sorry about this morning.

WILL

Its all good... And you can call me Will, by the way.

CHRISTOPHER

Okay, Will. See you tomorrow.

WILL

Thanks. See you then.

Will is about to leave, but stops--

WILL (CONT'D)

I've been meaning to ask... You are the Christopher Parker, right? Defensive MVP for the Raiders?

A "no shit Sherlock" look from Christopher.

WILL (CONT'D)

I just assumed, because--

CHRISTOPHER

Why? Because I'm six-four, two-eighty-five, and black?

WILL

Well, *that*... And your name is "Christopher Parker."

CHRISTOPHER

Yeah, that's me. Well, was...

WILL

What the hell are you doing chauffeuring people around? You dominated the NFL back in the day. You have two Super Bowl rings!

CHRISTOPHER

*Had*. Not worth as much on pawn as you might think. Didn't exactly do the wisest things with money back in the day. Harry was my agent for commercials, appearances. He helped me get this high-end driving gig. Pays the bills. And hell, it's better than being a bouncer!

WILL

Well... I was a *big* fan.

CHRISTOPHER

Really? Didn't take you for much of the football type. No offense.

WILL

Hey, I'm still from the Texas! Born and bred.

(throwing up the symbol)

Hook 'em Horns!

CHRISTOPHER

Ah, hell no! A&M all the way, baby!

The pair laugh.

WILL

Well... We'll have to catch a game sometime. I'll see you tomorrow.

Will exits. Christopher talks to himself in the mirror.

CHRISTOPHER

I did dominate shit! You better believe that.

Proud of his own legend, he drives off.

49 INT. WILL'S HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOME. MOMENTS LATER. 49

Will enters the cold, dark space which is ungodly decorated. It feels more like an upscale dentist's office than a home.

Will drops his bags next to several enormous baskets of mail stacked on the floor. He touches the dried dead flowers that weep from a glass vase on a nearby table.

He looks around the desolate space. A deep breathe.

WILL  
Honey, I'm home!

Silence. He walks off...

50 INT. KATHY AND JOE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. 50

Kathy slips into the dark room, trying not to wake Joey.

She crawls into bed, setting her phone on the night stand. She settles under the covers, turned away from him.

They lay back to back for a beat... Then--

Kathy turns, spooning him. He stirs as she gives him a soft kiss on the shoulder, snuggling up to his familiar warmth.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. LOS ANGELES. SUNRISE.

Another day, same as before. The morning sun. Birds. *Traffic*.

52 INT. THE FLYING YOGI. MORNING. 52

Class is settling in. Kathy enters, spilling sunlight inside. She greets the class.

KATHY  
Good morning everyone, sorry I'm  
late... How're we doing today?

The class gives a quiet murmur in response. Kathy sets her things down, looking around the room back to the empty silk Will used yesterday with a sad, reminiscent smile.

\*KITTY POPS UP, DRESSED LIKE A WIDOW: SHE WEEPS, DROPPING TO HER KNEES, STABBING HERSELF IN THE HEART WITH A KNIFE.

Kathy breathes away the thought, back to business.

KATHY (CONT'D)  
Let's get started, shall we?

FADE TO:

53 INT. THE FLYING YOGI. MORNING.

53

The last of the students leave as Nathalia and Kathy wrap up the silks. Nathalia pries into Kathy's somber mood.

NATHALIA  
You doing okay? Seem a bit down.

KATHY  
Yeah, I'm fine... Why?

NATHALIA  
I dunno, just a hunch. You sure?

KATHY  
Yeah, it's just-- Well...

NATHALIA  
That man? From class yesterday?  
"Bill", was it?

KATHY  
(reluctantly giddy)  
Will. Do you-- Do you *not* know who he is?

Nathalia shrugs.

NATHALIA  
Some musician or something?

KATHY  
"Will Tippet?"  
(no response)  
One of the biggest movie stars on the planet-- Well, *used to be*...

NATHALIA  
I don't really watch many movies. Besides, I think he might have been a bit before my time. Handsome though, for an older man. You have a thing for him, don't you?

KATHY

No...

Nathalia stares back, unflinching. Kathy spills the beans with the excitement of a fat kid in a cake shop.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Yes! I've been obsessed with the man since I was fifteen years old!  
 (drifting off into memory)  
 The first moment I saw him...  
 Coming over the crest of that hill  
 on horseback...

FLASH TO:THE OPENING SHOT FROM "THE DYING SUNRISE".

KATHY (V.O.)

The most beautiful man I'd ever  
 seen...

BACK IN THE YOGA STUDIO.

KATHY

I mean, I told my husband I would  
 sleep with the man if I had the  
 chance, for god's sake! I've  
 fantasized about him for years! I--

Nathalia tries to hold in her amusement over Kathy's giddiness, but her snicker finally breaks.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Okay, laugh it up!

Kathy can't help but join in, burying her head in her hands.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Oh god, what am I doing? I'm a full  
 grown, married woman acting all  
 googly-eyed like a silly teenager.  
 Over some stupid fantasy.

Nathalia takes her in, dispensing wisdom.

NATHALIA

Our fantasies are an important part  
 of who we are. We just can't get  
 lost to them.

KATHY

Yeah... It's just, weird... It felt like it was meant to be. Like there was this deep connection.

NATHALIA

Maybe... Or maybe you're just projecting? If you've spent years thinking about this man, of course it's going to feel like fate when he actually shows up in your life. It doesn't mean anything, other than what you make of it.

Kathy smiles at the unusual wisdom from someone so young.

KATHY

You're right... And this whole thing is ridiculous. I'm married. And he's a world famous celebrity! I'm a nobody. Whatever... I'll probably never see him again. So...

She "shakes off" the thought of him.

KATHY (CONT'D)

I'm letting it go! It's just another story to tell. That time I got hit in the face with Will Tippet's crotch.

They laugh. Kathy pulls Nathalia in for a warm embrace.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Thank you, love.

NATHALIA

Of course! Do you need me to stick around to help with the private?

KATHY

No, I'll be fine. Thank you.

NATHALIA

Okay. I'll see you tomorrow.

Nathalia slips off. Kathy watches her go.

FADE TO:

Kathy is setting up the space, adjusting the center silk.

KNOCK! KNOCK!! KNOCK!!!

She looks up to the door, her mouth falls open.

It's Will.

WILL

Hi.

\*KITTY'S HEAD PEAKS OUT FROM KATHY'S SHOULDER. A WTF LOOK WRITTEN ALL OVER HER FACE.

Kathy stares back in disbelief at the smiling Will as we--

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.