

MAY SEPTEMBER

by

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FADE IN:

Images appear in a viewfinder of a high-end camera. A tiny shutter sound CLICKS to reveal shots of athletic legs running upstairs. The legs all belong to women. Fit, athletic women. And they're darting in and out of the mist.

EXT. THE STAIRS, SANTA MONICA 5TH STREET - DAY

The marine layer has settled in the canyon near the famous 5th Street Stairs. Runners seem to appear out of the fog and the plants drip with condensation.

ANDREW 'SPIKE' SMITH, BRITISH, 45, is turning 46 but you wouldn't know it -- he's Tom Brady vegan fit, still has hair, and has that LA beachy look. But the gray is there. And it's getting grayer.

Spike is lugging a heavy Canon EOS R3 and spots a BLACK pair of muscular legs in baggy, tiny shorts and follows.

EXT. THE STAIRS, AT THE TOP - CONTINUOUS

KAYLEE PARSONS is also checking out the men. The older men. Kaylee, AFRICAN AMERICAN, 23, has natural ringlets of frosted silver hair. She owns those athletic runners' legs.

Kaylee's what we used to call a tomboy, doesn't live by anyone's rules and is a lover of classic movies and 60s rock. She's also sporting a Walkman on her waist. Yeah, a Walkman.

EXT. THE STAIRS, SOUTH SIDE AT THE TOP - CONTINUOUS

Kaylee rests on the top step, legs akimbo, exhausted. Spike is breathing heavily and looks like he's about to have a heart attack when he pauses at her feet, camera poised.

He checks out her legs as the sun peaks through the fog behind her. Kaylee, silver locks haloed, looks like an angel. Then he glances up and gets more than an eyeful.

KAYLEE

"Why don't you take a photo? It'll last longer."

He registers the line from *Planes, Trains and Automobiles*.

SPIKE

No, this I'll remember.

Spike, off balance, seems to realize he may have met his match.

KAYLEE

Oh, yeah?

SPIKE

I'm really more of a Stanley Kubrick guy.

Kaylee opens her legs just a smidgen and reels him in. He's furiously trying to look elsewhere, anywhere but her shorts.

KAYLEE

"Open the pod bay doors, Hal?"

He clocks her classic film chops and swallows a smart answer, but he's impressed. She sprays him with a sports bottle.

SPIKE

I beg your pardon but I was admiring your legs.

He proffers a business card and uses it to deflect the water stream. She grabs the card and then hoses the stream into his mouth. He relishes the small, liquid victory.

KAYLEE

"I beg your pardon." Did you sleep through the MeToo movement?

SPIKE

I was admiring your Walkman, too.

She's ready to toss Spike's card but finally gets a good look at *his* good looks and leans in till she can smell his breath.

SPIKE (cont'd)

You're quite safe. I never date younger women.

KAYLEE

Sorry, I covered you in Liquid IV.

She dashes off as Spike tries to think of a quip.

EXT. ADELAIDE DRIVE, SANTA MONICA - CONTINUOUS

Kaylee turns to see if he's following. She stares right at him, through him, knowing he'll turn her way. But he doesn't. He's buried in his phone. And he misses the moment.

She digs into a Tupperware bowl of something healthy, jumps onto a beach cruiser bicycle, and rides off.

INT./EXT. SPIKE'S E-TRON, OCEAN AVE, SANTA MONICA - DAY

Spike's watching TikTok but notices "us."

SPIKE (TO CAMERA)

Oh, sorry, I've been trying to write a movie for the last twenty years and have yet to sell a script, so I'm still doing photography. I have four half-finished scripts, maybe that's the problem? So, in Hollywood, a script is sort of a blueprint for a movie. If you read one, it would look like gibberish.

He grimaces, reaches behind the seat and digs out a damp, dog-eared script. Or half a script.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Hmm, thin. Anyway, this is my "Tale of Two Titties," a story of a man of hubris who finally learns that in order to get it on sometimes one has to turn off; courtesy of a chick who refused to be counted. And a pretty story it ain't. Like my ex, Pam said: sometimes you just can't help who you fall in love with.

MONTAGE

Spike shooting celeb weddings.

SPIKE (V.O.)

I shot a couple of celebrity weddings. Got quite "hot" for a while but then fell out of fashion.

END MONTAGE

INT. GOLD'S GYM - THE NEXT MORNING

At Gold's Gym, Spike works out distractedly, checking out the OLDER WOMEN. He wanders up and down the cardio machines at leg level pretending to look for a missing something. A phone. An iPod shuffle no less.

He catches our eyes tracking his progress.

Spike leans casually onto a steep treadmill and a flirtatious OLDER THIN WOMAN, 50s. But she dials up the speed and slope angle which catches Spike's shorts and hurls him onto the tread and out the back - sans shorts.

The WATCHING WOMEN HOOT in derision.

Summoning up a last shred of dignity, Spike actually finds an ancient dusty MP3 player lodged under the treadmill and holds it up in triumph as he pulls his shorts up.

But he senses something and goes hunting.

From the other side of the gym, his weak eyes light on a silver-haired BLACK WOMAN in the upper stationary bikes where weightlifters, who can't run, do cardio.

Spike saunters towards the dark, silver fox but falls over two bags of shit strewn on the floor. When he gets up, the silver-haired granny has moved downstairs.

But in reality, it's actually Kaylee with frosted hair doing tricep dips on a machine. She senses Spike checking her out.

INT. CARDIO ROOM GOLDS - CONTINUOUS

SELFISH GIRL, 20s, sweats into three towels as she rocks on an elliptical machine set to an easy level.

SPIKE (V.O.)

I could almost hear everyone
shouting "the wave of the future"
and wiping the machines with
Kleenex.

Spike wipes down a machine with an antiseptic wipe as Kaylee watches him. She mouths the word "freak" at him and smiles. Spike receives the faraway smile and walks over.

INT. CARDIO ROOM GOLD'S GYM - CONTINUOUS

As he gets closer, he looks downcast -- she's not 70.

KAYLEE

You look disappointed.

SPIKE

I didn't have my glasses on. I
thought you were...

KAYLEE

...white?

SPIKE

No, no, some girl who I used to play volleyball with. Sorry, I beg your pardon.

KAYLEE

"Beg your pardon?"

He searches for his glasses as she soaks in the accent.

KAYLEE (cont'd)

British?

SPIKE

The teeth?

KAYLEE

No, you have most of yours.

SPIKE

Have we met somewhere before?

KAYLEE

In my OB-GYN's office?

SPIKE

Very funny. Oh, my godfathers! I do apologize.

She starts doing pull-ups - wide difficult pull-ups - and a few COGNOSCENTI start watching. It becomes a small crowd.

KAYLEE

(doing pull-ups)

That's OK, I was hangry.
Intermittent fasting...

Spike wraps a sweatshirt around the remaining bar and pulls up by gripping the shirt. The crowd ROARS approval for him.

Kaylee upstages him by dropping into a full split - the gymgoers ERUPT around her, ignoring Spike.

KAYLEE (cont'd)

...and I get really irritable.

Spike jams his earbuds in and starts to watch TikTok.

INT. GOLD'S GYM WEIGHTS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kaylee pounds on his shoulder. She's saying SOMETHING but he's glued to some inane video.

KAYLEE
Hello? Dorkmund?

We can't hear what she's saying, but it sounds like "locker room, and get raunchier"

SPIKE
This is so funny. I'm sorry. What did...

KAYLEE
...I said would you like to come up to the ladies' locker room and shoot dildos up the asses of naked chicks showering while I hold the launcher?

SPIKE
Fuck yes! I'm sorry, you're joking. Right?

KAYLEE
Right. We should be formally introduced. I'm Kaylee. Kaylee Parsons.

For the first time, he really gets it. Too young or what; she's a knockout and it throws him back on his heels.

SPIKE
How do you do, Kaylee? I'm Andrew. 'Spike' to my friends. I have fantasies of exterminating all the OCD freaks here at Gold's.

KAYLEE
Really? Start with yourself.

He starts to walk away, but she grabs his shorts, pulls them forward, and squirts him with a sports bottle again, making it look like he's pissed himself. She GUFFAWS loudly, grabs his iPod shuffle, and starts enjoying the tunes.

Before he can start gabbing again, Kaylee dashes off with a look over her shoulder. He thinks it over, pausing to check out several hot GREY-HAIRED OLDER ATHLETIC WOMEN on bikes. But then he sees those legs and follows her upstairs.

SPIKE
Miss, you've got my iPod. Miss!

INT. WOMEN'S CHANGING ROOM GOLD'S - CONTINUOUS

Spike saunters into the locker room as Kaylee undresses.

KAYLEE
You should probably scram.

Spike suddenly realizes where he is.

SPIKE
Sorry, but you've got my iPod.

KAYLEE
What's that?

SPIKE
I said you've got a great bod.

She hands it over.

SPIKE (cont'd)
But I never got to see you naked.

KAYLEE
Good tunes. Look, if you want to see more of me, I'm in a play at City Garage. We need to fill the seats.

SPIKE
The place run by that French chick, Monique, with all the nudity?

KAYLEE
Yup, you'll love it, lots of naked chicks. And dudes.

She gives him a flyer as a GROUP OF WOMEN enters the changing room. Kaylee gives him a "you're on your own now" look and whips his ass with her towel as he hides in a toilet stall.

SPIKE
(whispering)
Help! Help me Kate-lee, Kat-ey.

KAYLEE
Kaylee!

She LAUGHS uproariously at the absurdity of it all as A WOMAN sprays some foot aerosol right into the opening where peeping Spike lurks. A high-pitched feminine SCREAM and SEVERAL WOMEN GIGGLE, thinking someone is pushing a little too hard.

INT. GOLD'S GYM, SHOWER - CONTINUOUS

Kaylee towels off and strides towards the stall where Spike is hiding. The door swings open and they grab each other. Her towel falls away, he tries to catch it but she lets it fall.

Noticing his red eye she licks it and kisses him gently then pushes him onto the toilet seat and sweeps the door shut.

KAYLEE

Stay boy! Sit!

EXT. GOLD'S GYM, VENICE, CALIFORNIA - LATE MORNING

Spike staggers out of the gym wearing a bandage over one eye.

SPIKE

(to staffer)

Banged a weight into my eye.
Pyramiding.

The laid-back STAFFER, DAVE, 20s nods, understandingly.

EXT. GOLD'S GYM PARKING LOT, VENICE - CONTINUOUS

Spike walks out, fixated on answering some email, but Kaylee is perched against the wall dressed like Dexys Midnight Runners, complete with overalls and red bandana. She moves in then gently kisses his eye again. He melts.

She sticks her hand in his shorts pocket and rams her tongue into his ear. He's breathing heavily now.

KAYLEE

My-my Andrew. Out of breath again?

SPIKE

It's been a long day.

A silver-haired fox pulls up in a Lamborghini as REX CHANDLER, 70s, whistles gently for Kaylee. Rex, suave and tanned, looks like he just stepped off his yacht in Monaco harbor and straight into the street at Gold's.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Your master is calling.

KAYLEE
Hi Rex. Coming baby.

Spike is shattered but hides it well.

SPIKE
Rex? Don't you mean "Rx?"

KAYLEE
Har de har har.

SPIKE
Bingo night?

KAYLEE
We play in the buff. He's an
artist.

SPIKE
Who cares? So am I.

She walks away, leaving him panting and dumbstruck.

EXT. SPIKE'S CONDO, MARINA DEL REY - AFTERNOON

Maria sets down an immense birthday cake with forty-six
candles and a bucket of coffee next to his messy, cluttered
workspace. The cup hangs there, threatening to fall over.

MARIA
Señor Smith - Mr. Spike, how can
you work like this?

He shrugs as she wipes thick dust off the desk.

MARIA (cont'd)
There is no cleaning supplies left.
You need to buy some more of your
bio grading cleaner. Mr. Andrew?

SPIKE
I need you to work for a while on
account Maria.

She looks in his wallet like a wife, but it's empty.

MARIA
On account you got no dinero?

SPIKE
I'm overextended. I got caught
short.

MARIA

No. I need some money Jefe. Dinero.

She grabs an expensive bottle of whisky. He manages to give her a less expensive one and kisses it tenderly goodbye.

MARIA (cont'd)

Whisky Cellar give me...

SPIKE

At least a thousand bucks.

MARIA

Don't cry, patron.

She wipes his face with her apron.

SPIKE

Excuse me, aren't you illegal? Do you have a permit to be here?

She ignores him as Spike sips the coffee.

SPIKE (cont'd)

That's it, I'm calling La Migra.

(into phone)

Hello, yes, is that I-C-E? Yes?
Good. I'd like to report an illegal alien here, yes; I think she just hopped across the BOR-DUR! About 40 years old with huge sun-ripened cans...that she's...

Maria pretends to squeeze milk from her tits into his latte.

SPIKE (cont'd)

...using to inject drug-laden breast milk into my coffee. Yes. From 'Mey-hee-co'.

MARIA

Nicaragua. I'll stay for two weeks. No mas.

He lifts his fists like Roberto Duran, the boxer.

SPIKE

"No mas."

She gives him a great uppercut into his solar plexus and he folds over like fresh laundry, gasping for air.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Whatever. Yes, she says MORE ARE ON THEIR WAY from Nicaragua. Please hurry!

MARIA

Señor Spike, you are so silly. Duran was Panamanian, FIY.

SPIKE

"FYI. I'm "eccentric," Maria, and I'm on the wrong side of forty.

MARIA

You should get married again, Mr. Spike. Get a young Latina wife. They like old Anglos like you.

SPIKE

Old. Hell yeah. Hmm, set it up.

MARIA

Better find some hot brown young Latina than you play with yourself all the time.

SPIKE

My Spanish maid has seen me wanking in the shower. God help me. I'll be in some blog. Worse - some podcast.

MARIA

Señor Spike get a nice, young wife this time. Stop chasing the abuelas. Have some bambinos.

SPIKE

I can't fire you; I can't get ICE to arrest you...

MARIA

...but you love me right, Mr. Spike?

SPIKE

I do. Maria, I'm nearly fifty. I'll be out of the coveted 18-49 demographic soon.

As he reaches for the cup, it finally spills on the papers on the desk and he casually sweeps them all into the trashcan.

INT. PATHOS ARTISTS LANTANA CENTER SANTA MONICA - DAY

CHARLES BENJAMIN, BRITISH, 50s, head of Pathos Artists, a literary agency, slumps behind a huge desk. Charles is urbane, distant. His assistant, TABITHA, JAMAICAN BRITISH, 30s, hovers, trying to feign interest.

CHARLES

Well. Andrew, tell me about The Thief of Dubai.

Spike hears the accent and knows he's doomed.

SPIKE

You're English.

CHARLES

Yes, but don't worry, I'll give you a fair shake.

He places his coffee barely on the edge of Charles's desk. He's hiding behind the script. All Charles can see is a bob of salt 'n pepper hair over the top.

SPIKE

Charles, The Thief of Dubai is an action-adventure script...

CHARLES

Would you say you're good in a room Andrew?

SPIKE

Better than some. Charles.

CHARLES

You might be a tad bit too experienced.

SPIKE

Experienced.

Charles notices Spike's gray stubble under the script.

CHARLES

You don't want to sit in a writer's room with a bunch of twenty-somethings.

SPIKE

I don't.

CHARLES

You actually printed the script.

Tabatha snickers.

SPIKE

I had some extra ink. I just like the feel of paper.

CHARLES

The script is a good first draft but you might want to make the genie younger.

SPIKE

No.

CHARLES

No?

SPIKE

I mean no, yes, you're right.

Charles senses Spike's not gonna budge.

CHARLES

I mean written here she sounds like my grandma. Non? What time's our next meeting Tabitha?

TABITHA

At four Mr. Benjamin.

SPIKE

I'm looking for representation.

CHARLES

Well.

Charles turns to stone like a cigar store Indian.

SPIKE

I'll just pull the door to. On my way out, then? Just, pull...the...

INT. SPIKE'S CONDO MARINA DEL REY - LATER

Spike is frozen, staring at Final Draft. He starts playing with TikTok and disappears into a video-induced coma.

INT. SPIKE'S CONDO OFFICE - MORNING

Spike's pitching his script to a PRODUCER, 20s, over Skype.

SPIKE

The Thief of Dubai is "Raiders of the Lost Ark" meets "Aladdin."

YOUNG PRODUCER (O.S.)

What? I don't get it. Andrew.

SPIKE

Call me Spike. It's a story of being trapped. Rezana, the genie, is trapped in a lamp; Jack, the hero, is trapped in the Middle East. And the genie is young.

YOUNG PRODUCER (O.S.)

You have talent attached?

SPIKE

No. Not yet.

YOUNG PRODUCER (O.S.)

Well, that's going to be a great first step, Andrew. Make the genie older. Great to meet you "Spike."

The Skype connection clicks off.

SPIKE

"Nobody knows anything!"

EXT. MARINA DEL REY, VENICE PENINSULA, LATE AFTERNOON

Spike shuffles along distractedly, calls someone.

SPIKE

(into the phone)

Hey, how's it going? Yeah. Can you Venmo me five hundred bucks? Please, dude. No, I'm going to City Garage later. To audition my genie. Want anything from Peet's? Matcha latte, with oat...a what?

At the crossing, a Bobcat on a leash makes a dash, but Spike jams his foot on its tether and saves its hairy hide.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Shouldn't mountain lions be in the mountains? Excuse me, ma'am?

The owner, A GRUMPY WOMAN, 60s, snatches the leash. Spike's profile reflects on the window of Peet's on Mindanao where Kaylee is working, inches away.

INT. PEET'S COFFEE, MARINA DEL REY - LATE AFTERNOON

Spike gets his drink order in - it's for two coffees. It looks like he has one for Kaylee. Looks like.

Kaylee, oblivious with a dozen books on whisky and a notepad, is cooking up a business plan PowerPoint on an ancient laptop. She connects via a VPN for privacy, covers her password like Edward Snowden, and finally logs in.

A few Led Zeppelin tapes sit near her Walkman as Kaylee surreptitiously sips from about half a dozen micro flasks and scribbles notes. One of her doodles is a firm bum with a Union Jack flag on it.

She's so engrossed in her research she fails to notice Spike staring at her. He starts to move toward her, stops, and grabs his coffees without saying hello, and creeps out.

INT. CITY GARAGE STAGE - NIGHT

Spike watches, rapt. We think he's engrossed in the play but Kaylee is on stage completely starkers. The SERIOUS SANTA MONICA THEATRE TYPES watch the play, Spike watches Kaylee.

Kaylee catches him and gives him a glance. He mouths the words: "Lovely bush", and she mouths back: "I know." Suddenly, a NAKED MALE ACTOR, 20s, and buff, struts in front of Spike, blocking his view. Spike squirms in discomfort.

EXT. STAGE DOOR CITY GARAGE THEATRE - LATER

Spike's at the stage door with a bottle as Kaylee comes out.

KAYLEE

Why Andrew, you came.

He gives her a small bottle of MacNaMara Gaelic Whisky.

KAYLEE (cont'd)

MacNaMara. I'm surprised.

Kaylee recovers her sass, but when she spots him holding a script, the mood changes.

KAYLEE (cont'd)

OMG you really are a screenwriter.
Great. I never date writers.
They're all crazy, manic-
depressives. Homage to Alexander
Korda's "Thief of Bagdad?"

SPIKE

You are good. There's a part in...

She cuts him off.

KAYLEE

...there for me if I sleep with the writer? Did you like seeing me naked?

SPIKE

I did. Do you realize you often cut me off mid sent -

KAYLEE

- tence. Sorry. Did you catch any of the play or just spent it staring at my bush?

SPIKE

Staring at your bush. It's not one of Simone de Beauvoir's best works. "The Sweet Madness" - wasn't this a short novel called "The Monologue?" The middle tome of de Beauvoir's feminist trinity, "The Woman Destroyed."

KAYLEE

Very good. Probably destroyed by the male gaze.

She looks at him uncomfortably, knowing he's just seen her naked again. He senses the awkwardness too and stares off. She starts chugging the MacNaMara like it's iced tea. Glug.

Spike won't be outdone, grabs it, and polishes off the rest. They size each other up in an instant. Bedfellows. Different ages, different bodies, same person.

She burps loudly, then lifts off his eye bandage and kisses his eye. Again. And again he swoons.

KAYLEE (cont'd)

Better? Peeping Tom.

SPIKE

Maybe. You could give me notes. Phone number, email, Instagram?

She seems to be softening but catches Rex's whistle. Spike looks but can't see Rex. She grabs him by the lapels as if searching for something, trying to unconvince herself.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Rex? He's...

KAYLEE

... wise. You of all people should understand.

Spike is hoisted on his own senior citizen petard.

SPIKE

I do, I do.

KAYLEE

I'm not online. And no thanks. I have a boyfriend. And I don't date writers. And you don't date under 70s. Or do you?

He bends to his fallen eye bandage but she's now in a Lamborghini SUV with the ever-so debonair Rex, as Spike watches forlornly. He looks to his e-tron but realizes he's just got a ding in the bumper. And the script is gone.

CLOSE ON COMPUTER SCREEN - THE NEXT MORNING

He Googles Kaylee Parsons. Facebook, no. LinkedIn. Nope. Instagram, WhatsApp, TikTok, Telegram, Stage 32. Cali, Caley, Qualey, Khalie...He goes deep. He searches City Garage's website. Nothing, then a whisky ad appears as a pop-up...

SPIKE

Whisky!

INT. WHISKY TASTING - WEST LA - DAY

Several MIDDLE-AGED MEN are entranced as Kaylee opines on an expensive-looking whisky. JACK GURUG, "Grog" 60s, the gruff whisky store owner, seems to be anticipating the moment. Spike decides to just observe quietly for the time being.

JACK GURUG

Well, my well-heeled, well-oiled friends...who can tell me this next one? (he holds up a card backward showing Té Bheag - "Chey Vek")

THAD, 50s, inebriated somewhat, pipes up.

THAD

Well, it's kinda strong, sorta fierce, malty, Scotchy...

The snobby, tough CROWD OF MOSTLY MALE Scotch drinkers, sneers, and guffaws, not letting him off the hook.

THAD (cont'd)

Peaty. It's chill-filtered.

JACK GURUG

Is it? "Peaty." Well, any other thoughts?

Kaylee comes forward as if on cue.

JACK GURUG (cont'd)

Kaylee.

KAYLEE

Well, it's...(stumbling), strong.

The tough crowd immediately starts to turn on her.

JACK GURUG

We heard...

KAYLEE

With hints of...heather...

She starts to lose it and the crowd is GRUMBLING now.

KAYLEE (cont'd)

But also somewhat peppery...

The tough assembly starts listening and quietens down.

KAYLEE (cont'd)

Nose: almost rustic, a cigar leaf, with a hint of wet leather.
 Untamed, fat, and buttery but then emerging with fruit-forward.
 Palate: milky creamy with notes of caramel. Finish: long, dark and robust. A well-tempered Gaelic. Té Bheag ("Chey vek,") NOT chill-filtered.

As she holds it up to the light, a pin drop can be heard as she tilts the glass to where it hangs like honey, then drops into her mouth. The assembled crowd bursts into APPLAUSE.

She suddenly notices Spike's face, watching from the crowd, reflected in the glass like a whisky genie as she holds it aloft. Spike wanders over, and she can tell he's impressed, but she's also taken aback by his sudden appearance.

KAYLEE (cont'd)
You got some on your chin.

She uses a napkin to dab his chin and, as he leans in for a kiss, she uses it to push him gently away.

SPIKE
Come to my studio.

KAYLEE
No way! Stalker.

SPIKE
Bring a chaperone. Look me up...

KAYLEE
...online? Just so you can
photograph me naked.

SPIKE
I've already seen you naked.

She stumbles, almost as if a dark secret has been revealed.

KAYLEE
And mind your P's and Q's or you
may not again.

SPIKE
But isn't that what men do?

KAYLEE
The male gaze. Plus you're a
writer, and I never date writers.

SPIKE
And how's that working out for you?

He tries to show her his portfolio on his phone. She waves a so-so printed headshot at him. Yes a real paper photo.

SPIKE (cont'd)
No wonder you're not landing any
parts. This headshot bites. Oh, but
you don't want to have it online.
Yah.

She's back on her heels again.

KAYLEE
After reading 45 drafts and
listening to him mope, I gave up on
writers.

(MORE)

KAYLEE (cont'd)

"Here hon, read today's rewrite and suck my cock please." "Sure hon."

As he starts walking out, she softens.

KAYLEE (cont'd)

Do me a new headshot and I'll pose for you. If you tell me what this is.

She grabs a mouthful from a hidden bottle, then kisses him, letting the Scotch flow into his mouth.

SPIKE

Well, it's definitely non-chill-filtered.

KAYLEE

You're batting 900. Keep going.

SPIKE

Fresh, citrus notes, good richness, a light peatiness, and a delicate touch of...cereal.

He's about a foot away from her dark brown eyes and rapidly losing concentration, mesmerized by her dark orbs.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Dark brown, chocolatey, with curious flecks...I mean weighty, slightly creamy, with a toffee-like richness. A fairly delicate peaty note.

She's pretty impressed but hides it and kisses him again, tonguing some more whisky onto his top lip. He's lost.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Tè Bheag? No, Talisker?

KAYLEE

Nah-ah. You should have gone with your 'first love.'

SPIKE

I was tasting the Tè Bheag on your lips from before.

KAYLEE

Nah-ah. You were wrong, admit it. Don't pout.

INT. SPIKE'S CONDO, BEDROOM - DAY

Spike is sniffing bottles of rare whiskies, looking frustrated. He has a dozen tumblers filled.

Spike wipes his lips onto a linen napkin and then savors the aroma. He kisses the napkin, trying to figure something out.

INT. BAJA CANTINA BAR MARINA DEL REY - NIGHT

At the Baja Cantina, Spike meets JON METRIN, 50s, with a quick wit to match Spike's and an insatiable appetite for salsa. Jon slurps down a nearby dish of salsa like it's a drink. He also slips Spike five hundred dollars.

SPIKE

You're sick, you know that? It's all sugar.

JON

Your point, asshole? How's Maria doing? I thought you might bring her tonight.

SPIKE

My housekeeper. What, to clean up after you?

JON

Maybe she'd like to get out.

SPIKE

How's your ex doing? Apparently, her new boyfriend's like 6'2", a lawyer with a Bentley and 8 inches.

JON

Nine.

The Margs arrive.

SPIKE

Here's to nine inches. Why'd your wife leave you again? Oh yeah, because...

JON

I didn't have nine inches?

SPIKE

No, because you drink too much. Look, here's Justin.

JUSTIN BAILY, 30s, HOT, AFRICAN AMERICAN, gay, with bright white teeth, hurls himself on Spike. Justin adores Spike.

JUSTIN

Boys. Jon. How's the wife? Sorry, ex. Why'd she leave you again?

JON

Fucking bozos. No, Spikey here left his wife. Dumped that bitch's ass and now he's back on the market.

The WAITRESS brings shots. They're starting to get merry.

MUCH LATER

The boys are pretty fucked up now. Spike is getting maudlin.

JON (cont'd)

Trouble is you're a serial monogamist. Ever try dating?

Spike falls into the salsa face first. He's miserable now.

JUSTIN

You like black women. Just date a slightly younger one. I mean under seventy.

JON

You've got Khandy, she's doing great. So tell us more about this twenty-three-year-old mystery girl who's living off-grid.

JUSTIN

Offline Love.

SPIKE

She has a really good whisky palate. An actor.

JON

Probably an alcoholic.

JUSTIN

Didn't you act for a while, Spikey?

SPIKE

I still have my SAG card. Writers are lonely, miserable, depressing slobs.

JUSTIN

Like you.

SPIKE

Like me.

Kaylee arrives serendipitously with JONELLA, AFRICAN AMERICAN, 20s, a more voluptuous, more flirtatious version of Kaylee. Jon spots her, puts two and two together.

JON

Well, you wanted more kids. Here's one.

Spike is watching videos again but hears a voice:

KAYLEE

Yo! Super wad! Is anyone home?
(Kaylee knocks his head)
Hello, McFly?

SPIKE

I'm sorry. Kaylee!

KAYLEE

"Of all the gin joints in all the towns..."

SPIKE

..."In all the world, she walks into mine."

KAYLEE

I come here a lot. It's my local.

SPIKE

We'll have to plan it so we come on alternate nights.

KAYLEE

That's fine, I'll make it my gym night. Arms.

SPIKE

And such great guns too.

He starts to walk away, but she grabs his collar.

INT. BAJA CANTINA HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She pulls him into a dark Baja hallway.

SPIKE
(in a good Kaylee voice)
"I don't date writers."

KAYLEE
We aren't dating.

He tries not to stare at her lips as he lifts the phone for a selfie. She bats the phone away and it bounces nastily.

SPIKE
What dost thou want?

KAYLEE
I wants thou to admit I have a
better whisky palate.

He pulls her tank top forward so he can get a good look at her chest. She pushes away on his hands to give him an even better view. But as he comes in for a kiss she starts to recant and purses her lips together so Spike gets nothing.

SPIKE
Nothing?

KAYLEE
Nothing. Will come of...

SPIKE
... Nothing.

KAYLEE
These were something.

SPIKE
They were.

As he goes for another look, she straightens her shirt.

The harder they have to try, the more real their attraction seems to become. He sways, then falls into her, pinning her to the wall, trapping her with a kiss. She doesn't fight back until, like slow motion, she gently knees him in the nuts.

KAYLEE
Did I say it was Okay?

SPIKE
(groaning)
You did. You're lethal with that
knee.

She swiftly and expertly knees him in his thigh to Charley Horse him. Spike crouches to hide the pain.

KAYLEE
Am I? My, my. So, it's your
birthday? Fifty-eight, nine?

SPIKE
Veddy funny. And you're here to get
picked up. I'm cool. I've sworn off
younger women, so we're all good.
Where's...

KAYLEE
...Rex? Bingo night.

Jonella hands Spike his phone with a knowing look.

KAYLEE (cont'd)
Here's to good. This is Jonella.

SPIKE
How do you do.

JONELLA
Hey. So you're the weird English
guy with a thing for legs?

SPIKE
See! Legs, not...

JONELLA
...boxes.

Kaylee waves this minor detail away.

SPIKE
Did you bring me a birthday
present?

KAYLEE
Hmm.

SPIKE
Ear kiss?

KAYLEE
(as Cary Elwes)
"As you wish."

Spike goes into a trance as Kaylee works. Jonella's watching
like she's seen this Kaylee trick often before and GROANS.

KAYLEE (cont'd)
Talisker.

SPIKE
They won't have that here.

KAYLEE
They stock it for me.

He then tries another selfie, but she covers her face.
Jonella gamely steps up and Spike takes one with her instead.

JONELLA
You're pretty cute, baby.

SPIKE
Am I?

Kaylee takes notice in the way women desire what other women want. Justin is the only one sober enough to take it all in.

Kaylee grabs Spike's phone, turns it off, then stuffs it down her side leggings.

JONELLA
I ain't seeing nobody. At present.

SPIKE
And you're actually contactable?

Kaylee can stand it no more and gets it between them handing over the phone. She then unsnaps Jonella's bra through her tank top causing a wardrobe malfunction.

SPIKE (cont'd)
Must have dropped it.

KAYLEE
We'll get back to you, thank you
for your submission.

SPIKE
(in a "Bones McCoy")
Damn it Jim!

KAYLEE
(in an even better McCoy)
I'm not a witch doctor Jim!

INT. BAJA CANTINA BAR - CONTINUOUS

Kaylee zeroes in on Spike playing on his phone again responding to a script query letter.

SPIKE
"Please send the script."

KAYLEE
OK, so you are a writer.

SPIKE
"Please find attached a copy of my script..."

KAYLEE
..."The Thief of Young Women"...

SPIKE
I'm sorry. I had to reply.

KAYLEE
Is there anything in there for me?

SPIKE
Hold on a mo'. I'll get you that drink.

Spike goes into a zone as he imagines Kaylee in a barely covering genie outfit. It's like Barbara Eden went crazy with some scissors. Kaylee raps on his head but the sound is hollow.

He knows the phone thing is driving her crazy so he drags out the reply. It seems to stir her desire and he loves it.

The Baja is silent except for the sound of Spike's (slow) fingers working the phone keys. Kaylee finally tires of waiting, and bails. As he strolls to the bar, he misses her slipping out.

INT. BAJA CANTINA - TABLE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Spike returns with some Taliskers.

SPIKE
They actually had Talisker. Where'd she go, boys?

JON
Skinny. Great legs? Twenty?

SPIKE
Yes.

JUSTIN
Black, but drinks weird white people's drinks?

SPIKE
Yes.

JUSTIN
Haven't seen her.

JON
Haven't seen her.

SPIKE
Dicks. I'm gonna find that gal.

JUSTIN
Why?

SPIKE
To share notes on whisky.

Jonella cozies up to Jon and Justin, loving the attention.

EXT. BAJA CANTINA - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Spike sprints the streets, up an alley, but she's vanished.

SUPER: ONE MONTH LATER

INT. KAYLEE'S DINGY APARTMENT VENICE CALIFORNIA - DAY

Kaylee, bored with learning lines, reaches for Spike's screenplay. She starts reading and immediately perks up as she flicks through to see how many lines the genie has.

INT. LA BREA CASTING STUDIOS - DAY

Kaylee sits forlornly with DOZENS OF KAYLEES waiting their turn. FRANCENE, 50s, grumpy and officious, is the casting director.

INT. CASTING OFFICE NO.1 - CONTINUOUS

The camera ASSISTANT, 20s, is a younger doppelgänger for Spike which unnerves her. He even smiles like Spike.

FRANCENE
Slate, please. You're comfortable
with nudity?

KAYLEE
I'm comfortable in my body.

She strips off everything.

FRANCENE
I can see.

Kaylee flashes her tits like she's shilling for beads at Mardi Gras and leaves them on display for "Spike Junior" who laps it up. He 'becomes' Spike and Kaylee stares at him confusedly.

FRANCENE (cont'd)

Nice and next!

INT. BAJA CANTINA - EARLY AFTERNOON

Spike is sitting with KHANDACY, 20s, AFRICAN AMERICAN, DEMURE AND SWEET. They're holding hands. Kaylee, covering her chest with the script, gallops to their table. She's fuming.

KAYLEE

Never date young women, huh?

KHANDACY

Who is this girl?

KAYLEE

Who am I? Unless you've already found out, Andrew only dates older women, has been married four times, and he's got ADHD.

She threatens them with a dish of salsa.

SPIKE

Kaylee, I'd like you to meet Khandacy, my daughter. Khandy this is Kaylee, a friend.

KAYLEE

Stepdaughter? How old are you?

KHANDACY

I'm a sophomore at Berkeley. I beg your pardon, but I need to use the bathroom.

KAYLEE

Please accept my sincere...

Khandy gets up, Spike rises like a gentleman.

KAYLEE (cont'd)

She's so polite. So are you. You did a good job. She's cute. I'll go now. Sorry. I was just walking by. I'm really sorry.

SPIKE
Stay for a Marg?

Kaylee swipes the salsa and silently munches on a few chips.

KAYLEE
Do you remember the endless basket
of tortilla chips they used to do?

SPIKE
I do remember. Over there.

KAYLEE
No, it was over there. Ciao.

MONTAGE

INT. CASABLANCA RESTAURANT - VENICE - NIGHT

Spike's under Humphrey Bogart at the Casablanca-themed
Mexican eatery. STACY, 50s, AFRICAN-AMERICAN, sits opposite.

SPIKE
You know they have production notes
and studio memorabilia here?

STACY
I'm not much into movies. Are you
paying?

INT. CASABLANCA RESTAURANT, VENICE - NIGHT

All scenes in the montage take place at the same time and at
the same table.

Now eating with MICHELLE, AFRICAN-AMERICAN, 60s.

MICHELLE
Jeez, Andre, I've got kids older
than you. And no, I ain't never
seen Casablanca. When you say it
came out?

SPIKE
Recently.

Now eating with ANNEMARIE, 30s. She's talkative, a good
listener. She's perfect.

SPIKE (cont'd)
Your grandfather knew the Epstein brothers?

ANNEMARIE
Yeppers, he was Julius and Phil's agent back in the day. Howard worked on it too and got a Best Screenplay Academy Award as well.

SPIKE
Howard Koch?

ANNEMARIE
No -- Howard Stern. Well, that's my ride. My husband.

SPIKE
Your husband!

ANNEMARIE
Yeah, we do this to give our marriage some air.

She drops two twenties and gives Spike a full-mouth kiss.

SPIKE
But you're perfect.

ANNEMARIE
I am perfect. That's what my husband says. Good luck with the script. And date younger -- you might have more luck with that fake British accent.

Now with SHIRLEY, AFRICAN AMERICAN, 60s, elegant, sophisticated, an ex-wife.

SHIRLEY
So, Casablanca, this must be a serious question, Andrew. You're dating again.

SPIKE
There's this woman...

SHIRLEY
Black. Younger. Young. Well, you know black women are all crazy until they hit fifty.

SPIKE

That's because it's a women's world
until they hit fifty.

Spike downs another tortilla covered with butter.

SHIRLEY

But now you want to start a family,
so you're going young. Khandy ain't
good enough?

SPIKE

I love Khandy, you know that. But I
want some kids of my own-own.

SHIRLEY

You are a kid. What happened to us,
Spikey?

She reaches across the table, grabs his hand which he pulls
away, startled.

SPIKE

The great recession happened to us,
Shirley, and that expensive
craftsman I couldn't afford. And
you cheated on me with the hot
(white) cable guy.

SHIRLEY

Sorry. He was pretty cute. Wanna
try again?

He seems to take an eternity deciding. Then...

SPIKE

Yes. No. Yes.

SHIRLEY

No. Yes?

SPIKE

Check please, Oscar. No.

Now DELERNER, AFRICAN AMERICAN, 30s, pink-hair, ethereal.

DELERNER

So, Casablanca, Spikey. Must be
serious. Take it out of the back
alimony you owe me.

SPIKE

Shouldn't you be paying me,
professor?

DELERNER

What happened to us, Spikey? You dumped me for my grandma.

SPIKE

You had pinker hair when we met.

DELERNER

You wanted to bring up our kids black and I wanted white. Honestly? You could never actually finish a script. You talk about your movies but never actually write them. You're a leg man still, I take it?

SPIKE

We were both so young.

DELERNER

I was young; I wasn't out of my teens hardly. You were thirty-six.

SPIKE

Thirty-five.

DELERNER

Details, details...so your question. Go for it. She's young and foolish, obviously adores your firm white arse and sounds like your doppelgänger. What's not to like? What happened to Shirley, the grandma you dumped me for?

SPIKE

Pam. She said I spent too much time writing.

DELERNER

Remember these legs?

SPIKE

Vaguely.

DELERNER

One for old times' sake?

END MONTAGE

INT. VENICE ALE HOUSE ABBOT KINNEY BLVD. - NIGHT

Kaylee sits near the large, barn-type, open street windows opposite JODD, AFRICAN AMERICAN, 20s, handsome and surferish.

KAYLEE

So you're a black surfer. That's different.

JODD

Yeah, white chicks dig it. Back to your place?

KAYLEE

My place? Yes, yes.

INT. KAYLEE'S DINGY APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jodd is holding his hand around Kaylee's throat, oblivious to her discomfort. She finally pushes his hand away.

JODD

Too big?

KAYLEE

No, I can take it, I just don't like "dicks".

INT. VENICE ALE HOUSE ABBOT KINNEY BLVD. - CONTINUOUS

All scenes take place at the same table, same time of day.

Kaylee is with a lithe AFRICAN AMERICAN, HAKIM, 30s. His head never comes up from his phone.

KAYLEE

Hakim. Himhak? Spike?

Now Kaylee sits across from STEVE, 50s, a lawyer type. He's elegantly dressed, polite, and seems perfect. He is perfect, but then he starts swiping left. He's on Tinder.

KAYLEE (cont'd)

"It's a Match! You and... "Jaline" have liked each other."

STEVE

What's the probs? It's not like we're serious yet.

KAYLEE

We're not even frivolous yet. But you were perfect.

STEVE

I am perfect.

INT. THE LAST BOOKSTORE DOWNTOWN LA - DAY

Kaylee is sitting on the floor under the book arch, lost in a whisky book at the Last Bookstore, LA's famous second-hand bookstore. A fellow BROWSER, 20s, steps gently over her.

INT. KAYLEE'S DINGY APARTMENT - DAY

Kaylee is eating a veggie burger in a lettuce wrap behind a high stack of books. The Moody Blues are playing and she's reading Hemingway. Her feature phone RINGS.

KAYLEE

Hi Daddy, did you think about the GoFundMe idea? I'd be willing to go online again. No, really, I want to help...

LATER

Kaylee is still gabbing and it's getting dark.

KAYLEE (cont'd)

I love you too. The English guy? No, it never worked out. He was too immature. No, I tell a lie, he was mature but never looked up from his phone. Love you too.

INT. SPIKE'S CONDO BEDROOM - MORNING

Jonella's making pancakes and coffee.

SPIKE

Sorry, I'm always online.

JONELLA

That's all right, baby, you do what you gotta do. Can I take a shower?

Spike looks toward the bathroom longingly.

INT. SPIKE'S LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Jon, playing with Spike's whiskies, finds Jonella's thong.

JON

I figured she was an XS, not a medium. No! You didn't? The other hot black chick? You dog.

SPIKE

Jonella. We had a script meeting.

JON

My Jewish ass. "Interior, Inn of the Seventh Ray - night. Our blue-blooded British hero sits calmly"...no! You went straight to Paradise Cove and then under Spikey's Pier for some "Mr. Wobbly hides his helmet." You dog!

SPIKE

(like Mrs. Doubtfire)

You scalawag!

JON

Hey, you're a pal; can I have your permission to date Maria?

SPIKE

Maria? Seriously? Just make sure you have her home before eleven. And no hanky-panky!

JON

Yes, Mr. Smith. Have you and Maria ever..? I mean those massive cans...

SPIKE

No way! Just be respectful OK... then give me all the lurid details.

INT. SPIKE'S CONDO MARINA DEL REY - NEXT DAY

Maria knows he's dying to ask about the date. Even Spike is doing some dusting. The place looks like a pit.

SPIKE

How was your evening with señor Metrin?

MARIA

Oh, que fue muy bien. Dinero?

SPIKE

He didn't get fresh or anything?

MARIA

Oh, you mean did he try and manhandle my melones?

SPIKE

Well, not to put too fine a point on it, on them. Maria, would you be willing to sign with me exclusively?

MARIA

Que?

SPIKE

I mean not take on any new clients.

MARIA

Sure but you gotta get current, jefe.

She rifles his wallet, lifting out a bunch of twenties. They start wrestling over the loot until the wad splits in half.

MARIA (cont'd)

Ai caramba! You won the lotto.

They grab some sticky tape and feverishly repair the cash.

SUPER: TWO MONTHS LATER

INT. OLD LINE PICTURES, ROBERTSON BLVD. - DAY

Spike is in the waiting room, trying to be nonchalant. The bored RECEPTIONIST, 20s, is reading the Hollywood Reporter.

OLD LINE RECEPTIONIST

I'm so sorry Mr. Smith, but Jonathan was called away to a talent meeting. Would you like to meet his assistant, Jonathan?

SPIKE

Jonathan and Jonathan? How do you differentiate them in meetings?

Stony silence.

OLD LINE RECEPTIONIST

Look, here he is. Jonathan this is the writer of "The Thief of Dobray."

JONATHAN, 20s, is tall, doughy, and feels little need to pander to struggling writers. He condescends to condescend.

JONATHAN

Hey man. A little bit too much like "The Mummy" and the new genie flick from Disney. What else you got?

SPIKE

Four more. But they're not finished.

JONATHAN

Ah.

SPIKE

Did you write the coverage, Jonathan? Any feedback?

JONATHAN

Oh, man, it's a big-budget movie and it's going to be hard to get it financed, if you know what I mean?

SPIKE

I know exactly what you mean.

JONATHAN

Andrew don't lose heart. You're a very talented writer. Look, I shouldn't, but here's a copy of the internal coverage. If that would help?

Spike hesitates.

SPIKE

It might, thanks.

JONATHAN

Great to meet you, Andre. Late.

He hands Spike the coverage. Spike glances at the notes then goes green, then turns pale again like a flickering late-night convenience store neon light.

SPIKE

Great meeting you too.

INT. BATHROOM, OLD LINE PICTURES

Spike reads, re-reads and reads again the coverage. It's obviously damning and ghastly. He nearly barfs.

EXT. NORTH ROBERTSON BLVD. LOS ANGELES -

Spike walks out in a fog, wet with sweat but pulls himself together. Pedestrians avoid him like he's from the *Andromeda Strain*. His phone rings; it's Jon, helpful as ever.

JON (O.S.)

Dude, did you see there's another movie like yours out? I saw a billboard and thought it was your film but you couldn't make it that fast, could you? Doesn't this fuck up your plans? Did you see the movie poster? Andrew?

SPIKE

I'm staring at it, dude.

He starts almost heaving again, right over a swath of homeless plots, and nearly falls head-first into a tent until he steadies himself. He slips on some poop and finally careens into a tent.

As Spike lies there in a stupor, a HAIRY OLD MAN, 70s, steals Spike's jacket and swaps it for his own.

EXT. SOUTH ROBERTSON BLVD. - CONTINUOUS

Spike, disheveled and looking "unhoused" staggers along the road until a Beverly Hills black and white pulls up. The arresting officer, YOLANDA HAYWORTH, AFRICAN AMERICAN, 30s, is Kaylee in 15 years and has real gorgeous curly grey hair.

INT\EXT. BEVERLY HILLS PD CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

OFFICER YOLANDA HAYWORTH

So let me see if I've got this straight. You had a pitch meeting for a movie you've written and some tool showed you the studio notes? And then you became homeless and set up camp on the streets in front of the fancy boutiques, harassing everyone?

SPIKE

No. No, and no. I had a pitch meeting this afternoon.

OFFICER YOLANDA HAYWORTH

And became homeless. You really saw the internal coverage?

(MORE)

OFFICER YOLANDA HAYWORTH (cont'd)

That was unfortunate. I'm sorry. So listen, I've got this great idea for a cop movie.

SPIKE

Don't tell me, Yolanda. A hot black Beverly Hills cop falls in love with a cute homeless guy...

OFFICER YOLANDA HAYWORTH

Something like that. Look, I'll get you into a decent cell. You just read the script.

Before he can object she shoves the script between his legs.

TWO WEEKS LATER

INT. SPIKE'S CONDO, MARINA DEL REY - DAY

Spike is handwriting a letter to Kaylee.

EXT. JAMES GALLERY, ABBOT KINNEY BLVD., VENICE - DAY

Abbot's Habit is now James Gallery and Kaylee is on full display. Spike gawks at the risqué artwork. Kaylee is doing a Gustav Courbet pose. She startles him from behind.

KAYLEE

See anything you like?

SPIKE

I rather like that Art Deco cat. Didn't this use to be Abbot's Habit?

She watches him silently, taking in his adoration.

KAYLEE

Like three years ago. Hello, you.

SPIKE

Hello, you. He could have been a bit more Pointillistic on that one.

KAYLEE

Says you, the bush pilot. You're familiar with Courbet.

SPIKE

He's my kinda erotic artist. Musée d'Orsay?

KAYLEE
Oui. You're blushing.

SPIKE
It's the niacin I'm taking.

KAYLEE
It's the Staxyn.

SPIKE
I've seen the original at the Musée
d'Orsay -- Gustave Courbet's *The
Origin of the World*.

Rex's Kaylee is a take on Courbet's scandalous painting.

SPIKE (cont'd)
I recognize that one.

It's Kaylee on the stairs but on canvas.

KAYLEE
The crotch?

SPIKE
No, that step, it's the one I
always trip on. Weird camber. So
you're OK showing Rex your goodies?
I couldn't call you.

KAYLEE
I've been busy, as you can see.

He notices her Dexys Midnight outfit again.

SPIKE
Busy busy -- "C'mon Eileen." How
old is Rex?

KAYLEE
Seventy-five, but he's amazing,
really. Amazing for his age. And a
really successful artist.

Spike's Grinding his teeth.

SPIKE
Have coffee sometime?

KAYLEE
I can't. I'm so busy with Rex, the
modeling and he's helping me with
my distillery. Helping me buy one.

Spike, crushed, but hiding it fairly well, is transfixed by the painting. She distracts him with a peek down her jeans.

SPIKE

I could just look in the window.

KAYLEE

This is live.

As he leans to peek, she "boops" his nose with a "gotcha!" But he closes his eyes tightly. She prises open his eyelids like Bluto in a Popeye cartoon.

KAYLEE (cont'd)

There's some more grey in the goatee.

SPIKE

Well, knowing how you like older men.

KAYLEE

Old men. Please.

SPIKE

Can't you afford a thong? Anyway, congrats on the distillery.

KAYLEE

Thanks. That's big of you. So, how's the writing going? Anyone attached yet?

SPIKE

Apart from you.

This throws her off balance but only for a moment.

KAYLEE

Oh, there's nothing in there for me.

SPIKE

I have a big pitch today. I'm giving up photography. It's interfering with my writing.

KAYLEE

No! You shouldn't. Left-brain photo, right-brain creative writing? I'll wager it's more about watching TikTok all day.

SPIKE
So you and Rex are like, a thing?

KAYLEE
We're a near thing. You're still single?

SPIKE
You can be my last subject before I sell all my gear. With clothing.

KAYLEE
That's no fun.

Spike immediately gets excited and they lean into a friend's hug, which might be a kiss. She hovers there, lost, then grabs his pocket and pulls him in. Spike is again like a deer caught in the headlights.

SPIKE
(Gibson from Braveheart)
Quick drink? Just one. "Just one chance?"

KAYLEE
..."to tell our enemies that they may take our nude photos, but they'll never take our freedom!"

SPIKE
Why does Mel Gibson sound like he's from Boyle Heights?

KAYLEE
Well, let's hear yours then.

SPIKE
We could be friends.

KAYLEE
We are friends. Friends forever?

SPIKE
Friends forever.

INT. VENICE ALE HOUSE ABBOT KINNEY BLVD. - DAY

Kaylee sits, then suddenly jumps after sitting on a bottle.

KAYLEE
Ai! Do you ever go there?

SPIKE

Nah, it's a bum practice.

KAYLEE

Shuttup, I bet you love it. "I didn't ask for the Anal probe, I didn't ask"...

SPIKE

"Passion Fish?" John Sayles, 1992.

While waiting for their drinks, they notice a BARTENDER, 40s, a MARLON BRANDO doppelgänger.

KAYLEE

Talking of bums...

SPIKE

"You don't understand! I coulda had class. I coulda been a contender..."

KAYLEE

...I could've been somebody, instead of a bum, which is what I am."

They GIGGLE together then stop movie gabbing for a nanosecond. They stare, and we can tell they're thinking: "We're perfect together, why, how did we blow it?" He notices a copy of his script in her bag.

KAYLEE (cont'd)

Look, it was good catching up, but I gotta run; audition. Good luck with the pitch meeting! Byee!

She notices his first edition Hemingway: *A Moveable Feast*.

SPIKE

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's first edition.

KAYLEE

Unless it's Hemingway.

SPIKE

It's yours. Take it. Take this. A bookmark.

He slips a letter into the book.

She kisses him and this time it's she who has to pull herself away.

She closes his eyes again and stares at his handsome face. Then she kisses him once more as he can't see the tear gently rolling down her cheek, dropping into her drink.

She almost turns and runs back into his arms but stops herself when she looks out at Rex's gallery.

INT. HOLLYWOOD CASTING DIRECTOR'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

Kaylee is sitting in a large waiting room with about twenty KAYLEES. A young, brusque CASTING ASSISTANT, 20s, CALLS out.

CASTING ASSISTANT
Next on deck. Kaylee?

Kaylee pours over her lines, gets nowhere. Another actress, LOOKALIKE KAYLEE 1, chimes in.

LOOKALIKE KAYLEE 1
You should sleep on them.

KAYLEE
With the writer? Oh, sorry, I sleep with them, but it still doesn't help. I'm word blind.

LOOKALIKE KAYLEE 1
You have the whole script?

KAYLEE
No, this is a friend's.

The letter falls from the book.

LOOKALIKE KAYLEE 1
You dropped this. Who writes letters anymore?

Kaylee grabs the handwritten draft of the letter from Spike.

SUPER

"Dear Kaylee, I'm sorry for letting you get away."

Continuing now in Spike's voiceover:

SPIKE (V.O.)
But I'm not sorry I met you because you are quite beautiful and quite dark and quite exquisite.

MONTAGE

Spike smiling seductively. Standing as she enters. Messing up with the Khandy incident.

SPIKE (V.O.)
 You're beautiful and kind-hearted --
 the kind of woman I can't resist.
 But you're also funny and love old
 movies.

Spike doing pull-ups with muscular arms at Gold's, Spike's firm bum wiggling as he sprints up the stairs.

SPIKE (V.O.)
 I started rewriting my script with
 you in mind when we met. I've
 fallen in love with my fantasy
 leading lady -- only it's you.
 You're the girl I wish I'd met
 twenty years ago. If I had a twin,
 it would be you.

Spike mesmerized by her Courbet painting at the gallery. Slurping the Scotch which still tastes of her lips.

SPIKE (V.O.)
 You know you're falling in love
 when you don't dream about making
 love to someone but dream about
 being in love with them.

Her tears start to smudge the ink, and it's made worse when she uses the letter as a hankie, smudging ink on her nose. Lookalike Kaylee comes over and offers a tissue.

LOOKALIKE KAYLEE 1
 Was-sup girlfriend?

KAYLEE
 I'm falling in love with an older
 man.

Lookalike Kaylee sees the letter.

KAYLEE (cont'd)
 I can't read the last line, I've
 smudged it. Oh, God.

Lookalike Kaylee daubs it with the tissue.

LOOKALIKE KAYLEE 1

Lemme see here. "You seem to be hiring...hiding a dark secret, but your scent...secret, will always be safe with me. Andre."

KAYLEE

Andrew. Spike, Spikey.

LOOKALIKE KAYLEE 1

Well, unless he's fifty years older than you darling...I'd say he's crazy about your ass.

KAYLEE

He's crazy about black women.

LOOKALIKE KAYLEE 1

He's crazy about you. If you don't want him, mind if I have a go?

Kaylee snatches back the letter hurriedly.

KAYLEE

Thanks for the tissue. He's mine.

Kaylee, tears streaming, picks up the script and flicks through to where Jack woos Rezana, the genie.

KAYLEE (cont'd)

"Women fall in love through the ear..."

CASTING ASSISTANT

Kaylee? Kaylee, you're next.

EXT. PARAMOUNT LOT, WRITER'S ROOMS - DAY

Spike dreamily walks around the Paramount writers' offices right out of *Sunset Boulevard*. He's frozen, spellbound.

INT. CASTING OFFICE STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Kaylee stares into the camcorder. The CASTING DIRECTOR, SHARON, 50s, is TIRED. It's the end of a long day.

SHARON

Just read it straight, dear. You're pushing. Let the camera see you.

KAYLEE

"Is he not magnificent,
sister...the vanquished are to be
placed inside bottles, slaves
forever."

SHARON

That's not in the script. Hello?

Kaylee seems to tune into Spike via ESP.

INT. PARAMOUNT STUDIO BIGWIG'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Spike falls into a huge couch in the sweltering office of the sphinx-like producer, JOE ZUCKERMAN, 60s. Zuckerman never takes his eyes off his iPhone. The thermostat shows eighty.

ZUCKERMAN

Give me the logline and think cool.

SPIKE

The Thief of Dubai..."

LATER

ZUCKERMAN

I'm still listening.

SPIKE

The girl, Kaylee, I mean Rezana...
although an Arab, falls in love as
well with our hero. She's dark. No,
black.

INT. CASTING OFFICE STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Kaylee founders. She channels Spike now.

KAYLEE

I'm sorry, but I think I've...

SHARON

That's not the line. Next, please.

KAYLEE

"I cannot, my love. I will be
bound."

SHARON

Actors.

INT. PARAMOUNT STUDIO BIGWIG'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Zuckerman starts to lose interest. Spike hears Kaylee, sees her standing on the stage at City Garage this time in full Genie gear. Spike Notices a poster from Alexander Korda's "The Thief of Bagdad" on Zuckerman's wall and zones out.

The poster seems to cast a spell, work some magic over Spike.

ZUCKERMAN

It's an original, signed by Korda.

SPLIT SCREEN

SPIKE (O.S.)

"Men fall in love through the eyes..."

KAYLEE

..."But women through the ear."

ZUCKERMAN

I don't get it.

SPIKE

Don't get which part?

ZUCKERMAN

You lost me at "FADE IN."

Zuckerman bursts into laughter at this well-worn gag. Spike mimes a belly wobble laugh.

SPIKE

Oh, ho, ho, that's hilarious. You should be a writer with that wit. Algonquin Round Table. Dorothy Parker and Zuck.

EXT. VENICE CANAL WOODEN BRIDGE, STRONGS DRIVE - DAY

The bridge seems to BURN in the evening light as Spike notices the 'flames' and sprints, disconsolately across.

EXT. MARINA DEL REY, VENICE PENINSULA, CALIFORNIA - DAY

In the fog that creeps down the peninsula streets, Kaylee, lost, sprints down an alley and searches for Spike's condo.

KAYLEE

Spike! Spikey! Andrew, English writer guy! Hey!

In the mist, she spots SPIKE'S DOPPELGÄNGER, 40s, and takes off after him. She gets caught in a long leash restraining a PIT BULL which THE OWNER, 50s, fails to reel in.

She runs. The Pit runs. The owner, who thinks it's huge fun, runs. Finally, Kaylee, terrified, dashes down an alley and trips over a HOMELESS PERSON'S shit, and falls into their tent. Needles, drug paraphernalia, crap fly all around.

KAYLEE (cont'd)

Sorry. Aaagh!

The tumble results in huge grazes on her elbows and legs; the skin on her arms shows white where the color has scraped off. She breaks down in tears. The Homeless Person shoots up. The Pit owner watches TikTok on his phone, oblivious.

EXT. SPIKE'S CONDO, MARINA DEL REY - LATER

Spike, asleep, wakes suddenly and somehow senses something is up and runs to the door. Kaylee hobbles over.

KAYLEE

I had an audition.

SPIKE

For what? Fight Club?

KAYLEE

I'm fine. I'm tough.

SPIKE

You're not so tough.

KAYLEE

How was the pitch meeting?

SPIKE

Fine, good AC, no probs.

She faints and he carries her upstairs. While under, he rifles through her stuff but can't find the love letter.

INT. SPIKE'S CONDO MARINA DEL REY - EVENING

She wakes as he applies ointment to her legs.

SPIKE

Jeez, you're all white underneath.

KAYLEE

Don't fancy me anymore? Now that I'm white?

SPIKE

Maybe not. But these are decent legs. What a wimp, fainting.

KAYLEE

Shuttup. I thought you only dated older women?

SPIKE

Legs trump age and yours are a pair for the ages.

KAYLEE

You're such a freak. Don't let it get to my head. Are they that good? Right. Until I ruined them. I just wanted to see if you actually had any real artwork.

Kaylee, sweating, limps into the living room.

SPIKE

You look like you've got a fever.

KAYLEE

You're the one with a fever.

Spike gets the reference, resists the repartee.

INT. SPIKE'S CONDO BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Kaylee sweats profusely and soaks the bed, but Spike is the best sort of Florence Nightingale. He slips off her outer garments. Intimately, but gentlemanly, he sponges her down.

Finally, the crumpled letter falls from her grip as she wakes; it's barely recognizable covered in blood and tears. Kaylee seems to know it's missing and reaches for it. Spike folds it into her palm and kisses her hand.

LATER

SPIKE

Here's your clothes. Feeling better?

She's wearing just a red jacket of his, clearly too large.

SPIKE (cont'd)
"Don't mothball that Santa Suit."

KAYLEE
"Bad Santa". Billy Bob Thornton,
Bernie Mac.

He brings her clothes but they're like cardboard from being dried too hot. They both CRACK UP as they stand them up.

SPIKE
(in a great John Candy)
"It's been a long day..."

KAYLEE
"It just didn't occur to me." Did you take a peek?

SPIKE
No, I'll peek when you're conscious. I promise.

KAYLEE
Liar. I wouldn't have minded.

SPIKE
I didn't. I did the massage thing where you roll under the sheet.

KAYLEE
You're such a liar.
(laughing)
I think that's the third time I've had Covid. Today.

He gives her a full-on tongue kiss and she submits.

INT. SPIKE'S CONDO - LATE AFTERNOON

Spike reads *Islands in the Stream*. Kaylee reads about whisky but stares at Spike, gently touching her lips.

KAYLEE
I read your letter.

SPIKE
Letter? Oh, yeah, an early draft, needs work.

KAYLEE
It does. But it's good.

She immediately regrets the words and knees him away when he excitedly climbs over to her. He sits contentedly at her feet and massages them. They look peaceful together -- apart from the WHIRR of the computer. It bugs her.

She peers at it like it's HAL from *A Space Odyssey*, then bashes it off. BAFF. Spike jumps to turn it on again, then catches himself. He tries to block her access to his bookshelf but she manages to grab a book of poems by Hardy.

KAYLEE (cont'd)

Wait, history, lots of Hemingway,
poems by Hardy, penis enlargement.
You like Turner? The true father of
impressionism? Not Camille
Pissarro.

There is a framed Pissarro, *The Auvers Road* on the wall. She picks up a bottle of Brora whisky from 1972.

KAYLEE (cont'd)

Brora, this must be worth seven
grand!

She handles it like the Rosetta Stone.

SPIKE

Eight.

She slips the bottle in her bag.

SPIKE (cont'd)

You can't have that one. Sorry.

She ignores him and grabs another.

KAYLEE

You keep the Kirkland.

He goes to retrieve them but she waives a heavy ashtray over the bag and he knows he's beaten.

KAYLEE (cont'd)

If I was a Hardy poem, what would I
be?

SPIKE

"O 'Melia, my dear, this does
everything crown! Who could have
supposed I should meet you in Town?
And whence such fair garments, such
prosperity?..."

KAYLEE

...“O didn't you know I'd been ruined? Said she.” “The Ruined Maid.” I'm ruined?

Kaylee looks long and hard at Spike, recovers her composure, and spots a print of a famous Manet painting.

KAYLEE (cont'd)

Le Déjeuner sur l'herbe.

PAINTING FANTASY

Spike fantasizes about Kaylee as the woman in the *Le Déjeuner sur l'herbe*, the scandalous Édouard Manet painting where a scantily dressed female bather enjoys a picnic with two fully dressed men. Kaylee sits with Spike and Jon.

END FANTASY

KAYLEE (cont'd)

The way you were holding your hand gave it away. I've seen the original. “ICRPOEM.”

Spike extends his hand like the man in the painting.

SPIKE

At the Musée d'Orsay.
(he takes a few beats):
“I Can't Resist Pale Older English Men!”

KAYLEE

Ah, but “I CAN Resist Pale Older English Men.”

SPIKE

Can you?

He snuggles over but she puts her foot right on his forehead like the Higbee's Santa in *A Christmas Story*.

KAYLEE

I can. It's at the Courtauld Gallery, the smaller one with the redhead. “Ho, Ho, Ho.”

SPIKE

Wow.

KAYLEE

What, that my parents took me on UK cultural tours?

SPIKE

No, that you're poking through your
tee-shirt AND bra. How is that
possible?

KAYLEE

God made them so that horny men
like Spike would fancy cute black
women. I should go.

They embrace in a tight hug. Her back cracks.

KAYLEE (cont'd)

You missed three upper vertebrae.

He grabs her again and we hear the machine-gun staccato of a
good back cracking. POP, BOP, BOP!

KAYLEE (cont'd)

Rub my shoulders. Please?

Spike starts on her shoulders, but his hands have their own
ideas and start to wander. She GASPS but composes herself.

KAYLEE (cont'd)

Not the tits. Shoulders, shoulders.

He moves back to her shoulders. Then wanders again.

KAYLEE (cont'd)

Shoulders, not the titties. Not the
neck! Agh! No! Yes!

She slaps him lightly which startles him. Then again gently.
He nibbles her neck and she escapes to the window edge.

SPIKE

LA and California is the end of the
road for all of us. All our dreams
end here. Europeans, peeps from the
East Coast. They all come here to
make it. Stay awhile.

Kaylee looks to the ocean and watches Spike in the window.

INT. SPIKE'S KITCHEN - LATER

He pours her a whisky as Kaylee checks out the fridge.

KAYLEE

There's no meat.

SPIKE
COE? Fridays for...

KAYLEE
Fish...You're a vegetarian. I'm
vegan.

She pauses, as surprised as if she met a fellow Zoroastrian.

KAYLEE (cont'd)
See, if you stay offline for five
minutes, how productive you are?

SPIKE
I am. Bunnahabhain?

KAYLEE
Islay, not bad. For your next pitch
meeting, a laid-back bribe.

Spike catches her staring at his bum but says nothing.

SPIKE
Everyone thinks LA is so laid-back.
It's bullshit. I've never met so
many driven people as in LA. It's a
one-industry town, too.

KAYLEE
Yeah. Porno industry.

SPIKE
No, entertainment.

He rests his whisky on the window sill and stares off. Kaylee
walks past a huge stack of scripts as if to return the
shoulder rub but stops herself short.

SPIKE (cont'd)
I saw this chick once in Hollywood,
she was like five-foot-six,
brunette, gorgeous, perfect fake
tits, and she was asking me the way
to the Greyhound station. Who
leaves LA on the Greyhound Bus?
What the hell was her story?
Actress, came here from the Midwest
to make it big; got fucked around,
waited tables...

KAYLEE
...Slept with the producer to get
an under-five...

SPIKE

Worked the late shift at the
Cheesecake Factory...

KAYLEE

...Got into the porn industry, got
a facial from Peter North...

SPIKE

Did charity work at the downtown
men's mission...

KAYLEE

...Sucked the cocks of all the
homeless guys...

She whips down his shorts but leaves his boxers in place.

SPIKE

Decided to devote herself to
spiritual work...

KAYLEE

...Banged the priest and bishops
and the cardinal himself; lay on
the altar itself as each
syphilitic, drug-ridden vagrant
homeless fuck banged her ass in
turn until she was so sore she...

SPIKE

...Returned to the Midwest to raise
a family, married her high-school
sweetheart, had four kids, joined
the PTA, helped out at the local
animal shelter...

KAYLEE

...Where German Shepherds and Pit-
bulls sucked on her tits and fucked
her up the ass while the mayor
rammed his cock into her sweet,
charitable, rosebud lips.

SPIKE

Exactly.

KAYLEE

Let's do the photo shoot. Now.

SPIKE

Seriously?

KAYLEE
Yeppers. Edit out the scrapes.

She enters his bedroom, closes the door and seems to be taking forever. Finally, she comes out and walks over to the studio area. Spike puts on his best professional demeanor.

SPIKE
You didn't mess with my genie shit,
did you?

KAYLEE
Wanna moment?

SPIKE
No, I'm fine. I'm a professional.
Need any powder?

KAYLEE
Do you think I do?

SPIKE
I think you're perfect.

She frowns.

SPIKE (cont'd)
Perfect... perfectly situated.

She strips off everything except the thong.

SPIKE (cont'd)
Thong please.

KAYLEE
No. It'll look hotter.

SPIKE
No. Thong.

She starts to pull it down then stops. Then relents and tosses the thong so it hangs on the camera lens.

KAYLEE
Happy now? Miserable writer.

INT. SPIKE'S STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Spike gazes at her upper half through the viewfinder when suddenly, she coquettishly opens her legs a smidgen like the Courbet.

KAYLEE
Basic...

SPIKE
...Instinct.

Spike faints away and falls onto the bed.

KAYLEE
OMG, he's had a heart attack!
Spikey! Spikey! I'm sorry.

He comes to and gently pulls her on top of him.

KAYLEE (cont'd)
I thought I'd have to get a new old
English guy.

Her obvious concern touches him as he recovers.

SPIKE
I think it was more of a shortness
of oxygen, blood sugar thing, miss.

KAYLEE
That's a relief, Señor Trejo.

Just then, the door opens, and Maria and Jon stumble in, clearly tipsy. Maria starts to get pretty frisky with Jon, so Spike and Kaylee hide under the covers.

INT. SPIKE'S CONDO BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

They're under the sheets with a flashlight.

KAYLEE
Did you actually get any shots?

SPIKE
No.

He caresses her legs up and down, admiring them.

SPIKE (cont'd)
Wanna come to a party tonight?

KAYLEE
You actually have friends?

SPIKE
Jon, Maria, ready to go to Peter's?

With a start, Jon and Maria jump up from the carpet. Jon tries to cover Maria's huge breasts but gives up and just concentrates on using both hands to barely cover one breast.

KAYLEE

I love this woman.

MARIA

(sheepishly)

Hola, jefe.

INT. PETER'S UPSCALE SANTA MONICA BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Spike's FRIENDS enjoy dinner and conversation. Kaylee holds court and does her whisky palate parlor trick. She drips the drop of whisky from up high once more, and the room lights up. Spike is again feeling upstaged.

His doppelgänger and friend PETER, BRITISH, 50s, handsome, urbane, tries to be helpful as only the British can.

PETER

"To be young, gifted, and black."

SPIKE

Indeed.

PETER

She's younger, better-looking, and knows her whiskies more intimately than you, old man. She's young enough...

SPIKE

...To be my daughter, I know.

PETER

...to be Delerner.

PENELOPE, 40s, POSH BRITISH, wheelchair-bound, chimes in.

PENELOPE

Flighty young thing, n'est pas?

SPIKE

Flighty or flirty?

PENELOPE

She reminds me of...

SPIKE

...Yeah, I know, Delerner.

Spike grabs her by the hand and drags the wheelchair backward while Penelope squeezes Spike's bum playfully.

PENELOPE

What happened to Pam? I liked her.

SPIKE

I liked her too.

INT. PETER'S CARDS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They play cards. Kaylee cleans up at Twenty-one (Blackjack).

KAYLEE

Vingt-et-un encore une fois Madame
et Messieurs, la banque s'il vous
plait.

They're all falling for Kaylee, but it makes Spike peevish. Maria sidles up for support and Justin gives Spike a kiss which cheers him up a bit, then he spots Kaylee flirting again. Soon, all the men are eating out of her hands.

PENELOPE

So Kaylee, my dear, how on earth
did you two meet?

Kaylee begins.

LATER

KAYLEE

...So I look down, and Spike is
staring straight into my lady bits!

The room explodes with laughter.

SPIKE

Well, that's not quite how it
happened.

PENELOPE

I'm sure it is, Andrew. You always
had a thing for bushes!

JON

Pube pirate!

More uproarious laughter. Spike seethes. Penelope senses the tension boiling over and jumps in again.

PENELOPE

Nonetheless, a young lady should keep her legs together. Andrew, tell us a joke darling.

SPIKE

No. Not now.

PENELOPE

Please, darling Spike.

The crowd all chime in like *Oliver*: "Please sir!"

SPIKE

Oh, all right, just one.

EVERYONE

Hurrah!

Spike finishes the joke to wild applause.

SPIKE

"...I'll not mess with anyone who can drink that much lager!"

The crowd ROARS in laughter and approval. Spike is redeemed. Kaylee sulks and hides in the anteroom, fuming.

EXT. KAYLEE'S DINGY APARTMENT, VENICE, CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

Spike pulls up with the e-tron on "empty." They both sulk.

KAYLEE

Range anxiety?

SPIKE

Young black girl anxiety.

She slaps him full force on his face and dashes upstairs. Spike sucks it up, places his stinging cheek on the AC vent.

INT. ANDREW'S CONDO OFFICE MARINA DEL REY - DAY

Spike reads feedback for *The Thief of Dubai* from Stage 32.

SPIKE (V.O.)

"An interesting, extremely high-concept idea. Brings to mind GODS OF EGYPT.

(MORE)

SPIKE (V.O.) (cont'd)

Also potentially concerned about similarities to *The Mummy* as well as how this may depict certain nations..." Does everything have to be compared to *The Mummy*?

He pulls back a cloth to reveal a huge cork-board, beloved by production houses. He moves index cards around, but they spin in the room like a baby's mobile.

Spike sits in diapers and plays fruitlessly with the structure until he face plants into a pile of soiled diapers.

TWO WEEKS LATER

INT. LOS ANGELES DISTILLERY CULVER CITY - DAY

At the Los Angeles Distillery, Spike bumps into Kaylee.

SPIKE

Hey, stranger. Long time.

KAYLEE

Long time. We'll have to change our tippie or we'll keep bumping into each other.

She sips from a taster, and, without swallowing, proffers a kiss. He samples it tongue to tongue. She grabs his ear and forcefully pulls him in for a kiss.

SPIKE

And time stood still for you?

Kaylee sees his worried look and does a Vulcan mind probe on him with a great Mr. Spock.

KAYLEE

"My congratulations, Captain -- a dazzling display of logic."

SPIKE

You got rid of the silver hair.

KAYLEE

That's not all I got rid of.

SPIKE

No. Noo!

KAYLEE

Still wanna go out? You might like it.

SPIKE
I'll wait a few months.

KAYLEE
Oh, stop.

She flashes him quickly. He looks. She "boops" him again.

SPIKE
Damn it Jim! Alas, Miss Parsons,
I'll have to find myself a new
HBCM.

KAYLEE
Hot Black Chick Muse? You won't
even come close.

SPIKE
I could find someone.

KAYLEE
No, you couldn't.

SPIKE
Damn it.

He grabs a small open bottle and holds it up threateningly. But Kaylee opens her mouth wide and he pours in the whole bottle as she wipes her chops like a longshoreman.

Kaylee tries to stand straight but the booze is hitting her.

KAYLEE
Woah. It's ok, wasn't an Islay.

He steadies her shoulder but she brushes his arm away. As she starts to walk away he grabs her by the back of her shorts. As they slide down she calls his bluff and keeps walking. The shorts get lower and lower. Finally -

SPIKE
You're a film buff. Have you ever
been to Cinespia?

EXT. CINESPIA, HOLLYWOOD FOREVER CEMETERY - EVENING

Kaylee and Spike march with picnic basket and low deck chairs to watch *The Player* at Cinespia where movies show on the Hollywood Forever Cemetery Mausoleum wall. A DJ PLAYS.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD FOREVER CEMETERY, SEATING AREA

They place their blanket, surrounded by FASHIONABLE GAY MEN, who have come in true style with complete picnics. Tim Robbins as Griffin Mill takes pitches.

MONTAGE

Drinking wine, sharing food with OTHER YUPPIE COUPLES, getting cold, getting close. The movie ends and the cinephiles start streaming out.

SPIKE

So whatcha think?

KAYLEE

So this is what white people do for fun -- watch old movies in cemeteries?

SPIKE

Stop.

KAYLEE

But I did get to see Tim Robbins' cooch cork.

She shivers like crazy.

SPIKE

"Cooch Cork?" Let's get you warmed up, my dear. I know just the place.

INT. MERCEDES GRILL VENICE BEACH - LATER

Later at Mercedes, a Cuban hangout on Venice Beach. A snooty HOSTESS, 40s, hands out the menu. Spike fumbles with his reading glasses.

LATER

The mojitos are strong, and they're both now pretty wasted. Kaylee peels herself away from the fireplace.

SPIKE

What'd you think of the movie?

KAYLEE

Too long. White people's movies are always so long.

SPIKE

Right? So what's your story? What's with the secrecy?

KAYLEE

You really want to know? Straight men are never so damn curious.

Spike plays and tweets on his phone. It starts to piss her off. The plantains and beans arrive.

KAYLEE (cont'd)

Black beans are going to make me fart all night.

She LAUGHS, then hiccups. PEOPLE notice they're obnoxious.

She slips a shot from a flask into an ice-filled glass. A few people gather as Kaylee holds court again.

KAYLEE (cont'd)

Non-chill-filtered Gaelic whisky made the old way. The Americans, you -- didn't like the way whisky turned cloudy when cold. Modern whisky is chilled to 32°F and passed through a filter.

Kaylee spins the glass. She removes the ice and adds a drop of water. Spike pouts as fellow PATRONS lean in.

KAYLEE (cont'd)

To vulcanize it. Good transference of nose to palate. Slightly creamy with a touch of licorice.

As she warms it with her hands, the cloudiness disappears. Spike whips out a flask to compete, but Kaylee grabs it.

KAYLEE (cont'd)

Poit Dhubh (pron. Potch Goo) -- Gaelic for "Black Pot"

She starts her show, and MERCEDES PATRONS lap it up.

SPIKE

Come on, darling, let these nice people finish their meal.

She readies to kick him but decides to not bruise his ego further. They sit and stew, arms tightly crossed.

FANTASY SEQUENCE

INT. SCOTTISH WHISKY DISTILLERY - ANCIENT TIMES

Spike, as the distillery owner, berates the nubile yet buxom distillery wench, Kaylee, dressed like Nell Gwyn.

KAYLEE

Ooh, 'oim sorry master, the single malt just ain't be mashing properly.

SPIKE

Argh, I'll mash you, my wench.

Spike flips up his kilt, flings the hapless Kaylee onto a whisky barrel, and bangs away.

KAYLEE

Oi master, you're too big for me. Please stop, master Spoik!

SPIKE

I'm sorry wench, you have to learn -
- we don't chill filter the whisky for the Americans.

KAYLEE

Americans? Ooh be they?

SPIKE

Ooh, be what? Haven't we discovered America yet? What year be it?

END FANTASY

INT. MERCEDES GRILL - CONTINUOUS

Kaylee bounces a fizzle stick on Spike's forehead.

KAYLEE

Hello! Spikey? More whisky?

SPIKE

What did you say?

KAYLEE

I said let's round up those chicks for a four-way -- they're feeling frisky.

Spike checks out TWO HOT WOMEN, 20s, propping up the bar.

SPIKE

Yeah! Sorry, thinking of some sequences for my script. But you could be the brew mistress. I'll sell my script, buy an estate...

KAYLEE

...Whisky brewer. Sure. I could do that.

A real moment. They hold hands.

SPIKE

We could brew chili...

KAYLEE

...un-chill-filtered Gaelic whisky.

SPIKE

I could be the local squire, caring for my village.

KAYLEE

Fucking all the dairymaids. Enjoying droit de seigneur...

SPIKE

...casting a benevolent eye on my domain, protecting the people from Viking incursions...

KAYLEE

...having the right to a virgin maiden on her wedding night...

SPIKE

...giving away the bride...

KAYLEE

...sodomizing the married women, bugging their husbands.

SPIKE

Yah, it would be heaven.

KAYLEE

Uh-huh.

SPIKE

I'm going to power myself all the way up the PCH with these beans.

Kaylee LAUGHS, then BURPS loudly.

SPIKE (cont'd)
We'll call my whisky "Temeraire."

KAYLEE
You will, will you? Do I get a say-
so?

FANTASY SCENE IN KAYLEE'S MIND

Spike lectures and glad-hands a bunch of swells at a whisky tasting. They're all MIDDLE-AGED WHITE SCOTCH SNOBS with very FEW WOMEN. Kaylee carries a tray with sampling glasses and wears just a skimpy bikini.

END KAYLEE'S BIKINI FANTASY

Kaylee almost passes out, but when she snaps out of it, Spike's on TikTok. She covers his phone with a napkin.

KAYLEE (cont'd)
Weren't we talking about whisky?

She draws a picture on a napkin of Spike's head. It's a huge orb full of internet chatter with a gigantic penis.

SPIKE
Pretty accurate. I mean the
proportions.

She gives him a knowing stare which travels right through him.

KAYLEE
You're all empty up here, McFly.
(she taps his forehead)
Nothing but daydreams and TikTok.

For a moment it looks like she has his number. They're really fucked up now. Kaylee staggers off to the bar.

INT. BAR AT MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

Kaylee is back on the Scotch while Spike sulks. The relaxed BARTENDER, 40s, is impressed; so is HOT GUY JEFF, 40s an obnoxious, silver-haired South-Bay-type propping up the bar.

BARTENDER
So you like malt whisky, huh?

KAYLEE
I like Gaelic, (hic), whisky,
unchilfiltered.

BARTENDER

Huh?

She holds the whisky up to the light. They're enraptured.

KAYLEE

It gets cloudy when iced, unlike the chill-filtered stuff. Americans don't like our whisky to be cloudy so the Scots filtered it to make it clear but ruined the taste in my opinion. (hic!)

HOT GUY

That is hot.

KAYLEE

What?

HOT GUY

A young chick drinking Gaelic whisky. Come for a drive in the 'Vette? Jeff.

Hot Guy Jeff is pretty slammed himself.

HOT GUY (cont'd)

You've got the Jennifer Aniston tee-shirt look.

KAYLEE

I don't know who that is. You're pretty shallow, huh?

HOT GUY

Yep.

KAYLEE

I like that in a man.

She slides along the bar, barely able to stand straight.

HOT GUY

I see. Buy you a drink?

Kaylee notices Spike is playing on his phone and missing the action. She petulantly sits down near Jeff again.

KAYLEE

Sure. Another malt whisky! Thanks.

Spike spots Kaylee and tries to ignore her ploy to make him jealous. She finally slams her glass down, goes to leave, but Jeff grabs her.

KAYLEE (cont'd)

Excuse me, I have to go. That guy,
yah. Excuse me.

HOT GUY

Stay, have another whisky, doll.

He starts to paw her like a big cat with a kill. While making sure Spike is watching Kaylee starts playing the damsel in distress.

As Spike again ignores her for his phone she gently knees Jeff in the nuts 'accidentally' but, feigning ignorance, rubs them better.

HOT GUY (cont'd)

Ouch. Oww.

KAYLEE

Oh, I'm so sorry Jeff, let me make
it better.

He's thrown off by her solicitude towards his groin. Spike, now finally watching, staggers over, alarmed at the scene.

SPIKE

Whisky lesson? I'm all ears. Hi
honey, ready to go?

KAYLEE

Not yet... dear.

As Jeff and Spike stand together we can almost see Kaylee sizing up the two of them for her own three way.

KAYLEE (cont'd)

Guys we could be friends, we
could...

HOT GUY

...This fossil with you? You her
father?

SPIKE

Grandfather and it's time for
bedtime stories. About when
Goldilocks gets gang-banged by the
three horny bears.

HOT GUY

Beat it, gramps.

Hot Guy swings but Spike gives him a wicked cut to the solar plexus which winds him. Hot Guy Jeff doubles over.

SPIKE

No means...

HOT GUY

"Maybe", gramps.

Spike grabs his arm and twists some more.

HOT GUY (cont'd)

(groaning)

"No." Thanks, mister.

Kaylee watches and is definitely turned on.

SPIKE

Sorry.

KAYLEE

Why? I love seeing shit like that.
A guy sticking up for me, kicking
someone's ass. Fuck that's, (HIC!),
cool. You were worried?

SPIKE

Not for a nano. He's taller...

KAYLEE

...Pretty good-looking...

SPIKE

But I'm gonna be a produced writer.

KAYLEE

You are!

SPIKE

I think the last company I pitched
is gonna buy it. I just feel it.

KAYLEE

Yeah!

They sink the last of the mojitos with a "clink."

INT. SPIKE'S CONDO BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kaylee heaves into the porcelain, then passes out. Spike
pushes her aside, heaves, then carries her onto the bed.

INT. SPIKE'S CONDO BEDROOM - MORNING

He checks his ancient answer machine.

SPIKE

Let's see who called.

ANSWER-MACHINE

Hi Andrew, this is Renee. We're gonna pass on *The Thief of Dubai*. We really like your story but feel it may be too much of a clash with other Aladdin projects...

Kaylee listens from a distance, winces, feels for Spike. Tears, awkward man tears, pool in his eyes. He looks broken.

SPIKE

You were right. It's crap.

He starts to delete copies of the script.

KAYLEE

Don't do that. It's all fixable!

SPIKE

You said I'd never sell it!

KAYLEE

I was wrong. I feel sick, look out.

SPIKE

No, you look out.

As they squeeze into the bathroom they heave in unison. The streams collide and block each other. A LAUGH as they think they escaped the mess. They wipe each other off, GIGGLE, and grin sheepishly over their narrow escape.

Then comes a massive joint barf and they cover each other this time. It's real *Exorcist*-style stuff. Maria is aghast and throws some towels at them.

Spike reaches for another bottle of Brora Whisky, smashes the neck and chucks it back straight from the bottle.

MARIA

Señor Spike, no!

A piece of glass lodges in his throat, he starts to choke but manages to give himself the Heimlich maneuver. Kaylee watches, frozen and helpless.

SPIKE

I'm better off dead.

MARIA

No, no no Señor Spike. You have a beautiful girlfriend now. Forget the writing.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Kaylee downs Advils, and notices his distillery photo.

SPIKE

I'm going to go brew my own whisky. Give up writing.

His phone pings, and she pushes the script on top of it.

KAYLEE

Distill. I challenge you to go a day without playing with your phone. You're unevolved.

SPIKE

I'm "volved." See how 'volved I am. How "woke."

As she walks away, he grabs the back of her jeans.

KAYLEE

Jeez, you stink of whisky. Marry-er and dumper of endless black women...serial monogamist. Finish the script, sell it, and we'll make a local whisky distillery. I'm serious. Together.

SPIKE

You're in a foul mood. I'm too old.

KAYLEE

Defeatist! I can't be with you! This is why I don't date writers! You're all manic.

He tugs, but she still walks to the door. She mashes his face with half a grapefruit but he takes it with aplomb.

SPIKE

I'm going to become a master whisky maker!

KAYLEE

You're a defeatist Neanderthal! With a phone!

SPIKE
I'm not a caveman! I can live
without the Internet!

CAVEMAN EVOLVE FANTASY

EXT. LA STREET - CONTINUOUS

Spike the caveman with hairy back, primitive shell for phone.

SPIKE
Unevolved! Hah!

He walks into the next scene and picks up a carved horn on his way. As he morphs into medieval costume, he is full-body waxed by THREE HOT FEMALE PEASANT GIRLS, 20s...

SPIKE (cont'd)
Aiiii!!

...then slips into tights and serf shoes; an Alexander Bell phone, World War Two Motorola Walkie-talkie; a huge "car phone" with battery; a brick phone, flip phone, PDA, Blackberry pager, then an early Blackberry with keyboard.

Finally a Razr, Nokia, Samsung and iPhone. He has evolved.

END CAVEMAN FANTASY

INT. SPIKE'S CONDO - CONTINUOUS

Kaylee stares at her feature phone then collects her stuff.

KAYLEE
I have to go see a distillery.
Hasta. Adios Maria. Please make
sure Spike doesn't wank too much.
It's bad for his health.

MARIA
Oh, no señorita, he likes it, very,
very much.

SPIKE
I'm going to live on my own in the
Outer Hebrides! Anywhere there's no
bloody women. No young women.

KAYLEE
You're always watching videos and
daydreaming.

(MORE)

KAYLEE (cont'd)

I can't believe I was falling for a man who gives up his dream but daydreams all the time.

She calms down a bit and disappears into the bedroom.

SPIKE

Are you all right in there? I mean, I have seen you naked.

Spike finally falls asleep on the couch. Kaylee comes out and accidentally nudges the MacBook which pops into life. She can't resist snooping and stumbles across a poster for *The Thief*, which shows her in the genie costume.

She dashes into the room and finds a camera on the door which took photos while she tried on the genie costume. Resignedly, she sits on the bed, busted. She calms down momentarily.

Then she spots Spike's personal diary. Again, she can't resist and opens it. As she reads, the tears fall from her eyes, and DRUM loudly on the handwritten pages. She flails at snoozing Spike, and shakes him awake.

KAYLEE

You pervert!

Spike, half asleep, is confused. Then he spots the MacBook photo of Kaylee in the genie costume. Busted, he disassembles.

SPIKE

You were in my private shit, trying on props.

KAYLEE

Props? Costume.

SPIKE

Actors should never play with the props. It's unprofessional.

She holds up his diary.

SPIKE (cont'd)

I can't believe it. My last three wives read my diary.

KAYLEE

Then you should be used to it by now. "Made a great poster for movie with secret photo of her as she brazenly went through my shit." Forgot to leave out: "And spy camera took nude photos of Kaylee."

SPIKE

I was going to delete them. And you read my diary! Coming from you, lover of online privacy, that's rich. That's "unforgivable".

KAYLEE

The movie "Unforgivable" or for real?

She prances in and tosses the laptop at him, hands shaking.

SPIKE

You're such a bitch.

KAYLEE

(under her breath)
"Black Bitch."

SPIKE

I never said that.

KAYLEE

Yeah, but you probably thought it.

SPIKE

That's so unfair.

She holds the laptop screen with a photo that shows he DID take a quickly grabbed photo at the stairs revealing Kaylee in all her glory. Spike boils. She reads from his diary.

KAYLEE

"Checked out this hot black chick on the steps today. Fuck, she had a nice bush - wasn't wearing anything under her short shorts."

Spike is purple with embarrassment. He snatches away the laptop.

SPIKE

Those were private thoughts. I feel differently now that I know you.

KAYLEE

"The male gaze." Rex was right.

SPIKE

If men don't look and women don't flirt, how is the human race going to continue?

KAYLEE

Is that supposed to be profound?
Ho, ho, ho.

She holds her belly like Santa Claus.

SPIKE

How come it's OK for Rex to see
your... 'privates?'

KAYLEE

Rex is an artist.

SPIKE

And I'm just a lech.

KAYLEE

You said it.

SPIKE

I was going to use it for a pitch
poster. I mean, you look great.

KAYLEE

"Look" great. I am great. I don't
need photos of my cooch to validate
my worth as a strong black woman.
We're done, we're over. We never
started.

She starts to leave but he orders her a Lyft.

SPIKE

This we agree on. You're sneaky,
sanctimonious, and a hypocrite. Can
I read your private diary? No? OK.

She tries to slap him, but he's ready for this one.

EXT. SPIKE'S CONDO STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Spike virtually flings Kaylee into the back of a Lyft. Even
the AFRICAN AMERICAN LYFT DRIVER, 60s, gets out to intervene.

LYFT DRIVER

Hey man, easy on the bitch, right?

SPIKE

Take this bitch home.

LYFT DRIVER

I don't like your attitude, man.

He grabs Spike's door keys and tosses them down the street. Kaylee, from the back, starts to look remorseful, but the Lyft guy roars off.

INT. LYFT CAR - WASHINGTON BLVD. - CONTINUOUS

Kaylee throws Spike's diary out the window.

LYFT DRIVER

You read the man's diary and now you toss it out like the trash. That's harsh. You know what? Get the fuck out of my cab. And get me that diary missy.

EXT. WASHINGTON ALE HOUSE SPORTS BAR - VENICE - CONTINUOUS

The Lyft driver dumps Kaylee on the curb, retrieves the diary, notices she's sitting with her legs open, returns, and wraps duct tape around her thighs. As she sits, she spots the rival Genie movie billboard and slowly closes her eyes.

TWO WEEKS LATER

INT. FORMOSA CAFE FRONT BAR, WEST HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

Spike is in the front bar at the Formosa Cafe at Bugsy Siegel's old table. Bugsy's famous floor safe GLOWS underneath in the dim light. He's pitching a PRODUCER, BOMAN, 30s. It's going nowhere, but the Mai Tais are good.

BOMAN

Thanks for the drinks. Good luck with this. "Strong project..."

SPIKE

"...just currently not the right fit." Thanks for your company.

A vintage script drops at his feet and blocks the under-floor light. It is an original *Casablanca* shooting script. Boman gives Spike an admiring glance and leaves.

KAYLEE

The legend is that Bugsy Siegel used to stash his cash under his favorite table. Script is for you.

Spike nods. He knows the story of Bugsy's safe.

INT. SPIKE'S KITCHEN - LATE MORNING

Kaylee comes out of the bedroom in the Genie costume, script in hand. She admires a photo of a Scottish distillery.

KAYLEE

OK now?

SPIKE

My Scottish fantasy. DYOS.

KAYLEE

Distill your own Scotch? I was born American, but I spent summers in Scotland with my grandfather. He owned a whisky distillery.

SPIKE

Give up acting?

KAYLEE

I'll be an actor with a whisky label.

He reaches for her hand; she slowly takes it and the lamp.

SPIKE

I would never call you a black bitch.

KAYLEE

I know.

INT. SPIKE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kaylee reads *The Thief of Dubai*, feeds grapes to Spike, and flings them into his mouth.

KAYLEE

"I am a woman. See." Spikey, you're so naughty!

He nudges a whisky towards her.

KAYLEE (cont'd)

The ending's "flatter than...

SPIKE

...a witch's tit". I know, I just rewrote it. Thanks to you.

KAYLEE

Don't stare adoringly at me.

SPIKE

"Men fall in love..."

KAYLEE

..."But women through the ear. Your Arabic is good, Jack Stanford. He grabs her arms but her covering falls again" -- naughty boy Spikey. I could play this part.

He starts to massage her calves, works his way to her neck.

SPIKE

You want to audition?

KAYLEE

Haven't I been?

He starts to zone again, watching some inane video.

KAYLEE (cont'd)

Show me the poster again.

He brings up the poster.

KAYLEE (cont'd)

My stomach looks pooched.

SPIKE

You're nuts, it's perfect, but I'll flatten it.

KAYLEE

Thank you. You're upset about the other genie film. Don't be. I've seen the trailer. It's not like yours, it's all dark and weird.

SPIKE

I had a very bad week after that.

KAYLEE

But you're better now.

But while he plays with the poster, he gets distracted and starts on X (Twitter). Then he tosses his phone on the bed in frustration.

SPIKE

(as "Bones" McCoy)
"Damn it Jim."

KAYLEE

You were trolling on Twitter.

SPIKE
(grudgingly)
X. Yes.

KAYLEE
I need to get my distillery funded.

SPIKE
And I need to finish this rewrite
thank you very much.

KAYLEE
What's stopping you?

SPIKE
Nothing. Much. Writer's depression.
What's stopping you?

KAYLEE
You. Dealing with your manic
writing habits. Competition. TMCs.

SPIKE
Too many Kaylees? Don't you mean
TMKs?

KAYLEE
You're right, TMK.

SPIKE
Miss "offline love." Let's see that
PAYG phone.

KAYLEE
Forget it. You live on Instagram
and TikTok and troll Twitter
endlessly. You should be rewriting.
Sell the script. Make some money.
Get the girl.

This stops him in his tracks.

SPIKE
Well, what about you? Miss
Mysterious, no e-mail, no Facebook,
not Googleable Kaylee. Lemme see
your driver's license.

KAYLEE
Don't have one.

SPIKE

Impossible. So you've gone
"offline" because you had your ID
stolen or had a bad experience with
online dating.

She gathers all his gadgets into a hamper and douses them in
the sink. He tries to retrieve them, and a tussle ensues.

Kaylee slaps Spike a bit too forcefully this time. He gently
thwacks her butt. She then slaps him really hard. He goes to
block her next punch, misses and accidentally clocks her on
the jaw. She drops to her knees, dazed.

SPIKE (cont'd)

I'm sorry.

KAYLEE

Good shot, Spikey. Didn't your
mamma ever teach you not to hit
girls?

Spike is mortified and goes ashen.

SPIKE

She did, and I'm sorry. It was a
lucky shot. You nearly dodged it.

KAYLEE

No, it was a good shot.

SPIKE

Here, whack me. Free shot.

But she knees him in the nuts and he folds like a poor hand.
Then she playfully whacks him with her pillow, which makes a
metallic "DING." as he flies across the room.

INT. SPIKE'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

At the fridge, Kaylee drops her pillow with a THUD. A huge
metal flashlight rolls out of the pillowcase. THUNK!

KAYLEE

Why do you keep a flashlight in
your pillowcase?

SPIKE

(gasping)
In case of burglars.

She dabs his forehead with an ice pack and loosens his belt.

KAYLEE

Here, too? Let me have a look. I've never actually seen it close. Hmm, like a little firehose. I like it. Oops, he really is "Baby Spike." Sorry, now he's shrunk completely.

He turns the computer back on. As she lifts the pillowcase, Jonella's Plumeria Bouquet thong also falls out.

SPIKE

Maria?

KAYLEE

Maria's probably an "L". These are medium.

She flies out the door.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND SPIKE'S CONDO

Kaylee dashes down the alley. Spike chases her but halts in pain with a pulled muscle. But Kaylee pulls up too.

SPIKE

Go back to Rex!

KAYLEE

I will! You'll never sell it if you don't finish it.

SPIKE

"Forget it Jake, it's China..."

He waits for her response, on his knees.

KAYLEE

Too easy!
(in Soto voce.)
"This could be very bad for us."

Spike panics. He can't place it. Kaylee is almost as distraught, as if knowing the line will bring them back together, reunite them.

She stops for a beat, listens, and fails to notice he's crept up on her. He tackles her as she tries to sprint away.

KAYLEE (cont'd)

Well you've caught me, what are you going to do with me?

SPIKE

Marry me.

KAYLEE

No. Not now. Not like this.

SPIKE

But maybe later?

She wrestles free then gives him an expertly placed Charley Horse (dead leg) and takes off as he crumples in agony.

KAYLEE

No.

SUPER: TWO WEEKS LATER

INT. SPIKE'S CONDO MARINA DEL REY - NIGHT

Maria places a statue of St. Jude on Spike's desk. She puts a coffee there and pretends again to squeeze milk from her tits into it as she hides something behind her back.

MARIA

Café con leche?

SPIKE

Con leche.

MARIA

You are a good man -- be a good man.

She straightens his hair, gently, sisterly runs her hands through it, then surprises Spike and kisses him full on the lips. Spike backs away but she pushes into him.

MARIA (cont'd)

I cleaned that smudge. See, it's gone now.

SPIKE

I see.

Spike looks at his desk then notices the genie Lamp.

Spike reaches for the broken Brora, starts for the door, but comes back, grabs the Lamp, and starts to make a wish.

SPIKE (cont'd)

I wish I could stay off the Internet and sell my script.

Maria, from the bedroom, watches with tears in her eyes as the floating dust seems to sparkle, transforming the room.

INT. SPIKE'S CONDO BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Spike puts his phone in the fridge, notices his voicemail.

ANSWER-MACHINE

Andrew, this is Michael from MZA.
We like your genie script. Check
your email and send me the rewrite.

The room fills with light, and Spike smiles a smile of relief like a congregant in Hell released to return to earth.

EXT. NAPA VALLEY WINERY - DAY

Kaylee crushes grapes barefoot with VICTORIA HOLMES, AFRICAN AMERICAN, 40s, a rare black, female winemaker. They enjoy the SQUELCHING sound and GIGGLE like schoolgirls.

VICTORIA

No one in my family drank wine, so
it's not like it's in the blood.

KAYLEE

But you're the country's first
black female winemaker. You're my
role model.

VICTORIA

Well, I love the idea of the
Scottish LA whisky distillery,
Kaylee. You go for it, girl. Stay
for dinner?

KAYLEE

Would I! You don't do this for all
the varieties, do you?

VICTORIA

No! Just for small fermentations,
girlfriend!

MONTAGE

Kaylee revels in the sophisticated company. A SUAVE WINE GUY, STEVEN, 50s, can't take his eyes off her.

END MONTAGE

VICTORIA (cont'd)
 You have a great wine palate, too.
 Stay and work for me here.

LATER.

She puts out a formal handshake to Steve.

KAYLEE
 I'm off to the Ahwahnee for a few
 days to chill and hike.

STEVE
 That's expensive. I climb Yosemite
 often. Come and see my cellar. Come
 have dinner with me. I'll pay for
 the Ahwahnee.

Visions of sugar daddies and Napa evenings dance in her head.

KAYLEE
 Steve. There's a guy in LA.

STEVE
 He's got good taste.

He goes to kiss her and she proffers a cheek only.

STEVE (cont'd)
 That will have to do. Soft cheeks.

INT. YE OLDE KING'S HEAD PUB SANTA MONICA - NIGHT

Spike strains to see the TV from afar. It shows a Scottish festival and Gaelic dancing. There's a clip of a Celtic dance, a cèilidh, (Kaylee) but Spike hasn't got his glasses and can't quite make it out. He takes a photo with his phone.

LOCAL TV STATION
 Coming up after the break, all the
 way from Scotland, Celtic folk
 dancers show us a Cèilidh (Kaylee).

He motions a deaf ear to pub local HAIRY OLD MAN, 70s. Hairy Old Man chimes in. Yes, it's THE HOM from the homeless tent.

HAIRY OLD MAN
 Céilidh, (KAY-lee) you American
 whippersnapper. A Gaelic dance, you
 American knob.

The STROPY LANDLADY, DORIS, 60s calls time and starts to usher everyone out.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Spike, as he walks past the Santa Monica Pier, stops to look at the phone screen and zooms in. He notices the spelling of cèilidh and the TV pronunciation: "Kaylee".

Spike Googles Cèilidh Parsons and finds her instantly. He kisses the screen.

SPIKE

A Celtic dance, cèilidh, "KAY-lee,"
Scottish Gaelic. I'll be damned.
Cèilidh Parsons, replete with
photo.

INT. VENICE BOARDWALK GADGET STORE - CONTINUOUS

Spike stops in front of a store, notices a "phone jail."

INT. SPIKE'S CONDO OFFICE - LATER

Spike pounds on his computer, c.é.i.l.i.d.h. Céilidh.

SPIKE

"Pastor Ronald Parsons... victim of
a Nigerian e-mail scam. Parsons
enlisted the help of the entire
parish to contribute... found out
it was a fraud... went bankrupt,
left the church." Lives in Georgia.
His only daughter, Céilidh, vowed
never to be found online again.

Spike pours himself a Talisker with ice. It goes cloudy. He almost sees Kaylee reflected in the ice, but it's simply the reflected printed poster of his movie.

He tosses the ice and, as the whisky warms, it goes clear again. NOW he can see Kaylee clearly.

INT. COW'S END COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Spike is pounding away on his MacBook. His phone RINGS. It's now an ancient feature phone.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
 Yes, hi Andrew. We've been trying
 like crazy to find you. Do you own
 a phone? We love the new draft!

A WEEK LATER

INT. KAYLEE'S AGENT'S OFFICE - DAY

TACITURN PHIL, 50s, gives Kaylee her two minutes. She dressed
 with a hint of the genie in Spike's script.

KAYLEE
 I'm the Genie. Moi.

PHIL
The Thief of Dubai hasn't been
 green-lit yet, but the role is
 yours if you want it.

KAYLEE
 I want it!

INT. SPIKE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Quiet and sanguine, Spike puts his phone in a timed "jail"
 and reads Hemingway's *Islands in the Stream*.

LATER

But he squirms, itches to go online. His landline RINGS.

SPIKE
 Hello. Yes, Kaylee's dad? Ronald?
 I'm Andrew, a friend of hers...
 boyfriend, ex-boyfriend... I
 understand you can't give me her
 details but what... I'd like to
 help out.

LATER

Spike sits at his laptop longingly, his fingers hover.

SPIKE (cont'd)
 Delete all? Delete all backups.
 Goodbye, male gaze. Sigh.

Kaylee's nude images and the backups online vanish. Spike
 looks like he's had a tooth pulled - without Novocain.

SUPER: TWO MONTHS LATER

INT. THE TEMERAIRE DISTILLERY - CULVER CITY - DAY

It's another rare LA downpour and raindrops cascade on the tin roof of an old garage converted into a whisky distillery. Kaylee, soaked, sneaks in as Spike is teaching Maria and Jon. Spike somehow senses she's in the building.

SPIKE

...And this is called...

His phone rings. The Caller I.D: "Céilidh."

KAYLEE (O.S.)

...the 'worm'. But few distilleries still use worm tubs -- some people say the whisky's superior to that cooled...

SPIKE

...in a modern...

KAYLEE (cont'd)

...in a modern...

She quietly walks in, carrying an exquisite genie lamp.

SPIKE (cont'd)

...condenser.

She tastes it. The label reads: "Céilidh."

SPIKE (cont'd)

Why Céilidh?

KAYLEE

Céilidh? My parents started out as teachers and every other name reminded them of one annoying kid or another. They love Scotland, so came up with "Céilidh."

SPIKE

Will you ma...

KAYLEE

... The unknown movie?

Everybody holds their breath. Spike looks on the wall at a film poster for Charlton Heston in "The Omega Man."

He stumbles, then -

SPIKE

A Touch of Evil!

KAYLEE

You may now kiss the bride.

They kiss, and it's a perfect kiss this time.

KAYLEE (cont'd)

You already know my answer.

SPIKE

I...

KAYLEE

...Do.

They kiss again and the distillery workers all APPLAUD in a roar. He grabs her lamp and starts to rub and make a wish.

SPIKE

I wish, I wish...

KAYLEE

That Spike would love me
forever.

SPIKE (cont'd)

That Kaylee would love me
forever.

MONTAGE

Professional wedding photos of a wedding party dissolve and cross-fade as guests stream from Eilean Donan Castle. Spike and Kaylee, in Highland gear, head the wedding party.

Kaylee's parents RONALD and ALELAYNE PARSONS, 70s, PAM, 70, Shirley and Delerner, Jon, Jonella, and Justin follow.

Spike offers tips to the patient WEDDING PHOTOGRAPHER.

At The Hollywood Castle Jon, in yarmulke, and Maria, under a chuppah, disappear under confetti, in kilts, and take their vows.

In the Temeraire distillery basement, a small label hangs over several large barrels. It reads: Uisge Beatha, "water of life" - do not open until 2034.

A fire glows inside a warm craftsman near the Pacific Ocean cliffs. Justin, Jon, and Maria huddle by the fireside. TODDLERS in kilts play in an ante-room. A calendar is framed on the wall with just two months showing - May and September.

Inside a doorway gently lit by the fire's glow Spike slips the lamp into Kaylee's hand and she wraps her fingers around it and gently closes the bedroom door.