

Luxury Good

written by

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**OVER BLACK:**

"I believe that sex is one of the most beautiful, natural, wholesome things that money can buy." — Steve Martin

**FADE IN:**

**INT. CALL CENTER - DAY**

Six banners with various corporate slogans from the past twenty years hang from the ceiling.

Cubicle walls in the blandest shade of gray as far as the eye can see. Inside them are ASPIRING CREATIVE TYPES taking calls for an insurance company.

Call center worker and struggling screenwriter SHANE TASKER (25) walks through the aisles, towards his cube, with an energy drink in his hand. He's tall and dorkishly handsome. His eyes are focused on his phone.

Shane sends a query letter to a movie producer.

**SHANE'S CUBE**

Wisconsin sports memorabilia are all over.

Shane sits down and takes a drink.

MARK (O.S.)

Biggest plot hole in a movie, go!

Shane turns to see his best friend and film school roommate MARK SMITH (25). He's short and muscular with an epic beard.

SHANE

*Beerfest* doesn't have a Wisconsin team in it.

(beat)

There's a map that showcases where alcoholism is most prevalent in red and blue. Wisconsin's only blue part was a lake.

Mark thinks for a moment.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Have you ever pre-gamed a baptism?

MARK

So they didn't include America's biggest alcoholics, so what?

SHANE

Wisconsin drinks more alcohol alone than most countries do.

MARK

It'd be perfect for a sequel.

SHANE

So something like being the world champion only qualifies you to complete in Wisconsin's JV league?

MARK

You'd have to go bigger.

SHANE

The only thing bigger is an alien invasion... and even then.

MARK

That's probably an Independence Day sequel waiting to happen.

Both men chuckle. Mark resumes working.

Shane looks in either direction. He pulls up an online movie database on his phone and scrolls through a list of producers. His eyes land on Orson Esquire. He clicks on it.

An email comes up.

Shane pastes a query into the body. He types in "Re: Kentucky Kino" in the subject line and presses send.

WHOOSH!

DUDLEY (O.S.)

What's our lunch policy, Shane?

Shane turns to see Call Center Manager DUDLEY SUMMERS (52, punchable face) glaring at him.

SHANE

There was a line and--

DUDLEY

Just log in, please.

Dudley walks away.

Shane logs into his work computer. His desk phone buzzes with a call. He answers it.

**INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT**

A hockey game is on the TV.

FANS are all over.

Mark and Shane are in a corner booth in the back.

**CORNER BOOTH**

Baskets of chicken wings and empty beers are on the table.

MARK

We need another pair of hands on a short this weekend.

SHANE

If I don't do Uber Eats I might not eat next month.

MARK

It'll be way more fun.

Shane's phone buzzes with a match on a dating app.

SHANE

They raised my rent so this isn't a choice anymore.

MARK

Your ex reached out to me. New in town and such.

SHANE

The last time I spoke to her was the day we split.

Mark shrugs.

A WAITRESS drops off a bill onto the table.

Shane looks at it and sighs.

SHANE (CONT'D)

I was doom scrolling on YouTube last night and there was a moment you could live in this town and be an artist.

MARK

That must've been nice.

**EXT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT**

Mark and Shane exit.

Shane stops and looks across the street. Mark's eyes follow his, landing on:

A PHOTOGRAPHER taking photos of Dutch Kickboxing World Champion RICO VANDERBOSCH (30) shadowboxing underneath a street light. He's tall, dark, and impossibly handsome with a physique that'd make a bodybuilder jealous.

MARK

How much do you think the camera guy hates his life right now?

Shane shrugs and keeps walking.

Mark follows him.

**INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Small and cramped with framed movie posters of classic action movies on the walls and older furniture everywhere.

A FedEx package from Shane's mother is next to a laptop covered in anime stickers.

Shane walks in and spots the package. He opens it up.

Inside are non-perishable goods and \$200 in cash.

Shane pockets the cash and looks at the perishable goods.

"Wisconsin's Finest" stands out.

He smiles. His phone buzzes with a new message notification from a dating app.

Shane opens the app. He's matched with curvy redhead ELLIE (25, actress). She enjoys sushi and long walks.

Shane messages her: "If you could remake every movie with the cast of the Muppets, and have to leave one human actor, which film and which actor is it?"

Ellie responds: "I'm not sure. What would you pick?"

Shane thinks for a moment and responds: "Con Air. Fozzy the Bear as Garland Greene would be amazing."

Ellie messages him: "LOL."

He messages Ellie: "We should grab a drink sometime."

Ellie messages him back: "I'm free right now."

Shane turns his laptop on and logs into his email. A dozen rejection messages from producers are new.

Ellie messages Shane: "I know this great dive bar if you're OK with Natty Light."

Shane messages her: "I grew up in Wisconsin. They practically baptize you in that stuff."

Ellie sends him a pin with the address of a dive bar.

He looks at it for a moment.

Shane messages her: "I'll see you there."

**INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT**

Decades past being fashionable.

Shane sits down and motions to the bartender for two beers. His phone buzzes with an email from Orson.

"I'd love to read it."

Shane sends a script to him.

ELLIE (O.S.)  
You beat me here by a minute.

Shane turns to see Ellie sit down next to him.

SHANE  
It's nice to meet you.

ELLIE  
Likewise.

They lightly embrace.

ELLIE (CONT'D)  
So I saw you're a Packer fan.

The Bartender drops off two beers.

SHANE  
I grew up in Racine, Wisconsin.

Both take awkward sips.

ELLIE

We didn't have the Rams here when I grew up.

SHANE

What was that like?

ELLIE

My neighbor won an Oscar so it all seemed normal to me.

SHANE

I just miss good cheese. This place has everything but that.

ELLIE

That's bullshit.

SHANE

I grew up down the road from a place called the Mars Cheese Castle. They had the best cheese and it's not even close here.

ELLIE

Does it have a drawbridge?

Shane laughs.

SHANE

Just regular doors but I got to see everyone who ever ran for President as a kid because they always made a stop there. It's a good way to see who's a decent person and who should not be allowed anywhere near the office.

(beat)

You can tell a lot about people by the way they view a Cheese hat.

ELLIE

Only in Wisconsin, right?

Both take sips of beer.

SHANE

It's shockingly normal once you're there for a moment.

Ellie laughs and takes a drink.

ELLIE

So you're a writer.

SHANE

Trying to be, at least.

(beat)

I work for an insurance company in  
a call center during the day.

She looks around.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Have you done anything I would've  
seen, like a movie or--

ELLIE

I had a small part in a play in  
West Hollywood last year.

He takes a sip of his beer.

**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

Shane walks. His phone buzzes with a notification on the  
dating app from Ellie: "You're nice but I don't think we  
should see each other again."

**INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Shane logs into his email.

An email from Movie Producer Orson Esquire just arrived. The  
subject line reads "Love your script."

Shane looks it over. His eyes focus on the end.

"Let's grab coffee tomorrow and talk if you're in LA. I know  
a great place."

He looks at his watch and curses under his breath. He  
replies: "Sounds great."

**EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY**

Shane and Mark walk to the entrance.

MARK

Someone reached out to me to edit a  
feature for them.

SHANE

Congrats!



Shane's phone buzzes with an email from Orson: "Noon, Lone Wolf Coffee."

MARK

The story behind it is hilarious.

Shane responds: "I'll be there."

Mark and Shane walk inside.

**INT. CALL CENTER - DAY**

Shane and Mark walk through the aisles towards their cubes.

SHANE

They always are.

MARK

The director punched out his DP.

SHANE

Why?

**SHANE'S CUBE**

Shane sits down in his cube.

MARK

He didn't read the script and had to have every scene explained to him. The producer said the DP was being disruptive, too.

Mark sits in his cube.

SHANE

Can you do me a favor today?

Mark looks around.

MARK

What do you need?

SHANE

I've got to get across town to meet up with a producer.

Shane and Mark log in to their computers.

MARK

I've got a performance improvement plan and can't get in any trouble.

SHANE

If Dudley Douche Bag walks by, just tell him I'm outside smoking.

MARK

Since when--

SHANE

This is my break, I can feel it.

MARK

You said that last time.

SHANE

This time will be different.

Mark rolls his eyes.

**EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

Hollywood Mega Producer ORSON ESQUIRE (60s) sits at a table with an expensive cup of coffee in front of him. He's tall with obvious plastic surgery.

Shane walks up and looks around.

Orson waves to him.

Shane sits across from him.

ORSON

I thought you'd be taller.

SHANE

I'm supposedly average height but everywhere I go I'm always the shortest dude in the room.

They shake hands.

ORSON

Thanks for taking the time.

SHANE

Thanks for the nice words about Kentucky Kino.

ORSON

I read it and thought you'd be the perfect guy to work on a project I've got going on.

SHANE

What's it about?

ORSON

Have you ever seen Foxy Brown?

SHANE

The Pam Grier film?

Orson nods.

ORSON

I've got exclusive rights to remake it with an Aja Naomi King clone. I went through a hundred guys for takes and none of them were worth a damn, too. Everyone wants to just remake it as a low-budget crime thriller and no one has an idea worth a damn. If I have to hear the phrase neo-Blaxploitation crime thriller again I'm going to vomit.

SHANE

It should be a cyber-thriller.

Orson motions for him to continue.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Foxy avenging her sister's death at the hands of an Elon Musk-style Silicon Valley tech guru. It'll have a lot of VFX to get the rest right but that's different.

Orson thinks for a moment.

SHANE (CONT'D)

You can even do something that looks like AI image generation for the opening credits, to give it a connection to the original while telling the world this is a newer, sleeker, Foxier Brown.

ORSON

You've got the right sort of moxie.  
(beat)  
I'll email you an offer for a couple of drafts. It's all fairly straightforward.

They shake hands.

**INT. CALL CENTER - DAY**

Shane walks through the aisle to his cube, a spring in his step and a smile on his face.

**SHANE'S CUBE**

Shane sits down.

Mark sits across in his cube, an energy drink in his hand.

MARK

Dudley stopped by. He's unhappy.

SHANE

I'm not going to say anything until it's signed because I don't want to fuck it up.

MARK

Good thinking.

Shane logs into his work computer. He pulls up his email.

Three emails from Dudley labeled "Extended lunch break" are new and marked Urgent.

Shane curses under his breath.

**INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Shane walks in and over to his laptop. He pulls up his email. A DocuSign from Orson for the Foxy Brown remake is in there. He scans it, his eyes landing on an option payment: \$5,000. Shane mouths holy shit. He thinks for a moment.

SHANE

This is the first time anyone's ever offered you money to write.

(beat)

Except for that weirdo on Reddit who gave me \$100 for notes.

(beat)

You can fuck around with a lawyer or you can not starve for a while.

Shane looks at it for a long moment. He signs it.

A message from his college girlfriend Giselle comes up on his social media: "Hey stranger."

He taps on her profile. A photo of GISELLE (25, brunette, thin) comes up. Shane looks at it for a moment. He goes to delete it but stops. He responds: "It's been a while."

Giselle messages him: "I saw you on Bumble and thought I'd say hi."

He responds: "Since when are you in LA?"

She responds: "Just moved here for a gig."

Shane takes a deep breath and responds: "That's good."

**INT. PRODUCER'S OFFICE - DAY (3 WEEKS LATER)**

Framed movie posters are all over.

Orson sits behind his desk. Shane sits across from him.

ORSON

My coverage people had some issues with it that need to be addressed before we go to the money guys.

Orson reaches into his desk and pulls out a coverage report. He hands it to Shane.

Shane opens it up. His eyes quickly scan it, spotting in bold "Significant lack of authenticity."

ORSON (CONT'D)

You should read the original draft of Good Will Hunting. That thing needed an exorcism by William Goldman to get it into shape.

SHANE

I thought Matt Damon and Ben Affleck wrote it.

ORSON

They wrote the first draft but even a creep like Harvey understood that you bring in professionals to punch it up when it gets to a point.

(beat)

I've got someone you should talk to, for research purposes.

Orson takes his phone out and pulls up his speed dial. It lands on "Ava with the cans."

**INT. SUV - NIGHT (DRIVING)**

Opulent and freshly detailed.

Bumper to bumper traffic on US Highway 101 is visible through the windshield.

KENT (45, former military) is behind the wheel. He's large and has a menacing aura.

High-end escort AVA FOX (25) is in the backseat. She's an All-American blonde in a black Balmain dress that clings to her curves. She pulls up the calendar on her cell phone.

Every Friday is marked off with "Date."

She clicks on the next Friday. "Patrick W" comes up. A note underneath says "Waiting for Escrow and Verification." Ava yawns. The music stops.

Orson texts her: "How'd you like to make ten grand and keep your clothes on?"

**INT. PRODUCER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Shane looks around.

SHANE

I don't want to be this guy but--

ORSON

I know the contract says you get paid per draft but money's tight. This happens to everyone... trust me, this is all normal and when this is over you'll have a nice big check waiting for you.

Shane nods.

**INT. SEDAN - DAY**

Old and faded.

Shane gets in and takes his phone out. He pulls up a food delivery app and logs in. His foot taps for a moment.

A delivery comes up.

Shane accepts it and starts the car. It limps to life.

His eyes turn to the fuel gauge. It's hovering over empty.

**INT. MASSAGE PARLOR - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Peaceful, exotic, and relaxing.

Ava gets a deep tissue massage from a MASSEUSE.

B-movie star JACKSON CHURCH (50s) watches. He's tall with thinning hair and a pot belly.

AVA

You said you had big news.

JACKSON

The Dalai Lama, in his infinite wisdom, told me I was a Tulku, reincarnated into this existence to help spread the word of the Lama through my films.

She smiles and relaxes.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

This serenity came over me after.

His cell phone buzzes with a call from his ex-wife.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Excuse me for a moment.

Jackson leaves.

SHANE (PRE-LAP)

That's not what I expected.

**INT. POSH BATHROOM - NIGHT**

White, elegant with a massive walk-in shower that contains high-end shampoo and soaps.

Shane points a digital recorder at Ava.

Ava looks at herself in the bathroom mirror. A black dress clings to her perfectly.

A small, expensive makeup kit is on the counter.

She looks at it and then her face in the mirror.

AVA

What he left out is that the Dalai Lama only gives you a title if you donate a certain amount of money.

SHANE

How serene was he when he talked to the ex-wife?

She looks around and chuckles.

AVA

(mocking Jackson's voice)  
Listen up you dumb cunt, this is my weekend to pay for trim. You tell your lazy, worthless retard of a cousin that, too, or I'm going to whip my dick out and beat the two of you to death with it.

Shane chuckles but stops herself.

AVA (CONT'D)

He's got a tiny dick, too, so him saying that is just... chef's kiss.

He laughs.

SHANE

Is he into anything... weird?

AVA

He talks a big game but it's always three pumps and then he's out like a light.

SHANE

It must be nice to get a back rub before... everything.

AVA

The Lama advised him to only release his, ahem, energy once a year so we just meditated.

SHANE

How did that make you feel?

AVA

You sound like my shrink.

SHANE

Does seeing someone in that field help you in your work?

AVA

It helps me find my peace.



SHANE

I assume the meditation would help with that.

Ava places the makeup down. She looks at herself in the mirror. Her feet expertly spin around as she does a 360.

AVA

I'll take a glorified spa day over some rich guy thinking he's done something amazing when he cums on my tits. Like no one ever has thought of doing that to me before.

(beat)

That's the only time when I think about my dignity and this job.

SHANE

You are direct.

AVA

Spend enough time doing this and beating around the bush is boring.

SHANE

What's the most uncomfortable thing that's happened to you?

AVA

A Congresswoman paid me to be with her... and her husband watched in the closet in a Superman costume.

SHANE

Do you have any female clients or is it strictly men?

AVA

It's mostly men.

SHANE

Is there a difference?

AVA

Women look for something different and men want something missing.

SHANE

What do you think that is?

She thinks.

AVA

It's a level of intimacy... some guys just miss someone in their arms who isn't judging them.

(beat)

Or they just haven't had sex in a while and paying for discretion is cheaper than having a mistress.

SHANE

Who's the most famous person who's ever booked you?

(beat)

I'm assuming that's the right word.

Ava stops and looks around. She takes a deep breath.

AVA

He's got a pair of Oscars and I had to sign an NDA before meeting him.

(beat)

He screamed at his agent for two hours and then wanted me to watch him masturbate. So I did. Want to know the worst thing about it?

Shane nods.

AVA (CONT'D)

He had the worst possible orgasm face ever. It was like he was having a stroke and a seizure at the same time.

He stifles his laughter.

AVA (CONT'D)

It's OK to laugh.

SHANE

Who's been the most memorable?

AVA

Rico. He's Dutch and just dreamy.

(beat)

Professionally he just wanted a woman who could keep up. He's the type that wanted to just go, go, go, and then go some more.

SHANE

Is that fun or annoying?

AVA  
If he's hot, it's fun.

SHANE  
And if he's not?

AVA  
Long day in the office.  
(beat)  
Rico was more of a friend than a  
client... we went to art museums  
and talked about life.

SHANE  
Did you have any feelings for him?

AVA  
Pretty Woman is just a movie.

SHANE  
That's not answering the question.

She thinks for a long moment.

AVA  
He got engaged and that was that.  
I'm happy for them.

Shane takes a deep breath.

SHANE  
What do your clients know about  
you, you know, personally?

Ava looks at herself in the mirror and then leaves.

Shane follows her.

**INT. POSH BEDROOM - NIGHT**

A California King with a canopy-style bed frame dominates the center of the room.

Ava walks in and into a full-length closet full of expensive dresses. She changes out of her dress and into another one.

It's similar but with a shorter hemline.

AVA  
I hate the way this dress looks.

Shane walks in and looks at her.

SHANE

It looks great.

AVA

I can't just look great... I don't get paid to be great. I get paid to look like every man's fantasy.

(beat)

That's not something you can buy on the street; it's a luxury good and I have to look the part.

SHANE

The feminist in me--

AVA

Eww.

SHANE

What?

AVA

Every guy who calls himself a feminist that's booked me always wants the most vile shit.

Shane goes to say something. Ava holds up her finger.

AVA (CONT'D)

Pegging. It's always pegging.

SHANE

(looks at the dress)

I'm amazed you fit in that.

AVA

A trainer and a nutritionist help me stay this way.

Shane takes a deep breath.

SHANE

What was your first time like?

AVA

The captain of the football team in his Jeep after Homecoming.

(beat)

That sentence was longer than the actual act itself.

(beat)

Professionally... I was a senior in high school, the track coach offered me \$500 to sleep with him.

SHANE

That's wrong.

AVA

I grew up in a trailer park so \$500  
felt like five million.

SHANE

What was it like?

Ava thinks for a long moment.

AVA

Hot.

Shane hides his disgust.

AVA (CONT'D)

My shrink had the same look on her  
face, too.

SHANE

You were a child.

AVA

Seventeen isn't a child but not an  
adult, either.

SHANE

It's wrong, all I'm saying.

AVA

An adult thought I was so beautiful  
that he wanted me by any means  
necessary. That was half of it.

SHANE

Do I want to know the other half?

AVA

I grew up in a trailer park with  
two siblings and a parent who was  
disabled from the time I was 15 on.

SHANE

What do they think of what you do?

Ava looks into the mirror for a moment.

AVA

We don't speak anymore.

SHANE

Do they disapprove?

AVA

My mother celebrated when my kid sister got pregnant at 15 because it meant the welfare check would go up by more than normal.

SHANE

Do you still talk to them?

AVA

The day I turned 18 I got into my car and drove here. I left who I was in that little town and that's been it.

SHANE

How do you think you'll leave this life? If you plan on it.

AVA

The same way. I'll just hop in a car and keep driving until something tells me to stop.  
(looks at phone)  
And I have to get downstairs.

Ava exits.

Shane follows her.

**INT. POSH APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Ava grabs her purse and walks to the door.

Shane follows her, recorder in hand.

AVA

What made you become a writer?

SHANE

When I was a kid the big thing for us to do was go to the movies. My dad called it *The Show*. There was a magic to it that made me want to be the guy whose name was up there.

AVA

You could always rent a movie theater and do that yourself.

SHANE

I could but I always wanted it to be because I made it.

(MORE)

SHANE (CONT'D)

People could go and buy a ticket to something I wrote, like I did.

(beat)

It's what got me into film school and then here.

AVA

Orson said it's a remake of Foxy Brown. What's the take?

SHANE

Are you a fan of it?

AVA

I grew up on exploitation films and Judas Priest. You're actually in my wheelhouse right now.

SHANE

You'll love the take.

AVA

Sell me on it.

SHANE

It's a cyber-thriller. Foxy Brown's sister works for a tech bro in San Francisco and he kills her.

AVA

And then she gets revenge.

SHANE

Yep.

(beat)

It's a modern take so there are issues of data privacy, digital exploitation, yada yada.

AVA

Who's going to be Foxy?

SHANE

Orson said it's an Aja Naomi King type, so that could be interesting.

Ava exits. Shane follows her.

**INT. POSH HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Ava walks to an elevator. She presses the down button.

Shane follows her.

SHANE

What's it like... during?

AVA

You know what it's like when a woman is faking it, right?

SHANE

That's never happened--

AVA

Trust me, it has.

SHANE

Aren't you supposed to be able to tell if she is faking?

AVA

Has she screamed while gripping your back like she's about to climb Mount Everest?

SHANE

Yeah.

AVA

Then she's faking it. It's for real when she freezes up and just gets in a zone. Like everything inside you is saying "Get ready because you're going to finish."

SHANE

What if something bad happens?

Ava opens her purse.

Shane looks into it. Several \$20 bills, a small makeup kit, and a police-grade taser are inside.

The elevator door opens.

Ava and Shane get inside.

The door closes.

**SMASH CUT TO:**

**INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR - NIGHT**

The elevator is going up.



Ava looks into the mirror wall. She flips her hair back and forth, puckering her lips.

The elevator stops.

**DING!**

The doors open.

Ava exits.

**INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Ava walks down, looking at numbers.

An OLDER COUPLE passes her.

The Man turns and looks at her. His Wife smacks him.

Ava spots a door and knocks on it.

It opens, revealing film mogul PATRICK WINDSAIL (50s). He's short, overweight, and coked out of his mind.

Patrick looks her over and smiles.

PATRICK

You are worth every single penny.

She walks inside, barely hiding her disgust.

He slaps her ass as she passes him.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Patrick closes the door.

Ava looks around.

AVA

Do you want to have a drink first?

He points to the bedroom.

Ava's dress hits the floor. She walks into the bedroom.

Patrick's eyes are laser-focused on Ava's body as she walks past him.

**BEDROOM**

Ava walks in and lays down on the bed. Her arms extend, touching everything.

It's impossibly comfortable.

Her eyes dart all over the room. She lays back.

**BATHROOM**

Professionally clean and white.

A line of cocaine mixed with blue powder is on a counter. A bottle of knockoff, foreign Viagra is near it.

Patrick snorts all of it in one go. He looks into the mirror and rubs his nose. His hand smacks his crotch.

**BEDROOM**

Patrick walks in.

Ava sits up and looks at him seductively.

His eyes focus on her.

AVA (CONT'D)

Are you going to just stare or are you going to join me?

PATRICK

I'm just wondering how you make this room like a shit hole.

Ava blushes through a cringe.

AVA

You're too kind.

**INT. SEDAN - NIGHT (DRIVING)**

Shane looks out the windshield.

The stoplight goes from red to green.

Shane's foot presses the gas pedal.

The car dies.

He pops the hood and exits.

**EXT. DARK STREET - NIGHT**

Several cars are behind Shane's sedan, honking.

Shane sprints to the front of the car and looks inside.

The engine is a miracle of a decade-plus of creative problem-solving and unconventional repairs.

His hand grabs a piece of duct tape and shakes it. The engine roars to life.

Shane runs into the car. It drives away.

**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

Shane walks up to the front door but stops. He turns around and takes his phone out. He pulls up Mark on his speed dial and calls him.

MARK (V.O.)  
Did you meet her pimp?

SHANE  
I need some advice.

**INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Framed posters for 80s action films are on the walls.

Mark watches one on a small TV.

MARK  
Was she hot?

**INTERCUT BETWEEN MARK AND SHANE**

Shane looks around.

SHANE  
Why does that matter?

MARK  
Before we have some conversation that reeks of pretentious bullshit, I need to know whether the hooker your boss hired was hot.

Shane groans.

SHANE

She was attractive, I suppose.

MARK

Nice.

SHANE

I don't think she saw me as a man.  
(beat)  
She changed in front of me. It was  
like I wasn't there.

MARK

It could be part of the job.

SHANE

The only women I've ever seen take  
their clothes off was for... you  
know. Or in porn.

MARK

It's a free show either way.

Shane takes a deep breath.

SHANE

So my producer wants it to feel  
more authentic but I keep seeing  
Foxy Brown as her now.

MARK

That's not a bad thing.

SHANE

They have a certain way they want  
her to be and it just clashes with  
what I'm thinking now. Like I  
almost want to start from page one  
and redo the whole thing.

MARK

This is a job, do the job.

SHANE

There's a great movie waiting to  
come out of the shit they're not  
paying me to write.

MARK

Then write the great spec, turn in  
the shitty one they're paying for,  
and figure out the rest later.

SHANE

What if this hits and--

MARK

Just punch it up and be a good team player. That's what they want.

SHANE

Thanks.

Shane hangs up and walks inside.

**INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Shane sits on his couch. His dating app sends him a notification. He opens it up with a new MATCH.

Her name is PURVI (25) and she's a Social Media Influencer.

She messages him: "Hi Shane, how are you?"

He laughs and messages her: "I'm good. Is Purvi short for Pervert?"

She immediately unmatched him.

He shakes his head and grabs his laptop. He opens his screenwriting software and creates a new file: "Untitled sex worker script."

Giselle messages him: "You free for dinner sometime?."

Shane stares at it for a long moment. He turns to his laptop and types.

**EXT. POSH BUILDING - DAY**

Ava exits in running gear. She stretches for a moment and then places AirPods into her ears. Her finger touches the random play on a music app. A fast-paced dance song begins. She runs into the distance.

**EXT. ANGEL WALLS ON MELROSE AVENUE - DAY**

A vibrant street art mural featuring large, colorful wings spread wide against a simple backdrop, inviting visitors to stand between them as if they have wings.

Rico poses in front of them.

A PHOTOGRAPHER takes photos of him.

A long line of annoyed SOCIAL MEDIA INFLUENCERS and TOURISTS watch him flex his bicep.

A woman's wolf whistle pierces the air, making Rico laugh. He looks up to see Ava in the distance. She's covered in a layer of sweat and curiously looking back at him.

She approaches him.

Rico motions for the photographer to take five.

AVA  
Will wonder ever cease?

RICO  
You look... wow.

She blushes.

AVA  
I thought you were happy being the biggest name in Europe.

RICO  
That's winding down and this is the next step.

AVA  
Good for you.

RICO  
How's the... job?

AVA  
It's a date-to-date thing.

Several of the Influencers give him dirty looks.

RICO  
Are you free anytime soon?

AVA  
Let me check my calendar.

He hands her his phone.

RICO  
We should grab dinner.

Ava quickly types her phone number into it.

AVA  
What does your schedule look like?

She hands the phone back to him.

RICO  
Hectic but I can find the time.

AVA  
I'll talk to you later.

She runs away. Rico and several Influencers watch her.

**INT. APARTMENT - DAY**

Mark reads a script.

Shane paces around.

MARK  
You could turn this in and tell  
them that Foxy Brown should be more  
of an arthouse film this time.

Mark puts the script down.

Shane turns to him.

SHANE  
It's rough.

MARK  
But you can see where it could go  
and that could be interesting.

SHANE  
Are you sure?

Mark's phone buzzes. He looks at it and sighs.

MARK  
Are you sure you can't hold a boom  
pole for me?  
(beat)  
Jeff's calling this his final  
piece, and we were on his first one  
in film school.

SHANE  
I'm going to do some deliveries and  
think about Foxy Brown some more.

MARK  
Good luck.

Mark leaves.

Shane looks at his phone. He pulls up Ava on his speed dial and texts her: "Can I buy you a cup of coffee? I've got some more questions."

Ava texts him: "I'm about three blocks from Tool's."

**EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

Three televisions are mounted outside with the local news, a menu, and a movie on them respectively.

Ava stops in front. She's covered in sweat. Her eyes look around, spotting Shane sitting at a table.

He points to a pair of coffee cups on the table.

She walks over and sits down across from him.

**SHANE'S TABLE**

Ava grabs a cup of coffee and takes a sip.

SHANE

It just doesn't quite feel--

She looks at the table. Shane's version of Foxy Brown is on it. Her eyes look it over.

SHANE (CONT'D)

--authentic.

AVA

Do you have a pen?

Shane hands her a purple pen.

Ava grabs the script and writes on it.

AVA (CONT'D)

You're not quite getting how people talk about people in my world when they're not around.

SHANE

It's a modern take, so--

AVA

It doesn't matter. I saw it once in a TV show and it made sense.

(beat)

(MORE)



AVA (CONT'D)  
People will say I'm an escort, a  
call girl, or any other euphemism  
as long as I'm alive. As soon as  
I'm a corpse it's just hooker.

Shane looks around, unsure.

AVA (CONT'D)  
Have you ever read a review of  
someone who does what I do?

SHANE  
That's a thing?

AVA  
They view me as a product and rate  
me as such.

SHANE  
But you're a person and--

She grabs a pen and crosses off of something.

AVA  
You're making it too glamorous.

SHANE  
I saw your place and--

Ava groans.

AVA  
No old rich guy says--  
(mock old guy voice)  
--you are impossibly beautiful--  
(normal voice)  
--it's always something about how  
hot you look, or how you are worth  
every penny he paid.

He shudders.

AVA (CONT'D)  
Exactly.

SHANE  
Has anyone ever found the real you?

She shakes her head.

AVA

The only things about me are that website and social media directly relate to it. Everything else about me is decidedly off-line.

He takes a sip of his coffee.

AVA (CONT'D)

What are you doing tonight?

SHANE

Probably writing.

AVA

I've got a booking and if you want to see what my life is like, you should come along.

SHANE

I don't want to intrude.

AVA

You wouldn't.

(beat)

It'll be fun.

Shane thinks for a moment and then nods.

AVA (CONT'D)

Be at my building around seven.

**INT. POSH APARTMENT - DAY**

Ava walks in, yawning. Her phone buzzes with an appointment for this weekend. Her finger clicks on it.

A plane ticket to Chicago is in her name and \$50,000 is in escrow for her.

She clicks accept.

**INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT - DAY**

Mark and Shane stare at Mark's monitor.

Shane is in a shirt and tie.

A cheesy exploitation film is on the monitor.

SHANE

How much did they pay you?

MARK

Three grand as a deposit and three more on completion.

Shane looks around.

MARK (CONT'D)

All they had for me were wide shots so I had to work some magic.

SHANE

It's a credit, right?

Mark pauses it.

MARK

They invited me to the premiere and I've got a plus one.

SHANE

Once is enough.

MARK

There are serious people behind this. You could use it to network.

Shane's phone buzzes.

SHANE

I'll... think about it.

Shane leaves.

**EXT. POSH BUILDING - NIGHT**

Shane looks at the door, his foot tapping.

Ava exits in a yellow sun dress.

SHANE

I thought black was your color.

AVA

Special request.

SHANE

You look great.

An SUV pulls up.

Ava and Shawn get inside. The car takes off.

**INT. SUV - NIGHT (DRIVING)**

Kent is behind the wheel.

AVA

Kent, this is my friend Shane. He's a writer.

SHANE

It's for a movie.

Kent nods.

SHANE (CONT'D)

What's this like for you?

KENT

It's the job.

SHANE

Do you ever ask questions or--

KENT

I get paid to take people from point-to-point, that's all.

Ava smiles.

AVA

Normally we just talk about movies.

KENT

What movie are you making?

SHANE

I'm just writing it.

(beat)

We're remaking Foxy Brown.

KENT

You just couldn't leave well enough alone, huh?

SHANE

You'll love where it's going.

Kent shrugs.

KENT

It's not like the original was any good to begin with.

**EXT. SWANKY HOTEL - NIGHT**

The SUV parks.

Ava and Shane exit.

He looks at the place.

She rolls her neck.

SHANE

I don't think he likes me.

AVA

Kent's overprotective.

SHANE

So how does this work?

Ava hums "Heart of Glass" by Blondie for a moment.

AVA

I get a song in my head and then  
it's time to work.

SHANE

Lead the way.

AVA

Maximum effort.

She smiles. Everything about her radiates. *This is what she gets paid for.*

For a moment, Shane melts inside.

Ava saunters inside.

Shane follows her.

**INT. SWANKY HOTEL - NIGHT**

Ava walks through, towards a bar.

Shane is behind her, looking around.

All eyes in the place are focused on her.

He takes out his phone and pulls up a notepad. His fingers type in notes quickly.

**SWANKY BAR**

Every bottle is impossibly expensive.

Shane and Ava sit down.

A SWANKY BARTENDER walks over and hands Ava a martini.

She takes a sip. It's impossibly delicious.

AVA  
 (motions to Shane)  
 He's with me.  
 (leans in, whispers)  
 Admiral Suite.

The Bartender nods and hands Shane a drink list.

Shane looks it over. The cheapest drink is \$250.

SHANE  
 I can't--

AVA  
 It gets charged to my client.

He puts the list down.

She looks at the list and points to a glass of "honey-grazed wine" that costs \$650.

AVA (CONT'D)  
 For what he's paying me, you should  
 at least try it.

Shane looks at it and then at the bartender.

SHANE  
 What the lady says.

Her phone buzzes.

AVA  
 Wish me luck.

Ava walks away.

Shane looks around.

Everyone in there is focused on her.

The Bartender hands him a glass of the mead.

Shane takes a sip. *It's the best glass of wine he's ever had.*  
His eyes turn to his phone.

Giselle's message catches his eye.

Shane responds: "Sure."

She messages him: "I don't know a good place beyond what's on my DoorDash."

He takes a sip and responds: "I'll find something."

PURVI (O.S.)  
Pervert, huh?

Shane turns to see Purvi seated at the end of the bar. He looks at her for a moment and curses under his breath.

SHANE  
I was trying to be funny.

PURVI  
I didn't laugh.

SHANE  
Can I buy you a drink? To say I'm  
sorry, maybe.

Purvi stands up and walks away.

Shane's eyes follow her as she walks to Rico.

They walk away, arm in arm.

Shane slams his drink and motions for another.

### **SWANKY BEDROOM (1 HOUR LATER)**

Ava is in bed with Patrick. He looks around.

AVA  
These things happen.

PATRICK  
Please leave.

AVA  
We've got two more hours--

PATRICK  
Now!

Ava leaves.

**SWANKY BAR**

Several empty wine glasses are on the counter.

Shane takes a long sip of a glass, barely able to steady himself on the stool.

Ava sits down next to him.

AVA  
How many have you had?

SHANE  
I had about four and wow.

AVA  
It's been an hour!

SHANE  
I'll probably never drink this sort of wine again, so when in Rome.

Ava sighs.

AVA  
I did that my first time at a place like this.

SHANE  
What's it like after?

AVA  
Normally... not like this.  
(takes a sip of Shane's wine)  
He... had issues.

Shane thinks for a moment.

SHANE  
That's an issue with... you?

AVA  
Thanks for the compliment.

The Bartender hands Ava a fresh martini.

She takes a sip.

SHANE  
Did he get mad?



AVA

Anger's always from too much wine.  
Impotence is deeper, usually.

SHANE

It sounds like you've got a little  
bit of experience in the former.

AVA

My dad, before he left, was a good  
magician. He could turn cheap  
whiskey into domestic violence.

SHANE

I'm sorry.

AVA

Nothing I can do about it now.

**EXT. SWANKY HOTEL - NIGHT**

The SUV pulls up.

Shane and Ava get inside.

The SUV takes off.

**INT. SUV - NIGHT (DRIVING)**

Kent looks at Shane.

KENT

Do I need to drop him somewhere?

SHANE

I'm from Wisconsin! I can walk this  
off in an hour or two.

AVA

(to Shane)

No, you can't.

(to Kent)

I need you to drop him off at his  
place and tomorrow he needs a ride  
back to my building's parking lot  
to pick up his car.

SHANE

You don't have to.

AVA

It's OK.

**INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Shane stumbles inside and over to his couch. He sits down and looks at his laptop.

The untitled project is up in his screenwriting software.

SHANE

Hemingway said to write drunk and  
edit sober.

He writes.

**BEGIN MONTAGE:**

Collection of scenes showing Ava and Shane bonding.

-- Shane and Ava talking while having coffee.

-- Shane writing on his laptop in the apartment. Ava is there, talking to him and walking around. He sends several drafts over several weeks to Orson.

-- Ava and Shane running. Ava is in great shape and Shane struggles, falling from exhaustion.

-- Shane and Ava watching older movies in a movie theater. Shane talks about them, she listens and smiles.

**END MONTAGE.****INT. CALL CENTER - DAY**

Shane walks through the aisles, his eyes glued to his phone.

An email from Orson is on the screen.

**SHANE'S CUBICLE**

Shane sits down.

MARK (O.S.)

Another bad date waiting to happen?

Shane turns to see Mark looking back at him.

SHANE

I got an email from my producer and  
the PDF is wrong.

Mark motions for him to continue.

SHANE (CONT'D)

There are a bunch of changes I know I didn't make.

MARK

Maybe he decided he wanted to be a writer all of a sudden.

SHANE

I feel like I'm losing my mind.

MARK

It's worth the money, right?

Shane looks away.

Mark and Shane's computers buzz with an email.

Shane turns to it.

SHANE

The last time I asked it was something about how his kid's private school was raising tuition rates and how he was pissed because the nuns are supposed to take a vow of poverty.

Mark laughs.

MARK

You know what I'll say.

Shane pulls up the email.

SHANE

Compliance wants me to physically sign something. That's a first.

Mark turns to his computer and opens up the email.

MARK

It's probably some state bullshit.

Shane prints it. Mark does the same.

SHANE

I'll grab yours.

Shane walks to the Pool Printer.

**POOL PRINTER**

Several EMPLOYEES stand in front of a large printer.

An OLDER MAN stands near the rear of the line, tapping his foot impatiently.

Shane is behind him.

One walks up to it and grabs two sheets of paper. The first has their name on it and the second is a form.

A second Employee (older, female) grabs the next two sheets.

FEMALE EMPLOYEE

Alan, this is--

A third sheet flies off the printer and hits the ground. It's impossibly obscene and graphic hardcore pornography.

FEMALE EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

--yours.

All eyes turn to the sheet.

Looks of intense revulsion are all over.

Shane chuckles.

SHANE

I think you can see her kidneys.

The Older Man grabs the sheet, and the ones from the female employee, and sprints away. The Female Employee sprints to Dudley's office.

**INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT**

Mark and Shane eat wings at the bar counter.

A WAITRESS hands them the bill.

Mark hands her his credit card.

The Waitress walks away.

SHANE

You shouldn't.

MARK

That wealthy dude gave me a bunch of cash to cut the trailer.

SHANE

Still.

MARK

When you get paid for Foxy Brown,  
you can pay for wings.

**INT. SEDAN - NIGHT**

Shane parks his car. He turns to his phone.

A new email from Orson with the subject line "Re: Payment"  
comes up.

Shane takes a deep breath and opens it up.

"I'm trying to send it right now but the bank has frozen our  
accounts over some bullshit. As soon as this gets fixed we'll  
be squared away."

**INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Shane walks over to his laptop. He texts Ava: "You got a  
moment to talk?"

She responds: "About to go on a date."

Shane replies: "Have fun."

Ava responds with a laughing emoji.

He walks over to his laptop and turns it on.

**EXT. CHICAGO TOWNHOME - NIGHT**

Ava walks up to the front door. The same black dress from  
earlier clings to her. She knocks on the door.

The door opens, revealing CHAD (40), a Crypto Bro type. He's  
tall, overweight with a neckbeard and a t-shirt for the Sri  
Lankan Death Metal Band Genocide Shrines. His eyes light up.

She forces a smile.

CHAD

You look better than your photos.

AVA

Thank you.

He motions for her to come inside.

**INT. CHICAGO TOWNHOME - NIGHT**

Expensive furniture, empty takeout containers, and beer bottles are all over.

Ava walks in and looks around. She grits her teeth.

AVA

Did you just move in?

CHAD

My ex used to do all of the decorating and I just can't find the right person to do that.

AVA

The good thing is you've got plenty of space, right?

Chad looks around.

CHAD

I think you're overdressed for where we're going tonight.

(beat)

I thought I put that in the email.

AVA

My website is having issues, so don't worry about it.

CHAD

Have you ever had deep-dish?

AVA

Not recently.

CHAD

You'll love the place but it's not super formal. If you want to change into something more comfortable, I don't mind.

Ava looks at her dress for a moment.

AVA

I've got my stuff from the plane.

Chad points to the bathroom.

Ava walks there and inside.

He curses under his breath as the door closes.

**TOWNHOME BATHROOM**

Ava changes and looks at herself.

She's in a t-shirt and jeans.

AVA (CONT'D)

You're his fantasy, remember.

She takes a deep breath.

**INT. CHICAGO PIZZA PLACE - NIGHT**

Rustic with a century's worth of deep dish pizza memories on the walls.

Ava and Chad are in a corner booth. A mostly eaten deep-dish pizza and several drinks are on their table.

**CORNER BOOTH**

Ava grabs a fork and cuts a piece of pizza off. She swallows it and smiles. *It's impossibly delicious.*

CHAD

Welcome to Chicago Deep Dish.

AVA

I don't normally eat dairy so this is just... almost too much.

CHAD

It's why you lay down and relax after you eat one.

She takes another bite.

AVA

This is my cheat meal for the year.

CHAD

I can't imagine you can eat this and still look like that.

AVA

That's just a lot of working out and dietary restrictions.

Both look around awkwardly.

CHAD

What do I say?

AVA  
Normally you ask me what I do.

CHAD  
I kind of know that.

AVA  
What do you do for a living?

CHAD  
I'm a cryptocurrency day trader.

AVA  
So you deal with Bitcoin all day?

He smiles and nods.

AVA (CONT'D)  
What's the best thing you can spend  
your money in that space?

CHAD  
Are you looking to get into crypto?

AVA  
If it's a good place to invest in,  
of course. I'm always looking for  
good places to do that.

Chad looks around. He spots something and turns right back.

CHAD  
Fuck me.

AVA  
Is everything OK?

Chad motions to his right.

Ava looks in that direction to see Chad's Ex-Wife ZOE (40,  
large) glaring back at her. She turns back to Chad, flush red  
in embarrassment.

AVA (CONT'D)  
Let her be jealous.

CHAD  
Of what?

AVA  
If anyone asks, I'll tell them I'm  
here because you're an amazing guy  
with a huge cock.



Chad laughs.

CHAD  
It's not that big.

She reaches over and grabs his hands.

AVA  
I'll be the judge of that.

She leans across the table and lightly kisses him. In the other corner she sees Zoe grip her table tightly.

He smiles and throws some cash onto the table.

AVA (CONT'D)  
Do you want to go somewhere else first or retire to your place?

Chad looks around.

He spots Zoe sprinting to the bathroom.

CHAD  
I should say something.

She reaches over and grabs his hand.

AVA  
You should get a good bottle of wine and then we go back to your place so we can have some fun.

CHAD  
I'm not sure if I'm ready for that.

Ava moves in closer.

A bead of sweat comes down his face.

AVA  
If you want to turn on Netflix, we can just watch that too.

He nods.

**INT. SMALL MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT**

The same exploitation film from earlier plays on the screen.

FILM FANS, CAST, and CREW occupy nearly every seat.

Shane and Mark are in the rear.

"Written and Directed by Phil Dank" comes up on the screen.

The lights come up.

The crowd explodes in cheers, turning into a standing ovation.

Mark and Shane look around, dumbstruck.

**EXT. SMALL MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT**

Mark and Shane exit.

MARK

Did they watch the same movie?

Shane shrugs.

SHANE

Eye of the beholder.

MARK

The next one will be Foxy Brown.

SHANE

I'm going to quit that.

MARK

How come?

Shane looks around.

SHANE

I was on Reddit the other day and I saw someone post about how they're cleaning up someone's trash fire of a script.

MARK

It's Reddit.

SHANE

His producer sounded like Orson and he alluded to it being a remake of a legacy film.

MARK

You could just ask him.

SHANE

(imitating Orson's voice)  
No, kid, you must be seeing things.

Mark shrugs.

Shane's phone buzzes with an email from Orson.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
 Speak of the devil and he shall  
 appear, it seems.

MARK  
 Just tell him no more drafts until  
 you're paid up.

SHANE  
 I try but--

PATRICK (O.S.)  
 Now there's the savior of my film!

Shane and Mark turn to see Patrick approach them.

Rico is behind him.

MARK  
 Mister Windsail, this is my friend  
 Shane Tasker. He's a writer.

Patrick and Shane shake hands.

PATRICK  
 Your friend saved my ass.

SHANE  
 Mark said you had some issues.

PATRICK  
 And this genius gave me enough  
 angles and close-ups to make people  
 think this wasn't a bullshit two-  
 week shoot we rushed through  
 because the DP was a retard.

MARK  
 Shane has a--

PATRICK  
 (motions to Rico)  
 This is the next big star in  
 American action films and--  
 (points to Mark)  
 --you're going to make the film he  
 will star in.

MARK  
 I don't know what to say.

PATRICK

The script is great, too!  
(puts his arm around Mark)  
When it's done there's this great  
hooker I'll buy you. Blonde, giant  
tits, and by the time she's done a  
little flag will come out of your  
pecker saying "no mas."

Mark laughs awkwardly.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Remember today, kid, because this  
is the day you made it!

Shane forces a smile.

**INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Shane sits down on his couch. He grabs his laptop and pulls up his email.

A dozen emails from Orson with the subject line "Re: notes" are new. One with the subject line "Reddit Notes: Delusions in a Neon Light" comes up.

Shane clicks on the last one. His eyes look at the body of the email: "Let me know if you have any questions."

Shane pulls up his screenwriting software. A script called "Delusions in a Neon Light" comes up. He looks at it for a moment and pulls up his email.

His cursor clicks on the last email from Orson. He scrolls down through an endless supply of misspelled sentences, contradictory notes, and non-sequiturs.

Shane clicks reply. He types "I don't think I can do any of this without being paid for the work I've already done." His cursor hovers over send. His eyes focus on something.

"Jackson Slack is a great writer and you'll love working with him on this."

Ava calls him.

SHANE

How's Chicago?

AVA (V.O.)

Dinner lasted longer than he did.

SHANE

Isn't that a compliment?

**INT. CHICAGO TOWNHOME - NIGHT**

Ava is in nothing but a dress shirt and underwear, her phone glued to her ear.

A low-budget action movie is on the TV.

AVA

It was half a pump and then he passed out.

**INTERCUT BETWEEN SHANE AND AVA**

Ava looks to the bedroom. A faint snore comes out of it.

SHANE

You get paid either way, right?

AVA

But getting off is a nice fringe benefit of it all.

SHANE

Technically he got what he paid for, if that's any consolation.

AVA

He's got another hour and then I can leave, officially. I doubt he would notice, though.

(beat)

He's got an amazing couch.

SHANE

Do you ever stay the night?

AVA

That makes it real.

Beat.

SHANE

Am I the first person you called?

AVA

You're the only person in my speed dial that isn't a client.

(beat)

Or a former client.

SHANE

I'm honored, I think.

AVA

Do you know how hard it is to find  
a friend... doing what I do?

SHANE

I thought there'd be a union.

Ava shakes her head.

AVA

The negotiations would be funny.

SHANE

(imitating Ava's voice)

We here at the Hooker's Two Fifteen  
propose a one blowjob rule on all  
future bookings.

AVA

You're more creative than that.

(beat)

What do your parents think of all  
of this?

SHANE

That's out of the blue.

AVA

Part of me thinks you come back to  
suggestions to go to law school  
when you go back to Racine.

SHANE

My mom stopped asking about how  
things were going a year ago.

AVA

And your dad?

SHANE

He died of a heart attack when I  
was in high school.

AVA

I'm sorry.

SHANE

It's Wisconsin... come for the  
cheese, leave with a coronary.

AVA  
That's awful.

SHANE  
It's how I cope.

AVA  
I thought that's what writing was  
supposed to be.

SHANE  
It used to be.

AVA  
What are you working on?

SHANE  
I've got Foxy Brown and then  
something new I'm not sure what to  
do with.

AVA  
Can I read it?

SHANE  
I just got notes and--

AVA  
Then when you're done.

Shane looks around.

SHANE  
Give me a little bit.

AVA  
Take it easy.

Shane hangs up.

**INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Shane yawns.

Giselle messages him: "Where are we going tomorrow?"

He searches for restaurants on his phone.

**INT. CHICAGO TOWNHOME - NIGHT**

Ava's phone buzzes with a text from Rico: "You free Thursday for a bite? I found a great spot and need someone to make me look better."

She texts back: "Sure."

**INT. CALL CENTER - DAY**

Shane walks to his cubicle.

Mark sits at his cube, his eyes darting all over.

**SHANE'S CUBICLE**

Shane sits down and spots a personal printer in his cube. He looks over and sees one in Mark's cube.

SHANE

I saw Alan in his cube like nothing happened.

Mark points to his printer.

MARK

That this is how they fixed that problem says a lot.

SHANE

I can't wait to quit this job.

Mark smiles.

MARK

Patrick wrote me a check for two-hundred grand to make a movie.

SHANE

Congratulations!

Dudley approaches them.

DUDLEY

Mark, you haven't logged in today.

Mark flips him off with both hands.

MARK

Fuck you Dudley Dickhead, I'm out!

Mark stands up and walks out.



Shane looks around.

SHANE  
I'll.... log in.

Dudley sighs and leaves.

Ava texts Shane: "I never got your script."

Shane logs into his work computer. He grabs his phone and texts Ava: "It's not ready."

Ava responds: "Don't be a pussy."

Shane sends Ava a Google Drive link to his script.

**INT. POSH APARTMENT - DAY (TWO HOURS LATER)**

Ava sits on her couch reading a printed version of Shane's script. She grabs a pen and writes a note on it.

**INT. SEDAN - NIGHT**

A restaurant is visible through the windshield.

Shane takes a deep breath.

Orson calls him.

SHANE  
Hey Orson.

ORSON (V.O.)  
Do you have a moment?

SHANE  
I was just going into--

ORSON (V.O.)  
Good. I got some feedback from a new coverage guy and the draft you and Jackson wrote is too authentic.

SHANE  
I thought it was my script.

ORSON (V.O.)  
It's a Guild thing now.

Shane grits his teeth.

ORSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I'm shooting you some things I need  
you to get on ASAP.

SHANE  
I can get to it after my date.

ORSON (V.O.)  
Is she the love of your life?

SHANE  
I don't know.

ORSON (V.O.)  
Well, don't fuck her all night  
because I'd like this when I get  
back into the office tomorrow.

Orson hangs up.

Shane takes a deep breath. He gets an email from Orson. His  
finger opens it.

A script is attached.

Shane opens it up and looks at the title page. "Written by  
Jackson Slack and Shane Tasker" catches his eye.

#### **INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Mid-size and covered in faux rustic charm, complete with  
mismatched frames, fake greenery, and 'quirky' corporate-  
approved decor that screams "Welcome to generic dining!"

Shane and Giselle are in a corner booth.

#### **CORNER BOOTH**

Shane takes a sip of his drink.

Appetizers and drinks are between him and Giselle.

SHANE  
So how do you like LA so far?

GISELLE  
It's weird being on a real set. Or  
was, I think.

SHANE  
Film school doesn't count as real?

GISELLE

Film school is everyone there for a reason. This is more we're all there because we're getting paid.

SHANE

That's fair.

GISELLE

The producer of the film was good at keeping us on point, unlike you and Mark in film school.

SHANE

That's not how I remember it.

GISELLE

A two-hour shoot turned into eight because you two were debating who is the bigger movie villain: Jenny Gump or Rose from Titanic.

SHANE

We both know it's clearly Rose and so does Mark.

Giselle shakes her head.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Rose just tosses this priceless heirloom into the ocean because she has feelings about some hobo who plowed her a billion years ago.

She takes a sip of her drink.

AVA (PRE-LAP)

Titanic is a love story.

**EXT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT**

A pair of coffees are between Shame and Ava.

SHANE

It's a comedy.

Ava looks at him oddly.

SHANE (CONT'D)

They have an entire ship to have sex and they wind up in the backseat of a car.

AVA  
That's romantic.

SHANE  
The old woman has been holding onto this necklace worth untold millions and tosses it into the depths of the ocean because she felt bad for straight-up murdering Leo.

AVA  
That's certainly one way of looking at Titanic.

SHANE  
Mark's idea was that Jenny Gump used Forrest as her get-out-of-jail card whenever she screwed up. Like he's some sort of special needs Batman or something.

AVA  
That's certainly one thing to discuss on a date.

SHANE  
It wasn't a date.

Ava shakes her head.

AVA  
She saw you on a dating app and, instead of just swiping and hoping, she reached out to you. And then asks you out to dinner.

Shane thinks for a moment.

SHANE  
No wonder why she ghosted me.

**EXT. RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Shane and Giselle walk to a Jeep.

AVA (V.O.)  
Was it something you said?

They hug for a moment.

Mark lets go and raises his hand for a high five.

Giselle meekly high-fives him.

**EXT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)**

Ava laughs uncontrollably.

SHANE

We didn't end the best way so I--

AVA

You should put that in your movie.

**INT. CALL CENTER - DAY**

Shane walks over to his cube. He looks over at Mark's cube.  
It's empty.

SHANE

What the hell?

**SHANE'S CUBE**

Shane sits down. He logs into his computer.

DUDLEY (O.S.)

Just the man I needed to see.

Shane turns to see Dudley approach him.

SHANE

I was just about to log in.

DUDLEY

We need to chat in the conference  
room, now.

Shane stands up and walks to the conference.

Dudley logs Shane out of his computer.

**CONFERENCE ROOM**

A large table dominates the room.

Shane sits down. He looks over to see a HUMAN RESOURCES  
WORKER across from him.

Dudley walks in and sits down next to the HR Worker.

A folder with severance paperwork is in between them.

Shane spots the folder and sighs.

DUDLEY

This is coming down from my boss's boss so, don't take it personally.

Dudley pushes the folder towards Shane.

SHANE

I need this job, Dudley. What--

DUDLEY

You and Mark should've thought of that before today.

SHANE

I'll take a pay cut or fewer--

DUDLEY

We're offering a month of pay and benefits, to help you get on your feet during this.

SHANE

Is there anything--

DUDLEY

We want to wish you good luck in your future endeavors.

Dudley stands up and extends his hand.

Shane begrudgingly shakes it.

**EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY**

Shane exits carrying a cardboard box full of his things. He takes a deep breath and looks around.

**INT. SEDAN - DAY**

Shane places his box in the backseat. He gets into the driver's side and sits down. His hands grab his final check and look at it.

SHANE

So that's what two years of my life is worth, huh?

He logs into his Uber app and starts the engine. After a moment he gets a new booking: Ava.

**EXT. POSH BUILDING - DAY**

Ava stands around, eyeballs looking all over.

Shane's sedan pulls up.

**INT. SEDAN - DAY**

Ava gets inside and looks around.

AVA

Do I need to get a tetanus shot to stay in here?

Shane looks into the rearview.

SHANE

Hey stranger.

Ava looks at him and smiles.

AVA

I was just about to text you so this is perfect timing.

Shane drives.

SHANE

What's up?

AVA

What do you wear on a first date? I've got one tomorrow night and I don't know what to wear.

SHANE

Like... what kind of date?

Ava shakes her head.

AVA

An actual, romantic date.

SHANE

Who's the lucky guy?

AVA

He was a client and he was just--

SHANE

Rico.

AVA  
I'm surprised you remembered.

SHANE  
I never thought I'd see you swoon  
over somebody.

Ava looks away, hiding her face with her hands.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
How did this happen?

AVA  
I ran into him on a run and he  
asked me to dinner.

SHANE  
Where's he taking you to?

AVA  
Chez Pierre.  
(beat)  
I've got the perfect black dress  
for it, too.

SHANE  
Don't do that.

AVA  
I look great in black.

SHANE  
Is black your working dress?

AVA  
Every guy gives me that look when I  
wear it.

SHANE  
And he's seen you in it, too, while  
you're working. You don't want to  
confuse his penis. He could think--  
(mock Dutch accent)  
--oh, there's this hot girl and I  
want to explore something amazing  
with her--  
(normal voice)  
--and then he sees you dressed like  
he did then and it's Ava the  
fantasy girl, not Ava the awesome  
girl. It's establishing the real  
you, not that you.

Ava thinks for a moment and curses under her breath.



SHANE (CONT'D)

His dick could be confused and think it's professional time, and not personal time. It's real sex, not fantasy sex, if that's where your night leads you.

AVA

Do you think about that a lot?

SHANE

I remember you telling me that you want to be a guy's fantasy when you're on the job. If he wants to see you, like really see you, then he'll want the real you and maybe even real sex.

AVA

Fantasy sex could be a lot of fun. I could show up in full plate armor atop a trusty steed with a sword that's on fire, leading a small army of minions into battle.

SHANE

Do you have a throne made up of the skulls of your defeated enemies?

AVA

I can get one.

Shane pulls up to a stop sign. His phone rings with a call from Orson. He answers it.

ORSON (V.O.)

Cancel whatever it is you're doing right now and get over here as soon as you can.

Orson hangs up.

SHANE

Fuck, fuck fuck.

AVA

I can grab a taxi from here if it's an emergency.

SHANE

You're fine, trust me.

AVA

Are you sure?

Shane thinks for a moment.

SHANE

The system dings you if you get a  
ride canceled... and I need this.

Ava nods.

**INT. PRODUCER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Shane sits across from Orson's empty desk.

Orson walks in with freshly printed coverage in his hands. He  
tosses it to Shane.

ORSON

Open it to page eight.

Shane opens it up to page 8. His eyes focus on something.

ORSON (CONT'D)

That's amazing praise.

Shane closes the coverage and pushes it back.

SHANE

So... is it finally ready?

ORSON

It just needs one more draft but  
that's a director's pass.

Shane carefully hides the profound disappointment coming  
across his face... but it's in his eyes.

SHANE

Who do you have in mind?

ORSON

Jackson Church wants to make his  
directing debut with a proper film  
and he's circling this.

SHANE

That's... unexpected.

ORSON

He loved the script and we just  
wrapped up the attachment.

SHANE

He could be a perfect Steven Elias.  
That's a very quick adjustment  
because it takes out the need for a  
heavy, too.

ORSON

He wants to play the lead.

Shane's phone notifies him with an email. He opens it up and  
looks at it. His teeth grit.

ORSON (CONT'D)

He's a movie star with a clear and  
grand vision for this.

Shane takes a deep breath.

ORSON (CONT'D)

I know it sounds overly indulgent  
to change it up but he's a specific  
type of star for a specific type of  
film. He thinks it can go in his  
direction and I'm all in.

(beat)

I know we're behind with what I  
agreed with but Jackson gets us  
into a green light. They just need  
to see his vision on the page. We  
get that and I'll write you a check  
for twice what I owe you.

Shane meekly nods.

**EXT. PRODUCER'S BUILDING - DAY**

Shane looks around and takes a deep breath. His phone buzzes  
with a call from Mark.

SHANE

Are you up for a beer?

MARK (V.O.)

Drinks are on me if you can give me  
some pointers on Da Vinci.

Shane thinks.

SHANE

Sure.

**INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT - DAY**

Mark stares at his laptop.

A video of Ellie and Rico making out in front of a fountain is on it.

SHANE (O.S.)  
Control J... right... now.

Mark clicks on it.

The camera angle switches.

Mark turns to see Shane give him a thumbs up.

MARK  
I tried talking to her and she just went right up to *him*.

SHANE  
I went out with her once.

MARK  
What was that like?

SHANE  
As soon as she heard I worked in a call center, and not writing full-time, it was mostly over.

MARK  
How's the script?

SHANE  
They've got a director onboard and now he wants some adjustments.

Mark groans.

MARK  
It's always something.

SHANE  
I turn it in and then it's over.

MARK  
Hopefully.

SHANE  
After this one, I'm putting my foot down and demanding payment.

**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY**

Shane walks up. His phone buzzes with a call from Orson.

ORSON (V.O.)  
How's the next draft coming?

SHANE  
I haven't started on it. Had to help a friend out.

ORSON (V.O.)  
Check your email because Jackson had his guy do a polish on your draft, just to show you what they're thinking.

SHANE  
I'll read it and let you know.

Shane walks inside.

**INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT**

Shane sits down near the rear. He opens his email and spots an unread message from Fred Limbaugh marked "New Version - Lincoln Brown."

A PDF file is attached to it.

Shane opens the file and looks at the script. His eyes focus on a line.

"In walks Lincoln Brown, the baddest mother fucking pimp on the planet. He's got huge balls energy radiating off him."

His eyes close. "Un-fucking-believable" comes out under his breath, almost spat out.

Shane takes his phone out and pulls up he and Orson's text conversation. He has several unread ones.

The last one reads "It's great, right?"

He groans loudly.

SHANE  
Just finish it and you get paid.

Shane responds: "I'll make sure his vision comes out."

Orson responds: "If you can get it to me in the next two days we can square the rest up, too."

**INT. POSH RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

CELEBRITIES and WEALTHY PEOPLE are all over.

Ava and TIMOTHY (50s, slimy) eat an expensive meal in the rear. An impossibly expensive bottle of wine is on the table.

**AVA'S TABLE**

Ava leans back, her mind wandering elsewhere.

TIMOTHY

So that's when I sold my third company and invested it into short-term real estate bonds.

AVA

That's interesting. Tell me more about it.

TIMOTHY

I found this idiot who priced them twenty bips below market and used that arbitrage to rake it in.

Ava finishes her drink and points to a WAITER. She motions for another.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

Turd blossom.

(takes a drink)

I could probably say anything right now and you'd just nod.

AVA

Sure.

TIMOTHY

Have you ever reached the end of internet porn?

AVA

Of course.

TIMOTHY

My screen went all blue right after I watched some Brazilian fart porn.

AVA

That sounds fascinating.

TIMOTHY

My computer was all "You've reached the end of internet porn, stop jerking it douche canoe."

AVA

Sure.

TIMOTHY

You could at least pretend.

She yawns and turns to him.

AVA

After two hours, you know?

TIMOTHY

You're on my time, honey.

She looks at her watch.

AVA

You were.

TIMOTHY

Why didn't you say something?

AVA

I didn't get a chance to talk.

He shakes his head.

AVA (CONT'D)

The drinks were... good.

Ava leaves.

**EXT. POSH RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Ava walks out and looks around. Her eyes turn to her watch.

8 pm.

She takes her phone out and calls Shane.

SHANE (V.O.)

I'm about to walk into a movie.

AVA

Can I join you?

**INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT**

A handful of FILMGOERS are scattered all over.

Shane is in the middle.

AVA (O.S.)  
What are we watching?

Ava sits down next to him.

SHANE  
You didn't buy a ticket?

AVA  
No one was there so I just didn't  
want to wait.

Shane shakes his head.

AVA (CONT'D)  
I put \$20 on the counter.

SHANE  
And we'll be watching Chloe in the  
Afternoon... this evening.

AVA  
Never heard of it.

SHANE  
It's a great French film, one of  
those that should be in the  
Criterion Collection but isn't.

Ava shrugs.

The lights dim.

**EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT (TWO HOURS LATER)**

Shane and Ava exit.

SHANE  
Can you believe that Chris Rock  
remade that?

AVA  
It was OK but--

SHANE  
That was a great film!



Ava looks around.

AVA  
Welcome to one of the joys of  
having been the other woman.

SHANE  
That's... you know... professional.

AVA  
Welcome to reason number two why  
people book me.

Shane chuckles.

AVA (CONT'D)  
We're in the middle of... the  
act... and she walks in. He looks  
over and is all--  
(middle-aged man)  
--hi honey!

He thinks for a moment and then laughs uncontrollably.

Ava takes a deep breath.

AVA (CONT'D)  
I just finished and then I see her  
and I'm all--  
(meek hand wave)  
--hi.

They hug. It lingers for a long moment. Both let go... their  
hands touch for a long moment.

SHANE  
I'm not far from here.

An impossible, chemical-level attraction appears between them  
for a brief moment.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
(lets go of her hands)  
Take it easy.

He walks away, disappearing into the darkness.

AVA  
You too.

She takes a deep breath and pulls up a ride-sharing app.

**INT. SEDAN - NIGHT**

Shane gets in and logs into the ride-sharing app. Ava's request comes up. He takes a deep breath and declines.

**INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Shane walks in and kicks his shoes off. He sits down in front of his laptop and takes a deep breath.

SHANE

Just fix it and get paid.

His eyes turn to his laptop. He walks over and pulls up a screenwriting application. His fingers pull up the PDF from earlier and load it in. He takes a deep breath and types.

Orson texts him: "Hate to do this last moment but Jackson's going to be in the office at noon tomorrow. You should meet him and we can talk about the script."

Ava calls him.

AVA (V.O.)

Hey.

SHANE

How do you relax before a big meeting?

AVA (V.O.)

A good martini, usually.

Shane takes a deep breath.

**INT. POSH APARTMENT - DAY**

A TV drama is on Ava's TV.

Ava writes a note on the final page of Mark's script.

AVA

I just finished your script.

SHANE (V.O.)

Can we talk about it later?

**INTERCUT BETWEEN AVA AND SHANE**

AVA

I thought you'd be happy--

SHANE

I've got a meeting with a director  
and I don't know what to do.

AVA

He's a person, flesh and blood,  
just like you.

(beat)

I'm assuming it's a man.

Ava spots a breaking news flash on the television. Her eyes  
focus on it for a moment.

SHANE

It is and I just--

"Patrick Windsail, Financier, Dead of a Heart Attack."

AVA

No way.

SHANE

What?

AVA

One of my clients just died.

SHANE

What's that like?

AVA

Not the first time I've fucked a  
dead guy... I mean not dead when I  
fucked them, but you know.

SHANE

Jesus.

AVA

I shouldn't have been shocked. He  
did enough blow and knockoff Viagra  
to kill a small village.

(beat)

I need to add a disclaimer to my  
website about this. A big banner on  
it that says you're taking your  
life into your own hands with me.

(thinks)

I could charge way more per hour,  
too... you take your life in your  
hands with me in your bed.

He laughs.

SHANE

You could put a skull and  
crossbones over your naughty bits  
in any nude photos, too.

AVA

That is kind of genius.

Shane relaxes for a moment.

AVA (CONT'D)

You got this.

SHANE

I'll... talk to you later.

Shane hangs up.

**INT. PRODUCER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Jackson and Orson are in the room.

Shane walks in.

ORSON

(to Jackson)

Jackson, this is Shane Tasker.

(to Shane)

Shane, this is Jackson Church.

Shane and Jackson shake hands.

All three men sit down.

SHANE

I saw Fire on Cell Block 9 when I  
was in high school.

JACKSON

What did you think of it?

SHANE

It was... ummm... amazing.

JACKSON

That we didn't get an Oscar for  
that film is a crime.

Shane grits his teeth.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

The Academy has a clear distaste  
for action movies.

ORSON  
I think the script is mostly ready.

JACKSON  
See, I don't think so.

Shane looks around.

SHANE  
What do you think we need to  
change, then?

JACKSON  
Lincoln shouldn't be a pimp.

ORSON  
He should be a vice cop!

JACKSON  
Exactly... Lincoln Brown takes down  
dirty cops after his wife Foxy is  
killed in a shootout by evil pimps.

ORSON  
I love that idea!

JACKSON  
You can turn it around in a week,  
so my guy can polish it, right?

Shane blinks.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
I can't wait to read it.

Jackson leaves.

Shane and Orson look around.

SHANE  
What just happened?

ORSON  
That's how we're going to get it  
made... that presence, right?

SHANE  
I thought we were done.

ORSON  
Just one more, for me. Please?

Shane looks around and nods.

ORSON (CONT'D)  
Then it's really done!

SHANE  
What about Jackson?

ORSON  
Lionsgate grabbed him to do  
rewrites for something.  
(beat)  
Do this and I'll take his name off.

Shane looks around. He takes a deep breath and nods.

**INT. SEDAN - DAY**

Shane looks into the rearview mirror and takes a deep breath.

SHANE  
You don't need to deal with this.

He pulls up his phone and logs into the food delivery app.

A dozen orders are in there, none of them with tips.

His fingers quickly log into his banking account. He has \$200  
to his name.

**INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

CELEBRITIES and WEALTHY PEOPLE are scattered all over.

Rico sits at a table near the rear. He's in a fitted Tom Ford  
suit, his eyes looking all over.

A glass of expensive wine is in front of him.

He takes a sip. His eyes look up to see everyone turning to  
the front of the restaurant. He follows them to see Ava walk  
towards him in a tight red dress.

All eyes are focused on her as she walks by.

**RICO'S TABLE**

Ava sits down across from him.

RICO  
You look amazing.

AVA

You're not too bad, either.

A WAITER comes up with an expensive bottle of wine. He fills up Ava's glass.

RICO

We'll need a moment.

The Waiter nods and walks away.

AVA

I never thought I'd see you outside of the Netherlands.

RICO

Me either.

AVA

So when's the wedding? Or did I not get an invitation?

RICO

That's a long story.

AVA

I didn't want to ask in front of everyone but--

RICO

She's pregnant.

He takes a long sip of wine.

AVA

Congratulations, I think.

RICO

It's not mine.

AVA

I'm sorry.

RICO

You wouldn't believe what I'm paying to a lawyer to deal with it.

AVA

For the record, I didn't like her.

RICO

You never met her.

AVA  
I saw the announcement on the Dutch  
version of TMZ.

Rico chuckles.

AVA (CONT'D)  
She wasn't your type.

RICO  
Then what is my type?

AVA  
Not an aspiring actress.

RICO  
She was in some good movies.

AVA  
I watched one of them.

He takes a sip of wine.

AVA (CONT'D)  
She wasn't cast for her acting  
abilities, I'll tell you that much.

RICO  
This is what I miss. Everyone  
around me always says yes to  
everything. You tell me the truth.

She smiles.

AVA  
It's good to see you, too.

**INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT**

Mostly empty.

Shane sits down near the back.

MARK (O.S.)  
Hey stranger!

Shane turns to see his Mark approach him.

SHANE  
How have you been?

Mark sits down next to him.



MARK  
I'm beyond fucked.

SHANE  
Did you call the money guy a  
dickhead, too?

MARK  
He fucking died last night.

SHANE  
I'm so sorry.

MARK  
It's a sign I need to leave this  
fucking place.

The lights dim.

**EXT. FANCY RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

Luxury SUVs and Sedans are all over.

Rico and Ava walk to an expensive sports car.

AVA  
Since when did you decide to drive?

RICO  
This is one of the things I love  
about America. You can just...  
drive for hours and nothing but the  
road and petrol will stop you.

They reach the car.

AVA  
How long are you here for?

RICO  
A couple of weeks.  
(beat)  
So do I pay you now or after I fuck  
you? I know it's not a date but--

AVA  
Excuse me?

RICO  
What did you think this was?

AVA  
I thought this was a real date.

RICO  
You're a sweet girl, Ava, but  
you're not that type.

AVA  
Why not?

RICO  
How would I tell my mother about  
you? She used to suck my dick for  
money but now it's for free?

AVA  
You wouldn't have to say anything.

RICO  
And what'll happen when I wake up  
the next morning and you're booked  
for another appointment?

AVA  
I don't have to be her. Not if you  
don't want me to be.

RICO  
Please don't make this worse.

AVA  
Take care of yourself.

RICO  
You too.

Ava storms off. A tear comes down her face.

**EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT**

Shane and Mark exit.

MARK  
At least my final memory of this  
place will be a good one.

SHANE  
You're the last person from film  
school that I know here.

MARK  
I can always claim I tried, right?

Shane looks to his left.

AVA (O.S.)  
Hey stranger.

Mark turns to see Ava approach them.

SHANE  
This is my buddy Mark.

Mark nods.

MARK  
Take it easy, man.

SHANE  
Be safe.

Mark walks away.

AVA  
How was the movie?

SHANE  
Better than your date, I think.

AVA  
I started walking to clear my head  
and that was like two miles ago.

SHANE  
I'm curious how somebody blows a  
date with you that badly.

Shane and Ava walk away.

**EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT**

Shane and Ava walk.

AVA  
I'd rather hear about the movie.

SHANE  
I saw 300.

AVA  
One thing always bugged me about  
that movie.

SHANE  
It's a war story, hence why it's so  
over the top and such.

AVA

It's not that. It's the sex scene.

Shane thinks for a moment.

AVA (CONT'D)

If the storyteller guy is telling the assembled Greek Army at the Battle of Plataea about how awesome the Spartans were at Thermopylae, why spend like five minutes describing Gerard Butler and his wife having sex?

SHANE

It'd be weird if it was--  
(imitating David Wenham's voice)  
--and then they did missionary for the fifth time!

AVA

Why describe it at all?

SHANE

Maybe they were waiting for Xerxes and his guys to show up and he had to stall for time.  
(beat)  
How'd your date go?

AVA

He asked if I wanted to be paid now or later.

SHANE

That's awful.

AVA

It was perfect... perfect meal, he was amazing, the wine was great, and then it's--  
(imitating Rico's voice)  
--you're a hooker!

SHANE

I thought Pretty Woman was just a movie, as someone once told me.

AVA

For a moment it felt... real.

SHANE

So you leave the life for what?

AVA  
Waking up next to someone instead  
of just sleeping with them.

SHANE  
For the record, he's an asshole and  
you deserve better than that.

AVA  
Do I?

They lightly hug.

Ava spots a Taxi and flags it down.

SHANE  
I need to do some more walking.

She gets into the taxi.

He keeps walking.

**INT. POSH APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Ava sits on her couch. An appointment booking comes up on her  
phone: It's for \$50,000 and asks for "Special Treatment."

AVA  
You're just a whore, right?

Ava books it.

**INT. APARTMENT - DAY**

Shane's phone is on a side table.

Orson calls him.

Shane walks into the room, barely awake. He looks at the  
phone and instantly wakes up.

SHANE  
Hey Orson.

**INT. PRODUCER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Orson has a trade newspaper in front of him.

"Jackson Church Starring in MB Remake of Foxy Brown."

ORSON  
I've got good news and bad news.

**INTERCUT BETWEEN STEVE AND SHANE**

Shane yawns.

SHANE  
I haven't started--

ORSON  
Jackson has a friend at MB and they  
are taking over. They're bringing  
in a new writer to start fresh.  
(beat)  
If something comes up, you're the  
first guy I'm going to call.

SHANE  
So when do I--

Orson hangs up.

**INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Ava walks down the hall in a tight blue dress.  
A RICH CELEBRITY blatantly checks her out as she walks past.  
She smiles. *Still got it.*

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

A closed suitcase is on the bed.  
A RICH PERVERT (50s) stares at the door.  
KNOCK KNOCK!  
He walks up to it and opens it, revealing Ava.

AVA  
Mister Sanders, I presume?

He nods.

She walks past him. Her eyes spot the suitcase.

AVA (CONT'D)  
Did you just get here or--

RICH PERVERT

That's what I've got in store for  
you, my dear.

The Rich Pervert opens the suitcase, revealing several riding  
crops. One has spikes on it.

AVA

I don't do... rough trade.

He grabs a crop and smacks it on the bed.

Ava reaches into her purse.

RICH PERVERT

You're going to shut your mouth,  
whore, and do exactly what I say.

She stuns him in the chest with her taser.

He hits the ground, out cold.

Ava stares at him. He breathes. She sprints out.

#### **INT. POSH OFFICE - NIGHT**

Ava turns on her laptop and pulls up everything related to  
her sex work. She deletes everything. Her eyes look at the  
screen for a long moment.

AVA

Now what?

Beat.

She grabs her phone and sends Shane a text: "How goes it?"

Shane responds: "Foxy Brown is over and I'm broke."

Ava texts him: "I'll buy you a drink."

Beat.

Shane responds: "There's a bar called Cub's near me. If you  
don't mind coming out this way."

She responds: "Sure."

#### **INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT**

A small TV has a sci-fi TV show from the 90s on it.

Shane walks in and sits down at the bar. His eyes look all over, landing on a laminated menu from the 1970s. He looks up to see the TV show.

BAYLOR (O.S.)  
What can I get you?

Shane looks up to see the Bartender, BAYLOR PAYNE (55), approach him. He's a failed screenwriter with graying hair and an epic mustache.

SHANE  
A beer would be nice.

Baylor opens a beer bottle and hands it to him.

Shane notices the TV.

BAYLOR  
That's my episode.

SHANE  
Did you have a line in it or--

BAYLOR  
I wrote it.

Shane takes a sip of the beer.

BAYLOR (CONT'D)  
I was supposed to write a couple more but you know how this town is.

SHANE  
It's still more than most people ever do. You should be proud.

BAYLOR  
Thanks.

Shane takes a long sip of his beer.

Ava walks in and spots him. She walks over.

AVA  
What he's having.

Baylor hands her a beer and walks away.

Shane takes a swig.



SHANE

I'm just trying to figure out what I tell my mom before I ask if my old room is still available.

AVA

I quit my job.

SHANE

Congratulations.

AVA

Now I just have to figure out what to do with the rest of my life.

SHANE

Welcome to the club.

Ava takes a swig of her beer.

AVA

If it makes you feel any better, at least it's now and not when you're like forty.

He sighs.

**INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT**

Shane and Ava get inside.

TAXI DRIVER

Where to?

SHANE

Third and Montana.

(beat)

I pass you to get to me, I think.

AVA

This is one of those I don't want to go home nights.

Shane shrugs.

SHANE

Third and Montana, then.

The Driver nods and drives.

AVA

So what's next for you?

SHANE

I'll figure it out when I'm back in Wisconsin, I guess.

AVA

The good thing is you're close to Chicago, so you can easily reinvent yourself there.

SHANE

The only downside of leaving is I don't get to hang out with you.

AVA

Do you plan on changing your phone number anytime soon?

SHANE

We can talk about how boring our lives are, right?

AVA

You and your dickhead of a boss, Ned, who wants you to work harder.

SHANE

Why Ned?

AVA

Every shitty office job on TV has a boss named Ned, I swear.

SHANE

Having to explain the last three years of life is going to be fun.

AVA

People understand going for the dream. You just have to show them that you're an amazing guy.

She reaches down and grabs his hand.

He squeezes it.

She smiles.

He looks at her for a long moment.

SHANE

You are impossibly beautiful.

They lightly kiss... and then passionately make out.

**INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT**

The door flies open.

Shane and Ava are all over each other.

They stumble to the bedroom, clothes flying all over. The door slams shut.

After a moment the cries of passionate sex ring out.

**SHANE'S BEDROOM (THREE HOURS LATER)**

Six condom wrappers are scattered all over.

Shane and Ava are in bed, wrapped around each other.

He looks at her for a long moment.

AVA

The impossibly beautiful thing only works once, you know.

They lightly kiss.

SHANE

How do we explain this?

She thinks for a moment.

AVA

That I just needed the right guy?

SHANE

That's from Chasing Amy.

AVA

Technically that was she needed a good deep dicking.

SHANE

I liked Clerks better.

AVA

Really?

SHANE

It was funnier, I think.

They make love.

DISSOLVE TO:

**SHANE'S BEDROOM (TWO HOURS LATER)**

Three more condom wrappers are on the floor.

Shane snores.

Ava looks at him for a long moment.

*This isn't the life she wants* radiates through her soul.

She takes a deep breath and gets out of bed, quickly getting dressed. Her hands grab her phone and send him a text. Her hand reaches into her purse, taking out Mark's script.

Shane's phone buzzes.

She places the script on a table and kisses him on the forehead. He stirs for a moment but remains asleep.

Ava leaves.

**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

Ava exits.

A cab drives past.

She waves it down.

It stops and pulls back to her.

**INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT**

An OLDER CABBIE is behind the wheel.

Ava gets in.

OLDER CABBIE

Where to?

She takes out a large wad of cash and hands it to him.

AVA

Just keep driving and I'll tell you when to stop.

OLDER CABBIE

You got it.

The Older Cabbie drives away.

**INT. SHANE'S BEDROOM - DAWN**

Shane wakes up and looks to the other side of the bed.

Ava is gone.

He grabs his cell phone and looks at it. There is one unread message on it.

"Shane... I've been someone else for other people for so long that I don't know who I am. I know I just can't be who you want me to be... take care."

Shane blinks. He calls Mark.

MARK (V.O.)

Do you know what time it is?

SHANE

She just... vanished.

MARK (V.O.)

Who did what?

**INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT - DAY**

Mark yawns and rubs his eyes.

SHANE (V.O.)

Ava... she spent the night and then when I woke up, she was gone.

**INTERCUT BETWEEN MARK AND SHANE.**

MARK

Who's Ava?

SHANE

You met her last night.

MARK

Nice.

SHANE

We had this moment and then--

MARK

Welcome to equality, man.

SHANE

What do you mean?

MARK

It's a staple of old movies that a guy bounces before a woman wakes up in the morning, right?

SHANE

I thought she was different.

MARK

I'm going back to sleep.

Mark hangs up.

**INT. SHANE'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Shane spots the script Ava left behind. He looks at the title page. A note reads "The title is too indie pretentious." He opens it up and reads through it. Dozens of notes are all over in various ink colors. He flips to the final page.

"Shane, this is beautiful. I can't wait to see this on the big screen. You're an amazing writer."

**INT. APARTMENT - DAY (WEEKS LATER)**

Shane takes a deep breath. His eyes turn to his laptop.

An employment website is on the screen.

His phone buzzes with a call from Yancy, a Producer.

SHANE

This is Shane.

YANCY (V.O.)

I saw your number on the script you sent me and figured I'd reach out directly instead of emailing you.

SHANE

I always forget I put it on there.

YANCY (V.O.)

I'm sorry I didn't get back to you sooner but I loved this script. Stop by my office this afternoon and we can talk about making it.

SHANE

I'll be over at noon.

Yancy hangs up.

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Framed B-movie posters are on the walls.

Shane looks around and takes a deep breath.

B-Film Producer YANCY ROCKWELL (50) walks in with a pair of water bottles. He hands one to Shane. Yancy is a blonde clone of Orson.

YANCY

Sorry about the wait.

Shane spots a manila folder in Yancy's hand. He opens the bottle and takes a sip.

SHANE

Who's Porsche is parked up front?

YANCY

That would be mine.

SHANE

It's beautiful.

YANCY

I bought it after we sold our third film to Netflix and I'd like to think that this will be our fourth.

Yancy hands Shane the folder.

SHANE

I hope so too.

Shane opens it up and looks through it.

YANCY

We've got some feelers out but before we can start, we need to get this lined up.

Shane's eyes focus on a paragraph.

SHANE

It says I don't get paid until you sell it to somebody.

YANCY

It's just a formality.

SHANE

I'm not sure--

YANCY

I don't get paid until you do.

Shane looks at the contract for a long moment.

YANCY (CONT'D)

It's a 12-month option, so it's not like it's the rest of your life.

SHANE

I need my lawyer to look it over.

YANCY

This offer expires in 24 hours.

Shane nods.

**EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

Shane looks at the shopping agreement.

A pen is by the signature page.

A hand grabs the agreement.

Shane looks over to see Mark sit down across from him.

Mark reads the agreement.

MARK

Congratulations.

SHANE

It's all the exclusivity and none of the money.

MARK

Five years, too.

Shane grabs the agreement from Mark and looks at it.

SHANE

He said it was twelve months, tops.

MARK

He probably wasn't banking on you reading it.

Shane puts the agreement down.

SHANE

I thought you were leaving.



MARK

A tiny indie offered me a DP spot  
and I just couldn't turn it down.

SHANE

How big is the crew?

MARK

Five... and the director is going  
to be the scripty, too.

SHANE

Does it pay?

MARK

Not much but I've got enough left  
from the last one to ride it out.

Beat.

SHANE

Do you want to know the worst part?

MARK

Did she give you some sort of super  
AIDS or something?

SHANE

She gave me amazing notes.

Mark laughs.

SHANE (CONT'D)

What?

MARK

Of all the things to think of as  
bad, that's what you settle on.

SHANE

What should I have settled on?

MARK

No morning sex.

Shane sighs.

MARK (CONT'D)

It's one thing to have sex in the  
darkness but she has to like you to  
see your O-face.

SHANE

She did a Mayfly act as soon as I fell asleep.

MARK

Maybe she wanted to stay but her life was going in a different route than screwing you?

SHANE

I want to ask more questions about the script, man.

Mark looks at him oddly.

SHANE (CONT'D)

I got bored waiting for Orson's feedback so I kept working on the thing I showed you.

MARK

That's good.

SHANE

She printed it out and gave me notes in red, blue, and green ink. Everything was just... money.

MARK

Can I read it?

Shane pulls up the script on his phone and hands it to Mark.

Mark reads the script loosely and then closely.

MARK (CONT'D)

This isn't the same thing I read

SHANE

Everything she wrote was just on the money... I wrote for two days straight adjusting this because of what she thought.

Beat.

MARK

Find the right producer and--

SHANE

And what, get screwed again?

MARK

Patrick introduced me to a bunch of great guys who were going crew up for that shitty action film. They'd kill to work on this script.

Mark puts the phone down.

SHANE

I just need to find a cheaper place to live first.

MARK

My couch is empty.

Shane takes a deep breath. He nods.

SHANE

Fuck it, I'm in.

**EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT (1 YEAR LATER)**

Super: Spokane, Washington

"Spokane Film Festival" is on the marquee.

**INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT**

Pitch black. The words "Written by Shane Tasker" come up on the screen.

Shane is in the rear, staring at it. He smiles.

The lights come up.

A LARGE CROWD cheers. A HOST walks to the front.

HOST

We've got the film's writer, Shane Tasker, here to answer some questions about the movie.

Shane walks up front and looks into the crowd. He spots Ava in the back row. She has short hair. Their eyes connect.

He blinks and she's gone.

FADE OUT.