

HOLLYWOOD

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Desperate but not Serious

FRANCHISE PICTURES PRESENTS A PHOENICIAN FILMS/FALLOUT FILMS PRODUCTION A FILM BY BILL FISHMAN CLAUDIA SCHIFFER CHRISTINE TAYLOR PAGET BREWSTER

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"Hollywood is wonderful. Anyone who doesn't like it is either crazy or sober."

-- Raymond Chandler



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Compendium Draft

DESPERATE BUT NOT SERIOUS



A1 EXT. DOWNTOWN HOLLYWOOD SKYLINE - TWILIGHT

A1

Hollywood at dusk has a healthy glow, like an aspiring starlet: Fresh, vibrant, and eye-catching -- she's young and full of fun. The languid ray of a searchlight winks at us flirtatiously as we hear sensual MUSIC.

1. INT. THE MINT - NIGHT

1.

As the music continues, we see the striking close-up of Toledo. He and his band are performing at a trendy nightclub in Los Angeles, called The Mint. Toledo is dressed in sharp zoot-suit regalia and sunglasses. He coolly lights a cigarette, drags deeply, and begins to wail. As he does, smoke slowly billows from his lungs, obscuring his face in a thick haze which eventually becomes the TITLE ROLL. The titles dissipate and reform, floating ethereally in time to the music.

In close ups and obscure angles, we reveal the packed-in audience seated and standing very close to the action, and FOUR SEDUCTIVE FEMALE DANCERS on stage as well, dancing erotically in tightly choreographed movements.

We PAN across the club. The patrons, from the prevailing Hollywood culture, kind of resemble the skyline outside: Some are large and imposing, others are modern and angular, while the older ones that have been pushed to the outskirts are fading into the twilight. We PAN past a YOUNG ACTOR bragging to his friends.

YOUNG ACTOR

So, I played a serial killer on "America's Most Wanted." I was so good that I've been reported to the cops 14 times since it aired.

Toledo is now shouting out neo-beat word play, while sexy vamp in a loose teddy, garters and fishnet stockings grinds in a chair backwards. A SLIMEBALL PRODUCER brags, oblivious.

SLIMEBALL PRODUCER

... I've got a two-picture deal at Warners, a three-picture deal at Disney, and a two-kilo drug deal in Colombia...

The camera follows one of the lingerie girls dancing seductively ON THE BAR, passing a gossiping EARTH MOTHER.

EARTH MOTHER

... Trust me -- Herbal Phen-fen, it's God's gift...



Behind them, three WOO GUYS "woo!" encouragingly as one of them shotguns whiskey at the bar; Meanwhile, the Camera rests on FRANCES, a rakish glamour girl with a twenties bob who looks just too trendy for words in a little geisha girl dress. She's on about her millionth cocktail, lounging on a velvet bean bag chair SMOKING A CIGARETTE. A TRENDY GUY leans over and says:

TRENDY GUY

It's illegal to smoke in bars in California.

FRANCES

We live through riots, fires, industrial smog, and the worst car pollution in the country and you're worried about a cigarette? Breathing this in is probably *better* for you than breathing the air outside!

TRENDY GUY

You know, secondhand smoke is worse for you than smoking...

FRANCES

So start smoking and protect your lungs...

She blows a huge puff of smoke in his face as we END TITLES.



2. EXT. JET (STOCK SHOT) - DAY

2.

The smoke dissolves into smog and reveals the early morning sunshine on an AIRPLANE, bound for Los Angeles. Somehow the light looks more artificial now than it did the night before.

PILOT (V.O.)

This is your pilot speaking. Our shuttle flight from San Francisco is beginning to make its descent into Los Angeles, so please put your seats in their upright position, hang up your cell phones, put some extra cash in your left shoe, just in case, extinguish the cigarette you're sneaking in the bathroom, and don't make eye contact with strangers at the airport. Thank you...

We hear a BUSY TELEPHONE SIGNAL, then...

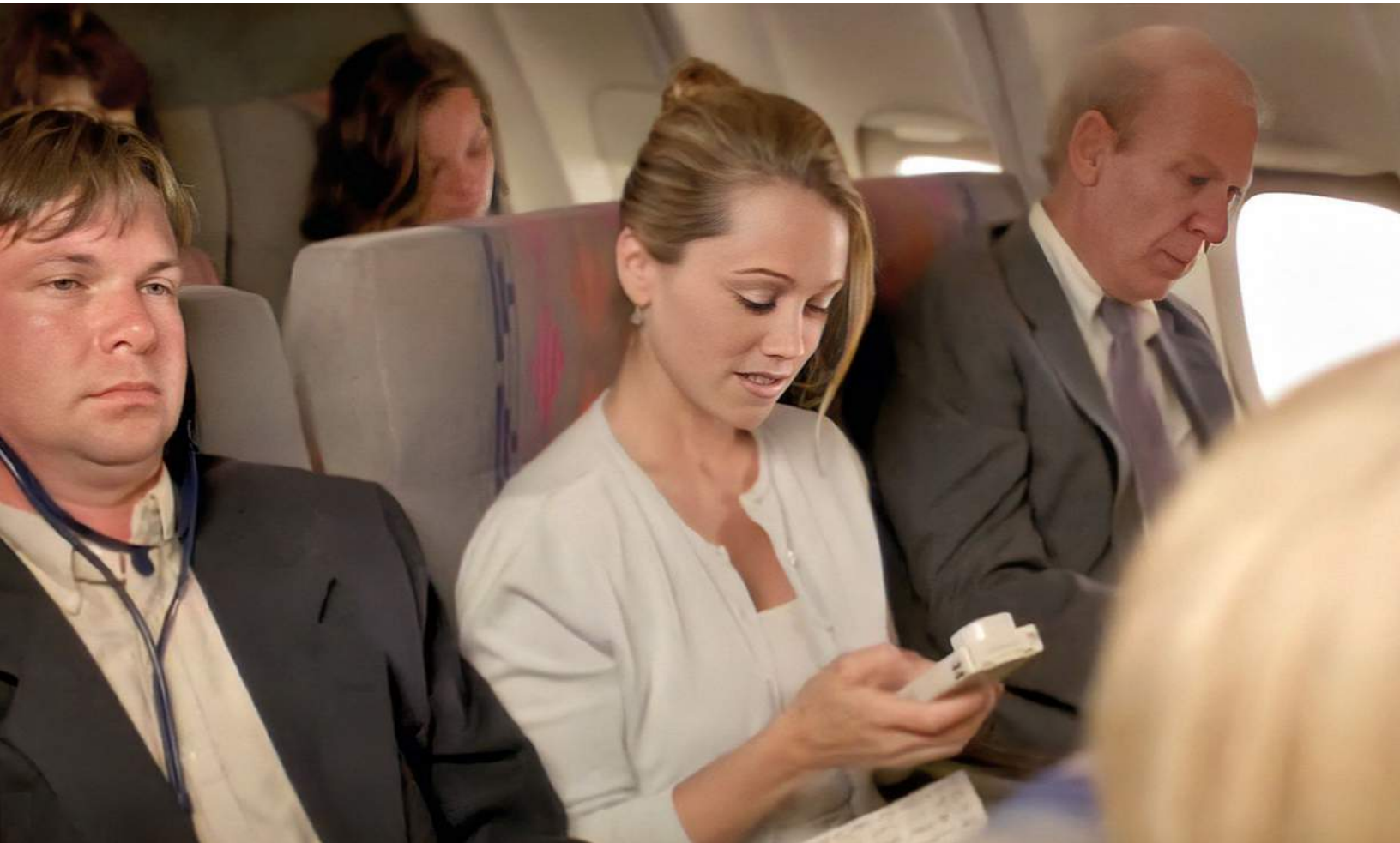
LILY (O.S.)

Shit!

2A. INT. FLYING JET - DAY

2A.

LILY is more than just a pretty blonde in her mid-20's -- as bright and dazzling as the early morning light, but a lot less hazy. She sits dialing the airplane phone. Another BUSY SIGNAL.



LILY

Shit!!! Leamok!!! Shitty fucking shit!
C'est des conneries! Scheißkopf! Puta que
pariu! Обосра́ться!!!!!!!

Lily remembers where she is and looks around, embarrassed -- to see everyone else is still sleeping off the night before with their headphones on, oblivious. Relieved, she hangs up the phone, opening a well-worn letter and starts to read....

JONATHAN (V.O.)

Lily -- Nepal seemed so empty after you left.
I stayed for another week or so and got some
really rare Blattodea specimens. But even
their beauty couldn't keep me from thinking
about you. Your face, your legs, your
thorax...

Lily finishes her drink as she lovingly goes over every word. The man beside her in the aisle seat falls asleep, dropping his head on her shoulder. She tries to nudge his head off, then slides her napkin underneath his mouth and continues to read.

JONATHAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'm in Cambodia now...

3. INT. CAMBODIAN THATCHED-HUT CAFE - DAY

3.

The letter continues, but the actual JONATHAN is now WRITING the letter, seated at a primitive table in a thatched-hut cafe.

JONATHAN (V.O.)

... on my way home to Ohio. My grant's
finally run out, and not a minute to soon. I
really miss deep dish pizza...

He is approached by a waiter, who carries a small pad and a white towel on his arm.

WAITER

(In Khmer)

Tae mean avei phsaengtiet del khnhom ach ttuol
ban anak?

Jonathan quickly grabs the small menu off his table and points.

JONATHAN

Tae anakabamreu choncheate amerikeang now
tinih te...?

The waiter writes it down and Jonathan makes a joke.

JONATHAN

... ti bamphot khnhom sthetnow knong tambn del
minmen chea saamnuor muoy!

The waiter is taken back for a beat, then realizes and starts laughing. Just then, AN EXOTIC BUG CRAWLS ACROSS THE TABLE. The waiter sees it, and brandishes his towel, ready to kill it. But before he can, Jonathan sees the bug and stops him.

JONATHAN

Whoa!

Jonathan carefully snatches the bug up with thumb and finger, examines it closely, seems to be pleased and saves it in a container in his backpack. The waiter shrugs it off, leaves and Jonathan CONTINUES WRITING...

JONATHAN

Good news: I'm going to be in Los Angeles for
one night on the 15th. If you happen to be
down there and you're not BUSY....



3A. INT. FLYING JET - DAY

3A.

We hear a BUSY SIGNAL.

LILY

Frances!!! القرف!!!!!!

Lily slams down the phone as a woman in a burqa gives her a dirty look, shushing her. She winces apologetically and reads on.

JONATHAN (V.O.)

I'm in a wedding that could be a lot of fun. My buddy from grad school is marrying a girl who goes to UCLA and plays bass in a band called Fuzzy Pussy. Sounds pretty wild, huh? I'm enclosing the invitation, although remembering your tirade against irritainment, breast implants and sport utility vehicles, I figure Los Angeles is the last place you'd want to be....

Lily looks at the enclosed RED INVITATION and is very excited. She hurriedly picks up the phone and hits re-dial. BUSY again.

LILY

Bloody fornicating excretion, Frances...

4. EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

4.

The morning sun shines hot through the orange haze of smog over the decrepit pile of white stucco and red tile. The Hollywood Sign can be seen in the distance -- always present but never noticed, and struggling to stay upright -- kind of like...

...FRANCES, who parks her car along a red curb, about a foot too far into the street. Pulling an old parking ticket out of her purse, she climbs out of the car and places the citation on her windshield. An unlit cigarette hangs precariously from her mouth, stuck to her lipstick. Smashed, she stumbles across the lawn, clutching a bottle of champagne as she trips over a sprinkler head. Water geysers into the air around her.

FRANCES

Fucking El Niño...

An angry LANDLADY jumps out of the bushes near the gate.

LANDLADY

Frances!!! You're three months late with your rent. One more day and I'm serving you with an eviction notice!

FRANCES

Sorry. All my money is tied up in cash right now...

5. INT. FRANCES' APARTMENT - DAY

5.

Still holding the bottle of Champagne in her hand and the soggy cigarette in her mouth, FRANCES staggers into her apartment. A tiny dog, POOKIE, greets her at the door. She pets him tiredly.

FRANCES

Pookie! Fix me a drink. If that landlady comes up here, go for the throat...

Her housekeeping is horrible. Dirty dishes and cast-off clothes are strewn among the eclectic mix of thrift store finds and family heirlooms. Kitsch memorabilia is piled everywhere. Several posters from 70's TV shows are framed in rococo gilt.

5A. INT. FRANCES' APARTMENT BEDROOM - DAY

5A.

Frances steps into the bedroom, sighs at the mess, and tosses away her damp cigarette, lighting a new one. Stepping into the bathroom, she starts brushing her teeth, pausing to take a puff off her cigarette.

Hearing a noise in the bedroom, she looks over to see Pookie chewing on her telephone receiver, the annoying "BEEP" sound repeating endlessly. Frances groans, scolding Pookie.

FRANCES

(to herself)

Bad Pookie. What if Todd tried to call?

She retrieves the phone from the dog, but in the process, she knocks the ashtray with her burning cigarette to the floor. The phone RINGS as soon as she hangs it up, Frances letting out a startled scream.

FRANCES

Fucking-fuckety-fuck!

(answers phone hopefully)

Todd?

6. INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

6.

Lily grins, relieved.

LILY

Was Pookie was chewing on the phone again?



7. INT. FRANCES' APARTMENT - DAY

7.

Shocked, FRANCES suddenly realizes who it is as she wanders into her kitchen.

FRANCES

Lily?! Is that you?! You're speaking to me again. I'm so happy to hear from you...

(starts to cry)

... these bastards in L.A. never call back.

That's it, I'm binge-eating all day...

Unaware of the burning rug in the living room, FRANCES opens the refrigerator, empty but for another full ashtray, some old-looking food and a few packets of hot sauce from Taco Bell. Sighing, she reaches inside and brings out an old basket of strawberries.

8. INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

8.

LILY laughs, happy to hear her old friend's voice. (NOTE: CROSS-CUT with Frances throughout conversation)

LILY

Yeah, it's me, traitor! I was really mad at you, but I can't stay mad at my best friend -- friends forever?

FRANCES

Friends forever. Now what is it that you need from me, exactly?

LILY

Very funny, Frances...

(caught)

... okay, I need a big favor. I want to come down there...

FRANCES

All right Lily! I knew you'd come to your senses and move down here with me -- this is gonna' be a blast! I'll just arrange--

LILY

No, Frances, it's just to visit.

FRANCES

One visit is all I need to show you how completely fly L.A. is. We'll do everything and everybody -- you'll never want to leave -- trust me.

LILY

Trust you? Frances, you're the most unreliable person I know. You set these low personal standards for yourself and then consistently fail to achieve them.

FRANCES

Me? Pa-lease -- I am the queen of reliability...

LILY

Then why did you flake on me Frances? We'd only been planning our trip to Nepal since high school, and you ran off to Cabo with some casting assistant at the airport! I was never going to forgive you...

(shivers)

You are so lucky I met Jonathan...

9. INT. FRANCES' APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

9.

Smoke pours in from the living room. FRANCES is about to pop another strawberry into her mouth when she notices moldy fuzz on the berry. Repulsed, she squirts the whipped cream straight into her mouth, then tries to speak.

FRANCES

Watcha talkin' about Willis?

LILY (V.O.)

The man of my dreams.

FRANCES

(spitting into the sink)

Oh, the spiritualist.

LILY (V.O.)

Scientist. I said he was a *scientist*. An Entomologist.

FRANCES

Wow. I didn't know you were into that kinky stuff.

LILY (V.O.)

It's not kinky. He studies bugs.

FRANCES

Oh. I didn't know you were into that boring stuff.

10. INT. AIRPLANE

10.

Ignoring Frances' sarcastic tone, LILY pours over a scrapbook full of Photos labeled "NEPAL TRIP."

LILY

You won't think he's boring when you meet him tonight.

FRANCES (OVER PHONE)

Tonight?

LILY

I'm flying down there right now--

FRANCES (OVER PHONE)

NOW?! You?! You don't do anything without a plan -- you make the U.N. look impulsive. Since when are you so impetuous?

LILY

Since I fell in love.

10B. INT. NEPAL SCRAPBOOK - VARIOUS SHOTS

10B.

As she talks, Lily looks at Photos of JONATHAN with her in Nepal:



FRANCES (OVER PHONE)

You're in love with a *bug* guy? I mean, I dated a guy who collected bugs -- but it was *in the third grade!*

LILY

Come on, Frances. You owe me. I want you to come to this party he's invited me to--

FRANCES (OVER PHONE)

(brightening)

Party? Now you're talking.

LILY

It's a wedding reception.

FRANCES (OVER PHONE)

A wedding reception is not a party. Wedding receptions suck! A bunch of dorky cousins and aunts who got into the gene pool while the lifeguard wasn't watching.

LILY

Got a pen to write down my flight info?

FRANCES (OVER PHONE)

Just tell me -- I'll remember. I have a photographic memory.

LILY

Write it down -- you may have a photographic memory, but you keep leaving the lens cap on.

Lily looks back at photos of Jonathan in her scrapbook:

--Lily and Jonathan posing on a green hillside with the Himalayas behind them.

--Lily and Jonathan sitting in a bar posing with a toothless bartender.

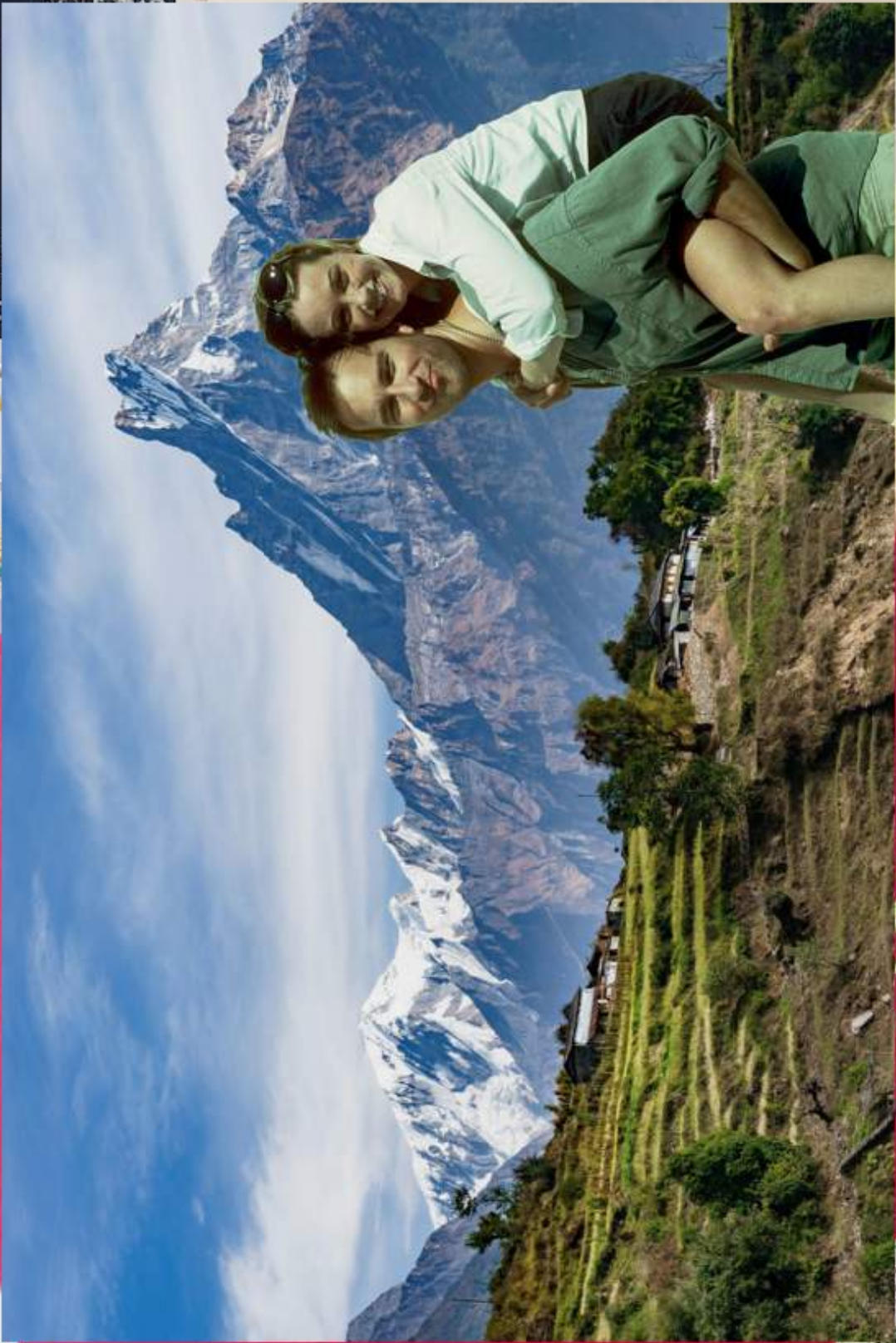
--Jonathan playing polo with some Gurkhas -- whacking a "ball" wrapped in a cloth sack with his mallet.

--Jonathan and Lily posing in the street during a riot as military police battle the Maoist insurgency.

--Jonathan in the jungle, waving to the camera (in a corner of the shot, unnoticed behind a tree, a YETI waves as well.



नेपाल NEPAL

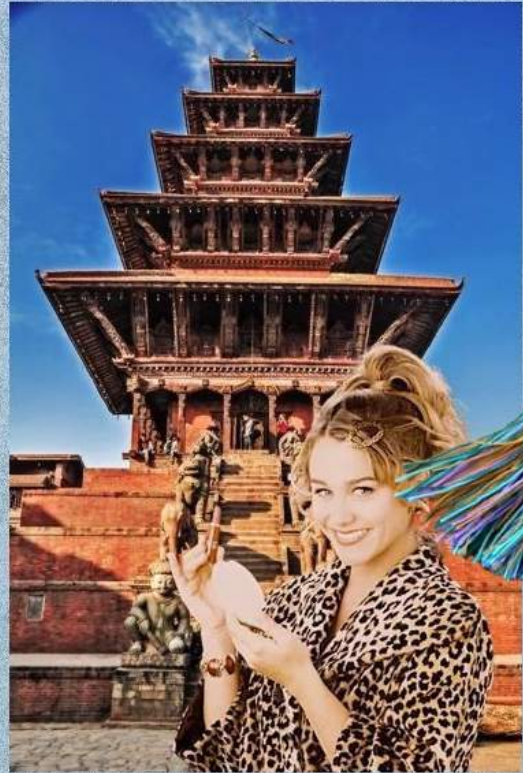


Happy Day

It's joy to know you, nothing I
can't only today but...



Property of Lily Bonwit



11. INT. FRANCES' APARTMENT - DAY

11.

The living room rug is officially on fire. Smoke rises to the ceiling where a smoke alarm is obstructed by a Garfield with a kitchen knife stuck into his head. A string of red Gummy Bears simulates blood from the wound.

In the kitchen, FRANCES laughs obliviously and lights another cigarette.

FRANCES

Okay, what flight? What airport? What time?
That's the middle of the afternoon -- I'll
never get any sleep!

She starts to write the information on the back of an envelope taken from a huge stack of unopened overdue bills.

12. INT. FRANCES' APARTMENT - DAY 12.

FRANCES walks through the living room on her way to bed. Not noticing the fire, she bumps into her Jetsons-style coffee table. The bottle of champagne tips over and douses the flames.

FRANCES

(noticing the clock)

One hour?... Aw -- I'll sleep next month...

13-16. DELETED 13-16.

17. INT. AIRPLANE DAY 17.

She returns to her scrapbook. The camera moves IN on a photo of Jonathan, which dissolves into...

18. INT. LAX CUSTOMS OFFICE - DAY 18.

A CLOSE-UP of JONATHAN. Late twenties to early thirties, rugged and good looking, dressed like Indiana Jones on his day off -- definitely out of his element. He steps up to the counter, presenting a suitcase to the CUSTOMS OFFICIAL.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL

Do you have anything to declare?

JONATHAN

Just some South Asian Blattodea. I'm an
entomologist -- the papers are in with the
specimen containers.

She opens it up, tiredly, but REELS BACK IN REVULSION when she sees the case is full of clear containers filled with LARGE COCKROACHES.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL

What the hell are those?

JONATHAN

They're a rare, advanced breed of roach. When the female is ready to mate, it produces a chemical odor, or pheromone, that attracts males. The males flap their wings and back into a female when they sense the pheromone, and mating is accomplished. They've survived on earth for 300 million years.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL

300 million years, huh? Let's see how long they last in Los Angeles.

He packs up the case and moves off as she frowns, turning to the next person in line: An attractive party girl still drinking her in-flight cocktail, named GIGI.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL

Anything to declare?

GIGI

I declare it's good to be home! Cannes is so boring in Winter...

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL

Occupation?



GIGI

What am I not doing? I've got post-doc work at UCLA and USC; I've got five commercial auditions this week; a couple of singing tryouts with prominent bands; I'm recording a veejay screentest for MTV on Tuesday, then meeting with an agent from CAA on Wednesday for film and TV representation -- I'm talking to several managers about reality show appearances. In my spare time, I'm hosting open mic night at a prestigious comedy club, I'm sending songwriting demos out to all the major labels in L.A.! Then on Fri--

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL

(unimpressed)

--Occupation?

GIGI

(finally gives up, sighing)

Unemployed.

19. INT. L.A.X. AIRPORT - DAY

19.

FRANCES steps over to the first ticket counter, her eyes obscured by a pair of oversized sunglasses. She scans the exiting PASSENGERS looking for Lily. Among them is JONATHAN. He's so engrossed in a thick map book that he bumps into her.

FRANCES

Watch it Poindexter -- that's considered sexual harassment in some parts of this town.

(admiring his rear end)

Hey, how did you get those buns? You must work out on that mountain climbing wall at the World Gym in Beverly Hills?

JONATHAN

No, I climb mountains in *real life*.

FRANCES

Ick...

JONATHAN

I'm just trying to figure out this map. Do you know where the Ballona Wetlands are?

FRANCES

The what? Bulimia Wasteland? You mean the Valley?

JONATHAN

Ballona Wetlands -- the last area left in the L.A. basin that has indigenous plant and insect life... Says that it's being threatened by huge development...

FRANCES

(stops him)

Oh! No no no -- I don't do outside.

Jonathan sees someone call to him in the distance (STEVE).

STEVE

Silver!

JONATHAN

I gotta go -- that's Steve -- he's a bug and fungus man too!

FRANCES

(watching him go)

They have antibiotics for that now.

JONATHAN runs over to another cute-in-a-scruffy-kind-of-way guy, STEVE. He sports numerous tattoos of bugs crawling up his arms.

STEVE

Hey, my man! My best man! Thanks for coming to celebrate the consecration of my love!

JONATHAN

Wouldn't miss it! I've been looking for an excuse to wear my powder blue tuxedo, and there aren't many opportunities while mountain climbing in the Himalayas...

They exit through the main doors as LILY steps up to Frances with her duffel bag. Wearing basic jeans and T-shirt, she's a contrast to the ever-costumed Frances.

FRANCES

Lils!

LILY

Franny!

They give each other a big hug, unaware that Jonathan is boarding a pickup truck just a few feet away.



FRANCES

I am so glad you're here! You look great!
You're so skinny!

LILY

You think so? No wonder I missed you so much!
It's great to see you, too -- I'm having so
much fun already!

FRANCES

-- and you haven't even started drinking yet!
Let's get loaded and flirt with the Northwest
pilots -- sometimes they'll give you frequent
flier miles...

LILY grabs her arm, dragging FRANCES out of the door.

LILY

Frances -- we'll be la-ate. I don't want to
miss Jonathan. Let's take a safe approach, I
don't want to take any chances today...

20. INT. FRANCES' CAR - DAY

20.

FRANCES sails through a red light in a giant, boat-like, 1960's
Lincoln Continental. HONKS and SCREECHES, sending a PINK DOT
VOLKSWAGEN into the curb, and pedestrians scrambling. The force
causes the pink propeller on top to fly off.

LILY
 (bracing for a crash)
 So much for the safe approach...

FRANCES
 (not noticing)
 I was beginning to think I'd never see you again.

LILY
 You could have come up to see me, y'know.

FRANCES
 Oh, pa-lease! San Francisco! Besides having to deal with the walking guilt trips I call my parents, it's just a bunch of Alpha Geeks drinking coffee, talking about Japanese animation and cyber-this and virtual-that. I'm too busy down here in the real world -- you know, films, TV shows, commercials, music videos...

(almost hits a street seller,
 oranges flying everywhere)
 ... Speaking of which, there's a party at Lance Leibowitz' mansion. He produced "Crash Test," which, you no doubt recall, starred Darby Tipp--

Lily coos with the memory.

LILY
 Darby... I still have that stupid collage we made of him from all those "Tiger Beat" covers. Remember that? Darby by the pool, Darby sipping a milkshake through a straw...

FRANCES
 ... Darby drunk and vulnerable to two hot babes. We're there, dudette.

LILY
 Where?

FRANCES
 We're crashing Lance's tonight. Leave it to me. Think of it as "Crash Test II: The Hunt for Darby."

LILY

Frances, I'm down here to go to Jonathan's party, remember?

FRANCES

But you said that doesn't start until ten. We can just drop by Lance's on the way. You'll love it. And just for the record -- a wedding reception does not technically count as a 'party'. It's more like...

(shudders)

... work.

FRANCES takes a swig of orange-flavored Gatorade leaving red, red lipstick marks on the edge of the bottle and managing to cut off the car behind her. More HONKING.

FRANCES (CONT.)

Besides -- we have to celebrate your birthday!

LILY

My birthday was six months ago, Frances.

FRANCES

I know -- but you weren't talking to me then. Here...

Frances pulls out a wrapped gift from under the seat, handing it to Lily.

FRANCES (CONT.)

Happy birthday, Lils!

LILY

(touched)

Aw, Franny....

Lily unwraps the package to reveal a 14-inch vibrator, labeled "Big Pink." Frances laughs hysterically.

LILY

Every birthday you give me a bigger one -- I thought I told you to stop giving me these after that Christmas when I accidentally opened it in front of my parents.

FRANCES

It's an annual tradition. Like the big ball in Times Square on New Year's, or mudslides in Malibu. Keep the box -- there's an optional pull-cord in there.



Lily waggles 'Big Pink' playfully in front of Frances, who swats it away with a grin.

LILY

This is just what I'm trying to avoid, Frances -- that's why I came here to see Jonathan.

(pleading)

Frances, you always do this. Can't we just stick to the plan? Just for tonight?

Frances shakes her head 'yes,' adamantly.

FRANCES

No. Lily, I swear, I swear, I swear, we'll just stop by for ten minutes and then, boom, straight to Jonathan. I mean, if you're going to be in L.A., you've gotta' go to at least one shallow, decadent Hollywood party, it's like a law. Just visualize it -- the stars! The glamour! The free cocktails!

In spite of herself, Lily laughs.

FRANCES

Does that mean we get to go?

LILY

Ten minutes. My doctor says I need to cut way back on shallow and decadent.

FRANCES

That sounds like a yes! Lily Bonwit, Party Girl! Happy Birthday!!!

FRANCES cranks up the MUSIC and jams on the gas. Lily puts on her seat belt in self-defense.

21. INT. FRANCES' APARTMENT - SUNSET

21.

Late afternoon turns to evening in Frances' apartment. FRANCES and LILY can be heard coming up the stairs, the LANDLADY yelling and Frances making excuses. The door unlocks and Frances enters, waving Lily into her chaotic apartment.

FRANCES

It's kind of messy... Anyway, this Gigi girl, such an air-kisser.

(mimes phony cheek kisses)

Ugh....I hate that, it's so pretentious. I mean, what kind of parents would look at a baby and say, "I'm going to name her 'Gigi'?" Maybe a circus family? I think she's an actress, but I doubt she could even get work as an extra--

LILY

Didn't you tell me you worked as an extra on some music video?

FRANCES

Not extra -- background artist. It's entirely different. A pivotal moment of the drama hinged on my dance number.

Pookie runs out to greet them, a TV remote in his mouth.

FRANCES

Pookie! I buy him every chew toy there is, and all he likes are telephones and TV remotes. You want a beer?

Lily pets the dog, removing the remote from its mouth and shaking off the slobber.

LILY

I don't know, I have to make a good impression tomorrow so I can't get too wasted tonight. I got a job doing layout for this totally hip new magazine called 'Bold Kitty Go-Go'. It's my first day.

FRANCES

Lily I am simply not allowing you to leave tomorrow. Especially for something as trivial as a... what's it called?

LILY

Job.

FRANCES

I mean, yuck. We have too much catching up to do, and that's final.

LILY

No, Frances. I told you--

FRANCES

You're stressed. You need a beer.

LILY

Frances--

FRANCES

Okay you can leave tomorrow. I promise we'll be good girls tonight. But it would be a crime against the history of our friendship if we didn't have one beer. One beer for the time we went to P.E. on acid, and they had to cut you out of the field hockey net. One beer for the time we rode the roller coaster stoned and you threw up on the top of the loop-the-loop, and it landed on us as we reached the bottom--

LILY

I just lost my appetite. Besides, I'm not like that anymore, I've changed.

FRANCES

Well I haven't! I might not have a career but one thing I do have is a fabulous social reputation. C'mon Lils -- please, please, please, please!

LILY

Okay, one drink! Do you always pester people until you get what you want?

FRANCES

Yes. You'd be amazed how successful it is.



Frances goes to the kitchen for the beers. Lily notices several handwritten signs pinned up at various strategic points around the room: "JUST SAY NO TO TODD".

LILY

Frances, what's the deal with "Just Say No to Todd?" What's Todd -- a new designer drug?

Frances comes back in with a couple of Buds.

FRANCES

Shhh!!! That is the name that must never be uttered!

LILY

Another one done you wrong?

FRANCES

A complete idiot. Total airhead -- when you stand close enough to it, you can hear the ocean. But he's also the cutest, most sexy guy ever! He's really tall and he has this bitchin' red Falcon and he used to be friends with Courtney Love before she started doing movies with Woody from "Cheers"...

DISSOLVE TO:



22. INT. CLUB (FLASHBACK)- NIGHT

22.

FRANCES is lounging on a velvet bean bag chair, smoking a cigarette, surveying the crowd. She's in the company of a couple of wanna-be AUTEURS, bored but too drunk to muster the energy to leave.

AUTEUR #1

Okay, then what was C3P0's profession?

AUTEUR #2

He was in charge of human-cyborg relations.

AUTEUR #1

C3P0 was gay.

AUTEUR #2

Yeah right, you're gay!

AUTEUR #1

You wish!

AUTEUR #2

C3P0 had no genitalia. How could he be gay?

AUTEUR #1

You have no genitalia and you're gay.

AUTEUR #2

You wish!



Frances rolls her eyes and they land on a group of ACTOR-TYPES with junkie/rock-star good-looks. Their heads turn towards her.

FRANCES (V.O.)

Then I saw him... Todd! He looked so sexy and intelligent.

Frances rises and staggers toward the group of men, trance-like.

FRANCES (V.O.)

He talked so eloquently and told me these great stories about the movie business -- they weren't true stories, but they were great, nonetheless. We connected instantly. It was so romantic, we stayed up all night long, just talking and talking...

23. EXT. CLUB (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

23.

The Young actor spreads his arms and legs against the wall of the club as a MUSTACHIOED COP frisks him for weapons.

YOUNG ACTOR

I swear, I just played the guy on "America's Most Wanted."

We hear FRANCES and TODD moaning loudly. We PAN OVER to see Todd's red FALCON is parked nearby. Soul music plays as a tiny light from the rear-view mirror flickers like a disco ball. CLUB-GOERS point and snicker as FRANCES squeals with delight, her patent leather platform boot happily pumping out of the fogged-up back seat window.

24. EXT. CLUB (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

24.

The MUSTACHIOED COP steps over, pulling out his long flashlight, he peers into the car, shining the flashlight inside.

MUSTACHIOED COP

Holy... Why do I get all the weird beats?

Todd and Frances jump in surprise, scrambling to put on their clothes, the car rolling back and forth, as the crowd applauds.

TODD

I can explain, officer!

MUSTACHIOED COP

Please don't. You were breaking four or five laws with that position, alone.

Frances pokes her head out of the car angrily, grabbing at the officer's FLASHLIGHT.

FRANCES

Would you quit shining that light in here?
This is kind of private...

MUSTACHIOED COP

(looking at crowd)

Yeah. Private. Right.

A tug-of-war begins over the FLASHLIGHT.

FRANCES

Why the fuck are you harassing us? Was Rodney
King busy tonight?

MUSTACHIOED COP

(pulling back on flashlight)

Listen Betty Rubble, why don't you and the
Great Gazoo here... conceal your weapons--

Frances pries it away the FLASHLIGHT and it CLANGS inside the car, handle-up between the seats, as Todd, bare-assed, FALLS. He YELPS IN PAIN as he lands. Frances, the Mustachioed Cop and the crowd all GASP...

25. INT. HOSPITAL - E.R. - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

25.

A DOCTOR enters a curtained-off cubicle in a bustling emergency room, passing a line of NURSES extending out of the entrance. The Doctor sees FRANCES standing uncomfortably to one side, while TODD kneels on the examination table, face down on a pillow and ass in the air. The nurses are taking turns observing something behind Todd.

A MALE NURSE grins behind Todd then notices the Doctor. He stands at attention with an odd expression on his face.

MALE NURSE

You're finally here, doctor...

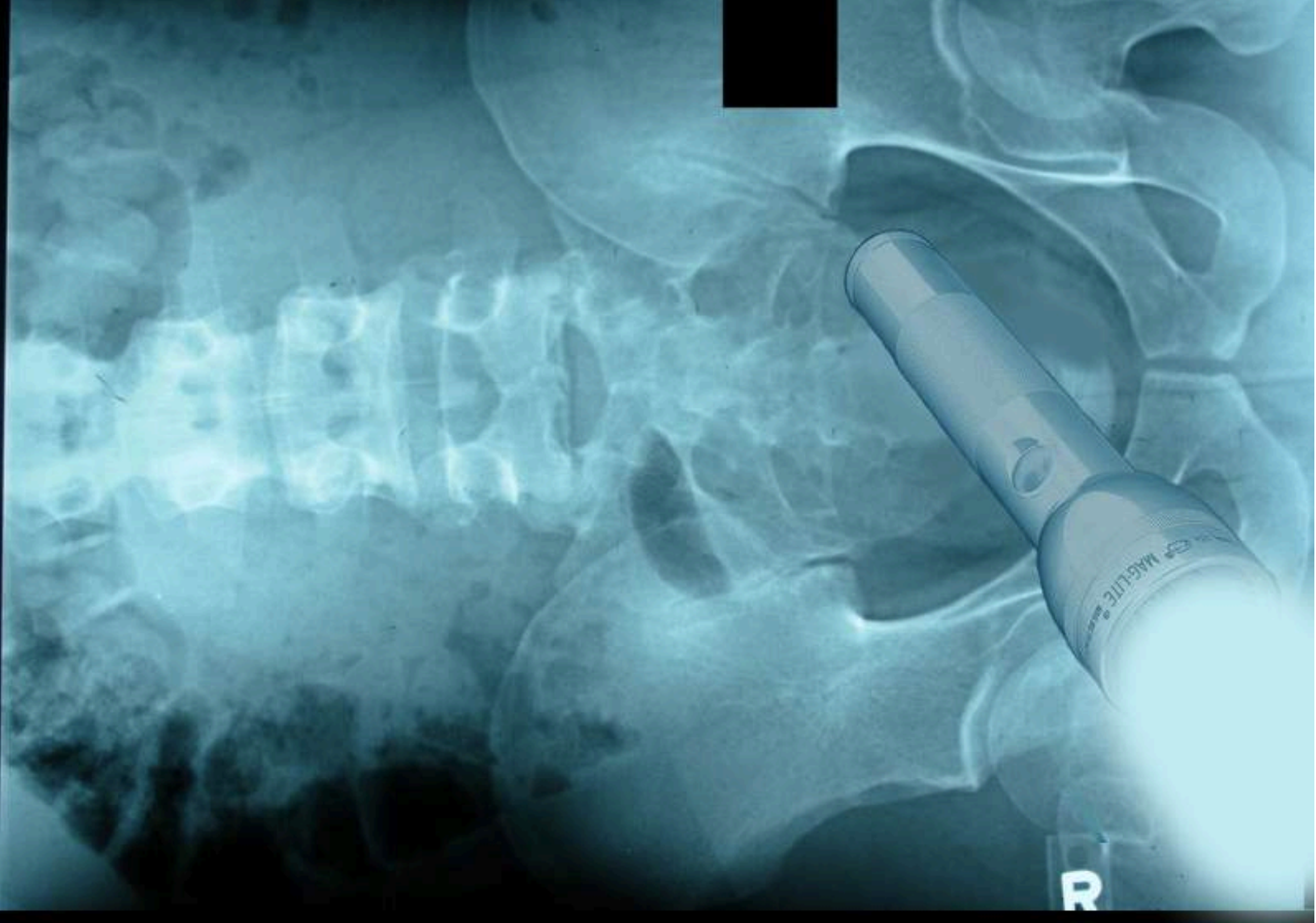
DOCTOR

So is everybody else. What's the problem
here? I have two gunshots and a stab wound in
the next room.

MALE NURSE

(nods to Todd's ass)

Well, it's sort of a stab wound...



Confused, the Doctor steps behind Todd, the other nurses stepping aside while trying not to laugh. The Male Nurse then spreads Todd's cheeks -- and the Doctor winces as he is blinded by a BRIGHT LIGHT shining from out of Todd's ass. The Doctor turns to the Male Nurse, amazed, as their faces light up both literally and figuratively. The other nurses 'ooh' and 'ahh' as though watching fireworks.

DOCTOR

Get the other doctors. They have to see this...

Todd glares at Frances hatefully.

TODD

Thanks for a delightful evening, Frances...

FRANCES

You know, Todd, if you ever expect to go out with me again, you'd going to have to act a lot nicer...

Todd glares at her with such an intense anger that the FLASHLIGHT shoots out of his ass and clangs against the back wall, the Doctor and nurses diving out of the way.

DISSOLVE TO:

26. INT. FRANCES' BEDROOM - NIGHT

26.

LILY sits smoking on Frances' antique sleigh bed. FRANCES comes in with two more Buds.

FRANCES

He never fuckin' calls.

LILY

Then he's obviously a prick. What are you doing with him?

FRANCES

I know! I always swear I'll never speak to him again, but then wherever I go, I keep seeing him. I try to totally ignore him but somehow, at the end of the night, we always end up in flagrante delicto. Usually in an automotive environment.

LILY

Very dignified...

FRANCES

You can't believe how cute he is!

LILY

What ever happened with that guy you wrote me about last fall that you ran off to Cabo with?

FRANCES

Paul? Pa-lease! Too possessive, and a chronic premature ejaculator -- his opening line to me was, "That was great. Was it good for you too?" He's like a childhood disease. I've had him. It's over. Now I'm immune.

(a beat)

... besides, he was married.

LILY

Married?

FRANCES

Well, it wasn't that serious. It was like, you know, just a starter marriage.

LILY

Well, you got over him, you can get over this Todd guy the same way. Look at you -- you're young, you're beautiful, you really know how to accessorize. You don't need to put up with bullshit like that.

FRANCES

Yeah! And I'm not going to! Anymore! Fuck Todd! I mean, *no more* fuck Todd! Todd is BAD, BAD, BAD, BAD! BAD!

LILY

(imitating Frances)

Right on, soul sister!

She lifts her beer in a toast.

LILY

To better guys!

Frances suddenly remembers something and starts digging through her purse.

FRANCES

Oh! Oh! Oh! Wait! I've got the perfect thing...

She finally finds a crumpled piece of paper and tosses it in Lily's lap. Lily unfolds it.

LILY

A phone number?

FRANCES

Not just any number. Those magical digits are the combination that unlocks the safe deposit box of lust within you. That wild passion craving to escape the fantasy of your feverish schoolgirl fantasies.

LILY

You really got to get some help.

FRANCES

That number in your hot little hand, happens to be the personal, home phone number of none other than beloved ex-teen heartthrob, 1986 "Battle of the Network Stars" Gold Medal winner Darby Tipp!

Lily screams and drops the number.

LILY
Ohmigod! You know him?!?

FRANCES
More or less. I swiped it from this agent I
temped for last week.

She picks up the phone and starts to dial.

LILY
Sounds like less. You're not really going to
call him, are you?

FRANCES
We did prank calls in high school. Just not
to movie stars. It's ringing.

LILY sidles up next to FRANCES to listen in. The answering
machine picks up.

DARBY TIPP (V.O.)
Darby. Not home. Message. Beep. Ciao.

Trying not to giggle, FRANCES clears her throat.

FRANCES
Baaaah. Mooooooooooooooooooooo.

She hands the phone to Lily who looks really embarrassed.

LILY
(hesitantly)
Quack? Quack?

A duck? Frances grabs the phone back.

FRANCES
(phone sex voice)
Hi, this is Frances and my slut sister Lily.
We're two sex-starved party animals -- we like
it ruff, ruff, ruff -- and we want to get down
and dirty doggy-style in the barnyard with
you. Roll in the hay. Rut in the mud...
(running out of sayings)
... Flop in the slop!

She shoves the phone back in Lily's face. Lily makes
enthusiastic PIG SOUNDS. Frances joins in the snorting and holds
the phone down for POOKIE, who barks excitedly. They both

dissolve into hysterical giggles and hang up the phone. Lily claps her hands.

LILY
More! More!

Frances crawls across the floor and digs out a Rolodex.

FRANCES
I know I have Christian Slater in here somewhere -- both his home *and* his room at Betty Ford...

DISSOLVE TO:

28. INT. FRANCES'S BEDROOM - LATER 28.

The room is deserted save for multiple empty beer bottles, full ashtrays and clothes strewn everywhere. FRANCES and LILY are in Frances' closet, trying on outfits.

FRANCES (O.S.)
That looks fabulous on you! It's so '80s!

Lily walks out of the closet wearing a silver spandex cat-suit. Her hair has been configured into a teased-out mess.

LILY
Frances, somehow I don't think this is appropriate for a wedding. I need something little more nuptial-istic.
(looks in her bag)
I think I'm just going to wear what I brought. I base my fashion taste more on whether it itches or not.

She picks up a very demure sheath dress.

FRANCES
But that's so... Well, boring comes to mind. But nothing I can't accessorize. You gotta try this on. Vintage Anna Sui.

29. INT. FRANCES' APARTMENT - NIGHT 29.

TITLES SCROLL ACROSS THE SCREEN ACCOMPANIED BY TYPEWRITER SOUNDS LIKE IN AN ACTION FILM. THEY READ:

L A T E R T H A T E V E N I N G...



FRANCES checks over her handiwork on Lily as the two are ready to leave. Lily's dress is augmented by Frances' hot pink faux-fur jacket and a pair of 8" Prada platforms.

FRANCES

There, that's better. It's a one-of-a-kind
couture design...

(Lily nods)

Let's see -- keys, cigarettes, lipstick....
sunglasses -- you never know when the night
will end.

On an unspoken cue, they both look up at a framed "Charlie's Angels" poster near the front door and assume the same stances.

LILY

Ready, Jill?

FRANCES

Let's go, Sabrina!

LILY

What about Kelly?

FRANCES

That simp? She's too busy being perfect.

Lily picks the RED INVITATION up off the floor.

LILY

You're sure you know where this is, right?

FRANCES

Of course. Alta-something. Easy. If this goes well, 'Big Pink' may go on hiatus!

LILY

That thing should have 'Louisville Slugger' stamped on the side. I'll keep it hidden in my purse if you don't mind...

Lily finds her purse ripped open, its contents scattered.

FRANCES

Where's Pookie?

Suddenly there is a loud SCREAM. They run out to find....

29A. EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

29A.

The LANDLORD SCREAMS as Pookie stands in front of her, tail wagging happily, 'Big Pink' in his mouth.



30. EXT. BEVERLY HILLS MANSION - NIGHT

30.

Blue light reflects from the outdoor pool. Party SOUNDS waft through the air. FRANCES pulls the LINCOLN into the valet parking, clogged with MERCEDES and PORSCHEs.

LILY

...But we're only going to stay for ten minutes, then we go to the reception, right?

FRANCES

Half hour, tops...

LILY

Wow. Is that a famous actor? Oops, no, it's just David Charvet...

FRANCES

Lily, you're in Hollywood -- you can't swing a dead cat around here without hitting someone famous. That actually happened to me once, by the way...

Lily gets out of the car and promptly falls off her shoes. Nearby, a SECURITY GUARD frisks the YOUNG ACTOR.

YOUNG ACTOR

I only played the guy on 'America's Most Wanted.' Can I at least leave my 8x10?

31. INT. MANSION - NIGHT

31.

The place is packed with ACTORS, AGENTS, MODELS, PRODUCERS, LAWYERS and the occasional MUSICIAN. Huge paintings by important contemporary artists adorn the walls.

PARTY-GOER (O.S.)

I was late picking Harvey up at the airport and got demoted from set intern to Associate Producer...

OVER THE P.A. WE HEAR A MEMBER OF THE BAND make an announcement:

BAND MEMBER

We want to introduce our good friend and former vocalist, Gigi, performing her as yet unreleased smash-hit single...

On top of the waterfall, we see Gigi, an incredibly stunning woman in her 20's, and the band performing a song called "Let Him Bleed".

LILY and FRANCES make their entrance. Lily balances herself against a wall as Frances scans the crowd. SHAUNA, who looks like she stepped right out of *Playboy* and into a tight party dress, stands nearby flirting with a pack of PRODUCERS.

SHAUNA

You just have no idea how hard it is being a Super Model....

LILY

(to Frances)

With powers and abilities far beyond those of mortal bimbos.

FRANCES

Speaking of bimbos, there's Gigi, that chick I was telling you about. She's a total freak. Four pounds of pancake make-up and hair like Carrot-Top on a bad day. She thinks she's Claudia Schiffer or something.

GIGI (who, in fact, is Claudia Schiffer) finishes singing with the band and steps down to interact with the commoners. Tall, very chic, she dominates every room she walks into. She is currently being fawned over by a D-WOMAN from a film studio and they exchange air-kisses.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Air-kissing wannabe. She's so dense, light bends around her. I can't believe Lance invited her. No taste, or sense of style...

Gigi and a D-Woman walk past, Frances staring at Gigi hatefully.

D-WOMAN

I loved your singing, and you have a great look! We're developing a project for Fiona and Mariah about three divas and I think you'd be perfect for it.

GIGI

Well, that's really flattering, but I'm not really interested in acting....

FRANCES

And we're tired of acting interested! She's suffering from delusions of adequacy.

Suddenly Frances spots BRIAN and RICHARD, two agent-types, talking to a YOUNG WRITER.



BRIAN

The script's totally original -- it's "Back to the Future" meets "Cocoon."

FRANCES

Ooh, look! There's Brian and Richard. They're with a major talent agency which shall remain nameless at this time. I mean personally, I'd rather be with a smaller, boutique agency, someone who can understand and cultivate the uniqueness that is me, but I'll give them the benefit of the doubt.

Frances veers off and edges her way over to BRIAN and RICHARD as she steps in front of the YOUNG WRITER.

FRANCES

I was hoping I'd run into you two. I can never figure out which one of you is cuter.

She gives them both exaggerated AIR KISSES. She grabs a cigar out of Brian's hand and takes a puff.



YOUNG WRITER

You smoke cigars? Is that how you deal with your penis envy?

FRANCES

Yup. How do you deal with yours?

32. INT. MANSION/LIBRARY - NIGHT

32.

Massive bookcases containing hundreds of first editions line the walls. LILY wobbles in and heads for the buffet table piled high with expensive food. As she grazes, she catches little snippets of conversation around the room: "I waited an hour to use the bathroom, but the bouncer turned me away at the door." "We don't talk politics here -- politics is show business for ugly people." "You remind me of my ex-wife -- she liked to scream during sex. On a quiet night I could hear her all the way across town." A PRODUCER-TYPE approaches Lily as she pulls the raw octopus off a piece of sushi and eats the rice.

LANCE

How's the food?

LILY

Very L.A. Small portions -- less for the actresses to throw up later.

LANCE

I don't recognize you. Are you from New York?

LILY

San Francisco.

LANCE

Oh, I have a place in the Marina.

LILY

That's terrible. What happened, mudslide?

LANCE

No, I mean it's situated by the...

(gives up, changes subject)

... So, how do you like Los Angeles?

LILY

It sucks. Everyone is so shallow and two-faced -- and with all the plastic surgery and Botox on display here, even five or six-faced! It's as if to succeed in show business you've got to be this cruel, vicious asshole--



LANCE

(enjoying this)

-- You've got it backwards. Once you become successful, you're allowed to be a cruel, vicious asshole. It's one of the perks.

LILY

But it's so phony. Look at this place. Do you seriously think that the guy who lives here has actually read any of these books?

LANCE

Well, maybe not the ones in hieratic, but...

LILY

-- I mean, he probably rents them just like he rents all these call-girls-slash-models-slash-sluts to impress all his sycophantic friends--

SHAUNA (O.S.)

Lance, sweetie!

Teeth clenched, LANCE turns as SHAUNA and her friend approach.

SHAUNA

Thank you for inviting us into your beautiful home! I see "Infinite Jest" on your 'contemporary fiction' shelf. I loved its unconventional narrative structure.

(takes Lance's arm)

I hear you have the film rights -- how are you going to incorporate the footnotes...?

Lily slinks but stumbles, running into a hors d'oeuvres tray of garnished seafood, upending the plate. Lily tries to re-assemble the food, finally giving up as everybody stares.

LILY

Come on -- you wouldn't know the difference...

Cleaning her dress, she reaches over the bar to a spool of paper towels set up for the bartender, trying to yank off a sheet, but the ENTIRE ROLL starts to UNSPOOL, taking forever. Everyone stares in silence as the pile on the floor grows to cover her feet, ankles and then her legs. The spool finally runs out, Lily making her exit.

LILY

I think I'll see what there is to eat on the patio -- ooh, flambé...

She trips over the pile of paper towels on the way out.



32A. INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

32A.

A stately looking church in a quiet neighborhood. The ORGAN PLAYS as JONATHAN stands with STEVE at the altar, surveying the crowd and checking his watch. Steve notices Jonathan's anxiousness and grins.

STEVE

Relax buddy. I'm the one who's supposed to be nervous. She'll show, man.

JONATHAN

I hope so, I really don't know if she's even interested. I mean, I think we had a real connection, but you know that I'm not the greatest with women...

(loosens his collar)

... This tie is driving me nuts. It just figures that on the day you commit to another person in marriage they make you wear a noose around your neck...

Steve and Jonathan share a laugh until Jonathan realizes that the Organist is playing a peppy version of "Take Me Out To the Ball Game." He whispers to Steve, bemused.

JONATHAN

Who's this organist?

STEVE

Last minute replacement. She works for the
Little League.

The Organist SEGUES into "Here Comes the Bride." The Crowd stands as the beautiful bride makes her way down the Aisle as the organist plays "Bum-bum-bum-bum-BUM-bum-bum-bum"... leading into the six-note fanfare, and the crowd shouting "Charge!"

The Organist pecks out 'ta-da' as Jonathan looks longingly across the congregation, but still doesn't see Lily -- the crowd now doing the wave across the pews.

33. INT. MANSION/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

33.

LILY comes into the room looking for Frances. Gigi is still talking to the D-woman, obviously a little bored.

GIGI

I'm not saying that doing a film is out of the question, but acting is just not a priority right now...

D-WOMAN

We're hoping to get Darby Tipp for the lead.

Gigi turns a little cold.

GIGI

Darby Tipp?

D-WOMAN

Well, we haven't made an offer yet. Do you have a problem with Darby? He's got that "boy next door" quality...

GIGI

Yeah, if you live next to a crack house...

DARBY (O/S)

Gigi!

Gigi turns around. Lily follows her gaze and nearly falls off her shoes again as DARBY TIPP makes his way to Gigi.

DARBY

Gigi, I'm really, really, sorry I didn't come by for you!

D-WOMAN

Hi, Darby! I'm Rhonda from--

DARBY

(ignores her, runs to Gigi)

I should have called, but my trainer's Hummer broke down, so he was late, and I had nobody to tell me to stop walking on the Stairmaster-

Gigi moves Darby into a semi-private corner, right next to LILY, who can't help but eavesdrop.

GIGI

You know something, Darby? You've always got an excuse: The Lakers went into overtime; you pulled a Chakra running around the Burbank reservoir; your decorator said another person in your house would throw off the Feng Shui--

DARBY

--It's true, everything's got to be positioned in relation to everything else, so the flow of positive energy isn't disrupted!

GIGI

-- Basically Darby, you're way too narcissistic and insensitive for me. Here's a little positive energy for you --

(makes a filthy gesture)

-- Feng Shui!

Gigi walks away. Darby calls after her.

DARBY

When was I insensitive to you? I haven't even talked to you in three weeks!

Darby turns around to find LILY gawking at him breathlessly.

LILY

Excuse me, Darby...?

33A. INSERT - LILY'S FANTASY - DARBY TIPP COLLAGE

33A.

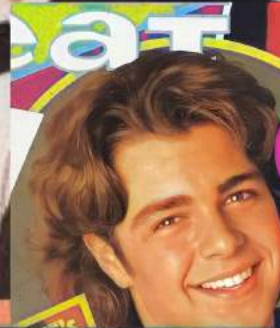
Darby's worried face swirls into LILY'S COLLAGE on pink construction paper, filled with magazine cut-outs, glitter-pen writing, heart stickers, and lipstick kisses. We hear "True" by Spandau Ballet. We see images of sweaty Darby pumping weights; Darby in "Teen Hamlet"; An obviously stoned Darby giving a thumbs-up for a police mugshot. Lily's face is pasted over the faces of the actresses and girlfriends in the photos...

Sex Secrets: How To Deal If You Feel Guilty

seventeen

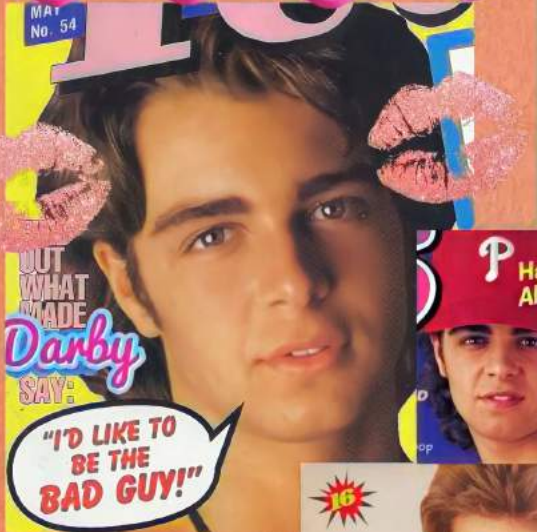
March 1994

Great
Prom
Dresses
Under \$100



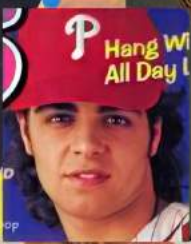
Darby

BE MY VALENTINE

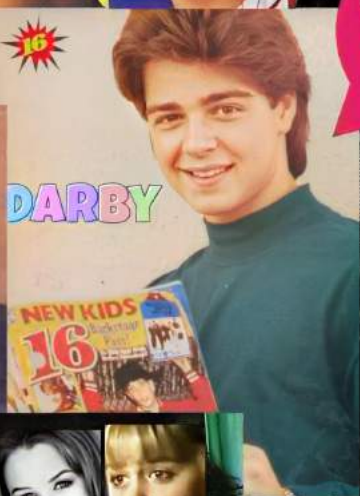
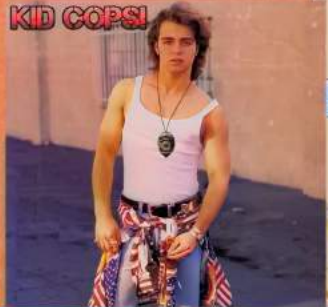
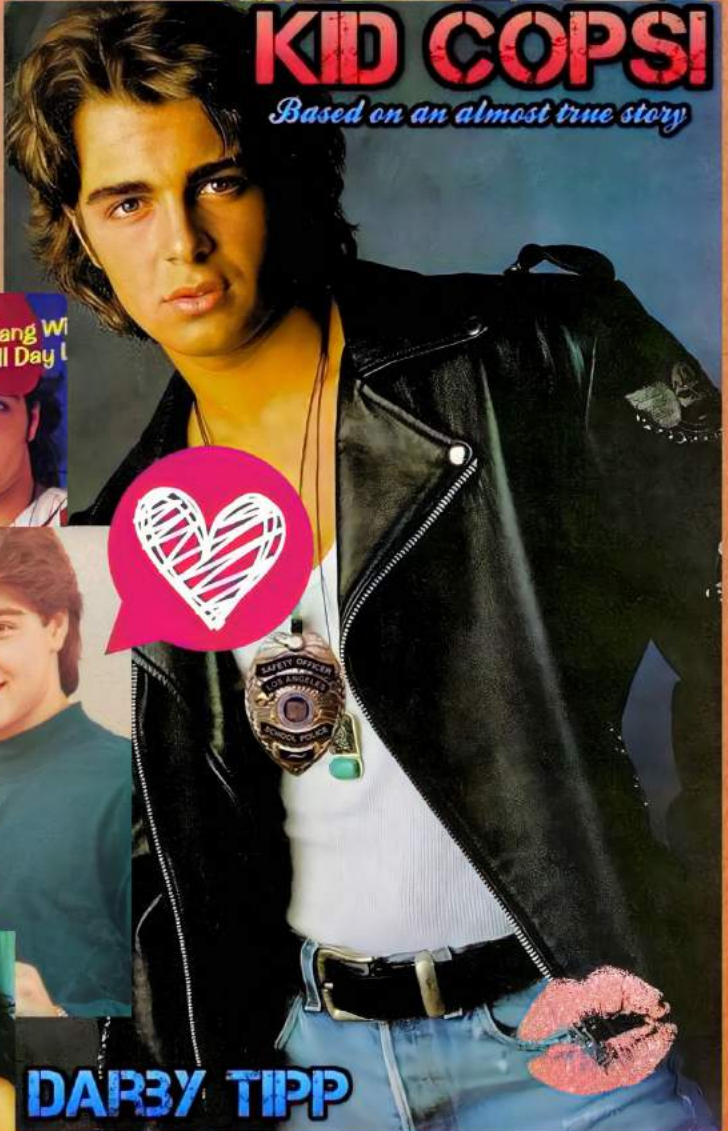


OUT WHAT MADE
Darby
SAY:

"I'D LIKE TO
BE THE
BAD GUY!"



KID COPS!
Based on an almost true story



DARBY TIPP

... Finally morphing back into the increasingly concerned real DARBY -- maybe not Mark David Chapman-level concerned, but concerned, nonetheless, as he watches Lily carefully.

33B. INT. MANSION/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

33B.

LILY moves in closer to DARBY.

LILY

... I know it isn't really any of my business but, I mean, you're, like, one of my favorite actors. I've seen all your films, even the bad ones...

FRANCES comes into the room and sees Lily talking to Darby.

LILY

... I even made this collage in Junior High...

Impressed, Frances moves to join them until she hears what Lily is saying.



LILY

I mean, you know, like... you're DARBY FUCKING
TIPP!

Frances winces and quickly changes direction.

DARBY

Um, yeah. Thanks for reminding me. I've
gotta go.

He stubs out his cigarette and makes his escape into the crowd.
Frances comes up behind Lily.

FRANCES

"You're, like, Darby Tipp." I mean, duh!
He's a former child star but he's not that
dumb!

LILY

(embarrassed)

Okay, Frances. You don't have to make me feel
like any more of a big, fat, star-struck,
idiot geek than I already do.

FRANCES

Forget it. At least you didn't bring up the
collage...

Lily REACTS and Frances rolls her eyes, until she sees someone
familiar enter the room.

FRANCES

Oh, shit! I told you I always run into him!

LILY

Who?

FRANCES

Todd! Quick -- don't look!

She turns her back to the room, trying not to be seen. Lily
checks TODD out. He's really short and not at all like Frances
described him.

LILY

That's Todd??? Where's the rest of him?

FRANCES

Yeah, well, it's an L.A. phenomenon. Everyone
looks shorter in real life.

LILY
Who's his date?

FRANCES
Date?!?

Frances looks across the room, mortified, to see Todd talking to MOLLY, a dramatic blonde trying way too hard to look dramatic.

FRANCES
(looking over Molly hatefully)
That's not his date -- that's Molly, Lance's assistant -- she hates me. They're just friends.
(worried)
Don't you think they look like just friends?

They also notice that Molly is wearing the SAME DRESS AS LILY.

LILY
Oh my God, she's wearing my dress. Didn't you say this was a one of a kind?

FRANCES
(looking over Molly hatefully)
Maybe the saleslady meant the last one of its kind...

Todd kisses Molly's forehead as his eyes wander the room. He makes eye-contact with Frances and then quickly looks away.

FRANCES
Oh God, now he's seen me.

LILY
Remember, Frances, just say no.

Todd looks over again. Remembering, he rubs his posterior in discomfort, wincing, and tries to hide.

FRANCES
I need to be strong. More cocktails.

34. INT. MANSION/BAR AREA - NIGHT

34.

FRANCES
A Flaming Cinnamon Stoli Martini with Chambord and splash of saki, please -- but no umbrella -- I don't want to look like a poser.

LILY

Some white wine, please. Not too dry, not too sweet. American, but not too American.

(to Frances)

Maybe we should get out of here. It's almost time for Jonathan's party.

FRANCES

(to the bartender)

Could you put a chocolate curl in it too, please? I haven't eaten yet.

They step up to TODD who winces when Frances steps up, obviously not over their previous meeting. Caught, he straightens himself.

FRANCES

Hello, Todd. How have you been?

TODD

Thirsty.

(to the bartender)

I'll have a double Glenkinchie; neat, and something for these two ladies -- on my tab.

(then to Frances)

Didn't expect to see you here.

FRANCES

Why, did Molly remove me from the guest list?

TODD

(limping backwards, placating)

No, it's just that this is a B-list party and you are definitely A-list material.

FRANCES

Really, you think so?

TODD

Who's your delicious little friend?

FRANCES

This is Lily. I told her all about you.

LILY

I hear you're a shining light in the film industry.

Angling himself away from Frances, TODD kisses Lily's hand.

TODD

What have I seen you in recently?

LILY

Your dreams?

TODD

You wouldn't be seen in those kinds of places.

Everyone in the area hears this and has an involuntary back shiver. Ignored, Frances taps Todd on the shoulder and he jumps again when he sees her. The memory of the E.R. is still fresh.

TODD

--Frances, it's so good to see you again. Why haven't you called me?

Frances' attitude instantly shifts from spurned lover to hopeful coquette.

FRANCES

I was supposed to call you?

MOLLY comes up on the arm of a British director, ROLAND.

MOLLY

--Todd, sweetie, I want you to meet Roland. He directed 'Arrivaderci Amerique'.

TODD

That movie was the bomb! I loved how the subtitles were displayed out-of-frame, in order to respect the nudity...

Frances looks over at Molly as Todd continues to schmooze.

FRANCES

Nice outfit, Molly. Are you being fumigated?

Embarrassed, Lily removes the matching scarf and shoves it in her purse. Frances and Molly face off, trading insults.

FRANCES

Here's a hint -- when you shop in the 'under 10' rack at Ross, they mean dollars, not I.Q.

Running "CURRENT SOCIAL RANK" numbers are superimposed over each of their heads, and with each bon mot the number grows, accompanied by a 'dinging' sound:

MOLLY

I'm not offended by your dumb blonde jokes, Frances, because unlike you I'm not really dumb--



FRANCES

--and you're definitely not really blonde...

MOLLY

And you are? Let me see. A director? No. A producer? No. Oh, that's right! You're one of those little scene girls that calls herself an actress. Maybe I can help you get some work as an extra. Oops, *pardon moi!* I meant 'background ar-tiste'--

FRANCES

Maybe you should consider taking up acting. You already do a really convincing slut pretending to be secretary.

Frances appears to be way up in the numbers count, but...

MOLLY

In case you forgot, I'm Lance's executive assistant and--

FRANCES

Oh, I'm sorry, did I say secretary? I meant suck-ass gopher.

MOLLY

-- And I can have you removed from the premises.

FRANCES

Oh, THAT'S gonna happen soon. Pa-lease! A directive from the all-powerful production assistant. The security guard will just end up telling you to get him a coffee...

Molly signals and a large SECURITY GUARD in a suit appears.

MOLLY

These girls have had way too much to drink. I want them out of this party and back in their car, where they'll be safe...

The number superimposed over Frances suddenly drops to zero.

SECURITY GUARD

Right away ma'am.

He grabs Frances and Lily and starts to escort them toward the door, Frances spilling her drink all over her outfit.

FRANCES

Watch it -- if I don't return this outfit to Barney's spotless I have to pay for it!

(pleading)

Hey, could I get a gingered chicken skewer on the way out?

The Security Guard manhandles Lily roughly.

LILY

Hey! I don't usually get grabbed there until after I finish the drink!

Lily jerks her arm out of his grasp and bumps a WAITER, who falls into an OLDER GENTLEMAN who is lighting a woman's cigarette. The lighter hits a curtain, the flame shooting up the wall, hitting a plant vine... which burns like a fuse... leading to a glassed antique bookcase, incinerating the ancient books. Black smoke mushrooms behind the glass doors of the case with a sickening POOF! Meanwhile, the RED INVITATION flies out of Lily's tiny little purse unnoticed.



PARTY GUESTS turn and stare as the Security Guard tightens his hold on Lily and puts Frances over his shoulder. Frances continues to reach for hors d'oeuvres and blows a few air kisses.

FRANCES

Bye Landon! Loved your party! See you Brian,
let's talk soon... Todd? Todd...

35. EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

35.

The VALET drives up in Frances' LINCOLN. FRANCES and LILY get in, upset and awkwardly silent. Frances steers out of the driveway and pulls over to the curb.

LILY

So Frances, is the glamour portion of the evening over, yet?

36. INT. FRANCES' CAR - NIGHT

36.

FRANCES bursts into tears as she tries to clean the spot from her outfit. LILY tries valiantly to calm her down.

FRANCES

I will never, ever be able to show my face in this town again. I'm absolutely ruined!

LILY

God, Frances. Everyone there was such a jerk! I don't know why you'd even want to see them again.

FRANCES

You don't understand the way this town works, they have short attention spans but long memories. I'll never get anywhere if everyone thinks I'm some kind of alcoholic party-crasher!

LILY

Well I think that you're doing just fine down here.

FRANCES

(welling up)

Fine? I've been here for more than a year and what have I accomplished? A Hanson video and a Home Brewmeister infomercial...

(now full-on crying)

I even did a couple of boob shots -- ONE boob shot -- they said the second nipple wasn't cinematic enough...Lily you don't understand....If I wasn't a fabulous party girl, getting loaded every night, schmoozing and flirting to secure small roles in marginal films... I'd just be a big loser.

LILY

Lighten up, Frances. You are a fabulous party girl, so screw these jerks! Let's just forget about this and go to Jonathan's party, where you can beguile a whole new group of people -- who I'm sure will be more deserving of your company than all those stuck-up assholes.

FRANCES

You're right, the Angels are on their next assignment! Didn't you say the bride was in Fuzzy Pussy? I heard they were getting signed to Dental Records which is the coolest label anyway. Your party's gotta be much more happening.

LILY

Now where are we going? Three hundred something Alta something?

Lily reaches for her purse. She finds her purse and sees that it's open. She looks inside for the invitation. It's not there.

LILY

(sheer panic)

Stop the car!

Frances slams on the brakes, throwing Lily forward against the dashboard. Frantically, Lily dumps out her purse.

LILY

Shit! It's not in here! It must've fallen out at the party! We have to go back!

FRANCES

Sorry, I have a rule -- I only get thrown out of a party on my ass once. I do have some dignity.

LILY

But I have to find the invitation! You can let me out and I'll sneak in and look around on the floor -- they'll never notice I'm even there.

36A. EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

36A.

Swinging her arms and legs wildly, LILY is once more thrown out onto the curb by the SECURITY GUARDS.

LILY

... Furthermore, if I can quote the Violence Against Women Act of 1994--

SECURITY GUARD

Drive safely, ma'am.

LILY

-- We want our tip back from the valet!

Lily looks up from the gutter to see FRANCES waiting in the LINCOLN.

FRANCES

Just calm down and quit freaking out. I'm totally prepared for these kinds of emergencies.

36B. INT. FRANCES' CAR - NIGHT

36B.

She rummages around in the trash on the floor and comes up with a Thomas Guide.

FRANCES

Look, this is a map of the entire city. All I have to do is just look up Alta Something...

LILY

Oh thank God, Franny, I was starting to breathe all funny...

She starts leafing through the index. Lily starts to breathe normally again.

FRANCES

Let's see... Alta, Alta... Uh-oh.

LILY

What's wrong?

FRANCES

I think I used the index page for the A's to write down my number for this agent I met outside The Opium Den.

LILY

Oh, that's just perfect, Frances.

FRANCES

It wasn't my fault. He didn't have any paper on him.

(grins)

He didn't have any pants on him either, as I recall...

Lily's lip starts to quiver.

LILY

I knew it. I finally do something wild and impulsive by coming down here, and what do I get? I thought one time, just maybe; you know? So now I'm actually here and we don't know where Jonathan is or how to find him--

(sees Frances fixing her makeup in the mirror)

--Don't let me interrupt you, I'm just trying to keep all the events straight for my suicide note...

FRANCES

Lils, take a Ritalin, okay? I've got an idea. We're right near the Viper Room. All we have to do is stop by there and ask someone where the Fuzzy Pussy wedding is.

LILY

You really think someone'll know?

Frances puts the car in gear again.

FRANCES

Who knows? But I'd rather ask Johnny Depp than a gas station attendant!

37. EXT. VIPER ROOM - NIGHT

37.

Hollywood in the later hours is like a struggling background artist: She looks great from 30 feet away, but as you zoom in for the close-up, you realize that she's only been made up to look great from 30 feet away.

FRANCES hands some money over to a VALET as she and LILY get out of the LINCOLN. Lily pitches forward, knocking the Valet on his butt.

LILY

My fault -- I'm not used to heels higher than my hemline--

(straightening clothes)

--Falling off of a high pair of heels,
copyright 1999 by Lily Bonwit...

Frances takes Lily's arm and guides her towards the entrance. There's a long line outside. People wait to get in with a mix of anxiousness and anxiety, like a methadone clinic. Snippets: "If you want to make it in show business, it's important to not know the right people." "At this studio, 'harass' is two words." "You can't be small and selfish and be an actor -- but you can be an acting coach."

FRANCES

The only problem might be getting in here.

LILY

Why?

FRANCES

Oh, they have these, like, fashion bouncers at the door, and if you don't look like you ought to be in there, they make you stand in line.



Lily looks at the line and notices several women in line with the EXACT DRESS SHE'S WEARING.

LILY

I think we'll be waiting a while, then...

Covering a wine stain on her dress with her purse, Frances works up an air of supreme confidence and sashays up to the entrance with Lily in tow. A majorly-pierced six-foot four-inch DOOR WOMAN who breathes fire and has a tattoo on her stomach that reads "EAT MY PUSSY" blocks their way.

DOOR WOMAN

I'm sorry, you'll have to get back in line...

Frances pulls the trusty parking ticket out of her purse.

FRANCES

Let us through. Court order. We're serving Sal Jenco with today's paternity suits...

DOOR WOMAN

BACK!

Humiliated again, Frances and Lily get in line behind a pair of GUYS sporting creative facial hair.

FRANCES

This is wrong! We are not sheep. We are not cattle. We did not spend three hours trying on clothes to stand in line like... like... wannabes. Wait here...

Galvanized, Frances storms back up to the front of the line. Lily lights a cigarette and turns to one of the goateed Guys.

LILY

Excuse me, do you know Fuzzy Pussy? ... ugh... the band Fuzzy Pussy...?

GUY #1

Yeah, they rule. Saw them at Dragonfly last Tuesday.



LILY

Really? Do you happen to know the bass player?

GUY #1

Yeah, he hangs out at The Smog Cutter--

LILY

He? No, I--

GUY #2

No, dude, they got someone new, 'cause that guy's in rehab again for Valium.

GUY #1

Valium?! What kind of a pussy drug is that?

GUY #2

He probably cops it from his mom. Grow up.

Lily's heard enough. Gingerly, she balances her way to the head of the line to see how Frances is doing.

FRANCES

(to the Door Woman)

... See my friend is down here from San Francisco for just one night and she's always wanted to come to this club. She's a huge fan of Johnny's and all--

DOOR WOMAN

You think everyone standing in that line isn't a big fan of Johnny's?

FRANCES

Well, yeah, but she even watches "21 Jump Street" reruns in Spanish. I mean, come on.

DOOR WOMAN

Wait a minute. I remember you...

Lily wobbles up as Frances smiles, feeling victory is imminent.

DOOR WOMAN (CONT'D)

... You've tried to scam your way in here before. One time you tried to tell me you were Kate Moss' dietitian, and you were arriving early to mix low-cal Mai Tais; Another time, you were a grieving childhood girlfriend of River Phoenix, who had pledged to reunite here on his 25th birthday--

FRANCES

--All true, sadly. Dear River Jude Bottom...
I miss him so! Still, this is my friend.
Lily, tell her--

GIGI and a COUPLE from Lance's party walk up to the entrance.
Gigi is dressed in a slinky, fabulous new outfit.

GIGI

Hey, Corey--

DOOR WOMAN

--Hey, Gigi.

The Door Woman steps aside and lets them pass.

FRANCES

Hey, if you're letting Pennywise in, then you
have to let us in, too.

DOOR WOMAN

Okay, Ms. Bottom -- let me check your bags.

Grinning, Frances opens her purse, and the DOOR WOMAN pulls out a
pack of cigarettes, lipstick, and two bags of gummi bears.

DOOR WOMAN

Prepared for any emergency, I see...

(to Lily)

How about you?

LILY

Just the usual stuff. No need to check...

DOOR WOMAN

Open it.

Lily reluctantly obeys, and the DOOR WOMAN pulls out BIG PINK.

LILY

It's a gag gift. It's a long story -- Pookie
had it, the landlady was screaming...

Everyone around them stares at Lily, speechless. Frances acts as
if she's never met her.

DOOR WOMAN

It has teeth marks.

LILY

Well, I had to wrestle it from the dog...



Completely humiliated, Lily tries to grab Big Pink away from the DOOR WOMAN, who won't let go. The Door Woman teasingly holds it high over Lily's head, daring her to take it. Lily jumps in vain, trying to retrieve Big Pink before the humiliation can get any worse.

Meanwhile, with the Door Woman's attention centered elsewhere, Frances takes the opportunity to demurely walk past them into the club, pretending to be alone.

Lily finally grabs Big Pink and tries to wrestle it from the Door Woman, and in the midst of the tug-of-war, the vibrator starts up with a loud WHINE and drops to the sidewalk. It begins to rumble and change course.

37A. EXT. VIPER ROOM - BIG PINK - NIGHT

37A.

From BIG PINK's level, we see it vibrating so intensely that it starts to rumble and move, picking up speed.

Big Pink moves up the sidewalk and rumbles along the cement walkway like an out-of-control cruise missile -- people screaming, with each of them jumping and/or diving out of the way as it glides past them down the line. Lily chases it down the street.



38. INT. VIPER ROOM - NIGHT

38.

FRANCES enters with LILY, who is busy trying to shut down BIG PINK, which is still buzzing and straining to get out of her purse. A funky band is on stage performing a tune with Gigi, as CLUBBIES sit on velveteen couches and stand in the shadows.

Rolling her eyes at the band, FRANCES pushes her way to the bar. Snippets: "Honesty is the most important thing in a relationship... if you can fake that, you have a good shot." "This year's been great -- last year I lost two pilots, but this year, I lost four!" Frances smiles to LILY.

FRANCES

I can't believe that worked! I've gotta remember to keep one of those in *my* purse. Food... food... food... food--
(recognizes two men at the bar)
Marnie! Josh! Whose turn is it to buy me a drink?

She throws her arms wide in a big hello. Lily takes a seat at the bar, glad to get off her shoes.

FRANCES

This is my best friend since high school, Lily.

LILY

"Go Lemmings."

She smacks her purse until Big Pink stops rumbling.

FRANCES

Well, come to think of it, we went to college together, too. Briefly. I just couldn't fit the classes in with my hectic schedule. We're on a secret mission...

Frances continues to socialize as Lily approaches a somewhat psychotic looking BARTENDER in the darkness of the bar. The Bartender wipes a glass clean, spits in it, then places it onto a large stack. The lighting under the table gives his face an eerie glow.

LILY

You wouldn't happen to know the girl that plays bass in Fuzzy Pussy would you?

BARTENDER

No. What's your poison?

LILY
I'd kill for a Coke.

Giving her a strange look, he goes off for her drink.

Frances has moved to a table in the back of the bar. She's surrounded by group of really CUTE GUYS.

FRANCES
Let's have a martini contest! First, you have to suck the pimento out of the olive without biting it...

Back at the bar, the Bartender comes back with Lily's Coke.

BARTENDER
\$3.75.

LILY
(deep sigh)
I am so bummed.

BARTENDER
Too bad. It's still \$3.75.

LILY
I came down here from San Francisco to see this guy, right? And then I lost the address to the party where I'm supposed to meet him. He's probably there waiting.

BARTENDER
So?

LILY
So? So I don't know where he lives or have his phone number or anything. I have no problem finding him among 16 million people and 54,000 square miles of forests and mountains in Nepal, but here I can't even locate him at a wedding party in downtown L.A. If I don't find him tonight, I may never see him again.

The BARTENDER stares at her, still waiting for the money.

LILY
He's just going to think I never showed.
He'll forget all about me and find somebody else.

BARTENDER

\$3.75.

LILY

I know it seems silly but maybe the first time in my life I think I'm in love.

BARTENDER

Love is an opiate, an artificial, temporary emotion invented by the insecure to validate the illusion that they're not totally, tragically alone from birth to death.

LILY

(indignant)

So... I'm going to guess you're "between relationships." Haven't you ever been in love?

BARTENDER

Nope, I've been a bartender all my life.

(a beat -- deadpan)

You want a cherry with that Coke?

LILY

Well, I think I'm in love with this guy, okay? And I'm bummed. I could kill somebody I'm so mad.

BARTENDER

Never joke about murder in this town.

Suddenly willing to share, the Bartender leans forward and begins to speak in a low, secretive voice.

BARTENDER

Murders most foul happen every day in L.A. Not just your normal drive-by killings, either. Eviscerations, dismemberments, ritualistic satanic disembowelments, whacked out freaky zodiac-like serial killers -- you never know who or where they might be.

(confidentially)

In fact, I think I live with a serial killer. How's that for a real problem?

He suddenly stands up straight, looking around the bar, causing Lily to glance about nervously. She's totally engrossed, and increasingly freaked out.



BARTENDER

He's a bartender by night and a "med student" by day, or so he says. The other night he left one of his medical books out. I'm a med student, too, so when I opened it up to see what he was reading, this fell out.

He pulls a piece of paper from his pocket, sliding it across the bar to Lily. She gasps as she looks at the paper.

BARTENDER

Those murders in Burbank last week? It's a list of exactly what they said on the news: Missing genitals, torn nipples, teeth marks -- something tells me it's not his grocery list. Or even worse, maybe it is.

LILY looks like she might throw up.

BARTENDER

Does it shock you? Good and evil aren't absolutes. They're just judgements, like love and hate, beauty and ugliness... life and death...

Long pause as he glares at the terrified Lily.

LILY

So this guy's a bartender, just like you, and
a med student, just like you, and he's living
with you...

BARTENDER

We're very close.

LILY

... And these murders are occurring... all
around you...

BARTENDER

That's some crazy shit, right?
(snapping out of it with a
sinister laugh)
See what I mean? You think you got problems?
I'm living with a fucking psychopath!

LILY

(edging away from the bar)
--Excuse me, Norman Bates, I think need to get
a cigarette.

BARTENDER

Hey! That's \$3.75.

Lily fearful for her life, rushes off to look for Frances. She
finds her in the back with the CUTE GUYS. A pyramid of martini
glasses has been built on the table in front of them.

LILY

Frances, I just had the most insane--

FRANCES

(verging on intoxication)
Lily! Where've you been? Michael, Nicky,
this is my best friend, Lily. We were just at
Lance Leibowitz' party but it was kind of
dull, so we decided to try here... So who's
going to buy me a beer...?

Gigi parades by, talking with several men following her.

GIGI

(looks over at Frances' group)
Michael! Nicky! How are you...?

In a flash, the CUTE GUYS are gone, following Gigi, entranced.
Frances watches them go, shocked and abandoned.

FRANCES

See what I mean? She weasels her way in, then gloms on to my friends!

LILY

We should be glomming out of here, too. I just met this freaky guy...

FRANCES

(not listening)

Did you see the look on Todd's face when I blew him off. He was like child who lost his puppy. Pa-thetic!

Another round of martinis arrive, too late. Frances looks at them and starts to whimper as Lily sees TODD coming into the bar.

FRANCES

I mean, Todd Taylor has got to be the world's biggest loser!

LILY

Uh, Frances....

Nervously, Lily watches as Todd approaches.

FRANCES

And now he's getting over me by hanging out with that horrible Molly girl who sucks Lance's dick for a living.

She knocks back another martini. Todd comes up from behind and plants a big kiss on her cheek. Instantly, she forgets everything she just said.

FRANCES

Todd!

TODD

I was hoping I'd find you here. Molly got all tweaked out and--

Lily grabs Frances and starts pulling her away.

LILY

Frances, we have to go.

FRANCES

But Todd's here.

TODD

Yeah, I'm here. I left the party and drove all the way over to see you. In my car. With the back seat. Our back seat...

Frances looks as though she's going to float over to Todd when Lily grabs her by the shoulders and looks her in the eyes.

LILY

Remember, Frances. Todd bad, bad, bad. Just say 'no' to Todd!

FRANCES

How can I say 'no' to Todd if we leave Todd?

LILY

Just. Say. NO!

Frances shakes her head like she's coming out of a trance.

FRANCES

No.

TODD

NO?

FRANCES

NO!

LILY

Good girl!

Nose in the air, Frances takes Lily's arm and heads for the door. After a BEAT, Frances pokes her head back in.

FRANCES

Call me!

Lily's hand reaches back inside, pulling Frances out.

40. EXT. VIPER ROOM - NIGHT

40.

FRANCES hands her ticket to a VALET as LILY leans on the wall.

LILY

Did any of those guys know the bass player?

FRANCES

No, but -- maybe I should ask Todd again...

LILY

(grabs Frances' wrist)

NO! No Todd. Todd bad... This just sucks.
For a popular bass player, this girl sure is
obscure.

In the alley adjacent to the club, she notices the BARTENDER
loading a HUGE, HEAVY, BLACK BAG into the trunk of his car.

LILY

Oh my God, Frances! Look!

FRANCES

What?

LILY

That guy! The bartender! He just told me
this insanely freaky story about a serial
killer, and now he's loading a body into his
trunk! We've gotta call the cops!

FRANCES

No, no, no -- Lily, we don't want to get
involved. If he's a serial killer, we don't
want to piss him off 'cuz he'll kill us. If
he's just a bartender, we don't want to piss
him off 'cuz he won't comp us.



But Lily is already dialing 911 on a pay phone.

LILY

(to the 911 operator)

Hello? Yeah, I have information regarding a probable serial killer. He's the bartender at the -- what's the name of this place?

FRANCES

The Viper Room.

LILY

(to the 911 operator)

The VIPER ROOM. He just loaded a body bag into his car, license plate number... No, I don't know Johnny...

The VALET drives up in the LINCOLN.

FRANCES

Come on, Sabrina. You want to fight crime or find bug guy?

Lily thinks for a moment, then...

LILY

I'll call you back!

Hanging up, she hops into the LINCOLN as a LIMO PASSES BY.

41. INT. LIMO - NIGHT

41.

Inside the limo are Jonathan, two bridesmaids and the bride's grandmother (GRAMMY), an 85-year-old woman in a flowery hat.

JONATHAN

That was the first wedding I've been to where the rings went on the nipple.

GRAMMY

What's your name, dear?

JONATHAN

Jonathan.

GRAMMY

And what do you do?

JONATHAN

Well, I'm an Entomologist and...



GRAMMY

My late husband and I loved your low-fat coffee cakes. Are you married?

JONATHAN

No, I'm not. I'm married to my work, which means I'm married to bugs, which means... what it means is I don't date much.

GRAMMY

Maybe you'll meet someone here. Weddings have a way of making everyone fall in love.

A TATTOOED BRIDESMAID leans over to Jonathan, whispering in his ear.

TATTOOED BRIDESMAID

Watch out for Suzie's grammy -- if she kisses you, she sometimes gets confused and uses her tongue...

Jonathan stiffens, nervous, as he answers Grammy politely.

JONATHAN

Well, I did invite someone kind of special to meet me at the reception, but she lives in San Francisco, and I don't know for sure if she got my letter... or even if she feels the same way about me as--

Grammy slides in closer as Jonathan leans away.

GRAMMY

Was your letter filled with passion and romance?

JONATHAN

Uh, not really. I tried to be casual, so she wouldn't think I was desperate or anything.

(distracted)

I blew it. I wrote her a letter like I was asking for a government grant instead of a date.

GRAMMY

What are you looking for in a woman?

JONATHAN

I don't know -- efficient, hardworking, strong, long legs...

GRAMMY

Those are ants, dear. What about women?

JONATHAN

(smiles)

I guess I'm kind of a late starter with women. I've been leery ever since learning about the whole black widow-praying mantis thing.

GRAMMY

'Cautious and meticulous. Almost, at times, the fool.' Have you two played hide the salami, yet?

Jonathan nearly chokes.

JONATHAN

I'm sorry?

GRAMMY

The beast with two backs, bumped uglies, ridden the velvet highway?

JONATHAN

Well, uhm no -- not yet. We only knew each other for one day.

GRAMMY

Suzie's Grandpa and I did it the first night we met -- really nasty -- every input. But kids today are different. Superficial.

Jonathan looks really worried.

JONATHAN

Ew... I mean, 'oh.' You think I blew it?

GRAMMY

If you do find her, remember she's a woman, not a science experiment. You've got to open up, share your feelings. Let her know what's in your heart...

(grins)

... and what's in your pants.

She starts to kiss him on the cheek but he pulls back, hitting his head against the window, a sick look on his face.

42. EXT. BIG GUYS - NIGHT

42.

The LINCOLN pulls up to the valet station. As the VALETS open their doors.

LILY

Let me get this straight. Every time you get out of your car in L.A., it costs five bucks - plus tip?

FRANCES

I never tip. I just leave extra change in the ashtray.

Frances pulls Lily straight up to the door of Big Guys. The BOUNCER blocks their way.

BOUNCER

Private party in the main room.

FRANCES

That's exactly where we want to go.

BOUNCER

You got a red invitation?

Lily starts jumping up and down, despite the platforms.

LILY

Oh my God! This is it! I swear, we had an invitation, but I lost it. Please, please, please let us in!

Frances takes Lily's arm and pulls her to the end of the line.

LILY

Back waiting, Samuel Beckett? What happened to the whole pester-them-until-they-give-in thing?

FRANCES

You're doing it all wrong. Watch the master...

Frances adjusts her top to show a little more cleavage, then approaches the Bouncer.

BOUNCER

Chill out, Frances. I'll let you in -- but you've got to promise to put those back in your dress, and not make any trouble. You can get in the bar, but you gotta' wait in line until someone comes out. Fire Marshal's been busting our balls.

FRANCES

Gotcha'! We as private citizens must understand that the maximum occupancy guidelines as set forth by OSHA have been instituted for our own safety and well-being!

(to Lily)

Two more leave and we're in...

BOUNCER

Make way -- coming through...

The Bouncer clears the way, Frances proudly stepping up, Lily shyly straggling in behind her -- only to both be roughly shoved out of the way by a SECURITY GUARD as GIGI steps outside with a MOVIE STAR who looks a lot like John Cusack. He slips on a knit cap, long overcoat, scarf, and a pair of sunglasses (it's 11pm).

MOVIE STAR

I wear these as not to draw attention.

GIGI

So boring...

The crowd cheers. Frances watches them step into a waiting limo.

FRANCES

Of course she's bored -- she's got to hang out with herself all the time!

BOUNCER

Are you coming in, or what...?

Thrilled, they hustle on in.

LILY

It worked! God, I am so excited I might wet my panties!

FRANCES

Wrong club.

CUT TO:

43. INT. BIG GUYS - NIGHT

43.

On stage the band WILCO is busy performing in pink tuxedos with their hair plastered down for this corporate gig -- filling the room with tastefully watered-down grooves. Snippets: "For every success story in show business, there are a million sob stories...of people doing corporate shows." "I'm ditching the music business entirely and going into drugs full-time."

FRANCES and LILY enter the small, crowded and really dark bar. Stairs, guarded by two BOUNCERS, lead to the Main Room. Above a sign reads "RED INVITATIONS ONLY."

LILY

... Okay, how do we get in? Frances?

Frances has been distracted by a familiar face.

FRANCES

Justin! Just the man I've been looking for!

Taking her literally, JUSTIN comes on very strong with the drunken hugs and kisses. Frances gently pulls away from him and pinches his cheek.

FRANCES

When are you going to set up that meeting for me with Billy? Tell him I've been exercising the left one...

Exasperated, Lily sets off on her own and approaches a BOUNCER, adjusting her top as Frances had out front. The Bouncer raises his hand to block the view and speaks in a passionless drone.

FRANCES

Invitation, please...

LILY

Look, I know I need a red invitation to go in there, and I really did have one, but I lost it, but I can tell you all the details because I was invited to the wedding by the groom's friend, Jonathan, who's an entomologist but he's really cute...

BOUNCER

Honey, this is a party for Red Productions.

Lily deflates.

LILY

Red Productions? It's not a wedding party?

BOUNCER

Well, since I've been standing here, I've heard a lot about how the music division is fucking the film division, but...

Lily slumps down on a banquette and buries her head in her hands. Trying not to cry, she fishes a cigarette out of her pocket, but she can't find a light. She turns to the guy sitting next to her.

LILY

Excuse me? Do you have a light?

The guy turns around. It's DARBY TIPP, alone and depressed.

DARBY

Yeah.

He pulls out a lighter and holds it to her cigarette. As the flame lights their faces, he dimly recognizes her. She's so unnerved by him that she drops the cigarette as soon as it's lit.

DARBY

Hey, I know you. You're that girl from the party. Hey -- I wanna see that collage...

LILY

Oh God, I'm so sorry! I was such a geek...

DARBY

Don't sweat it. It sucks being famous sometimes. Your girlfriend dumps you and "Hard Copy" finds out about it before you do...

LILY

I'm so sorry. I just couldn't believe it when she called you a narcissist.

DARBY

Does that mean that I like fall asleep all the time?

LILY

No that's narcolepsy, a narcissist is someone who's... it doesn't apply to you.

Darby gives her a grateful smile.

DARBY

Thanks. Want a hit?

He passes Lily a smoldering joint. Wanting to oblige, she takes a hit, but she doesn't inhale.

DARBY

Don't Bubba it -- inhale! Hey, you want to get out of here?

Lily gulps.

LILY

You mean, leave? Now? With you?

DARBY

Why not? I live right up the hill.

LILY

(trying to maintain)

Um, I'm with my friend.

DARBY

Bring her along.

LILY

Um, just wait while I find her. Okay?

Darby smiles at her. Lily gets up and, of course, stumbles on her shoes as she heads off to find Frances.



43A. INT. BIG GUYS - BAR

43A.

Meanwhile, Justin is pawing Frances, who daintily sips another martini and pitches herself.

FRANCES

...And you've got to tell him about that "Tales from the Crypt" that I was the body double in. I was Virginia Madsen's nipples in the death scene, and the director said--

JUSTIN

Those were your nipples? You're an excellent actress.

Lily comes lurching over and grabs Frances' arm. Frances spills rum and Coke all over herself and looks up, confused.

FRANCES

Fucking El Niño...
(realizes it's Lily)
Hey--

LILY

It'll cover the wine stain. Besides, this is more important. Conference room. Now!

She drags her towards the ladies' room.

44. INT. LADIES' ROOM - NIGHT

44.

Hyper-ventilating, LILY drags FRANCES into the restroom. Fluorescent lights and yellow teeth. Behind them a NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH poster features a drawing of a suspect that looks exactly like the PSYCHOTIC BARTENDER.

FRANCES

(cleaning off her outfit)

This better be important, Lily, because--

LILY

Oh my God, I feel like I'm going to faint!

Gasping, she tries to collect herself.

FRANCES

What? You found bug guy?

LILY

Who? Oh! No. Too fucking amazing! I come down to L.A. for just one night and--

FRANCES

What happened?

LILY

You're gonna shit!

FRANCES

Well, I'm in the right place. For Christ's sake, Lily, will you just fill me in? Spit it out, already!

Lily grabs hold of Frances' hand, drawing her in closer.

LILY

(deep breath, whispering)

Guess who just invited us up to his house and wants us to leave with him right now?

(a beat)

Darby-fucking-Tipp!

45. INT. BIG GUYS - NIGHT

45.

Frances' high-pitched SCREAM echoes through the bar area. EVERYONE, even the band, looks briefly in the direction of the bathroom then goes back to their manic fun.

46. INT. LADIES' ROOM

46.

FRANCES high-fives LILY.

FRANCES

Lily, you rule!

LILY

I can't believe it. I mean, after I acted like such a dufus at the party and all.

FRANCES

Lily Bonwit, no man can resist you. Even Darby-fucking-Tipp!

Lily lets out a little scream of her own then stops cold.

LILY

Wait a second. What am I thinking?

FRANCES

Uh-oh -- the "t-h" word -- that can't be good...

LILY

I came down here to see Jonathan and, all of a sudden, some movie star chats me up and I start acting like a little groupie.

FRANCES

Nonsense -- you're now a big-time groupie, so stop that. You are not going to tell me that you would pass up an opportunity to go to the actual house -- where his bed is, where he probably sleeps naked -- of the guy you had plastered on your walls when you were eleven and he was on "Kid Cops"?

Lily stops cold, remembering her favorite show...

LILY

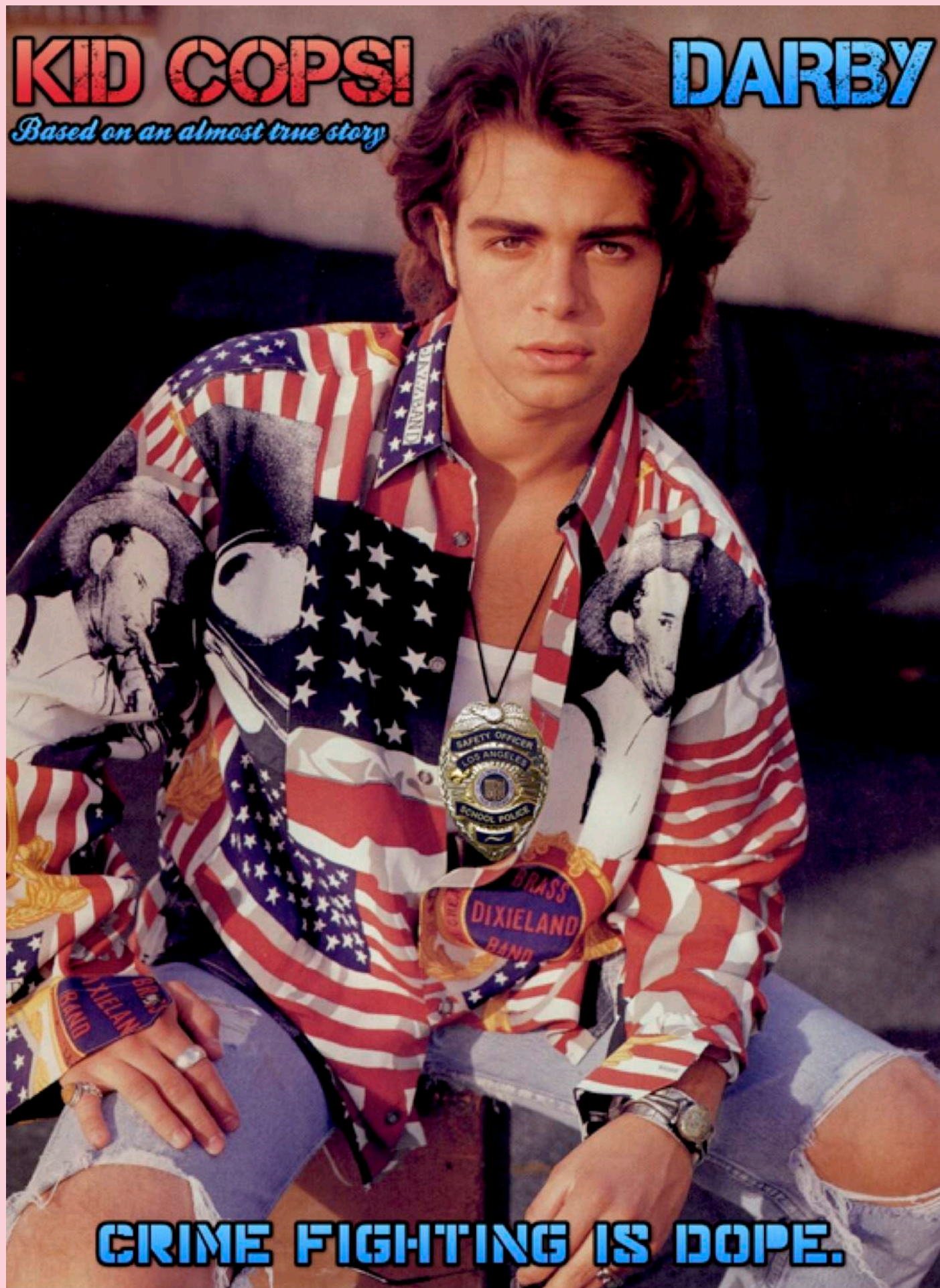
"Kid Cops!"

A smile forms as the haunting "Kid Cops" theme begins to play...

KID COPS!

Based on an almost true story

DARBY



CRIME FIGHTING IS DOPE.

46A. VARIOUS SHOTS - '80S COP SHOW - TITLE SEQUENCE

46A.

Various action shots from an '80s TV action show: Young Darby in cool shades catching criminals; surfing the freeway on top of a police car; jumping over a shark on a motorcycle with Ted McGinley, etc.

SINGERS (V.O.)

High school crime is on the rise,
The LAPD have just the guys!
The youngest rookies on the beat,
The 'Peach Fuzz' are generating heat!

Kid Cops! Kid Cops! Busting drug rings!
Kid Cops! Kid Cops! Exchanging class rings!
Kid Cops! Kid Cops! Fighting crime!
Kid Cops get to class on time!

Criminals are on the run,
But Kid Cops get their homework done!
Attending math labs every day!
Raiding meth labs, crime don't pay!

Kid Cops! Kid Cops! Undercover!
Kid Cops! Kid Cops! Geometry lovers!
Kid Cops! Kid Cops! Riot gear!
Kid Cops! Kid Cops! Mid-term's near!

Working on their reading retention!
Bad guys go on permanent detention!
Putting pimps and whores away!
One-point-seven GPA!

Kid Cops! Kid Cops! Homicide Division!
Kid Cops! Kid Cops! Long form division!
Kid Cops! Kid Cops! Lettered in field sports!
Kid Cops! Kid Cops! Suspended for "Alley Court!"

Kid Cops! Kid Cops! Kid Cops! Kid Cops!
Kid Cops! Kid Cops! Kid Cops! Kid Cops!
Kid Cops! Kid Cops! Kid Cops! Kid Cops!
Kid Cops! Kid Cops! Kid Cops! Kid Cops!!!

DISSOLVE TO:

46. INT. LADIES' ROOM - NIGHT

46.

Frances is busy at the mirror completely re-doing her make-up as Lily remembers.

LILY
(remembering, smiles)
"Kid Cops"... "generating heat..."
(snaps out of it)
But I can't...

FRANCES
(new idea)
We'll steal some pictures -- you can add 'em
to the collage!

LILY
But Jonathan's the one. He's serious and real
and--

FRANCES
Lily, you have to get real here. Maybe we'll
find Jonathan. I mean, we're really, really
gonna' try. But maybe we won't. And if we
don't, I'm really sorry...

She looks Lily straight in the face, more earnest than she's ever
been.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
... But I am not going to let you go to your
grave wondering what might have been if only
you had gone to Darby Tipp's house that night
in Los Angeles.

Lily looks at her, suppressing a smile.

LILY
Okay. A half an hour and that's it.
(squeals)
Darby-fucking-Tipp!

FRANCES
(thoughtfully)
You think that's his real middle name, or a
stage name?

47. INT. DARBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

47.

LILY and FRANCES stare, open-mouthed, into the marvel that is
Darby's house. Giant windows and a wrap-around patio overlook
the city. Various HANGERS-ON scurry around the house.

DARBY

... For a life in movies you have to be willing to give up relationships, friendships, and happiness, if you can't do that you should just accept it and go into television.

(looking around proudly)

My house looks good, doesn't it? See how the whole front of it catches the light? These people all work for me. My accountant said that since they stay here so much I should just hire them and use it as a tax deduction. Jimmy here is in charge of the Feng Shui. Jules tapes 'X-Files' for me -- he just showed up for a party one night and never left...

As they walk inside, we hear an AUDIENCE APPLAUD. Darby points to a man behind a recording console.

DARBY

This is Drake. He handles my crowd noise, sound effects and incidental music cues--

LILY

--Wait, you have soundtrack music for your daily life?

DARBY

Exactly. I'm thinking about doing a sitcom and I want to be natural with the crowd laughter, applause, and music cues...

We hear an audience LAUGH, then APPLAUD. Frances politely joins in, until Lily nudges her to stop.

DARBY

Let's explore, shall we...?

Darby grins and puts his arms around Lily and Frances. Drake plays some dirty funk, like a porn film.

DARBY

Not yet, Drake...

The music cuts off abruptly as DARBY leads Lily and Frances into the sunken living room lined with velvet cushions and embroidered tapestries. Pictures, posters and toys with his likeness are everywhere. The posters include titles like: "Sweet Sixteen Massacre", Darby battling a huge insect in "Gi-ANT!", a teen sex comedy called "Poppin' One!", "Girlie-Man!", and "Eustis Hammerling and the Amazing Puppy Machine".

DARBY

There's a bar over there. Help yourself.

Lily and Frances go over to check it out. Frances helps herself to a beer. Darby goes over to the stereo.

DARBY

You guys want to hear some Grateful Dead?

Lily and Frances look at each other and make gagging faces.

FRANCES

Uh, sure.

Suddenly horrified, Lily sees Darby's answering machine blinking with ten messages.

LILY

(panicked whisper)

Ohmigod, Frances! Our message! What're we going to do?!

FRANCES

Oh shit!

DARBY

Hey, would you mind hitting my answering machine over there on the shelf? I gotta find out what my call time is for tomorrow.

(looking for a tape)

I've got this really rare bootleg from St. Louis, '71 somewhere....

FRANCES

(whispering to Lily)

Hit erase! Pull the plug!

LILY

There's 10 messages, I can't!

Frances picks up an Emmy, honoring Darby for some past performance. She lifts it to bash the answering machine. Lily grabs her wrist.

LILY

No! Frances, don't! It's an Emmy!

FRANCES

(reads engraving, shrugs)

It's a daytime Emmy.

She raises it again, and swipes but misses, breaking the top of the Emmy off on the counter. She hides it behind her back as Darby comes over to help them. Abruptly, they stop wrestling, trying to appear casual.

DARBY

Here, let me do it. That machine is really complicated. It took me a week to figure it out.

He hits 'play'. Lily and Frances cringe as their animal noises play. Darby looks puzzled.

FRANCES' VOICE

Hi, this is Frances and my slut sister Lily. We're party animals Ruff Ruff, and we want to get down and dirty doggystyle--

Darby hits fast forward. He stares at them, amazed.

DARBY

Frances and Lily???

FRANCES

Are you sure it's Frances and Lily? It sounded like Francois and Lulu...

DARBY

No, it was definitely Frances and Lily! I don't know anybody named Frances and Lily except you guys...

(lightens)

... and it's obviously not you two 'cause I just met you. Duh! And you're not even sisters.

LILY

We can explain....

FRANCES

(exaggerated astonishment)

Yeah! You just met us! We're not sisters!

LILY

And we're definitely not barnyard animals--

Lily laughs, involuntarily SNORTING LIKE A PIG, mirroring the sounds coming from the answering machine exactly. She and Frances exchange horrified looks.

LILY (CONT'D)
 --I mean, "heh-heh-heh"...

But Darby doesn't notice. He just skips through a series of messages until he gets to the one he's expecting.

A.D. (V.O.)
 Hey, Darby. Your call is for 6:30 on stage
 12. Let me know if you need a driver. Don't
be late.

Darby stops the machine.

DARBY
 The fucked thing is that people are always
 getting my number somehow and then I have to
 get Sheila, she's my manager, to get me a new
 number and then I have to memorize it. I have
 a bad memory. In fact I had to hire Sheila
 when I forgot who my last manager was...

Darby picks up an acoustic guitar plastered with Grateful Dead
 decals. He looks heavenward and says:

DARBY
 This is for you, Jerry.
 (singing feebly)
 Touch of Grey and warm blue eyes;
 A cup of genius on the side;
 You turned me on to ecstasy;
 My grandma found me in a tree...'

He continues as Frances and Lily attempt to look rapt.

DARBY (CONT'D)
 Droppin' acid, smokin' pot;
 Yelling out the verses you forgot;
 I followed you from town to town;
 Where do we go now that you ain't around?

48. INSERT - LILY'S FANTASY - DARBY TIPP COLLAGE

48.

The pink construction paper starts to brown and curl to Darby's
 song; magazine cut-outs have their eyes 'x'ed-out by glitter-
 pens, heads turn into Jerry Garcia and Grateful Dead skulls;
 heart stickers break, and lipstick kisses dry heave. "True" by
 Spandau Ballet morphs into "Casey Jones" by the Dead.

The collage starts to shrivel and turn to dust.

Sex Secrets: How To Deal If You Feel Guilty

seventeen

March 1994

Great
Prom
Dresses
Under \$100



Darby



KID COPS!

Based on an almost true story



DARBY TIPP

48A. INT. DARBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

48A.

DARBY keeps playing to LILY and FRANCES, totally engrossed.

DARBY

You guys want some pot? It's really good stuff from the medical center. I'm so lucky -
- my limo driver has glaucoma...

LILY

We really have to go...

FRANCES

(re: pot)

Yeah! Fire one up!

Lily shoots her a look, but Frances pretends not to notice.

DARBY

There's some in my Jerry statue. Just flip open the head. They're already rolled -- I have a woman come in.

Frances jumps over to the mantle, covered in statues and trophies. Next to a Golden Globe for the teen vampire film "Puberty Sucks" is a bust of Jerry Garcia. Frances flips open the head, which is filled with joints. Lily looks back at Darby and frowns.

DARBY

'I just want you to know it's me speaking and not the alcohol.
I'm the Gratefulest Dead of them all...'

Finally, Lily can't take it. She starts giggling. Softly at first, but it gets louder. Frances elbows her.

Darby is oblivious, until he has a random thought that snaps him out of it temporarily.

Darby lowers the guitar as if he's forgotten that he's playing.

DARBY

You guys want some cupcakes or something? I can call Pink Dot.

FRANCES

Don't you just love that?

LILY

What's Pink Dot?

FRANCES

It's this magic place where happiness lives.
You can call and have anything you want
delivered, anytime.

DARBY

One time I had this craving for Gummy Bears
at, like, four in the morning so I called
Sheila and she called Pink Dot and, boom,
Gummy Bears were knocking on my door.

FRANCES

I love Gummy Bears! Except the clear ones.
What flavor is 'clear', anyway?

DARBY

Sheila gave me a book with all the stuff you
can get so I could put the orders in myself.
I think it's in the kitchen somewhere.

He heads off to the kitchen to get the book. After a beat, he
comes back out, heading off to different room.

DARBY

Forgot -- that's the laundry room...

LILY

We don't have time to wait for cupcakes. It's
getting really late. The party's gonna be
over before we find it.

Faced with a moral predicament, Frances looks like she might cry.

FRANCES

But Pink Dot's coming with cupcakes!

Darby comes back in with the brochure and a cordless phone.

DARBY

(on the phone)

Yeah, I'll hold.

(to Frances and Lily)

Hey, maybe I could try to play that Speedwagon
song for you on the guitar...

LILY

Oh, that's okay. We really have to be going.

FRANCES

My friend's feeling a little cantankerous
and...

DARBY

I got one of those on my lip when I was doing "Grease 3: The Reckoning". My dermatologist said they come from stress. Maybe you should smoke some pot.

FRANCES

Yeah!

Darby takes a giant hit and fires up his guitar.

DARBY

"Ridin' the storm out... Waitin' for the fall out..."

As Frances reaches for the joint, Lily grabs her and spins her around.

LILY

No. We have to go, Frances. Now.

FRANCES

Please, Lily, I'm begging you. This is a moment you'll not be able to tell your grandchildren about.

LILY

Frances, think -- if this was any other guy besides Darby-fucking-Tipp, you'd have been history the second he pulled out his guitar.

FRANCES

No! That's not true! I like musicians...

They both turn and look at Darby.

DARBY

(oblivious)

'Ri--i--din, Ri-hi-a-ridin the storm out...'

FRANCES

Eh, maybe you're right...

Lily drags Frances to the door.

FRANCES

Nice meeting you, Darby! Bye!

Drake sends them out with a SLIDE WHISTLE and APPLAUSE.

48B. EXT. DARBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

48B.

FRANCES' LINCOLN backs down the winding driveway too fast and bottoms out on the street. THE PINK DOT GUY is coming down the street and has to lock up his brakes to avoid her. He swerves into the curb and his pink propeller falls off again.

49. INT. FRANCES' CAR - NIGHT

49.

FRANCES and LILY drive away from Darby's house.

LILY

So much for cherished idols. I can't believe how totally lame he is!

FRANCES

I thought he was sweet.

LILY

Are you nuts? The food they served me on the plane had more taste than Darby Tipp. I don't see how you can get off on someone so thick.

FRANCES

Don't give me shit. I was having a really good time and I left because you have to get to your little ice cream social or whatever it is...

They drive in silence. Lily sighs, contrite.

LILY

You're right. You should hate me.

FRANCES

What?

LILY

I mean, I dragged you out of the Grateful Dork's castle for nothing. It's not like we have any idea where the party is and it's probably almost over anyway.

(working herself into a
tantrum.)

I'm a big, fat fool for even being here. I mean, if his letter had said, 'Please come down, Lily. I love you and I miss you and I can't live with out you'. But it was just, like, 'if you're in the neighborhood.' This was all a big, stupid mistake.

Frances wrenches the wheel, throwing Lily against the door.

LILY (CONT'D)

Frances! What're you doing?!

FRANCES

I'm getting a new map book with the Alta's in it. Anything to keep you from whining.

Lily beams at her.

LILY

I love you, Franny.

50. DELETED

50.

51. INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

51.

FRANCES waits in line with a Thomas Guide and some Pringles potato chips. Ahead of her, the CASHIER rings up a WRITER's purchases. It looks like a week's worth of supplies.

WRITER

So how do you feel about working here? See, I'm writing this screenplay about a guy who works in a convenience store...

As she waits, Frances' eyes wander around the store and fall on the refrigerator near the door. The beer inside seems to GLOW and CALL to her.

In a trance, she makes her way to the refrigerator, pulls out a six-pack of Budweiser and returns to the line.

WRITER

...But do you ever feel like you want to kill any of your customers in really brutal, violent, yet visually interesting ways.... I've got this idea for a scene using that hot dog rotisserie...

52. EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

52.

Inside the LINCOLN, LILY leans over trying to play something on the car stereo. She tries to slide a cassette in, but it won't fit. She reaches in and pulls out a handful of cigarette butts from the slot in the cassette player.

A LIMO with darkly tinted windows pulls into a parking space across the lot. The passenger door opens and two BRIDESMAIDS get

out. One is standard-issue, the other is tattooed and pierced. JONATHAN waits inside, impatient and stressed.

JONATHAN

... So two cockroaches who begin mating on New Year's Day will have 575,000 offspring by December 31...

NORMAL BRIDESMAID

At this rate, I'll be lucky to have any by the time I'm 40. I'll be right out...

JONATHAN

Can't you get another kind of cigarette? We've already been to three places and I really want to get back in case--

NORMAL BRIDESMAID

I only smoke Marlboro Green 100's.

TATTOOED BRIDESMAID

And we have to get more film. Suzie's waiting to throw the bouquet until we get back.

JONATHAN

But I'm waiting on this girl and I don't--

They head into the store, closing the door on Jonathan.

A beat.

JONATHAN

(muffled)

... Okay, no problem.

Unaware of all this, Lily sits in Frances' car and listens to the radio. She clicks to a station playing "As Tears Go By," by the Rolling Stones. Frowning, she turns the knob to a country station playing Gram Parsons' rendition of "Love Hurts." Growing more agitated, she tries another station, playing "Love Hurts" -- this time by Nazareth.

LILY

Isn't there one song where somebody's not in love?

She switches over to another station to hear 10cc singing, "I'm not in lo-ove, so don't forget it; It's just a silly phase I'm going through..."



Not needing another reminder, Lily changes the station again, to a peppy CASEY KASEM.

CASEY KASEM (V.O.)

Here's a special request for all you people alone out there. A song about losing the love of your life and never finding that person again, leaving you a broken, empty shell of a human being with no hope for happiness at all. You just wither away in your own private misery, sad, dejected, alone -- awaiting death because you're too cowardly to end your own life. Enjoy, you crazy kids!!!

A LOVE SONG comes on. Lily reaches to change the channel but stops, listening to the lyrics. Finally, she is overcome and starts to cry.

53. INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

53.

The BRIDESMAIDS are in one of the aisles picking out film.



NORMAL BRIDESMAID

... So it turned out the ring wasn't gold, and
it turned my nose green. It looked kinda'
cool...

TATTOOED BRIDESMAID

I don't know, I think I used Kodacolor before.
Or maybe it was Kodachrome...

Finally, the CASHIER finishes ringing up the WRITER, who notices
Frances in line next to him.

WRITER

(inspired)

Then, one lonely night, one of a thousand
desperate evenings spent swiping bar codes and
making change for the cold and hungry and
impatient masses... She appears like a
glorified spirit, silent and harmoniously
angelic...

FRANCES dumps her purchases on the counter.

FRANCES

Gee, your story is fascinating. Sort of like
'Forrest Gump' but everybody is slow.

Satisfied, the writer picks up his bags and heads for the door.

WRITER

Thanks, man. If it gets produced, I'll make sure you get a credit, and maybe something in the back end!

FRANCES

Hurry up, or I'll make sure you get something in the back end.

Frances notices a display of cigarettes on the counter and adds two packs to her purchases. The Cashier starts ringing them up. As he picks up the beer to scan it, a clock above the counter changes with a click from 12:29 to 12:30.

CASHIER

Sorry, no alcohol after 12:30 am.

FRANCES

Come on, the clock just changed. When I got in line it was before 12:30.

The Cashier puts the beer down behind the counter and hits total on the register.

CASHIER

Sorry. \$24.89.



FRANCES

No, seriously. You know I was here before
12:30.

The BRIDESMAIDS get in line behind Frances.

CASHIER

No alcohol. \$24.89.

FRANCES

Please? Just to be nice? My friend and I are
trying to find this party and we have to bring
beer. Pretty please?

He starts to take her bag and stick it below the counter with the
beer.

CASHIER

(to the Bridesmaids)

Can I help you?

NORMAL BRIDESMAID

Three packs of Marlboro Green--

Frances gets right up in the face of the Cashier.

FRANCES

Hello! Can you at least not be such an
asshole and give me my stuff?!

She throws down her money and grabs her bag, starting to storm
out. As she passes the refrigerator, she gets a sneaky look in
her eyes. She looks back to the counter.

TATTOOED BRIDESMAID

(to Cashier)

What's the difference between Kodacolor and
Kodachrome?

CASHIER

Which costs more?

TATTOOED BRIDESMAID

Kodachrome.

CASHIER

Kodachrome is better.

Frances tiptoes over to the beer and starts shoving bottles under
her jacket.

The Cashier looks up at the fish-eye mirror in the corner.

CASHIER

Hey! Spanky-Spice! Put that back where you got it!

FRANCES

Look, my friend is a malt diabetic -- if I don't get her beer she could fall into a coma.

CASHIER

You got two seconds to get that beer back in that cooler, or I'm calling the cops...

He reaches for his phone. Their eyes lock for a moment.

FRANCES

Look, I tried to buy it. I wanted to pay for it!

She slams the cooler open and starts to put the bottles back.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

I'm doing my best to patronize my local small business, but noooo, you gotta bust my balls over a couple seconds. What do you want from me!?

Giving in, Frances slams the cooler open. As she starts to put the beer back, she accidentally-on-purpose drops the bottle. SMASH!

FRANCES

Oops.

54. EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

54.

FRANCES is thrown out on her ass. She gets up and groans at an oil stain on her outfit from the dirty parking lot.

FRANCES

(getting in the car)

You won't believe what just happened!

(noticing the music)

What the hell are you listening to?

LILY

(sniffing)

It's our song -- Jonathan's and mine... It makes me sad... Plus the exhaust from that limo is making my eyes water...

She breaks down again as Frances rolls her eyes and changes the station, handing the bag to Lily.

FRANCES

I got you some smokes... and me a beer.

Out of her jacket, she produces the one beer she managed to get away with. Lily lets loose with a big sob.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Lils, what's the matter?

Lily picks up the cigarettes, but she can't stop crying.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Shit! That's right -- you smoke American Spirits -- I knew that. If you've told me once, you've told me a hundred times, these chemically treated filters are bad for you.

Frances starts ripping the filters off the cigarettes.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Well, I hate them too! Fucking cigarette conglomerates and the FDA! We have a right to know what goes into this crap!

LILY

It's not the cigarettes. It's the whole night. I should have known it would never work out--

FRANCES

Oh pa-lease, don't start with the self-pity again. You are so dramatic!

Lily stares daggers at her.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

You just leave it to me. We've got a new map, so let's see...

She opens the book and flips to the index.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

I mean, how many Alta something's can there be? Alta... Alta... Here it is.... Uh-oh...

LILY

What?

Frances shows her the Thomas Guide -- two full columns of streets named Alta Something. Lily starts crying again.

LILY

We'll never find it. I'll be an old maid,
living with a hundred cats, visited
occasionally by my only friend Frances and her
husband Darby Tipp, who gives new meaning to
the term "Dead head."

Tearfully, she looks out the window as the BRIDESMAIDS come out of the store. As they open the door to the LIMO, Lily catches a glimpse of JONATHAN inside.

JONATHAN

... and then the Chinese Marine Biologist
jumped out and yelled "Supplies"!

The Limo pulls out.

LILY

Oh my God! Oh my God!

FRANCES

What?

LILY

Frances! Start the car! Follow that limo!

FRANCES

Lily, you are going to have to get used to
seeing celebrities. You're really starting to
make me look bad...

LILY

... Frances, start the car! It's Jonathan! I
just saw Jonathan in that limo!

Frances tries to start the car. Ominous WHINING NOISE. They exchange looks, both muttering a mantra.

LILY & FRANCES

Start-start-start-start-start-start...

Frances tries again and it starts up. She floors it out of there. Up ahead, the LIMO cruises away down the street as the light turns RED.

55. EXT. MAJOR INTERSECTION - NIGHT

55.

FRANCES and LILY are in the LINCOLN approaching the red light. A tiny OLD MAN IN A WHEELCHAIR is slowly crossing the street. He gives an appreciative salute to the waiting CARS.

LILY
(to the light)
Change! Change!

The light turns green.

LILY
Floor it!

FRANCES
You want me to just run him over?

LILY
Of course not! What do you take me for? Just
sort of, uhm, bump him out of the way!

The WHEELCHAIR is still slowly crossing in front of them, taking forever. The OLD MAN peers at them through the windshield. They smile wave back politely...

... He promptly flips them off.

Lily and Frances exchange shocked looks. Offended, Lily hops out of the car and pushing the wheelchair across the street, to the far sidewalk, the OLD MAN yelling defiantly. The other drivers CHEER as Lily proudly bows...

... while the WHEELCHAIR CONTINUES TO ROLL DOWN A STEEP INCLINE. It PICKS UP SPEED and DISAPPEARS FROM SIGHT down the hill, the Old Man SCREAMING IN PANIC from the darkness. Gulping, Lily slinks back into the car.

FRANCES
He did flip you off--

LILY
--Just drive!

The light turns red again as Frances guns it through the intersection. HONKING and TIRE SCREECHES.

56. EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

56.

The LIMO cruises up into the hills, disappearing to the right at a fork in the road.



56A. INT. LIMO - NIGHT

56A.

The passengers have switched places. The TATTOOED BRIDESMAID now sidles up beside Jonathan seductively. Through the windshield, we see a wheelchair ZOOM at high speed through the intersection.

TATTOOED BRIDESMAID

Hey professor guess what? I've got three rings in my labia.

JONATHAN smiles uncomfortably, trying to stay friendly.

JONATHAN

Nice. Must be great to have an extra place to hold your keys.

CUT TO:

56B. EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

56B.

The LINCOLN comes barreling up the hill, through an intersection with six different traffic lights overhead, mostly flashing red.

LILY

Which light is ours?

FRANCES

I'm guessing the one that's green.

Frances guns it and they fly through the intersection, to more TIRES SCREECHING, HONKING and YELLING.

56C. EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

56C.

Lost, Frances and Lily look for recognizable landmarks. They pass STREET SIGNS: First they see a sign with the street names "ALTA LOMA ST.," "ALTA SOL ST.," "ALTA MIRA ST.," and "ALTA LUNA ST." Arrows point in every direction.

FRANCES

Recognize any names?

LILY

I think it was Alta something...

They peer at the sign...

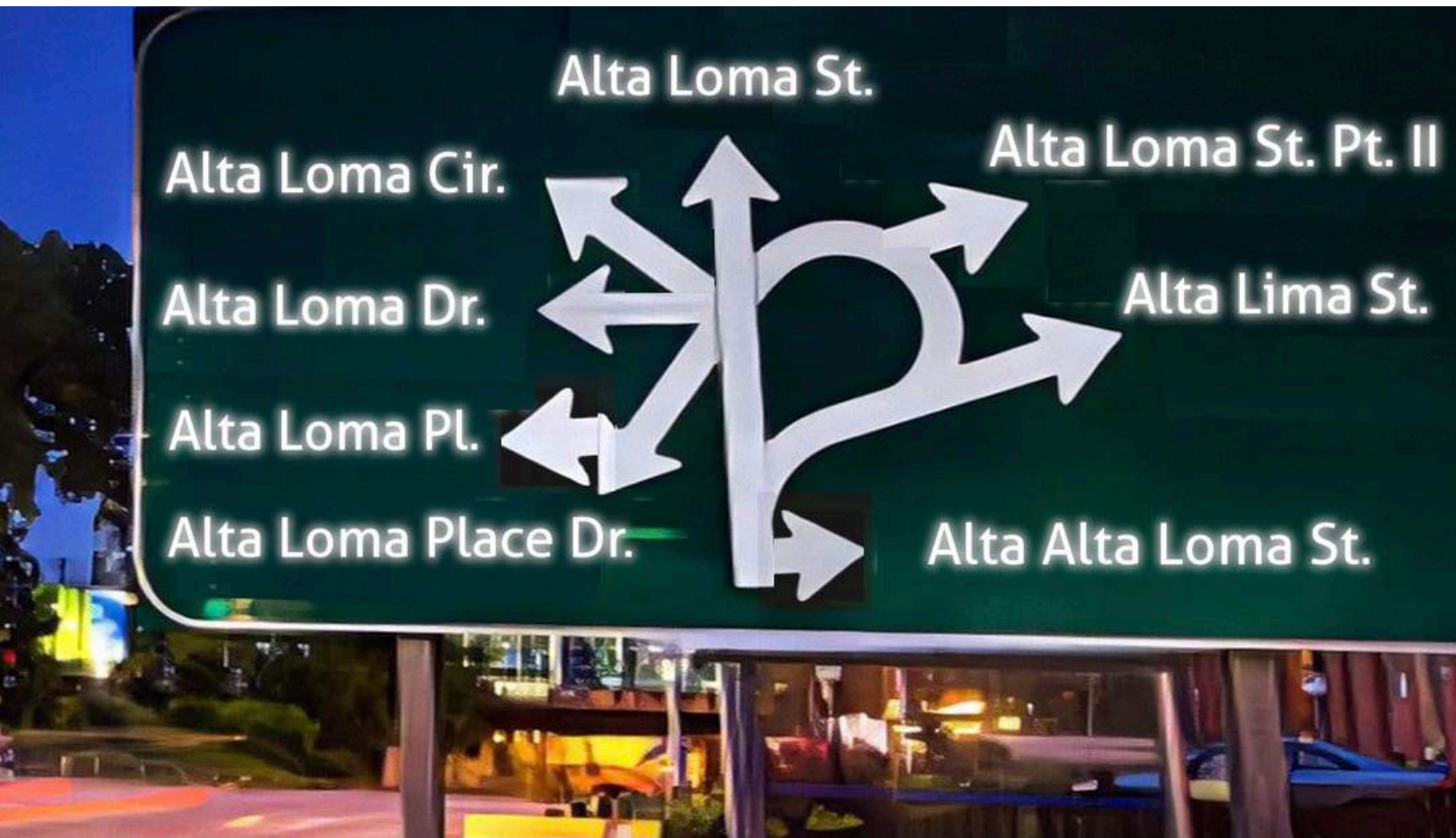


Guessing, Frances turns LEFT-no, RIGHT-no, finally LEFT, to see...

56D. EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

56D.

Now they see an even more complex sign. Arrows intertwine like octopus tentacles, pointing to "ALTA LOMA ST," "ALTA LOMA DR," "ALTA LOMA PL.," "ALTA LOMA PL. DR.," and "ALTA LOMA ST. PT II."



FRANCES

Well?

LILY

Turn... rrrrr-left...

56E. EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

56E.

They see a massive, indecipherable sign, with arrows pointing in various directions: "NORTHEAST ALTA LOMA CIRCLE," "SOUTHEAST WEST ALTA LOMA DRIVE," "NORTH BY NORTHWEST SOUTH ALTA LOMA PLACE," "ALTA LOMA, REVISTED," "ALTA SOMETHING," "ALTA ALTA," "ALTA-NATE REALITY," and just "ALTA." Finally, "SAN FRANCISCO - 350 MILES."

Arrows shoot everywhere, like a fireworks explosion. A sign underneath adds "NO CHASE SCENES."



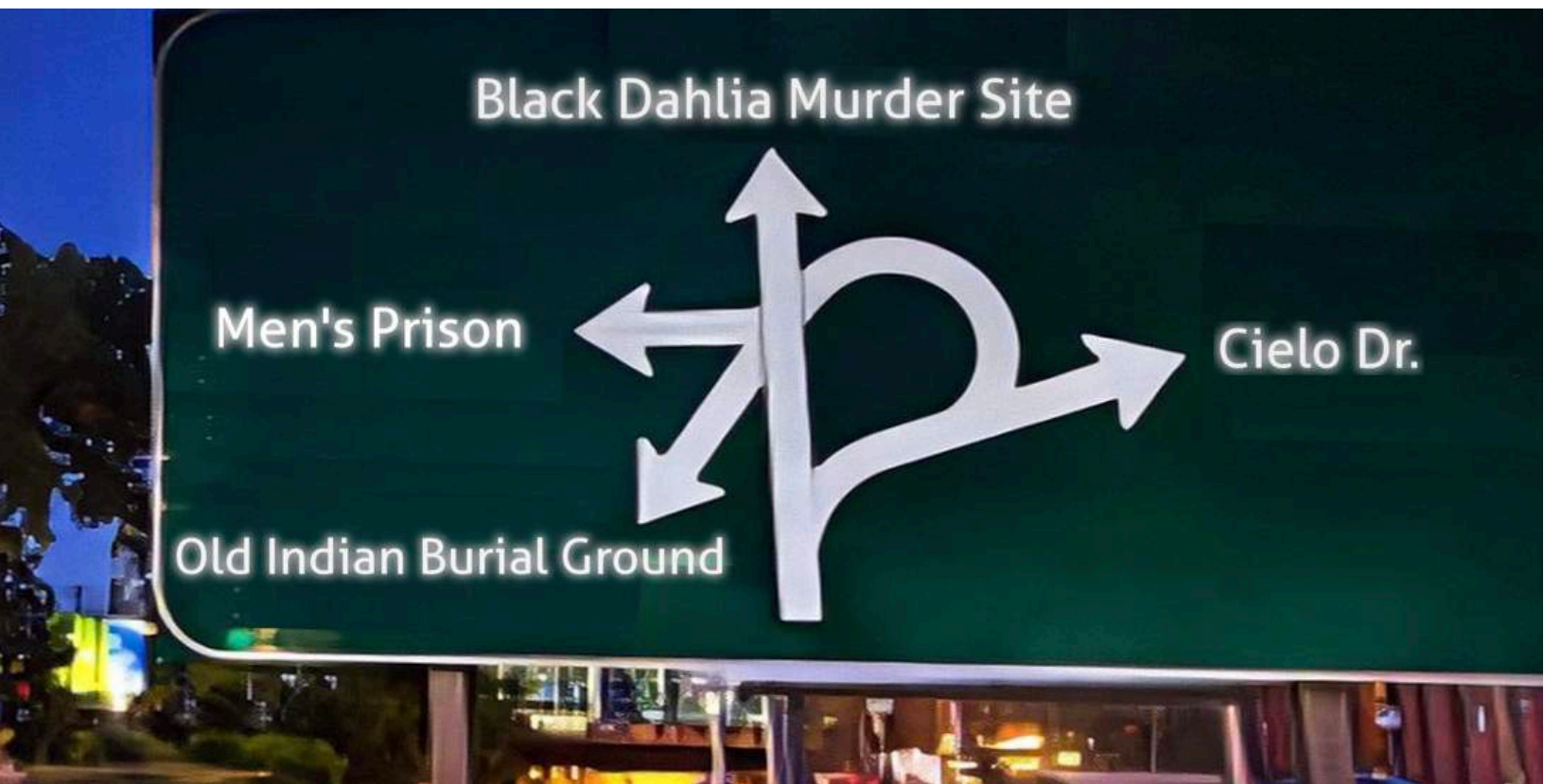
FRANCES

Which Alta?!?

LILY

This city is designed like an Escher print!

They swerve around the corner, to see:



56F. EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

56F.

They turn down a dark street and see signs directing them to "MEN'S PRISON," "BLACK DAHLIA MURDER SITE," "OLD INDIAN BURIAL GROUND," and "CIELO DR." Police tape is tied to the poll and stretches back into the darkness.

LILY

... Maybe a U-Turn...

FRANCES quickly cranks the car around, again -- in the path of the oncoming...

56G. EXT. PINK DOT CAR - NIGHT

56G.

Barreling down on them. The PINK DOT DRIVER SCREAMS and swerves, his beanie spinning.

LILY SCREAMS.

LILY

I don't know! Right!

FRANCES TURNS again to see the LIMO about to hit them head-on...

56H. INT. LIMO - NIGHT

56H.

JONATHAN and the BRIDESMAIDS SCREAM at the oncoming vehicle, the DRIVER swerving...

56I. INT. CONVERTABLE - NIGHT

56I.

FRANCES and LILY scream back.

LILY

Left! Left!!!

FRANCES TURNS again to see the...

56J. EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

56J.

... OLD MAN IN A WHEELCHAIR speeding toward them. They SCREAM. He SCREAMS.

OLD MAN IN A WHEELCHAIR

Go right! Right! Right!!!

They SCREAM some more as FRANCES swerves right and we hear a CRASH...

CUT TO BLACK.



IRIS IN ON:

57. EXT. GRASSY FIELD - NIGHT 57.

The Lincoln sits in a grassy field just off the road. Slowly, LILY and FRANCES pull themselves up and sit in silent shock.

FRANCES

Lucky there was so much trash in the car. I think it broke our fall.

LILY

I don't know. I shut my eyes, said a prayer and here we are. You think it could have been angelic intervention or something?

FRANCES

You'd think the angels could've intervened before we crashed.

Lily lights a cigarette. Frances takes a drag off of it. They're both still a little shaky.

FRANCES

Wow, speaking of angelic intervention, look!

She points to a little house across the field. A LIMO is parked out front.

LILY
(looking heavenward)
Thank you!

58. EXT. LITTLE HOUSE - NIGHT

58.

FRANCES and LILY approach the door. There are no lights on.

LILY
This doesn't look much like a wedding reception. Where are the other cars, the decorations, the drunk bridesmaids in ugly, ill-fitting dresses holding each other's hair as they vomit in the bushes?

FRANCES
The bride's a celebrity, they're probably trying to fool the press.

LILY
Doin' a hell of a job.

Frances rings the bell. No one answers.

FRANCES
Maybe they're upstairs or something.

Lily looks up at the one-story house.

LILY
You mean on the roof?

FRANCES
(holding her ear to the door)
Shhh, I think I hear something.

She pushes on the door. It creaks open.

FRANCES
Hello?

LILY
(whispering)
Frances! What are you, nuts? What if this is the wrong place? What if the Manson family live here... or worse, that bartender?

59. INT. LITTLE HOUSE - NIGHT

59.

FRANCES and LILY tiptoe down a long, dark hallway. We hear HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER. As they reach a door, a VOICE calls out.

VOICE

Hey! Is that you?

LILY

Jonathan?!

Lily looks like she's going to have a heart-attack.

JONATHAN GOLD

Yeah, in here.

Lily looks down the hall, where a bright blue heavenly light streams out from behind a crack in the doorway. Tears come to her eyes -- her search is over! They rush down the hallway, where Frances opens the door and they step into...

60. INT. LITTLE HOUSE/TV ROOM - NIGHT

60.

An enormous wide-screen television tuned to a kids' T.V. show resembling TELETUBBIES is the only source of light. Four DUDES are eating junk food and passing around a huge bong. They laugh hysterically throughout the scene -- sort of Mad Hatter's tea party, but with a different herb being dispensed.

LILY

Who are you?

JONATHAN GOLD

Who are you?

LILY

I'm Lily. I'm looking for Jonathan Silver.

JONATHAN GOLD

That is so weird. My name's Jonathan Gold.

The light comes on. The four dudes start to GIGGLE. It builds until they are rolling around on the couch and floor, bouncing off the walls and laughing uncontrollably.

TOKER

(too loud)

IT'S FUNNY BECAUSE YOUR NAMES ARE SO SIMILAR!

JONATHAN GOLD

(flirting, hopeful)

Silver, gold... what's the difference, really?

GENE

Well, silver is a chemical element with the symbol Ag and atomic number 47. It is actually gray-toned. Gold is a chemical element with the symbol Au and atomic number 79. It is slightly orange-yellow. Naturally occurring silver is composed of two stable isotopes, while gold has only one stable isotope. Gold coins ceased to be minted as a circulating currency in the 1930s, and the world gold standard was abandoned for a fiat currency system after the Nixon shock measures of 1971.

JONATHAN GOLD

(defensive)

Gold can't be tarnished, and it does not rust!

GENE

(whispers to Lily and Frances)

Gold is denser than silver and more malleable.



Jonathan Gold starts to cry. He knows it's true.

GENE

I'm guessing that since you're not Pink Dot,
you didn't bring any Captain Crunch.

FRANCES

Whose limo is that outside?

TOKER

(too loud)

OH, THAT'S GENE'S. HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE OUT
WORKING TONIGHT--

(hushed, he holds a finger up to
his mouth and yells again)

--THAT'S GENE'S. HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE OUT
WORKING TONIGHT.

GENE

(holding in bong smoke)

Yeah. I must've gotten car-jacked or
something.

(more laughing; nodding toward
TOKER)

We're having a "welcome home" party for Toker,
here. He just got out of the joint today for
selling pot...

(giggling)

The "joint" get it?

TOKER

(too loud)

IT'S FUNNY BECAUSE "JOINT" HAS A NUMBER OF
MEANINGS!

They laugh hysterically. The Sun shines down on the Teletubbies
with a laughing baby face superimposed. The same baby face
appears in the lamp behind Toker, beaming on them.

FRANCES

How long were you in for?

TOKER

(suddenly serious)

WHAT'S THE DATE?

FRANCES

June 7th.

TOKER

NO, NOT THE DAY -- THE YEAR!

FRANCES

It's 1999. How long were you in?

TOKER

Hmmm... two weeks.

There is silence, then the dudes suddenly roll about the floor laughing as Lily and Frances roll their eyes.

TOKER

(too loud)

IT'S FUNNY BECAUSE IT FELT A LOT LONGER!

WAIT, AM I TALKING?

Gene laughs and coughs as he blows out the smoke.

GENE

...See it was a little kitten after all!

TOKER

I knew it wasn't a frog. Ca-ching! Pay up.

Jonathan Gold pulls a five out of his pocket. Lily gives Frances a "let's get out of here" look.

GENE

You girls want some?

Gene offers up the bong as Toker switches the channel to "Alice in Wonderland." Alice wanders into the tea party, peering through the steam.

LILY

No, that's okay. We're late. We're late for a very important--

FRANCES

--Sure!

She plops down on the sofa and prepares to do a hit.

LILY

Come on, Frances.

FRANCES

Don't be silly, Lily.

(takes a hit, choked voice)

Where are your manners?

The Dudes start giggling as the "Unbirthday" song plays on TV.

JONATHAN GOLD

Yeah, don't be silly, Lily!

DUDES (VARIOUSLY)

Rilly, Lily! Don't be silly. You're in a house on the hilly. Don't run off willy-nilly... You might end up in Chile... You guys look like Meg and Jennifer Tilly...

They can't stop laughing, breathlessly. Frances exhales with a dopey, stoned grin.

FRANCES

Lils... This shit's really good.

GENE

(packing the bong again)

Well, take your fill-y.

DUDES (VARIOUSLY)

'Little filly,' as sung by Mickey Gilley... and re-recorded by Dwight Twilley... and lip-synched by Milly Vanilli...

TOKER

IT'S FUNNY BECAUSE IT'S SILL-Y!

Frances goes for another hit. Suddenly, Toker PROJECTILE VOMITS onto Jonathan Gold, who looks up, confused.

JONATHAN GOLD

Fucking El Niño...

There is A LOUD KNOCK. They all HIDE, paranoid. One hides behind the couch. One slides under the rug. One sticks his head in the fish tank. The door swings open and THE PINK DOT GUY stands there with arms full.

ALL OF THEM

PINK DOT!!!

PINK DOT GUY

(it's been a long night)

Sorry I'm late; bad accident out there -- lost the back propeller. I've got 14 mini-pizzas, a case of corn dogs, case of Milk Duds, case of Pop Tarts, and a 'National Elaborator'...

The 'National Elaborator' falls to the floor, the cover reading: "DISTRAUGHT WOMAN LOSES THE LOVE OF HER LIFE! GAINS 400 POUNDS!", and "Serial Killer Strikes Again in Burbank!"



FRANCES

Food! Just a couple more minutes, Lils!

LILY

Fuck it, then! I'm walking!

Lily marches out of the room, faltering on her shoes, and knocking into the Pink Dot Guy. The bags of food spill out everywhere and his PROPELLER HAT gets broken.

GENE

Is she always such a pill-y?

61. EXT. LITTLE HOUSE - NIGHT

61.

LILY comes careening out of the house and down the walkway in a huff. She takes her shoes off and starts walking barefoot down the hill, passing another wanted poster with a face that looks just like the BARTENDER. She stares at the photo, slack-jawed, as a SHADOW looms over her and she recoils in fear to see...

... It's GRIFFIN DUNNE, who is standing alone in the street. He's wearing a rumpled suit with the pants pockets turned inside-out.

GRIFFIN DUNNE

Excuse me? Is this your Lincoln?



LILY

No. It belongs to my ex-friend.

GRIFFIN DUNNE

Well, is that your limo?

LILY

If it was my limo, you think I'd be walking down the street in these Chinese torture devices?

She holds up her shoes. Suddenly, recognition dawns on her.

LILY

Hey, weren't you in that movie? The one about having a really horrible night 'cause you can't get to the place you want to be?

GRIFFIN DUNNE

Yeah, that's me. Want my autograph?

Lily starts laughing hysterically. After an uncomfortable moment she points back to the house she left.

LILY

Sorry. Must be a contact high.

GRIFFIN DUNNE

I'm used to it. Do you think there's someone inside that could give me a ride?

LILY

Yeah, if you want a ride to the land of the criminally inebriated. Nobody in there can operate any heavy machinery.

Hearing the laughter and the "Unbirthday" song, Dunne sniffs the air and slowly realizes what she means. Grinning, he scurries up to the front door as Lily walks down the road. The camera floats up past the WANTED poster to reveal the street sign which reads: ALTA LOMA PLACE. Behind the sign we rack focus to a house that is in the midst of a party.

62 - 65 DELETED

66. INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

66.

The last of the GUESTS are leaving, crying like it's a wake but actually congratulating newlyweds. Among them are SUZIE; the bride, STEVE; the groom and JONATHAN; who is still in formal wear now carrying his suitcase.



SUZIE

(sobbing, to departing guests)

See ya' at the Black Hole!

JONATHAN

Maybe it's the whole insect thing. Some girls just don't like bugs, you know...

"Entomophobia." Also known as
"Jonathanophobia."

SUZIE

(sniffling)

So what're you going to do?

JONATHAN

Don't worry about me. I'll just wait here for a cab to the airport. Then I'll find a nice Yeti to shack up with in the Himalayas.

SUZIE

You know you really should stop by the Black Hole with us. It's the lost-and-found of after-hours. Everyone in LA who's still standing at the end of the night ends up there.

STEVE

At the very least you'll find some interesting *Lepisma saccharina* specimens on the walls.

JONATHAN

C'mon, there's 15 million people in this city. What are the odds that Lily is there? This is your night. Let's celebrate!

They all start crying uncontrollably in a group hug.

66A. EXT. STREET - NIGHT

66A.

FRANCES pulls up in the LINCOLN behind LILY as she walks down the residential street carrying her shoes.

FRANCES

(stoned)

That was really shellfish--

(laughs hysterically)

I mean, selfish of me, Lily. I'm sorry.
Please get in.

Still pissed, Lily keeps walking as Frances drives alongside.

FRANCES

I admit it -- I was wrong, as usual. You have every right to be mad. You were right -- you're *always* right.

(a la Jan Brady)

Lily always gets all the attention. Lily always gets all the trophies. Why does Lily get everything? Lily, Lily, Lily!!!

Looking at each other, they both laugh. Lily considers the alternatives: There are none. She opens the door and gets in.

67. INT. SWINGERS - NIGHT

67.

Under the harsh fluorescent lights, TRENDY GIRLS with too many knapsacks and too little eyebrows smoke clove cigarettes next to OLD MEN falling asleep in their coffee.

Snippets of conversations: "It's a done deal -- it's a right of first refusal with an option for second refusal." "He's not trustworthy -- he only loves me for my husband's money." A burly COOK drags GRIFFIN DUNNE, kicking and screaming, through the restaurant.

COOK

Nobody eats my food without paying!

GRIFFIN DUNNE

But I lost my wallet, and I was really hungry!
Look at the menu -- there's a sandwich named
after me!

COOK

Fucking actors!

The Cook hustles him out the door past FRANCES and LILY sitting in a booth. A WAITRESS takes their order.

FRANCES

...and some chili-cheese fries, blueberry pan-
cakes with bacon...

(to Lily)

You wanna share a banana split?

Lily is staring grimly at a clock on the wall that reads 3:00.

LILY

I'm not hungry.

FRANCES

(to the Waitress)

I guess that's it.

The Waitress goes off to check on the HAPPY COUPLE in the next booth.

FRANCES

We are talking serious karma here. Do you
realize that rumor has it that this is this
exact table where Rosanna Arquette first met
John Seidel?

LILY

Frances, we should just go home...

(a beat, can't help it)

... and who's John Seidel?

FRANCES

You'll feel better if you eat.

LILY

No, Frances, I don't think food intake is the problem, here.

(voice goes up a decimal)

Because even if I did I eat the Griffin Well-Dunne, I still wouldn't know where to find Jonathan--

(louder still)

Which in case you forgot, is the reason I came to this phony, suck-ass hole of a city in the first place--

Now she's really yelling.

LILY

Not to go to some stupid producer's party!
Not to go to a million trendy bars or hang out with a moronic movie star at some upholstered men's room he calls a home...

FRANCES

Darby's not a moron, he's just kind of--

LILY

...Or to be dressed up like some fucking EWOK ON STILTS!

She gets out of the booth, ripping off the pink fur jacket and platform shoes. Everyone in the restaurant is staring at her.

FRANCES

But you look really cute in those--

LILY

I don't care! I don't give a shit about looking cute! I just wanted to see Jonathan, the guy who I've been thinking about every day, twenty-four seven for the last two months!! And who I'll probably never see again!!! SO I DON'T THINK I'LL BE FEELING TOO GODDAMN MUCH BETTER AFTER I EAT!!! I DON'T THINK THAT'S REALLY GOING TO HAPPEN, FRANCES!

She throws the rejected clothing at Frances, as Lily storms out of the restaurant. Dead silence as the whole place watches her leave.

FRANCES

(forsaken)

I love this jacket.

Frances tries to regain her composure but inadvertently knocks over the blueberry syrup in front of her, spilling dark goo once more on her clothes.

GIGI comes breezing through the door, heading for the COUPLE in the booth next to Frances.

GIGI

Jimmy! Patrice! You're not going to believe who I just ran into! Suzie! She just got married--

PATRICE

That is so cool!

Gigi starts eating the fries off their plates.

JIMMY

Who's Suzie?

GIGI

We used to jam with her before she started playing bass in Fuzzy Pussy. She's having a wedding party...

SPFX: FRANCES' EARRINGS turn into little RADIO ANTENNAE that receive visible sound waves of Gigi's voice.

GIGI (CONT'D)

... And I just heard that they're taking their whole wedding party to the Black Hole. Are you guys coming with me...?

JIMMY

What happened to Slurp? I thought he was the bass player in Fuzzy Pussy?

FRANCES tears out of the booth, running headfirst into the Waitress bringing her food -- the entire tray spilling on her dress.

FRANCES

(groans)

I was going to ask for it to go, anyway...

She races out of the restaurant.

68. INT. LINCOLN - NIGHT

68.

LILY is sitting alone in the car, crying.

FRANCES

Lily! Lily! I found out where the party is!

Lily looks up and turns a steely gaze on FRANCES.

LILY

Don't fuck with me, Frances. I'm not in the mood.

FRANCES

I promised you I would get you to Jonathan, and I'm gettin' you to Jonathan! I heard that Suzie's wedding party is--

LILY

(tremulous)

The bass player?

FRANCES

Yes!

LILY

(even more so)

In Fuzzy Pussy?

FRANCES

Yes -- the whole wedding party is going to this after-hours club, and I know exactly where it is... and how we can scam our way in!

LILY

I love you, Frances!

69. EXT. BLACK HOLE - NIGHT

69.

Dozens of late-night FUNSTERS mill about outside the club which occupies an old warehouse. PARAMEDICS load a couple of passed-out PARTIERS into an AMBULANCE.

Lights are flashing as a COP interrogates the driver of a speeding vehicle -- it's the OLD MAN IN A WHEELCHAIR.

TRAFFIC COP

Do you have any idea how fast you were going...?

Inside the Lincoln, LILY and FRANCES search for a space in the parking lot, which is jammed to capacity.

LILY

Where's a valet when you need one?

Frances gives up and parks out on the street in front of a red JAGUAR.

70. INT. FRANCES' CAR - NIGHT

70.

FRANCES and LILY flip down their vanity mirrors and begin to fix their hair. Frances flips open her glove compartment. Unlike the rest of the messy vehicle, it's been converted into an extremely organized MAKE-UP STATION. Inside are enough cosmetics to stock the make-up section of Neiman-Marcus.

A series of QUICK SHOTS, a la "Rambo" as the girls prepare for action: Applying make-up, teasing hair, checking birth control pill boxes, Frances covering her stains with a sweater, etc. On an unspoken cue, they both look at each other with supreme confidence.

LILY

Ready Sabrina?

FRANCES

One thing, Jill.

LILY

A message from Charlie?

FRANCES

Hand over "Big Pink." There are some things your soul mate doesn't need to know.

71. INT. BLACK HOLE - NIGHT

71.

The place is mobbed with SWINGERS, STONERS, RAVERS, HIPSTERS, ROCKERS and WEDDING GUESTS. The entertainment is Punk Rock Karaoke. JONATHAN is talking to the bouncer at the door.

JONATHAN

Look, I really need to know.

BOUNCER

Sorry man, if you can't find that Lily I bet you can find one just as good...

Jonathan enters the club holding his briefcase. A few more people enter as well until we see FRANCES and LILY approach, all freshened-up and put back together. Lily has on Frances' much more manageable heels. They spot some bridesmaids at the bar.

LILY

Look, they're here. You did it, Frances, you're so brilliant, I love you.



Frances and Lily make their way through the club. PEOPLE THEY'VE BEEN RUNNING ACROSS ALL NIGHT have ended up here: The Camera PANS past the SLIMEBALL PRODUCER and ACTRESS WANNA-BE.

SLIMEBALL PRODUCER

... I think you'd be great in the lead... how much money can you invest...?

The three WOO GUYS all "woo!" anxiously as one of them vomits behind the bar; Meanwhile, the PARTY WOMAN gossips, looking strung out after enduring the long night.

PARTY WOMAN

I'm collecting cash for a bus ride to get me back home to Missouri...

A few quarters are dropped into her plastic cup; She sobs as we pass other people that we recognize:

SCREENWRITER

...So, it was about this guy who works in a convenience store but now it's about a girl who hooks up with a writer at a club--



LANCE

Success doesn't remove the inflicted pain, the abuse -- it just makes it easier to get away with...

MOLLY

I'm trying these new birth control pills -- they not only prevent pregnancy, they carry nine essential vitamins...

GENE

(counting change)

I'm taking all the blame, Sir. You see, I was car-jacked, but the company's willing to cover... \$97.35 of your fee...

AUTEUR #2

If he was in charge of human-cyborg relations, then how come he couldn't speak?

In another area of the bar, we see SUZIE and STEVE dancing when GIGI approaches them.

GIGI

Suzie, is that you? You look so beautiful.

SUZIE

Gigi! Oh my God! Ooh, let me introduce you to my husband... God, that sounds weird...

They make their way to the bar, where Jonathan sits dejectedly, his suitcase on the bar.

SUZIE

This is Jonathan, Steve's best man. He's an entomologist, too -- just back from Nepal.

GIGI

Bug man, huh? I almost majored in that, but I prefer homework that can't fly into your hair.

JONATHAN

(still thinking of Lily)

Did you know that in some species of praying mantis, the female begins to eat the male while they are still mating? The female uses up the male, then she ingests him. Can you believe that -- building his hopes, his dreams, desires -- promising him ecstasy, then devouring him... Like a beer?

Suzie steps in, patting Jonathan's shoulder.

SUZIE

The love of Jonathan's life didn't show tonight, so he's a little detached from reality -- even for an entomologist...

GIGI

The love of your life, huh?

JONATHAN

I don't know. Could be. Maybe. I'd have liked the chance to find out.

GIGI

You're acting like it's all over. Maybe she wanted to come but she's having a bad night.

JONATHAN

God, I hope so. Well, I don't *hope* so, but, you know...

Gigi sidles up beside him, pressing until he's backed against the bar.

GIGI

Something more than she didn't want to come, but something less than a car wreck. Tell you what, why don't you hang out with me tonight?

JONATHAN

Really?

GIGI

Sure. Hey, it's not every day I meet a cute entomologist just back from Nepal who's been stood up by a date at his best friend's wedding.

JONATHAN

Entomophobia...

A song kicks in over the sound system, everyone heading towards the dance floor. Gigi decides to help Jonathan cheer up.

GIGI

C'mon, let's dance...

(takes his hand)

I'll make you forget all about this girl...



Unable to believe that this beautiful woman seems interested in him, Jonathan stands, letting her lead him toward the crowded dance floor -- every guy in the place enviously watching him, the girls whispering, "who's that with Gigi?" They start to dance -- Gigi pulling off beautifully choreographed dance movements, Jonathan trying his best to fit in, imitating the moves of the people around him.

JONATHAN

The last time I saw these kind of moves was in the Amazon rain forest -- before a human sacrifice.

GIGI

That usually doesn't start here until about 4am.

A SPOTLIGHT hits Gigi -- everyone applauding her dancing, while Jonathan is temporarily lost in the moshing crowd, and fights his way back.

JONATHAN

Lily'd never come to a place like this. She's so genuine, so quiet and gentle...

Behind Jonathan we see Lily struggle through the crowd of bodies in the mosh pit, viciously elbowing and punching anyone in her way. She and Jonathan are only a few feet apart but fail to see one another. Gigi watches Jonathan closely as he speaks. As he talks about Lily he seems to transform -- even his dancing improves!

JONATHAN (CONT.)

She's the most wonderful girl I've ever met.
 She's just so funny and great to be with.
 She's not like most people -- I mean, she was
 vacationing in *Nepal*, for chrissake. It's not
 exactly party central. She's the first woman
 I've ever been able to really talk to...
 (smiles self-consciously)
 ... I really miss talking to her...

GIGI

I can't believe it. You just described a
 woman without telling me how she looks.

Jonathan blanches at his sin of omission.

JONATHAN

Oh my God, she's absolutely beautiful!

Behind him we see Lily struggle her way through the mosh pit once again, clothes rumpled, make-up smeared, hair standing at all angles. They *still* don't see each other.

JONATHAN (CONT.)

I'd never felt anything like it. I met Lily,
 and all of a sudden, I realized I was in the
 most magical place in the world. And I'm not
 talking about Nepal -- wherever Lily is --
that's the most magical place in the world.

With every word his smile fades, until he finally stops dancing. Gigi stops, confused.

JONATHAN

From Nepal to Los Angeles -- I'd say I'm
 running short on magic.

GIGI

Don't give up -- I'm a big believer in magic.
 She sounds very special--

JONATHAN

-- Beautiful, down-to-Earth, stable, somebody
 without all the crazy drama...



We cut to a close up of Lily's face screaming in horror.

LILY
 AAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!

On the stage in the back of the club The BARTENDER from the VIPER ROOM is karaoke-ing to "Psycho Killer".

LILY
 (looking toward the stage)
 Oh my God, Frances, it's the murderer!

FRANCES
 Who? Oh no, not this again.

By the time Frances looks up, Lily is already on the pay phone near the entrance.

LILY
 Hi, I called earlier to report a serial killer and I just saw him again at the Black Hole... eh, I don't know, it's kind of a cutesy after-hours place. Yeah, you could probably get in, but you'd better hurry...

Frances gets to the bar where the Bridesmaid was, but she's gone. Lily jumps up and down trying to see where she went. Frances takes advantage of their location.

FRANCES
 (waving money)
 Excuse me! I'm thirsty!

LILY
 Frances, you stay here, in case any more of that wedding party comes around. I'm gonna' search the dance floor....

Lily heads off. Jonathan sidles up to the bar. Frances withers over next to him and away from the tall Drag Queen. Frances turns to Jonathan.

FRANCES
 (to bartender)
 I'll have a Madero with Captain Morgan, raspberry Stoli, 151, shaken, with four ice cubes...
 (to Jonathan)
 Why so glum, chum? Bad breakup?

JONATHAN

(laughs)

It never got started.

She smirks and turns her attention back to the action, then frowns, about to ask Jonathan a question. As she does, a DRUNKEN TODD, bumps into her, spilling both of their drinks all over her dress.

FRANCES

Ohhh. You idiot! Are you blind?

With shirt untucked, he sways from side-to-side as he holds out a bottle of vodka to Frances.

TODD

No, I'm not. In fact, I think I'm truly seeing for the first time. I see a devastating creature who needs a libation. Who needs love... and passion. A creature who needs to give me a ride home, because the bartender won't give me my keys--

FRANCES

Thanks Todd -- this dress looked GREAT five minutes ago.

TODD

It would look even better crumpled up on the floor of my Falcon...

FRANCES

No, no -- you cannot sway me with your smooth-talking ways. I've learned my lesson. I am a new woman, a strong woman, a... something-else-really-good woman.

TODD

So how come you never called me back? I left you a message....

FRANCES eyes him suspiciously. He's falling down drunk, but then so is she. Her resolve weakens.

FRANCES

You did?

FRANCES, unsure of how she feels, looks at him, conflicted. For a split second she wants to believe...



71A. INT. BLACK HOLE - VARIOUS SHOTS

71A.

We hear the Nine Inch Nails song, "Closer," and familiar faces appear before Frances:

CASHIER

Just go with it, Frances, who cares if he's telling the truth? Look how good he looks, and he's such a nice guy, didn't he bring you that martini when you most needed one?

The music abruptly switches to Spandau Ballet's "True."

TATTOOED BRIDESMAID

Don't play into this Frances, he doesn't respect you. He just wants you for sex. Remember your vow, just say no!

SCREENWRITER

(to "Closer")

Maybe he'll fall in love with you if you go home with him... besides, it would kill his girlfriend.

FRANCES grins enthusiastically.

JUSTIN

(to "True")

Rise above your base passion, Frances. You're an excellent actress! Forget Todd...

LANCE LEIBOWITZ

(to "Closer")

Take a good look at him Frances, all you have to do is say the word and he's yours.

PINK DOT GUY

(to "True")

You'll hate yourself in the morning.

GRIFFIN DUNNE

(to "Closer")

If you don't, you'll hate yourself now.

LANDLADY

(to "True")

Do what's in your heart, Frances -- and you still owe me three months' rent!!!

TOKER

(to both songs at once)

Frances...

(confused)

... Uuhhhhhhhh...

Nothing. Frances rolls her eyes, trying to decide what to do...

71B. INT. BLACK HOLE - LILY

71B.

We see GIGI still rocking out on stage through the doorway as LILY composes herself. She spots a MAN IN A TUX. Excitedly, she pushes her way over and throws her arms around him.

LILY

Jonathan! I can't believe I finally--

The Man turns around and turns out to be a PIMPLY HIGH SCHOOL GUY with his PROM DATE.

LILY

I'm sorry, I thought you were somebody else -- you're a dead ringer for him... if you don't count the face... or complexion... or breath... or... But hey, nice tux!!!

She hurries away before she can make it sound any worse.

72. INT. BLACK HOLE - NIGHT

72.

TODD leads FRANCES out the front door -- bumping into JONATHAN as he takes a last long look around the club. Jonathan is knocked into the wall, his suitcase falling and SPILLING OPEN -- hundreds of SIX INCH COCKROACHES SCURRYING AROUND THE ROOM.



In a LONG SHOT, we see people SCREAMING and JUMPING UP ONTO THEIR SEATS AND TABLES as the stampede of cockroaches surges underneath them.

72A. INT. BLACK HOLE - VARIOUS SHOTS

72A.

The roaches scatter all over the walls, furniture, and club-goers. A GO-GO DANCER sees a roach crawl up her leg and swats at it, the people around her copying the dance move; LANDON and MOLLY make out in the corner when he notices a roach climbing into her hair, shrugs, and continues to make out; A frantic CLUB GOER runs over to a JADED BOUNCER.



CLUB GOER

There are cockroaches stampeding all over the dance floor!

JADED BOUNCER

(sighs, unimpressed)

Again?

The three WOO GUYS "woo" tiredly nearby as one of them shotguns a whiskey... until they notice a cockroach on the rim of the bottle, and "WOO!" IN HORROR.

TOKER sits in a corner asking for his roach... and pulls a real roach from an ashtray, pressing it to his lips, unaware.



SUZIE screams as she notices a real cockroach sitting on STEVE's neck, on a tattoo of a cockroach.

SHAUNA the supermodel runs past, screaming as an insanely huge cockroach runs out of her cleavage.

SHAUNA

Get these cockroaches out of my top!

All the guys in the vicinity run after her, happy to oblige.



Everyone runs for the exits, past AUTEUR #1 and AUTEUR #2, who watch without reaction as two ROACHES land on the table in front of them. They stare at each other, transfixed:

AUTEUR #1

"The Alien:" exoskeletal space insect or crustacean?

ROACH #1

(antennae wriggling, subtitled)

Look at these pathetic humans. Gay or straight?



73. EXT. BLACK HOLE — BACK EXIT — NIGHT

73.

The doors BURST OPEN, screaming people racing out of the building with cockroaches on their clothes and in their hair. LILY is forced out in the stampede, diving out of the way of the onrushing crowd. Tired and losing hope, she slumps down on the curb, then frowns as a number of women wearing identical outfits to her's run past. Nearby, the three WOO GUYS "woo!" miserably, slumped and pumping their fists slowly and sadly as they pull roaches off each other's clothes. GUY #1 and GUY #2, both last seen standing in line at the Union, are now standing in line here. GUY #1 listens to the people screaming as they run past and turns to GUY #2.

GUY #1

I just heard the Roches are here...



73A. INT. FALCON - NIGHT

73A.

In a dark corner of the parking lot, TODD gropes FRANCES in the backseat of his car. She resists somewhat.

TODD

C'mon baby, it's just Todd. Mr. Handyman.

FRANCES

No, Todd, not here. Just once I'd like to go home without feeling used -- and without seatbelt marks on my back.

TODD

I'm being insensitive... Roll over on your stomach...

73B. EXT. BLACK HOLE - BACK EXIT - NIGHT

73B.

In another part of the club, LILY smacks into JONATHAN GOLD.

JONATHAN GOLD

(stoned as ever, holds joint)

Hey, silly Lily from the hilly. Look! A roach... and a roach!

LILY

(frantic)

Have you seen Frances?

JONATHAN GOLD

Who?

LILY

My friend Frances! I've been looking everywhere for her!

JONATHAN GOLD

Maybe she moved to South Philly. Or the Atacama Desert in Chile. Or in London at the Piccadilly--

LILY

--Nevermind!

74A. INT. CAR - NIGHT

74A.

TODD is face down in the back seat and FRANCES has his pants down around his ankles, over his boots. With one hand, she's slapping his butt, and with the other, she's rolling up the rear window with his pants caught in the crack.

TODD

Ow!

(then smiling)

Work me Molly, baby...

France's eyes grow cold at the mention of Molly. With his feet trapped by his pants in the window, Frances moves over and pulls the seat belt around his back, under his arms. She clicks it together and cinches it tightly, pinning him down.

FRANCES

How's that?

She slaps him, but he likes it.

TODD

Ooh, I love it, I love you. I love every bone in your body... especially when it's mine!!!

FRANCES

Yeah, well...

She takes "Big Pink" out of her purse, wielding it like a ninja sword as it glints in the overhead lights of the parking lot.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

... Good thing I have the right tool for the right job...

CUT TO:

75. EXT. BLACK HOLE - BACK EXIT - NIGHT

75.

Hollywood in the early morning is like a washed-up old character actress -- as you look in the new light, you notice that nothing on her is natural, and all the things you used to love about her are crumbling and falling apart; propped up by artifice.

Tired and losing hope, LILY slumps down on the curb. GIGI (in yet another outfit) is followed out by LANCE LEIBOWITZ, oblivious to the action around them.

LANCE

You're not giving me a chance. Here...

(pulls folder from briefcase)

... this is my résumé - films, schooling, past jobs, credit history, references--

GIGI

--Look, I generally don't date men with cockroaches crawling up their lapels.

Lance notices the roach and freaks, screaming and flailing about as if attacked by a mountain lion. Gigi laughs as he runs off, then notices the forlorn LILY with her head down on the curb.

GIGI
(genuine concern)
Are you okay?

Lily wipes away a tear as she fumbles for a cigarette.

LILY
Yeah. Nothing that forty years of psychoanalysis won't fix... Loneliness, guilt, despair -- and now cockroaches. It's like Franz Kafka was my travel planner...

GIGI
I wouldn't count on it -- modern psychology's understanding of passionate love is still both rudimentary and fragmented. There's no cogent conceptual framework for specific emotional states, so empirical investigations of interpersonal attraction are non-existent, and true understanding of the condition is rare. But if you'd like to talk, I took a course in Limerence and Obsessive Love at Cal Pomona...

Lily knows she's not supposed to like this girl.

LILY
(curtly)
Thanks, but I just want to find the guy I'm supposed to meet and--

GIGI
What's his name? I might know him.

LILY
I doubt it. He's not from here. He was only going to be here for one night and I was supposed to meet him, but--

GIGI
Oh my god! You're not Lily, are you?

LILY
(confused)
Uh, yeah...

GIGI
From San Francisco?

LILY

Yeah, but--

GIGI

Were you supposed to meet Jonathan? He was here. He was looking all over for you!

LILY

(in shock)

Where is he now?!

GIGI

He left. He said he was headed to the airport.

76. EXT. BLACK HOLE - NIGHT

76.

A few screaming people run past Todd's Falcon, TODD screaming loudly from inside, as FRANCES swigs the last of the vodka from the bottle and sits on the hood. LILY comes charging out and runs right into FRANCES.

LILY

Frances! Thank God I found you! Jonathan was here! He was right inside the club! We have to get to the airport immediately.

Lily finally notices what a mess she is -- drink-soaked dress, clothes askew, mascara running down her cheeks.

LILY (CONT'D)

Frances, what's wrong? What happened?

FRANCES

I saw Todd and he had some vodka.

LILY

No, Frances, no -- not Todd...

FRANCES

Don't worry, Todd and I are through. And I found a new home for "Big Pink!"

Suddenly a hand reaches out and taps Lily's shoulder. It's the psychotic BARTENDER. He grabs Lily and Frances, who SCREAM.

BARTENDER

(maniacal)

Scream all you want. It will do you no good.



SUDDENLY we see lights flash as two COPS converge on them.

COP

Put your hands behind your head.

The COPS slam the BARTENDER to the ground and train their pistols on him.

BARTENDER

What's going on? What'd I do?

The MUSTACHIOED COP wrests the car keys out of his hand.

MUSTACHIOED COP

I'll check the trunk.

The Cop opens the trunk and falls back coughing. He covers his nose and unzips the big black bag.

BARTENDER

It's really gross in there. It's--

MUSTACHIOED COP

-- Laundry?

BARTENDER

Yeah. I take it home from the bar I work at. Make a few extra bucks, you know. Now what about those two chicks, arrest them -- they still owe me three dollars and seventy-five cents for a Coke!!! PLUS TIP!!!

A crowd is growing. The CONVENIENCE STORE CLERK steps forward.

CLERK

--That woman stole beer from my store!

The OLD MAN IN A WHEELCHAIR rolls out from the crowd.

OLD MAN IN A WHEELCHAIR

Those irresponsible skanks pushed me down a hill in my wheelchair!

FRANCES

We are not skanks! And by the way, that's just Tim Conway doing a bit!

OLD MAN IN A WHEELCHAIR

Hey, I'm prepping for a role... and Harvey Korman would find this hilarious!

The surrounding people roll their eyes ("Method actors!"). The Old Man in a Wheelchair is pushed away. He sails down the parking lot as the crowd parts reverently for DARBY TIPP.

DARBY

These women left pornographic messages on my phone and broke my Daytime Emmy!

(hears murmuring behind him)

Hey, it's still an Emmy!!!

The COPS all look back at Lily and Frances, who smile back innocently. Frances lights another cigarette, then realizes the old one is still stuck to her lower lip, plucking it off.

LILY

How 'bout them Dodgers?

Frances thinks quickly, stepping in front of Lily.

FRANCES

Thank God you're here, officer -- that's the wrong man! The guy we're talking about is a twisted little pervert harassing the women in this parking lot. He could be dangerous...

(pointing to Todd's car)

... And he's in that car!!!!

MUSTACHIOED COP

We'll check it out... but you stay right here.

The policemen move off, circling the car and drawing their weapons, whispering to each other.

COP

He's in the back seat -- naked!

The Mustachioed Cop recognizes Todd -- and immediately sheaths his flashlight.

MUSTACHIOED COP

Not again! Careful -- I know this pervert...

COP

Out of the car with your hands up!

Todd stands naked, and they reel back in revulsion.

MUSTACHIOED COP

It looks like he's hidden some sort of large pink weapon on his person...



LILY

So much for my birthday present.

They pull Todd out of the car, half naked, and throw him to the ground, cuffing him.

FRANCES

God only knows how much they're going to pull out of him during the body cavity search.

TODD

F-r-r-r-a-a-a-a-n-n-n-n-c-e-e-es-s-s-s...

We hear Big Pink still rumbling like a chainsaw inside of him. MOLLY and ROLAND step up as Lily YANKS Frances out of frame.

FRANCES

Good luck on the shoot tomorrow, Toad!

77. EXT. LINCOLN - NIGHT

77.

LILY finally manages to get FRANCES over to the LINCOLN. With some difficulty, Frances teeters over to the driver's side and fumbles in her purse for the keys. She finds them, drops them and retrieves them. Swaying a little bit, she drops them again

as she tries to unlock the door. As she picks them up again the MUSTACHIOED COP looms up behind her.

MUSTACHIOED COP

I've been watching you attempt the demanding task of opening your car door, ladies.

FRANCES

You think I can't do it? I've opened lots of car doors.

LILY

I've seen her open a car door.

MUSTACHIOED COP

Please follow my finger with your eyes without moving your heads.

The Cop moves his finger slowly back and forth in front of them. The CAMERA pans across Lily and Frances' eyes as they follow the finger, each iris taking over where the last one left off.

MUSTACHIOED COP

Now stand on one foot and close your eyes.

FRANCES & LILY

Yes, Officer.

They close their eyes and stand perfectly balanced in their four-inch heels, one foot daintily raised behind them. Frances starts to snore until Lily elbows her.

MUSTACHIOED COP

Okay, now touch your noses with your left hands...

They do it perfectly, then high five, victorious.

MUSTACHIOED COP

... Now, with your right...

In the background, PARTY GOERS begin to gather and even applaud as the Mustachioed Cop continues testing Frances and Lily.

MUSTACHIOED COP

... Put your hands on your head, close your eyes, and take 14 steps backwards, heel to toe. Then turn on your left foot and walk forward 16 steps, ending on your right foot, while saying the alphabet backwards.

FRANCES & LILY
Z-Y-X-W-V-U--

MUSTACHIOED COP
--Skipping the vowels, and give me the symbol
in sign language for each letter... hopping on
one foot, eyes closed--

FRANCES & LILY
(hopping on one foot)
--T-S-R-Q-P-N-M-L-K-J-H-G-F-D-C-B...

FRANCES
Wait, do Y and W count...?

Frances sways and giggles, falling. She laughs hysterically as
the Mustachioed Cop pulls out the cuffs. Lily thinks fast.

LILY
I'm sober. I'm going to drive the car, sir.

FRANCES
(too drunk to be cool)
But, Lily, you don't even have a driver's
license -- Oops! I shouldn't have said that.

MUSTACHIOED COP
If I see either one of you get behind that
wheel, I'm going to have to take you in.

GIGI (O.S.)
Can I give you guys a ride?

GIGI
(to Cop, eyes closed; sign language)
--T-S-R-Q-P-N-M-L-K-J-H-G-F-D-C-B...

MUSTACHIOED COP
We need a better test.

78. EXT. JAGUAR - NIGHT

78.

LILY, FRANCES and GIGI hop into her convertible JAGUAR, Lily in
the passenger seat and Frances wedged into the back -- forming a
perfect "Charlie's Angels" pose.

LILY
Ready, Jill?

FRANCES
Let's go, Sabrina! Ready Kelly?

GIGI
Let's do it, Angels!

Gigi STARTS the car and PEELS OUT to the show's theme song -- only to run into bumper-to-bumper traffic.

LILY
Where's a Kid Cop when you need one?!?

FRANCES spots PINK DOT GUYS marching through the parking lot, carrying stacks of Roach Motels into the Black Hole.

FRANCES
Hey! Pink Dot!

She puts two fingers in her mouth and WHISTLES LOUDLY. They bolt to attention and the leader runs over to her.

PINK DOT GUY
Thanks for choosing Pink Dot -- we always deliver! Need something delivered fast? Food? Condoms?...
(looks Frances over)
... Stain remover?



FRANCES

I have an unusual order. We need you to reunite this girl with the love of her life. We're twenty miles from the airport and we have to get there through morning rush hour traffic in half an hour. Can Pink Dot get us there on time?

PINK DOT GUY

Pink Dot is always on time...

The DRIVERS behind him all stand proudly at attention by their vehicles and offer up a proud, vaguely militaristic salute.

PINK DOT DRIVERS

(in unison)

PINK DOT DELIVERY IS ALWAYS ON TIME!!!

79. DELETED 79.

80. EXT. BLACK HOLE - NIGHT 80.

The cars exit as GRIFFIN DUNNE tries to catch them.

GRIFFIN DUNNE

Hold up! I need a ride!

80A. INT. L.A.X. AIRPORT - SAME TIME 80A.

Jonathan trudges through the airport as a FLIGHT ATTENDANT can be heard over the intercom.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (O/S)

Southwestern flight 207, bound for Cleveland Ohio, is now boarding at Gate 38. Please check all baggage, as well as your hopes and dreams for finding true love, with the flight attendants. Thank you...

81. EXT. CENTURY BLVD. - NIGHT 81.

The JAGUAR screams down the street towards the airport, with an ESCORT OF PINK DOT VOLKSWAGENS in V-formation clearing the way for them, their propellers spinning proudly. They communicate through CB radios, talking as if they were coordinating an air strike in wartime. "Ride of the Valkyries" plays, a la "Apocalypse Now."

PINK DOT GUY

Bug #7! Bug #7! Hold formation! It could get hot as we head through Crenshaw! Over...



The entourage invades the streets of Little Saigon, with some early rising Vietnamese merchants hearing the Wagner music and turning to see the cars speeding towards them in formation.

VIETNAMESE MAN
PINK DOT!!!

People along the streets turn and run, in fear. A startled flock of pigeons take flight, splattering dung on the windshields like gunshots; one of the drivers loses visuals and spins out of formation, CRASHING into "WELCOME TO LITTLE SAIGON" sign, as PINK DOT GUY talks over the CB radio.

PINK DOT DRIVER #7 (O.S.)
Mayday! Mayday!

PINK DOT GUY (O.S.)
Driver down! Stay in formation! Do it for
Bug #7!

Little Saigon villagers break into the back door and loot the wreck for Red Vines and breakfast burritos. They raise the items over their heads and cheer victoriously.

82. INT. JAGUAR - NIGHT

82.

GIGI handles the car like a NASCAR driver.

LILY

(panicking)

Wait, how will we know which flight he's on?

FRANCES

Easy. You go to the ticket counter and look up all the passengers on the computer.

LILY

Frances, you're a genius! You're a mess, but you're still a genius.

FRANCES

Thanks. It's those assertiveness self-help tapes I got... Did I ever tell you how Tony Robbins has changed my life...?

Suddenly sick, Frances leans out of the side of the car, about to heave, as Lily and Gigi exchange dubious looks.

82A. INT. AIRPLANE - PRE-DAWN

82A

Jonathan sits on the plane, staring miserably out the window as someone plops down into the seat next to him.

GRAMMY (O/S)

Jonathan...?

Suzie's Grammy sits in the aisle seat. She gives him a kiss on the cheek -- then from Jonathan's POV, we see her lips open, and her tongue dart out like a Moray Eel.

83. EXT. L.A.X. AIRPORT - PRE-DAWN

83.

The PINK DOT CARS lead the JAGUAR up to the Airport. PINK DOT GUY signals for the team to stop in formation, and motions for Gigi to drive through to the curb.

PINK DOT GUY

Stay frosty! We lost a few. Empty those piddle packs! Check for vehicle damage from those drive-by's on the 170 and call the meat wagon...

PINK DOT GUY rushes out and opens the door for Lily as his BEEPER goes off.



PINK DOT GUY

You'll be safe from here -- we have others who need us now. That flashing light means we've got an emergency chocolate milk and Ho-Ho run to make...

LILY

How can I ever thank you?

PINK DOT GUY

No need, ma'am. Just fill out this customer service survey. Wherever there is a lack of quality fast food or beverage, I'll be there. Wherever a crying kid wants a Strawberry Push-up, Big Stick, or Rocket-Pop, I'll be there. Wherever a guy and gal need a new batch of condoms, I'll be there, ribbed and lubricated, for her pleasure--

(sniffing air)

-- You smell that? Hot chocolate. There's a Winchell's nearby. I love the smell of Nestles in the morning. To Winchell's!!!!

They ZOOM off in formation, the Wagner music BLARING.

83A. INT. L.A.X. AIRPORT - PRE-DAWN

83A.

LILY and FRANCES rush inside the terminal. Lily runs to the ticket counter, where an AIRLINE HOSTESS greets them.

AIRLINE HOSTESS

Can I help you?

LILY

I need to check on a flight to Cleveland.

AIRLINE HOSTESS

We had a flight leave just ten minutes ago.

LILY

Can you check to see if a certain passenger was aboard?

AIRLINE HOSTESS

We can't give out that information.

Lily slumps, defeated, her head in her hands.



Suddenly FRANCES comes alive, tired, haggard, her dress stained and torn, she is a truly frightening sight.

FRANCES

Fuck that shit!!! I have been driving around L.A. all night to reunite this woman with the love of her life! In that time, I have destroyed my car, my dress, humiliated myself in front of my peers, and broken up with my boyfriend at least three times. I haven't eaten a thing since an over-ripe strawberry yesterday morning -- in a few more moments I'm going to lose it completely!

(grabbing Hostess' lapels)

Give this woman the fucking information she wants to know, or I'll make your little booth here look worse than a Valuejet landing strip!!!

The AIRLINE HOSTESS looks FRANCES over, still smiling plastically, but now with fearful tears streaming down her cheeks.

AIRLINE HOSTESS

(typing into computer)

What is the gentleman's name?

LILY

(excitedly)

Jonathan Silver...

The Airline Hostess types it in, Lily waiting expectantly.

AIRLINE HOSTESS

Yes, he's onboard....

(a beat)

... That's good news, it's the first flight today that left right on schedule.

Seeing she's said the wrong answer, the Airline Hostess quickly ducks out of danger. But Frances is more concerned with Lily. The girls look at each other, speechless -- this wasn't supposed to happen this way. Lily is crestfallen -- she now looks more ready to faint than Frances.

LILY

I give up. I'm going home. Maybe there's a nice monastery somewhere that needs a celibate nun to typeset their newsletter.

FRANCES
You can't leave!

LILY
Why not!

FRANCES
(thinking for a beat)
All your stuff's at my house?

LILY
Frances, I just want to go home. It's time I
got serious about my life. Enough wild
dreams, time for a little reality.

Lily really means it. End of discussion. Frances hugs her.

FRANCES
I'm sorry it was such a shitty night for you.

LILY
It was a stupid idea in the first place.

FRANCES
It was a damn good idea. Just poor
execution...

Lily sighs, the night's emotions washing over her face.

LILY
I really want to be by myself right now.
Thanks for the ride. You have a bug in your
hair.

Frances knocks a last cockroach away and Lily gives Frances a
little hug and walks down the terminal.

FRANCES
Love you, Lils...

Lily turns and waves. She's already crying again.

84 - 86. DELETED

84 - 86.

87. INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

87.

Heartsick and downcast, LILY makes her way through the cabin and
finds her seat. She looks out the window as the PILOT makes an
announcement.



PILOT (V.O.)

This is flight number 394 bound for San Francisco. We'll be taking off in about ten minutes, so if you would please secure your carry-on and resume the drudgery of day-to-day life without the man of your dreams. All Alpha Geeks can now begin drinking coffee and talking about Japanese animation and cyber-this and virtual-that....

88. JAGUAR - DAY

88.

GIGI pulls up next to Frances' LINCOLN.

FRANCES

She hates me.

GIGI

I doubt it. You guys have been best friends forever. She's not going to blame you--

FRANCES

It was all my fault! If I'd been helping her look for Jonathan instead sacrificing all my self-esteem, not to mention the most expensive pair of shoes I own, to Toad Taylor--

GIGI

You mean, Todd Taylor?! Dumb hat? Low IQ? Weak chest? Bad cologne? Tired come-ons? Old shoes? Mis-matched socks? Stupid mini-disco ball on his rear-view mirror? Horrible taste in everything? ... and God what a lousy lay--

FRANCES

(has been shaking her head no at each point until the last one)
Okay, yep. That's Todd. He knew a few tricks sexually -- unfortunately they were beg, roll-over and play dead.

GIGI

Sex with him was a once-in-a-lifetime experience... thank God.

They both burst into laughter. Frances grins thoughtfully. Maybe this girl isn't so bad.

FRANCES

Thanks for driving.

GIGI

We should hang out sometime. I mean, we go to all the same places anyway....

FRANCES

Yeah. I'd really like that.

FRANCES & GIGI

Let me get your number.

They both whip out little electronic Day-Runners.

92. INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

92.

The plane is still on the ground. Lily stares out of the window.

LILY

Shit! Bok! Tae! Kak! Ç'punë muti! Лайна!
他媽的! ㄤㄢ!!!

A man sitting opposite her who is wearing a shtreimel and a tallit gives her a dirty look, shushing her. LILY winces apologetically and covers her face, embarrassed. Because of this, she's oblivious to the COMMOTION going on at the front of the plane as a late PASSENGER boards.

PILOT (V.O.)

Flight attendants cross-check...

He runs past Lily, then stops, his back arching like an insect in a mating ritual (as described in SCENE 18A!). It's JONATHAN. He takes the empty seat beside Lily and gently kisses her forehead. She awakens and stares at him in shock.

LILY

Jonathan? Holy fekafo!!!

JONATHAN

I'd recognize that perfume anywhere! You know the female South Asian Blattodea produces a pheromone that attracts—

Lily kisses him before he can finish the sentence. She finally pulls away, and he grins.



JONATHAN

So you came down to L.A., after all...

LILY

(words come in a flood)

I tried to find you but I lost the invitation and the Thomas Guide and do you know how many streets start with "Alta"? And we went to all these clubs trying to find Fuzzy Pussy, well not actual 'fuzzy pussy', the band "Fuzzy Pussy," and I was stalked by a psychotic bartender and a movie star played us an awful Jerry Garcia tribute and then fucking El Niño... and the Pink Dot man saved us....

JONATHAN

What's Pink Dot?

LILY

Oh, it's this magical place where happiness... never mind. I thought you were on a plane back home!

Laughing, they stare into each other's eyes, neither quite believing the other one is here.

JONATHAN

I was on my plane, but I couldn't stop thinking about you and I thought, Akron can wait -- I gotta' go up to San Francisco and see if I can find her. I really missed you. I was afraid that you didn't get my letter or maybe you didn't think I was too desperate, or maybe you thought I was too serious...

Lily throws her arms around him and they kiss.

92A. INSERT - LILY'S FANTASY - COLLAGE

92A.

The colored construction paper of LILY'S COLLAGE unfolds again, rejuvenated. All the cut-out images of DARBY shrivel and drop out of the picture as JONATHAN's face swirls in...

... the margins fill with glitter-pen writing, heart stickers and lipstick kisses. We hear "True" by Spandau Ballet. We see images of Jonathan pumping weights; A glamour shot on the cover of "Entomology Today"; Jonathan as Indiana Jones, fighting with Nazis in a bar in Nepal, with Lily as Marion Ravenwood... finally morphing back into the real JONATHAN sitting in front of her -- and he looks as star-struck as she does.

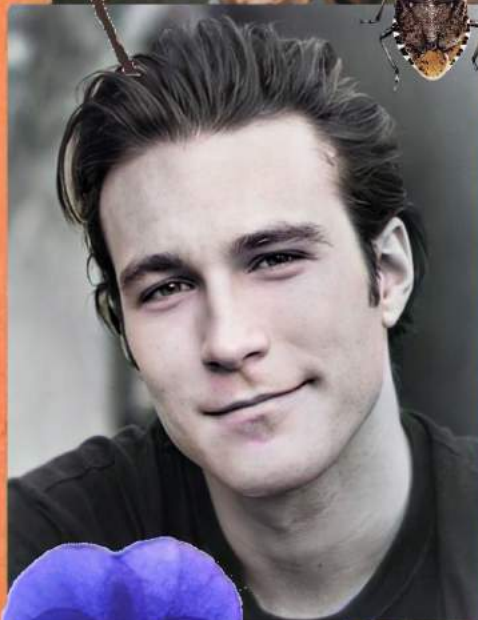


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BE MY
VALENTINE

BE MY
VALENTINE

BE MY
VALENTINE



BE MY
VALENTINE

BE MY
VALENTINE



DISSOLVE TO:

92B. INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

92B.

The rosy light of the morning sun streams in through the window, creating a halo around LILY and JONATHAN. They turn and ease back into their seats, smiles slowly fading as reality sets in.

LILY

I was supposed to start my new job ten minutes ago...

JONATHAN

I lost all the bug specimens I brought back from Nepal...

They stare blankly ahead, everyone on the plane staring back at them, a la "The Graduate." "The Sound of Silence" begins to play. But Jonathan smiles, taking Lily's hand. They look into each other's eyes again, and everything's okay. Lily and Jonathan kiss once more and the other passengers APPLAUD. We PAN to the row behind them, where an unseen man in the middle seat toasts the lovers with a glass of champagne; beautiful women caress his arms. We hear the voice of John Forsythe (CHARLIE).

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Another job well done, Angels. Our Juliet found her Romeo, justice was served, and there was little to no loss of life -- unusual for Los Angeles...

We PAN DOWN to see a roach climb out of Jonathan's bag and scurry down the cheap airline carpet.



92C. EXT. AIRPLANE - DAY

92C.

The plane sails away as Hollywood recedes in the daylight, like a washed-up old has-been who fades into the background while you focus on the next big thing. Inside the plane we hear "ROACH!" and a general uproar.

CUT TO:

93. EXT. BLACK HOLE - DAY

93.

FRANCES reaches her car as a TRAFFIC COP places a ticket on the windshield. Grumbling, Frances shoves the ticket into her purse, then climbs into the car as "Desperate but Not Serious" starts to play. FRANCES puts the key in the ignition and turns it. OMINOUS WHINING SOUND and then... Nothing.

FRANCES

(to the car)

Come on.

She tries again. The SOUND is worse and then.... Nothing.
Frances smacks the steering wheel.

FRANCES

Shit!

She tries again. No sound. No nothing.

FRANCES

Goddamnit!

She gets out of the car and slams the door. Kicks it for good measure. The most amazing CUSTOM JAGUAR you've ever seen whips by, nearly side-swiping her.

FRANCES

Hey! Watch it, you dick!

The amazing JAGUAR squeals to a stop and backs up. The tinted, electric window goes down. Inside is DARBY TIPP.

DARBY

Hey Frances. It's me, Darby, remember?

DARBY starts singing his Jerry Garcia tribute song.

FRANCES

Yeah, I remember. Sorry about the Emmy.

DARBY

Eh, it's just a Daytime Emmy. How's it going?

FRANCES

Shitty. My car won't start.

DARBY

You can totally come to the set and we can find a Teamster to fix it later.

FRANCES

Really?

DARBY

(opening the door)

Sure, hop in. You can hang out in my trailer with me. It's got a featherbed and a fridge and a mini bar...

FRANCES

No mini bar...
 (looks to Darby skeptically)
 ... Are you sure about this?

DARBY

Totally! But we gotta get going. I'm really,
 really late...

Frances smiles heavenward and jumps in the car. Darby guns it down the street. TITLES SCROLL across the screen once again, accompanied by typewriter sounds. They read:

FRANCES SCORED A GREAT PART IN DARBY'S FILM --
 NO BOOB SHOTS.

LILY AND JONATHAN HAD A BEAUTIFUL WEDDING SIX
 MONTHS LATER... BUT WERE UNABLE TO LOCATE THE
 CEREMONY.

GIGI SCORED A SIX-FIGURE DEAL FOR SOMETHING...
 EVEN THOUGH NOBODY STILL KNOWS WHAT SHE DOES,
 EXACTLY.

EVERYBODY ELSE WENT BACK TO THEIR DAILY
 LIVES...

CUT TO:

94. EXT. CREDITS - VARIOUS SHOTS

94.

The new day shines like a fresh-faced, Hollywood hopeful -- not too bright yet, but pleasant and glowing with promise. The CREDITS ROLL as we QUICK-CUT to various characters starting their day:

CUT TO:

94A. EXT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

94A.

A slew of angry women line up to return exact duplicates of Lily's dress to a clothing store.

CUT TO:

94B. EXT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

94B.

JONATHAN GOLD and TOKER climb out of their Mercedes convertibles, set their car alarms, and coolly enter their law office, briefcases in hand.

CUT TO:

94C. EXT. DUNKIN' DOUGHNUTS - DAY

94C.

A hung-over, puffy-faced MOLLY carries out 12 coffees, doughnuts, and breakfast muffins, double-checking her order. She spills them as she opens the car door and starts to sob. On the street behind her, the OLD MAN IN A WHEELCHAIR speeds past, screaming.

94D. INT. TWO AUTEURS - DAY

94D.

The two AUTEURS stand on a roped-off red carpet area with movie posters hanging on the wall behind them.

AUTEUR #1

This is it! The big premiere day. Excited?

AUTEUR #2

Nah. I've been through too many of these things to get worked up about it, anymore.

A pimply-faced SAM GOODY MANAGER half their age calls out:

SAM GOODY MANAGER

WILL YOU TWO JERKOFFS GET BACK TO WORK!?!

We PULL BACK to reveal that they're at a Sam Goody store stocking shelves with copies of the "DESPERATE BUT NOT SERIOUS" VHS tape.

AUTEUR #1

That manager is so gay...

94E. INT. METROPOLITAN DETENTION CENTER - DAY

94E.

In a cramped cell, the YOUNG ACTOR from "America's Most Wanted" sits on the top bunk of a bed, calling out to the guard.

YOUNG ACTOR

I'm not the guy -- I just played him on "America's Most Wanted!"

On the bunk below, TODD sits next to a scary, TATTOO-FACED INMATE who is using some of Todd's own lines on him.

TATTOO-FACED INMATE

I swear, man. You are strictly A-List material.

(scoots closer; Todd scoots away)

That orange jumpsuit looks good, but it would look even better crumpled up on the floor of my bunk...

94F. EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

94F.

GRIFFIN DUNNE, covered in the remnants of dried plaster of Paris, sits motionless on the bench. A nearby group of vending machines feature newspapers with headlines such as "MONSTER COCKROACHES INFEST LA," "MAN RUNS AMOCK OUTSIDE CLUB WITH LARGE PINK WEAPON," and "SERIAL KILLER STILL ON THE LOOSE; SUNNY SKIES ALL WEEK."

CUT TO:

94G. INT. DARKROOM - DAY

94G.

We find ourselves in the dim red light of a filthy darkroom. A grainy photo of Lily slowly appears on a sheet of Kodak paper that is floating in a filthy bath of development fluid; a large cockroach floats nearby. We hear a deranged CACKLE as the photo is removed from the bath; A man's hands then place the photo in a deranged "collage" -- featuring photos taken from previous night, and more hung all around the room. Lily's name is obsessively scribbled on notebooks, loose papers, the table and walls, and we hear a menacing voice:

BARTENDER (O.S.)

Three dollars and seventy-five cents... Three
dollars and seventy-five cents... Three
dollars and seventy-five cents!!!

FADE TO BLACK
THE END.



Desperate but not Serious

HOLLYWOOD



Lily (**Christine Taylor**) is a twenty-something aspiring writer who receives an invitation to attend a wedding reception with Jonathan (**John Corbett**), a handsome entomologist who also happens to be the man of her dreams. The only problem is that she's in San Francisco and the wedding is in L.A. Lily is therefore forced to enlist the aid of her friend Frances (**Paget Brewster**), an unrepentant party girl who has the L.A. nightclub scene wired.

Their plans are completely derailed when they inadvertently lose the all important wedding invitation. This sets in motion an evening full of near misses with Jonathan, and thrusts Lily and Frances into a swarm of offbeat encounters with the underground Hollywood crowd. Off they go from club to club, from party to party and from boy to boy in an effort to find the wedding reception.

Lily and Frances stumble into the home of heartthrob Darby Tipp (**Joey Lawrence**), a gorgeous child movie star turned "B-movie" star. An evening shared with the narcissistic Tipp reveals more than just his love for gummy bears. All the while, Frances is continually confronted with her ex-beau, Todd (**Max Perlich**), and struggles to "Just Say No" to his copious advances. As the evening progresses, Lily and Frances end up being thrown out of parties, terrorized by a psychopathic bartender, snubbed by Gigi (**Claudia Schiffer**) the know-it-all wanna-be rock star, and chased by the police through the streets of Hollywood.

When Lily finally does find the reception it turns out she has just missed Jonathan once more as he is gone for good. Or so it seems! **Desperate But Not Serious** is an improbable but all too familiar fable of modern romance, misadventure, and comedy.

