

FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A YOUNG BOY eats a bowl of cereal at the kitchen table, while his MOTHER flips pancakes on the frying pan.

The FATHER of the household opens the door and waves in a five-year-old girl, TARA, who wears pigtails and her best Sunday dress.

FATHER

I want you to meet Tara.

MOTHER

Tara?

FATHER

It stands for Technologically  
Advanced Robotic Adolescent.

YOUNG BOY

Cool.

FATHER

(to Tara)

Say hello to your brother.

TARA

(in a monotone robotic  
voice)

Hello to your brother.

MOTHER

Honey, what have you done?! She's a  
real child!

The father spins Tara around and opens a compartment just below her neck revealing flashing lights and dangling wires.

The scene fades into close-ups of the little girl as a female VOICE begins to speak.

VOICE

Coming in at number 68 on our  
countdown is former child star  
Laura Summer, best known as the  
adorable, but not quite human Tara  
in the hit sitcom, "My Little  
Robot."

We see various pictures of an older, teenage Laura.

VOICE (CONT'D)

After a brief stint on "Venice Beach, 90291," also produced by her father, and starring her notorious brother Ricky Summer, Laura took a break from acting.

We see more pictures of Laura: with different boyfriends, at nightclubs, dancing on a table, falling over drunk, a blurred panty-less photo and a police mug shot.

VOICE (CONT'D)

During that time, the press labeled her a Hollywood trainwreck and printed photos of her hard partying ways on a weekly basis.

We see a recent picture of Laura with a large, bulky man, but we can't see his entire face because his hand is blocking the camera.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Recently, she has been romantically linked to straight-to-video action star Tony Steel. Laura is attempting a comeback this year and is considering several scripts, hopefully in a movie that's not produced by her father.

We fade from a picture of Laura to:

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Laura is comfortably seated in first class with her mother SOPHIA, a slinky, still sexy woman in her fifties. Heavy make-up and years of plastic surgery have paid off.

They each hold copies of a movie script in front of them. The title page reads, "Pretty Ugly - Written by Jimmy Corn."

LAURA

Mom, this is really good.

SOPHIA

This is a wonderful move for you dear. A revelation, a showcase role.

Laura smiles and laughs to her herself as she reads.

EXT. VICTOR'S BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

The bar resides on a well-lit street in a quiet neighborhood. A neon sign flashes "Victor's Bar and Grill."

INT. VICTOR'S BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

A homemade sign stretches above the bar announcing "Welcome Drew Barrymore." Another sign reads, "Welcome Cast and Crew of Pretty Ugly."

The bar is fairly busy, but there are some seats available.

SCOTT, mid-twenties, enters the bar sporting a "staff" shirt and carries a stack of flyers and a roll of tape.

He heads to the corner of the bar where a well-dressed man in his fifties, DENNIS, sits by himself reading a newspaper. He sees Scott, then looks at his watch.

DENNIS

You're early.

SCOTT

It's my last day as an employee.

DENNIS

Trust me, you have no idea how much work owning a bar really is.

SCOTT

You bust your ass here.

DENNIS

Just be thankful I gave you first crack at it.

The bartender, ALISON, a young goth girl with dark hair and heavy black makeup, notices Scott.

SCOTT

I'm going to make a lot of changes around here, starting with the name of the place. The loan is a lock.

DENNIS

Hope you get it, Scott.

SCOTT

Don't worry.

Scott sees Alison approach them.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
(very loud for Alison to  
hear)  
But the first thing I'm going to do  
is get rid of that bartender,  
Alison.

ALISON  
You wouldn't fire your own sister.

SCOTT  
I can't. You're going to be my new  
manager, right?

ALISON  
I practically manage your house and  
your life. I can handle your bar.  
Just make sure I get a part in this  
movie.

Scott takes one of the flyers and tapes it to the wall. It  
reads, "Be an Extra in Pretty Ugly. See Scott for Details."

INT. TERMINAL - NIGHT

Laura and Sophia are at the baggage claim. Laura waves her  
hand and sniffs the air while looking at Sophia.

LAURA  
Mother, what is that perfume you're  
wearing?

SOPHIA  
It's a new fragrance I got in a  
gift bag last week.

LAURA  
I love it. Can you get me a bottle?

A WOMAN taps Laura on the shoulder.

WOMAN  
Are you Laura Summer?

LAURA  
Yes.

WOMAN  
Can I get a picture?

SOPHIA  
(whispering to Laura)  
Please...your fan base, dear.

LAURA  
(reluctant with a fake  
smile)

Sure.

The woman leans her head into Laura and holds a camera out in front of them.

WOMAN  
I loved "My Little Robot." I used  
to torture my parents with your  
"robot dance."

With the words "robot dance," Laura's smile disappears just as the picture is taken.

Sophia hands an itinerary list to Laura as they keep walking.

SOPHIA  
Remember, rehearsal and a radio  
show on Thursday. Hotel,  
directions, rental car over there.  
I'm taking a cab to meet Victor for  
dinner. Tah-tah.

LAURA  
But Mom...

Sophia plants a kiss on Laura's cheek.

SOPHIA  
You'll be fine. I love you angel.

Laura waves to her mother as she rushes away, a little frightened.

INT. VICTOR'S BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

Scott has plastered the entire bar with the flyers about movie extras.

SCOTT  
I'm telling you, "Pretty Ugly" is  
going to turn this place into a  
local tourist attraction.

DENNIS  
As long as it's a good movie.

SCOTT  
With Jimmy Corn directing? Are you  
kidding? An instant classic.

DENNIS

There's just one thing I don't understand. Jimmy Corn makes all those violent action flicks, right?

SCOTT

"Blunt Drama" is one of my all-time favorites.

DENNIS

Why make a romantic comedy?

SCOTT

I was wondering the same thing. I'll ask him when he gets here.

DENNIS

You don't want to upset that guy. I heard he's a lunatic on movie sets.

SCOTT

Don't believe everything you read.

A handful of customers have gathered around some of the flyers Scott posted.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The brakes screech as a red sports car whips around a corner. Other cars beep their horns.

INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

Laura dances around in the driver's seat while slapping the steering wheel to the beat of the music. She squints as she tries to read the road signs.

Her cell phone rings. She turns down the music and answers it.

LAURA

(in phone)

Hi Tony...I miss you.

(pause)

What?...

(pause)

What are you doing in Budapest?

(pause)

On Bloody Ground Part 3? Tony! You weren't even in part 2!

(pause)

(MORE)

LAURA (CONT'D)  
What about my birthday?! Don't you  
hang up on me!

Laura tosses the phone on the front seat and turns the music  
back up.

INT. VICTOR'S BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

Dennis is still seated with the newspaper, working on the  
crossword puzzle. Alison pours drinks for customers, with  
Scott helping her out.

The bar is quiet as the jukebox changes songs.

The door to the bar swings open, and as Laura walks in, a  
popular rock song blasts out of the jukebox. Some customers  
notice her, some don't.

Scott is pouring a beer when he sees her and is immediately  
smitten. The glass overflows with beer, as he is hypnotized  
by Laura's beauty: her hair, eyes, lips, makeup, her outfit.  
Everything about her is perfect.

TROY, the muscle-head door man, stops Laura.

TROY  
Can I see some ID, miss?

While Laura rummages through her purse, Alison turns off the  
beer tap and punches Scott on the shoulder.

ALISON  
Hey! Isn't that...

Scott is still staring at her.

SCOTT  
I knew she looked familiar.

ALISON  
Oh my god!

SCOTT  
Laura Summer.

ALISON  
What's she doing here?

SCOTT  
She's probably friends with Drew  
Barrymore or something. It's  
happening already. Ka-Ching!

As Laura hands Troy her driver's license, Scott leaps over the bar and rushes to her side. He snatches the ID out of Troy's hand and gives it back to Laura.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
That won't be necessary.

LAURA  
(smiling at Scott)  
Thank you.

Scott extends his hand out to Laura. She does the same, and while they shake hands, they stare into each other's eyes.

SCOTT  
I'm Scott. I'm the manager here.  
Actually, tomorrow I'll be on my way to being the new owner.

LAURA  
I'm Laura.

SCOTT  
I know. It's great to meet you.  
Come in and sit down.

Scott leads her to an uncrowded area of the bar near Dennis. As Laura sits down, Scott sprints around the bar until he is directly across from her, bumping Alison out of the way.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Whatever you want is on the house.

DENNIS  
My place still, junior.

SCOTT  
(to Laura)  
Ignore that guy.

LAURA  
Water with lemon please.

SCOTT  
Yes. On the way. No tap. Spring...

LAURA  
That's fine.

Scott clumsily pours a glass of water as Alison nudges her way in.

ALISON  
He's star struck, Laura.



Laura smirks at Alison, then stares rudely at all the black makeup on her face.

LAURA  
Is this a funeral parlor? Did  
somebody die?

Alison quickly turns away and stares at the wall. After a few moments, Alison disappears from behind the bar and heads for the ladies' room.

Scott places the glass of water in front of her.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
What is her problem?

SCOTT  
A couple of years ago, her  
fiancee...

LAURA  
(interrupting)  
Whatever. Nobody cares.

Scott's excitement is gone and he seems to be holding himself back from saying something.

SCOTT  
So...

Laura takes a sip of her water.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
So...what brings you to town?

LAURA  
I'm in the movie. Why else would I  
be here?

SCOTT  
Oh really? You're in the movie too?  
I didn't know that. Who do you  
play?

LAURA  
I play Nicole, the lead character.  
The bartender.

SCOTT  
(laughing)  
Drew Barrymore is playing the  
bartender.

LAURA

Wrong.

SCOTT

Since when?

LAURA

Don't you read Daily Variety?

SCOTT

Daily what?

LAURA

Drew Barrymore dropped out like a week ago. Me! I'm the star!

Scott is completely caught off guard. He looks over at Dennis who overheard the whole thing. Dennis shrugs his shoulders.

Laura takes her glass of water, wiggles off her seat and dances her way to the jukebox.

Scott hurries over to Dennis.

SCOTT

What's going on?

DENNIS

I talked to Victor, but he didn't mention it.

SCOTT

Can you call him please?

DENNIS

And say what?

SCOTT

You're friends with the man! You named your bar after him! He'll listen to you.

DENNIS

Victor helped me buy this place twenty years ago. I'm not going to complain about anything. Be thankful he's shooting his movie here at all. What's it matter who the star is?

Scott points at Laura as she selects songs from the jukebox.

SCOTT

That girl is trouble. She will ruin the movie and she'll ruin this bar. My bar.

DENNIS

You're over-reacting.

Alison wipes tears from her eyes as she walks out of the bathroom. She passes by Laura at the jukebox and they exchange dirty looks.

Alison stops by Scott and Dennis on her way behind the bar.

ALISON

You can wait on her.

Scott looks at a large black-and-white picture of a middle-aged man hanging a bit crooked on the wall. It is autographed with the name "Victor Cashman."

SCOTT

Is he in town yet?

DENNIS

I think so, but I still haven't heard from him.

Scott straightens the picture as we fade out on a close-up of the smiling man.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

VICTOR CASHMAN, a slick Hollywood producer in a suit, holds a bottle of wine in his hand. He pounds on the door as if he has been waiting for someone to answer.

Finally, the door creeps open. Victor looks both ways down the hallway, then sneaks in.

INT. SOPHIA'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

SOPHIA closes the door behind Victor. He makes himself comfortable on the bed, then looks around.

VICTOR

Your daughter's not here, is she?

SOPHIA

No, she went down to that bar to do some "research" on her part.

VICTOR  
At a bar?

SOPHIA  
Stop it, Victor.

Sophia sits next to him on the bed.

VICTOR  
And she's by herself?

SOPHIA  
She's doing good. She has a sponsor  
now and goes to meetings. AA is  
working wonders for her.

VICTOR  
I don't want any trouble. She  
better behave herself.

SOPHIA  
She'll be fine. She wants this to  
work. She needs this for her  
career.

VICTOR  
And if she goes over the edge? I  
heard about what happened last  
month in Bel Air.

SOPHIA  
Yes, she had a little incident, but  
she's back on track.

VICTOR  
I will pull the plug. I swear. I  
can replace her with one phone  
call.

Sophia covers his mouth with her hand.

SOPHIA  
(removing her hand)  
There won't be a problem. Okay?  
(with a sexy smile)  
Can we talk business over  
breakfast?

Sophia snatches the bottle of wine out of Victor's hand while  
he unbuttons his trousers.

INT. VICTOR'S BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

Scott stands by Dennis while Alison continues to bartend. She tries her best to ignore Laura, but notices that Laura is obsessively staring at her.

Finally, enough is enough, and Alison smacks the bar right in front of Laura, startling her. It gets the attention of most of the patrons, especially Scott and Dennis.

ALISON

What are you staring at? Do you have a problem?

Scott stays put, unsure what to do.

LAURA

I'm watching you bartend because I am playing a bartender in this movie. It's my job.

Alison purposely knocks over Laura's glass, spilling water all over her lap.

LAURA (CONT'D)

What the...?

ALISON

There's your first lesson. That's how you spill a drink on somebody you don't like.

LAURA

You stupid bitch!

Scott quickly intervenes and pulls Alison aside.

SCOTT

Alison, how about you call it a night?

ALISON

Yeah. Good idea. I'm out of here.

Scott pats her on the back as she exchanges one more dirty look with Laura. Alison grabs a few things and quickly hurries out the door.

Laura lets out a sigh of relief as Scott places a new glass of water in front of her.

LAURA

Thank god. It felt like "Night of the Living Dead" in here. You should seriously fire her.

SCOTT

Watch it. She's my sister and after tomorrow...

LAURA

(interrupting)

Can you take down the Drew Barrymore sign?

Scott waits, then reluctantly reaches up and tears down the "Welcome Drew Barrymore" sign. It drops to the floor as Laura claps her hands.

Something clicks in Scott's head. A fuse is lit. A bomb is ticking.

SCOTT

How's your father?

LAURA

What?

SCOTT

Is he producing your movie?

LAURA

What's that supposed to mean?

SCOTT

He got you on TV, on his shows. It's good to be the princess.

LAURA

I had to audition for those parts!

SCOTT

The lines for auditions were fake. You already had the part.

LAURA

I worked hard on those shows! I paid my dues!

SCOTT

Bartending is a real job. No limo. No craft services. No agent. Just a day's work.

(tossing a washcloth at her)

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Why don't you come over to this side of the bar and do your research? No, you might mess up your manicure.

Laura reaches across the bar and grabs Scott's arms, pulling him right across the bar, over her seat and onto the floor. Her glass of water shatters.

Laura pulls Scott to his feet.

LAURA

You've got nothing to say now, do you?

Scott is still in shock that she pulled him to the other side of the bar that quickly.

She follows with a right hook to his face.

Dennis jumps out of his chair and stands between Laura and Scott, who clenches his mouth. Other customers gather.

DENNIS

Get out!

Laura points to the door while looking at Scott.

LAURA

You heard the man!

DENNIS

Not him! You! Leave now!!!

Laura swings her arm around, causing Dennis to flinch, but only grabs her purse.

LAURA

Fine. This place is a dump anyway.

Laura throws her purse around her arm, runs her hand through her hair, then takes one last look around the bar, ending on Scott.

Laura takes the first step to leave, but she slips on the water from the broken glass and hits her face on the edge of the bar. Scott rushes to help her, but Laura pushes him away.

As tears stream down Laura's cheek, she turns and runs out of the bar.

The remaining customers erupt with applause, while Scott returns to work, clearly shaken. Dennis notices a cell phone lying on the floor. He picks it up.

INT. SOPHIA'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Victor and Sophia make strange noises, but are hidden beneath the covers of the bed.

Suddenly, the door to the room flies open and Laura bursts in, crying hysterically. She slams the door behind her and drops to her knees.

LAURA

Mommy!

Victor and Sophia stop moving beneath the covers.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Mom?

SOPHIA

(from under the covers)

Not right now, Laura! Go back to your room. We'll talk in the morning.

Laura punches the floor in a temper tantrum.

LAURA

Now!

SOPHIA

How did you get a key to my room?

LAURA

The front desk knew who I was. I would have called you, but...but...  
(more crying)  
I left my cell phone at the bar.

Sophia peeks her head out from under the covers.

SOPHIA

Oh my god, Laura, have you been drinking?!

LAURA

No!

Laura pulls herself together and climbs onto the bed, but quickly realizes there is someone else under the covers. She backs away.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Who is that?

Victor pops his head out from under the covers.



LAURA (CONT'D)

Victor?

VICTOR

Hi Laura.

Laura kicks the bed.

LAURA

Mom! What are you doing?! God!

SOPHIA

We're not having this conversation again, Laura. What happened to your face? Did you get into a fight?

VICTOR

(to Sophia)

The first shot is Monday and she has a black eye.

Laura covers her face and runs out of the room. Victor and Sophia look at each other, stunned.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

She's going to need a lot of makeup to cover that.

SOPHIA

We'll deal with this in the morning.

Sophia disappears under the covers, then pulls Victor under with her.

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - MORNING

Victor and Sophia are fully, and very nicely dressed as they share breakfast at a small table in the hotel's restaurant.

VICTOR

She's here one night and already caused trouble. I'm having an anxiety attack here, Sophia, you told me...

SOPHIA

(interrupting and very loud)

I can't watch her twenty-four hours a day.

(much calmer)

I have to go back to LA.

VICTOR  
No! You're her manager! Manage her!

SOPHIA  
I have other clients, deals to make, contracts to sign. You know this. I can't stay here with her. I'll talk to Laura. We'll make it work.

VICTOR  
She needs a full-time manager. I have work to do. I can't produce this picture and babysit your little darling.

SOPHIA  
Then get somebody who will!

VICTOR  
I already planned on it.

Victor tries his best to regain his composure and goes back to eating his breakfast.

EXT. BANK - MORNING

Scott is dressed in a suit. He carries a briefcase with him as he enters the bank.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Laura, in pajamas, sleeps on the bed of her luxurious hotel suite. A spoon and melted pint of ice cream lie next to her.

Knock. Knock. Knock.

Laura doesn't move. The knocks continue. Then the knocks turn to pounding on the door.

She flinches, slowly sits up, and looks around in a daze.

LAURA  
Who is it?

She jumps up.

SOPHIA (O.S.)  
Laura, it's me. Open the door!

VICTOR  
And Victor...

Laura briefly freezes in a panic, then runs over to the mirror and stares at her face.

LAURA

Oh no...

She grabs some makeup off the dresser and makes an attempt at smearing it over the scratches, but it doesn't work.

VICTOR

Laura, we don't have all day.

Laura looks at the clock, then back in the mirror. She wipes the makeup off.

LAURA

Coming...

Laura hurries to the door, then stops. With the flick of a switch, tears roll down her cheek.

She cries louder and moans as she opens the door. Victor rolls his eyes at her as he slips into the room.

Sophia immediately hugs her.

SOPHIA

Oh you poor thing! What happened?!

Victor slams the hotel door.

VICTOR

I'm sorry, Laura. You're a wonderful girl, but this film is important to a lot of people. You just got out of rehab. You need more time to adjust. Go back home and get some rest.

LAURA

You're firing me?! I wasn't even drinking yet!

(to Sophia)

Mom! Do something!!!

Sophia doesn't know what to do as Victor turns for the door.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Victor! Wait! Please!

Victor pauses, and without Laura seeing, he winks at Sophia.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Just give me a chance.

VICTOR  
If we work this out, you're going  
to have to follow some rules.

LAURA  
Whatever it takes.

VICTOR  
You're getting a manager.

LAURA  
Mom is my manager.

SOPHIA  
I'm going back to LA, honey.

LAURA  
Mommy!

SOPHIA  
We're going to get you help.

LAURA  
Help?

VICTOR  
A bodyguard. Somebody to help you  
get through the day.  
(pause)  
Now...I'm going over to the bar to  
do some damage control.

LAURA  
No!

VICTOR  
What did you say to me?

LAURA  
(in a more polite, softer  
voice)  
Can we film it somewhere else? I  
don't like it there.

VICTOR  
Laura, I believe in you. So I need  
you to believe in me. Let me  
produce and I'll let you be the  
star. Are we on the same page?

Laura is speechless as Victor opens the hotel room door.

LAURA  
Victor! Wait!

VICTOR

What?

LAURA

If you're going to that bar, can you get my cell phone? I left it there last night. I'm sure someone found it. I need it soooooo bad.

VICTOR

For you, my dear, anything.

Victor smiles at Laura, then at Sophia and leaves the room.

EXT. BANK - MORNING

Scott sits in his car expressionless. He repeatedly punches the dashboard, then finally starts the car.

INT. VICTOR'S BAR AND GRILL - MORNING

Dennis removes stools from atop the bar and arranges them. As he places the last seat down, Scott walks in, still wearing his suit and carrying the briefcase.

Scott hangs his head, tosses his briefcase onto the bar and takes a seat in the corner. Dennis waits for a response.

DENNIS

Well?

Scott takes a very long, deep breath.

SCOTT

They turned me down.

Dennis looks disappointed, then sits down next to Scott.

DENNIS

Did they tell you why?

SCOTT

Not enough collateral. The house isn't enough.

DENNIS

I have another buyer, Scott.

SCOTT

Can you give me some time to come up with more money?

DENNIS

Four weeks. That's the best I can do. That gives you until the movie crew leaves.

We hear the sound of a door opening.

VICTOR (O.S.)

Hey! Where is everybody?!

Scott and Dennis turn around to see Victor standing in the doorway. Dennis climbs out of his seat as Victor approaches.

DENNIS

Victor!

VICTOR

Dennis!

They shake hands as Scott looks back and forth between Victor and his picture on the wall.

DENNIS

This is my manager, the future owner, Scott.

VICTOR

Nice to meet you Scott.

SCOTT

Good to finally meet you. I love your movies, sir. "Deer in Headlights" was awesome.

They shake hands.

DENNIS

Thanks again for bringing the production here. It means a lot to me, and the whole community.

VICTOR

This is my hometown. Besides, you did name the place after me. How could I film a movie about a bar somewhere else?

(pointing fondly at a bar stool)

My first beer was in that seat right there.

DENNIS

How are things going?

VICTOR

Actually, I heard you had a little trouble with Miss Summer last night.

SCOTT

Did she really replace Drew Barrymore?

VICTOR

There's no guarantees in show business.

DENNIS

I hope last night didn't affect your decision to film here.

VICTOR

No, not at all. But I was hoping you could do me a favor. I need help.

DENNIS

Sure. Anything.

VICTOR

A bodyguard. Someone to watch over Laura. I'm in a bind here.

Scott and Dennis look at each other.

SCOTT

Are you serious?

VICTOR

Absolutely. I need someone to keep her out of trouble, get her to the set, keep her from harming herself. More like babysitting.

SCOTT

My sympathy goes out to whoever takes that job. She's a piece of work.

Victor hands Scott a business card.

VICTOR

If you think of someone, give me a call. We are budgeted for this. It's very good pay.

Scott suddenly perks up.

SCOTT

How much money are you talking about?

VICTOR

I don't know. Like a couple grand a week.

DENNIS

Excuse us Victor.

(to Scott)

How much more cash do you need for the loan?

SCOTT

They told me I was short by about twenty grand.

DENNIS

(to Victor)

Is that in the budget?

VICTOR

Depends. I need assurances, and you must be reliable.

DENNIS

Scott's been my best employee for years. Never calls out. Never late.

SCOTT

I'm your guy Victor. I can do this.

Victor looks like he's about to decline, but he looks at Dennis and senses the urgency.

VICTOR

Done. It's a deal.

SCOTT

Can you give me some kind of guarantee? She wasn't exactly friendly with me. I don't think she'll go for this.

VICTOR

She has no say. I do the hiring and the firing.

SCOTT

Count me in. How hard can it be?

Scott shakes Victor's hand.



INT. SOPHIA'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Sophia tosses some clothes in a suitcase as Laura watches.

LAURA

Mom, I don't understand why you  
can't stay.

SOPHIA

Honey, we've been through this over  
and over again.

LAURA

I'm bored. I don't know anyone  
here.

SOPHIA

Not for long. Victor already hired  
the bodyguard for you.

LAURA

(shocked)  
He did? That was fast!

SOPHIA

He's sending him to pick you up at  
six for dinner. You'll be meeting  
Victor somewhere. Don't be late.

LAURA

Who is it? Do you know? Is he from  
LA? Is he hot?

SOPHIA

I don't know anything about him.

LAURA

Please don't tell Tony.

SOPHIA

Why would I do that? You said he  
was out of the country anyway.

LAURA

(frowning)  
Tony would freak out if he found  
out about this.  
(smiling)  
What should I wear?

SOPHIA

Behave yourself.

LAURA

I'll try.

SOPHIA

And Victor said he picked up your cell phone and will send it with the bodyguard.

LAURA

Thank god. I need to call my psychic.

SOPHIA

And don't forget to pick your brother up from the airport tomorrow.

LAURA

Ricky?

SOPHIA

Didn't I tell you? Jimmy has a small cameo for him in the film.

LAURA

Mom! This is my movie! Mine! And I'm trying to stay sober. He drinks like a fish. He'll ruin everything!

SOPHIA

Be nice to your big brother. He's trying very hard, just like you.

Sophia closes her suitcase and plants a kiss on Laura's cheek.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Scott walks through the hotel lobby with a cell phone and a single rose.

He stops at the elevator.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Scott finds room 217, takes a deep breath and knocks on the door.

We can hear someone running around the room inside, while Scott patiently waits.

The door slowly opens to reveal Laura. Her hair and makeup look like she's attending a movie premiere and she squeezed herself into a tiny, sexy black dress.

Her seductive smile lasts only a few more seconds. She squints her eyes.

LAURA

You!!!

SCOTT

Good. You remember me.

LAURA

Why are you here?!

SCOTT

Victor sent me. I'm your bodyguard.

She slams the door in his face.

We hear screams of anger coming from behind the door. But then it stops and Laura peeks out.

LAURA

Do you have my cell phone?

SCOTT

Right here.

Scott hands her the cell phone. Laura snatches it and slams the door in his face again.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Trust me, I'm only doing this for the money.

She screams again, followed by silence. Then more screams. We can hear her talk to someone on her cell phone, but can't understand what she's saying.

Another round of silence and the door opens. After Laura gives Scott a death stare, he shows her the rose.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I'm willing to forgive and forget if you are.

She yanks the rose from his hand, breaks off the bud, tosses it to the floor and squashes it with her high heel. She hands the decapitated stem back to him.

LAURA

Let's go meet Victor so you can tell him you're not taking the job. Okay?

SCOTT

Sorry, I need the money.

LAURA

What's he paying you?

SCOTT

Obviously not enough.

LAURA

I'll double it. Just walk away.

SCOTT

He said you would try something like this and promised to match your offer.

Laura slams the door behind them and walks briskly ahead of Scott. He tries to keep up.

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Scott and Victor sit on one side, while Laura coldly stares at Victor from across the table.

LAURA

(pointing at Scott)

He's not even a bodyguard. Why did you pick him? How am I supposed to feel safe?

VICTOR

Here's the rules: Scott will drive you. Everywhere you go, he goes. If you must go to a bar or a club, you leave when he says. When you are out in public, you listen to him. Scott will be staying in a room right next to you. Do not leave that hotel without him.

LAURA

I don't get it. Why?

VICTOR

Because that's the only way I can trust you on this movie. Understand?

LAURA

Are you going to tell Tony about this?

VICTOR

That's your decision, but I wouldn't recommend it. I don't want that lunatic showing up here.

SCOTT

I used to be a huge Tony Steel fan. "Above Justice" and "Under Attack" were...

LAURA

(interrupting)

Nobody cares what you think.

VICTOR

Laura, you're going to be spending a lot of time with this guy, so get over it.

(stands up)

Now, I'm going to leave the two of you alone. Try your best to get along and don't kill each other.

After Victor leaves the table, Laura glances around the restaurant as if Scott doesn't exist.

Seconds later, Victor returns.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

And don't forget about rehearsal in the morning and then you have that interview on the Kidd Chris show. Don't be late for either one.

(pointing at Scott)

Make sure she's there.

SCOTT

No problem.

LAURA

I still don't understand why I'm going on that show.

VICTOR

Publicity. It's in your contract.

SCOTT

Have you ever listened to Kidd Chris?

VICTOR

No. Why?

SCOTT

She's going to need me to coach her on this. I listen to the show and there's these games called "Nail..."

LAURA

(interrupting)

I'm not five. I can handle an interview.

VICTOR

Good.

(to Scott)

Call me if there's a problem.

Victor finally leaves them alone and the awkward silence begins again. Laura plays with her phone as Scott taps his fingers on the table. It annoys her, so she kicks him.

LAURA

You have no idea what you got yourself into.

Laura stands up to leave as Scott picks up the tab and follows.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Scott sits in a chair strategically placed outside Laura's door. He watches her doorknob slowly turn, followed by a slight creaking of the door.

Laura, wearing a disguise in the form of a long, brunette wig and dark, wraparound sunglasses, closes the door behind her. She quickly heads down the hallway and doesn't even notice Scott, who gets up and follows her.

SCOTT

Where do you think you're going?

Laura freezes. She turns around, lowers her sunglasses and glares at Scott.

LAURA

For a walk. Do you mind?

SCOTT

Sounds great. I could use some fresh air.

LAURA  
No, that's okay. I'll be alright.

SCOTT  
You know I have to follow you.

Laura takes a deep breath.

LAURA  
I want to go out.

SCOTT  
I thought you quit drinking.

LAURA  
I did. I just want to go dancing.

SCOTT  
We can do that. I know a place.

LAURA  
Then let's go.

SCOTT  
Nice outfit by the way.

Scott struggles to keep up with the fast walking Laura.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Laura keeps herself a short distance from Scott as they walk into the nightclub. She sits in the first open seat, which conveniently doesn't have an empty one next to it. Scott stands behind her.

A DJ spins records from a booth overlooking the crowded dance floor.

SCOTT  
Let's move across the bar. There's two seats over there.

LAURA  
I'm fine right here. You can go over there if you like.

SCOTT  
I don't mind standing.

LAURA  
Would you please sit over there?

SCOTT

No thanks.

LAURA

I don't want people to think we're together. You know what I mean?

SCOTT

I'll step back a few feet. Okay?

The BARTENDER approaches them.

BARTENDER

What can I get you?

LAURA

Club soda.

The bartender nods and starts making the drink.

SCOTT

(sarcastic to the  
bartender)

Nothing for me. Thanks.

(to Laura)

So it's going to be like this?

LAURA

Go away. Please. Or I will.

When Scott doesn't budge, Laura grabs her soda and makes her way to the dance floor.

Scott watches as she bobs and weaves to the music into the flashing lights, then finds her groove near the center of the dance floor.

It's his job to watch her and Scott can't take his eyes off of her.