

Drama

By

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To fulfill her late daughter's dream, CEO Hilary joins a reality TV show, but a scheming cast member's manipulations spark chaos, leading to life-threatening confrontations.

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FADE IN:

EXT. MOUNT WILSON, ADDISON COUNTY, VERMONT - MORNING

An establishing shot reveals a breathtaking mountain landscape, sunlight glistening on fresh snow.

The camera pans to reveal HILARY (43F), an adventurous woman with a zest for life, scaling the mountain wall, determination and joy lighting up her face.

As she reaches the summit, her phone rings.

Breathless but exhilarated, she pulls it out.

HILARY
(into phone)
Please, have good news!

BLAKE (O.S.)
Are you at the gym?

Hilary chuckles, shaking her head.

HILARY
Not quite.

BLAKE (O.S.)
I'll call you back when you're done.

HILARY
(interrupting)
No, Blake! It's not a guy. I'm just
enjoying the view.

BLAKE (O.S.)
Well, while you're out living it up,
I've been here sweating blood and
tears working to make your life
worthwhile...

Hilary rolls her eyes, a smile breaking through.

BLAKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
...and Eureka!

HILARY
Ok, what?

BLAKE (O.S.)
It's a part in a new show I'm

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

directing and producing.

CUT TO:

INT. LOS ANGELES, CA. - CUMBERLINE STUDIOS - BLAKE'S OFFICE -
CONTINUOUS

BLAKE HAMILTON, a charismatic 28-year-old director, leans back in his chair, excitement tinged with hesitation.

HILARY (O.S.)
What kind of show?

BLAKE
You know I love you, right? And I have a soft spot for the most beautiful woman who sold me the most beautiful mansion on the West Coast...

Hilary interrupts, eager.

HILARY (O.S.)
Would you get to the point!

BLAKE
(taking in a deep breath)
It's a reality TV show.

EXT. MOUNT WILSON, ADDISON COUNTY, VERMONT - CONTINUOUS

Hilary's expression shifts to disappointment.

HILARY
(sighs)
A reality show?

INT. CUMBERLINE STUDIOS - BLAKE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

BLAKE
Come on Hil, Reality TV is hot right now. You said you want an opportunity- this is it.

EXT. MOUNT WILSON, ADDISON COUNTY, VERMONT - CONTINUOUS

HILARY
An opportunity. (sighs) Not a Hail Mary.

INT. CUMBERLINE STUDIOS - BLAKE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

HILARY (O.S.)
Aren't reality stars just humiliated?

BLAKE
(hesitant)
You'll most likely get slapped, and
maybe a drink thrown in your face, but
you'd be perfect!

HILARY (O.S.)
(sarcastic)
Will my extensions get yanked out too?

EXT. MOUNT WILSON, ADDISON COUNTY, VERMONT - CONTINUOUS

BLAKE (O.S.)
That's it! That's why I need you on
the show! Your sass, your attitude.
You've got the looks and that
magazine-cover smile.

Hilary shakes her head, lips pursed.

HILARY
I don't have any secrets. I'd be
boring.

A beat.

HILARY (CONT'D)
And besides, I'm a little too old for
this, Blake.

Blake's voice continues over the scene as Hilary adjusts her harness, a hint of sadness in her eyes.

INT. CUMBERLINE STUDIOS - BLAKE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

BLAKE
Hold on, Hil.

He switches to another call.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
Bro, what's the news? Uh-huh... Oh,
she's on the other line? Perfect! Send
me her headshot and work your magic.

Blake switches back to Hilary, his tone playful.

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BLAKE (CONT'D)
Hil, what do you say? Boo thang?

EXT. MOUNT WILSON, ADDISON COUNTY, VERMONT - CONTINUOUS

HILARY
I'm sorry, Blake. This just isn't for
me. My agent is gonna-

BLAKE (O.S.)
(interrupting)
Whoa! You're still with that bum? What
has he found for you, a Dawn Foam Soap
commercial?

Hilary chuckles, a hint of embarrassment as she shakes her head.

HILARY
No, a Sunlight commercial.

Blake bursts out laughing.

BLAKE (O.S.)
Who uses that anymore? Is that the
best James Jock-itch could do?

HILARY
James Gocklin! I believe in starting
small and working my way up. At least
I won't be humiliated on national TV.
And he just won an award.

INT. CUMBERLINE STUDIOS - BLAKE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Blake leans back in his chair, a smirk on his face.

BLAKE
What, "Virgin of the Year?"

HILARY (O.S.)
No, "Most Successful."

BLAKE
Nobody is as successful as me. Do you
know how hard it is to get a show
greenlit?

A beat.

(CONTINUED)

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BLAKE (CONT'D)
What's closer to real life than
reality TV? Just think about it.

EXT. MOUNT WILSON, ADDISON COUNTY, VERMONT - CONTINUOUS
Hilary hesitates, looking out over the breathtaking view.
She takes a deep breath, contemplating.
Blake's tone shifts to a more serious note.

BLAKE (O.S.)
Fame doesn't come overnight. You have
to continue through that huge tunnel
of shit, so stop being picky.

HILARY
(interjecting)
Soon as you stop comparing my life to
Shawshank. Good bye.

Hilary hangs up the phone.
She dangles on the rope for a moment, taking in the scenery.
With a look of consideration and hope, she continues climbing
up the mountain, fierce and determined.

INT. CUMBERLINE STUDIOS - BLAKE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS
Blake stares at Hilary's number from his outgoing call log.

BLAKE
(muttering)
You need to snap out of it and get a
little dirt-AYE, BAY-BEE.

Blake laughs, a mix of humor and sinister.
Blake glances at an email notification pop up.
He opens it, revealing a photo of a stunning woman.
He reads the email from his brother, BRIAN HAMILTON.
EMAIL: Kitty's on her way to the studio.
Blake looks up with a smirk and excitement in his eyes.
He walks out of his office, ready to tackle the day.

EXT. CUMBERLINE STUDIOS - STUDIO SET 1 - MOMENTS AFTER

The camera zooms in on KITTY's stiletto heels clicking confidently against the ground.

The shot gradually reveals her leather stretch pants, a plunging neckline accentuated by a black leather vest, and finally, her striking face, framed by tousled hair.

INT. CUMBERLINE STUDIOS - STUDIO SET 1 - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

KITTY (24F) strides into the studio, her presence commanding attention as she walks past a line of women waiting in the hallway.

She approaches the reception desk where a woman in her 70's types away.

KITTY
Hi, I'm Kitty.

A beat.

KITTY (CONT'D)
Blake's expecting me.

The receptionist looks up, her face lighting up with a warm smile.

Kitty returns the smile, concealing a hint of arrogance beneath her polished exterior.

Across the room, two women, ERIKA (21F) and STARR (27F), exchange glances filled with disdain.

ERIKA
(under her breath)
This damn heffa! So tired of her.

Kitty notices their glares but keeps her composure.

STARR
(smiling)
I know. But she's exactly what the show needs.

Kitty smirks back, unfazed, as the receptionist stands to guide her.

RECEPTIONIST
Right this way.

(CONTINUED)

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As they walk, Erika leans toward Starr, her frustration bubbling over.

ERIKA
You did not just say that shit!

STARR
(playfully)
She's the perfect person to stir things up. Shouldn't be too much of a challenge for you.

Erika can't help but smile at the absurdity of it all.

CUT TO:

INT. CUMBERLINE STUDIOS - AUDITION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kitty enters, radiating confidence.

Blake and three other MEN look up, intrigued.

BLAKE
Long time no see, Kitty. We're eager to see what you can bring to the show.

KITTY
(with a playful smirk)
I'm sure Brian filled you in.

In one fluid motion, Kitty drops into a split, producing a whip from her side.

She cracks it against the floor with a sharp snap, the sound echoing in the room.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CUMBERLINE STUDIOS - STUDIO SET 1 - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The other women scowl, their annoyance palpable as they overhear the commotion.

CUT TO:

INT. CUMBERLINE STUDIOS - AUDITION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Blake and the other men exchange impressed glances, grinning at her bold performance.

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BLAKE
You're going to bring a whole new dynamic to the show.

He glances toward the shadows where the EXECUTIVE PRODUCER, MAGGIE (45F, sharp and discerning), shoots him a disapproving look, clearly unimpressed.

The atmosphere shifts as Kitty stands back up, a confident smile playing on her lips, ready to take on whatever comes next.

EXT. CUMBERLINE STUDIOS - STUDIO SET 1 - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Blake rushes after Maggie, who strides down the hall, visibly furious.

MAGGIE
(voice raised)
NO, NO, NO... HELL NO! What were you thinking, Blake?!

BLAKE
(trying to keep pace)
She'll be great! Remember, this is my show!

MAGGIE
(sarcastic)
How did she even pull that off?
Demonic possession?

BLAKE
(defensive)
I have enough clout to get my own executive producer credit. You're not going to sabotage this for me.

Maggie stops abruptly, turning to face him, her eyes blazing with a mix of superiority and anger.

MAGGIE
(smirking)
Sure you will. Now you go in there and tell "Mother Teresa" that this isn't "Bad Girls Club" or "Strip tease!"

Just then, Brian jogs up, eager to interject.

(CONTINUED)

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BRIAN
(breathless)
Hey, my bad. I thought she'd be something different. She's a black belt in karate and a successful self-defense trainer. A lot of women follow her. Look!

Brian pulls out his phone, showing Maggie Kitty's Twitter page, boasting "1.5 million followers."

Maggie pauses, her expression shifting to one of consideration.

Blake, on edge, takes a deep breath, hoping for a breakthrough.

MAGGIE
(firmly)
I need to meet with her. One-on-one!

Blake and Brian exchange excited glances as Maggie walks off.

BLAKE
(relieved)
Thanks, man.

Brian's phone rings, interrupting the moment.

BRIAN
(grinning)
Yo, what's up?

A beat as he listens.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
(excited)
On my way!

INT. WILDWOOD APARTMENTS - BEDROOM - DAY

Brian passionately kisses AMY (22F), a young blonde woman, their chemistry electric.

She playfully tackles him onto the bed, and they continue their heated exchange.

Suddenly, Amy's phone vibrates, displaying "MISSED CALL FROM AVY."

INT. WEHO, CA. - JOEL CAMERON PARKER REAL ESTATE - LOBBY -
CONTINUED

Avy stands hesitantly, disappointment etched on her face as she puts her phone away.

She takes a deep breath before approaching the receptionist.

AVY
(softly)
Here we go.

AVY (CONT'D)
I'm here for my 10 o'clock interview
with Mr. Cameron.

RECEPTIONIST
You mean Mr. Parker?

AVY
(embarrassed)
Right, Mr. Parker.

RECEPTIONIST
Is this your resume?

Avy hands it over, but the receptionist doesn't glance at it, focusing instead on Avy, who offers an awkward smile.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
(perky)
You look great! Mr. Parker will love
you. Have a seat over there.

She gestures to a waiting area as Avy walks away, a mix of disappointment and anxiety on her face.

INT. WILDWOOD APARTMENTS - BEDROOM - LATER

Brian lies in bed, half-naked next to Amy, checking his emails as his music recordings play softly from his phone.

AMY
(playfully)
So, you really think she'll get
picked?

BRIAN
Yeah, she's sexy and talented. Perfect
for the role.

(CONTINUED)

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AMY
The role? It's a reality show.

Brian sits up, a hint of annoyance in his expression.

Amy wraps her arms around him.

AMY (CONT'D)
Come on, my sister and I would be
perfect for the show.

BRIAN
I'm starting to think that's the only
reason I'm here.

AMY
(smiling)
The side chick, using you for a big
break? The intrigue? The drama of it
all?

BRIAN
(laughs)
How does your sister look?

Amy grins, a hint of mischief in her eyes.

EXT. JOEL CAMERON PARKER REAL ESTATE - NOON

Avy storms out of the building, frustration evident.

Her phone rings as she reaches into her purse, but a guy on a skateboard bumps into her, knocking her purse and phone to the ground.

GUY ON SKATEBOARD
Sorry!

Avy stands, pulling her purse onto her shoulder, irritation bubbling over.

AVY
Stupid idiot. Amy! I hate that we came
to LA! This sucks! At least in
Chicago, I just got rejected...

INT. WILDWOOD APARTMENTS - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

AVY (O.S.)
...here, I'm getting hit on and
rejected.

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CONTINUED:

AMY

Avy, listen, I've got some news.

In the background, Brian talks on the phone with Blake.

BRIAN

Twins, man! Blonde and fucking fire!

INT. NAPERVILLE, IL. - HILARY'S MANSION - EVENING - 7:30 P.M.

Hilary enters her elegant home, placing her briefcase on the couch, and turning on her TV.

She sorts through her mail, glancing at the TV where a commercial for *Entertainment Tonight* plays.

ANNOUNCER

Blake Hamilton, director of the hit series "Troubled Water," is stepping into the reality world with a new series, "OLD VS. NEW," set to begin taping in a few weeks. He's not just directing but also producing, featuring five twenty-something women living with a forty-year-old woman.

Hilary's expression shifts to one of disbelief.

She grabs her phone, her fingers hovering over the buttons as she listens intently.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Blake stated in a recent interview, "***This project is not only meant to entertain but to provide a fun experience for the ladies.***" Reports suggest he hasn't yet found the forty-year-old to join the cast...

The TV displays a silhouette of a woman with a question mark.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

...but that won't deter Blake. He's determined to find the perfect fit.

Hilary mutes the TV, scoffs, and dials Blake's number.

INT. EAGLE ROCK, CA. - REGGIANO'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT -
CONTINUOUS

Blake sits alone at a table, twirling pasta on his fork.

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His phone buzzes, and he answers without looking at the screen.

BLAKE
(smirking)
I knew you wouldn't let me down.

He leans back slightly, eyes glinting with a mix of amusement and expectation.

INT. HILARY'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

HILARY
Were you really going to make me the token forty-year-old in a sea of twenty-somethings?!

INT. REGGIANO'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

BLAKE
What's wrong with that, Hil? You could set a standard for women everywhere, showing them how to be both successful and mature.

HILARY (O.S.)
Don't call me Hil.

BLAKE
I thought you said not to call you babe.

Hilary contemplates for a moment.

HILARY (O.S.)
No. I can't do this, Blake.

BLAKE
You're making a big mistake.

Hilary hangs up, frustration evident on Blake's face.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
Hilary!

INT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO, IL. - HILARY'S OFFICE - MORNING

Hilary types at her computer but is distracted.

She leans back, glancing at a framed photo of her teenage daughter on the windowsill.

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Picking it up, she feels a wave of emotion.

She reveals a bracelet on her wrist that reads "LOVELY MOTHER," then looks at the matching bracelet on her daughter in the photo displaying, "LOVELY DAUGHTER."

HILARY
(scoffing)
Reality TV. I'm nobody's mother. (a
hint of sadness in her voice) Anymore.

Her eyes glisten as she gathers her thoughts.

HILARY (CONT'D)
I miss your courage.

Suddenly, commotion echoes from the hallway.

INT. HILARY'S OFFICE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Blake strides out of the elevator, drawing curious glances from Hilary's employees.

He approaches her office, bypassing the receptionist.

RECEPTIONIST
Sir?!

INT. HILARY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Blake bursts in.

BLAKE
I'm here! (rubbing his hands together)
Let's get to business.

The receptionist rushes in.

RECEPTIONIST
Sir, you can't-

HILARY
(interrupting)
It's fine. He's here to see me. Please
close the door.

The receptionist exits, closing the door behind her.

HILARY (CONT'D)
That was fast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hilary returns to her seat.

BLAKE

Nice office. (*gesturing to the view*)
You're already a celebrity.

HILARY

What are you doing here, Blake?

BLAKE

(getting on his knees, pleading)
Come on, Hil... I mean, Hilary.
Please, reconsider. I need you for
this show. I've already cast the other
girls, and I know you'll all get
along.

Hilary smirks, a hint of sarcasm in her tone.

HILARY

I thought we weren't supposed to get
along.

BLAKE

(getting up from the floor,
brushing himself off)
I'll handle that. You just be your
fabulous self.

Blake looks confused, his brow furrowing slightly.

HILARY

(giggling)
Yes, you did say that.

Hilary exhales, a mix of regret and contemplation.

HILARY (CONT'D)

I just don't know.

BLAKE

You'll get to stay in a mansion in
beautiful Lake Hennessey, just outside
Napa Valley. The same house you sold
me the first time we met.

HILARY

Really?! That stunning mansion I fell
in love with? I thought that was for
your personal use.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAKE

It was, but I realized it would be perfect for the show. I know how much you love the mountains.

HILARY

(smirking)

Damn! (sighs) Alright, I'll do it. I've already spoken to my colleagues. They're not happy, but they've agreed to handle my clients.

BLAKE

Really?! Hell yeah!

Blake leaps up, crossing the room to scoop Hilary into a joyful twirl.

HILARY

Wait a minute, you took a red-eye from California just for this?

BLAKE

(teasing)

What?! No! I took the company jet.

Hilary looks at him, a blend of annoyance and admiration.

Blake gently takes her arms, his expression earnest.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

I'll get in touch with you later-times, dates, all that. Yeah?

HILARY

(excited)

Okay!

Blake leans in, planting a quick kiss on her cheek, flashing a charming smile as he strides out with confidence.

Hilary watches him leave, her hands fidgeting nervously.

HILARY (CONT'D)

(muttering to herself)

What the hell are you doing, Hilary?

She sinks into her chair, resting her forehead in her hands, lost in thought.

EXT. NAPA VALLEY, CA. - LAKE HENNESSEY MANSION - MORNING

Hilary steps out of a sleek car, sunlight glinting off the stunning mansion before her.

She inhales deeply, taking in the vibrant atmosphere filled with birdsong and the bustle of crew members setting up equipment.

Curiosity piqued, she approaches the trunk and watches the crew setting up lights and cameras.

A car pulls up across the driveway, and two women, Starr and Erika, step out.

Erika shoots Hilary a disapproving glance.

Hilary's expression tightens, nerves creeping in as she gathers her luggage.

INT. AVY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Avy and Amy sit inside, observing the scene outside.

Avy glances at the women entering the house, while Amy applies her makeup in the mirror.

AVY
(eyeing the ladies)
I'm starting to feel like we should just turn around.

AMY
Stop being such a punk! They're just a bunch of harmless ladies. Plus, I have a white belt in karate. We'll be fine.

AVY
(raising an eyebrow)
You got that white belt when you were twelve.

AMY
(scoffing)
Ugh, just take a shot of Ciroc and chill. I'm the one who has to deal with Brian's girlfriend.

Amy continues perfecting her makeup.

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AVY
(looking out the window)
That house is incredible. I'd love to
sell a place like that.

AMY
(grinning, sarcastic)
Not buy, but sell.

AVY
Imagine the commission. Millions!

AMY
And when we're big stars, we'll be
raking in millions too.

Amy finishes her makeup, closing the compact with a flourish.

She leans in toward Avy, her expression softening.

AMY (CONT'D)
(earnestly)
Avy, I really want you to embrace
this. It's a huge opportunity. Come
on, sis.

Amy gives a playful puppy-dog look, making Avy chuckle.

AMY (CONT'D)
(teasingly)
Okay, let's show these ladies how two
sexy Latina bitches do it in
California. Chicago style.

Avy sighs, but a hint of a smile breaks through as Amy's door
shuts with determination.

EXT. AVY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Avy steps out, shutting her door with a thud.

Amy grabs her sister's arm, almost playfully urging her
forward.

AVY
So, what's the plan here?

AMY
(grinning, excited)
We dive in, stir the pot a little,
maybe have a drink or two, and see

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

where the drama takes us.

The grandeur of the mansion looms ahead as we see the backs of AMY and AVY walking toward it, their bags trailing behind them.

AMY (O.C.)
You turned down the free car ride.

A man rushes over, eager to take their bags.

AVY (O.C.)
We might need to have a quick getaway.

AMY (O.C.)
It's not a horror movie, Avy.

As they continue walking, Amy pulls out her phone, still facing forward, and wraps her arm around Avy's shoulder for a selfie.

AMY (O.C.) (CONT'D)
(cheerfully)
Say "Hollywood!"

AVY (O.C.)
(playfully desperate, mimicking
"The Fly")
Help me!

Their laughter rings out as they snap the picture.

Amy glances at her phone, a satisfied smile breaking through.

They giggle together, their excitement palpable, as they follow the man toward the glistening mansion, anticipation building with each step.

INT. LAKE HENNESSY MANSION - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

The ladies gather in the stunning foyer, their eyes wide with awe at the grand double staircase.

Hilary steps inside, taking in the surroundings before joining the group.

HILARY
Hi, I'm Hilary.

She extends her hand to greet one of the ladies.

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CONTINUED:

STARR
I'm Starr.

They shake hands, and Erika rolls her eyes nearby.
Hilary is taken aback by the rudeness.

HILARY
(smirking)
I see you're the feisty one on set.

ERIKA
You mean the angry black bitch on set?

Blake enters, concern etched on his face.

BLAKE
Ladies, let's dial it down a notch.
We're still waiting on one more.

ERIKA
Why does she look fifty, Blake?

She turns to Hilary.

ERIKA (CONT'D)
Honey, how old are you anyway?

HILARY
Old enough to know that ignorance
never fades.

ERIKA
What?!

STARR
(annoyed)
Erika!

Starr calms Erika down.

Erika closes her eyes, clenches her fists, and walks toward
the dining area.

STARR (CONT'D)
She didn't mean that.

HILARY
(muttering)
Just because I'm light skinned,
doesn't mean I'm not black.

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Starr and Hilary watch as Erika approaches the bar in holding up "2" indicating how many drinks she wants.

INT. ERIKA'S POV - DINING AREA - CONTINUOUS

ERIKA
(muttering)
Just relax. No need to send Miss AARP
to the infirmary.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

BLAKE
(calling out, loud and playful)
Erika, save it for the camera!

Blake notices his crew chatting with Amy and Avy outside.

He excuses himself to address the situation.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Fellas, let's wrap it up! We don't pay
you to play!

As Blake steps outside, Starr approaches Hilary.

STARR
I'm an actress.

HILARY
Oh? What have you been in?

STARR
This is my first big appearance, but I
did a few dish soap commercials.

Hilary laughs uncomfortably as Starr continues.

STARR (CONT'D)
Just like to put it out there.

Hilary smiles and nods, trying to be supportive.

INT. ERIKA'S POV - DINING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Erika, double-fisting two drinks, sips on each one in turn, watching Amy and Avy chatting with Blake outside.

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ERIKA
(to herself)
Ya'll ain't about to take over this
set.

INT. MANSION - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Blake opens the door for Amy and Avy, helping them with their bags.

AVY
(excited)
This place is gorgeous!

BLAKE
Welcome, ladies.

Starr leans over to Hilary.

STARR
(murmuring)
Oh great, typical Blake. Not just
blonde, but twins.

HILARY
What's the big deal? It's just a
reality show; it's not like it's going
to be spectacular.

Erika yells from the dining room.

ERIKA
I heard you, fifty! If you feel that
way, why the hell are you even here?

Hilary and Starr glance at Erika.

Blake approaches with Amy and Avy.

BLAKE
Ladies, this is Hilary and Starr. And,
the one and only, Erika.

Erika, her demeanor shifting, approaches the group while holding her drinks, with a smile that quickly turns serious.

ERIKA
(firmly)
Nice to meet you. Don't get it
twisted.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Amy and Avy exchange confused glances.

Suddenly, an argument is heard outside as Kitty and Brian approach the house.

STARR
The lovebirds.

Starr gestures to her ring finger, a playful grin on her face.

Hilary and Amy both glancing through the glass at Kitty and Brian, where a shiny ring glistens on Kitty's hand.

AMY
(to Avy, irritated)
Did you bring the Ciroc?

EXT. LAKE HENNESSY MANSION - CONTINUOUS

BRIAN
What's your problem?

KITTY
You have the problem! Just open the damn door!

INT. MANSION - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

ERIKA
(holding her drinks, slightly slurring)
I need a drink or something.

Erika heads back into the dining area.

Brian opens the door for Kitty, who removes her shades, entering with a breathtaking presence.

Her red lip gloss glistens.

Amy grabs Avy's hand nervously.

BLAKE
(annoyed)
Fashionably late?

BRIAN
Sorry, bro. Traffic was a nightmare.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAKE
Everyone, this is Kitty. Kitty, this
is...

Kitty interrupts, her tone impatient.

KITTY
Hi, everyone. Where's my room?

BLAKE (O.C.)
Just give me a sec; I'll show you
shortly.

HILARY
(muttering to Starr)
Ugh, so rude.

Kitty hears Hilary and approaches her.

KITTY
You must be the forty-year-old of the
group.

Kitty extends her hand.

KITTY (CONT'D)
I always pay respect to my elders.

Hilary ignores Kitty's hand, reaching into her handbag
instead.

She pulls out a lip gloss that matches Kitty's shade and
begins applying it.

HILARY
Nice shade of lip gloss, but I have
the newest version.

Hilary snaps the lid onto the lip gloss with a defining snap.

Amy and Avy exchange amused glances as Kitty's expression
shifts to one of offense.

She places her hand on her hip and moves on.

Blake, after giving Hilary a look of confirmation, gathers
the ladies together.

BLAKE
(walking up the staircase)
Alright, it's time for the tour. We'll

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

set up for the first run-through of your intros afterward. I've already picked your rooms.

The ladies follow Blake up the staircase, their amazement evident, especially Avy, who lingers behind to feel the texture of the walls.

Hilary notices Avy's fascination, a look of impressed curiosity crossing her face, which eventually turns to skepticism.

Avy catches up with the group, and Hilary follows closely behind her.

INT. HILARY'S ROOM - LATER

Hilary smiles as she rummages through her luggage, pulling out a framed picture of her daughter.

She places it gently on the nightstand, then gazes out the window, captivated by the view.

Her attention shifts down to the back patio, where she spots Amy and Brian engaged in a heated conversation.

The chemistry between them is palpable.

Hilary's eyes widen as she watches Brian pull Amy toward him passionately, only for her to slap him in response.

Shocked, she grabs her climbing gear bag and retrieves her binoculars for a closer look.

Suddenly, Kitty bursts into the room.

KITTY
Uhm, what are you doing?

Startled, Hilary drops the binoculars, scrambling to pick them up.

HILARY
Oh, Kitty! Hi!

KITTY
(looking around, disappointed)
Guess I'm not getting the best room in the house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HILARY
I was just... admiring the view.

KITTY
The view is straight ahead, not down
at the ground, girl.

Hilary laughs nervously, trying to deflect.

KITTY (CONT'D)
I know we got off on the wrong foot,
but I'm really glad to be here. I
promise, I'm not as much of a... you
know. Something earlier ruined my
mood.

HILARY
(playful, nervous)
That's OK. You were just rehearsing.

KITTY
Yeah... rehearsing. Cute.

Kitty chuckles, her gaze landing on Hilary's climbing gear,
her curiosity piqued.

KITTY (CONT'D)
That's interesting.

HILARY
Yeah. I might tackle that cliff
outside if I get the chance.

Hilary glances back at the patio, hoping that to catch
another glimpse of Amy and Brian.

KITTY
That's... cute!

Amy and Brian are now hugging.

KITTY (CONT'D)
That view is epic. You're really into
it. Let me see.

Kitty strides over to the window just as Blake's voice calls
out from below.

BLAKE (O.S.)
Ladies, we need to tape your intros!
Hair and makeup are ready.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kitty's excitement bubbles over.

KITTY

Time to get more fabulous. See you
downstairs.

She rushes out of Hilary's room, leaving her alone.

Hilary exhales deeply, her mind still racing as she turns back to the window.

Outside, Amy and Brian finally break apart and head inside.

Hilary's expression shifts to one of confusion and concern, her thoughts swirling.

INT. LAKE HENNESSY MANSION - LANAI - EVENING - 6:00 P.M.

Hilary descends the stairs, taking in the lively scene: makeup artists bustling on the back patio, a bartender mixing drinks, and an enticing spread of hors d'oeuvres in the dining area.

Erika, Amy, and Avy are in various stages of hair and makeup.

Kitty, freshly done up, approaches Brian, wrapping him in a warm hug and kiss as he prepares to leave.

Amy watches, annoyance flickering across her face.

Starr sidles up to Hilary playfully as she reaches the bottom of the steps.

STARR

You missed my intro!

HILARY

I underestimated how much I packed.
That room is massive.

STARR

(confused)

You sold him this place, right?

HILARY

Yeah, how did you know?

Starr pulls Hilary aside, lowering her voice conspiratorially.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STARR
Let's just say I have my sources.

HILARY
What have they said about me?

STARR
You still don't remember me? I thought
it would've clicked when I mentioned
dish soap commercials.

HILARY
I'm sorry, it didn't.

STARR
Oh, don't worry about it. I think we
should have each other's backs during
this. I'm a cool white chick, so I got
you.

Hilary looks puzzled.

STARR (CONT'D)
The scenarios are gonna be made up,
but the interactions, the feelings,
the hidden truths? Those are real.

Hilary is enlightened.

STARR (CONT'D)
It's may the best woman win. We need
to win!

Hilary raises an eyebrow, skepticism mingling with curiosity.

HILARY
We? Or just you?

They lock eyes for a moment, tension building.

Blake calls for Hilary as Erika finishes her makeup and
vacates the chair.

ERIKA
Let me nail this intro real quick.

She gives a sassy finger point to the makeup artist as she
struts away.

ERIKA (CONT'D)
And please, cover up those wrinkles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hilary shoots Erika a disapproving look as Erika prepares for her intro.

AMY
(leaning over to Hilary)
I can't stand her.

Hilary chuckles lightly, glancing at Amy, who is getting the finishing touches on her makeup.

She notices a bracelet on Amy's wrist that reads, "LOVELY DAUGHTER."

HILARY
(intrigued)
That's a lovely bracelet.

Amy eyes Hilary with mild skepticism.

AMY
Thanks, it was a gift from our mom.

Hilary, a mix of concern and confusion, smiles lightly while nodding.

Erika's voice carries from the background.

ERIKA
Hi, I'm Erika, I'm 21 years old. I'm cute and fit, but don't let that fool you; I'm the wild one willing to throw down if I have to. Don't let the class fool you.

Amy and Avy chuckle.

Blake approaches Amy and Avy as the stylists finish their work.

He guides them over to where they will be filming.

Starr sits beside Hilary.

A faint sound of Erika in the background.

STARR
That's my girl, doing her thing.

HILARY
You're so calm compared to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A beat.

HILARY (CONT'D)
How did you two meet?

STARR

She's gonna kill me, but a year ago, I found her brother after he was hit by a drunk driver. She was his emergency contact, but by the time she got to the hospital, he was gone. That trauma brought us close.

HILARY
That's terrible!

STARR
Yeah, she hasn't been the same since.

Blake approaches Hilary as the stylist completes the finishing touches.

BLAKE
You'll be next Hilary, after Erika.
(pause) You alright?

Starr stares with a skeptical glance.

HILARY
Yeah.

He smirks and walks away.

STARR
You know, I like you. Not in a lesbo way, though. Definitely not like Blake.

Hilary, embarrassed, smirks as she sneaks a peek at Blake.

CUT TO:

INT. LAKE HENNESSEY MANSION - LANAI - EVENING - CONTINUED

A huge light shines in Hilary's face as she stands in front of a camera ready to film her intro.

HILARY
Hi, I'm Hilary.

Hilary pauses, fear and hesitation washing over her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The ladies watch intently, but Erika smirks, finding humor in the moment.

HILARY (CONT'D)
Sorry...

CAMERA MAN 1
Speed.

Blake gestures for Hilary to start over.

HILARY
(sighing, rolling her eyes)
I'm Hilary. Forty-three years old, a mom, and a career woman. Head of a real estate firm in Chicago. Took it over a year ago, and I'm still getting used to all the new faces... and...

She takes a breath, gathering her thoughts.

HILARY (CONT'D)
I'm a mountain girl at heart—rough and rugged when I need to be—but mostly, I'm a girly girl. I'd say I'm a pillar in my community. I advocate for victims of bullying at Naperville High School, especially since the loss of my 16-year-old daughter.

Amy's expression shifts to shock as she instinctively grabs her "Lovely Daughter" bracelet.

HILARY (CONT'D)
(voice trembling)
I miss her... so much. Her birthday would have been next month. Six years ago today. She wanted to be an actress. Her suicide taught me to never let anyone impose their negativity on you.

She leans in, her gaze intense.

HILARY (CONT'D)
You set the standard, then you make the rules.

Blake's eyes widen, clearly moved.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAKE
CUT! Great, I love it, Hilary!

ERIKA
(bursting out)
It wasn't all that!

Hilary's anger flares.

HILARY
(blurted out)
WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM?!

Blake signals for CAMERA MAN 2 to keep rolling.

ERIKA
You talking to me?

Hilary storms up to Erika, her resolve unwavering.

HILARY
Yeah! I am! One thing about bullying
is that it stops when you show
strength and clench a fist!

ERIKA
Girl, you don't want to fight me.

HILARY
No, I don't! But that doesn't stop
you, does it? Strutting around here
like you're some elite queen, when
you're just a scared little girl with
a God complex on a power trip, wrapped
in your condescending attitude and
ungrateful disposition!

Erika sighs, folding her arms defensively, as if being
chastised.

HILARY (CONT'D)
How do you like my fist? It's just the
three of us on this set. (rubbing her
hand to indicate her color) And hurt
people, hurt people.

Erika shoots Starr a look of disappointment and anger.

Starr is taken aback, as if caught off guard.

Erika glares at Hilary one last time before storming off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KITTY
(storming in)
What just happened?

Blake glances at CAMERA MAN 2 and makes a humorous gesture, mimicking a throat-slitting motion, signaling that if he stops rolling, he might as well be dead.

BRIAN
Looks like the twins are up next,
baby.

KITTY
I was supposed to be next! Not them!

BLAKE
You'll get your turn!

BRIAN
Come on, baby.

KITTY
I thought I was the star of this show.
Lately, I feel more like the help.

Amy steps forward, arms crossed, a smirk on her lips.

AMY
We're next. You'll be last.
(mockingly) Isn't that how it goes?
Save the best for last?

Kitty rolls her eyes, exasperated.

KITTY
(sighs)
Go ahead, do your little intro.
Blondes, yeah right?

She gestures dismissively, but there's a hint of a smile breaking through her frustration.

Avy pulls Amy aside, her expression a mix of concern and determination.

AVY
What are we going to say?

AMY
Whatever we want.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Amy strides toward the camera, Avy following, skepticism etched on her face.

BLAKE
Alright, girls. Action!

AVY
Hi, I'm Avy.

Amy glares at Brian, who is still comforting Kitty.

BLAKE
(cutting in sharply)
CUT! Amy, focus!

AMY
(scoffing, storming off)
Maybe you should let Kitty go first.

Blake looks puzzled as Kitty turns to Avy, surprised.

AVY
We're going first, Blake. Just give me a second.

Avy runs after Amy.

INT. LANAI - BARTENDER'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

Starr approaches Erika, who is downing drinks and devouring hors d'oeuvres.

STARR
(nervous laugh)
I wish they'd get it together.

ERIKA
Don't talk to me! Why would you even tell her that?

STARR
I'm sorry! It just shouldn't be a secret of how close we are.

ERIKA
It's just that... it's still fresh.
Please don't tell anyone else, okay?

STARR
(nods, embracing Erika)
I won't. You're safe with me.

INT. AVY'S POV - CONTINUOUS

Avy approaches Amy, irritation bubbling beneath the surface.

AVY
You're being so obvious.

AMY
She's a bitch! Why is he marrying her?

AVY
You shouldn't even be involved with him.

AMY
You're never on my side! I hate that he's the reason we're here.

AVY
You're the reason we're here! We're in California to pursue 'YOUR' dream, and you're about to ruin it over some guy who isn't even yours! You always put yourself in these situations! You're the bad twin.

Amy's eyes light up with excitement.

AMY
And you're the good twin! That sounds great!

AVY
(confused)
What?

AMY
That's our angle for the show! I'm the bad twin—the rebel—and you're the good twin—the responsible one.

Avy rolls her eyes as Blake's voice carries from the background.

BLAKE (O.C.)
Ladies, come on. We don't have all night.

INT. LANAI - MAKEUP STATION - CONTINUOUS

Hilary grabs her purse from the makeup station, but it slips,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

scattering her business cards everywhere.

Avy stops to help.

AVY
Oh wow. They're everywhere.

As Avy picks up the cards, she reads one: "Elliot and Steen Real Estate Firm, Hillary Steen, CEO."

Avy masks her anger and disappointment.

HILARY
You can keep that card if you want.

AVY
(cold)
I will. Thanks.

Hilary smiles and walks off, avoiding Erika as she heads to the opposite side of the room.

BLAKE
What now?! I can't take these interruptions.

Avy looks at Blake.

AVY
I'm coming.

She glances back at Hilary before approaching the camera.

KITTY
They should have just waited; I would have been done by now.

AMY
(scoffing, voice rising)
Wait for what? For you to flaunt your fake ass and tits on camera?

Blake signals for CAMERA MAN 2 to keep rolling or die.

KITTY
One day you'll be able to afford them.

ERIKA
(chiming in)
Nobody wants to see the gritty kitty on camera anyway. Unless it's a porn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KITTY
Wow! The drunk stupid bitch in the corner slurring her words can talk.

Erika slams her drink down and storms over to Kitty.

ERIKA
Time to turn Ms. Kitty into litter.

Blake gestures for security to stand down. Kitty drops into a Kung Fu stance, arms poised, a fierce look on her face.

KITTY
Come on, bitch! I'll KUNG FU your ass straight to the afterlife.

Blake steps in, trying to diffuse the situation.

BLAKE
(interjecting)
Okay, okay, calm down.

Blake grips Erika's shoulders, trying to keep the situation under control.

The tension in the room shifts as everyone stares, half-amused, half-concerned.

Blake laughs, highly amused. Kitty shoots him an angry look.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
What? It's drama.

KITTY
Yeah, smiling at black women acting a fool. You all love it!

Frustrated, Kitty storms off outside, seeking solace.

BLAKE
(shrugging his shoulders)
Whatever! I'll film Kitty's intro separately.

ERIKA
(slurring)
She was in one documentary. Why should she get special treatment?

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Kitty finds Brian, who is smoking a cigarette, looking stressed.

She buries her head in his chest, seeking comfort.

KITTY

Brian, I just got humiliated back there by an alcoholic and a clueless double nitwit.

Brian hugs her tightly, his tone reassuring.

BRIAN

Come on, you're the fiercest one in that room.

Kitty crosses her arms, a mix of defiance and vulnerability.

KITTY

Why do you want to marry me?

BRIAN

Because I love you.

KITTY

But you cheat on me left and right. Whoever it is, you need to stop.

Brian takes in a deep breath, a mix of annoyance and reassurance.

BRIAN

Come on, don't do that. Look, I've got to bounce; I've got a gig tonight. You good?

Kitty's expression softens, a hint of longing in her eyes.

KITTY

(nodding)

I wish you were staying.

They share a tender kiss, holding each other tightly for a moment.

BRIAN

You'll be fine. Never forget who you are.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Brian walks away, Kitty takes a deep breath, gathering her composure.

She straightens her shoulders and heads back inside the mansion, determination in her stride.

INT. LANAI - CONTINUOUS

Kitty walks in, catching the middle of Amy and Avy's introduction as music plays in the background.

AMY
(stepping forward, bright and bold)
I'm the bad one; Avy always has to get
me out of trouble.

AVY
(quickly following)
Yeah, that's why I'm here—to keep an
eye on her. We're no good in separate
spaces.

AMY
(smiling mischievously)
But together, we're guaranteed to
shake things up.

AVY
(rolling her eyes, but smiling)
And keep things in check.

Avy shoots Hilary a pointed look.

Hilary is taken aback, while Starr watches with satisfaction.

Erika struggles to stay upright.

AMY
(leaning in, playful)
We're here to have fun not to stir the
pot.

AVY
(supportively)
But I'm here to make sure she doesn't
get too carried away.

Blake watches, nodding with agreement as the two end their intro.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAKE
(excited)
Cut! That was fantastic!

Kitty stares, her fury bubbling just beneath the surface.

KITTY
(blurts out)
Like what? Taking a drunken piss in
the pool?

Amy grabs the nearest object, a table centerpiece, and hurls it at Kitty, narrowly missing her. Kitty storms toward Amy, but security steps in to intervene.

KITTY (CONT'D)
Are you fucking insane?!

AMY
I'll just ask Brian the next time
we're in bed together.

Kitty freezes, stunned by Amy's audacity. The other women stare in disbelief, except for Starr, who watches with keen interest.

Kitty glares at Blake, while Erika smirks and drunkenly slides over to Hilary and Starr.

KITTY
(fuming)
You're not the only blonde bitch he
slept with to get on a show!

Amy meets Kitty's glare, a mix of frustration and satisfaction in her eyes.

KITTY (CONT'D)
(storming off)
I'm done with this bullshit!

Blake rushes after her, desperate to calm her down.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Blake catches up to Kitty who is fuming.

BLAKE
Kitty! Stop for a minute! God, you are
such a diva!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kitty halts and strides up to him, ready for confrontation.

KITTY
Bro's before hoes, right, Blake?

Blake approaches, a mix of empathy and persuasion.

BLAKE
I know, Kitty. But use it for the show.

He grabs Kitty's arms, trying to keep her grounded.

KITTY
This is real, Blake. Not some stupid show.

A beat hangs in the air, tension palpable.

KITTY (CONT'D)
(smiling rebelliously)
I'll never fight over some dude, no matter how much I care about him. I see right through both of you.

Blake exhales sharply, frustration evident on his face.

KITTY (CONT'D)
(walking off)
Katrina's off to bed. I'll film your ridiculous intro tomorrow.

Blake runs a hand through his hair, clearly exasperated.

INT. LANAI - CONTINUOUS

Amy shakes her head, frustration evident.

AMY
I'm so tired of men chasing after her.

Avy, more serious, cuts in.

AVY
We've got a bigger problem.

CAMERA MAN 2 continues filming, the HOT BOOM mic still on.

AMY
What do you mean? The huge problem just left.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AVY
No, Amy, it's Hilary! Elliot and Burke—now it's Elliot and Steen?

AMY
Yeah, where you got laid off. What about it?

AVY
Her business card—she's Hilary Steen.

Amy's expression shifts, masking her horror.

AVY (CONT'D)
Kristen Steen. Remember her?

AMY
(dismissive)
Avy, just let it go.

AVY
Let it go? This is the woman who laid all of us off without a second thought! I was the top real estate agent, and I got fired anyway!

AMY
You should just move on.

Avy's anger flares, her voice rising.

AVY
My life has been turned upside down because of her downsizing! You think I can just forget that?

Amy steps closer, trying to calm her down.

AMY
Avy, let's just grab a drink and chill out.

AVY
(shaking her head, frustration evident)
I can't handle awkward situations. I'm not like you.

Avy storms off, her frustration palpable as she climbs the stairs in a huff.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY
(chasing after her)
Wait, Avy!

Hilary stands frozen, shock and confusion etched on her face as she processes the weight of Avy's words.

Erika, slightly slurring her words, watches the scene unfold with a mix of disbelief and amusement.

ERIKA
This is too much for me.

Starr, unable to contain her laughter, leans toward Hilary, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

STARR
(to Hilary)
At least it's entertaining, right?

Hilary stares at Starr in disbelief, the weight of realization settling in as her gaze shifts to Avy and Amy climbing the stairs, concern etched deeply on her face.

INT. TOP OF STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Amy reaches the top of the stairs, calling out to Avy.

AMY
Avy, wait!

Avy pauses, looking back, her expression softening slightly.

AVY
What's there to talk about? She ruined everything. And you only care about yourself.

Amy takes a deep breath, trying to steady herself.

Avy turns and storms down the hallway, frustration radiating from her.

INT. LANAI - CONTINUOUS

Blake enters, visibly agitated.

BLAKE
We're wrapping filming for the night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STARR

That's not a good idea. Isn't the plan
to keep the cameras rolling?

Blake shoots Starr a knowing look, frustration evident,
before storming off.

Hilary observes the interaction, deep in thought, her brow
furrowed as she processes the implications of Blake's
reaction.

STARR (CONT'D)

Maybe the cameramen can just film us
three.

Starr and Hilary glance over at Erika, who is asleep with her
head resting on the table.

In the background, the cameramen are breaking down for the
night.

INT. LAKE HENNESSY MANSION - BLAKE'S ROOM - MORNING

Blake sits on the edge of the bed, the weight of the world
heavy on his shoulders.

A soft knock on the door breaks the silence.

BLAKE

Yeah?

Hilary enters, her expression a mix of concern and warmth.

HILARY

Did you get any sleep at least?

BLAKE

What is it, Hilary?

Hilary approaches slowly and sits beside him on the bed, her
presence calming.

HILARY

They're setting up. I even saw Kitty
downstairs. She looks breathtaking. I
think she's ready.

Blake stares at the wall, lost in thought, the pressure
weighing on him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAKE
You know, I usually can handle the
tough stuff pretty well.

HILARY
(chuckling lightly)
It takes time. A room full of power
can do that to you. Trust me, I know.

Blake smiles, appreciating her attempt to lighten the mood.

BLAKE
Look at you, trying to cheer me up.

A beat passes, the tension lingering in the air.

He leans in for a kiss, but Hilary awkwardly backs away.

HILARY
I need to get ready.

Hilary leaves the room, her footsteps echoing in the silence.

BLAKE
(realizing)
Forgot to brush my teeth first—FUCK!

Blake slaps his forehead and falls back onto the bed with a loud sigh, the weight of the moment still pressing down on him.

INT. LANAI - MOMENTS LATER

The lights illuminate the center of the room, where a confident KITTY stands, poised for her introduction.

The women enter, their expressions a mix of anticipation and skepticism.

Blake strides in, ready to set the tone.

BLAKE
(announcing)
I'm gonna grab some shots around the
property, then we'll head to a bar
tonight.

Blake's assistant begins distributing script guides to the women.

Hilary glances at each paper, they all look the same except

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

for Starr's, which has a different off-white shade.

Her curiosity piqued, she examines the scripted scenarios.

Kitty pulls Blake aside, confusion evident on her face.

KITTY

Blake? What's going on here? What about my intro?

Blake scoffs, brushing her off.

BLAKE

We'll film it later. *(voice rising)*
Right now, let's have some fun!

Blake walks off, leaving Kitty's frustration simmering.

INT. ERIKA'S POV - CONTINUOUS

ERIKA

(whispering to Starr)
Oh snap. She really pissed him off.

INT. HILARY'S POV - CONTINUOUS

Hilary intercepts Blake as he walks by.

HILARY

What kind of fun are we talking about?

Blake smirks, clearly enjoying the moment.

INT. LAKE HENNESSY MANSION - BACK YARD - DAY

MONTAGE

- The women engage in various fun activities around the house, surprisingly bonding, while Kitty stands aside, watching with a scowl.

- Erika and Starr enjoy burgers fresh off the grill, laughter filling the air.

BLAKE (O.C.)

Ladies, be natural. Don't shy away from the cameras; they're rolling.

- Hilary drops her burger onto the grass. Erika, with a kind gesture, hands her a fresh plate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIKA
(background chatter)
Clumsy ass.

- Hilary laughs, joining in the lighthearted moment.
- Avy glares at Hilary, her expression filled with disdain, while Amy urges her to let it go and slide down the water slide.
- Avy smiles, and they both reveal their bathing suits, showcasing their figures.
- Blake encourages the camera crew to capture tons of B-roll, a smile on his face.
- Kitty watches Amy and Avy having fun, then glances at Starr, Erika, and Hilary enjoying their camaraderie.
- Kitty attempts to join in, but her bitterness lingers, escalating to a simmering rage.

END MONTAGE

INT. LANAI - EVENING

The sounds of laughter fill the air, a stark contrast to the tension simmering beneath the surface. Kitty sits quietly, fuming.

BLAKE
Alright, Amy, you're on.

The cameras shift focus to Amy.

AMY
(turning toward the kitchen)
Starr, we're heading to the bar! What are you doing?

ERIKA
You're holding up our shots of Patron, girl!

Starr enters the Lanai, carrying a bottle of champagne, and the women cheer.

STARR
Let's start our night with a bang!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIKA
That's my girl!

Starr pours champagne into glasses, filling them to the brim.

HILARY
Let's turn up!

The women pause, looking at her.

ERIKA
(teasing)
I think you might be too tired, Fifty.
You should probably turn in.

The ladies chuckle, enjoying the banter.

HILARY
Stop calling me Fifty.

ERIKA
You don't want me to call you 'FORTY,'
do you?

Laughter continues, lightening the mood.

HILARY
(smirking, sarcastic)
You're probably right, you were in
some guy's testicles last time I was
at the club.

The women, including Kitty, burst into laughter.

ERIKA
(embarrassed, laughing)
Okay, okay, that was low.

AMY
(blurts out)
So was his balls!

The laughter continues, filling the room with warmth and joy.

The camaraderie is palpable as they raise their glasses for a toast.

STARR
(toasting)
To new friendships and unforgettable
nights!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALL
Cheers!

They clink their glasses together, the sound echoing in the lively atmosphere.

BLAKE
(chuckling)
Cut! That was great, ladies. Keep that energy going.

Sounds of music echo from the next scene.

INT. SKY NIGHT CLUB - NAPA VALLEY, CA. - NIGHT

The scene transitions to a vibrant club, filled with pulsating music and colorful lights.

The atmosphere is electric, alive with energy.

STARR
(shouting over the music)
Let's hit the dance floor!

The women move as a group, laughter and excitement radiating from them.

The camera follows, capturing their carefree energy.

On stage, Brian performs, his energy infectious, drawing the crowd in.

Kitty scowls, cutting her eyes at him, frustration evident.

The girls then head to the VIP booth, settling in with cocktails.

The contrast between their joy and Kitty's mood is palpable, highlighting her isolation amidst the celebration.

INT. VIP BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Blake signals for his camera and audio crew to stop taping.

BLAKE
Alright, ladies, remember the cameras are just part of the scenery. Brian will join us in VIP soon. Right now, just mingle. Hilary, Starr, and Amy, you're at the bar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STARR
(interrupting, irritable)
Don't you mean Hilary, Avy, and Amy?

Blake is caught off-guard.

KITTY
(scoffs, irritated)
Who's the director here?!

BLAKE
No, she's right. Hilary, Cedric is
gonna hit on you. Amy, try to steal
her spotlight. The rest is all ad-lib,
got it?

The girls nod, and Hilary, Avy, and Amy make their way to the bar.

KITTY
Stealing? That shouldn't be a problem.

Blake gives Starr a knowing look as he approaches the camera crew in a huddle.

A server approaches the VIP booth, placing two bottles of liquor—Patron and Sky Citrus Vodka—along with chasers and an ice bucket on the table.

ERIKA
Girl, I know what you need—a nice
strong drink.

Erika pours two glasses.

KITTY
I can't.

ERIKA
Miss INTRO-LESS doesn't want a drink?

KITTY
I need no introduction. But if you
must know, my sponsor wouldn't be
thrilled to see me drunk on camera.

Erika's interest piques as she stares at Kitty.

ERIKA
Sponsor, for what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KITTY
Not that it's any of your business,
but I got a DUI last year.

Erika is stunned, stopping mid-pour.

STARR
Erika? You alright?

ERIKA
(interrupting)
You got a DUI last year?

Kitty scoffs with annoyance.

KITTY
That's what I said, isn't it? Last
August.

Erika sets the bottle down, taking a deep breath.

ERIKA
I need to hit the restroom. Excuse me.

Erika hurries off toward the restroom.

Kitty watches her go, then turns her attention to Amy, who is at the bar, sharing a laugh with the bartender.

Kitty glares at Amy, her expression hardening as she sizes her up, a scowl replacing any hint of amusement.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Hilary, Avy, and Amy are sitting at the bar.

HILARY
I'm really sorry.

AVY
Boom mics—who knew?

HILARY
I talked to my colleagues. We're more than willing to make things right.

AVY
Thank you, but I'm a reality star now.

Hilary stares at Avy, her eyes flicker with a mix of understanding and hesitation, as if she's on the brink of

(CONTINUED)

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letting go of the past.

Yet, a shadow of curiosity lingers, hinting at unresolved questions that still haunt her.

HILARY

So, you were friends with Kristen?

AVY

Amy was.

Hilary looks down at Avy's arm, which showcases a delicate gold bracelet.

HILARY

Did your mom give you that bracelet too?

AVY

(shaking her head)

Our mom never gave us a bracelet.

Hilary tries to mask her horror, shock, and anger as she looks forward, her mind racing.

INT. BLAKE'S POV - CONTINUOUS

Blake signals for Brian's lead guitarist, CEDRIC (28M), a tall, attractive Black man, to approach Hilary.

He walks over and begins flirting with her as he leans on the counter. Blake then approaches Starr.

BLAKE

Where's your girl?

STARR

I'm giving her a moment.

Starr gives Blake a knowing look.

BLAKE

Well, go get her!

Starr rushes off to the restroom.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Cameras are rolling as Cedric leans in closer to Hilary.

Hilary turns to Cedric, her expression shifting to one of

(CONTINUED)

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intrigue and playfulness, though something troubling clearly lingers on her mind.

Cedric leans in to order a drink for her.

CEDRIC
Napa Valley Cabernet, please.

Hilary smiles, impressed.

Meanwhile, Amy notices Brian approaching Kitty at the VIP table, jealousy flickering across her face.

INT. RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Starr enters to find Erika leaning over the sink.

Erika takes a deep breath.

ERIKA
She has a DUI. Same month he died. Not a coincidence.

STARR
Come on, let's not jump to conclusions.

ERIKA
Bitch, put two and two together!

STARR
Three... I suppose.

ERIKA
Great, now you're making fucking jokes. They never found who hit him.

STARR
(holding up her hands)
Look, now is not the right time. Let's finish this scene, and then we'll look into it, together.

Erika takes a deep breath, her anger slowly dissipating as she processes Starr's words.

INT. VIP BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Blake stands with the cameraman, capturing a heated chat between Kitty and Brian.

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He spots Erika and Starr coming out of the restroom and rushes to his other cameraman.

BLAKE
Johnny, get them coming out.

Johnny swings the camera at Erika and Starr's direction. Blake notices Amy is preoccupied primarily with Kitty and Brian.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Blake moves to block Amy's view, signaling her to focus on the camera.

As Cedric reaches for his wallet to pay for Hilary's drink, Amy approaches him and kisses him passionately, nearly spilling Hilary's drink.

Blake's excitement grows as he captures the moment.

INT. VIP BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Brian glances over, his expression darkening as he spots Amy and Cedric.

Abruptly pulling away from Kitty, he storms over to confront them, grabbing Cedric's arm with a fierce grip.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

BRIAN
What the hell are you doing, man?!

BLAKE
(cutting in, frustration evident)
CUT! Seriously?! You just ruined my
shot!

Cedric wipes his lips, looking flattered. Brian glares at Amy, who storms off. Brian chases after her, cutting through the crowd.

INT. RANDOM BAR TABLES - CONTINUOUS

KITTY
(stomping over, her anger palpable)
Brian!

Kitty pushes through the crowd, ready to intervene.

(CONTINUED)

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KITTY (CONT'D)
(fuming)
Fuck you, Brian! She can have you!

In a fit of rage, Kitty throws the ring at his face. Suddenly, she lunges at Amy, grabbing her by the hair and yanking her close.

KITTY (CONT'D)
(whispering in Amy's ear)
I've got something better for you.

EXT. SKY NIGHT CLUB - MOMENTS AFTER

Kitty bursts through the front door, dragging Amy by the hair as the large crowd watches in shock.

AVY
(rushing to Amy's rescue)
Let her go, Kitty! Stop!

But all control is lost as the scene spirals. Amy screams, hitting Kitty's hands, pleading for her to let her go.

Kitty rips some of AMY's hair, the sound of a loud tear echoing in the chaos. She kicks Amy in the back, causing her to plummet face-first to the ground.

Kitty looks around, realizing the cameras are all on her. A wave of shame washes over her as she walks off, leaving Amy whimpering on the ground.

The remaining ladies crowd around Amy, helping her to her feet. Starr stands back and smiles, while Hilary watches her, disgusted.

INT. LAKE HENNESSY MANSION - BASEMENT EDITING BAY - MIDNIGHT

Blake sits at the editing station, brow furrowed as he reviews the footage. He rewinds and fast-forwards, disappointment etched on his face as he leans in.

Starr bursts into the room, visibly agitated.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Hilary sneaks closer, eavesdropping, her curiosity piqued.

STARR (O.C.)
So? What are we looking at? I don't want my hard dirt to go to waste.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hilary stands frozen, mouth agape, a mix of anger and shock washing over her.

INT. BASEMENT EDITING BAY - CONTINUOUS

BLAKE

This isn't enough.

STARR

(frustrated)

Blake, this is gold.

Starr points at Erika's image on the screen.

STARR (CONT'D)

Just look at her face.

Blake stares intently at Erika's image.

STARR (CONT'D)

That's brilliance. She knows that narcissistic tramp murdered him. We just need to capture it.

Blake hands Starr a bag of M&M-sized cameras.

BLAKE

Set up these small cameras, everywhere. And just remember, I'm the pro-

STARR

(dismissively)

-Yeah, the producer. (muttering to herself) And major pain in my...

BLAKE

We need raw unfiltered footage.

STARR

I got it!

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly, Hilary accidentally steps on a loose piece of film, the crunch echoing in the silence.

INT. BASEMENT EDITING BAY - CONTINUOUS

STARR

Oh shit!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Starr glances nervously toward the hallway.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Starr peers out, scanning the empty hallway.

STARR
(looking on the ground, irritated)
Great.

She strides over, picking up the film, concern and curiosity etched on her face.

INT. HILARY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hilary bursts into her room, confusion and anger evident on her face.

She begins packing her bags frantically.

An upset Avy walks by, noticing Hilary's distress.

AVY
(wiping her eyes)
What are you doing?

HILARY
(breathless)
I can't do this! I thought I could,
but I can't!

AVY
Can't do what?!

HILARY
(interrupting, voice rising)
What happened to my daughter?

Hilary stares, anger radiating from her.

AVY
I don't know! Why do you keep asking
me about her?

HILARY
You said Amy and Kristen were friends.
Why is she wearing Kristen's bracelet?

The camera zooms in on Avy, her expression shifting from confusion to realization.

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CONTINUED:

The screen fades to black.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly, a distorted camera image of Starr appears, quickly focusing, revealing her sinister intent as she begins her covert operation.

Starr stealthily sets up small cameras on lamps, walls, and tables.

INT. LANAI - CONTINUOUS

Starr climbs onto a table, struggling to position a camera near the ceiling.

She places additional cameras near the bar and in the corners of the room, her desperation palpable.

INT. LAKE HENNESSY MANSION - LIMOUSINE - NIGHT - 1:00 AM

Kitty, sinks back into the plush seat of the limousine, her eyes glued to her phone.

As she bypasses Brian's numerous missed calls, anxiety bubbles within her.

Scrolling through her Twitter feed, her heart plummets with each comment.

ON SCREEN: "I'm so disappointed," "Aren't you for non-violence and self-defense? This isn't right!"

Her eyes widen in shock as she sees her follower count drop by 100,000.

Kitty clicks on a link to "www.IHATEKITTENS.com," which displays a leaked news media video edited mocking her for dragging AMY outside a club.

The video plays, showing Amy screaming, echoing the same cries from the night, while a superimposed animation depicts Kitty hitting Amy with a whip.

Frustrated, she throws her phone onto the floor, the sound echoing in the quiet limousine.

Looking up, she notices Starr inside the mansion, setting up something in various locations.

Her curiosity is piqued, and she leans forward, trying to get

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a better look at what Starr is doing.

INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Starr climbs the stairs quickly, attempting to avoid the ladies.

She places a camera in the chandelier and on the walls, one facing the patio that leads to a cliff with a breathtaking view.

Starr takes a moment, a devious smirk crossing her face as she admires her work before walking off.

INT. AMY & AVY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hilary and Amy sit on the bed, Avy standing nearby, watching.

The trauma of the night is evident on Amy's face, her hair tied up and makeup smudged from crying.

AMY

We were friends, but my new crew
didn't really like her.

HILARY

And? What did you do to her?

AMY

(appalled)

I didn't do anything! We were at the forest preserve one night. I told her to leave, but she refused. She wanted to stand up to them.

HILARY

To your new friends?

AMY

Yeah, but then she wouldn't stop talking. She just kept mouthing off, cursing and yelling.

HILARY

What happened?

AMY

(voice trembling)

They... they shoved her into a mud ditch and started trying to bury her, throwing dirt on her and at her.

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A beat passes as Hilary looks away, hurt and disgust etched on her face.

AMY (CONT'D)
(continuing, eyes downcast)
She was screaming and crying. I
couldn't stand it anymore, so I turned
and walked off. But I saw her bracelet
on the ground and picked it up, hoping
to give it to her later. But then...
she wouldn't answer my calls.

A long pause, Amy hesitates, the weight of confession heavy in the air.

AMY (CONT'D)
(softly, almost a whisper)
She killed herself a couple of days
later.

Hilary can't bear to look at Amy, overwhelmed by emotion.

She buries her head in her hands, tears streaming down her face.

Amy sits in silence, the weight of the moment heavy in the air.

HILARY
(sobbing)
You didn't even try to help her!

AMY
(crying)
I didn't know what to do! I was
confused. (handing Hilary the
bracelet) I'm very sorry.

Hilary looks up at Amy, and with both hands, she takes the bracelet, squeezing it tightly as she holds onto Amy's hands, a moment of forgiveness and shared grief.

HILARY
(wiping her eyes)
She wouldn't tell me anything. (sighs)
So lost in other people's problems. I
know I failed her. Terrible mom.

Amy shakes her head, her own tears flowing as she processes the weight of Hilary's words.

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AMY

This hasn't been easy for either of us. And it shouldn't be. (sighs) I know it might not mean much to you now, but... she knew you loved her, and she knew I loved her too.

Hilary nods, tears in her eyes, her look one of sorrow mixed with understanding.

Avy shakes her head, a trace of judgment creeping in.

AMY (CONT'D)

(wiping her eyes, irritation bubbling)

What is it, Avy? Go ahead, enlighten me!

AVY

(sighs deeply)

I suppose... I see things differently now. While I'm here laying it all bare, you're locked up tight like a vault. It's ironic, really—people think they're close, but...

Pause.

Avy takes a deep breath, a new sense of determination in her eyes.

AVY (CONT'D)

Things are changing starting now. I need to walk my own path—by myself.

Amy is stunned, confusion and anxiety etched on her face.

Suddenly, Kitty walks up and knocks lightly on the door.

Amy is on guard as she backs up onto the bed.

AMY

(shouts)

GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!

KITTY

Relax, I just wanted to say that I'm...

They all lean in with curiosity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KITTY (CONT'D)
...worried about Starr.

Hilary, Avy, and Amy all roll their eyes with disappointment.

AMY
(exasperated)
What happened? You think she's the only one who might actually back you up. You know, you can be incredibly arrogant-

HILARY
(interrupting)
Amy, you're missing the point. I hate to say it, but, you should be thankful it wasn't worse.

AMY
(scoffing)
Thankful?! I was the one dragged around like a dead dolphin!

HILARY
I get that, but we have a bigger issue at hand. We need to find Erika-right now! It's important!

The urgency in Hilary's voice cuts through the tension.

INT. BASEMENT EDITING BAY - CONTINUOUS

Erika storms into the editing bay, her eyes narrowing as she catches Blake fixated on Kitty's confessionals.

Blake rewinds the footage, oblivious to Erika's simmering presence.

He hits play.

KITTY
(on screen)
Yes, I have a DUI, and little MISS NOSEY-ASS is all up in my business. I had a little too much to drink one night, blacked out, but made it home by the good graces of the LORD. I thought I might have even hit a deer or something, but who knows? I'm not proud of it. All I know is I miss my little blue bombshell Camaro. Rest in

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

peace, honey.

Kitty blows a kiss at the screen.

Erika seethes, her fists clenching tightly.

Blake suddenly senses a presence behind him and whips around, but the room is empty.

He rushes to peek into the hallway.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Blake catches a glimpse of Erika storming down the hall, clearly furious.

A sly grin spreads across his face.

INT. BASEMENT EDITING BAY - CONTINUOUS

Blake sinks back into his seat, his phone buzzing with a text from Starr.

TEXT: "Check Mate."

He flicks a switch, illuminating several screens that reveal multiple camera angles from hidden cameras around the house.

Blake leans back, a sly smile spreading across his face as he rubs his hands together—anticipation dancing in his eyes.

He starts typing a response to Starr.

REPLY TEXT: "You're on. Make it real."

Blake notices his cameraman, Johnny, rushing toward one of the vans from a hidden camera angle pointing toward the side window of the house.

He leans in, watching Johnny take off in a hurry, his brow furrowed with confusion and skepticism.

Blake grabs his walkie-talkie.

BLAKE

Johnny? Where the hell are you going?!

JOHNNY (O.S.)

(nervous)

Oh, I... uh... needed to get another camera.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAKE
Don't B.S. me. Just go and chase that tail of yours.

Johnny laughs nervously.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
And don't tell her anything about the show.

JOHNNY (O.S.)
I would never.

BLAKE
And make sure that van is back here Monday morning!

JOHNNY (O.S.)
For sure.

The transmission ends. Blake looks around at every camera but doesn't see any of the ladies.

He only notices Starr staring into one of the cameras, shrugging her shoulders in confusion.

Blake checks his phone for any missed calls or texts.

Nothing. His brow furrows in concern.

INT. LAKE HENNESSY MANSION - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Starr walks around the house.

STARR
(blurts out)
Hello?!

Silence.

Starr makes her way up to Hilary's room, climbing the staircase.

INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

STARR
(yelling)
Tonight was really something!

INT. HILARY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Starr notices Hilary's room is hectic, with clothes strewn across the bed and her luggage half-packed.

Her eyebrows furrow in confusion.

INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She ascends the stairs, each step echoing softly in the quiet corridor.

Reaching the landing, she continues toward the next room—Avy and Amy's sanctuary, the door slightly ajar.

INT. AMY & AVY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Starr peeks inside, noticing nothing unusual.

STARR
(raising her voice)
What's happening guys?! I'm not down
for "hide and get" lesbo action. I
love you, but only as sisters.

Silence hangs in the air. Suddenly, a series of screams pierces through the quiet.

INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Starr rushes forward, catching sight of Erika sprinting up the stairs, her voice echoing down the hallway as she screams.

INT. BASEMENT EDITING BAY - CONTINUOUS

The camera captures Erika halting and turning to face Starr, who races down the stairs to the 2nd floor, closing the distance.

Erika stands, fury and frustration etched on her face.

As Starr reaches her, she envelops Erika in a tight hug, sensing the storm of emotions within her.

Blake watches intently from the shadows, his eyes glued to the screen.

BLAKE
You're on.

INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Starr tries to console Erika, who is visibly shaken, grappling with a mix of confusion and fear.

STARR

Erika?! What happened?! You sounded like someone was after you or like your v-jay jay just got waxed!

ERIKA

(eyes wide, with fierce determination)

Somebody's gonna get waxed after I'm done with that bitch!

A flicker of confirmation washes over Starr.

STARR

So, we're still talking suspicions, right?

Erika pulls away, waves of frustration bubbling up.

ERIKA

Facts, Starr! Facts! She did it! (an eerie calm) She admitted it.

Hilary, Amy, and Avy stride in, concern etched on their faces and urgency in their steps.

HILARY

(approaching Erika)

We've been looking for you. We need to talk. (hesitant) Privately.

Starr narrows her eyes, suspicious.

ERIKA

Anything you need to say can be said here. She's literally the only one I trust right now.

HILARY

Yeah, but it's about... your brother.

Erika steps closer, her brow furrowing with intensity.

ERIKA

You'd better choose your words carefully.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STARR
(dryly)
Yeah, somebody already got draggged
tonight.

AMY
We're serious. You need to talk to
Kitty.

ERIKA
The only conversation I'm planning is
me knocking her out.

AMY
She knows karate. Being draggded will
be the least of your worries.

ERIKA
(pulse, quickening)
Where is she?

HILARY
(calmly)
Just breathe. She heard from an
investigator tonight. You reopened the
case?

Worry crosses Starr's face.

ERIKA
Damn right I did.

AVY
But why? She didn't do it.

ERIKA
How the hell would you know? She
confessed in her dry-ass Kitty
monologue.

HILARY
What?!

Erika strides toward Hilary, radiating fury.

ERIKA
I'm gonna ask you again—where is she?

Hilary locks eyes with Erika, tension thickens the air.

Suddenly, a familiar voice cuts through.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KITTY (O.C.)
I'm here, Erika.

Kitty steps forward, standing behind Hilary.

ERIKA
Why?

KITTY
I didn't kill anyone.

ERIKA
There was blue paint on his jeans.

KITTY
(rolling her eyes)
So what? My car was the only one in
L.A. that night?

ERIKA
(interrupting, fired up)
Do you really wanna get smart with me
right now?

KITTY
You're jumping to conclusions! But I
would expect nothing less from you.

Erika inhales deeply, stepping forward to confront Kitty.

KITTY (CONT'D)
Childish.

ERIKA
Look me dead in the eyes and tell me
the truth.

KITTY
I'd rather you talk to my very
expensive lawyer, thanks.

They exchange sharp glances, Starr's anxiety bubbling up.

ERIKA
Sounds like guilt to me. You're
practically pleading the fifth.

HILARY
(interjecting)
Can we just talk this out, please?

(CONTINUED)

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A flicker of irritation flashes across Kitty's face, sarcasm brewing.

KITTY
(turning to Hilary)
Oh great, the matriarch speaks. I
don't need your help. I didn't do it.
And if Ms. Drama can't figure that
out, that's on her.

A playful look crosses Starr's face.

STARR
Isn't life boring without a little
drama? People thrive on it.

A realization dawns on Erika.

STARR (CONT'D)
Everyone secretly loves it.

KITTY
(with a laugh)
Only the immature with no life.

ERIKA
(closing in on Kitty, glaring)
I hate you. You're the most stuck-up
bitch I've ever met. Kudos to Amy—you
need to realize you're not as hot as
you think. (leaning in closer) I
didn't care for those two heffas at
first, but now they're alright. You?
Never!

KITTY
(smirking)
Maybe whores of a feather belong
together.

Suddenly, Erika lunges, grabbing Kitty by her hair.

Kitty counters with a swift palm strike, catching Erika off guard.

KITTY (CONT'D)
(in a fighting stance)
Careful! I'm a deadly weapon.

A tense moment passes as they circle each other.

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CONTINUED:

KITTY (CONT'D)
And since when did you become
spokesperson for the side-chick
community?

Erika charges at Kitty, shoving her toward the patio.

KITTY (CONT'D)
(struggling)
Get off me!

Erika pushes harder, and Kitty crashes through the door, stumbling onto the patio.

EXT. PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Kitty regains her footing and faces Erika, both of them grabbing each other's throats, adrenaline surging.

KITTY
I don't wanna hurt you, Erika!

The other women gather, their faces painted with confusion and worry.

ERIKA
(furiously)
You're not gonna get away! YOU'RE A
MURDERER!

Tension fills the air as Hilary, Amy, and Avy look on in horror, trying to intervene.

AVY
(hands raised, panicking)
Erika, think about what you're doing!

As their grips tighten, Erika's fury clashes with Kitty's defiance, both women are breathing heavily.

KITTY
(gasping, coughing)
You really think bullying me will
prove anything? You're just a scared
little girl.

Erika pauses, her expression darkening but the fire still burning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIKA
(through gritted teeth)
Scared? You're the one with a sudden
Kung Fu glitch!

Hilary notices Starr watching the escalating situation, her expression unbothered.

HILARY
(calling out)
Starr, isn't she your friend?

STARR
(not looking away)
My friend can fight her own battles.

AVY
(panicking)
This won't solve anything! You guys
need to stop before someone gets hurt!

HILARY
Look, you both want answers. Let's
talk it out.

ERIKA
I don't need to hear shit! She's a
liar!

Kitty's face is an uneasy mix of defiance and desperation.

KITTY
I'm not the one hurling wild
accusations around!

In a burst of energy, Kitty breaks free from Erika's grasp.

KITTY (CONT'D)
(yelling)
I'm sorry it was your brother!

Erika hesitates, her anger flickering momentarily.

KITTY (CONT'D)
(half-joking)
Maybe it should have been you.

With renewed vigor, Erika snaps, her resolve hardening.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

(SLOW MOTION)

With one swift motion, she shoves Kitty toward the railing. Kitty teeters, arms flailing as she tumbles over the edge.

Kitty screams. The other women watch in horror as Kitty plummets through the trees.

THUD.

The sound of Kitty hitting something unseen below reverberates in the air.

A branch snaps.

EXT. KITTY'S POV - CONTINUOUS

(NORMAL SPEED)

Kitty hangs from a branch, whimpering, her fate hanging by a thread.

EXT. PATIO - CONTINUOUS

HILARY
(looking over the edge, desperate)
Oh my god! Erika, what have you done?!
Hold on, Kitty!

EXT. KITTY'S POV - CONTINUOUS

Kitty dangles, fear stark in her wide eyes, grasping for away back up.

INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Hilary runs as fast as she can toward her room, intent on rescuing Kitty.

INT. LAKE HENNESSY MANSION - BASEMENT EDITING BAY -
CONTINUOUS

Blake watches the monitor, panic written all over his face.

BLAKE HAMILTON
(in disbelief)
Oh, fuck!

INT. HILARY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hilary frantically grabs her climbing gear, determination

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

taking over as adrenaline courses through her veins.

EXT. PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Amy, Avy, and Starr hover near the railing, horror etched on their faces as they process the fallout.

AVY
(voice shaking)
What just happened?

Erika retreats into a corner, shock and fear etched deeply into her features.

EXT. KITTY'S POV - CONTINUOUS

The rustling of leaves echoes as Kitty clings desperately to the branch, gasping for breath. Every muscle in her body strains to hold on.

EXT. PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Hilary bursts through the door, full of urgency, eyes wide as she scans the scene.

Blake, bursting in behind her, shoving the ladies aside.

BLAKE
(yelling)
KITTY!

KITTY (O.C.)
(screaming)
Oh my GOD, AHHH!

EXT. PATIO - CONTINUOUS

BLAKE
(panic creeping in)
WHAT THE FUCK AM I GONNA DO?!

Hilary swiftly slaps on her grip gloves, securing a rope around the thick metal post of the balcony, with the other end cinched around her waist.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
(turning to Hilary)
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU GONNA DO?!

Hilary grits her teeth, determination flooding her expression.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HILARY
Blake, MOVE!

Hilary climbs over the balcony, lowering herself with fierce focus.

BLAKE
(yelling)
My insurance doesn't cover acts of heroism, you know!

HILARY
(shouting back)
Bill me later!

A beat of tension hangs in the air.

HILARY (CONT'D)
(calling out)
Kitty, just hold on! I'm coming!

KITTY
(echoing her panic)
PLEASE!

HILARY
(blurting, looking upward)
The fewer people out here, the better!

Everyone scurries back into the house.

EXT. HILARY'S POV - CONTINUOUS

KITTY
(loudly)
I'm too fabulous to die!

HILARY
Yeah, I know you are. That's why you're gonna live.

Hilary grabs hold of the tree, now parallel to Kitty, who dangles precariously.

HILARY (CONT'D)
(shouting)
I'm gonna swing over to you, okay?

Kitty quickly nods, eyes wide with fear and hope.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KITTY

Okay.

Hilary launches herself from the tree, swinging closer to Kitty.

She reaches for Kitty's arm just as the branch snaps, Kitty screams.

In a split second, the rope jerks tight, arresting their fall and leaving them hanging in the tumultuous silence, hearts racing and adrenaline surging.

HILARY

(urgently)

I gotcha! Don't panic!

The rope begins to rip under the strain. Hilary glances up at the fraying rope, a hint of dread creeping into her voice.

HILARY (CONT'D)

It won't hold both of us!

Kitty looks deep into Hilary's eyes, fear mingling with trust.

KITTY

(steadfast)

I'm ready.

HILARY

(with conviction)

I know.

In an instant, Hilary loses her grip. Kitty plunges downward, a piercing scream escaping her lips.

Silence hangs in the air for a moment as Hilary closes her eyes, worry washing over her face.

INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Blake, Starr, Avy, and Amy are locked in a heated quarrel, their voices rising in a cacophony of panic and accusation.

Hilary finally appears-without Kitty.

BLAKE

(voice sharp)

Where's Kitty?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hilary stands, panting, an edge of desperation in her voice.

HILARY
I- I couldn't... save her.

STARR
(in disbelief)
What do you mean you couldn't save
her?!

AVY
(voice trembling)
This is all wrong. We need to call for
help.

BLAKE
(backing away, voice raised)
No! That's not a good idea! It'll ruin
everything!

AVY
Blake! Someone has died!

Erika screams, raw with panic.

ERIKA
You can't! I'm not going to jail for
killing a bitch! THIS IS SOME
BULLSHIT!

Hilary's face crumbles, a mix of fear and guilt washing over
her.

In the corner, Erika sobs, her frame shaking. Amy and Avy
rush to her side.

Blake, throat tight with panic, turns to Starr, who stands in
shock.

BLAKE
(whispers, with urgency)
What the hell, Starr?!

STARR
(shaky)
This wasn't supposed to happen.

BLAKE
(interrupting, voice raised)
You think?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Blake takes a moment, gathering his composure.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
Help me grab 'em!

Blake and Starr scramble to collect the hidden cameras. Starr catches Erika's eye, betrayal mirrored in her tear-filled gaze.

STARR
(whispering to Blake)
This is bad. This is so bad.

BLAKE
Never mind—we need to hurry!

Avy, Amy, and Hilary notice their frantic movements.

AVY
Hidden cameras?! What the hell is
going on here?!

Blake continues to gather the cameras, urgency fueling his actions.

STARR
Look, I decided...

BLAKE
(cutting her off)
You decided?!

STARR
We both decided this was best.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Blake races up the stairwell, the weight of fear and panic etched on his face as he continues to gather the remaining cameras.

INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Blake bursts into the scene, arms filled with mini cameras, urgency etched across his face.

Avy shakes her head, anger boiling over.

AVY
You thought this was best?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY
(anxious)
Should we just check on the body?

BLAKE
(struggling to gather the cameras
into a bag)
No! As far as I'm concerned, this
never happened!

HILARY
Blake, we can't just leave her down
there!

Blake slams the bag down in frustration, backing against the wall, sliding to the floor, desperation and regret flooding his expression.

BLAKE
This is a fucking disaster! Nobody— I
repeat, nobody—calls the police until
we figure this out.

HILARY
(storming up to Blake)
Figure what out?! It was just an
accident. I'm going down there!

Avy and Amy quickly follow behind Hilary.

HILARY (CONT'D)
(calling out)
Starr? You coming?

Starr hesitates, a somber look on her face, battling mixed emotions.

STARR
(softly)
Yeah.

Starr follows but stops, casting a glance at Erika.

STARR (CONT'D)
Erika... I'm—

ERIKA
(snapping)
Don't say a fucking word to me!

Starr stares down, shame flooding her features.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STARR
Well, I guess that's it.

Erika looks away with a huff, worry overtaking her frustration. Starr walks away, glancing back at Erika, regret etched on her face.

Starr lingers for a moment, hesitating at the top of the stairs as Hilary, Amy, and Avy descend with purpose.

A wave of uncertainty washes over her, taking a deep breath, glancing back at the darkness behind her before forcing herself to move forward.

She follows them down, each step weighing heavy with regret and fear. The distant echoes of their earlier laughter haunt her.

EXT. LAKE HENNESSEY MANSION - UNDER PATIO - CLIFFSIDE - NIGHT
3:00 A.M.

The ladies approach Kitty's lifeless body, sprawled on the leaves and rocks, a pool of blood darkening the earth beneath her—a horrific scene painted with an unsettling beauty.

Starr kneels beside Kitty, her voice a whisper.

STARR
Wow, she's gorgeous even as a corpse.

HILARY
You need to talk Blake into calling the police.

STARR
I can't do that.

AVY
Starr! This is your fault!

Suddenly, Starr's flip phone buzzes, pulling her attention away.

STARR
I'm sorry. I can't

Starr runs off, leaving the others behind.

HILARY
(calling after her)
Starr!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hilary notices Blake rushing out of the mansion, a bag of cameras clutched in his hand, sprinting towards the limousine.

Starr quickly follows him.

HILARY (CONT'D)
Where are you going?!

Starr and Blake jump into the limousine, which darts away down the rocky terrain.

Hilary stands, shock and disbelief written across her face.

HILARY (CONT'D)
(to Amy and Avy)
They're gone.

Suddenly, Kitty sits up, breathless.

KITTY
It's about damn time.

Amy and Avy rush to help her up. Johnny approaches, emerging from behind a giant bush where a white van is hidden.

KITTY (CONT'D)
(snatching away)
I'm not helpless!

Kitty pulls at the fake blood on her hair.

KITTY (CONT'D)
Damn, look at my hair.

HILARY
Is that really the first thing you think about?

Erika arrives, a look of sarcasm on her face.

ERIKA
What else do you expect from her?

Laughter erupts among the women.

AVY
(chuckling, excited)
Did you see the look on their faces?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY
(smirking)
I could not contain myself.

Johnny sighs, fear etched on his face.

JOHNNY
I'm getting fired for sure.

HILARY
No you won't. We just have to get our story straight.

JOHNNY
I thought for sure they'd hear us.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. LAKE HENNESSEY MANSION - UNDER PATIO - CLIFFSIDE -
EARLIER

MONTAGE

- Johnny runs as Kitty lands on a large crash pad below.
- He assists Kitty up as he hastily attaches a deflator to it.
- Kitty jumps on the pad, attempting to speed up the deflation.

JOHNNY
(annoyed)
Please stop doing that!

KITTY
It's taking forever! They'll be down here any minute.

- The crash pad deflates.
- Johnny drags it quickly to the van.
- A makeup artist splatters fake blood around Kitty, accentuating the scene.
- Kitty assumes a convincing death pose as if she suffered a hard fall.
- Kitty quickly lays into a convincingly devastating death position.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

- Moments later, Hilary, Amy, Avy, and Starr approach.
- A close-up on Kitty's eye, peeking open, eyes darting to check for their arrival, then humorously closing it again as they get closer.

END MONTAGE

FLASH FORWARD TO:

EXT. LAKE HENNESSEY MANSION - UNDER PATIO - CLIFFSIDE -
CONTINUOUS

As they reflect on the night's chaos, Erika's phone buzzes in her pocket. Her expression shifts to one of concern.

ERIKA
(holding up a hand)
Hold on... (answering) Yeah.

She steps away, seeking privacy, leaving the others behind.

AMY
Good thinking, Hilary.

HILARY
I mean, why not?

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. KITTY'S POV - CONTINUOUS

MONTAGE

- As Kitty falls, a branch snags her mid-air, her scream echoing as the ladies rush to the edge.

KITTY
(whispering, annoyed)
Really, Erika?!

- Hilary peers over the edge, her eyes wide with disbelief.

CUT TO:

INT. HILARY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

- Hilary grabs climbing gear, determination set in her jaw.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HILARY
 (walking out, annoyed)
 One job Kitty, you had... one... job.

END MONTAGE

FLASHFORWARD TO:

EXT. LAKE HENNESSEY MANSION - UNDER PATIO - CLIFFSIDE -
CONTINUOUS

The laughter continues among the ladies as they recall the night's absurdities.

KITTY
 That shit hurt! I know I have scratches.

AMY
 Yeah, on your precious little back.

Laughter erupts again.

AVY
 I'm just so glad we got to Erika in time.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

MONTAGE

- Blake watches Erika storming down the hallway, unaware that Hilary, Kitty, Amy, and Avy sneak past Starr, who stands in the foyer.

INT. BASEMENT STAIRWELL LANDING - CONTINUOUS

- The women speed into an unoccupied room, just as Erika makes her way up the stairs.

- Suddenly, three hands reach out, snatching Erika into the room in a comical display.

INT. BASEMENT UNOCCUPIED ROOM - CONTINUOUS

- Erika breaks free from their grasp.

AVY
 Erika, please listen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIKA
(voice rising)
Not until I find Kitty!

- Kitty reveals herself, and Erika lunges, but the women tackle her, calming her down.

HILARY
Kitty didn't do it! Your friend is just a manipulating tramp.

ERIKA
No! She would never do that. (turning to Kitty) There was blood on your car!

KITTY
That was for the stupid show! It was red paint. I can prove it.

MONTAGE OF QUICK SCENES:

- The women gather around Erika, their expressions earnest as they try to persuade her.
- Hilary confidently gestures, embodying the role of a seasoned moderator, her voice firm and persuasive.

HILARY
It's the truth!

ERIKA
(not convinced, shaking her head)
Trying to pin this on Kitty just for the show? I mean, why? It just doesn't make any damn sense.

HILARY
Whatever her reason, the fact that Blake would actually ally with her and stoop this low for success changes everything.

ERIKA
(sighing, resignation in her voice)
What do you need me to do?

HILARY
There are no cameras outside. Just push Kitty off the balcony, that's it. We'll handle the rest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIKA
(interrupting, voice rising)
Oh that's it?! Just push her off the
fucking balcony to her death?!

Erika paces, battling her conscience as Avy approaches her.

AVY
(grabbing Erika's arm firmly)
It's time to give them a taste of
their own poison.

END MONTAGE

FLASHFORWARD TO:

EXT. LAKE HENNESSY MANSION - UNDER PATIO - CLIFFSIDE -
CONTINUOUS

Erika ends her call, a storm of confusion, anger, and horror
swirling in her eyes.

The laughter dies down as her demeanor shifts drastically,
capturing the attention of the others.

HILARY
Erika? What's wrong?

ERIKA
He found something on my brother's
case.

Hilary approaches, her expression softening with concern.

ERIKA (CONT'D)
They need me to come in.

HILARY
To L.A.?

ERIKA
Yeah, to ID a possible suspect.

Erika demeanor switches to sadness.

HILARY
Are you ok?

ERIKA
(voice trembling)
I don't know. Why didn't they have

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

this evidence a year ago?

The girls step closer to Erika.

KITTY

Let's find out who really did this,
together.

A beat hangs in the air.

Erika hesitates, her gaze locked with Kitty's.

Erika takes a deep breath and nods.

INT. LAKE HENNESSEY CA. HWY 129 - LIMOUSINE - NIGHT 3:30 A.M.

Starr and Blake sit side by side, fear etched across their faces.

Their hands gesture animatedly as they try to make sense of the chaos.

STARR

(anxiously)

She's unhinged! I never thought she would go that far. Reopening the case?! Murder?!

BLAKE

(interrupting)

You thought she wouldn't do it? Erika of all people? And we're the ones who just left a dead body lying there.

STARR

Look, I know how it looks, but we can fix this.

BLAKE

(cutting her off)

Starr, you know how much more I have to lose?

STARR

(voice rising)

And I don't? I could go to jail!

A flicker of confusion covers Blake's face.

BLAKE

For what?! This is not all about you,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Starr. The fact that someone died on my watch is going to ruin me!

STARR
There's footage that incriminates all of us! Calm down.

A beat of silence hangs between them.

STARR (CONT'D)
(with a feigned brightness)
You can get new actors, do re-enactments with me as the HBIC! You know it makes sense.

Blake seems to zone out, lost in thought, as Starr continues, desperate.

STARR (CONT'D)
We need this, Blake! Our big break.
Remember?

BLAKE
(still not fully listening)
Erika hates your guts now. Hilary... well, she's always been skeptical of you.

STARR
What are you saying?

BLAKE
I know her. She never trusted you.

A look of enlightenment crosses Starr's face, a revelation dawns on her.

She smirks, then laughs.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
What the hell is so funny?

STARR
(gazing at the roof, enlightened)
Wow. You all are so funny.

A beat hangs in the air.

STARR (CONT'D)
We're here... they're not.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAKE
I'm lost.

STARR
(rolling her eyes)
I'm not surprised. They didn't say a word when we left.

BLAKE
Maybe?

Blake's expression shifts as realization strikes him.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
Needed to grab another camera, my ass!

Blake swiftly makes a call.

STARR
What are you doing?

Blake places the phone on speaker, determination now in his eyes.

BLAKE
I hope you're right.

Blake takes a deep breath, anticipation thick in the air.

INT. AVY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Avy drives, the tension thick in the air as Hilary, Amy, Kitty, and Erika are in sync, rushing down the road.

AVY
(glancing at Amy in the rearview mirror)
I told you we might need a quick getaway.

HILARY
We need to hurry. We don't know what they're up to.

KITTY
(dismissively)
They think I'm dead. We're fine.

Kitty's phone starts ringing—Brian calling, yet again.

She scoffs at the screen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KITTY (CONT'D)
It's Brian for the fiftieth time.
Maybe I should—

HILARY
(interrupting, urgency creeping in)
You can't.

KITTY
Oh right. I'm dead.

HILARY
(hinting toward Erika)
But one of us can.

ERIKA
(shaking her head)
No way. I might cuss his ass out the
way I'm feeling.

HILARY
You can really sell it, though.

AMY
I don't know. It might backfire...

The ringing grows louder, anxiety creeping into Kitty's expression.

AMY (CONT'D)
What if I just do it...?

KITTY
(interrupting, frustrated)
Christ! Make a decision already before
he hangs up!

Amy snatches the phone, her heart racing.

AMY
(answering, tears welling in her
voice)
Brian!

The group exchanges tense glances, anxiety palpable.

EXT. LAKE HENNESSY MANSION - ROADWAY DRIVE - CONTINUOUS

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Brian drives, a clear view of the mansion ahead.

Anxiety and disbelief race across his features.

BRIAN
Where's Kitty?

AMY (O.C.)
(crying)
I know I kissed Cedric, but it was
just to make you jealous.

BRIAN
(frustration mounting)
Amy! I don't care about that right
now. Where is Kitty?

AMY (O.C.)
You love me? We can be together now?

Brian falters, surprised.

BRIAN
What?! What are you... (scoffs) Forget
it. I'm pulling up.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE HENNESSY MANSION - FRONT COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Brian's van screeches to a halt in front of the mansion.

He leaps out, urgency palpable as he rushes to the front door, banging on it with frantic determination.

INT. AVY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The women exchange worried glances as Amy speaks into the phone.

AMY
(voice shaking)
Brian, we're not there.

BRIAN (O.C.)
The lights are on? Where's Blake?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY
(trying to maintain calm)
Brian, I need to tell you something.

Tension spikes, the girls awaiting Amy's words.

AMY (CONT'D)
Are you alone?

EXT. LAKE HENNESSY MANSION - FRONT COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS
Brian, confusion and anxiety etched on his face.

BRIAN
(hedging)
Uhm... yeah.

INT. AVY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Amy looks at the others, skepticism knitting her brow.

AMY
(hand covering the phone's
mouthpiece)
I think he's lying.

The girls consider Amy's point, tension rising.

AMY (CONT'D)
Kitty's in trouble.

Kitty rolls her eyes, silently scoffing as she listens. Amy shrugs, hoping Brian will buy it.

EXT. LAKE HENNESSY MANSION - FRONT COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS
Brian rubs his head, frustration and disbelief evident as he paces in front of the door, like a dog waiting for forgiveness.

BRIAN
I don't know what's going on, but I
need to speak with her, now!

A heavy beat of silence lingers.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
I love her.

A beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Just put her on the phone.

Another beat.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
(voice breaking)
Please?

Brian shifts his weight, determination surging as he's ready to knock once more.

INT. AVY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The women exchange anxious glances, each second stretching heavy with tension.

AMY
(softly to the others)
What do I say?

The atmosphere grows charged as they wait, nerves fraying.

AMY (CONT'D)
(suddenly blurting out)
Kitty's dead. She's gone.

The women stare at her in shock and annoyance, disbelief hanging in the air.

AMY (CONT'D)
We're taking her to the hospital.

The women exchange appalled glances, silently indicating Amy's ridiculous claim.

BRIAN (O.C.)
(scoffing)
You're taking a dead body to the hospital?

AMY
(stumbling over her words)
Yeah... uhm... we saw her lip twitch a little. We're hoping for the best.

HILARY
(voice low, incredulous)
What?!

INT. LAKE HENNESSEY CA. HWY 129 - LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

Blake and Starr listen, anticipation hanging thick in the air.

EXT. LAKE HENNESSEY MANSION - FRONT COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Brian stands outside, anger boiling over on his face.

BRIAN

Amy, I don't know what game you're playing, but you better tell me where you are right now.

INT. AVY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

BRIAN (O.C.)

Is Kitty really with you?

Amy's face twists into a look of innocent concern.

AMY

Can you meet me?

EXT. LAKE HENNESSEY MANSION - FRONT COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

AMY (O.C.)

(rushing)

I'm going to text you the address.
Come alone.

Amy disconnects, and Brian's frustration surfaces.

His breath quickens as he waits for her message, his eyes darting between the phone and the mansion, anxiety building.

BRIAN

(gritting his teeth, muttering)

What's taking so long?

He taps his foot against the ground, the sound echoing in the stillness. A moment of silence stretches painfully.

He glares at the phone, willing it to buzz, each passing second heightening his irritation. Suddenly the text message appears.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I'm gonna send it to you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAKE (O.C.)
(relieved)
Thanks, bro.

Brian's silence speaks volumes as he focuses intently on his phone, the weight of the moment pressing down on him.

INT. LAKE HENNESSEY CA. HWY 129 - LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

BLAKE
(realizing)
The connection must be out. I said,
"Thank you, bro."

EXT. LAKE HENNESSEY MANSION - FRONT COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Brian shoots a glare at his flip phone, frustration boiling over.

BRIAN
(under his breath)
Yeah. Whatever.

With a surge of anger, he snaps the phone shut and storms back to his van, heart pounding in his chest.

He slams the door, the sound resonating through the still night air.

INT. LAKE HENNESSEY CA. HWY 129 - LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

Blake stares at his phone, a mix of hurt and confusion shadowing his face.

BLAKE
(sighing)
He's pissed.

Flipping his phone shut with a resigned huff, Blake glances at Starr, who seems lost in thought.

STARR
(quietly, curious)
What are you up to?

Blake's phone buzzes receiving Amy's forwarded text. He rolls down the sliding glass that separates them from the driver.

BLAKE
(to the driver)
We're heading to L.A.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The driver nods, the engine revving in response, ready to roll.

INT. AVY'S CAR - DAY 6:30 A.M.

The car hums softly as it slices through dawn's first light. Avy grips the steering wheel, eyes fixed ahead, fatigue etched on her face.

Hilary, alert but weary, occupies the seat beside her. In the back, Amy and Kitty attempt to catch sleep, while Erika stares blankly ahead, worry swimming in her eyes.

The atmosphere is thick with a brewing storm of emotions—anxiety, anger, and, beneath it all, a yearning for justice.

HILARY

(glancing at Avy, her voice soft)
I can take over if you need to rest.
Just a couple more hours.

AVY

(forcing a smile, fighting sleep)
No, I'm good. Just... a little tired.

Hilary watches the scenery rush by, taking a moment to inhale deeply before releasing a heavy sigh.

AVY (CONT'D)
(concerned)
What about you?

HILARY

Uhm... just wondering how she did it.

A shadow crosses Avy's face as she contemplates.

AVY
But why would she?

Hilary's gaze darkens

HILARY
She planned it. Those dish soap commercials—she must've studied me.

AVY
Yeah, she knew about Amy from Blake.

HILARY
And Kitty... through Blake and Brian.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AVY
From that call, I doubt Brian knows
much.

HILARY
True. Might be best for him.

Avy nudges Hilary playfully, only half-serious.

AVY
Not a chance for him now, huh?

HILARY
(smirking)
Blake? Never! Cedric? Maybe.

Their laughter lightens the tension, if only for a moment.

AVY
What happens with the show now? After
all this?

HILARY
(sighing deeply)
I wish I knew.

A beat lingers, heavy with unspoken worries.

HILARY (CONT'D)
(voice softening)
It's hard to believe she's gone. I let
my career blind me to everything, even
my own child's safety.

Avy scoffs gently, her determination rising.

AVY
You're not alone in this, Hilary. Look
at your new friends. If this is a
nightmare, imagine a beautiful dream.
You need to give yourself credit.

Hilary raises an eyebrow, intrigued.

AVY (CONT'D)
(glancing back at Amy through the
rearview)
Kind of ironic, right? I wouldn't
trade this experience for anything.

A warm smile blooms on Hilary's face.

(CONTINUED)

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HILARY
(softly)
Yeah.

A beat passes, filled with unspoken gratitude.

HILARY (CONT'D)
She carried a heavy secret. I can't
blame her too much for that.

AVY
(thoughtfully)
I'm over it.

HILARY
(teasing)
You're not really blonde, are you?

With a playful smirk, Amy responds.

AVY
Of course. Always.

Suddenly, Amy and Kitty wake up, their chatter picking up.

ERIKA
(interjecting)
No matter what, they'll cling to that
lie.

Laughter breaks out, easing the tension once more.

KITTY
(stretching dramatically)
Oh, my goodness, I need a massage and
a facial.

The camaraderie is infectious, all smiles as Kitty's
complaint hangs in the air, the girls roll their eyes,
sharing amused glances.

ERIKA
(whining)
UGH! We're not there yet.

AMY
She always drives slow.

Avy's irritation flares, but she keeps it light with mock
seriousness.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AVY

Look, we're about an hour and forty-five minutes away, alright? We'll get there when we get there.

ERIKA

(leaning forward, excited)
I can't believe it. I'm finally gonna get some answers.

Hilary glances back, her expression reassuring.

HILARY

And we'll all be right by your side, no matter what.

Erika flashes a grateful smile, eyes sparkling with anticipation.

Kitty shifts in her seat, noticing the change in Erika.

KITTY

(blurting out)
Oh my GOD!

The other girls perk up with concern, eyes darting to her.

ALL

(in unison)
What is it?

KITTY

(pointing, laughter bubbling up)
She smiled!

The car erupts in joyful laughter, the earlier tension melting away.

ERIKA

(still laughing)
I still can't stand yo ass.

More laughter fills the air, light and free, as the girls share this moment of connection amidst uncertainty.

The warmth of camaraderie reflecting in their eyes.

They look to each other, sensing the bond growing stronger.

EXT. BAKERSFIELD, CA. 5 FREEWAY SOUTHBOUND - CONTINUOUS

Outside, the scenery begins to shift, the sun further illuminating the road ahead, hinting at new beginnings.

EXT. LOS ANGELES, CA. - LAPD - DAY 8:00 A.M.

The scene shifts abruptly as they pull up outside the LAPD headquarters, the atmosphere tinged with anticipation and uncertainty.

The girls step out of the car, the weight of the day's events resting heavily on their shoulders, but a glimmer of solidarity fuels their resolve.

As they walk toward the entrance, with Erika leading, they exchange meaningful looks, silently promising to support one another through whatever lies ahead.

The camera lingers on their faces—determined, anxious, but united—before they all enter the facility.

INT. LAPD - FRONT DESK - CONTINUOUS

Erika approaches the front desk, her steps a blend of determination and nerves.

The other ladies stand nearby, exchanging anxious glances.

ERIKA
(clearing her throat)
I'm here to see Detective Scott.

The officer gestures for her to take a seat.

They watch as various policemen escort handcuffed perps into the facility.

Gasps erupt from the ladies at a man with a tattoo of a winding road stretching across his face.

ERIKA (CONT'D)
(nervously turning to the girls)
I hope he finds his way.

The girls chuckle, their tension momentarily alleviated.

Suddenly, a mob of reporters swarms outside, waving and snapping pictures. They notice the women and begin shouting questions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRONT DESK OFFICER
(yelling)
Get away from the damn door!

He steps outside, dispersing the reporters, but they linger nearby, eyes eager for a story.

Detective Scott approaches Erika with determination in his stride.

DETECTIVE SCOTT
Erika, follow me.

Erika takes a deep breath, the girls clasp her hands for support.

ERIKA
(voice trembling with gratitude)
Who thought I'd be surrounded by you
guys? I pictured it would've been
Starr.

They pull her into a group hug before she follows Detective Scott down the hall.

INT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

Inside the limousine, Starr and Blake sit tense, eyes fixed on the police station.

Starr's frustration, brewing.

STARR
Is this some kind of trick?

BLAKE
(with a hint of sarcasm)
Erika's turning herself in. Fantastic.

STARR
(interrupting)
Kitty's not dead, you idiot! There's
something else.

BLAKE
(hesitant)
Like what?

Starr rolls her eyes, a mild sigh escaping her lips as she contemplates her next move.

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CONTINUED:

STARR
(holding out her hand)
Give it to me.

BLAKE
(confused)
What?

STARR
The footage.

Blake, reluctantly, hands her a tape filled with mini camera footage.

STARR (CONT'D)
(smirking)
Two can play this game.

She dials Hilary, a devious look crossing her face.

INT. LAPD - DETECTIVE SCOTT'S OFFICE - MOMENTS AFTER

Detective Scott sits across from Erika, who stares wide-eyed at a computer screen, revelations unfolding before her.

DETECTIVE SCOTT
(pointing to the screen)
You recognize this person?

ERIKA
(breathing heavily)
Yeah.

DETECTIVE SCOTT
We haven't located the car yet—looks
like a blue Chevy. A Malibu.

Shock, anger, and sadness wash over Erika's face.

ERIKA
(voice shaky)
What's next?

DETECTIVE SCOTT
Do you know where we can find this
person?

Erika gazes up at the detective, her expression a mix of determination and anger.

INT. LAPD - FRONT DESK - CONTINUOUS

Hilary stands off to the side, speaking low to Starr, irritation mounting.

HILARY
Game over. Just give up, Starr.

STARR (O.C.)
(with mock confidence)
Oh, the game is never over. I have the winning piece.

HILARY
If we're complicit, it means you and Blake are too.

STARR (O.C.)
Perjury. Conspiracy. False reporting.
Intentional infliction of emotional distress. We're outside a police station. I have the footage right here.

Hilary takes a deep breath, searching for calm amidst the chaos.

HILARY
What do you want?

Pause.

STARR (O.C.)
I want things to go back to how they were. We were having so much fun. The reporters are out there; let's give them the show they want.

A beat hangs in the air, filled with tension.

STARR (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Just make sure Erika is on the same page.

HILARY
(clenching her teeth)
She doesn't need any more of your drama. You know what? Do what you need to do. The ship has sailed.

Hilary disconnects the call, her expression resolute as the

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CONTINUED:

weight of the situation settles around her like a cloud.

INT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

Starr snaps her phone shut with an exasperated huff.

She steps out of the car, confidence radiating as she approaches the swarm of reporters.

Blake follows closely behind, concern etched on his face.

BLAKE
(quietly)
I hope you know what you're doing.

The media rushes towards Starr and Blake, their cameras flashing like strobe lights.

The ladies exit the police station, eyes wide at the spectacle before them.

STARR
(yelling, holding the footage high)
I'll do it!

HILARY
(calling back, voice raised)
Try doing the right thing. (turning to Blake) I can't believe you're going along with this!

BLAKE
(blurting out)
Back off!

Kitty, indignant, shoots a glare at Blake.

KITTY
(scowling)
You're scum!

AVY
(joining in)
You're crap!

AMY
(smirking)
You're cute! But in a very bad way!

The girls collectively turn to Amy, annoyance clear on their faces.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KITTY
(muttering)
That's an insult?!

Starr, undeterred, raises her voice above the din.

STARR
(looking at Kitty, yelling)
It's alive!

Kitty rolls her eyes, irritation simmering beneath her calm façade.

Hilary steps forward, taking charge.

HILARY
Nobody cares. All that is, is proof of a big hoax. I could just tell them everything. Clear everything right on up. Right here, right now. (pointing to Starr) Starting with you!

Starr looks around, anxiety palpable as she stares at the reporters' keen eyes trained on her.

The crowd starts to tense, anticipation building as they sense the confrontation.

STARR
(trying to maintain composure)
This is all a part of the show. (nods)
Right? Hilary?

HILARY
Yeah. Whatever you say.

Suddenly, Erika steps outside, accompanied by a group of officers, her demeanor calm yet commanding.

The crowd parts, tension thick in the air.

STARR
(with faux sympathy)
Erika, I'm really sorry. I didn't know what else to do.

Erika glares at Starr, fire igniting in her eyes.

ERIKA
(icy undertones)
It's okay. I'm just here getting

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

caught up on my brother's case.

Starr snickers, trying to deflect the seriousness of the moment.

STARR

So, what did these bootleg ass CSI rejects come up with now?

Erika steps closer, anger simmering just beneath the surface.

ERIKA

Where's your car, Starr?

Starr stares, confusion evident in her eyes.

STARR

Erika, what are you talking about?

Erika maintains her intense gaze, unyielding.

ERIKA

You know, your blue Malibu?

Gasps ripple from the ladies, the crowd looking around in confusion.

The ladies exchange nervous glances as the gravity of Erika's words sinks in.

STARR

(avoiding eye contact)

I don't know what you mean...

ERIKA

(walking closer, eyes fierce)

I think you do.

Starr raises her eyes to the sky, tears threatening to spill.

STARR

(voice trembling)

It was an accident.

More gasps echo, the crowd collectively holding its breath. Erika takes in a deep breath as if a mountain has falling off her shoulders.

ERIKA

It doesn't matter. It never mattered.

Did it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A beat hangs in the air, thick with unspoken truths and an electric tension.

ERIKA (CONT'D)
(with dark irony)
Cameras to set us up, but you didn't
know about the cameras that were all
on you.

As the officers step forward, Erika grabs one of their guns, drawing shocked gasps from the onlookers.

DETECTIVE SCOTT
(urgently, hands raised)
Don't do this, Erika! Put the gun
down!

Erika, unfazed by the chaos around her, pulls Starr closer, gripping her firmly by the hair.

STARR
(voice shaking)
So, you're really going to kill me?

ERIKA
(whispers in her ear with fierce
determination)
Oh, I've got something better for you.

The officers rush to intervene, but Erika grips Starr tighter, dragging her backward by her hair as the crowd watches, tension thickening the air.

The scene freezes as the shutter of the camera snaps capturing a moment of absurdity: Erika, raging like a lion with her teeth gritted in determination, while Starr is dragged by her hair, eyes squeezed shut in dread.

The police, along with Hilary, Kitty, Amy, and Avy, surround them, frantically trying to calm Erika down.

It becomes a chaotic yet touching scene of camaraderie amidst turmoil.

As the image remains frozen, the sounds of chaos filter through—the screams of Starr, the police scuffling to manage Erika, and the ladies yelling for her to let Starr go, with Erika grunting like an animal.

Kitty's phone rings loudly, disrupting the noise.

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AMY (V.O.)
(from the phone)
Hey, Brian.

BRIAN (V.O.)
(concerned)
I'm almost there. What the hell's
happening?

AMY (V.O.)
(exasperated)
Brian, we're kind of in the middle of
something.

Screams continue in the background.

BRIAN (V.O.)
(sarcastically)
Sounds like somebody's getting
dragged. Let me speak to her.

AMY (V.O.)
(frantic)
Hold on... (muffled) He said he wants
to talk...

KITTY (V.O.)
(interrupting, muffled)
Tell him I'm alive, but he's dead to
me.

AMY (V.O.)
(trying to mediate)
Brian, Kitty said she's alive, but...

BRIAN (V.O.)
(frustrated, interrupting)
I heard her, Amy!

AMY
(defiant)
Even though it's over, I'll take the
ring instead.

Brian hangs up, abruptly ending the call.

A dial tone resonates.

AMY (V.O.)
Hello? Brian? Oh well, another one
bites the dust.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Erika grunts as Amy hangs up, cutting back to the chaos outside.

INT. HILARY'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON - ONE MONTH LATER

The scene shifts to Hilary's office, where a magazine article featuring the now-iconic photo from the earlier chaos sits prominently on her desk.

She gazes at it, smiling before bursting into laughter.

Hilary checks her email and sees a message from Avy.

She hesitates, nostalgia flooding her.

Finally, she clicks on the email.

AVY (V.O.)

(reading)

"Dear Hilary, I'm so glad to have met you during the show. I know that future doors will open for you and definitely for me."

A beat.

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

(reading)

"Since the show was canceled, I've decided to continue pursuing acting here in LA. I really like it here and think I might have something special. I realize something: real estate never was my dream. It was something easy that I could excel in to make my parents proud, but that's not really what I truly want."

Pausing for emphasis.

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

(reading)

"I will use real estate as my backup career. I'm thankful for losing that job because everything happens for a reason. Oh, and thank you for sparing and forgiving my sister. She is the person whom I truly love. The girls all said hello. They can't wait to see you next week. Best Wishes, Avy."

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CONTINUED:

Hilary's smile widens as she processes Avy's words.

An alert for her 2 o'clock meeting pops up, interrupting her moment of reflection.

She gazes at a picture of her daughter, then down at the bracelet that says "LOVELY DAUGHTER," smiling softly.

HILARY
(softly, gentle)
I tried, kid. I tried. And I did it.

She kisses her daughter's face in the photo and places it back down on her desk.

Standing tall in her beautiful blue suit, sharp shoes, and confident attitude, she's ready to attack the day.

Hilary tosses her hair, shaking off past regrets and sorrows like dust falling to the floor.

She exits her office, the sharp clicking of her heels piercing through the thin carpet.

Scene fades to black.

EXT. LAPD - JAIL - DAY - THREE MONTHS LATER

Erika steps out of the jailhouse, a swarm of reporters clamoring to get a word.

She whisks past them, determination on her face, and jumps into the back of a waiting limousine.

As the limousine speeds away, the scene shifts, revealing Maggie, the executive producer and director, sitting in a director's chair onset.

MAGGIE
(yelling)
Cut!

Everyone erupts into applause, the atmosphere filled with excitement and relief.

A cue card is revealed, highlighting the name of the show: "Don't F with E," starring Erika Kilpatrick, Katrina Mcpearson, Amy & Avy Gutierrez, and Blake Hamilton.

INT. LOS ANGELES, CA - CUMBERLINE STUDIOS - SET OF "DON'T F WITH E" - NIGHT

Kitty stands in front of the camera against a striking blue beach background, confidence radiating from her presence.

KITTY
(rolling her eyes)
That girl needs more help than just
counseling and anger management. She
needs Jesus.

MAGGIE (O.C.)
(encouragingly)
I know. You ready?

KITTY
(smirking)
Ready as ever.

CAMERA MAN 1 (O.C.)
(calling out)
Speed.

CAMERA MAN 2 (O.C.)
(calling out)
Speed.

MAGGIE (O.C.)
(commanding)
Alright, Kitty... Action.

KITTY
(smiling brightly into the camera)
Hi America, I'm Katrina, but people
call me Kitty. I hate haters, liars,
and cheaters. I'm an ex-stripper who
turned her life around as an
entrepreneur and self-defense trainer.
I grew up in South Central,
California. We owned our home—we
weren't poor, and I had two loving
parents. (leans in, intensity
building) SO, GET OVER IT!

Kitty maintains her diva-esque smile, balancing confidence with authenticity.

FADE OUT.

THE END