

Melodies

Screenplay by

Nicholas P

E-mail: nickpaul2020@gmail.com
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***"Music has a poetry of its own, and poetry is called Melody."
-Joshua Logan***

FADE IN:

EXT. PLAYGROUND-ELEMENTARY SCHOOL-DAY

A young girl looks around the playground, all alone, with no one to play a game of **hopscotch**. MARTA, 8. Second grader.

She sits on the bench.

MARTA (V.O.)
Life has a way of kicking us while
we're down. There's got to be
something better out there waiting
for us on the other side.

The school bell sounds.

Marta stands. She goes to the beginning numbers of hopscotch.

MARTA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I'll just do this until it's my
time.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. GARAGE-NIGHT

A **microphone** in her hand, a girl steps towards the garage door, she looks at the door like she's staring at a camera recorder. LILY, 18. Senior high school student. Goal orientated and driven.

LILY
Do you remember the time we danced
on the top of your dad's car.

DANI (O.C.)
Whoa! What the hell was that!

A girl steps towards Lily. DANI, 17. A junior student. A dreamer living dollar to dollar as a grocery store worker. Humble and caring.

Lily looks at Dani.

LILY
What do you mean? I'm singing here!

DANI
(wave)
That's not singing. You sound like
one of those desperate girls.

LILY
Excuse me!

DANI
Exactly!

Dani snatches the microphone out of her hand.

LILY
If you think you can do something
special, then perform your own
song!

DANI
Maybe I will!!

Dani steps out of the garage.

LILY
Dani!

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM-HIGH SCHOOL-NIGHT

Chairs lined up in the auditorium. An audience of people sit.

A woman walks towards a front row seat and sits. STARLA, 30.
Talent agent. Self-absorbed, conniving and superficial.

Starla looks to her right, and sees JUDGES #1, #2 and #3.

Judge #1 looks at her.

STARLA
(wave)
(wink)

Starla looks away.

STARLA (CONT'D)
(roll eyes)

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
Ladies and gentlemen! Please put
your hands together for the lovely
Lily!!

The curtains open.

Lily steps outside.

STARLA
This should be interesting.

Lily puts the microphone close to her mouth. She smiles.

STARLA (V.O.)
Hello dear people! This is another
dose of the Starla!

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE-TALENT AGENCY-NIGHT

Her fingers typing on the keyboard of a **laptop**.

Starla's bright smile shines from the light of the laptop screen.

STARLA (V.O.)
The amount of talent I encounter in
a week goes on, consuming my time
on vacations I take. Time after
time, oh! That just like the song
on my playlist!

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM #344-HOTEL-DAY

A young man stands in front of her. RALPHIE, 16. Junior student. Naive but caring.

RALPHIE
I -- I want you to be my baby!!

Starla sips from a **wine glass**.

STARLA
(gulp)

STARLA (V.O.)
No, my job is not as easy as it
sounds. I travel nonstop, no
breaks. I don't care; I'm getting
paid to do nothing but to sign
another person into this agency.
Which is the reason I took a drive.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY-NIGHT

A red car drives down the highway.

CUT TO:

INT. RED RENTAL CAR-NIGHT

Starla's eyes begin to close.

The wheel turns.

The car goes to the right.

Starla loses her grip on the wheel.

Her eyes go back on the road. The car drives onto a dirt road.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER-NIGHT

The red rental car drops into the river.

CUT TO:

INT. RED RENTAL CAR-NIGHT

Starla hits her head on the dashboard.

STARLA (V.O.)
This is where I question myself.

INT. OFFICE-TALENT AGENCY-NIGHT

Starla hits the last button. She smiles and closes the laptop.

An alarm sounds.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-STUDIO APARTMENT-DAY

Starla hits the alarm. She sits up.

STARLA
Some fucked up dream!

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM-STUDIO APARTMENT-DAY

Starla stands in front of the mirror, brushing her teeth. Her hair wrapped up in a **towel**.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY-TALENT AGENCY-DAY

Starla steps towards her office door. She pushes the door open.

STARLA (V.O.)
My day starts and ends here.
Bringing you the next popstar.
You're welcome!

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE-TALENT AGENCY-NIGHT

ROXY, 21. Secretary and porn star. Dimwitted and naive.

ROXY (O.C.)
Starla!

Starla looks at Roxy.

STARLA
Yes?

ROXY
I'm going home now.

STARLA
Alright. Don't do anything I
wouldn't do.

Roxy steps out of the office.

ROXY
I won't.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE-TALENT AGENCY-NIGHT

Roxy backs up against the wall.

PORN ACTOR, 20s.

He rips Roxy's blouse open.

CAMERAMAN, 30s.

DIRECTOR, 40s.

DIRECTOR
Keep it on that!

Starla walks by. She looks.

Porn Actor lifts Roxy up.

STARLA
Another day, another dollar!

She raises her key towards a **Black Mercedes Benz**.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-STUDIO APARTMENT-NIGHT

Her laptop in front of her; a bowl of **red grapes** beside her.
Starla tosses a grape into her mouth.

STARLA (V.O.)
I sit here, in my studio apartment,
getting ready for the next set of
talented kids. Good night, people!
I'll catch you later.

Starla closes the laptop and sets it down on the **nightstand**.
She switches off the light.

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM-HIGH SCHOOL-NIGHT

Starla stands to her feet.

STARLA
(clap)

She sits down.

Judge #1 looks at Starla.

Starla reaches into her briefcase. She pulls out a notebook and writes down Lily's full name.

Lily steps off the stage.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
And now, please welcome to the
stage, Dani!!

The curtains open.

Dani steps onto the stage. She grips onto the microphone, a nervous look on her face. Her eyes wander, eyeing the audience and Starla.

DANI
(clear throat)
Somebody told me about you,
standing there, watching me,
holding.

Starla's eyes in amazement.

STARLA (V.O.)
Finally, I had found some real
talent in this rundown town. Now
all I have to do is get them
signed! But which one!!

CUT TO:

INT. GIRLS' BATHROOM-HIGH SCHOOL-NIGHT

DANI (O.C.)
(sob)
(cry)

Dani sits on the toilet. She wipes her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY-HIGH SCHOOL-NIGHT

Dani steps into the hallway.

Starla comes out of the auditorium. She looks at Dani.

STARLA
I was looking for you.

Dani turns around and walks away from her.

STARLA (CONT'D)

Wait!!

She gets in front of her.

STARLA (CONT'D)

There's something else!

DANI

What!

STARLA

An internship.

DANI

What am I going to do with an internship. That talent show was my only chance at getting out of this town. Now, I don't have it.

STARLA

My internship provides you with studio time.

DANI

Really?

STARLA

Yes.

Starla steps down the hallway.

STARLA (CONT'D)

I'll be in touch!

Dani looks back at Starla. She thinks about the offer given to her by Starla.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT-TALENT AGENCY-NIGHT

Starla's shiny, waxed black Mercedes Benz, parked in the VIP section.

Starla steps towards the car. She opens the driver door and sits.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. STARLA'S MERCEDEZ BENZ-NIGHT

Starla sits. Her eyes look at the red spray paint across the windshield of her Mercedes Benz.

STARLA
What the hell!

Starla gets up from the seat and walks around to the front end. Her eyes in shock. It reads: You're going to hell!!

STARLA (CONT'D)
You're going to hell!!

CARL (V.O.)
You're going to hell!!
(laugh)

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE-DEALERSHIP-DAY

Starla stands alongside a man, walking around her Mercedes. CARL, 32. Mechanic. Sarcastic, loud and charismatic.

STARLA
It's not funny!!

CARL
It is! Whoever did this -- isn't playing!
(laugh)

STARLA
Can you fix it or not!

CARL
Of course I can.

STARLA
How long will it take?

CARL
I'll get to it right away. It'll be ready by tomorrow.

She throws her arms in the air in frustration.

STARLA
Dang it! I really need a car.

CARL
There are car services.

Starla pulls her cell phone out of her purse.

STARLA

Right!

She steps away.

STARLA (CONT'D)

Hello? Yeah, I need a driver to
pick me up!

Carl watches her walk out of the garage.

CARL

(whisper)

Stuck up!

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD-DAY

A girl rushes across the street. She pushes a **can** of **red spray paint** down into her **backpack**. MARTA, 18. College student. Adventurous, courageous and vocal about her beliefs.

MARTA

Hmm -- hmm --

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-RAMIREZ RESIDENCE-DAY

Marta pushes the front door open. She shuts it and locks the deadbolt.

ROSA (O.S.)

Is that you Miss Marta!

MARTA

Yeah!

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-RAMIREZ RESIDENCE-DAY

A woman sits in front of the window, knitting. ROSA, 45. Nurse. Humble and kind.

Marta steps into the bedroom and stops at the **rails** to a **medical bed**.

Rosa sets the **yarn** down on the floor.

ROSA
I thought you had class.

MARTA
I moved them to later.

Rosa grabs a **laundry basket** from the floor.

ROSA
Be back in a bit.

She steps out of the bedroom.

Marta looks back at Rosa.

MARTA
What's on tonight's menu?

ROSA
Chicken enchiladas.

MARTA
Good.

Marta looks at a woman lying, asleep. ROSE, 56. Foster mother. A kindhearted woman.

12-YEAR-OLD MARTA (V.O.)
I don't want to leave her!

ROSE (V.O.)
You're not baby. She's gone to a better place.

CUT TO:

INT. PATIENT ROOM-HOSPICE FACILITY-NIGHT-FLASHBACK

12-YEAR-OLD MARTA kisses on a woman's cheek. WYONA, 34. A social worker. Kind and humble.

Rose helps her up to her feet. She walks 12-Year-Old Marta out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-RAMIREZ RESIDENCE-BACK TO PRESENT

Marta kisses Rose's hand.

MARTA

I could use some of your wisdom
right now, you know.

She looks at Rose as she sleeps.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE-TALENT AGENCY-DAY

Starla sits in front of her laptop.

STARLA (V.O.)

What's the first thing that you did
today? My morning didn't go as I
expected it to. Some poor demented
psycho graffitied my Mercedes. Now,
I'm forced to ride around in a
second-choice car with a person
that is close to going on welfare.
Things do get better though. Here's
to living the easy life.

She closes the laptop.

CUT TO:

INT. MEETING ROOM-TALENT AGENCY-DAY

At the end of the table, Starla's eyes are on the door.

A woman walks into the room, a briefcase in her hand. She
sets it down on the floor and sits across from Starla. SUSAN
POTTER, 40. CEO. Strict, demanding and impulsive.

EXECUTIVES #1, #2 and #3 step into the room.

Starla smiles.

SUSAN

Begin, please!

STARLA

Ladies and gentlemen, please have a
seat.

Executives #1, #2 and #3 sit.

Starla turns and presses the **power button** to the **projector**.

Susan looks at the screen.

Red writing written across the screen.

PROJECTOR SCREEN

It reads: Susan Potter is the devil!!

BACK TO SCENE

Susan stands up.

SUSAN

Is this some kind of joke!

Starla looks at the projector screen.

STARLA

What!!

She looks at Susan.

STARLA (CONT'D)

I -- I --

Susan steps out of the meeting room.

Starla rushes out.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY-TALENT AGENCY-DAY

Susan walks down the hallway.

Starla runs after her.

STARLA

Susan!!

Susan turns to her.

SUSAN

(point)

Do you think that people calling me
the devil gets to me!

STARLA

I don't know --

SUSAN

-- You know how you're going to fix
this!

STARLA

How?

SUSAN

I'm giving you a second chance.

STARLA

Really?

SUSAN

Two days. I want that pitch. No more games!

Susan steps away.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Get to work!!

Starla rushes down the hallway.

STARLA

(throw arms up)

Yes!!

A **food trolley** in Marta's grasp. She pushes it closer to the meeting room.

Starla rushes out of the meeting room.

MARTA

Sandwich! Water!

Starla turns around and steps towards her.

STARLA

I'll take one of those!

Starla grabs a water bottle.

MARTA

It goes good with a delicious sandwich.

STARLA

How much?

MARTA

Five.

Starla reaches into her wallet and pulls out a **credit card**.

Marta takes it and slides the card across the **card reader**.

MARTA (CONT'D)

Here you go!

She hands her the card back.

Starla takes a sandwich.

STARLA

Thank you.

Starla steps away.

MARTA

Thank you.

Marta pushes the trolley further down the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE-TALENT AGENCY-DAY

Starla sits at her desk.

Roxy follows her in.

STARLA

Get me those presentation folders,
please?

ROXY

Anything else?

STARLA

Yes, shred the old papers.

ROXY

What was the problem with the
others?

STARLA

I'll tell you later.

Starla unwraps the **Saranwrap** from the sandwich.

ROXY

Is that all?

She takes a bite from the sandwich.

STARLA

(chew)

Hire that lunch lady in the
hallway!

ROXY
Lunch lady?

STARLA
With the wagon of sandwiches? Go
hire her.

Roxy rushes out of the office.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY-TALENT AGENCY-DAY

Roxy steps towards Marta.

ROXY
Hey you!

MARTA
(point)
Marta! I'm Marta.

ROXY
Okay, Marta. You're hired.

MARTA
What for?

ROXY
Being the lunch lady. The boss
really likes your sandwiches.

Roxy turns around and walks away.

ROXY (CONT'D)
See you tomorrow!

Marta smiles. She pushes the trolley.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN-RAMIREZ RESIDENCE-NIGHT

Mayonnaise, mustard and *hoagie bread* set on the isle counter.

Marta wraps sandwich after sandwich with Saranwrap.

Rosa steps past her. She hugs Marta.

ROSA
Good night!

MARTA

Night!

She kisses Marta on the cheek.

Rosa steps out of the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-RAMIREZ RESIDENCE-NIGHT

Marta sits.

Rose lays in bed, asleep.

MARTA

I got a job.

Marta smiles.

MARTA (CONT'D)

I wish you could be there to see.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE-TALENT AGENCY-NIGHT

Her eyes glued to the screen of the laptop along with her fingers on the keyboard.

STARLA (V.O.)

Have you ever had one of those days where things didn't go as you planned. At the end of the day, things got better. Thanks to eating one of the best tasting sandwiches.

Roxy steps into the office.

Starla closes the laptop. She looks at Roxy.

ROXY

I'm going now.

STARLA

I'll see you tomorrow.

Roxy steps out of the office.

Starla reaches into her pants pocket.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-STUDIO APARTMENT-NIGHT

Starla sits at the edge of the bed. She grabs a **framed photograph** from the **nightstand**. She looks at her grandmother, Sierra's smile and herself. She smiles.

STARLA

I miss you.

She kisses the glass and sets it back down on the nightstand. Starla switches the **lamp** off.

INT. BEDROOM-MANSION-NIGHT

ROXY

Hello!

Roxy steps further into the bedroom.

ROXY (CONT'D)

Anyone here!

ROGER (O.C.)

Get comfortable!

Roxy sits on the bed. She takes the boots off and tosses them to the side of the bed.

ROGER (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Slowly!

Roxy pulls down her blouse. She puts the **blouse** down with her **skirt**.

ROGER (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Lie down and close your eyes!

Roxy crawls onto the bed. She shuts her eyes and lies back.

A man in a towel, walks towards the bed. ROGER, early 50s. Businessman. A lying, cheating and manipulative man.

He drops the towel to the floor. His hands reach and pull the panties down from her waist.

ROXY

(pant)

Roger kisses her stomach. He looks back at the men standing behind him. RAY, early 40s. Businessman. A demented, perverted and deranged man. BOB, early 30s. Businessman. A married, cheating and lying man.

Roger spreads her legs open.

ROXY (CONT'D)
(moan)

Ray crawls towards Roxy. He sucks on her breast.

ROXY (CONT'D)
(pant)

Bob walks around to her. He sticks his finger in her mouth.
He touches his groin.

BOB
I'm going to give you something to
taste.

Bob yanks at her hair.

BOB (CONT'D)
Got it!

RAY
Good girl!

He presses his lips on hers.

Roxy opens her eyes and looks at him.

Bob slaps her.

BOB
Keep your eyes shut!

ROXY
(sob)
Okay!

BOB
Here's your surprise.

He presses his groin close to her face.

BOB (CONT'D)
(moan)

CUT TO:

INT. BREAK ROOM-TALENT AGENCY-DAY

At a table alone, Roxy sits. A **coffee mug** in her hand and **sunglasses** concealing the **blackeye**.

Marta stands behind Roxy, setting sandwiches on the trolley.

Roxy looks at her in the corner of her eye.

ROXY

Do you mind not staring at me.

Marta looks away.

STARLA

There you are!

Marta looks back at Starla.

MARTA

(point)

Me?

STARLA

Yes you! You better get out there!
We have starving executives and
agents here!

Marta pushes the trolley out of the break room.

Starla looks at Roxy.

MARTA

Break time is over, Roxy. Time to
get back to work.

ROXY

Alright.

Starla steps out of the break room.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY-TALENT AGENCY-DAY

AGENT #1, #2 and #3 line up.

Marta hands Agent #1 his card.

AGENT #1

Thank you.

Agent #1 steps away.

Agent #2 steps towards Marta and hands her a credit card.

Starla steps towards Marta. She wraps her arm around her back.

STARLA
How's it going?

MARTA
Pretty good.

Starla smiles.

STARLA
Stop by my office before you leave.
I got something I want to talk to
you about.

MARTA
Okay.

Starla looks at the clock on the wall.

STARLA
Shoot!

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE-DAY

Starla sits in the back with Lily.

MAKE-UP ARTIST, early 20s.

The Make-up Artist lines up Lily's lashes.

STARLA
Okay, so, you'll answer a few
questions, and you'll sign some
autographs. You know, stuff like
that.

LILY
Yeah, I know.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER-DAY

Lily walks through a crowd of FANS. She signs **notebooks**, **t-shirts** and **binders**.

Starla grabs her by the arm and pulls her towards the
entrance door.

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM-CONVENTTION CENTER-DAY

From Fan to Fan, Lily signs every t-shirt and notebook.

Her eyes on Lily. Dani lowers her sunglasses to take a clear look at Lily.

Starla steps towards Dani.

STARLA

I told you to meet me at my office.

DANI

I wasn't going to miss this!

Dani looks at Lily.

Lily looks at Dani. She loses her smile as she signs merchandise.

Starla pushes Dani towards the exit doors.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. TAXI-DAY

Starla opens the back door.

Dani sits.

DANI

When are you going to put that much effort into getting my face on a t-shirt!

STARLA

I told you; the internship starts today. My secretary will guide you.

Starla shuts the door.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM-TALENT AGENCY-DAY

A splash of water to her face, Roxy leans down on the counter.

SIERRA (V.O.)

(whisper)

Roxy!

Roxy looks around.

ROXY
Who's there!

SIERRA, 20. A evil spirit that takes the form of a deceased young woman from the 1920s.

Sierra grabs Roxy by the throat and leans her mouth close to her ear.

SIERRA
(whisper)
Show your sexy side!
(laugh)

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY-TALENT AGENCY-DAY

Roxy walks through the hallway. She lifts her shirt over her head and drops it to the floor.

Agent #1 looks at Roxy.

AGENT #1
Roxy, are you alright?

Roxy rips her bra open and tosses it to the floor.

Agent #2 steps towards Roxy.

She kisses him.

He falls to the floor.

She falls on top of him.

ROXY
Do you want to fuck me!

AGENT #2
Roxy!

Roxy yanks down her panties.

Agent #1 pulls her off of him.

ROXY
Get off me!!

Marta looks at Roxy. She looks away.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE-TALENT AGENCY-NIGHT

Starla's fingers are typing on the keyboard of her laptop.

Marta steps into the office. Her hands full with three sandwiches.

Starla looks at Marta.

MARTA

I have three left over. I thought
you might want them.

STARLA

Thank you.

MARTA

Well, good night.

Marta turns to the door.

STARLA

Wait!

Marta looks back at her.

MARTA

Yes?

STARLA

Do you need a ride home?

MARTA

I can take the bus.

STARLA

Come on, I'll give a ride.

Starla closes the laptop.

CUT TO:

INT. STARLA'S MERCEDEZ BENZ-NIGHT

Starla looks on her right.

STARLA

Which house is it?

MARTA
(point)
That one!

Starla turns the steering wheel to her right.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-RAMIREZ RESIDENCE-NIGHT

A flip to the light switch.

Marta walks Starla into the living room.

Starla looks around.

Stacks of *bibles* on a table.

STARLA
I see you're pretty religious.
Marta looks at Starla.

MARTA
Huh?

STARLA
The bibles. You're religious.

MARTA
Religion has nothing to do with it.
It's about believing.

Marta steps towards the hallway.

MARTA (CONT'D)
Excuse me, I'll be right back.

Marta steps away.

Starla looks at a painting on a wall of Marta with her parents.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-RAMIREZ RESIDENCE-NIGHT

Rosa sits up, sleeping.

Marta touches her shoulder.

Rosa jumps out of her skin, having a jump scare.

ROSAL
Oh!

MARTAL
I'm sorry.

Rosa smiles.

ROSAL
Did you have a good day?

MARTAL
Yeah.

Rosa stands up and walks towards the living room.

ROSAL
Good night.

MARTAL
Good night.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-RAMIREZ RESIDENCE-CONTINUOUS

Starla picks up a bible. She flips through it.

Rosa steps past her.

Starla looks at her.

Rosa looks at her.

ROSAL
Psalms 23.

STARLAL
What?

Rosa looks back at her.

ROSAL
In the bible, Psalms 23.

STARLAL
Thank you.

ROSAL
Are you Miss Marta's boss?

STARLAL
Yes.

ROSA
Be good to her. She's been through
a lot.

STARLA
I will.

ROSA
Good night.

STARLA
You too.

Rosa steps towards the door. She pulls it open and steps out.

The door closes.

Marta steps into the living room.

MARTA
You can have that.

Starla closes the bible and sets it down on the table.

STARLA
Oh, no. I'm good.

Marta grabs the bible and hands it to her.

MARTA
Take it. That's what they're there
for.

Starla looks at it.

MARTA (CONT'D)
Please!

Starla takes it.

STARLA
I'll see you tomorrow.

MARTA
Good night.

CUT TO:

INT. STARLA'S MERCEDEZ BENZ-NIGHT

Starla drives the Mercedes.

The bible sits on the car seat.

Her eyes look down at the bible.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM-STUDIO APARTMENT-NIGHT

In front of the bathroom mirror, Starla brushes her teeth. She spits out the toothpaste and rinses her mouth out.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-STUDIO APARTMENT-NIGHT

The bible in her lap.

Starla raises it up to her face, to get a better read.

STARLA
(read)
The Lord is my shepherd; I shall
not want --

Asleep in her bed, Starla rests comfortably.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-MANSION-NIGHT

Her head pressed against the pillows; Roxy lies on her stomach.

Roger sits up behind her. He goes back and forth.

ROXY
Ugh!

ROGER
(grunt)

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM-DAY

Roxy wraps a **rubber band** around her arm. A **syringe** in her hand. She sticks it in and squeezes the heroin in.

ROXY
(breath)

CUT TO:

INT. MEETING ROOM-TALENT AGENCY-DAY

Booklet after booklet, Starla sets each one in front of an empty chair.

Agents #1 and #2 step into the meeting room.

Starla looks at Agents #1 and #2.

STARLA
Have any of you seen Roxy?

AGENT #1
No.

STARLA
(roll eyes)
Figures!

She looks at her watch.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY-TALENT AGENCY-DAY

Susan steps down the hallway. She walks at a fast pace.

Marta steps past her with the trolley.

Susan stops and looks at Marta.

SUSAN
Excuse me?

Marta looks at her.

MARTA
Yes?

SUSAN
Who are you?

MARTA
Marta, the sandwich artist.

Susan grabs a sandwich. She looks at it.

SUSAN
Marta, huh?

Marta nods her head "Yes".

Susan pulls a hundred-dollar bill from her pocket and hands it to Marta.

Marta takes it.

MARTA

Thanks.

SUSAN

Please, take them into the meeting room for everyone.

Marta wheels the trolley towards the meeting room.

CUT TO:

INT. MEETING ROOM-TALENT AGENCY-DAY

Marta sets the trolley up against the wall.

Susan walks into the meeting room.

Marta steps towards the door.

Susan looks at her.

SUSAN

You can stay, Marta.

MARTA

I'm just a --

SUSAN

Please, I want you to!

Marta turns to the trolley and sits.

Susan sits at the end of the table.

The meeting room fills with Agent #1, #2 and #3.

Executive #1 and #2 sit.

Starla hits the power button on the remote.

PROJECTOR SCREEN

Photograph of Lily.

STARLA (O.C.)

Like our newest client, Lily, we
have more talent rising out in the
world.

The photograph changes to Lily's new album.

The next image changes to the earth globe.

STARLA (CONT'D)

With the more musical artist we
get, the more money we'll pull into
this agency.

Marta's eyes grow with seriousness. Her thoughts being that
she's feeding their egos.

Susan raises her hand.

SUSAN

Do you already have someone with
us?

STARLA

As a matter of fact, yes. She's a
work in progress.

SUSAN

I like to meet her before we make
any representation decisions.

STARLA

Fair enough.

Marta looks at Susan.

SUSAN

That's all people. Good day!

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY-TALENT AGENCY-DAY

The door to the meeting room opens.

Susan steps out with a sandwich in her hand. Her arm wrapped
around Marta's shoulder.

SUSAN

Glad you could be a part of this.

Susan takes a bite from the sandwich.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
I better go. I have a very big
appointment to get to.

Susan steps down the hallway.

Marta looks at her.

Starla steps alongside of Marta.

STARLA
Don't mind her, she's just in her
own world.

MARTA
I see that.

Starla looks at her.

STARLA
You know what?

MARTA
What?

STARLA
You can fill in for Roxy. Take some
calls and entertain my intern for
me. What do you say?

MARTA
I'll give it a shot.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE-TALENT AGENCY-DAY

At the front desk of the office, Marta sits, suffering from
boredom.

The phone rings.

She grabs the receiver and puts it to her ear.

MARTA
Hello?

Starla looks at Marta.

Marta looks at Starla.

MARTA (CONT'D)
I'll connect you.
(point)

She hits the transfer button.

MARTA (CONT'D)
Your intern is waiting!

Starla grabs the receiver.

STARLA
Hello?

DANI (V.O.)
Hi.

STARLA
Where are you?

DANI (V.O.)
I'm coming up.

STARLA
Okay.

Starla hangs up the receiver. She stands to her feet.

STARLA (CONT'D)
Marta!!

Marta stands up.

STARLA (CONT'D)
Come with me, please.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY-TALENT AGENCY-DAY

Dani sits on a sofa in the lobby, looking through a *magazine*.

STARLA (O.C.)
Glad you could make it!

Dani drops the magazine to the table in front of her. She stands up and steps towards Starla.

DANI
I'm glad you have made the time for me.

STARLA
I have an errand to run, so, my
friend Marta here is going to
assist you with your internship.

DANI
Wait! What!

Starla steps towards the exit doors.

STARLA
I'll see you in a couple of hours.

Dani looks at Marta.

DANI
Unbelievable!

MARTA
Come on.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE-TALENT AGENCY-DAY

Marta and Dani sit at the desk, across from each other.

Dani fills out paperwork, while Marta reads from a small bible.

She looks at the small bible.

DANI
What's that you got there?

MARTA
A bible.

DANI
Can I see?

Marta lifts it up to her eyes and hands it to her. She looks through the pages.

DANI (CONT'D)
This is neat!

MARTA
I got it on my eighth birthday.

DANI
I wish I had mine. I left it back
in Louisiana.

Marta reaches into her backpack and pulls out a bible. She hands it to Dani.

DANI (CONT'D)
What, you always carry more than
one bible with you?

MARTA
In case someone needs one. Take it!

DANI
I couldn't.

MARTA
I have a bookshelf of them.

DANI
You do?

Dani takes it. She flips through the pages.

DANI (CONT'D)
I got to see that.

Marta looks at her watch.

MARTA
I can show you now.

DANI
What about Starla?

MARTA
Oh well.

Marta grabs her backpack and stands up.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD-NIGHT

Marta steps towards her house.

Dani looks at the house.

MARTA
Come on!

DANI
I'm coming!

Dani rushes towards the house.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-RAMIREZ RESIDENCE-NIGHT

The front door opens.

Marta steps in.

Dani steps in.

MARTA
Could you lock that door for me?

Dani closes the door and locks it.

MARTA (CONT'D)
Rosa!!

Rosa steps into the living room.

ROSA
Yes, Miss Marta?

MARTA
I brought company.

Rosa looks at Dani and shakes her hand.

ROSA
It's good to meet you Miss --

DANI
-- Dani.

ROSA
Are you a friend of Miss Marta's?

DANI
Yes.

ROSA
Well, it was nice meeting you. I
hope to see you again.

DANI
You too.

Rosa steps towards the front door and unlocks it. She steps
outside.

The door closes.

Marta locks it.

MARTA

Come on.

Marta walks Dani towards the shelf of bibles.

DANI

Wow. You weren't kidding.

MARTA

I never kid around.

Dani sits on the sofa. She looks around and sees the photograph of Marta with her parents. She looks down.

Marta looks at the photograph and back at her.

MARTA (CONT'D)

You miss your family.

Dani looks at her.

DANI

(sob)

You can tell, huh?

MARTA

Listen, you have to do what's best for you.

DANI

What would you do if you were me?

Marta smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. STARLA'S MERCEDEZ BENZ-NIGHT

Starla drives the Mercedes into the parking lot of Roxy's apartments complex.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

PARAMEDICS #1 and #2, early 20s.

Roxy lies unconscious on the floor. Paramedic #1 leans over her, performing **CPR**.

PARAMEDIC #1
(breath)
Come on!

Starla steps into the living room. Her eyes look at Roxy, on the floor and Paramedic #1 trying to revive her.

Paramedic #1 sits up.

Starla looks away.

STARLA
(sob)
Roxy!

PARAMEDIC #1
I'm sorry. She's gone.

Starla drops to her knees.

Paramedic #2 rushes towards her. He crouches down.

PARAMEDIC #2
Come on, let me help you up.

Starla stands to her feet.

STARLA
I'm fine!

She looks at Roxy.

STARLA (CONT'D)
(cry)

A beep from her cell phone comes from her pants pocket.

Starla pulls it out and hits answer.

STARLA (CONT'D)
Whoever this is, it's really not a good time!

SUSAN (V.O.)
What did you do!

STARLA
What do you mean?

SUSAN (V.O.)
I was just in the middle of meeting with your intern when I just learned that she left the building with that Marta woman!

STARLA
What are you talking about?

SUSAN (V.O.)
So, you had no part in it?

STARLA
I don't know what you're talking about!

SUSAN (V.O.)
She's gone, Starla!! Your intern is headed home!

STARLA
What!

SUSAN (V.O.)
It's all because of that sandwich artist! Fire her!!

A tone sounds.

Starla slides her cell phone into her pants pocket.

CUT TO:

INT. MEETING ROOM-TALENT AGENCY-DAY

Starla parks the Mercedes in front of Marta's house.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-RAMIREZ RESIDENCE-NIGHT

The door cracked open.

Starla pushes the door wide open. She steps in.

STARLA
Marta!!

Starla shuts the door.

STARLA (CONT'D)
Where are you!

MARTA
Right here!

Starla turns to Marta holding a double-barreled shotgun. She raises her arms up.

STARLA
Whoa! Hold on!

MARTA
What are you doing here?

STARLA
I'm here to talk, that's it!
Please, lower that thing!

Marta points it down to the floor.

MARTA
Come in!

She steps away.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-RAMIREZ RESIDENCE-NIGHT

Marta washes under Rose's armpits with a **washcloth**.

Starla steps in. She looks in Rose's direction and then looks away.

STARLA
Okay, I did not need to see that!

Marta lowers Rose's arm down and drops the washcloth into the tub of **soapy water**. She dries her hand off with a towel.

MARTA
So, what do you want?

STARLA
I -- I came to talk to you about
Dani.

MARTA
What about her?

STARLA
What did you say to her?

MARTA
I told her that she should do
what's best for her and follow her
conscience.

Starla looks across the room and sees a spray paint can hanging out of Marta's backpack. She steps towards the backpack and pulls the can out.

STARLA

You!

MARTA

Me!

STARLA

You vandalized my car!

She stares at her with a disgusted look on her face.

STARLA (CONT'D)

You sabotaged my work. All for what!

Marta tosses the towel to the basket across the room.

MARTA

I sabotaged your work! Your whole business is a sham! The talent that goes in and comes out different, tainted by abuse. Tell me, how's Roxy doing.

STARLA

(sob)

MARTA

Yeah, I could tell she was in the adult film business. The needle marks on her arms and the constant covering of her eyes. Is that really what you want for Dani?

STARLA

(cry)

Starla wipes her eyes.

MARTA

You're here to fire me as well.

STARLA

I'm not going to. I'm letting you go quietly. That way you can keep your dignity.

MARTA

Very noble of you.

STARLA

What happened to your parents?

MARTA
Why do you ask?

STARLA
The photograph, your parents and her? Tell me, what happened?

MARTA
The greed of this world, everything it represents and everything wrong with people. My father had a rough life. He was abused and was a survivor. All for milk, he went to get milk but never came back. All for a man's greed. My mother chain-smoked until her lungs were no good.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT-FLASHBACK

A man sits at the edge of the bed.

NILLO, 22. An orderly. A kind and hardworking young man.

4-YEAR-OLD MARTA lies in bed. He leans towards her and kisses her on the forehead.

NILLO
Say your prayers baby. I'll be right back.

Nillo stands up.

4-YEAR-OLD MARTA
Promise!

NILLO
I pinky swear.

Nillo holds out his pinky finger and steps out.

MARTA (V.O.)
That was the last time I saw him.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-RAMIREZ RESIDENCE-BACK TO PRESENT

Marta looks at Starla.

MARTA
I have no pride, and I could care
less about you trying to help me to
keep my dignity.

Starla stands up and turns around. She steps towards the doorway.

STARLA
Good luck tomorrow.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY-TALENT AGENCY-DAY

The elevator doors open.

Marta steps into the hallway. A **cardboard box** in her hand. She steps towards the meeting room.

CUT TO:

INT. MEETING ROOM-TALENT AGENCY-DAY

Susan stands.

SUSAN
(wave)
Come in, please.

Marta steps towards the table. She looks at Starla.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Sit, please.

Marta sits.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Is there anything you have to say?

Marta looks down at her shoes.

MARTA
Do you ever look at your feet?

SUSAN
What!

MARTA
Do you ever look at the feet that
you walk on or are you too busy
buying people's souls.

SUSAN
I'm finished! Security!!

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY-TALENT AGENCY-DAY

Marta is carried out by two men. SECURITY GUARD #1 and #2, 20s.

Starla steps into the hallway.

Marta looks at Starla.

MARTA
Blessed are those who are
persecuted for righteousness' sake,
For theirs is the kingdom of
heaven.

She rushes towards the elevators.

Security Guard #1 and #2 step into the elevator with Marta.

The doors close.

SUSAN
Starla!!

Starla looks back at Susan.

STARLA
Yes?

SUSAN
There's someone that can take your
intern's place.

STARLA
Who's that?

SUSAN
(laugh)

CUT TO:

INT. LAMBORGHINI DIABLO-DAY

DEMI
(laugh)

A girl sits in the driver seat of the Lamborghini. DEMI, 15.
Pop singer. Naive, inconsiderate and dull minded.

CAR DEALER, 30s.

She turns the steering wheel to the right.

The Car Dealer grabs the steering wheel.

CAR DEALER
Watch it!

She grabs the steering wheel.

DEMI
I got it!

A cell phone beeps.

Demi takes her eyes off the road and reaches down into her
jacket pocket.

The Car Dealer grabs a hold of the steering wheel.

CAR DEALER
We're done!

The Lamborghini drives onto the sidewalk and hits a **garbage
can**.

DEMI
(laugh)

The Car Dealer opens the passenger door.

DEMI (CONT'D)
I'll take it!

He looks at her with anger in his eyes.

CAR DEALER
Yeah right, I'm selling you this
car.

Demi pulls out her cell phone. She hits the answer button.

DEMI
Hello?

SUSAN (V.O.)
Demi?

DEMI
Yes?

SUSAN (V.O.)
I heard you are looking for an agent.

DEMI
Yes?

SUSAN (V.O.)
Do you mind coming in?

DEMI
Sure. I'll be right in.

SUSAN (V.O.)
Okay. See you soon.

Demi ends the call and slides her cell phone into her pocket. She looks at the Car Dealer.

DEMI
Which way is the talent agency?

CAR DEALER
Seriously.

DEMI
(laugh)

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE-TALENT AGENCY-DAY

The receiver drops down.

Susan stands to her feet.

Starla looks at her, feeling worried about what's going to come out of her mouth.

STARLA
Well, what happened?

SUSAN
She's on her way.

STARLA
What do we do?

SUSAN
Get her what she likes.

Susan grabs her briefcase. She steps towards the doorway.

STARLA
Where are you going?

SUSAN
Home. I have a lot of sleep to
catch up on. You handle it.

STARLA
Me!

SUSAN
You.

She looks away.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Show her a good time.

CUT TO:

INT. MEETING ROOM-TALENT AGENCY-DAY

Trays of *shrimp, lobster tails* and *salmon steaks* are set down
on the table. CATERERS #1, #2, #3. Early 30s.

Caterers #1, #2 and #3 walk out of the meeting room.

Caterer #1 turns back to Starla.

Starla hands him three hundred-dollar bills.

STARLA
Thanks.

CATERER #1
Thank you.

Caterer #1 turns and walks out of the meeting room.

STARLA
(breath)

She throws her hands behind her head in frustration.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY-TALENT AGENCY-DAY

The elevator doors open.

Demi steps into the hallway with a man. BODYGUARD, 20s. She struts around in her **fur coat**. A **lollipop** in her mouth.

CUT TO:

INT. MEETING ROOM-TALENT AGENCY-DAY

Starla sits. Her head pressed against the table.

Demi steps into the meeting room, pulling the lollipop out of her mouth.

Starla opens her eyes. She looks at Demi.

DEMI
Which one of these bitches is
Starla!

STARLA
(raise hand)
This bitch right here!

Demi smiles.

DEMI
Good.

She sits down across the table from Starla.

The Bodyguard stands at the end of the table.

Starla looks at him, feeling over towered.

DEMI (CONT'D)
Mmhmm -- You got the good stuff!

Demi grabs a shrimp from the tray and takes a bite.

DEMI (CONT'D)
Mmhmm --

Starla stands up.

STARLA
Coffee?

DEMI
I don't drink coffee.

STARLA
Does he?

DEMI
I don't know, ask him!

Starla looks at the Bodyguard.

STARLA
Would you like some coffee?

BODYGUARD
No thank you.

STARLA
Okay

Starla grabs a folder from the table and sits. She flips through the paperwork.

STARLA (CONT'D)
If you would just sign here, we can get that record contract for you as soon as possible.

Starla hands her a pen.

Demi takes the pen and signs her name.

She closes the folder.

STARLA (CONT'D)
Great! Thank you.

Demi stands up.

DEMI
Now, let's go to this party!

STARLA
What party?

DEMI
You'll see.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT-TALENT AGENCY-NIGHT

Demi steps towards the driver side of the Lamborghini.

Starla looks at the bright colored orange Lamborghini.

STARLA
You're driving that?

DEMI
Why, what's wrong with it?

STARLA
It's a two-seater.

DEMI
So!

Starla looks back at Bodyguard.

STARLA
And what about him?

DEMI
He's got his own car.

Demi pushes the door up. She looks at Starla.

DEMI (CONT'D)
Get in!

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. LAMBORGHINI DIABLO-NIGHT

Starla lifts the door up.

STARLA
Yeah, this is a keeper.

She sits and pulls the door down, closing it shut.

Demi sits.

DEMI
Are you ready?

Starla looks at her and at the open driver door.

STARLA
Aren't you forgetting something?

DEMI
What?

STARLA
(point)

Demi looks back at the door.

DEMI
Oops. My bad.

She closes the door.

Demi turns the key in the ignition.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS-NIGHT

The Lamborghini drives through the downtown streets of Los Angeles.

CUT TO:

INT. LAMBORGHINI DIABLO-NIGHT

Demi pushes her foot on the gas pedal and drives through a red light.

DEMI
(laugh)

She looks at Starla.

STARLA
Slow down!!

Demi and Starla look at the road just up ahead.

Headlights shine into Demi's eyes.

Her hand turns the steering wheel towards a tree.

STARLA (CONT'D)
Shit!!!

The lights shine brighter.

The passenger **airbag** goes off.

Starla hits her head on the **airbag** and then the **dashboard**.

Demi lies dead on the hood of the Lamborghini.

SIERRA (V.O.)
Wake up, kiddo!

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-DAY-FLASHBACK

14-YEAR-OLD-STARLA opens her eyes.

SIERRA, 57. Book author. Kind and humble.

Sierra steps towards the bed and sits.

SIERRA
Come on! I'm taking you to
breakfast!

14-Year-Old Starla rubs her eyes. She turns to her right side.

14-YEAR-OLD STARLA
Are mom and dad on their way yet?

SIERRA
Yes. Come on! It's your big day!

Sierra steps towards the door.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING AREA-DINER-DAY

Her fork cutting into her pancakes, Starla stabs them and shovels them into her mouth.

14-YEAR-OLD STARLA
Mmhmm --

Sierra sips from a *coffee mug*.

SIERRA
Any ideas of what you want to major
in?

14-YEAR-OLD STARLA
I don't know. What did you want to
do when you were my age?

SIERRA
I wanted to write.

14-YEAR-OLD STARLA
That can't be it.

Sierra takes another sip.

SIERRA
It is.

14-YEAR-OLD STARLA
Do you think I could do that?

SIERRA
You can do anything you set your
mind to.

14-Year-Old Starla smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. PLANE-DAY

In the first-class section, a woman sits, turning a page in the book she's reading. AVA, 33. Chef. A kind and pleasant woman.

A man with his eyes closed, resting his head on her shoulder. NICHOLAS, 34. Computer programmer. Kind and caring.

Nicholas opens his eyes. He looks at his watch.

 NICHOLAS
We should be landing soon.

The plane shakes.

 PILOT (V.O.)
 (Intercom)
We're experiencing turbulence
people!

Ava fastens her seatbelt. She grabs a hold of Nicholas's hand.

 AVA
I love you!

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN-NIGHT

Sierra sits across from 14-Year-Old Starla. Her fingernails tapping against the table.

A knock on the door.

 SIERRA
I'll get it.

Sierra stands up and steps out of the kitchen.

The door opens.

SIERRA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hello?

OFFICER (O.S.)
Miss?

SIERRA (O.S.)
Yes?

OFFICER (O.S.)
I'm sorry to tell you this, but --

A thud to the floor.

14-Year-Old Starla covers her mouth.

14-YEAR-OLD STARLA
(sob)
(cry)

SIERRA (O.S.)
(cry)

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY-DAY

14-Year-Old Starla stands between the two graves of her parents. She lays a **red** and **white rose** on both of them.

INT. HIGHWAY-BACK TO PRESENT

Starla opens her eyes.

STARLA
(breath)
(cough)

PARAMEDIC #1 (O.C.)
She's breathing!!!

STARLA
(cough)

CUT TO:

INT. PATIENT ROOM-HOSPITAL-NIGHT

Starla sits on the bed.

A man sits in front of her, shining a small light in her eyes. DOCTOR, 30s.

DOCTOR
Follow the light!

Her eyes go left and right.

He turns off the light.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
I like to keep you overnight for
observation.

STARLA
Serious, doc! I'm fine.

DOCTOR
Get comfortable.

The Doctor stands up.

Starla lies back.

STARLA
(breath)

CUT TO:

INT. ALTAR ROOM-MANSION-NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

In an altar room. A group full of twelve MEN having an orgy with Susan.

Starla eyes grow scared.

Susan raises a dagger over her head. She looks back at Starla.

SUSAN
Come join the party!!

She drives it down.

CUT TO:

INT. PATIENT ROOM-HOSPITAL-DAY (END DREAM SEQUENCE)

STARLA
(scream)

Starla sits up. She looks around the room.

STARLA (CONT'D)
(breath)

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING-CONDO APARTMENT-DAY

The front door opens.

Starla steps in. She shuts the door behind her. Her eyes wander around the living room, seeing nothing but useless decorations.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM-STUDIO APARTMENT-DAY

A towel wrapped around her head; Starla looks back at herself in the mirror, brushing her teeth.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS-DAY

Starla steps towards the Mercedes Benz. She reaches for the handle to the driver door. She hesitates to touch it. Her eyes close.

STARLA
You got this!

Starla opens the door.

CUT TO:

INT. STARLA'S MERCEDEZ BENZ-DAY

Starla hits the brake pedal, stopping at a red light. She looks at a woman crossing the streets.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS-CONTINUOUS

Marta steps across the crosswalk.

CUT TO:

INT. STARLA'S MERCEDEZ BENZ-CONTINUOUS

Starla rolls the passenger window down.

STARLA
Hey!!!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS-CONTINUOUS

Marta stops. She looks back at Starla.

CUT TO;

INT. STARLA'S MERCEDEZ BENZ-CONTINUOUS

STARLA
Do you need a ride!!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS-CONTINUOUS

Marta looks at her. She thinks to herself.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. STARLA'S MERCEDEZ BENZ-CONTINUOUS

Starla drives the Mercedes Benz towards the college grounds.

STARLA
So, what's your major?

MARTA
Nursing school.

Starla presses her foot on the brake pedal.

Marta takes off her seatbelt.

MARTA (CONT'D)
Thanks.

She opens the passenger door.

STARLA
Hey!

Marta looks back at her.

MARTA
Yes?

STARLA
What's your name?

MARTA
Marta. Yours?

STARLA
Starla. If you need a ride home, I
can come back later.

MARTA
That be nice. Sure. I'll see you at
three.

Marta stands up. She shuts the door.

STARLA
(wave)

Starla pushes her foot on the gas pedal.

The car drives past the greenlight. The light turns red
quickly. A car drives towards her and smashes into the driver
door. The windows shatter.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLEGE GROUNDS-DAY

Marta's eyes grow in shock.

MARTA
Oh lord!

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. STARLA'S MERCEDEZ BENZ-CONTINUOUS

Marta presses a towel against Starla's forehead.

STARLA
You're really good at this.

MARTA
Thanks.

STARLA
You really don't have to do this,
I'm fine.

MARTA
You could have a concussion.

STARLA
Probably but this happens to me all
the time.

MARTA
Maybe you should get yourself a
padded room.
(laugh)

Starla looks at her with a serious look on her face.

MARTA (CONT'D)
Sorry.

Starla looks at her watch.

STARLA
I got to get to work.

MARTA
You can't work in your condition.

CUT TO:

INT. PATIENT ROOM-HOSPITAL-DAY

Starla sits on the exam table. She looks at Marta.

STARLA
You really didn't have to come
along.

MARTA
It's fine.

The Doctor steps into the room.

DOCTOR
Starla, happy to see you again.

STARLA
I'm not.

He leans down and looks her in the eyes.

DOCTOR
Your eyes aren't bloodshot, so
that's a plus!

STARLA
That's comforting, doc.

DOCTOR
But I do suggest you take a day off
from work.

STARLA
But I --

DOCTOR
Please -- Don't argue with me. I
have a daughter, and she can't even
win.

STARLA
Okay.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS-DAY

Starla steps down the sidewalk. She raises her arm up.

STARLA
Taxi!!

Marta steps towards her.

MARTA
Let me try!

Marta turns around. She raises her arm.

MARTA (CONT'D)
(yell)
Taxi!!!

A taxi pulls up to the curb.

Starla looks at Marta.

STARLA
Thanks.

A beep comes from Marta's cell phone.

Marta pulls her cell phone from her purse and answers it.

MARTA

Hello?

ROSA (V.O.)

Miss Marta?

(sob)

MARTA

What's wrong?

Starla looks at her.

STARLA

What is it?

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY-DAY

Marta looks down at the grave. A tear streams down her cheek.

Marta crouches down. She lays a rose down.

MARTA

I love you.

From a tree, Starla stands.

Marta stands up.

A vibration in her pants pocket. Starla reaches down and answers her cell phone.

STARLA

Hello?

SUSAN (V.O.)

Are you coming into work today?

STARLA

I'll be there soon.

Starla ends the call.

Marta looks at Starla.

STARLA (CONT'D)

(wave)

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE-TALENT AGENCY-DAY

Starla steps towards her office.

Roxy stands up.

 ROXY
Starla!

Starla looks at her. Her eyes filled with tears. She steps towards her.

 ROXY (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

Starla hugs her.

 ROXY (CONT'D)
You're scaring me.

A kiss to her cheek.

Starla looks her in the eyes.

 STARLA
Please, no more dirty movies!!
Okay! You can do better!

 ROXY
Okay.

Starla smiles. She kisses her on the cheek again.

 SUSAN
(yell)
Starla!!!

 STARLA
(roll eyes)

Susan steps towards Starla with a coffee mug.

 SUSAN
Where the hell have you been!

 STARLA
The hospital.

 SUSAN
Is this going to be a normal thing!

 STARLA
No.

Starla slaps her across the face.

STARLA (CONT'D)
That is!

Susan looks at her.

STARLA (CONT'D)
I quit!

Starla leans down towards her coffee mug.

STARLA (CONT'D)
(spit)

Roxy looks at Starla.

STARLA (CONT'D)
Consider that resignation!

Starla grabs a hold of Roxy's hand and rushes away.

Roxy smiles.

ROXY
(laugh)

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR-TALENT AGENCY-DAY

Starla pulls Roxy into the elevator. She hits the first-floor button. The doors close.

ROXY
I can't believe you did that!

STARLA
That felt good.

ROXY
You're such a badass!

Starla runs her hands through her hair, feeling like she has accomplished something big.

STARLA
Do you mind stopping somewhere?

ROXY
Yes, no problem.

STARLA
Cool.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT YARD-RAMIREZ RESIDENCE-DAY

Marta steps towards a **Voltswagen Bus**. She slides a suitcase into the trunk.

STARLA (O.C.)
Marta?

Marta looks back at Starla.

MARTA
Hey?

STARLA
What's going on?

MARTA
I'm going across the country. I got to get out of L.A. for a while, you know.

STARLA
What about the house?

MARTA
It'll be here when I get back.
Unless --

STARLA
-- What?

MARTA
Nothing. Forget about it.

STARLA
Go ahead?

MARTA
Unless you want to look after it.

STARLA
Yes! I will.

MARTA
Aren't you supposed to be at work?

STARLA
I quit.

MARTA
Was it worth it?

Starla looks back at Roxy. She looks at Marta.

STARLA
Yes, it was.

Marta shuts the trunk. She steps towards Starla and hugs her.

MARTA
Take care of yourself.

STARLA
You too.

Marta walks around the van. She gets in.

The van drives away.

Starla looks at the house. She smiles.

STARLA (CONT'D)
(laugh)
(wave)
Come here!

Roxy steps towards Starla.

Starla wraps her arm around her shoulder.

ROXY
What now boss?

STARLA
We start our own business.

ROXY
What kind of business?

STARLA
You have all my clients on file,
don't you?

ROXY
Yeah.

STARLA
Good!
(laugh)

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-RAMIREZ RESIDENCE-DAY

MOVERS #1 and #2, 20s.

Mover #1 steps towards Starla.

MOVER #1

Where do you want all the furniture
to go?

STARLA

Back to the warehouse, please.

MOVER #1

I never saw the day that someone
would give back their furniture.

STARLA

That day has come.

Starla hands him a **wad** of **cash**.

STARLA (CONT'D)

For your help.

MOVER #1

Seriously!

Mover #1 takes it and walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-RAMIREZ RESIDENCE-DAY

Starla sets a suitcase down. She closes the front door with
the tips of her fingers.

STARLA

I'm home.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE-RAMIREZ RESIDENCE-NIGHT

Starla sits at a desk. Her fingers typing on the keyboard.

STARLA (V.O.)

Has anyone ever given up everything
after getting into an accident. I
have. Deep down, it was a wakeup
call.

Roxy steps towards her and sets a mug down.

Starla looks at her.

STARLA

Thanks.

ROXY

Any plans tonight boss?

STARLA

What's the day?

ROXY

Wednesday, why?

Starla smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM-CHURCH-NIGHT

An auditorium full of CHURCH GOERS sit around Starla and Roxy.

Roxy looks around.

ROXY

This wasn't what I had in mind boss.

STARLA

Roxy?

ROXY

Yes?

STARLA

You can call me Starla.

Roxy leans towards her ear.

ROXY

Starla, why here?

STARLA

We all need something to believe in even if we can't see it.

ROXY

What?

Starla grabs a hold of her hand.

Roxy looks at the man on the stage. PREACHER, 30s. He steps towards the podium.

PREACHER
Aren't you glad you came to hear
God's message! Woo!! He's so happy
your here!!

Roxy smiles.

PREACHER (CONT'D)
No matter what you've done,
remember, he still loves you.

STARLA (V.O.)
Timing is everything. We all have a
saying. In the nick of time or it's
about time. I can't think of my
own. It'll come at the right time.

Roxy crosses her arms.

The Preacher covers her nose with a cloth. He lowers her down into the tub of water.

CHURCH GOERS
(applause)

STARLA
(clap)
(sob)

STARLA (V.O.)
A week ago, this was in my rearview
mirror but now, it's my life.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE-RAMIREZ RESIDENCE-DAY

Lily sits across from Starla. She signs her name on a contract.

STARLA
Welcome!

LILY
Thank you.

Starla stands.

Lily stands.

Starla hugs her.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT YARD-RAMIREZ RESIDENCE-DAY

Her hand reaches into the mailbox. Starla looks at a **postcard** in the grasp of her hand.

STARLA
(read)
Starla, I hope this postcard finds
you well and that your taking care
of yourself.

CUT TO:

INT. VOLTSWAGEN BUS-DAY

Resting in the back of the van.

MARTA
(read)
I made it to New Mexico and am
living in a trailer, working in a
grocery store.

CUT TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE-DAY

CUSTOMERS #1, #2 and #3.

Marta hands Customer #1 his change.

MARTA
Have a good day.

CUSTOMER #1
You too.

Customer #1 steps away.

Marta looks at Customer #2.

MARTA
Hi, how are you?

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAILER PARK-NIGHT

Marta steps towards the door to her trailer. She looks to her left and sees a man in the corner of her eye. CHESTER "HOWLIN WOLF", 20. Mechanic. A resident to the Navajo reservation. Kind and down to earth.

MARTA (V.O.)
I met my new neighbor. Let's just
say we became close -- Very close.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAILER-NIGHT

Howlin Wolf lays on top of her.

MARTA
(moan)

He goes back and forth, pressing himself against her.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK-DAY

Marta sits behind Howlin Wolf on a horse. He looks back at her.

HOWLIN WOLF
Do you like what you see?

She's memorized by his presence.

MARTA
Uh huh.

MARTA (V.O.)
He's unlike any man I met.

Her hands grip onto a tree trunk.

Howlin Wolf goes back and forth.

MARTA
(moan)

CUT TO:

INT. TRAILER-NIGHT

Marta sits up. She looks at Howlin Wolf sleep.

Howlin Wolf opens his eyes.

 HOWLIN WOLF
What is it?

 MARTA
I'm pregnant.

 MARTA (V.O.)
He's not like other men. I get sad
and he's ready to comfort me.

Howlin Wolf sits up. He grabs her hands.

 HOWLIN WOLF
Let's get married.

 MARTA
Really?

He kisses her hand.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK-DAY

Howlin Wolf drives the truck down the highway. He touches Marta's hand.

Marta looks at him.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAILER-DAY

Marta stands in front of a mirror. She feels around her stomach.

MONTAGE

-- Marta at three months.

-- Marta at six months.

-- Marta at nine months.

BACK TO SCENE

Howlin Wolf wraps his arms around her waist.

Marta smiles.

MARTA
(laugh)

HOWLIN WOLF
He's going to be strong.

MARTA
He?

HOWLIN WOLF
Anything is possible.

CUT TO:

INT. PATIENT ROOM-HOSPITAL-DAY

Marta holds her newborn son close.

Howlin Wolf sits beside her.

She hands him the newborn.

HOWLIN WOLF
What do you want to call him?

MARTA
What about your father's name?

HOWLIN WOLF
Gregory?

MARTA
Yeah.

HOWLIN WOLF
Gregory it is!

He holds the newborn close.

MARTA (V.O.)
He's the best father to our son.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAILER PARK-DAY

Howlin Wolf gives his son a piggyback ride.

Marta steps outside with a pregnant belly. A black eye visible for the entire residents of the trailer park to see.

MARTA (V.O.)
For a man with strong hands, he
knows how to throw a fist.

CUT TO:

INT. PATIENT ROOM-HOSPITAL-NIGHT

Marta nurses her newborn daughter as two men step into the room. STATE TROOPER #1 and #2, 30s.

She looks at State Trooper #1 and #2, knowing what they're about to tell her.

MARTA (V.O.)
Just like that, I'm coming home.
I'll explain later. See you soon.
Marta.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAVEL BUS-NIGHT

The radio plays.

"Somebody To Love" by Jefferson Airplane plays.

Marta sits, calming her infant daughter.

TRAVELER #1 and #2.

TRAVELER #1
Do you mind shutting that baby up!

MARTA
I'm trying my best!

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS STATION-DAY

Marta steps off the travel bus. Her newborn daughter and toddler son sleep against her chest.

MARTA
Mommies got you!

Marta looks around.

MARTA (CONT'D)
Where is she?

The travel bus drives away.

STARLA
(wave)

Marta lifts her son up and rushes towards Starla.

CUT TO:

INT. MINI VAN-DAY

Marta rests her head against the headrest. She looks at Starla.

MARTA
So, how have you been?

STARLA
Good. Couldn't be any better.

MARTA
Better than me.

STARLA
What happened?

MARTA
It's a long and depressing story.

STARLA
You're here now. That's all that matters now.

Marta smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-RAMIREZ RESIDENCE-DAY

Asleep in bed with her children beside her. Marta sleeps with her hands grasping onto the blanket.

Starla looks in through the crack of the door. She shuts the door.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-RAMIREZ RESIDENCE-DAY

Starla sits in the living room, sipping coffee from a mug.

A creak from an open door.

Starla looks.

Marta steps into the living room. She sits. Her eyes staring off into the abyss.

MARTA

It happened one night.

She looks at Starla.

MARTA (CONT'D)

He got drunk --
(sob)

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAILER PARK-NIGHT-FLASHBACK

SUPER: ONE WEEK EARLIER

Howlin Wolf lifts his toddler son off the ground and throws him up into the air.

Marta rushes towards him.

MARTA

Careful with him!!

Howlin Wolf sets him down. He swings his hand and hits Marta across the face.

Marta falls to her butt. She feels her face.

MARTA (CONT'D)

(sob)

MARTA (V.O.)

I know what's best for my children.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-BACK TO PRESENT

MARTA
Now you know.

Starla moves closer and hugs her.

MARTA (CONT'D)
(sob)

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD-DAY

ONE WEEK EARLIER

A row of flowers grows in the midst of the desert. A woman leans down to the flowers. TALLULAH, 25. Florist. Kind and gentle.

TALLULAH
(sniff)
Ahh!

Tallulah digs up the soil underneath a flower. She sets it into a ball of soil.

An explosion sounds.

A geyser of oil shoots up into the air five miles away.

TALLULAH (CONT'D)
Holy cow!!

CUT TO:

EXT. OIL FIELD-DAY

Oil sprinkling into the air.

A jeep drives onto the field.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. JEEP-DAY

Oil drops onto her head.

She feels the warm richness on her face.

TALLULAH
Warm!

CUT TO:

EXT. OIL FIELD-CONTINUOUS

She rushes towards the abandoned **oil drill**. OIL BARON #1, #2 and #3.

TALLULAH
Jeez!!

Tallulah leans down and touches Oil Baron #1's neck.

TALLULAH (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, sir!

Tallulah steps towards Oil Baron #2. Her fingers touch his neck.

TALLULAH (CONT'D)
No.

Howlin Wolf lays underneath **sandbags**.

Tallulah pushes all the sandbags off of Howlin Wolf. She touches his neck.

TALLULAH (CONT'D)
Good!

She flips him over.

HOWLIN WOLF
(breath)
(cough)
(moan)
Marta!

TALLULAH
I'll get you back to her, sir.

CUT TO:

INT. JEEP-DAY

Howlin Wolf rests his head on the back of the seat.

HOWLIN WOLF
(moan)

Tallulah looks at him while trying to keep her attention on the road.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-RAMIREZ RESIDENCE-NIGHT

On her knees, her eyes closed. Marta grips her hands together.

MARTA
Please, please, please lord!
Forgive me for my lustful ways.

She opens her eyes.

MARTA (CONT'D)
Amen.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-TALLULAH'S DAUB HOUSE-NIGHT

Howlin Wolf lays in bed.

Tallulah lays a cold wet washcloth over his head.

HOWLIN WOLF
(moan)
Marta -- Where are you!

TALLULAH
Shh!

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT-NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Wolves howling.

Howlin Wolf opens his eyes. He sits up. His eyes wander.

HOWLIN WOLF
Where am I?

He stands to his feet.

The sound of a *rattlesnake* gets closer.

Howlin Wolf looks around for the threat.

Rattlesnakes surround him in a circle. The hissing sound echoes through his ears. Howlin Wolf drops to his knees.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-TALLULAH'S DAUB HOUSE-DAY (END DREAM SEQUENCE)

Howlin Wolf opens his eyes. He sits up and looks around the bedroom.

HOWLIN WOLF
Where am I?

TALLULAH (O.C.)
Oh! You're awake!

Howlin Wolf looks at Tallulah.

Tallulah steps towards him with a cup of water.

HOWLIN WOLF
Who are you?

TALLULAH
I'm Tallulah.

Howlin Wolf takes the cup.

HOWLIN WOLF
(gulp)

He drops the cup to the floor.

HOWLIN WOLF (CONT'D)
(breath)
More!

Tallulah rushes towards the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE-SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT-DAY

A woman sits at a desk, typing on the **keyboard** to a **desktop computer**. CHARLENE, 20. A naive and low self-esteem woman.

CHARLENE
(chew)

The smack of her jaw, chewing on her **bubblegum** echoes through the office.

A man steps into the office. **Missing person's fliers** in his hand. JIM, 45. Sheriff. Ruthless and demanding.

JIM
Charlene! Could you stop with the
smacking of the gum!! It's giving
me a headache!

She spits the bubblegum out of her mouth and drops it into a
garbage can.

CHARLENE
Sorry, Sheriff.

Charlene stands to her feet; her eyes are drawn to the
fliers.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)
Who do you have on the fliers for
today?

JIM
Poor bastard named Chester. Calls
himself Howlin Wolf.

CHARLENE
Chester?

Her eyes grow with worry, giving away that she knows him.

JIM
You know him?

CHARLENE
No.

She wipes her eyes with the sleeve of her shirt.

Jim sets a pile of fliers down on her desk.

JIM
Take your lunchbreak and pass these
out for me, please, Charlene! And
show some respect for the office
and stop painting your face with so
much make-up! You look like a
clown!

Charlene grabs the pile of fliers.

CHARLENE
Yes, daddy.

He looks at her with anger in his eyes.

JIM
It's yes, Sheriff, girl and don't
you forget it! Go!!

Charlene steps out of the office.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT-SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT-DAY

Charlene looks at the fliers and Howlin Wolf's face.

CHARLENE
(sob)
(cry)

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN-NIGHT-FLASHBACK

Charlene sits on the counter.

Howlin Wolf pushes himself against her, kissing her neck.

CHARLENE
(moan)

CUT TO:

INT. DINING AREA-DINER-BACK TO PRESENT

Charlene wipes her eyes.

CHARLENE
(sniffle)

WAITRESS, 20s.

A Waitress steps towards Charlene.

WAITRESS
Hey honey?

Charlene looks at the Waitress.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

CHARLENE
Yeah, just saw something that made
me emotional.

WAITRESS
Coffee?

CHARLENE
Please!

The Waitress steps away.

WAITRESS
Coming right up.

Charlene looks at the flier again.

CHARLENE
(sob)

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-TALLULAH'S DAUB HOUSE-DAY

Howlin Wolf stands to his feet. He steps towards the front door.

TALLULAH (O.C.)
Leaving so soon!

He looks back at her.

HOWLIN WOLF
I got to go.

Tallulah lifts a plate of **Fried Bread** up to him.

TALLULAH
You haven't even tried my fried bread!

HOWLIN WOLF
I'm sure it's great but my wife's waiting for me back home.

TALLULAH
Please!

Howlin Wolf takes a piece. He bites into it.

HOWLIN WOLF
Mmhmm --

She sets the plate down on the coffee table.

HOWLIN WOLF (CONT'D)
This is really good.

TALLULAH
I'm glad you like it. Do you like
what you see?

HOWLIN WOLF
What?

Tallulah turns her back to him. She turns the radio on.
"Lollipop" by The Chordettes plays.

TALLULAH
How's the view back there?

She shows him her butt.

TALLULAH (CONT'D)
Time for some oldies, Chester!

Howlin Wolf's eyes grow with worry.

HOWLIN WOLF
How'd you know my name?

TALLULAH
I know everything about you,
Chester. Or do you prefer Howlin
Wolf?

Tallulah's face changes into Sierra's. Her clothes drop to
the floor.

SIERRA
(laugh)

Her laugh echoes throughout the house.

HOWLIN WOLF
Who are you?

SIERRA
That's a question all you men ask
after you get what you want.

His eyes wander, thinking to himself.

HOWLIN WOLF
Why me?

SIERRA
I don't know. Kicks!

She turns the volume up on the radio. "Send Me an Angel" by
Real Life plays.

Sierra spins herself into his arms. She dips herself down.

HOWLIN WOLF
What do you want!

SIERRA
Figure it out!

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN-RAMIREZ RESIDENCE-NIGHT

Marta sits across the counter from Starla, drinking coffee from a mug.

Starla looks at her.

STARLA
Where is he?

MARTA
I don't know. The last time I saw him; he was packing his stuff.

Marta sets the mug down.

MARTA (CONT'D)
I'll be right back.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-RAMIREZ RESIDENCE-NIGHT

Marta kneels down. Her hands grip together.

MARTA
Please, Lord, if you hear me! Bring him back to me, please!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS-DAY

Chalk lines are drawn on the sidewalk, along with numbers from one to ten.

Marta hops around, playing a game of hopscotch.

MARTA (V.O.)
Told you.

FADE OUT:

THE END