

HELL'S BELLES

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Close-up of a porcelain angel ornament on a small table. Next to it is a glass of water on a coaster and some neatly stacked papers. A low rumble is heard as the table begins VIBRATING! Papers spill off, water bounces out of the glass, and the angel ornament slides to the floor, which causes its wings to BREAK OFF!

TITLE CARD: "HELL'S BELLES".

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

A beautiful Blue Russian cat cautiously sniffs the porcelain angel and its broken wings.

Suddenly, we hear a DOOR SWING OPEN!

ANGLE on CAMILLE BUCHANAN (Caucasian, 40) walking down a hall toward the living room. She is wholesome and absolutely stunning - sparkling eyes, a heart-stopping smile, and a jaw-dropping figure, which is both impressively athletic and classically hourglass. She's dressed in workout attire - a tanktop, shorts and sneakers. She bends down and affectionately pets her cat. With her Scarlet O'Hara-esque, classy southern accent, she speaks into a headset.

CAMILLE

Wait, so let me get this straight:  
You've both already agreed you  
wanna have kids, you just met his  
family, and NOW he's saying it's  
not a good time because he's  
"expanding his business"?

(beat)

Honey, he's lying.

She heads to the kitchen. The cat quickly follows.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

He doesn't wanna do it.

(beat)

Please, you know what "expanding  
his business" means? "Expanding his  
options."

(beat)

That means 'Porking other people'."

(beat)

Oh, Lord - did I just say 'Porking?

She laughs, opens a can of cat food and a can of tuna, dumps them in a bowl, and mixes them. She puts it on the floor.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, I'm sure this is the  
LAST thing you wanna hear,  
Babygirl. And believe me, I know  
exactly how you feel - but it's  
better you know now. Get rid of  
him. He does NOT deserve you.

She pours water into another bowl and places it next to the cat's food, which is being steadily devoured.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
Look, you're one of the greatest  
people I know, you just have a  
vision problem. You're colorblind,  
but only when it comes to Red  
Flags.

QUICK MONTAGE OF CAMILLE WORKING OUT IN LIVING ROOM:

\*Camille does pilates.

\*Camille does a Yoga pose.

\*Camille jumps on a mini-trampoline.

\*Camille rides a stationary bike.

\*Camille does crunches and finally stops, coming up  
breathless on the last one. There's a look of victory on her  
face, until she notices something and furrows her brow. She  
stands, scurries over to a spot about ten feet away, and  
picks up all the pieces of the broken angel ornament.

CAMILLE  
Aw, this was my favorite.

The cat is heard loudly "MEOW-ING".

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
(Annoyed)  
I JUST fed you, Dudley. You're  
lucky you're cute, buddy.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Camille says a silent prayer before she eats dinner alone. She then begins to enjoy a cup of soup and a large salad with many ingredients. Dudley trots over and rubs his head against her. She affectionately pets him.

CAMILLE

Oh, Dudley. I love you more than you know.

Dudley hisses.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

Somebody's got to.

INT. PHYSICAL THERAPY CLINIC - DAY

MONTAGE OF CAMILLE WITH DIFFERENT CLIENTS:

\*Camille guides MR. WINFIELD (Caucasian, 70s) in simple arm exercises.

MR. WINFIELD

Yeah, ever since Betty left my world, I've been a lonely, old man.

CAMILLE

Oh, I'm so sorry to hear that, Mr. Winfield. How long ago did your wife pass away?

MR. WINFIELD

She didn't. I just said she left MY world.

CAMILLE

Oh. So ... where is she now?

MR. WINFIELD

In my next-door neighbor's world. Back-stabbing son of a bitch.

\*Camille works with GAVIN (30), an eccentric and paranoid man who is struggling to squeeze a hand contraption.

GAVIN

So then I was like, "Look dude - just help me over the phone.

(MORE)

GAVIN (CONT'D)

I'm not downloading your app, 'cos then you'll access all my information." I know, I sound like a Conspiracy Nut, but I can prove this.

CAMILLE

You know, I recently read a national survey that showed over 70% of conspiracy theories are proven wrong.

GAVIN

No man, that's just what they WANT you to think!

\*Camille adjusts MONICA'S (50s) posture while she stretches. Monica is a very laid-back hippie.

MONICA

Dr. Jenkins said I've lost mobility and flexibility, but what can really help me is sessions with you.

Camille smiles sweetly at her.

MONICA (CONT'D)

That, and oxycontin.

They both start laughing. Monica abruptly stops, and ...

MONICA (CONT'D)

You CAN prescribe oxycontin, right?

Camille stops laughing and looks very caught off-guard.

\*Camille makes notes on a clipboard while SPENCER (early 20s) swiftly paces around the room.

CAMILLE

Okay, so you don't have any pain, you just had a physical, and ... the only medication you currently take is Adderall?

SPENCER

Yep, just not today, I forgot. Hey, cool!

He spots a Yoga ball, jumps on it, and starts bouncing.

CAMILLE

Wait, Spencer - that has more  
bounce than you think-

Spencer flies off backwards, crashes into the wall, and  
knocks over a table!

\*Camille demonstrates a stretch to JANINE (late 20s). She's  
very fit and attractive, but wears too much makeup and  
hairspray. She has leopard-skin leggings that look like they  
were imported straight from 1982.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

And that's it, you just come out of  
the pose and finish the stretch  
with both arms above your head.

JANINE

Oh, I got this, Baby.

Janine starts seductively stretching, like she's performing a  
striptease. She quickly escalates into twerking and dry-  
humping the floor.

\*Camille working with Mr. Winfield.

MR. WINFIELD

And you don't have a husband or a  
boyfriend?

CAMILLE

Not right now. I'm not really  
looking, either.

MR. WINFIELD

(Slyly turning to her)  
How 'bout a Sugardaddy?

\*Camille talking to Gavin.

CAMILLE

I know you don't trust phone  
companies and get why you don't  
want their app, but ... if the rep  
has your number, couldn't they hack  
into your info just as easily?

GAVIN

(Jumping up)  
Oh, no! I bet they already stole my  
identity!  
(Running out)  
Sorry, Camille, gotta go! I'll be  
off the grid for awhile!

\*Camille and Monica.

CAMILLE  
Um, physical therapists aren't  
allowed to prescribe medication.

MONICA  
Ok. So how 'bout Xanax?

\*Camille rushes over to help up Spencer. He rapidly springs  
up like a Pop-Tart!

SPENCER  
Man, I gotta do that again! That  
was AWESOME!

He starts pacing again.

CAMILLE  
Ok, we don't have much time, so we  
really need to focus-

SPENCER  
No way, is that a Teeter-Totter?

CAMILLE  
No, it's a Balance Board. Please  
sit down!

\*Janine talking to Camille after her session.

JANINE  
So yeah, my job doesn't really  
offer insurance, so I'll just do  
the "cash out of pocket option."

CAMILLE  
Okay, that'll be 85 dollars even,  
please.

Janine pulls a large stack of cash from her purse.

JANINE  
I hope you like ones!

CAMILLE  
Sure, no problem, Janine.

Janine quickly separates \$15 from a wad of ones and hands the  
rest to Camille. A large amount of glitter spills off the  
cash. Janine looks embarrassed.

JANINE  
I'm a bartender.

CAMILLE

Me, too - on the weekends. You must be "Cash Only", you're so lucky! I have to deal with customers' declined cards all night.

Janine gives her an appreciative smile.

EXT. BAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

DEWEY (Latino, 30s), a large bouncer, walks Camille to her car.

DEWEY

Busy night, huh?

CAMILLE

Oh, my Lord, yes. This huge company retreat from the hotel next door just appeared at like 11:30.

DEWEY

Oh, that explains those people. I thought they'd never leave.

CAMILLE

(Unlocking her car)

You and me both, Honey. I'm so exhausted; I can't wait to crash.

DEWEY

Well, please wait 'til you get home.

He smiles; she chuckles as she gets in her car.

CAMILLE

Thanks, Dewey. See you next week.

He politely shuts her door. She slowly backs out.

INT. CAMILLE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Camille drives and listens to a voicemail from her Mom.

MOM (V.O.)

Cam-Cam! It's your Mother, Sugar. Just trying to catch you before your shift at the bar tonight. I hope you don't get accosted by too many L.A. heathens, please be careful.

(MORE)



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

And I heard about that earthquake  
ya'll had last night, my goodness!

(beat)

Sweet Camille. Your father and I  
worry that you work too hard.

CAMILLE

Here we go ... Ok, Mom, go ahead  
and get to the part about how I'll  
meet the right man someday.

MOM (V.O.)

You're such a little workaholic,  
which is so impressive. I just  
worry that you bury yourself in  
your jobs to hide the pain from not  
having Jerry in your life anymore.  
Sweetheart, sometimes you try so  
hard to help others that you end up  
hurting yourself.

CAMILLE

(Visibly upset)

So, am I gonna meet Mr. Perfect or  
what?

MOM (V.O.)

But we just know you're gonna meet  
the right man, and everything will  
work out-

Camille turns off the voicemail.

CAMILLE

And ... scene.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Camille's car drives.

INT. CAMILLE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Camille's eyes drearily close. She drifts off as her hands  
slowly let go of the wheel.

FADE TO BLACK.

Suddenly, a loud CRASH is heard!!! Tires screech, glass  
breaks, a woman screams!

FADE IN:

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

Camille apprehensively walks down a long, white tunnel. It's cloudy, misty, and very surreal. *Is this a dream?* At the end of the tunnel, she sees a figure. As she moves closer, she notices it's a man sitting in a chair behind a table in a white suit. She nears; he formally stands and smiles warmly.

MAN IN WHITE SUIT

Camille.

CAMILLE

Yes, that's me. How did you ...?

MAN IN WHITE SUIT

I've been waiting for you.

He smiles at her again. He has a unique twinkle in his eye that seems to say "I know everything about you." It occurs to Camille that this just may be the end of her life on Earth.

CAMILLE

Oh, God!

MAN IN WHITE SUIT

No - that's very flattering, but that's not my title.

CAMILLE

Oh. So ... am I dead?

MAN IN WHITE SUIT

Not yet, my friend.

CAMILLE

Okay. Um ... am I going to Heaven?

MAN IN WHITE SUIT

Well, that completely depends on you.

CAMILLE

I'm sorry, I don't know what that means?

MAN IN WHITE SUIT

Well - so far, you've been a truly good person, Camille. Benevolent, kind, and generous to a fault. But you caused a car accident because you fell asleep at the wheel.

CAMILLE

Oh, no! Did I hurt anyone?

MAN IN WHITE SUIT  
Yes, but nobody died. You hit a couple - the man cracked a rib; his wife walked away without a scratch.

CAMILLE  
Oh, Dear Lord ...

MAN IN WHITE SUIT  
Once again, not me.

CAMILLE  
Um ... Sir, with all due respect - who are you? Peter? Gabriel?

A.C.  
Well, I'm definitely not Peter Gabriel.

She nervously laughs.

A.C. (CONT'D)  
You're confused. I can see it "In Your Eyes".

Camille doesn't get the joke. He quickly carries on.

A.C. (CONT'D)  
I'm just a friendly angel.  
Everybody up here calls me "A.C.":  
The Affable Cherub. Angelic Chum.  
Always Cheery!  
(His smile disappears)  
As of now, you're not going to Heaven because you haven't officially earned your wings.

CAMILLE  
Well, is there any way can I earn them?

MAN IN WHITE SUIT  
I was hoping you'd say that. We can provide you with one option.

He sits down, grabs a large file, and pulls out a photograph of four very glamorous women (early 40s).

MAN IN WHITE SUIT (CONT'D)  
This is a group of women in Dallas, Texas who are ... well, let's just say, up to no good. They're hatching evil plans.  
(MORE)

MAN IN WHITE SUIT (CONT'D)

We need you to infiltrate their little circle, stop them, and turn these bad girls good.

CAMILLE

Wow. Well, Sir, with all due respect - why me?

MAN IN WHITE SUIT

Why not? You're perfect: You're classy, educated, lovely on the eyes ... and most importantly, sweet.

He smiles. The twinkle in his eyes seems more radiant. Camille is taken aback, overwhelmed.

MAN IN WHITE SUIT (CONT'D)

It's ultimately your choice, of course. So what do you say? Do you think you can accept this mission?

Camille realizes she has no other choice. This is now her destiny. He puts the photo in the file and extends it to her.

CAMILLE

(Taking the file)

Yes. Of course!

MAN IN WHITE SUIT

Fantastic! All the information you need on these women is in here, along with my contact info. You can get ahold of me at any hour because, well, I don't sleep.

CAMILLE

Thank you.

He grabs a thick binder and puts it in front of her.

MAN IN WHITE SUIT

And here is your official contract. By signing it, this makes it your mission alone, and no one else's.

CAMILLE

(Opening first page)

Okay, where do I sign?

MAN IN WHITE SUIT

(Flipping slightly)

Right here.

She signs. He flips halfway through it.

MAN IN WHITE SUIT (CONT'D)  
Initial here.

She does. He flips to the end.

MAN IN WHITE SUIT (CONT'D)  
And just print and sign right  
there.

She complies.

MAN IN WHITE SUIT (CONT'D)  
Camille, I'm proud of you. Thank  
you for making the right choice.

CAMILLE  
My pleasure! Hey, I'll do anything  
to earn my wings.

MAN IN WHITE SUIT  
Well, that's good to know.

He politely bows, then suddenly disappears in a small cloud of white dust! Camille jumps back, darting her head around to see where he may have possibly gone. She's breathless and confused, but she is definitely now a woman on a mission ...

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Cars speed along the 75 Central Expressway in Dallas, Texas.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Camille in the back of a fairly new Toyota Carolla, being driven by a LYFT DRIVER. (Male, 30s) He chomps gum and is very casual about rapidly zipping in and out of the lanes. Still traumatized by her accident, she looks frightened.

CAMILLE  
Can you please slow down?!!

Immediately sensing her panic and fear, he obliges.

LYFT DRIVER  
Oh, sure - no problem.

CAMILLE

Thank you. I was just in a horrible car wreck.

LYFT DRIVER

No way! Well, if you don't mind me saying, you look fantastic.

CAMILLE

(Smiling)

That's very sweet of you, Sir.

LYFT DRIVER

So ... did you get hurt?

CAMILLE

No. But I did die.

The driver's eyes pop open wide. Camille nonchalantly puts earbuds in, hits "play" on her phone, and looks at papers in the file that A.C. gave her.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Carolla safely drives in the slow lane among many cars. Huge pickup trucks fly past them. Camille listens to A.C.'s instructions on her upcoming meeting.

A.C.

You're going to be interviewing for the "Director" position with Gregory O. Dennison, multi-millionaire and President of "The Belle of The Ball", the most prestigious beauty pageant for young women in The South. He's a good man. In fact, many people think he's so good, it's annoying.

(chuckling)

But if you just relax and be yourself, he'll be impressed.

EXT. STREET - A LITTLE LATER

The Carolla drives on a wide street that turns into the incredibly long driveway of the ROYAL OAKS COUNTRY CLUB. Camille looks out the window as she listens to A.C.

A.C.

If you end up as the pageant director - and don't worry, we'll make sure you will - you'll be working in Dallas, Texas. There are certainly worse places to be. Dallas is like L.A. with a southern accent. But instead of trying to get you to read their screenplay, everybody in Dallas is trying to get you to read their Cowboys hat ... or trying to read you your rights.

She sees a POLICE OFFICER writing a speeding ticket to a DRIVER who is pointing to his Dallas Cowboys hat. The officer shakes his head and hands him the ticket.

The Carolla slowly pulls up to the front of the club. Several VALETS rush to open her door and help her out.

A.C. (V.O.)

The good news is - in the circles you'll be involved with - most people will have perfect manners and treat you with the upmost respect. At least to your face.

Two valets help her out. She hands them both several ones; they thankfully nod. She takes a deep breath before walking through the golden double doors, politely held open by a valet, of The Royal Oaks Country Club. Into the Lion's Den!

INT. OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER

Camille is in her interview with GREGORY O. DENNISON (Caucasian, 60). He's a portly man with kind, blue eyes, gray hair, and a reassuring nature. He speaks in an old-school, Southern drawl and sports an immaculate suit, complete with a matching pocket handkerchief. They both laugh heartily!

GREGORY

Ok, I must know - why do you think southern women make the best actresses?

CAMILLE

Because we insult you, and you don't even know you've been insulted!

GREGORY  
(Laughing)  
Yes, because you're so endearing!

CAMILLE  
Absolutely! And after we insult  
you, we "bless" you.

BOTH  
Bless your heart!

Camille and Gregory crack up again. They are genuinely  
enjoying each other's company.

GREGORY  
Well, Camille, I must say - your  
resume is certainly what we're  
looking for on paper. Do you have  
faith that you can help us raise  
\$100,000 for the big show?

CAMILLE  
Is that all? Absolutely.

They both laugh once again.

GREGORY  
That's what we're looking for -  
confidence and experience. But more  
importantly, your personality is  
just delightful. I'd love to work  
with you, welcome aboard!

He stands and offers her his hand. She quickly stands and  
excitedly shakes it.

CAMILLE  
Oh, thank you, Mr. Dennison! This  
is great news!

GREGORY  
Call me "Gregory". I insist.

CAMILLE  
Whichever you prefer, Gregory.

Gregory's desk phone rings.

GREGORY  
Pardon me just a moment.  
(Answering)  
Hello, there.  
(beat)  
(MORE)



GREGORY (CONT'D)

Why, yes, it's official - Ms. Camille Buchanan is our new pageant director.

(beat)

I see. Well, my goodness, news travels fast down here. When?

(shaking head, chuckling)

Okey-dokey, I'll let her know. Thank you.

He hangs up the phone. Camille looks curious.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

Four mothers of contestants for this year's "Belle of the Ball" would like to treat you to lunch. Right here in our restaurant.

CAMILLE

Wow, how nice. They don't even know me.

GREGORY

Well, they certainly are trying to.

CAMILLE

Did they say when?

GREGORY

At the top of the hour if you like?

CAMILLE

Sure! I don't really know anyone in town. Besides you, of course.

GREGORY

Well, these ladies you're about to meet are some important folks to know. They belong to a lot of city organizations and high society clubs; they're kind of local celebrities around here.

CAMILLE

How exciting.

GREGORY

Well, they're anything but boring. They are glamorous, they are gorgeous, they are charming ... to most men, they look like Heaven.

He leans toward her. His smile disappears.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
But make no mistake, Camille: They  
are Hell on Earth.

Camille looks troubled, as his tone has changed to deadly serious.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
Bless their hearts.

He starts cackling. Camille laughs and looks reassured.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Camille walks in and approaches SHERRY (30s), a perky hostess at the hostess stand. Sherry has the energy of a chipmunk on a triple espresso.

SHERRY  
Well, Good Afternoon! How can I  
help you? Are we meeting someone  
today or flying solo?

CAMILLE  
Hi, I'm actually here to meet-

PRISCILLA (V.O.)  
Camille Buchanan?!!

Camille turns around and sees "The Belles": PRISCILLA, LENORE, LUCY and CLEMENTINE. They smile and strut toward her in SLOW MOTION. Each in their 40s, they look better than anybody in the building ... and they know it. Dressed in attire that's appropriately elegant yet just revealing enough to be sexy, this powerful foursome can easily turn any man's head, along with his willpower. Good luck ignoring any member of this breath-taking quartet, let alone telling them "No".

They stop right in front of Camille and eye her up and down, like panthers about to pounce on a helpless gazelle. Camille anxiously smiles as she gulps in fear.

PRISCILLA  
Are you Camille Buchanan?

CAMILLE  
Yes, that's me.

They stare at her for a moment, look at each other, then fixate back on her ... Suddenly, they break into smiles and laughter! They each hug Camille, who is beyond relieved.

Sherry scurries up to them.

SHERRY

Alright, ladies, I have your table ready!

PRISCILLA

Oh, how glorious. Great, we'll follow you.

SHERRY

(leaning toward Camille)  
You're lucky to be hanging with the real stars of the show here. Are you the new choreographer?

PRISCILLA

Sherry, Darling, I believe you were taking us somewhere?

SHERRY

Yes, so sorry! Right this way, please.

Sherry leads the ladies into the restaurant.

A.C. (V.O.)

Be careful: These women are "Passive Aggressive Snipers". Each in her own unique way.

INT. RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

The five ladies sit at a table. We see each Belle from Camille's point of view.

FREEZE FRAME on CLEMENTINE WALKER (40s, Caucasian.) She has red hair, dazzling eyes, and flawless, porcelain skin.

A.C. (V.O.)

Clementine Walker. "The Safecracker". Looks like an angel, but she's as ruthless as they come. Cold-blooded, calculating ... Loves devising new plans of mischief and is addicted to causing it. She also cleverly compliments someone twice right before degrading them.

CLEMENTINE

The last pageant director Tabitha was so sweet, and so pretty ... now she did have a Lazy Eye ...

The camera pans to and FREEZE FRAMES on LENORE LANE. (40s, African-American.) A Goddess in the flesh. As the tallest Belle, she could be model OR a Volleyball player.

A.C. (V.O.)

Lenore Lane. "The Muscle". Cunning, fiery, and extremely loyal. If a fight breaks out, she's the first to defend her friends. And whenever she slanders someone, she shrewdly places a positive adverb in front of a negative adjective.

LENORE

You see that waiter over my left shoulder? He is perfectly terrible.

The camera pans to and FREEZE FRAMES on LUCY PARKER. (40s, Latina.) A raven-haired beauty with perfect cheekbones and a perfect figure.

A.C. (V.O.)

Luciana "Lucy" Parker. "The Loose Cannon". Fun, spontaneous ... and impulsive. Has a ball organizing and carrying out plans with the group, but tends to act before she speaks. This is fairly apparent in her insult tactics.

LUCY

-So anyway, the beautiful Beth Anne had a baby with Buck.

(Rolling her eyes)

Unfortunately, the child looks like Buck.

The camera pans to and FREEZE FRAMES on PRISCILLA ALEXANDER (40s, Caucasian.) A blue-eyed blonde brimming with charm, poise, and a devious smile.

A.C. (V.O.)

Priscilla Alexander. "The Ringleader". She usually masterminds The Belles' evil deeds. Queen of Insults with her descriptive subtext and back-handed compliments, Priscilla always makes her intentions crystal clear.

PRISCILLA

It's lovely to meet you, Camille.  
Our last director was a sweetheart,  
but her social skills were - shall  
I say - just a skosh limited.

She looks at Lucy, who has just picked up a roll.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

Honey, don't you think you've had  
enough bread?

Lucy indignantly drops the bread and scowls. Priscilla  
politely smiles and turns her attention back to Camille.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

Anyway, you are just the prettiest  
thing, you have the most bedazzling  
smile!

CAMILLE

(Blushing)

Oh my goodness, thank you.

PRISCILLA

And I love your outfit. Is that  
Marshall's or Ross Dress For Less?

Camille freezes. *Oh no, they're all mocking me.*

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

Sugar, I'm just teasing. I got her!

The Belles cackle! Priscilla affectionately pats Camille's  
hand. Camille joins in the laughter. A WAITER brings a tray  
of Mimosas.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

Hey Ya'll, did somebody say  
'Mimosas'?

The other Belles excitedly clap, as the waiter serves them.

CAMILLE

Oh, thank you. But it's my first  
day here, and it's only 1:30.

PRISCILLA

First of all, you don't start 'til  
Monday. Secondly ... it's Thursday.

CLEMENTINE

As far as we're concerned, The  
Weekend has already begun.

LENORE  
Oh, preach, Honey!

PRISCILLA  
And Number Three ...  
(raising her glass)  
We gotta celebrate your new job!

They all prepare to toast and look at Camille.

CAMILLE  
Well, being a single workaholic in  
a new town can feel ... lonely.

The Belles discreetly and surreptitiously look at each other.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
So thank you all for lunch!

They toast. Cheers!

PRISCILLA  
Now Camille, let me tell you what  
all we have going on this weekend,  
and you are cordially invited-

INT. CAMILLE'S PLACE - NIGHT

Camille reads her computer, as A.C.'s voice is heard.

A.C. (V.O.)  
Each of The Belles has a daughter  
in the pageant whom they hope to  
make at least the finals.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Camille cavorting with The Belles at their table.

INT. CAMILLE'S PLACE - NIGHT

Camille reads her computer, as A.C.'s voice is heard.

A.C. (V.O.)  
And each was once herself a  
contestant. None of them won, but  
all of them thought they should've.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB, SIDEWALK - DAY

Camille and Clementine are dressed in tennis skirts and sneakers, carrying rackets and walking.

CLEMENTINE

I know this sounds beyond boastful -  
but I firmly believe I should have  
won "Belle of the Ball" in 1997.  
You can ask anyone who was there,  
except the winner Monica Freeman.  
And Jerry Sherman, of course.

CAMILLE

Who's that?

CLEMENTINE

The judge she slept with.  
(removing sunglasses)  
And the one I turned down.

INT. MALL - DAY

Camille and The Belles walk down a hall, passing stores, as they laugh and talk.

INT. NIGHTCLUB, CORNER TABLE - A LITTLE LATER

Camille has a drink with Lenore.

LENORE

Okay - between you, me, and  
everyone else who knows - which is  
virtually everyone in this city?

CAMILLE

(laughing)  
Yes, I'm all ears.

LENORE

The 1995 "Belle of the Ball" title  
should've been mine, no question.  
But unfortunately, not everybody  
down South is as open-minded as my  
circle of dear friends. Especially  
the director that year, 'ole Hubert  
Middleton.

CAMILLE

What was his problem?

LENORE

Girlfriend, do I need to spell it out for ya? Plain and simple: He wanted a white girl to win. I was lucky to even make the finals.

INT. WOMEN'S CLOTHING STORE - DAY

The Belles encourage Camille to put on sexy lingerie. She bashfully declines. Lenore leads her to a fitting room, drapes the lingerie over her, playfully pushes her in, and shuts the door. Lucy high-fives her. Clementine and Priscilla laugh.

INT. SPA FACILITY - DAY

Camille and Lucy relax in a spa by the pool. They both have robes and mud masks on - Lucy's is green, Camille's is red.

LUCY

Lenore told you how she got robbed, right? Same thing happened to me, a year later.

CAMILLE

No! With the same director, that Hubert guy?

LUCY

No. At the time, our sponsors had more influence over the results than the judges. Our main sponsor - otherwise known as "The guy who donated the most money" - was Edwin Hagwood, owner of the biggest family hardware chain in The South.

CAMILLE

Another rich racist.

LUCY

(Chuckling)

Yeah, you could say that. Even though I'm a self-made business owner with a grad school degree, Edwin didn't think a contestant whose grandparents used to clean one of his houses was worthy of the crown.

CAMILLE

Oh, that's awful. I'm sorry, honey.



LUCY  
It's okay, not your fault.

CAMILLE  
Did he at least let you polish the  
crown?

They both start guffawing!

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry!

LUCY  
No, that was funny!  
(sighing)  
You vicious bitch.

They start laughing again.

INT. WOMEN'S CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Camille opens the door and slowly emerges, wearing the  
lingerie. She looks like a million bucks! The Belles praise  
her and clap. Priscilla gives a STORE REPRESENTATIVE (Female,  
30s) her credit card, points to Camille, and winks at her.  
Camille blushes, but enjoys her new friends.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

Camille and Priscilla enjoy a glass of wine on Priscilla's  
luxurious balcony, which overlooks a beautiful backyard with  
plenty of land, a gazebo, and a pool.

PRISCILLA  
Honestly, the only reason I lost  
the 1993 "Belle of the Ball" is Mr.  
Jerry Sherman. I assume Clementine  
mentioned him?

CAMILLE  
Oh - of course. So you rejected  
him, too?

PRISCILLA  
I'm afraid not, Babydoll.

CAMILLE  
What? So if you slept with him, how  
were you NOT the winner?

PRISCILLA

Because Judge #2 found out. Or as  
he called her, "His Wife".

Camille looks horrified.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

Lucy drives all the ladies on a large golf cart. Camille sits  
in the passenger seat. Unlike before during her Lyft  
excursion, she is completely relaxed and comfortable.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

WORDS ONSCREEN: "Little Miss Dallas Pageant: The Finals."  
Camille and The Belles sit in the audience, near the front.

ANGLE on stage. An EMCEE (Male, Caucasian, 30s) addresses a  
packed audience. With his plastic smile and shiny tuxedo, he  
looks like a penguin with teeth and hair gel.

EMCEE

Ladies and Gentlemen, it's time for  
the Swimsuit Portion of our  
Competition!

The audience claps; a group of YOUNG MEN behind the ladies  
hoot and holler way too loud. Priscilla turns around and  
glares at them, which makes them stop immediately.

EMCEE (CONT'D)

Please welcome your first  
contestant, Adrian Bellflower!

The audience enthusiastically applauds as ADRIAN (19)  
confidently sashays out in only a thin bikini and high heels.  
Her body is FLAWLESS. Lucy leans into Camille.

LUCY

She's a shoe-in for this pageant  
and a major contender for "Belle of  
The Ball". Our daughters really got  
their work cut out for them.

The Emcee approaches her with his wireless mic.

EMCEE

Adrian, where are you from?

ADRIAN

I'm from Abilene, Texas! Whoo-hoo!

As she excitedly raises up both her hands in celebration of her hometown ... BOOM! HER TOP FALLS OFF!!! Her enormous breasts are exposed, and the entire room goes completely quiet.

ANGLE on Lucy and Camille, astonished.

Back ONSTAGE. Adrian doesn't realize it yet, and the Emcee doesn't quite know where to go from here.

EMCEE

Well ... you know what they say ...  
everything's big in Texas.

(Turning to crowd)

Am I right, people?!!

The crowd stares at him disapprovingly. Then the young men behind The Belles all jump up, yelling vocal support! One of the neanderthals throws a wadded up \$20 bill at the stage.

ANGLE on Adrian noticing she's topless. She panics, starts crying, and runs offstage!

EMCEE (CONT'D)

Adrian Bellflower, everybody! Come  
on, people; let it out - SHE DID!

Half the crowd laughs; the other gives an awkward, muted reaction to this faux pas. The emcee quickly pockets the \$20 bill and Adrian's bikini top.

ANGLE on Camille and The Belles. Camille is shocked; all the other ladies seem quite satisfied.

CAMILLE

I feel terrible for her.

LUCY

Wow, she's gonna lose major points  
for that. Guess our girls have one  
less competitor to worry about.

Lucy high-fives Lenore, Clementine and Priscilla.

PRISCILLA

Well, give the little thing credit,  
She bared her soul ... and a whole  
lot more.

The Belles laugh. Camille looks disturbed.

EXT. AUDITORIUM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Camille and the ladies walk out and head toward the parking lot. Lucy sees her friend, YOLANDA (African-American, 30s).

LUCY  
Yo-Yo, Baby!

YOLANDA  
Hey, girl!

They hug. Yolanda then immediately hugs the other Belles.

CLEMENTINE  
Nice work tonight, darling.

YOLANDA  
Oh, thank you.

LENORE  
Oh, Yolanda - this is our friend  
Camille, new director of "Belle of  
The Ball". And Camille, this is  
Yolanda, tonight's Wardrobe  
Specialist.

YOLANDA  
(Shaking hands)  
Hey, nice to meet you, Camille.

CAMILLE  
So nice to meet you, Yolanda.  
Fantastic work tonight.

LUCY  
Yeah, my favorite was "The  
Disappearing Bikini".

All the women but Camille LAUGH! Yolanda looks at her phone.

YOLANDA  
Oh, I'm so sorry, Ya'll - that's my  
sitter, I gotta run home.

She puts her arm around Priscilla.

YOLANDA (CONT'D)  
When should I expect the Venmo?

PRISCILLA  
(pulling out phone)  
How 'bout right now?

Yolanda gives her a quick hug. Priscilla clicks on her Venmo.

YOLANDA  
Love Ya'll, talk soon!

The ladies tell her goodbye. As Camille tries to glance at Priscilla's phone, Lucy blocks, putting her arm around her.

CAMILLE  
(to Lucy)  
What's she paying her for?

LUCY  
Oh, just some fashion work. Yolanda sews, does costumes, and all kinds of fabric phenomenons. Now you are going dancing with us, right?

INT. NIGHTCLUB - LATER THAT NIGHT

The Belles and Camille sit at a swanky booth. The Belles all look at her sympathetically.

CAMILLE  
So yeah, that's it in a nutshell: I was married once, caught him cheating and divorced him. Then was supposed to get married again, but he died in a plane crash. And I haven't been with a man since.

PRISCILLA  
And how long has that been?

CAMILLE  
It'll be 3 years in September.

PRISCILLA  
Oh, Lord.

CLEMENTINE  
Camille!

LENORE  
Damn, girl!

LUCY  
You need some dick!

A CHEESY GUY sitting in the nearest booth hears this and slowly turns around, looking at them.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Not yours, turn around!

He instantly obeys.

PRISCILLA

Camille, we are all beyond sorry to hear about your situation. But we're making it up to you tonight!

The Belles raise their glasses.

CAMILLE

Hey, Ya'll already made my night.

PRISCILLA

No, we're talking about lassoing you a man.

CAMILLE

Oh, seriously, I don't need-

PRISCILLA

Peaches, it's been 3 years. Yes, you do!

The Belles all "whoo-hoo!" and hoist their drinks up. They each look at Camille, awaiting her to join in ... she thinks for a moment, then hoists hers up, too. They toast and drink!

LENORE

Listen - we're gonna hook you up. Stick with me and Lucy - we're single; we do what we want.

PRISCILLA

Well, Clementine and I are married, but we STILL do what we want.

Priscilla smiles at a YOUNG MAN (20s) walking by, checking her out - BAM! He smacks into the wall! The ladies laugh!

LENORE

Now please tell me that asshole you married didn't have a Pre-Nup?

CAMILLE

(Flashing her ring)  
He did not!

LENORE

I knew I liked her!

## MONTAGE OF CAMILLE AND THE BELLES AT THE NIGHTCLUB:

\*Camille and The Belles are shaking it on the dance floor! Everybody notices and loves it ...

\*The ladies all do shots with a group of military officers.

\*Camille and The Belles dancing on the floor again. They're now more languid and provocative with their moves.

\*Camille imitates a man who waddles like drunk duck. She waddles right behind him; he turns around and sees her: She screams and runs off, to The Belles' delight.

\*Camille lies on the bar, excitedly yelping as a BARTENDER (20s) does a "Body Shot" off her tummy. The entire bar chants their support!

Camille and The Belles primp in front of a large bathroom mirror. Camille slips; Lenore catches her. They laugh!

\*SLOW MOTION: Camille and The Belles dancing on the floor. She is LOVING the fun, the camaraderie, and the attention ...

## INT. NIGHTCLUB - A LITTLE LATER

Priscilla talks to RANDY (Caucasian, 30s) at the bar and gestures to Camille, who sits with Clementine at a booth. Randy and Camille lock eyes ... instant passion. Randy nods and heads over to Camille.

RANDY

Why, hello. I'm Randy.

CAMILLE

Hi, Randy. I'm Camille.

RANDY

Would you like to dance?

Camille looks at Clementine, who smiles and nods. She looks over at Priscilla, who smiles and winks. Lenore and Lucy are next to her, pretending to dry-hump. Camille eyes Randy.

CAMILLE

I'd love to.

Camille, much more confident than ever before, rises and gets just inches away from his face.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

If you can keep up with me.

INT. CAMILLE'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Camille and Randy have extremely "Hot and Heavy" sex. The room is lowlight, but she's clearly on top ... then he's on top ... then they're standing up against the wall ... he pulls her hair, she scratches his back; they climax. Both are in utter ecstasy.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAMILLE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Camille wakes and sees Randy tying his shoes. He's just gotten dressed.

RANDY  
Hey there, Lover.

CAMILLE  
(Slowly sitting up)  
Good morning. You're leaving?

He sits on the edge of the bed and pecks her on the lips.

RANDY  
Yeah, I gotta get back to my wife.

CAMILLE  
What?!!!

CAMILLE IS AWAKE NOW! She freaks out, backs up against the headboard, and grabs a pillow.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
You're married?!!!

She slugs him in the head with her pillow, knocking him off the bed!

RANDY  
Ow!!! That was my fucking eyeball!

CAMILLE  
You lying, cheating, sack of  
bullshit!

Randy pops back up from the floor and backs away ...

RANDY  
Whoa, your friends said you knew  
and were totally cool with this.



CAMILLE  
Oh, they did? No, I am most  
certainly NOT COOL with this!

RANDY  
Well, I can see that NOW.

She throws another pillow at him; he ducks!

CAMILLE  
Get outta here!

RANDY  
Okay, Jesus!

He walks to the door, then quickly spins around.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
But you gotta admit - the sex we  
had last night was AMAZING.

CAMILLE  
It was amazing, Randy. Thank you.

They smile at each other.

RANDY  
(Stepping toward her)  
And if you ever want "seconds",  
I'll just tell my wife I have a  
business meeting-

CAMILLE  
(Furiously)  
Get the fuck out!!!

She hurls her phone at him, nailing him in the kneecap. He  
hops in pain out the door.

RANDY  
Ahhh!!! Take your meds, bitch!

FADE TO:

INT. CAMILLE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Camille sleeps peacefully. She hears a noise and looks up ...  
IT'S A.C.!

A.C.  
Did we enjoy ourselves last night?

CAMILLE  
 (Springing up)  
 A.C.? How'd you get here?

A.C.  
 I'm an Angel. I can get anywhere,  
 anytime. How's your mission going  
 with Heaven's enemies? Or as you  
 call them, "Your friends".

CAMILLE  
 Hey, you told me to infiltrate,  
 which is exactly what I'm doing-

A.C.  
 Yes, your assignment was  
 "infiltration", not "penetration".

CAMILLE  
 (offended)  
 Excuse me???

A.C.  
 What you do on your own time is  
 your business. Just don't let it  
 interfere with your mission.  
 (beat)  
 And come on, "A wardrobe  
 malfunction"?

He suddenly DISAPPEARS in a cloud of WHITE SMOKE! Camille  
 fretfully looks around the room.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. CAMILLE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Camille wakes alone in a panic! *Was that a dream?*

INT. PRISCILLA'S PORCH - DAY

Camille expresses her frustration to Priscilla.

CAMILLE  
 Why the hell would you EVER do that  
 to me?

PRISCILLA  
 Because you needed it.

CAMILLE  
 I don't need to be a home-wrecker!

PRISCILLA

Oh, please - Randy and his wife hate each other's guts. You did 'em *both* a favor: He got laid, he feels great, and now he won't go home and kill her. At least not right away.

CAMILLE

God, Priscilla, do you hear yourself? Because of your bold-faced lie, I unknowingly fucked a married man!

GEORGIA (V.O.)

Hey, Mom?

The ladies look up and see GEORGIA (17), Priscilla's daughter. She's beautiful and bears a strong resemblance to her mother. With her sweet smile and childlike voice, she's a walking picture of pure innocence.

PRISCILLA

Camille, this is my daughter, Georgia. Honey, this is Camille, my new friend.

Georgia's face lights up and she hugs Camille, who hugs her back but is embarrassed she was cursing when the teenage girl walked in.

GEORGIA

Oh, it's so nice to meet you!

CAMILLE

Nice to meet you, too, Sweetheart.

They release from each other.

GEORGIA

Mom, Stacy needs some help picking out her new dress. All my besties just texted, they're swinging by on their way to the mall. Can I go?

PRISCILLA

Sure, just be home for dinner by 7. We're having that breaded chicken.

GEORGIA

Ooh, yummy! I definitely will.

Priscilla puts her arms around Georgia and lays her head against hers.

PRISCILLA  
Camille, isn't she just the  
prettiest little thing?

Camille notices how similar they are in looks, but how vastly  
different they are in personalities.

CAMILLE  
She certainly is.

A KNOCK! is heard at a nearby door.

GEORGIA  
Come in! We're out on the porch!

Her best friends MARY THOMAS (CAUCASIAN), RUBY (AFRICAN-  
AMERICAN), and GABRIELLA (LATINA) - the daughters of  
Clementine, Lenore and Lucy - excitedly enter.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)  
Hey girls - this is my Mom's close  
friend Camille. Oh, and did I  
mention she's directing "THE BELLE  
OF THE BALL"?

The girls giddily clap!

CAMILLE  
Hi, it's wonderful to meet you. I  
know your mothers.

RUBY  
Oh, yeah, mine talks about you all  
the time!

GABRIELLA  
Mine LOVES you!

MARY THOMAS  
Mine loves you more!

The girls start giggling.

GEORGIA  
(Playfully)  
Well, at least I'm not *that*  
desperate. It was so nice to meet  
you. Bye, Mom!

She and her friends trot off. Camille sits down on a couch.

CAMILLE  
(exhaling)  
I need to calm down.

PRISCILLA

(Sitting next to her)

I'm sorry I lied. I just wanted you to enjoy yourself. I know you needed it.

CAMILLE

Was it that obvious?

Priscilla smiles impishly at her. Camille shakes her head and puts one hand over her face, ashamed.

PRISCILLA

It's okay. We've all been through a dry spell. Yours just happened to last half an eternity.

They smile at each other. Priscilla gently pats her hand.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

By the way ... did you have a good time with Randy?

CAMILLE

No.

(beat)

It was fucking excellent.

PRISCILLA

(laughing)

Oh, you saucy little tart! I love it! Camille, I'm gonna make this up to you.

CAMILLE

How?

PRISCILLA

By helping you raise that hundred grand for Gregory.

CAMILLE

How do you know that exact amount?

PRISCILLA

You mean besides the fact that he's been telling anybody at the club who'll listen? Look, I know some powerful investors I can easily introduce you to.

FRANK (V.O.)

Honey, I just got in, I was gonna-

The ladies turn and see FRANK (Caucasian, 40s) enter. He's very handsome, wears a business suit and holds a phone.

FRANK

Oh, sorry - I didn't know you had company.

He gives Priscilla a quick peck on the lips. She smiles.

PRISCILLA

Frank, this is my new friend I told you about, Camille. This is my husband, Frank.

FRANK

(Shaking her hand)

Oh, hi! Priscilla's been talking A LOT about you. Good things, I promise!

CAMILLE

Well, that's nice to know! Lovely to meet you, Frank.

FRANK

You as well.

(Backing away)

Priscilla, Thomas is having a panic-attack about losing his top client, I gotta talk him off the ledge.

PRISCILLA

Okay, Love. See you soon.

He exits.

CAMILLE

He seems like a real mover and a shaker.

PRISCILLA

Oh, yeah - that's a great way to describe my husband.

(Moving close to her)

Stay away from him, Home-wrecker.

She glares at her accusingly, and Camille is in complete shock. After a moment, Priscilla starts chortling at her own joke. Camille slaps her shoulder.

CAMILLE

Haven't you done enough damage to me today?

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

Priscilla and Camille talk to MARTIN KIMBROUGH (Caucasian, 50s) and his friends at a catered, extravagant event.

PRISCILLA

Don't get me wrong, Martin - every adult who's ever bought furniture south of the Mason-Dixon line knows about your chain of stores, but this pageant gives you the unique opportunity of exposure to not only a new audience, but the next generation. IF you were a sponsor.

MARTIN

We're just speaking hypothetically, right?

PRISCILLA

Well, of course!

CAMILLE

Hey, no pressure!

They all chuckle.

MARTIN

Well, Camille - your friend, A.K.A. "Attorney", makes a valid argument.  
(giving her his card)  
Call me tomorrow anytime after 2. I believe we can work something out.

CAMILLE

I look forward to it, Martin.

PRISCILLA

Have Ya'll tried the oysters?  
They are to die for.

INT. CAMILLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Camille is on her computer. Gregory abruptly barges in and closes the door. She looks up, startled!

GREGORY

Camille Buchanan.

CAMILLE

Good morning, Gregory.

GREGORY  
(Intensely)  
What did you say to Martin  
Kimbrough?

CAMILLE  
I just told him the advantages he  
could have if he became one of our  
sponsors. Why, what did he say?

GREGORY  
Nothing.

Camille looks perplexed. Gregory is suddenly chipper.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
He just donated \$300,000.

CAMILLE  
What?

GREGORY  
Yeah, he's onboard with us! Great  
work, Young Lady!

Camille is elated.

INT. EXERCISE ROOM - DAY

Priscilla talks on a headset as she works out on an  
elliptical machine.

PRISCILLA  
'Ole Martin's a sponsor? Well, that  
didn't take long!

INT. CAMILLE'S PLACE - SAME

Camille excitedly spins around in her roller chair, talking  
on her work phone.

CAMILLE  
I know, I can't believe it!  
Seriously, Priscilla. Thank you.

INTERCUT PRISCILLA/CAMILLE

PRISCILLA  
My pleasure, and this is only the  
beginning.  
(MORE)



PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

I know you've already reached your goal, but I have other investors for you to meet; and they'll all be at the upcoming contests you SHOULD be studying.

CAMILLE

Fantastic! I have one tonight in Ft. Worth.

PRISCILLA

I know, we're all going. Shall we pick you up at seven?

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

Camille and The Belles sit near the front row of another pageant. Camille is between Lucy and Lenore. ALYSSA WELLINGTON (18), a beautiful contestant in a sapphire evening gown, is onstage for her "Interview" with the HOST (Caucasian, 60), a cheesy-looking man in a dark blazer, a cowboy hat and a bolo tie.

LENORE

(to Camille)

Alyssa Wellington - another huge threat to our daughters. She's stunning, intelligent ...

ANGLE on stage.

COWBOY HOST

So Alyssa, what are your hobbies?

ALYSSA

Oh, I love swimming, jogging, and-

Alyssa unleashes a HUGE BURP!!!

The crowd is stunned. ANGLE on Camille and friends.

LENORE

And has SEVERE acid reflux.

Back onstage.

ALYSSA

Oh my goodness, excuse me!

Alyssa is horrified; the host is amused, as is a lot of the crowd.

COWBOY HOST

Well, that was impressive! So you  
love swimming, running and burping?

The audience chuckles.

ALYSSA

No - swimming, running, and  
gardening. I specialize in growing  
lilies, tulips and daisies. It's-

Alyssa lets out another MONSTROUS BELCH! EVEN LOUDER! The  
crowd cracks up. Many are repulsed.

COWBOY HOST

Well, you are a delicate flower  
yourself!

ANGLE on Camille and friends. Camille is confused; her  
friends are loving it.

LUCY

Oh boy, that's gotta subtract from  
her "charm" category.

Back onstage. Alyssa blushes and covers her mouth.

ALYSSA

I am so sorry! Anyway, it's an  
honor to be here, I just-

Alyssa lets out an ENORMOUS STACATTO BURP!!!

COWBOY HOST

This should be your talent!

The crowd is laughing heartily. Alyssa, not understanding why  
this is happening, is on the verge of tears.

ALYSSA

I ... I'm done, thank you.

She walks off, crying.

COWBOY HOST

Okay, folks that was Alyssa-

ALYSSA

BUUUURRRRRPPPP!!!!  
(crying)  
Excuse me!

COWBOY HOST  
Come on, folks, let her hear it!  
She let YOU hear it!

People applaud wildly!

ANGLE on Camille and the girls.

LUCY  
What a shame. Though I must admit,  
I can top her.

LENORE  
(to Camille)  
Yeah, this bitch can peel paint off  
the wall.

Camille starts laughing with her friends.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - LATER THAT NIGHT

Priscilla and Camille talk to the COWBOY HOST.

COWBOY HOST  
I've known Gregory for years, he's  
a good fella. Why don't the three  
of us have lunch at the club Monday  
and talk about joining forces?

CAMILLE  
That would be wonderful.

He shakes her hand and tips his hat. Camille notices Alyssa  
attempting to make a secret exit.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
Be right back, Ya'll.

Camille approaches Alyssa.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
Pardon me, Alyssa?

ALYSSA  
(dreading the interaction)  
Yes ...?

CAMILLE  
I'm so sorry that happened to you.

ALYSSA  
(Fighting tears)  
Me, too.

CAMILLE

Hey, sometimes nerves make our  
bodies react in funny ways.

ALYSSA

It wasn't nerves. Someone switched  
out my antacid with ibuprofen.  
Guess they won this round!

She runs off, sobbing. Camille looks at her compassionately.  
She then turns to see all The Belles laughing and rejoicing.  
*HMMMM ...*

INT. COUNTRY CLUB RESTAURANT - DAY

Gregory, Camille and the Cowboy Host all rise from a table,  
having just met for lunch. The Cowboy smiles, shakes hands  
with them, and leaves. Gregory beams at Camille.

GREGORY

You're on a roll, Missy. Keep  
attending these preliminary  
pageants. Next one's in Houston;  
please tell me you're going?

She looks caught off-guard, then slowly smiles.

CAMILLE

Well, I certainly am now.

INT. THEATER - NIGHT

Clementine carries a manilla folder and leads Camille to "The  
Judges' Table", right before the opening of "The Queen of  
Houston" pageant. They approach LILLIANA (Lebanese, 40). She  
is attractive and in business attire, much like a lawyer.  
Another manilla folder is in front of her on a large table.

CLEMENTINE

Excuse me, are you the infamous  
Judge Number Three?

LILLIANA

(Hugging her)  
Clementine! How are you, Doll?

CLEMENTINE

Just wonderful, thank you.  
(to Camille)  
I give you Lilliana, Judge Number  
Three and President of the largest  
Chase Bank in Texas.  
(MORE)

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)  
Lilliana, this is my dear friend  
and director of "The Belle of the  
Ball", Camille.

LILLIANA  
(Vigorously shaking hands)  
Nice to meet you, Camille! I hear  
you're doing great things for your  
big event!

CAMILLE  
Well, I'm trying my best. I'm lucky  
to be working with Gregory.

LILLIANA  
Oh, that man is a Godsend.

Clementine begins choking. She rapidly pulls a small bottle  
of water from her purse, drinks, and regains composure.

CLEMENTINE  
Sorry, wrong pipe. Well, listen,  
honey - I know you're about to  
start. I just wanted to say hello,  
good luck, and we'll see you after!

LILLIANA  
Thank you.

CLEMENTINE  
(Rushing Camille away)  
We better find our seats before  
they turn the lights out.

Camille notices some papers sticking out of Clementine's  
manilla folder. One reads, "Contestant Questions". WHAT?

INT. THEATER - A LITTLE LATER

DOUGIE (African-American, 30s), the host, addresses the  
audience. He wears a red, white, and blue "Texas Flag" suit,  
complete with the star referencing "The Lone Star State".

DOUGIE  
Okay, folks, let's bring out your  
next contestant for her interview,  
Miss Annabelle Freeman!

The audience politely applauds as ANNABELLE FREEMAN (18)  
walks out in a lovely evening gown. ANGLE on Clementine and  
Camille.

CAMILLE  
Why does that name sound familiar?

CLEMENTINE  
Daughter of Monica Freeman?

CAMILLE  
Winner of "Belle of The Ball",  
1997. The year you should've won?

CLEMENTINE  
That's the one, Peaches.

ANGLE back onstage. Dougie greets Annabelle.

DOUGIE  
Hello, there! Please tell everybody  
your name.

ANNABELLE  
Hi, I'm Annabelle Freeman. And my  
mother is a former winner of "The  
Queen of Houston"!

DOUGIE  
Hey, keeping in the family! Well,  
our first question is coming at you  
from Judge Number Three, Lilliana!

ANGLE on Lilliana looking at her notes, then at Annabelle.

LILLIANA  
Annabelle, you are so pretty-

ANNABELLE  
Thank you!

LILLIANA  
But quick disclaimer on behalf of  
our event: While it's wonderful  
that your mother took home the  
crown a few decades ago, that does  
not influence your score tonight in  
any way. If that was the case, the  
judges would be Lori Laughlin and  
Felicity Huffman.

(The crowd laughs)  
Annabelle - Please discuss the  
fundamental differences between  
South Korean leaders Moon Jae-in  
and Roh Moo-hyun, and their biggest  
conflict with Kim Jong-un.

Annabelle is speechless. *Has there ever been such a tough question at a beauty contest?*

ANNABELLE

Well ... Kim Jong-un is from North Korea, and the other guys are from South Korea, so ... there's that.

ANGLE on Clementine and Camille.

CLEMENTINE

Ooh, tough question.

CAMILLE

(Suspiciously)

Where's that folder you had?

CLEMENTINE

Oh, I got tired of carrying it around; so I just took a picture of the documents and threw it away.

CAMILLE

How convenient.

CLEMENTINE

Very much so. It's not like that thing would fit in my purse.

She holds up her tiny purse. Camille looks upset.

INT. GREGORY'S OFFICE - DAY

Gregory sits behind his desk. Camille is sitting next to Lilliana, who signs a contract. Gregory gives Camille a subtle "thumbs up". Camille smiles. As Lilliana gives the contract to Gregory and points to it, Camille's smile disappears. She looks conflicted and confused.

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

Lenore and Camille talk to ERIKA (Asian, 30s).

ERIKA

You've already received a ton of support this year. Sponsors, donations - I've heard about you!

CAMILLE

Well, don't worry - I'm not gonna try to force you to follow suit.

ERIKA

You don't have to. Actions speak  
louder than words, and yours speak  
**volumes.**

LENORE

Ladies, excuse me - I need to track  
someone down. Camille, I'll meet  
you in our seats.

CAMILLE

Sounds good!

(to Erika)

So even though you're well aware  
we've already reached our minimum  
goals with budget and sponsors,  
you're still interested?

ERIKA

Of course. It's like a guy at a bar  
trying to get the hottest girl  
there. What's the best way to do  
it? Get all the other girls'  
attention.

CAMILLE

Did you just call yourself "the  
hottest girl in the bar"?

ERIKA

Well, honey, I've seen your  
sponsors - and if I was in a bar  
with just them ... I would be.

They laugh.

EXT. COURTYARD - A LITTLE LATER

The pageant host, REX (Caucasian, 40s), addresses the  
audience from the stage. He wears a powder blue suit.

REX

Now it's time for "The Talent  
Portion"! Put your hands together  
for this beautiful contender for  
"Miss Austin-tatious", Dixie Ford!

DIXIE (Caucasian, 20), a lovely young woman in a gold  
cocktail dress, walks out.

REX (CONT'D)

Dixie, I hear you're gonna play a  
little violin for us?



DIXIE

I was, but someone took my bow.

The crowd gasps! ANGLE on Camille and Lenore.

LENORE

Yeah, I heard about this backstage.  
Wonder what she's gonna do?

CAMILLE

When were you backstage?

LENORE

(Not looking at her)  
Right before the show.

CAMILLE

Well, how convenient.

Lenore slowly turns and looks at her like "What's that supposed to mean?"

ANGLE on stage.

REX

I'm so sorry that happened. Would  
you like to share something else  
with us tonight?

DIXIE

Yes - I planned to perform Bach's  
Partita No. 2 with a violin. But  
because I can't do that now - and I  
know this beautiful song inside and  
out - I will do a vocal rendition  
while playing "The Air Violin".

The audience chuckles. ANGLE on Lenore and Camille.

LENORE

What a conundrum. She's gotta be  
joking, right?

Back onstage. Dixie positions herself like she's about to perform the opening piece of a Vienna Philharmonic production. She closes her eyes, places her fingers on the imaginary strings, and holds her invisible bow, preparing ... then starts doing an absurdly vocal impression of a violin solo, which sounds like a cross between someone having a seizure and someone speaking in tongues.

DIXIE

BL-LA-GL-LA-BL-LA-GL-LA - DUL-LA-  
LEE-DUL-LA-LEE!!!

The audience is shocked... then soon starts laughing.

DIXIE (CONT'D)  
 DIK-AH-DIK-AH-DIK-AH-DIK-AH-DIK-AH-  
 DIK-AH-DIK-AH-DIK-AH!!!

ANGLE on Lenore and Camille.

CAMILLE  
 Oh my word, is she possessed?

LENORE  
 Sugar, that ain't possessed. That's  
 just a catastrophe.

Back onstage. Dixie continues ...

DIXIE  
 DA-NA-NA-NAH-NEEE! DA-NA-NA-NA-  
 NEEE!!!

ANGLE on audience members, who are all laughing and looking at each other, questioning "Is this a joke?"

Back onstage. Dixie has reached a part in her "violin solo" where she's making noises like "The Norman Bates Shower Murder" from the movie *Psycho*.

DIXIE (CONT'D)  
 REE! REE! REE!

Audience members are now doubled over, laughing. Dixie goes for the big finish ...

DIXIE (CONT'D)  
 DEE-DAH-DEE-DAH-DEEEEEEE!!!

She triumphantly raises her imaginary bow, freezing like the statue of a victorious Gladiator! The audience processes for a moment ... then breaks into a thunderous round of mocking applause! Some even give her an ovation, but they are dying laughing. Dixie looks at the crowd ... and her face instantly changes from proud to crushed. She bawls and runs off.

REX  
 Dixie Ford, folks!  
 (Crowd applauds!)  
 Wait, Dixie, come back - you left  
 your violin!

He cheesily mugs at the audience.

ANGLE on Lenore and Camille.

LENORE  
After that debacle, she'll be lucky  
to play "second fiddle".

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Lenore is talking to a small circle of people after the event. Camille approaches.

CAMILLE  
I'm so sorry to interrupt. I'll  
meet you at the car.

LENORE  
(Handing her keys)  
No problem, be right there.

EXT. PARKING LOT, REMOTE CORNER - MOMENTS LATER

Camille walks to Lenore's car, the only one in this remote corner of the lot.

BITTER GUY (V.O.)  
Hey, I know you.

Startled, she turns around! Behind her stands a BITTER GUY (40) dressed like he wasn't at the event. He wears jeans and a leather jacket. He seems bitter and indignant.

CAMILLE  
Oh, hi. I'm sorry, I don't think I  
know you. I'm Camille-

BITTER GUY  
Yeah, Camille Buchanan, I know.  
Head of "The Belle of the Ball".

CAMILLE  
Well, I'm the director, but the  
head of it is actually my boss-

BITTER GUY  
You know my daughter, Rose, applied  
to your competition. She did  
everything right: She's beautiful,  
made a great video, wrote a  
charming essay ... but you guys  
didn't even look at it, did you?

This man is growing increasingly more upset and threatening.  
Camille clutches Lenore's keys; it's the only weapon she has.

CAMILLE

Sir, all the contestants are chosen  
as winners of other pageants, and I-

BITTER GUY

But you're on The Pageant Board,  
right? You know who's submitting  
and who makes it in 'cos they're  
"Country Club Material", dontcha?

He moves closer to her; she backs up.

CAMILLE

I promise you, I don't have any  
control over contestant eligibility  
before Belle of The Ball-

BITTER GUY

Come on! We both know the only  
reason my perfect little girl  
didn't get chosen is because she's  
not rich enough. And because her  
Daddy has a prison record, RIGHT?!!

CAMILLE

Again, I don't know anything about  
that.

BITTER GUY

Well, maybe you can make it up to  
me right now.

He grabs her, turns her around, and pushes her against the  
back of the car.

CAMILLE

Please, Mister, don't make me  
scream!

BITTER GUY

Oh, you're gonna scream, alright.  
But nobody's gonna hear ya.

He cups one hand over her mouth and grabs her hair with the  
other. Her muffled scream is heard. This is a NIGHTMARE ...

SMACK!!! He's suddenly hit over the head with a large object.  
He screams in pain and holds his head with both hands!

BITTER GUY (CONT'D)

AAAHHH!!!

Lenore stands, holding a large, wooden stick. Camille runs  
and crouches right behind her in fear.

LENORE

Hello, Denny. I see you're trying to add "sexual assault" to your list of offenses.

BITTER GUY

Naw, we were just gettin' to know each other.

(to Camille)

Weren't we, sexy?

Lenore glances at Camille, who cringes.

LENORE

Hmm, looks like she doesn't agree. In fact, looks like you scared the hell outta her. Here's your one chance: Run away right now, and I'll let you survive.

BITTER GUY

(Laughing)

That's okay, baby; I like it rough!

(moving closer)

You with the beauty contest, too?

Lenore brandishes her stick.

BITTER GUY (CONT'D)

I know who you are. You tried to be Belle of the Ball, but nobody wanted The Crown to belong to The Help.

LENORE

(Eyeing her target)

Wow, Camille, isn't he a charmer?

Lenore gestures with her free hand behind her back, motioning for Camille to back up. Her friend obliges.

BITTER GUY

You know it. And if you weren't here, I'd be fucking her by now!

He charges at Lenore and TACKLES her! Before they both hit the ground, she WHACKS him in the back with the stick! They roll on the ground a few times, the stick flies off into the lot, and he finally ends up on top of her.

He begins CHOKING her; she struggles! Just then, Camille SMACKS him in the head with her large purse! He falls off Lenore, onto the lot.

He quickly springs back up and starts chasing Camille. She runs to Lenore's car and uses her keen athleticism to spritely sprint up it, onto the roof!

As he reaches the trunk of the car, out of the blue ... BOOM! Lenore NAILS him in the back of the head with the stick!

BITTER GUY (CONT'D)

OOOHHH!!!

He falls on the ground and groans. Lenore takes the stick with two hands and violently THRUSTS it into the side of his head! He's DEAD.

Camille, still on the car roof, whimpers in fear. Lenore immediately wipes the stick with a handkerchief and carefully puts it back in her purse. Camille starts wailing ...

LENORE

Hey, girl - let's just calm down  
and get you off this roof.

Lenore gently takes her hand and helps her down. She grabs Camille's shoulders.

LENORE (CONT'D)

You're safe now, Camille. I'm gonna  
take care of this, I promise.

Lenore hits the "unlock" button on her car keys. She opens the door for Camille and helps her in the passenger seat.

LENORE (CONT'D)

Just hang tight, darlin', I'll be  
there in a jiffy.

Lenore quickly puts on a pair of gloves and grabs two huge beach towels from the trunk. She drapes one over her driver's seat and wraps Denny's body in the other. She impressively throws the body over her shoulder and carries it to a nearby dumpster. Lenore returns to the car, pulls out a hand towel, and wraps her murder weapon in it ... which we now clearly see is THE VIOLIN BOW! Camille is totally overwhelmed. Lenore puts the bow in the trunk and jumps in the driver's seat.

LENORE (CONT'D)

You hungry?

Camille gives her a "Whatchu talkin' 'bout, Wills?" look.

INT. CAMILLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Camille tosses and turns in her sleep. A noise suddenly wakes her; she sits up ... and sees **A.C. AT THE FOOT OF HER BED!**

CAMILLE

A.C.! You've gotta stop scaring me!

A.C.

I'm sorry, is being an accomplice to murder not scary enough?

CAMILLE

What?!!

A.C.

Please don't play games, Camille. You know I know everything. So how much more evil do these malicious witches need to cause before you put a stop to it?

CAMILLE

Whoa! Look, this is the first wicked thing they've done, so-

A.C.

"The first wicked thing"? Oh, you gullible little daisy. They've been wreaking havoc since you met them. Aside from Topless Adrian and your adulterous one-night stand - Who do you think switched Ibuprofen with antacid to turn Alyssa into Bertha The Belching Beauty? Who do you think swopped the questions on Monica Freeman's daughter? And you know who stole poor Dixie's violin bow. Your bestie who jammed it into a man's brain!

CAMILLE

That "man" was trying to rape me! He may have even killed me!

A.C.

I know! Believe me - I am so sorry you went through that; it wasn't in the plan. And she did save your life ... but at what cost? Do they expect you to just keep looking the other way?

CAMILLE

Look the other way? Listen, A.C.  
... I guess I thought all those  
things were just weird accidents.

A.C.

Really? Well, "How convenient".

POOF!!! He disappears in another white cloud. Camille is frozen.

BOOM! A.C. re-appears! She's startled.

A.C. (CONT'D)

Oh - and don't tell anyone else  
about the murder. For your own  
protection, The Belles need to be  
able to trust you. Good luck!

POOF! He disappears again in a white cloud. Camille is frazzled and befuddled.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. CAMILLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Camille abruptly sits up! *Was this another "dream"?*

INT. CAMILLE'S PLACE - DAY

Camille sips a delicious-looking smoothie. She seems perturbed and stares at someone ... who we see are all The Belles. Conversely, they each seem in a wonderful mood.

CLEMENTINE

What do you think?

LUCY

Delicious?

LENORE

Told ya, right?

PRISCILLA

It's my favorite!

Camille slowly stirs the smoothie with her straw.



CAMILLE

Ladies, this smoothie is quite delectable, and I do appreciate it ... but it's time we discuss the elephant in the room.

LUCY

Well, look - we all have maybe put on some stress weight lately, but "Elephant" is a little harsh-

CAMILLE

Are we really gonna pretend that you HAVEN'T been sabotaging your daughters' competition?!!

The Belles shut up. This gets their attention.

PRISCILLA

Now Camille, I know it may seem-

CAMILLE

Oh can it, Priscilla! You paid for that wardrobe malfunction. Lucy, you gave Alyssa Ibuprofen. Clementine, you switched out the Judge's questions. And Lenore ... oh yeah, YOU stole a violin bow and killed somebody!

LENORE

And your ass wouldn't be here if I didn't!

CAMILLE

And I appreciate it more than you know. Ya'll just gotta stop treating me like I don't know what's going on, it's insulting!

PRISCILLA

Well, we wanted to make sure we can trust you.

CAMILLE

Nobody knows our little secrets. And that's the way I like it, too.

The Belles glance at each other in agreement.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

But you don't have to take out the competition. You can let your girls do it with their own beauty.

PRISCILLA  
If only it was that simple.

CAMILLE  
Okay, fine. Who's your next victim?

CLEMENTINE  
Angelique Gardner. We know she does  
drugs, but she somehow keeps  
passing her drug tests.

LUCY  
She's got friends in high places.

The ladies laugh.

LENORE  
Well, hey - it's Sunday. Let's all  
go somewhere, huh?

CAMILLE  
Yeah, I was actually going to  
Church-

The Belles instantly react: Clementine drops her phone, Lucy  
starts coughing, Lenore spits out her water, and Priscilla  
clears her throat.

CLEMENTINE  
I actually gotta take my phone in-

LUCY  
I gotta work out-

LENORE  
I need to eat. I was talkin' food-

PRISCILLA  
Well, sounds like today's out, so  
tonight - let's just go dancing.

She smiles fiendishly.

INT. NIGHTCLUB BATHROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Camille is doing cocaine with The Belles in a luxurious  
bathroom they have to themselves, with the door locked.

CAMILLE  
OmiGod, I haven't done this since  
college!

She snorts a line, pinches her nostrils, and passes the goods over to Priscilla and Clementine, who immediately partake. Lucy and Lenore are in the background, dancing and giggling.

PRISCILLA

I haven't done this since Thursday.

She does a line and passes it to Clementine. The effects start to hit Camille right away.

CAMILLE

You know, hypothetically ... the answer to your next little casualty is right in front of you.

PRISCILLA

Whatcha mean, Jellybean?

CAMILLE

You want her to fail a drug test? Put drugs in her locker, backstage area, somewhere where she'll get caught. BAM! Problem solved.

Priscilla and Clementine share an epiphanous look.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

If you really wanna pull off this prank. I'm speaking strictly hypothetically, of course.

CLEMENTINE

But first ... we need to get some more drugs.

LUCY

Did somebody say "More Drugs"! Party Time!

Lucy spins around, dancing ... and falls into the garbage can, loudly knocking it over, to all the girls' amusement.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB RESTAURANT - DAY

SLOW MOTION on Camille and The Belles, who are all dressed to the nines, walking out of the restaurant. Heads are turning, women are slapping their husbands' heads and bodies for gawking, and the whole scene looks like a music video. Gregory looks up from doing some paperwork ... but he's not turned on; he's studying them. Camille holds her hand out for a YOUNG HOST (Male, 20s) to grab and kiss. She smiles at him.

INT. CAMILLE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Camille works at her desk. Gregory knocks and politely sticks his head in.

CAMILLE

Oh, good afternoon, Gregory. Please do come in.

He closes the door, walks in, and takes a seat.

GREGORY

Thank you kindly.

CAMILLE

What can I do for you, my friend?

GREGORY

You've been spending a lot of time with the lovely Belle quartet.

CAMILLE

Is that a problem?

GREGORY

Well, you tell me. I've certainly noticed a change in your behavior-

CAMILLE

Well, sure - I'm happier.

GREGORY

You're happier with all this new attention. It just doesn't seem like you. When you interviewed with me, you seemed so humble. Or was that just an act?

CAMILLE

No, Gregory! When I came here, I had no friends. These ladies welcomed me, took me out, introduced me to tons of people - including powerful investors, as you know.

GREGORY

And I thoroughly appreciate it. Truly, I do. I just hope you're getting something out of this camaraderie beyond mere attention.

CAMILLE

I am. They give me something to  
look forward to, other than my job.

GREGORY

Well, that's good to hear.

He nods and walks to the door, then turns around, concerned.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

Camille ... lately, you've also  
been dressing like them. Just be  
careful you don't become them.

She locks eyes with him for a moment. WHAT THE HELL IS THAT  
SUPPOSED TO MEAN? He exits. She sits back, exasperated.

INT. DINER - DAY

Camille and The Belles sit in a large booth. Lucy pulls out a  
newspaper and places it directly in front of Camille.

LUCY

For your reading pleasure, Madam.

CAMILLE

(Picking it up)  
What have we here?

LENORE

Check out the headline.

CAMILLE

"Belle of The Ball Shoe-In  
Disqualified For Cocaine  
Possession"?

The Belles nod and laugh!

CLEMENTINE

You're a genius!

CAMILLE

You actually DID it?

PRISCILLA

It was your idea, Babygirl. And it  
worked like a charm!

CAMILLE

Whoa! I was just babbling outta my  
mind, that was-

(MORE)

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
(Lowering her volume)  
That was the coke talking.

LUCY  
Well, you should do it more often,  
then. You're a game-changer!

LENORE  
In fact, let's get some "Booger  
Sugar" right now!

The Belles all "Whoo-Hoo!" Camille pounds the table with her fist, which silences them!

CAMILLE  
Enough! I never wanted to ruin a  
poor girl's life!

She grabs her purse and jumps to her feet.

PRISCILLA  
Oh, Camille, honey, you're being  
just a tad melodramatic-

CAMILLE  
Tell that to Angelique Gardner!

She storms off!

INT. CAMILLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Camille is dead asleep. She hears a noise, stirs ... **and looks up to see A.C.!**

A.C.  
We've got to stop meeting like  
this.

CAMILLE  
(Freaking out)  
Jesus Christ!

A.C.  
(to The Heavens)  
Why does everyone confuse me for  
you?  
(to Camille)  
Has your little coke buzz worn off?

CAMILLE  
What?

He paces the room with his hands behind his back.

A.C.

You were supposed to stop them, not help them!

CAMILLE

A.C., I never meant to assist them in any way-

A.C.

Oh, so teaching them to frame and disqualify a Belle contender was NOT your idea?

CAMILLE

Okay, it was, but I never imagined-

A.C.

That they'd actually do it? OF COURSE they'd do it! They just DID it!

He stops pacing and quietly sits on the corner of her bed.

A.C. (CONT'D)

Camille, darling ... I don't think you know exactly who you're dealing with here. These lovely ladies were all once sweet, truly kind people. Just like you.

CAMILLE

They still are to me. They've gone out of their way to-

A.C.

Open your eyes! They're just using you! They're only out for themselves and to hurt other people. How many young women's lives are completely tarnished now, thanks to them?

CAMILLE

Ok, so if they're not sweet anymore ... what happened to them?

A.C.

They gave into "The Dark Side" - namely greed and jealousy. It's a toxic combination.

CAMILLE

(Tearing up)

You're right.

(MORE)

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

Those girls got their lives totally screwed up, and it's all my fault.

A.C. gently pats her hand, comforting her.

A.C.

Hey, hey - you didn't know all that would happen. And you certainly didn't mean for any of it to. Those wicked women used you.

CAMILLE

Dammit, I'm so stupid!

A.C.

You're not stupid, I told you they're charming. But you do have a job to finish. They're hatching much bigger plans.

CAMILLE

Well, can you at least tell me what they are?

A.C.

We don't know yet.

CAMILLE

Well, that's just great.

She balls up at the foot of the bed, sitting in a fetal position, with her face on top of her knees.

A.C.

You were just blaming yourself for all this mischief. But who's fault is it really?

CAMILLE

The Belles. Even I know that.

A.C.

But who specifically? Attach a name to your blame.

CAMILLE

What do you mean? It's all four of them. You said so yourself-

A.C.

Dammit, Camille, GIMME A NAME!!!

CAMILLE

Priscilla!!!



He looks at her, impressed, as if she just had a breakthrough.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
Priscilla. She's the one always  
convincing me to do the wrong  
thing.

A.C.  
(leaning in)  
Well, maybe it's time to exact a  
little revenge.

CAMILLE  
Like ... what exactly?

A.C.  
The opportunity will present  
itself. You'll know what to do.

He smiles, rises and walks away. Quickly, he turns back.

A.C. (CONT'D)  
And don't worry about me and The  
Man Upstairs judging you. In  
situations like this, we know that  
revenge is often a great motivator  
that helps us finish the job. So we  
look the other way.

POOF! He disappears in a cloud of white dust!

INT. CAMILLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She wakes up! Sweating, her eyes dart around the room. This  
was definitely NOT A DREAM ...

EXT. MECHANIC SHOP - DAY

Gregory is on his cellphone.

GREGORY  
My car broke down in San Antonio.

INT. CAMILLE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Camille sits behind her desk, talking on her phone.

CAMILLE  
Oh, I'm so sorry! Are you stranded?  
I know someone there-

GREGORY/CAMILLE INTERCUT

GREGORY

No, that's very kind of you - I'm at a trustworthy mechanic shop.

CAMILLE

Oh, thank God.

GREGORY

(chuckling)

Uh ... yes. Anyway, I'm supposed to approve a contract with The Brooks Firm tonight at Perry's Steakhouse at 7pm. There's no way I'll make it back in town by then. Can you please go and sign on my behalf?

CAMILLE

Um, sure. But I don't know the ins and outs of what I'm signing?

GREGORY

No worries. When you arrive, just call me, and I'll direct all my queries to the lawyer you'll be meeting with.

CAMILLE

Okay, done deal.

GREGORY

And they'll treat you to dinner, so after you sign, just enjoy.

CAMILLE

I'll do my best.

GREGORY

You always do, Camille. Thank you.

He hangs up. Camille writes "7pm: Perry's Steakhouse" on a post-it.

INT. PERRY'S STEAKHOUSE - THAT NIGHT

Camille sits alone at a quiet table, studying the drink menu.

FRANK (V.O.)

My, Gregory, you look gorgeous tonight.

She looks up and sees Frank, Priscilla's husband. He smiles and gestures to the empty chair across from her.

FRANK

May I?

CAMILLE

Of course. Wow, I didn't know you're with the Brooks firm.

FRANK

(sitting down)

Yeah, I'm the partner that the old guys send out when their wives want 'em to stay home.

CAMILLE

(Playfully)

How 'bout yours? Did she let you out of the house, or did you sneak out?

FRANK

I'm a grown man, Darlin'. I make my own choices.

Just then, a WAITRESS (20s) appears with dinner menus.

WAITRESS

Good evening, folks!

CAMILLE

Hello.

FRANK

Hi, there. We're definitely gonna be ordering a bottle of something delightful, because she's about to sign a contract that's gonna make her boss very happy.

WAITRESS

(laughing)

Hey, sounds great!

CAMILLE

Oh, really?

FRANK

You better believe it. Now what kind of wine do you prefer?

CAMILLE

I'm a "Red Girl". More sweet than dry.

FRANK

Ooh, love it.

(pointing at menu)

Alright, let's please start with a bottle of the Schafer Relentless Syrah, Napa Valley.

WAITRESS

Ok, I'll get that started for you. And are we also dining tonight?

FRANK

Well, I know I'm hungry, but I don't wanna speak for this lovely lady?

CAMILLE

I'm ravenous, so yes, we will.

WAITRESS

Fantastic. Take your time, I'll be right back with your wine.

She briskly walks off. Frank pulls out a contract from his briefcase.

FRANK

I have some very good news for Mr. Dennison. Shall we call him?

CAMILLE

(Pulling out phone)

I thought you'd never ask.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. PERRY'S STEAKHOUSE - LATER

Camille and Frank are quite giddy and on at least their second bottle. They've finished dinner and are giggling.

CAMILLE

Okay, wait - I can do a good Priscilla impression, hold on.

FRANK

Oh, man - I CAN'T WAIT to hear this.

CAMILLE  
Alright, here we go ...

She looks at him and starts laughing.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
Frank, don't make me laugh!

FRANK  
I'm not, I'm just sitting here,  
waiting for your brilliant  
imitation.

CAMILLE  
Okay, please stop talking.

FRANK  
Actually, that's pretty dead-on.

They both start laughing again. Camille closes her eyes and gets into character.

CAMILLE  
Here we go.  
(As Priscilla)  
You know, honey, words are  
extremely important. For example,  
there's an enormous difference  
between telling people your child  
is in "a band", and telling people  
your child is in "The Band".  
(Frank laughs heartily!)  
I mean - one's on The Dean's List,  
and the other's on Unemployment.

FRANK  
Wow, that is perfect!

Frank applauds, while Camille does a mock-bow.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Almost too perfect. Priscilla is  
one judgmental bitch, isn't she?

CAMILLE  
(Smiling)  
Now Frank, that is no way for a  
gentleman to talk about his wife.

FRANK  
Well, I guess I'm not in "Gentleman  
Mode" anymore. We got our work  
done; now it's "Play Time".

He slowly takes off his wedding ring and puts it in his jacket pocket.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You kept staring at my ring. I took it off so you won't be so distracted.

He looks at her, seductively. She looks back at him, then nervously looks up to The Heavens. *Is this THE opportunity for revenge?*

CAMILLE

You know, Mister ... I need to go home.

FRANK

I understand.

(beat)

You want some company?

CAMILLE

What I want and what I need are two different things.

FRANK

I don't think so. Not in this case.

They lock eyes and passionately absorb each other.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You know, Camille ... Priscilla gossips about everybody, including you. She calls you a fuddy-duddy stick in the mud who doesn't know how to have fun.

CAMILLE

Oh, I'm sure. I probably am, compared to her.

FRANK

I beg to differ. In fact, I think you're a prime example of a joyous soul who's fun and exhilarating and just waiting to cut loose ... with the right person.

CAMILLE

Well ... can't say I can argue with that.

FRANK  
Wanna get outta here? I know you  
do.

She smiles seductively at him.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CAMILLE'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Camille and Frank intensely make out, against the wall.

Close-up of Camille, in ecstasy.

Close-up of Frank, in ecstasy.

Camille and Frank lie side-by-side, catching their breaths.

CAMILLE  
Oh, my. That was ...

FRANK  
Amazing?

CAMILLE  
Yes.

They smile at each other, then kiss.

FRANK  
Yes, it was.  
(beat)  
Don't worry about what my wife says  
about you. She's just jealous.

CAMILLE  
Well, I can't imagine why.

They both crack up. Frank sits up, suddenly inspired.

FRANK  
Oh! I have a little surprise for  
you!

CAMILLE  
Well, I'm waiting with baited  
breath.

Frank jumps up and walks to the foot of the bed. He smiles  
and quickly squats down, disappearing behind it. Camille  
grows curious ... after a brief moment, **A.C. APPEARS!!!**

A.C.  
Well, hello there, Love!

CAMILLE  
AAAHHH!!!

Camille hides her body under the covers. She balls up against the headboard, with covers wrapped around her like a cocoon.

A.C.  
I know I vowed for us to stop meeting like this, but I just couldn't resist.

CAMILLE  
What happened to Frank?

A.C.  
Oh, Camille ... I was Frank all along. I've got his soul.

A.C.'s eyes light up like flames! Two horns suddenly protrude from his head. He now wears a red cape and holds a pitchfork.

A.C. (CONT'D)  
My trademark attire. Do you like?

CAMILLE  
No! NOOO!!!

She holds her head in her hands, hoping this is just a nightmare.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
I just fucked The Devil!

A.C.  
Gives a whole new meaning to "feeling horny", huh?

She flops down on the bed, sobbing.

A.C. (CONT'D)  
Okay, I'll go back to the old A.C. you're accustomed to.

He snaps his fingers and returns to his "normal" attire, wearing all white. Camille does her best to collect herself.

CAMILLE  
"A.C." You called yourself "Affable Cherub" and "Angelic Chum", ha! But all along ... you're the "Anti-Christ".



A.C.

Well, look who just caught up.

CAMILLE

Why me?

A.C.

Remember how I told you The Belles all started off like you, sweet and innocent? Well, this is what I do. Every truly bad boy loves the challenge of a good girl. And I commend you, Camille Buchanan, you were one tough nut to crack!

CAMILLE

But now you own me, too.

A.C.

Yes, Sugar, you signed a contract. But you have a choice: Die and go to Hell now ... or first live an extremely fun, powerful life on Earth for many, many years.

Camille looks conflicted and frantic.

A.C. (CONT'D)

Come on, you're already enjoying yourself. Why not enjoy it as long as you can? Will you do things you once hated? Yes, but you'll learn to love them. And Priscilla won't be mad about us, 'cos I'm married to all of you.

CAMILLE

So now I'm just another Belle?

A.C.

(Moving next to her)

Oh, no. Give yourself more credit.

(Touching her cheek)

You're my best one yet.

He gives her a peck on the lips, and ... POOF! He disappears. Teary-eyed and ashamed, she looks up to The Heavens.

CAMILLE

I'm so sorry. He's got my soul.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Camille sits with The Belles at a booth in a high-scale restaurant.

CAMILLE

I know last time ya'll saw me, I was pretty upset. And now I realize ... I just need to get over it, because it's your mission and your destiny. And it's also my mission and destiny.

PRISCILLA

Well, we're quite relieved and elated to hear you say that. What changed your mind?

CAMILLE

Oh, come on ... I can tell by the way you're looking at each other, you know I was seduced by A.C.

The Belles giggle and hoot.

LUCY

(sarcastic)

Oh, and I'm sure you had NOTHING to do with the red-hot action.

CAMILLE

Hey, guilty as charged!

The Belles laugh and "Whoo-hoo!"

PRISCILLA

And you thought he was my husband! I knew you were a home-wrecker!

CAMILLE

Look, he told me to get revenge on you!

Priscilla throws her arms around Camille's neck then pretends to choke her. The Belles crack up.

PRISCILLA

But let's be honest: How great is A.C. in the sack?

CAMILLE

Fan-fuckin'-tastic!

As the ladies celebrate, a MANAGER (Female, 30s) approaches.

MANAGER

Ladies, I'm so sorry to interrupt -  
does anyone here drive a turquoise  
Mini Cooper?

CAMILLE

Oh yes, I do.

MANAGER

Your car's about to get towed.

CAMILLE

What?!!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

A TOW TRUCK DRIVER (Caucasian, Female, 20s) has just hooked  
up Camille's car and is about to jump in her truck. Camille  
runs out with The Belles.

CAMILLE

Wait, wait, please! Why are you  
towing my car?!!

The driver turns around. She has two-toned hair and A LOT of  
attitude.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER

Well, gee, let's see: You were  
basically double-parked behind a  
van that couldn't get out, and not  
even in the lot, but on a small,  
adjacent hill, and your vehicle was  
unsafely into the street.

CAMILLE

Oh, that is a gross exaggeration -  
look how packed this place is;  
EVERYBODY is bending the rules to  
fit in the lot!

TOW TRUCK DRIVER

Well, that doesn't make it right,  
does it?

CAMILLE

Of all the cars here, WHY ME?

TOW TRUCK DRIVER

Because I had to pick somebody and  
do my job.

(MORE)

TOW TRUCK DRIVER (CONT'D)

Because you drive a pretentious Mini Cooper. Because your rich husband is probably gonna pay for it, you've never struggled a day in your life, and I'm busting my ass just to survive.

CAMILLE

(Stepping close)

First of all, I'm not married. Second, if you're having so much trouble "surviving", maybe you need to stop "living".

TOW TRUCK DRIVER

(Stepping closer)

Is that a threat, Lady?

CAMILLE

It's whatever you want it to be, you Dayshift Stripper Reject!

As she charges the driver, The Belles pull her away.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER

You're lucky I don't sue your ass!

As The Belles lead Camille away, Clementine breaks off and politely approaches her.

CLEMENTINE

Miss, I thoroughly apologize for my friend's behavior; she's going through a real rough patch.

The driver calms down and nods in acknowledgment. Clementine pulls cash out of her purse.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

Now do you see anything in here that can make all this go away?

TOW TRUCK DRIVER

I DO NOT accept bribes! Walk away, or I'll be forced to report you to the proper authorities!

Clementine puts the money back in her purse.

CLEMENTINE

Okay, no problem, just throwing it out there.

The driver opens the door, jumps in her cab, and shuts her door, which has the window rolled down. Clementine rushes up.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

I'll leave you a great Yelp review?

The driver revs up the engine and takes off, towing Camille's car. Camille jogs up to Clementine.

CAMILLE

(To driver)

I hope you're happy with yourself,  
you fucking Sadist!

The tow truck and Camille's car drive out of sight.

CLEMENTINE

You really wanna get revenge? I got  
her license plate.

CAMILLE

Yeah, let's nail this bitch.

EXT. TOW TRUCK YARD - DAY

The Tow Truck Driver, dressed in her uniform, gets out of her parked Mazda Miata convertible as she talks on her cellphone. She slowly ambles toward the Tow Truck Booth to check in.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER

Yeah, so then she starts begging me  
and turning on the water works,  
"Please, don't tow me - I'm  
pregnant! Come on, have a heart." I  
was like, "Um, I'll have a heart  
when you have a birth control pill,  
you irresponsible bitch." Ha! You  
want me to get a heart?" Then how  
'bout you get an Uber?

BOOM! Her convertible explodes and goes up in flames! She drops her phone, hangs her mouth gaping wide open, and convulses in utter panic.

BINOCULARS POV: The Tow Truck Driver panics as two of her co-workers run to the flames with a fire extinguishers and begin putting them out. Everyone in the yard rushes to the excitement and begins screaming orders ("Stand back, everyone!", "Somebody call 9-1-1", etc.)

ANGLE on Camille and Clementine, looking through separate pairs of binoculars.

CAMILLE  
Holy Shit, it worked!

CLEMENTINE  
Told you it would, Baby.

CAMILLE  
Well-done! How'd you learn to do that?

CLEMENTINE  
"Breaking Bad". Season One, Episode Four.

Camille laughs.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)  
Too bad she wasn't in the car, huh?

Camille immediately stops laughing. *Wow ... she's serious.*

INT. GREGORY'S OFFICE - DAY

Camille sits in a chair, across from Gregory, who is behind his desk. He studies her pensively.

CAMILLE  
So ... you wanted to see me?

GREGORY  
Yes, I did.  
(beat)  
You know I'm a fan of yours, right?

CAMILLE  
Well, I hope so. After all, you did hire me.

She smiles politely at him. He smiles back, but it's obvious he's not content about something ...

GREGORY  
I certainly did. And I only employ people I trust. So my question is ... do you trust me?

CAMILLE  
Why, of course.

GREGORY

So you trust my opinion? If I thought you were in immediate danger, you would appreciate if I spoke up and told you?

CAMILLE

Oh, God - who's trying to kill me?

GREGORY

It's not you that's being destroyed. It's your reputation.

CAMILLE

You're talking about The Belles? My friends?

GREGORY

Your "friends" have pulled your focus away from your occupation. We had a meeting yesterday with the music director, and you were out enjoying a late lunch.

CAMILLE

Oh, Gregory - I'm so sorry. Please catch me up on what I missed-

GREGORY

All you need to know is - I solved the music director's problem. Now let me solve yours: You need to stop hanging around with those four wretched wenches.

CAMILLE

Mr. Dennison, those ladies are like my sisters! Can you honestly tell me they are planning to specifically harm anyone? If so, I'm all ears?

GREGORY

Well, not precisely, but they are never up to any good-

CAMILLE

This conversation is over!

(Getting up)

Now if you'll excuse me, I have a conference with one of the many investors I've convinced to give you money. I'm sure you won't have a problem with that!

She leaves and slams the door. Gregory puts two hands together in prayer.

INT. CLEMENTINE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Camille and The Belles are conversing, giggling and enjoying wine and cheese.

LENORE

But seriously, when my ex-husband dies, he's going to Heaven.

CLEMENTINE

Oh, really?

LENORE

Yeah, 'cause Satan can't even handle that asshole.

The ladies raucously laugh!

A.C. (V.O.)

Gossiping about me again?

The ladies look up as A.C. enters with a six-pack of exquisite-looking champagne. They all say hello. Camille looks at him very nervously, still feeling embarrassed of their physical encounter.

A.C.

Hope I'm not interrupting, dear Lovelies!

LUCY

Interrupting? A.C., you just shifted this party into top gear!

A.C.

Oh, good - I thought a ritualistic celebration was in order.

He puts the drinks on a table and pops a bottle. The Belles cheer!

A.C. (CONT'D)

Now who would care for a glass of Beezle-Bubbly?

The Belles all "Yay!" He starts filling up empty glasses on the table that Clementine set out.



LUCY  
 "Beezle-Bubbly". So evil, it's  
 adorable, right?

She looks at Camille, who is quite discontent. The ladies all  
 grab a glass.

A.C.  
 To our Foolproof Plan! I assume  
 you've filled Camille in?

CAMILLE  
 I'm sorry?

PRISCILLA  
 We were just about to. But first,  
 can we at least drink to it?

A.C.  
 By all means!

Everyone merrily toasts and drinks except Camille, who does  
 so rather cautiously.

A.C. (CONT'D)  
 So Camille, darling; here's the  
 deal: To ensure these four  
 beautiful creatures' daughters make  
 the Top 5 finalists of Belle of the  
 Ball, they've eliminated all their  
 primary threatening contenders,  
 save for one.

CAMILLE  
 I see. So ... what are they - I  
 mean "we" - gonna do about her?

A.C. nods to Priscilla.

PRISCILLA  
 Her talent portion is a "Bongo  
 Solo". We'll install a lightweight  
 cartridge inside the large bongo  
 with just enough C-4 explosives to  
 blow up her and the front row,  
 which - wait for it - includes  
 Jerry Sherman, his insanely jealous  
 wife Gretchen, Hubert Middleton,  
 and Edwin Hagwood.

A.C.

All four reasons why these gorgeous Queens were never crowned "Belle of The Ball".

The Belles smile and excitedly clap. Camille looks horrified.

CAMILLE

Whoa! How do we know their daughters won't be hurt?

PRISCILLA

Because we're arranging for our little Bongo sensation to go last in the Talent Portion, so our sweet daughters will have already gone and be back in the dressing room, which is many, many yards safely away from the line of fire.

Camille is deeply concerned.

A.C.

Don't worry, friendly reminder: You'll all be sitting in the balcony, nowhere near the target.

Camille nods.

PRISCILLA

Ok, how 'bout we do a quick prep and make sure everybody's got their job down pat?

A.C.

Wonderful idea! Let's see what you ladies have cooked up. Starting with - Clementine!

CLEMENTINE

As President of the Dallas Documentary Society that's filming this pageant, I've kindly asked Gregory to please put the Bongo player last, as she's the only one with musical equipment that takes longer to set up and break down, allowing for a smoother transition and a more professional show.

A.C.

Excellent! Over to you, Priscilla!

PRISCILLA

I'll be smuggling the C-4 explosives in my ultra-tight, scrumptious evening gown, right in my cleavage. Before I get asked to walk through the metal detector by Paulie, Head of Security, I will inform him I have a medical condition that prevents me from doing so, and a note from my Doctor. Sidenote: Paulie is obsessed with boobs. I got this.

A.C.

Love it! Alrighty, Lucy and Lenore ... hit me!

LUCY

Dude, we hooked up the explosives.

LENORE

Yeah, what more do you want?

A.C.

Well-done! And that brings me to Camille.

CAMILLE

I have NO IDEA what I'm supposed to do.

He smiles and raises his eyebrows at Priscilla.

PRISCILLA

Oh, it's quite simple. You're just gonna take a tape measure and let us know the exact length and width of the stage. Next, measure the length of the front row, across the chairs. Finally, measure from the front row to the front of the stage.

CAMILLE

So we're gonna take out some innocent people on the front row?

PRISCILLA

You wanna make an omelette, you gotta break some eggs.

CAMILLE

Are you seriously quoting *Fight Club*?

A.C. moves over to Camille, just inches from her face.

A.C.  
 If you don't comply, you'll be  
 joining the front row.  
 (Whispering in her ear)  
 And you know where that takes you.

Camille breaths deeply, trying not to explode.

CAMILLE  
 No worries, I can handle this.

A.C.  
 Beautiful!

Priscilla pulls a tape measure from a bag and tosses it to her. She skittishly dives for it ... and catches it like a running back scoring in the in-zone! A.C. and The Belles cheer for her, as she neurotically jumps back up.

A.C. (CONT'D)  
 (Raising his glass)  
 To the true Belles of The Ball!

All the ladies clink glasses with each other and A.C. They all sip. Camille joins in, but is clearly less enthused than everyone else. As soon as they all sip the champagne, everyone's eyes light up with "flames" and they all start laughing maniacally. Even Camille.

A.C. (CONT'D)  
 Let's give 'em Hell!!!

INT. COUNTRY CLUB BALLROOM - DAY

Camille has just finished measuring the stage and is writing notes on a post-it.

JESUS (V.O.)  
 What sinister plans of destruction  
 are you working on?

Camille nervously drops her post-it pad and looks up to see JESUS (Pronounced "Hey-Zeus", Latino, 30). He is dressed like a handyman - with overalls, workman's leather gloves, and a large tool belt. He flashes a warm smile.

JESUS  
 Sorry, I'm just joking; I didn't  
 mean to alarm you.

Camille scrambles to pick up her post-it pad.

CAMILLE

Oh, not at all, I just didn't know anyone was there!

JESUS

Hi, I'm Jesus. The official "Belle of the Ball" Stage Director.

He takes off a glove and extends his hand.

CAMILLE

(Shaking hands)

Oh, my goodness, hi! I can't believe we haven't met yet, I'm Camille! I'm just "The Director".

They both chuckle.

JESUS

Yes, I know who you are. Gregory's told me a lot about you.

He smiles warmly at her again ... but this time, he also seems to be scrutinizing, almost as if he's looking directly into her soul. Camille tenses up at the mention of "Gregory".

CAMILLE

Oh.

(beat)

So, what did he tell you?

JESUS

Oh, only good things, Camille. Gregory's a real fan of yours. He's always talking about how much good you've done, and how much potential you have to do so much more.

Camille immediately feels guilty.

CAMILLE

I see.

JESUS

Good for "The Belle of The Ball", I mean.

A wave of relief washes over Camille.

CAMILLE

(Laughing)

Oh, right! Well, that's nice to know.

JESUS

Seriously, you've been a tremendous help to the pageant, the Country Club, Gregory, and everyone involved. Your investors, your organization ... none of this would've happened without you.

CAMILLE

That's so sweet of you to say, thank you.

JESUS

Hey, we're all here to help each other, right? Some people don't understand that - they try so hard to only help themselves, that they just end up hurting others.

Camille lets this sink in. It sounds very familiar ...

CAMILLE

(beat)

You know, I've seen you around. You're not just "The Stage Director", are you?

JESUS

No, 'Mam. I'm more "The Official Royal Oaks Handyman Who Got Roped Into Being The Stage Director When The Last One Quit." But that's a little too long to fit on a nametag.

Camille laughs. Just then, a beautiful CAT scampers up to Jesus, gently purring and meowing. Camille looks at the cat, who looks very similar to hers in her previous life.

CAMILLE

(To herself)

Dudley?

Jesus affectionately picks up the feline and cuddles it.

JESUS

Hey, Sweetheart. Daddy missed you.  
(To Camille)  
This is Butterscotch. Wanna pet her?

CAMILLE

Sure. Hi, Butterscotch.

She gently pets Butterscotch, who sweetly rubs against her. She becomes misty-eyed as she thinks of Dudley. Jesus' WALKIE TALKIE loudly goes off.

WALKIE TALKIE (V.O.)  
Yo, Jesus - just confirming you  
want all the gas and paint thinner  
in the flammable room?

JESUS  
(holding walkie talkie)  
Yessir, thanks. Meet you in the lot  
in five.

WALKIE TALKIE (V.O.)  
Copy that.

CAMILLE  
What's "The Flammable Room"?

JESUS  
It's a little storage room in the  
backstage for items like gas, oil,  
paint thinner, aerosol cans.

CAMILLE  
(Standing up)  
Backstage?

JESUS  
Yeah, that's the best place, away  
from the general public. We just  
gotta be ultra-careful - because if  
anyone lights a match near the  
room, much less causes an  
explosion, this entire theater goes  
down.

ANGLE on Camille having an internal crisis!

INT. COUNTRY CLUB BALLROOM - NIGHT

It's The Big Event ... "The Belle of The Ball"! This highly-anticipated shebang has officially begun, and the wall-to-wall crowd is PUMPED!

ANGLE on the stage: The host is none other than Gregory! His white and light blue searsucker suit makes him look like a cross between Colonel Sanders and Matlock.

GREGORY  
Ladies and Gentlemen, who out there  
is ready for this year's "BELLE OF  
THE BALL"?

The crowd wildly applauds!

ANGLE on Camille and The Belles watching the action from their seats in the balcony. The Belles clap and seem very content. Camille looks like she's just seen a ghost.

ANGLE on stage. All the lights go out except a dim spotlight on Gregory, who begins the opening song.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
She may be petit/She may be tall,  
Traditional/Or off the wall, With  
effortless grace, she'll never fall  
...

After a slight pause ... BOOM! All the stage lights pop on! All the contestants are behind Gregory in perfect formation. They each wear matching outfits, which are revealing but classy. As Gregory starts singing again, they do a high-energy, synchronized dance.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
She's "The Belle of The Ball!"

ANGLE on Camille, who discreetly leaves her seat, tiptoes to the door, and exits the balcony.

INT. BACKSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Camille gallops into the dressing room and starts rummaging around the props. She finds the bongo!

INT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

The Belles slowly look at Camille's empty seat, then suspiciously look at each other.

INT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Gregory sings the cheesy introduction number as the girls continue their dance.

GREGORY  
"BELLE! B is for 'Beautiful', E is  
for 'Exciting', LL is for "Lovely  
Lady"!



The music abruptly STOPS! All the contestants look at Gregory and say the next line in unison.

CONTESTANTS

Hey! What about the other E?

GREGORY

Oh, yes! The other E is ... silent.

He goofily mugs at the audience. The MUSIC starts back up, and the singing and dancing continue!

GREGORY (CONT'D)

That's right, "Belle!" Not the kind you ring, the kind you GIVE a ring!

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Camille looks under the large bongo and sees the explosive device. She gingerly picks up the bongos, turns around, and sees ... PAULIE, Head of Security. (Caucasian, 50s) Alarmed, she does her best to play it cool.

CAMILLE

Oh - hi, Paulie!

PAULIE

Hey, Camille. What are you doing back here?

CAMILLE

Just a little inspection on all the props before they jump into action!

Trying her best to distract him, she holds the bongos directly below her cleavage. He stares at her cleavage. She nervously chuckles.

PAULIE

(Confused)

So ... where you taking the bongos?

CAMILLE

Down the hall to ... the scale!  
Gregory needs to make sure all musical equipment is properly measured and weighed.

Camille accidentally drops her keys on the floor.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

Oops!

PAULIE  
No problem, I gotcha.

He bends down, grabs the keys and hands them to her.

CAMILLE  
Thank you.

As he starts to rise, he notices the inside of the bongo.

PAULIE  
Whoa! What is THAT?

CAMILLE  
Paulie, honey, we've been over  
this. It's a bongo.

PAULIE  
No, that thing on the inside. Looks  
like a timer.

CAMILLE  
What?

Paulie realizes it's an explosive.

PAULIE  
Oh, my God. Ok, we have an  
emergency situation - I need you to  
slowly lower the drum on the floor.

CAMILLE  
(Slowly lowering)  
No problem, here we go ...

PAULIE  
I gotta call this in.

He picks up his walkie talkie, about to speak into it.  
Camille quickly grabs his gun and points it at him!

CAMILLE  
You will NOT!

PAULIE  
What the hell are ya doing?

CAMILLE  
Saving people's lives. I'm sorry.

She smacks him in the forehead with the butt of the gun; he  
collapses. She stuffs it in her top, picks up the bongos, and  
runs out!

INT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Gregory sings the final line as the contestants all impressively twirl, kick and pose!

GREGORY  
She's gotta be "The Belle of The  
Ball!!!"

The crowd gives a well-earned, HUGE round of applause!  
Gregory gestures to the contestants and launches into one of his classics.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
Whoo, it's hot up here, people! As  
they say where I come from, it's  
hotter than two jackrabbits makin'  
love in a wool sock, on edge of The  
Equator, in Zimbabwe, during a  
Volcanic eruption, on the 4th of  
July!

The audience laughs.

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

Camille walks as fast as she can with the bongos. She rounds the corner, and ALL THE BELLES ARE WAITING FOR HER!

PRISCILLA  
I don't remember this part of the  
plan, Cutiepie. Do Ya'll?

Clementine, Lucy, and Lenore shake their heads.

CAMILLE  
I'm trying to save us!

CLEMENTINE  
Camille, did you even listen to a  
word we said?

A.C. (O.S.)  
Because you're not acting like it.

Camille whips around to see A.C. in an immaculate tuxedo.

A.C. (CONT'D)  
Which I find really confusing,  
because I distinctly remember you  
saying - and I quote - "I can  
handle this."

He glares at her. Camille snatches the gun out of her cleavage and point it at him!

CAMILLE

You lied to us, you son of a bitch!

The Belles start to close in on her, but A.C. holds his hand up, signaling for them to stop.

A.C.

(Laughing hard)

Oh, how cute - a pistol! You can't kill me. I'm already dead!

CAMILLE

He lied to ALL of us!

She turns around to The Belles with the gun. They frantically duck and brace themselves; she points it back at A.C.

PRISCILLA

What exactly are you referring to?

CAMILLE

The plan was to set this off and just take out the bongo player and the front row.

LENORE

Right, babe - so we kinda need those drums in the dressing room-

CAMILLE

-But what Mr. Anti-Christ over here neglected to tell us is the backstage has a "Flammable Room", with gasoline, aerosol, and a bunch of other shit that'll destroy the entire building if anything near it ignites!

The Belles look at A.C. accusingly. He casually chuckles.

A.C.

Where does she get this stuff?

PRISCILLA

A.C., is that true?

A.C.

(Hands on temples)

Hang on, let me check ... Uh, yeah.

CLEMENTINE

Excuse me?

LENORE

Why?

LUCY

What the fuck?

PRISCILLA

Why would you EVER do that?

A.C.

What does it matter? You could die today, you could die when you're 90. Either way, you're going to Hell.

CAMILLE

That's ANOTHER lie! The second this thing blows up, we all go to Hell. And we are HIS. But up here, we're still redeemable.

PRISCILLA

Camille, we've all done some pretty bad things-

CAMILLE

Yes, but we've all done and still do plenty of good things, too. For each other, for the community, for your daughters. None of you are a lost cause yet, you're still redeemable. And THAT'S why he's trying to kill you.

She keeps the gun pointed at A.C., who steps toward her.

A.C.

How can you say that, after everything I've done for you all?

CAMILLE

Because if you bring us to Hell, you can start working on other Belles. There's ALWAYS more nice girls to ruin, right? I can think of four young, innocent souls he's just waiting to sink his hooks into!

PRISCILLA

You wanna kill our little girls?

A.C.

No, not at all! I need those sweet, naive things alive so I can corrupt them. Just like I did with all of you. And that's gonna be much easier if you're not here, so - despite the tremendous work you've done for me, your services on Earth are no longer needed.

CAMILLE

Don't you see? He doesn't care!  
Remember, he's already dead!

A.C. LUNGES at Camille, and grabs her gun! She tries to wrestle it away, but he gets control of it and THROWS her on the ground! The bongos knock over, activating the bomb at 30 seconds! T-29 seconds and counting ...

A.C.

(Pointing gun)

Camille, you've got balls, but  
you've become quite the nuisance.  
See you in Hell, Sweetheart.

Priscilla, Lenore, Lucy, and Clementine all bum-rush A.C., tackling him and knocking the gun to the floor!

ANGLE on the bomb: 17 SECONDS AND COUNTING ...

Camille springs up and grabs the bongos! A.C.'s hand unexpectedly grabs her ankle, and she falls to the floor! Priscilla KICKS his hand, which releases its grip from Camille's ankle. The Belles all POUNCE on A.C.! Camille snatches the bongos again and SPRINTS down the hall!

ANGLE on the bomb: 8 SECONDS AND COUNTING ...

ANGLE on A.C. and Belles. He SMACKS Priscilla and HURLS Clementine into the wall! She bounces off it! Lenore DROPKICKS A.C.!

Camille sprints out the hall door, into the parking lot!

ANGLE on the bomb: 4 SECONDS AND COUNTING ...

She sees a huge dumpster and DASHES toward it!

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

Lucy grabs the gun and SHOOTs A.C. several times! Bleeding and aggravated, he looks at her.

A.C.  
 How many times do I have to say it:  
 I ... DON'T ... DIE!!!

He snaps his fingers: The blood is gone, and his hair and wardrobe are once again IMMACULATE. He grins.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Camille RUNS as fast as she can toward the dumpster!

ANGLE on the bomb: 3 ... 2... 1 ...

Camille screams and throws the drums toward the dumpster!

CAMILLE  
 AAAHHH!!!

BOOM!!! A HUGE explosion!!! Debris and blood splatter EVERYWHERE!!!

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

Camille is back in the long, white tunnel. Again, it's cloudy, misty, and very surreal. She apprehensively walks down the tunnel, looking around. She gets to where she was before, but no one is there. Just an empty chair and table.  
*Hmm ... so what does this mean?*

A.C. (O.S.)  
 Well, if it isn't Annie Oakley.

CAMILLE  
 AHHH!!!

She turns, sees him, and jumps back!

A.C.  
 My, my ... a lot's happened since we first met here.  
 (Studying her)  
 Nice to see you're empty-handed. No bongos today? What a pity; I hear your solo's "Da Bomb".

CAMILLE  
 (Piecing things together)  
 So I'm here, you're here, we're  
 both back at the same place ...

A.C.  
 (Sarcastically)  
 Keep going. Your keen observational  
 powers are riveting.

Camille's fate hits her like a ton of bricks.

CAMILLE  
 We're not at The Pearly Gates. I'm  
 going ... with you.

A.C.'s eyes light up with flames.

A.C.  
 That's right, you signed a  
 contract, AND disobeyed me in a  
 very disrespectful way - You will  
 be punished, and you will suffer,  
 because I OWN YOU, BITCH!

She cowers under the table, shaking with fear.

GREGORY (O.S.)  
 Okay, that's enough, Prince of  
 Darkness.

Camille and A.C. look up to see Gregory in a white suit.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
 We get it. You're evil.

Gregory and A.C. lock eyes, intensely.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
 Camille, are you okay?

CAMILLE  
 (Befuddled)  
 My ... God.

A.C.  
 He's not my God. But he is my  
 father.

CAMILLE  
 Gregory O'Dennison. G-O-D.

Camille cups both her hands over her mouth, reacting to her  
 life-changing realization!



CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
 You're ... the man I've been  
 praying to all my life!

A.C.  
 Once again, look who just caught  
 up.

GREGORY  
 Yes, my child. It's me.

A.C.  
 You do realize EVERYTHING is about  
 "HIM" - right, Dad?

GREGORY  
 No. Please explain.

A.C.  
 Everything is all about "God", not  
 me. "Godspeed", "God Willing", "Oh  
 My God" ...

GREGORY  
 Are you saying I have a "Me  
 Complex"?

He playfully smirks at A.C., who is infuriated.

A.C.  
 It's not fair! Everyone screams  
 YOUR NAME when they have sex, yet  
 they're all committing a sin! A  
 celebrity wins an award, they  
 always thank YOU, never me. And  
 when people get really mad, instead  
 of screaming "Jesus Christ!";  
 Wouldn't it just make more sense to  
 yell, "Fucking Satan!"?

GREGORY  
 Okay, I appreciate your original  
 little theory here, but I need to  
 make sure Camille is-

A.C.  
 (Grabbing her arm)  
 Well, I'm glad you two could  
 finally officially meet and  
 exchange pleasantries - but Dad, I  
 must escort her below for a long  
 lifetime of torture. Toodles!

GREGORY

STOP!

Camille looks at Gregory, astonished. A.C. is also thrown off by Gregory's reaction. Gregory takes a few steps toward A.C.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

She's not going anywhere with you,  
Lucifer.

A.C.

She's committed literally all "7  
Deadly Sins!"

CAMILLE

Okay, that's a gross exaggeration-

A.C.

Oh, is it?

He pulls a list out of his jacket pocket, while Gregory sits down in the chair and enjoys the show.

A.C. (CONT'D)

Let's see ... "Pride": You don't  
LOVE the attention you get from  
everyone when you're with my girls?  
You don't think you're hot?

(chuckling)

Just wait 'til we get "downstairs".  
"Greed" - one donor giving 300  
grand wasn't enough? "Lust" - you  
had sex with two different married  
men, and one turned out to be ...  
oh, yeah - ME! "Envy" - you really  
don't wish you had Priscilla's  
boobs and Lenore's butt? "Gluttony"  
- all that booze, cocaine, and  
peanut butter smoothies! "Wrath" -  
Well, for starters, you blew up a  
parking officer's car ... and  
finally, "Sloth" - How many times  
now have you been so hungover after  
partying with The Belles, you never  
left the house?

CAMILLE

Oh, come on - I'm not an evil  
person!

A.C.

Oh, no? Then why have you broken at  
least half of The Ten Commandments?  
I just named most of 'em-

CAMILLE  
Oh, Jesus Christ-

A.C.  
Ah-ah-AHHH! Taking the Lord's name  
in vein; that's "The Second  
Commandment"!

Camille looks frustrated and crushed. A.C. grabs her hand and starts leading her away.

A.C. (CONT'D)  
Well, Father, it's been a pleasure,  
but legally-

GREGORY  
You're right, she signed your  
contract.

Gregory snaps his fingers and instantly holds a copy of the contract. A.C. stops in his tracks.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
And if you recall, Page 10, Section  
32, Paragraph J clearly states that  
any human working with you who  
sacrifices their own life in order  
to save the life of another  
immediately renders the agreement  
null and void, making the entire  
contract "Not Valid".

A.C. glares at Gregory. Smoke shoots out of his ears! Gregory steps directly in front of A.C.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
I suggest you honor this contract.  
I don't think you'd like it if I  
stopped honoring OUR contract.

A.C.'s eyes light up like flames, and he suddenly is now wearing a Red Suit and clutching a pitchfork. He freaks out like a child who just got their dessert taken away.

A.C.  
AAAHHH!!! WHY???!!! She TRICKED me!

GREGORY  
You tricked HER. You assigned her  
to turn those bad girls good, and  
she did. Then ... she SAVED them.

Gregory holds his hand out for Camille. She takes it. A.C. composes himself and walks up to her, just inches away.

A.C.

You may have won this battle,  
But you won't win the war.

He blows her a kiss, and ... POOF! A.C. is gone in a cloud of white smoke! Camille looks around, desperately trying to make sense of what just happened. She turns to Gregory.

GREGORY

I know you made some mistakes and  
did things you're not proud of ...  
but as far as I'm concerned ... you  
righted your wrongs.

He puts his hands on either side of her face.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

I'm proud of you, Camille. Until we  
meet again, my child ... and we  
will.

He gently smiles at her. She is emotionally overwhelmed ...

INT. - HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Camille lies in a hospital bed with her eyes closed. The sounds of machines humming and occasionally beeping are heard. Several fans are placed near her bed, all set on the highest speed. She slowly opens her eyes and sees Lucy, who is wearing a nurse uniform, smiling at her. Lucy no longer has a Southern accent.

LUCY

Hi, Camille. So nice to see you  
again.

(Turning around)

Guess who just woke up???

Lenore, also dressed like a nurse, rushes up and checks on Camille. She has no Southern accent, either.

LENORE

Welcome back, Camille!

CAMILLE

(Groggily)

Hi. Where am I?

LUCY

The Cedars Sinai Medical Center.

CAMILLE

Oh, because of the bomb?

LUCY

No, because of the car crash. You were in a coma for eight days.

Camille's eyes widen. She's awake now! She struggles to sit up; they both gently stop her.

LENORE

Oh wait - please don't move yet, but if you'd like to sit up, we have this magic button?

Camille nods. Lenore pushes the button, which slowly inclines Camille into a halfway sitting position.

LENORE (CONT'D)

You miraculously came out of it, then got some sleep - for just one night this time.

(She smiles.)

You have a few friends right outside. Shall I bring them in?

CAMILLE

Oh, that'd be great, thank you.

Lenore nods and walks to the door.

LUCY

Camille, you're gonna be just fine. However, your car's a whole 'nother story.

CAMILLE

Car crash? Oh, you mean after I was coming home from bartending?

LUCY

Hey, you remember! That's great! The doctor will be here soon; he'll catch you up on everything.

(Pointing to fans)

Oh, and we have the fans on "full blast" because the air conditioning went out. I'm so sorry - but maintenance is bringing a new unit within the hour.

LENORE

(Opening door)

Okay, ladies - she's ready for you.

Clementine walks in, followed by Priscilla ... who's carrying Dudley. They scramble over to Camille. They also have no Southern accents.

CLEMENTINE

Oh my goodness, honey, you're awake!

PRISCILLA

Lord, you're even beautiful when you snap out of a coma!

CAMILLE

Thanks. Aw, you brought Dudley ...

Dudley leaps into Camille's arms. She cuddles him while he purrs.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

Oh, you have no idea how much I missed you, little guy.

Priscilla and Clementine gently hug Camille.

PRISCILLA

Hey girl, what's this?

She presents the angel ornament. The wings are attached again. Camille takes it, looking at it adoringly.

CAMILLE

My little good luck charm.

LENORE

Oh - sorry to interrupt, but Camille, your doctor is here.

The doctor smiles walks up ... it's GREGORY! He, too, has no Southern accent.

GREGORY

Camille! How wonderful to see you awake.

(To her friends)

Ladies, do you mind giving us a little privacy, just for a moment?

PRISCILLA

Not at all.

CLEMENTINE

Sure, take your time.

Priscilla and Clementine step to the back of the room. Camille cuddles her cat and looks up at Gregory. He softly grabs her hand.

GREGORY  
How are you feeling?

CAMILLE  
Somehow, I'm pretty good. I remember the car wreck. Actually, I think I remember ... everything.

She looks at Gregory. Though both are silent for a moment, their eyes say a lot to each other.

GREGORY  
Well, your car is thoroughly banged up, but your insurance will cover it. Honestly, you should be equally banged up, but other than a mild concussion that already healed, you are 100% healthy. We'll have you rest here one more night and if you're feeling up to it - tomorrow, you can go home.  
(Leaning in)  
It's a miracle.

He winks at her. She smiles as tears well up in her eyes.

CAMILLE  
Doctor, I can't thank you enough. You ... really saved me.

GREGORY  
Told ya I'd see you again.

He gives her an understanding nod, pats her hand and leaves. Priscilla and Clementine trot back over.

CLEMENTINE  
So listen, I've been subbing for you, and your clients just keep booking sessions. They LOVE you!

CAMILLE  
Oh, my PT? Great, that's wonderful to hear.

PRISCILLA  
We gotta get you 100% so we can have another "Dance Night!"

LENORE AND LUCY

We're in!

CLEMENTINE

Whoo-hoo! Let's do tomorrow night!

The ladies all stare persuasively at Camille.

CAMILLE

Uh ... I don't think I'm supposed to bounce out of a coma then bounce on a dance floor.

LUCY

The Doctor just said if you're feeling up to it tomorrow, you go home. That means you can do  
(whispering)  
Anything.

PRISCILLA

So it's settled, then. Tomorrow night we're all going out?

Camille contemplates ... then smiles.

CAMILLE

Okay, fine.

Priscilla kisses Camille's forehead. Clementine claps. Lenore and Lucy high-five.

MAINTENENCE MAN (O.S.)

Hello! I'm here with the A.C.

Dudley freaks out and jumps off the bed, knocking the angel ornament off as well. He runs to the maintenance man's feet and starts HISSING!!! Pan up to reveal **A.C. HOLDING AN AIR CONDITIONING UNIT!!!** He impishly smiles.

ZOOM IN on Camille, who looks completely HORRIFIED!

CLOSE-UP of the angel ornament lying on the floor. Its wings are now BROKEN OFF.

FADE TO BLACK.

MUSIC CUE: ACDC'S "HELL'S BELLS" PLAYS, FROM THE SONG'S BEGINNING. THE OMINOUS BELL RINGING, THE EERIE GUITAR ...

THE END