

THE CUT

By

Leah Finity

WGA Registered

leahfinity@gmail.com  
323-898-1450

INT. DINA'S APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - DAY

DINA PTOWSKI (35), perched at her vanity, smiles at her reflection through watery eyes, swallowed by a GIANT PINK PRINCESS DRESS.

BARE-FACED with hair stuffed under a NUDE WIG CAP, she looks **not unlike an unslept troll.**

Her smile wavers. Her wet eyes dart to her phone. They linger. Back to her reflection. Gathers resolve.

DINA  
(determined)  
This is your last chance. I won't  
die knowing I didn't try.

She squints, examining her under-eye wrinkles.

Surrounding Dina, a bright feminine bedroom bedazzled by AGGRESSIVE MOTIVATIONAL QUOTES, VINTAGE POSTERS of Marilyn Monroe and Vivian Leigh, and a VISION BOARD that rivals a **serial killer's yarn wall.**

TIME CUT: Dina presses a falsie to her eyelid, her face now almost unrecognizable under a mask of makeup.

Her falsied eye lands on a **tattered, post-it filled** ACTING BOOK with the giant title: *STOP PLAYING IT SAFE: An Actor's Guide* by Cedric Hawtrey.

Her attention drifts from the book to her phone. Dina bites her thumbnail. She grabs the phone and scrolls through yesterday's texts to "Phil Turner (Talent Agent)":

**3:35pm** I KILLED the audition!  
**6:42pm** Let me know when HBO calls!  
**9:25pm** Any word yet?

Underneath the texts: **Read 9:45 pm.** Her lip quivers. She types a new text: **Good morning! Just saying hi!**

Her thumb hovers over the "send" button, her brow quaking with nerves. She scrunches her eyes closed and hits send, then flings the phone down, yelping with self-consciousness.

Her eyes swing to a CALENDAR. Black slashes strike through important dates: **"HBO audition!", "HBO Callback!!"**. Dina slashes through yesterday: **"HBO Callback #2!!"**.

She circles today: **"Princess party for Martin Bloomberg"**.

Her eyes drift up to that month's photo- a dramatic portrait of Meryl Streep overlaid with the quote:

"What makes you different or weird- that's your strength."

Dina wells with emotion. *She wants to believe it.*

Suddenly, INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC swells and she belts into song:

DINA (CONT'D)

Good morning! Hello!  
 What a great day to be me!  
 It's fun to be so pretty- I'm who  
 everyone wants to be!

She secures a PLATINUM BLOND WIG to her head.

Dina's makeup arsenal is the brand "Bella Starr". A tote bag displays the flawless beauty herself: BELLA STARR (mid-20s).

DINA (CONT'D)

Thanks to you my dear tiara, my  
 beauty can be seen-  
 The fairest in Foreverland- and  
 soon to be its Queen!

She snatches a SPARKLY CHEAP TIARA from atop a SMALL PAINTING OF A QUAIN T MEXICAN VILLA. Her eyes land on the painting. **A small smile.** Then: Back to reality!

DINA (CONT'D)

Valentine-A! Valentine-A!  
 The most wanted there could ever  
 beee!

A BEE ambles across a headshot sprawled on her bureau. She hastily drops the tiara and lifts the headshot, gingerly transporting the bee to an open window.

The music. The princess. The window. *Is this a Disney movie?*

Dina gives the headshot a shake. The bee takes flight... STRAIGHT TOWARD HER FACE! *Fuck!* She shrieks, dodges, swings the headshot and **POW!** the bee sails into a wall and drops to the floor. Dina melts from panic to regret.

DINA (CONT'D)

(Whispering) Oh no!

Dina prods the lifeless bee. Her lip trembles. She scoops a finger-full of soil from a POTTED PLANT and lays the bee in the tiny burial plot.

Just then the bee BUZZES TO LIFE! Dina shrieks, frantically tosses dirt over the bee, and recoils.

From beneath the tiny mound *a soft buzzing, faint and desperate*. Dina gapes in horror. She grasps a large powder brush and inches toward the little burial site.

Her face creases with sorrow and dread. She places the end of the brush on the soil over the bee and... with a sharp breath **jams the brush downward**. A small crunch, and Dina bursts into tears. She stumbles back to her vanity to blot her cheeks.

DINA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, little friend.

Just then the music SWELLS. Dina fumbles for the tiara and **smashes her toe into the leg of her vanity**. She yelps in pain. She clenches the tiara, hoists it into the air, cranks a wide smile, and slowly lowers it onto her head, belting:

DINA (CONT'D)

Valentine-A! Valentine-A!

The sweetest, the prettiest, ME!

Dina taps her phone, abruptly stopping the music. Glances at the potted plant. Her eyes well with tears. She winces and looks down at her toe and BLOODY nail. At the sight of the blood Dina **vomits straight down the front of her dress**.

An alarm on her phone blares: **LEAVE NOW TO BE ON TIME**. Dina's head tilts up to her puke-soaked reflection. *Fuck*.

INT. MARTIN BLOOMBERG'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

Dina, PARTY NAPKINS taped down the front of her dress in a futile attempt to cover the puke, sings the final note of *Beautiful Me* (the song from the opening) in unison with YOUNG GIRLS (5-8) crowded around her. Dina ceremoniously placing her tiara on EMILIA (5-8).

DINA AND YOUNG GIRLS

The sweetest, the prettiest, ME!

Emilia gazes up at Dina.

EMILIA

(innocent, matter-of-fact)

You're not the real Valentina.

You're ugly!

Dina's smile collapses. She holds back tears as she finishes places the tiara on Emilia's head.

INT. MARTIN BLOOMBERG'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

MARTIN BLOOMBERG (50s-60s), 70% businessman, 30% dad, shakes Dina's hand, ignoring the napkins crudely taped to her dress.

MARTIN

You were great. Emilia's obsessed with Foreverland.

Dina forces a gracious smile. Martin pulls a hundred dollar bill from his wallet.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

This is all I got. Is that ok?

DINA

It's against policy to accept tips.

MARTIN

I won't say anything.

Dina's smile vanishes. She shakes her head, no. Martin returns the hundred dollar bill to his wallet.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Well, good luck with everything!

DINA

Can I talk to you for a minute?

MARTIN

Did something happen?

DINA

Oh, no. You just seem like someone I could talk to.

Awkward pause. Martin motions to the table. They both sit.

DINA (CONT'D)

I just got my diagnosis. I haven't told anyone yet. Three weeks ago I felt a tingling in my arms. I thought I was anemic so I made an appointment. It's cancer. I have tumors all over my arms. If they don't amputate in the next few days it'll kill me. The doctor said:

**"This is your last chance."**

**I won't die knowing I didn't try.**

But who will want me without arms?

I'll be dying alone.

(Melodramatically)

*Dying alone!*

Martin places a gentle hand on her arm. *Her diseased arm.* He quickly moves his hand down to her hand.

MARTIN  
(emotionally)  
I can't imagine what you must be  
going through. My wife of 15 years-

DINA  
-And scene.

Dina wipes her tears, clears her throat, and pulls out a headshot.

DINA (CONT'D)  
You're the casting director for  
Dying Alone, right?

Martin shifts his teary eyes to the floor.

DINA (CONT'D)  
I couldn't find the script, so I  
wrote that based on the title.  
Dying Alone.

Martin wipes his eyes. Uncomfortable silence. Cringing, Dina apologetically slides the headshot across the table.

DINA (CONT'D)  
I'll just leave this here for you.

INT. DINA'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

In a rusty car Dina hunches, editing a text to her agent,  
Phil: **Any word from HBO?** Delete. **Got any auditions for me?**  
Delete. **PLEASE!!!!** Delete.

She urgently rifles through her purse and pulls out a well-worn notecard with colorful handwriting. She reads:

DINA  
(struggling to believe it)  
Dina Ptowski, you're a talented,  
wonderful person! You have snap and  
pizazz and personality and people  
love you just the way you-

TAP TAP TAP on the window startles Dina. A SNOOTY NEIGHBOR grips pepper spray in one hand, phone in the other.

SNOOTY NEIGHBOR

We have neighborhood watch on this street. You've been parked here for 5 hours, VERY suspiciously.

DINA

(apologetically)

Oh no! Is there a sign? I didn't see any.

Snooty Neighbor gives her a once-over. Dina self-consciously adjusts the party napkins taped to her dress.

SNOOTY NEIGHBOR

A number of residents have complained about your vehicle. You're devaluing the neighborhood. Move it.

Dina fumbles for her keys, tears brimming. She spots *STOP PLAYING IT SAFE: An Actor's Guide*. She grabs it, clutching it tightly. She closes her eyes and flips the pages. She stops flipping and looks down. A highlighted passage: **You are your only limit! MAKE THINGS HAPPEN FOR YOURSELF!**

She opens her phone. Refreshes a casting calls page. Sees:

"Female. 18-25. CEO Fortune 500 company. Open call today noon-4:30pm." Dina glances at the time on her phone. 3:05.

DINA

YES! Thank you Cedric!

Dina wheels around and jerks open a BAG OF CLOTHES in the backseat. She yanks out a crumpled collared shirt.

BANG BANG BANG on Dina's window as Snooty Neighbor rages.

SNOOTY NEIGHBOR

I TOLD YOU TO MOVE!

Dina fires up the engine. Snooty Neighbor raises her phone to her ear. She steps backward and **POW!** A *SPEEDING CAR PLOWS HER OVER*. The car slams its breaks as Dina shrieks and ducks, her wide eyes glued to the side mirror, fixed on the car.

She hurriedly opens her phone: The casting calls page. Stares at it. "Open call today noon-4:30pm." Then quickly calls 911.

DINA

Someone was hit by a car and needs an ambulance!

The car speeds off. Dina gasps.

DINA (CONT'D)  
It's a hit and run! Send the  
police!

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)  
Ma'am? I need you to wait there for  
an officer to take a statement,  
okay?

Dina eyeballs the car clock: 3:06.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Dina stands beside a POLICE OFFICER, notepad open. She tries not to catch a glimpse of Snooty Neighbor's motionless, BLOODY body, mangled in the street behind her.

OFFICER  
Description, please.

DINA  
Dina Ptowski, mid-20s. Walnut hair.  
Chesnut eyes. Classically trained-

OFFICER  
Of the driver.

DINA  
He was um... shaken. Probably  
scared and ashamed, but not crying.  
I wouldn't be surprised if he's  
done something like this before.

She checks her phone: 3:45. OFFICER SHERMAN approaches.

DINA (CONT'D)  
Is this gonna take-

OFFICER  
Please tell Officer Sherman what  
you told me.

DINA  
From the beginning??

INT. AUDITION FOYER - DAY

Dina, in wrinkled business professional attire, bolts through the front door. Three busty, well-dressed AUDITION HOPEFULS (18-25) look up. An ATTENDANT at a sign-in table frowns. Dina, out of breath, waves a headshot.



DINA  
I'm here to audition.

INT. AUDITION ROOM (OPEN CALL) - DAY

A CAMERA OPERATOR leans behind an old camera, wobbling atop a rickety tripod. JET (40s-50s), known for "telling it like it is", lounges in a musty armchair.

Dina confidently stands next to her beefy, arrogant scene partner TROY (30s).

DINA  
"Steve, get in here! These envelopes are soaking wet."

TROY  
"That's what happens when I lick things."

DINA  
"Oh yeah?"

TROY  
"See for yourself."

Troy licks Dina's neck and rubs her crotch.

DINA  
Oops! Uh, okay.

JET  
HOLD. What's up?

DINA  
Well the way I was reading it I've given him a job to do and I guess he has some kind of disability, or-

JET  
-Talking to Troy.

TROY  
Sorry man, I'm trying, but... isn't this eighteen to twenty-five?

JET  
(to Dina)  
How old are you?

DINA  
Twenty-five is in my range.

Jet examines her headshot. Squints. Grimaces. Dina's confidence wavers.

DINA (CONT'D)

Maybe you're not seeing enough character motivation! What if Steve has been secretly in love with...

(looking at the script)

"Office Hottie #3" so he's been salivating excessively because he's nervous about professing his true-

JET

Do you have any limits?

DINA

Limits?

JET

(off Dina's look)

Oral, anal, girl-on-girl, interracial, choking, pistol whipping, gang-banging...

Dina's eyes go wide.

DINA

...Is this a porno?

Jet stares at her. Inside her purse, her phone silently shows an *incoming call from PHIL (Agent)*. Dina, oblivious to her phone, turns toward the door, sputtering.

DINA (CONT'D)

Oh..uh, I didn't mean to...

JET

(to Troy)

You're the wonder boy. You can get it up to anything.

TROY

If it's 18 to 25.

Dina stops. She whips back around with wounded tenacity.

DINA

(trying not to burst into tears)

I have a lot to offer! I have snap and pizazz and personality and people love me just the way I-

JET  
Is your asshole bleached?

Dina's vulnerable expression gives her away. *It is not.*

JET (CONT'D)  
Ok Debra-

DINA  
-Dina.

JET  
Not much to work with here.

EXT. AUDITION BUILDING (OPEN CALL) - DAY

Dina cuts through the parking lot fighting back tears. Her phone rings: PHIL. She comes to a halt and answers.

DINA  
Did you hear back from HBO? Do I need to do it again? I can come in anytime. Right now even. I'm free.

PHIL (O.S.)  
Take a breath because-

DINA  
I HAVE to book Sylvia Slimmerman! Tell them I'll do anything! I have NO limits!

PHIL (O.S.)  
*They LOVED you.* It's down to you and two other ladies.

DINA  
*Oh my GOD!*  
(quivering with sincerity)  
You're not pulling my leg, are you? Because it would be a dream come true to play Sylvia Slimmerman. A strong, complex heroine who doesn't give a shit what anyone thinks. I can do it, Phil. I know I can.

PHIL (O.S.)  
No final decision yet, but making it this far is HUGE! Go celebrate!

Dina's tears turn to delirious laughter as she breaks into a giddy victory dance to her car. She's in full stride when **BEEP BEEP!** a loud car fob startles her and **CRACK!**

**her heel breaks.** She tumbles to the ground. Across the lot Troy quakes with laughter, car fob in hand. He mocks her victory dance.

TROY  
(yells, mocking)  
I have snap and pizazz and  
personality!

He slides on sunglasses and hops into a sports car. Music blares. He peels away.

Dina stands, humiliated. She hobbles toward her car, then stops dead. She scrambles her phone from her purse. Dials.

PHIL (O.S.)  
Yes?

DINA  
Who are the other two women?

INT. DINA'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - EVENING

Dina bursts through the door of her apartment in hysterics.

DINA  
*Emergency!! Mom! Emergency! I just  
found out my competition for Sylvia  
Slimmerman!*

Dina's mom AUDREY (mid-60s) checks the contents of a LARGE CARDBOARD BOX against an INVOICE SLIP.

Dina tosses her princess party dress and tiara onto the table. Audrey lifts a cold gaze at Dina.

AUDREY  
What happened at the party today?

DINA  
First, Mia Delgado.

INSERT: *Stylized montage of MIA DELGADO (30s), a quirky indie actor. Mia in deep discussion with a director. BTS running lines with actors. Clip of Mia from an indie thriller: Mia turns to the camera about to deliver a line when-*

DINA (CONT'D)  
An ugly nobody actor who's never  
gonna get it. BUT then there's-

AUDREY  
*You told Martin Bloomberg you have  
 CANCER?!*

DINA  
 I performed a *monologue* about  
 having cancer.

AUDREY  
*His wife just died of lymphoma.*

Dina cringes. Tries not to show it. Audrey sees **the napkins taped to Dina's dress**. Dina's eyes go wide. *Oh no!* She throws up her arms, feigning an outburst to distract Audrey.

DINA  
 (obstinately)  
 Well it seemed like he was into it!

It works: Audrey cranks a shocked expression back at Dina.

AUDREY  
 (pointedly)  
 No more industry parties for you.

DINA  
 (erupting)  
 WHAT?? BUT THAT'S THE ONLY REASON I-

Dina clamps her mouth shut. Too late. Audrey's eyes narrow.

AUDREY  
 That's the only reason you what?

Dina is about have an aneurism. She channels her priority:

DINA  
 Will you please listen to me?! I'm  
 up against the worst person  
 possible! It's-

CUT TO: EXT. AUDITION BUILDING

PREVIOUS SCENE: parking lot. Dina on her phone with Phil.

PHIL (O.S.)  
 Bella Starr.

DINA  
 Bella Starr??

Dina's eyes shift upward. A GIANT BILLBOARD for Bella Starr cosmetics looms overhead.

Gazing down is the impossibly attractive, radiant face of BELLA STARR. The tagline reads: "**Be you but better. Be Bella.**"

BACK TO LIVING ROOM:

AUDREY  
(shocked)  
BELLA STARR?

INSERT: *Bella's is the Lamborghini of montages.* A bombastic assault of flashbulbs, zoom lenses. A splatter of paparazzi snippets, clips from her reality show, a smooth blend of high fashion, million dollar commercials, and surreal model ads. Are we in a dream? Heaven? Versace's orgasm? Perhaps all three. Bella is the *crème de la crème* of beauty.

On her phone, Dina scrolls through Bella's social media and stops on an image: Bella wearing a dazzling, *DIAMOND-STUDD* TIARA with the caption: **The REAL Valentina!**

Dina's eyes zip to her own *plastic tiara*. She bites her thumbnail. Then throws herself on the couch, weeping.

DINA  
(realizing)  
In the audition I said  
(with conviction)  
"And you're a good-for-nothing felon with a gun" Because she commands respect. But I should have been sexy. I BLEW IT! - ohmygod **don't** tell anyone I said that. I signed an NDA!

Dina bolts up.

DINA (CONT'D)  
Do you think casting couches are totally over, or just frowned upon?  
Oh! What if... no.  
(melts into sadness)  
Will you give me a hug?

Dina crumples. Audrey stiffens. Sneers. Awkwardly inches toward Dina when BEEP! An alarm goes off on Audrey's phone.

AUDREY  
That's my order from Lucky Dragon.  
Time to move on, Dina.

Audrey exits. Dina whimpers. She notices the cardboard box Audrey was sorting through. Investigates.

She reaches in and removes a SMALL JAR OF GREEN GOO. On the label: a child's face covered in thick green goo, wearing big green ears.

DINA  
What the fuck?

INT. DINA'S APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - EVENING

From the shower Dina hums *Beautiful Me* (from opening scene)

INSERT: PICTURES IN DINA'S ROOM - Framed photographs of her life as an actor. Childhood plays. Student films. Posing with the slate of her first feature. Headshots. Princess parties.

Dina, wet hair and wrapped in a towel, stands at her vanity reading instructions on a box of ANAL BLEACH MASK. She flips the box over.

INSERT: "Apply for 5 minutes. **WARNING!** BURNING SENSATION."

Dina's face contorts as her finger disappears behind her, applying the cream. She looks for her phone, then calls out:

DINA  
Hey, Siri! Set timer for 5 minutes!

Siri responds, somewhere in the other room. Dina hums again. KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK at the front door startles her.

INT. DINA'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Dina presses her eye to the peephole.

DINA'S POV: A scruffy guy in his mid-30s (EDDIE), looms large in the peephole.

Dina jerks back. Calibrates reality. Looks again.

DINA'S POV: Eddie lifts a phone to his ear.

Dina spots her phone on the kitchen table, scampers over and silences it as an incoming call appears: "Eddie". She breathes a sigh of relief. Then, from outside:

AUDREY (O.C.)  
Eddie?! What a surprise! How've you been?

Fumbling with urgency, Dina pulls up Audrey's number and calls. It rings. She hears the key in the lock and ducks behind the counter. It rings again.

ON AUDREY AND EDDIE: The front door opens. Audrey holds a bag of take-out. She notices her phone ringing and answers it.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Dina?

Audrey's voice echoes a split-second later through Dina's phone behind the counter. Audrey and Eddie follow the sound to find Dina crouched, wrapped in a towel, phone in hand.

INT. DINA'S APARTMENT (KITCHEN) - DAY

Dina obscures her face with her hand.

EDDIE

How've you been?

DINA

Great. How was prison?

EDDIE

(nodding)

I learned a lot.

DINA

That's great.

Eddie smacks Dina's hand away from her face. Dina quickly replaces it.

DINA (CONT'D)

EDDIE! STOP! I'm not wearing any make-up!

EDDIE

I've seen you naked like a hundred times.

DINA

What do you want?

Eddie sweetly opens his arms.

EDDIE

Can we start with a hug?

Dina rolls her eyes and begrudgingly hugs him. Pressed to his chest, she closes her eyes and takes a deep breath. Then she promptly shoves him away. The take-out bag sits on the counter. She opens it.

DINA

What else?



EDDIE

I need some acting lessons.

Dina spots a pile of soy sauce packets in the take-out bag. Her eyes go wide. She grabs a handful of packets.

DINA

*MOM!*

EDDIE

It's for a... kinda secret job.

DINA

You mean it's illegal.

EDDIE

No, it's...it's foolproof and easy. But I need your help changing my voice and body movements and stuff so no one recognizes me.

Dina glances at her phone timer: 2 minutes. Audrey pokes her head into the kitchen, phone in hand.

AUDREY

(whispering)

What?

DINA

(clutching the soy sauce)

Two packet limit, mom. *Two per customer.*

AUDREY

Shhh! I'm booking your first ogre party for next week.

DINA

What?!

Dina eyes snap to the container of GREEN GOO she saw earlier. Horror washes over her as Audrey strides out of the room.

AUDREY

(into the phone) Of course she'll make time for an ogre photo opp!

Dina angrily separates the extra soy sauce packets.

EDDIE

Still doing those princess parties?

DINA  
 (snapping)  
 I'm doing very well without you and  
 your chaos in my life.

Dina opens the take-out, squirts two packets of soy sauce on her food. Suddenly, the burn from the anal mask sets in. Dina's eyes fly open. She YELPS and grabs her ass. Just as suddenly she recovers and looks as if nothing had happened.

EDDIE  
 Hey, it's *barely* illegal.  
 (off her look)  
 Other people did the really bad  
 shit. I'm just taking it from them.  
 It's a lateral move. *Plus* it'd be a  
 good career opportunity for you.

Dina's brow furrows from the pain. She masks it.

DINA  
 Breaking the law?

EDDIE  
 Teaching acting. You could finally  
 get paid to do what you love!

BEEP BEEP BEEP! Dina's timer. She frantically turns it off.

DINA  
 (flustered, by both Eddie  
 and her ass)  
 I love *acting*, not trying to teach  
 talentless morons how to act. And,  
 I'll have you know I'm in the  
 running for a new HBO series.

Dina yelps again.

DINA (CONT'D)  
 Now I really have to-

EDDIE  
 Woah, congrats!

DINA  
 (Touched, softening)  
 Thank you. Although I'll never get  
 it over Bella Starr.

EDDIE  
 I don't know who that is.

DINA  
 (incredulous)  
*She's the hottest person on earth.*

EDDIE  
 Well either they want you or they  
 don't. Complaining about how hot  
 some other woman is-

DINA  
 -I'm not *COMPLAINING*. I'm just  
 saying she's way hotter than me, so  
 I'm not gonna get the role.

EDDIE  
 Why, because you're not "perfect"?

Dina glares daggers at him. Beads of sweat dangle on her  
 forehead. Her body jolts. Her teeth clench.

DINA  
 It's time for you to go.

EDDIE  
 I mean because *you're a normal  
 person* who hasn't been *sliced up*?

DINA  
 Now.

EDDIE  
 Are you gonna help me or not?

DINA  
 I'd rather eat maggots off a dead  
 body.

EDDIE  
 D-

Dina pounds on the counter as she screams:

DINA  
**GET. OUT!!!!**

Eddie leaves. Dina seethes. A bead of sweat falls to the  
 counter, landing next to a **pink fake thumbnail**, broken off in  
 her outburst. Face contorted in pain, Dina holds up the nail.

INT. DINA'S APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - DAY

Dina, fully clothed with an ice pack strapped to her ass, **pushes the pink fake thumbnail into the soil of the potted plant**, dead bee buried below. On the nail in Sharpie: "R.I.P.". She gingerly touches the bee grave. She removes a fresh packet of fake nails. The cover says "Bella Starr". Dina's brow furrows. A thought stirs.

DINA  
(Yelling) MOM! WHERE DO YOU KEEP  
THE GIFT BAGS?!

INT. DINA'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - MORNING

Audrey shuffles into the living room. Her sleepy eyes blink to register: Dina, **savagely packing gift bags** with flowers, stuffed animals, and chocolates. Audrey moseys near, yawns. Dina's head snaps toward her, eyes cracked wide with caffeine. Audrey recoils, startled.

DINA  
(fast, maniacal)  
I made gift bags for the HBO directors, writers, producers, executives, and studio heads. Do you have the addresses for any of these guys in the Perfect Princess Parties database? Any address-work, home, their kids' school... Yeah, kids' school- maybe that's better because I can show I care about their family and stuff.

AUDREY  
Dina... there will be other roles.

DINA  
Not for someone HIDEOUS!

AUDREY  
I'm sure there are roles for someone who looks like you.

DINA  
I don't want those dumpy roles. I want *this* one. Sylvia Slimmerman-badass woman extraordinaire? Doctor by day, crime-fighter by night?!

Audrey notices the trash filled with Bella Starr make-up.

AUDREY

This is at least a thousand dollars  
of product!

DINA

She's my *nemesis*- I can't wear her  
makeup!

Audrey dumps the discarded makeup on the table next to the  
gift bags. One gift bag catches her eye.

AUDREY

Angelo Spear?

DINA

He's the HBO director.

Audrey nods almost imperceptibly. Dina bolts up.

DINA (CONT'D)

Do you know him? Do you have his  
address? *Did he book a party with  
you?*

Audrey tries not to react.

DINA (CONT'D)

(gasping)

You *have* to give it to me.

AUDREY

I already gave it to Chantrelle.

DINA

WHAT?? No! MOM, this could be-

Audrey slaps Dina across the face.

AUDREY

*Enough!* Your antics are costing me  
clients! Get a grip!

DINA

Please...

AUDREY

NO! And *no addresses*. That's  
*absolutely confidential*.

(pause)

From now on you'll be doing only  
ogre parties with no-name clients.

DINA  
 (sad, horrified)  
 I don't want to be an ogre.

Audrey snatches a box from the trash and thrusts it at Dina.

AUDREY  
 This one hasn't even been opened!

Dina erupts into a tantrum and smacks the makeup out of Audrey's hand.

DINA  
*I DON'T WANT TO BE AN OGRE!!*

Dina screams and thrashes on the floor among the gift bags.

Audrey storms out. Alone, Dina glances at the fallen makeup box. On the side it reads: **Wow them with a new you. Be Bella.**

Dina lunges past the box and grabs a handful of CHOCOLATE FOIL-WRAPPED HEARTS on the floor. She devours them, weeping.

She unwraps the foil of a final chocolate and stares at the dark candy heart. She whimpers, **then slowly folds the foil back over the chocolate.** A SMILEY FACE printed on the foil looks back at her, **crinkled and distorted.** Dina attentively *smoothes out the foil to straighten the smile.*

As **creases in the foil face disappear,** Dina's eyes go wide - thunderstruck with an idea.

INT. COSMETIC SURGEON'S OFFICE - DAY

A COSMETIC SURGEON (30s-50s) pulls upward on Dina's face as he finishes drawing lines. He steps back and Dina examines herself in the mirror. Her body is covered with marks.

COSMETIC SURGEON  
 We'll start with facial contouring - a rhinoplasty, fat grafting, give you some nice high cheekbones and a cute little chin. A face and eyelid lift, plus filler to plump these hollow areas. Then breast augmentation- give those ladies some life. You noticed a little jiggle in the arms so we'll tighten those up. Finally a Brazilian Butt Lift before we jump into hair removal and laser resurfacing.

Dina bites her thumbnail. A flood of mixed emotions.

## COSMETIC SURGEON (CONT'D)

My assistant Bridgette is working on a mock-up. I'll have her do a polish to give you a sense of possibility. I think you're gonna love the new you.

DINA

How much will it cost?

## INT. DINA'S APARTMENT (KITCHEN) - DAY (MONTAGE)

A lavish folder lies open on the counter displaying a glossy "polished" mock-up of Dina. Looking like a **Playboy Centerfold**. The sultry, full-bodied nude of Dina is wildly "hotter"- a blend of *computer generated alterations* and *magazine quality Photoshop*.

A packet of GOLD STAR STICKERS lie beside the mock-up. Three stars modestly cover Dina's nipples and vagina.

A luxurious piece of watermarked paper shows a summary of the recommended procedures. At the bottom, the total comes to **ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS**. Dina paces, her phone on speaker.

BANK ASSOCIATE #1 (V.O.)

Sorry ma'am, you don't qualify for a personal loan.

TIME CUT: Dina dials a second number.

BANK ASSOCIATE #2 (V.O.)

I can't make those numbers work.

TIME CUT: A third number.

BANK ASSOCIATE #3 (V.O.)

That's impossible.

TIME CUT:

DINA

Hi Uncle Jeff! Been a long time.

How are you?

(beat)

Oh. How long ago did he die?

(beat)

Did he leave any kind of inheritance or... hello?

INT. PHIL'S OFFICE - DAY

Dina bursts into her agent PHIL's (mid-40s) office. A young girl, MADDIE (8) and mother JOSEPHINE (30s) sit in chairs by his desk.

DINA  
Phil! I need a-

PHIL  
(too cheerfully)  
I'm with a prospective client. So-

Phil grins politely. His eyes scream *not now*.

DINA  
Oh. I'm so sorry!

Dina smiles at Josephine, then carries on despite the tension. She hands Phil the sultry, nude mock-up.

DINA (CONT'D)  
I need a loan for cosmetic  
enhancements. Immediately!

PHIL  
*Jesus!*

Phil tries to hide the mock-up from Maddie. Josephine gasps.

DINA  
(reassuringly)  
It's ok! I put stars over my  
naughty bits.

Josephine whispers to Maddie.

PHIL  
(embarrassed)  
Can we do this later?

DINA  
If HBO sees me like this, they  
won't have to choose between looks  
and talent- they can have it all!

Josephine bristles. Phil jumps in.

PHIL  
Haha, now Dina-



DINA

I was *born* to play Sylvia  
Slimmerman! I just need some  
superficial adjustments.

PHIL

The studio *loves* your look.  
(to Josephine)  
We support women just as they are.

DINA

They don't "love my look" if Bella  
Starr is my competition.

JOSEPHINE

Bella Starr?

PHIL

AND Mia. A very experienced-

DINA

Mia's not getting picked for  
anything. She's hideous.

PHIL

Mia just landed a huge role in a  
comedy called *Dying Alone*.

DINA

*Dying Alone*... is a comedy?

JOSEPHINE

Maddie's great with comedy! Show  
him what you do at mommy's parties.

MADDIE

(mockingly)  
*Dying Alone*... is a comedy?

Phil laughs. Dina hides contempt at Maddie's "comedy".

PHIL

(to Dina and Maddie)  
Yes, it's a rom-com about a woman  
who falls in love with her adoptive  
dad who's actually her brother- but  
not her blood brother- her step-  
brother. It's a riot.

(to Josephine)

We book lots of comedies.

(to Dina, his serious side  
creeping through)

*Mia* is your biggest threat.

(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)

She's ambitious, talented, and a dream to work with. Very **undramatic**. Now excuse us. *Please*.

Pause. Dina drops to her knees. Phil almost blows a gasket.

DINA

I'm *BEGGING* you. It's the only way I'll book the role. Please. I need the money by the end of the week.

PHIL

The end of the week?!

DINA

(full desperation)  
Before HBO chooses! *Please Phil! I NEED THIS!*

Maddie drops to her knees and over-the-top mocks Dina.

MADDIE

*Please Phil! I NEED THIS!!*

Phil chortles.

PHIL

(to Josephine)  
She's great!

Josephine beams. Dina glares at Maddie. She doubles down.

DINA

I found a doctor who will do it all at once if I pay the hundred thousand up front and sign a waiver!

PHIL

A HUNDRED THOUSAND?! You can't get that in a week.  
(a joke for Josephine)  
Unless you rob a bank!

INT./EXT. EDDIE'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Dina knocks. A door opens. Eddie pokes his head out.

DINA

I'll give you acting lessons if you cut me in on the job.

EDDIE

I found some stuff on YouTube. I'm good.

DINA

You got acting lessons from YouTube?

EDDIE

It's really not that hard.

Dina's jaw flexes.

DINA

I need a hundred thousand dollars by the end of the week.

EDDIE

Are you in trouble?

DINA

I have to get surgery.

EDDIE

Is it..cancer?

DINA

Cosmetic surgery.

EDDIE

(perplexed)  
On what?

DINA

(indicating her face and body)  
This.

Eddie scoffs.

DINA (CONT'D)

You wouldn't understand. You don't know anything about the acting world.

EDDIE

I know they don't need more fake ass people.

Pause. A stand-off.

DINA

Let me in on the job or I'll call the cops.

EDDIE  
You wouldn't do that.

DINA  
I've done it before.

Eddie's jaw flexes. Dina pushes past him into the motel room.

EDDIE  
HEY-

Propped on a counter, Dina spots a SMALL PAINTING OF A QUIANT MEXICAN VILLA, identical to the one hanging in her bedroom. Her eyes flutter with love for an instant before she steels them again. She spins around, phone in hand, **911 dialed**.

DINA  
I just have to hit send.  
(pause)  
So what's the job?

The stand-off intensifies. Finally...

EDDIE  
It's a robbery.

DINA  
What do you mean?

EDDIE  
Like where you show up with a gun and take money. What do you mean "what do you mean"?

DINA  
That doesn't sound "foolproof".

EDDIE  
I've got intel.

DINA  
"Intel"?

EDDIE  
My buddy works at this motel and said something's going down Friday night. Two hundred thousand. No one's armed. Just in and out.

DINA  
A HUNDRED THOUSAND??! That's the exact amount I need! This is FATE!

EDDIE

Whoa! We are NOT splitting 50/50! I don't even need your-

Dina lifts the phone, 911 still dialed. Eddie fumes.

DINA

But it's not illegal, right?  
 (off Eddie's look)  
 It's just a lateral move?  
 (off Eddie's look)  
 Like we're not technically breaking any laws. We're just going into a room to remove something *someone else took*. Right?

Eddie stares, teeth grit. Dina spots a mangy DOG lying on Eddie's bed wearing a doggie diaper. She recoils.

DINA (CONT'D)

Ugh! What is *that*?

EDDIE

I'm fostering her.

DINA

Is she wearing a *diaper*?? *Oh my god*, you're the UGLIEST dog in the *whole world*.

EDDIE

She's struggling with some incontinence issues. If we're splittin the dough we're splittin duties. You get masks, gloves, and handcuffs. I'll take care of the guns, bleach, and trash bags.

DINA

I don't need a gun.

Eddie looks at her, dumbfounded.

DINA (CONT'D)

I'm not going in there with you!

EDDIE

I'm gonna do the job by myself and *give you half*?

DINA

I'll be the getaway driver.

EDDIE  
*We don't need a getaway driver.*

DINA  
 Why do we need handcuffs, bleach,  
 and trash bags if it's "in and  
 out"?

Eddie checks his phone. Grabs a jacket. Slips it on.

DINA (CONT'D)  
 Nobody's getting hurt, right?

EDDIE  
 Hopefully.

DINA  
 Nobody's getting hurt, *right?!?*

EDDIE  
 Hopefully not. But it's  
 unpredictable.

DINA  
 How is that foolproof?!

EDDIE  
 I gotta meet someone about adopting  
 Special.

DINA  
*Special?*

Eddie pets the dogs as he clips on a harness bedazzled with  
 the name "Special". Dina grimaces. Eddie heads for the door.

EDDIE  
 Yeah. My special girl.

He pushes Dina out the door, slamming it closed: BAM!

INT. DINA'S APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - DAY

Dina mimes the recoil of a discharged gun. Standing in front  
 of a mirror, she wears scrubs and poses in a badass stance.  
 She glances at crumpled pages of a script. At the top:  
 "SYLVIA SLIMMERMAN SIDES".

DINA  
 "Drop it! **NOW!** Before I add your  
 brains to the blood on my scrubs."  
 (MORE)

DINA (CONT'D)

(reacts to an imaginary response. Then:)

"Who am I? I'm Sylvia Slimmerman. And you're a good-for-nothing felon with a gun."

Dina spies the mock-up on her vanity. Glances back at the mirror. *Ugh*. Strikes a sexier pose, imitating her mock-up.

DINA (CONT'D)

"I'm Sylvia Slimmerman. And you're a good-for-nothing felon with a gun."

Dina scrutinizes herself. Strikes an *even sexier* pose. About to try the line again, she has a thought. Her eyes go wide.

INT. DINA'S APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - MINUTES LATER

Dina paces frantically, phone to her ear. She grips a LEGAL PAD full of notes. Her laptop is open to a legal website with a poorly animated police officer wagging his finger "**NO**".

EDDIE (O.S.)

Hello?

Bass-heavy music plays in the background of the call.

DINA

Eddie.

EDDIE (O.S.)

What? Hang on a second.

(to someone else)

Hey man, will you turn that down?

DINA

(rapidly spouting)

EDDIE, I looked it up and we'd actually be breaking *numerous laws*. You're a felon so you're not even supposed to *have* a gun, and I think we can only use handcuffs if we're making a citizen's arrest, and it sounds like what we'd be doing is actually considered breaking and entering, even if it is technically a lateral-

EDDIE (O.S.)

-*Will you please*- Fuck you, bro! I asked politely if you could-

DINA  
Eddie?

EDDIE (O.S.)  
Are you fuckin serious? You wanna  
do this?! Come on, then!

DINA  
EDDIE!

EDDIE (O.S.)  
I gotta go.

He hangs up. Dina hurriedly opens a text message to Eddie and  
types: **I CAN'T DO IT**

She's about to hit send when: incoming call from Audrey.  
Flustered, Dina tries to hang up but accidentally answers.

AUDREY (O.S.)  
Hello? Dina? Chantrelle's sick.

DINA  
*Hello? What?*

AUDREY (O.S.)  
Angelo Spear is the HBO director  
for the role you want, right?

DINA  
Yeah...

AUDREY (O.S.)  
Princess party. Tomorrow. 2pm. Can  
you do it?

DINA  
ARE YOU KIDDING ME?! YES! OH MY  
GOD! THANK YOU!

Dina hangs up as Audrey says:

AUDREY (O.S.)  
*No soliciting.*

Dina grabs a pen and jots the appointment on her calendar:  
**Angelo Spear, 2pm!**

Dina wiggles in celebration. Her phone chimes. A text from  
Eddie: **Sorry. Fuckin asshole. What's up?**

Dina's eyes fix on her UNSENT TEXT: **I CAN'T DO IT**



She bites her thumbnail. Looks at her legal pad of notes. Looks at her calendar: "Angelo Spear, 2pm!" Looks at her mock-up. Glances at her laptop, the **animated police officer wagging his finger**. Her eyes shift to her acting book: *STOP PLAYING IT SAFE: An Actor's Guide*. Her eyes narrow.

She deletes the text and types: **You can't have a gun!**

INT. EDDIE'S MOTEL ROOM - EVENING

EDDIE

I have to have a gun! It's a robbery!

DINA

I got you a plastic one.

Dina hands Eddie a fake plastic gun.

DINA (CONT'D)

I'll have a real one for show. But it has to be unloaded.

Eddie's bed is scattered with trash bags, bleach, way too many HANDCUFFS, and a pile of wardrobe options.

Eddie peers down at TWO CLEAR PLASTIC MASKS: a made-up woman's face, and an old man's face.

EDDIE

What are these? I meant SKI MASKS!

DINA

You'll be Eva, a trapeze artist with an eating disorder and abandonment issues-

EDDIE

You're fuckin with me, right?

DINA

And I'll be Gusmo, a lonely mechanic with heartburn and manic depression.

EDDIE

I'm not wearing that. We're just gonna break in, point our guns, take the money, and leave. Quick and easy.

DINA  
 To really disguise yourself you  
 have to replace your traits with  
 new traits-

EDDIE  
 Why'd you get so many handcuffs?

DINA  
 -that way witnesses can't identify  
 you because they remember a  
 completely different person.

EDDIE  
 This is ridiculous.

DINA  
 We can either go in with ski masks  
 and a fake limp like you want, or  
 we can do it right.  
 (beat)  
 This is why you came to me in the  
 first place, remember?

Eddie begrudgingly relents.

DINA (CONT'D)  
 So what's our relationship?

EDDIE  
 Ours?

DINA  
*Eva and Gusmo's.*

EDDIE  
 They're...dating?

Dina looks at Eddie. *Come on.*

DINA  
 Gusmo was walking home from work  
 one night when he saw Eva, locked  
 in her circus cage.

EDDIE  
 What?

DINA  
 He used his mechanic tools to break  
 her out because- *she reminded him  
 of his twin sister* that was  
 separated at birth.

EDDIE  
At birth? How could-

DINA  
Now they're wandering the streets  
together, penniless, hungry, and  
angry at each other.

EDDIE  
Why are they angry at each other?

DINA  
Cedric says our primary focus  
should be creating conflict.

Dina flips her acting book to one of the dog-eared pages.

DINA (CONT'D)  
(reading)  
"At the heart of all great acting  
is conflict. Without conflict, the  
scene, and the characters, die."

EDDIE  
Why do I have to be the woman?

DINA  
Which is less like you - a man, or  
a woman?

Dina sorts through the pile of clothes.

DINA (CONT'D)  
What's our character motivation?

EDDIE  
To... steal a bunch of money?

DINA  
Good enough.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Dina and Eddie slip out of the motel room. Dina wears a  
CONDUCTOR'S HAT, GREASY COVERALLS, and WORK BOOTS. Eddie  
wears a BLOND WIG, HOODIE, JEANS, and a TUTU.

Eddie pulls down the plastic woman's mask and stealthily  
creeps along the wall.

DINA  
Where are we going?

EDDIE  
One thirty two.

DINA  
(whispering)  
We're doing it *here?! This* is the  
motel you were talking about? The  
one where you're *staying?!*

Eddie motions for her to be quiet. Dina pulls down her old  
man mask. Eddie approaches room 132. He pulls out a room key.

DINA (CONT'D)  
Where'd you get that?

EDDIE  
My buddy works here.

DINA  
Oh! Great! It's not breaking and  
entering if we have a key, right?

Eddie draws his gun. Dina awkwardly fumbles her gun out.

DINA (CONT'D)  
(in a gruff voice)  
Eva, if you screw this up, I'm  
leavin you for the dogs.

Dina winks at Eddie.

DINA (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Conflict!

Dina gestures for Eddie to respond.

EDDIE  
Would you shut up?

DINA  
(pointing upward,  
whispering)  
Eva.

EDDIE  
(rolls his eyes, then in  
falsetto)  
Would you shut up?!

DINA  
Commit to your role. Be memorable.

Eddie inserts the key.

INT. MOTEL ROOM 132 - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Eddie and Dina storm the room, guns drawn. Korean house music pumps and a strobe light bounces off the walls. PACO (mid-30s), sporting a giant beard and a bowler hat, and a short Asian woman, CINDY (mid-30s) dance between two twin beds, ornate cocktails in hand.

EDDIE  
Nobody move!

DINA  
(as Gusmo)  
Eva.

EDDIE  
(as Eva)  
Nobody move!

The couple stops dancing. Dina flips on the overhead light. She keeps her gun trained on Paco and Cindy.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
(as Eva)  
Handcuffs.

Dina tosses Eddie 5 SETS OF HANDCUFFS. He catches some, the rest clang to the floor. Eddie, annoyed, crouches to handcuff the bewildered couple.

DINA  
(as Gusmo)  
This is a citizen's arrest!

PACO  
What?

Eddie shakes his head. Dina turns off the music.

DINA  
(as Gusmo)  
We ain't lookin to hurt nobody,  
just need some money for food-

Dina belches, silently. Eddie continues clasping handcuffs.

Dina pulls an Alka Seltzer tablet from her pocket, drops it in one of the cocktail glasses, and picks it up to drink. The drink won't fit through the mask, but Dina gives a sigh of relief as if she's taken a sip. She pats her stomach.

DINA (CONT'D)  
 (as Gusmo)  
 Heartburn's getting worse. Stress  
 of being on the road, I s'pose.

PACO  
 What the fuck is this?

Eddie sweeps the motel room. He disappears into the dark  
 bathroom. The light in the bathroom flicks on.

EDDIE (O.C.)  
 Oh shit!

The light turns back off and Eddie bolts out.

EDDIE (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
 Where's the  
 (seeing Dina he switches  
 to falsetto)  
 money?

DINA  
 (as Gusmo)  
 What's in the bathroom, Eva?

PACO  
 Bro, calm down, I don't know what  
 you're talkin about.

DINA  
 (as Gusmo, to Paco)  
 Hey! Don't talk to her like that!

EDDIE  
 (as Eva)  
 Where's the money?!

DINA  
 (as Gusmo)  
 What's in the bathroom?

Eddie spies a LARGE DUFFLE BAG by the bed with a COMBINATION  
 LOCK on it. Dina heads toward the bathroom.

EDDIE  
 (as Eva, to Dina)  
 Gusmo- do NOT go in there!  
 (as Eva, to Paco)  
 What's the combination? I'm gonna  
 start popping caps if you don't-  
 (as Eva, to Dina)  
 GUSMO! STOP!

Eddie races to Dina and clutches her by the arm.

DINA  
(as Gusmo)  
What's in there?

EDDIE  
(as Eva)  
I'm telling you, DO NOT.

DINA  
(as Gusmo)  
I don't need no broad tellin me  
what to do.

EDDIE  
(as Eva)  
Trust me.

DINA  
(as Gusmo, to Eddie)  
Why you gotta be like that?  
(whispering)  
This is great!  
(as Gusmo to Paco)  
Naggy bitches, am I right? "Where  
have you been all night?" "How come  
the car won't start?"

EDDIE  
(whispering)  
I'm serious!

DINA  
(as Gusmo to Eddie)  
We don't even *have* a car! You're on  
my ass, 24/7. Now you won't let me  
look in a goddamn bathroom?!

Dina pushes past Eddie, flips on the bathroom light. A **NAKED BODY floats in a tub full of ice**. *BLOOD covers the walls*.

Dina reels backward and trips. **Her gun goes off**. BANG! Before she hits the ground Eddie suavely catches her. Dina's eyes go wide as she violently dry heaves. Gun trained on Paco, Eddie **swiftly grabs the bag** and drags Dina to the door.

EDDIE  
(as Eva, to Paco and  
Cindy)  
As we say on the trapeze: don't  
look down or you're dead.

INT. EDDIE'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The front door flies open. Dina and Eddie whirl in. Eddie throws the bag on a table. He peeks out the window then beelines across the room, wildly searching through his bags.

DINA

(a roller coaster)

I CAN'T BELIEVE we just did that!  
I'm shaking. Eee! AND I DIDN'T  
THROW UP! It was so close. But you  
caught me and you were like "don't  
look down or you're dead". SO  
memorable. You were amazing. Do you  
think that guy's ok?

(stifling a heave)

No I can't think about. Wait but my  
gun was loaded. Oh my god I broke  
the law!

She looks at Eddie wide-eyed. Then hugs the bag, tearing up.

DINA (CONT'D)

This is gonna change everything.  
How are they gonna get out of all  
those handcuffs? Should we have let  
them go?

Eddie rushes back, BOLT CUTTERS in hand.

DINA (CONT'D)

Everyone's ok, right? Right, Eddie?

EDDIE

Uh-huh.

He snaps the lock and tears opens the duffel bag.

DINA

Eeee! Here we go!

Inside the bag sits a COOLER. Eddie and Dina look at each other. Eddie opens the cooler. They look inside.

Packed on ice: A HUMAN KIDNEY.

EDDIE

What?

Dina gasps and reels backward. She squeezes her eyes closed. Eddie stares at the kidney.

DINA

I thought you said-



EDDIE

-YEAH! That's what he told me!!

Eddie whips out his phone and dials AXEL.

AXEL (O.S.)

Yo

EDDIE

Axel, What the fuck, man! It's a fuckin kidney!

AXEL (O.S.)

What?

EDDIE

The job. We grabbed the bag. There wasn't any money, just a kidney.

AXEL (O.S.)

You still owe me 10%.

EDDIE

Of what, a kidney?! I'll slice it off for you!

Eddie hangs up.

DINA

Where's the money?

EDDIE

This is the money.

DINA

What?

EDDIE

They were gonna sell it.

DINA

What are we gonna do with a kidney?!

They stare at the organ. Eddie zips up the cooler.

EDDIE

I'm gonna give it back.

DINA

Yeah that's the right thing to do, right? I mean... right?

EDDIE

I don't know shit about kidneys. So yeah I think we should give it back.

Dina nods. Eddie turns to go. Dina suddenly grabs the cooler handle and doubles down.

DINA

Wait! I think it's ok if we sell it to a nice person who needs it. Like someone whose kid is dying or something. That's not illegal. I mean it shouldn't be. They could die! It's better than giving it back to the criminals. We're making something good from somebody else's criminal activity. We're *fighting crime*.

(beat)

Hey Siri, how long until a kidney expires?

SIRI (V.O.)

Typical storage times are 30 hours or less for a human kidney.

DINA

We got one day to sell this kidney. Start calling your intel people.

TIME CUT: Eddie talks on the phone.

EDDIE

It's fresh, man, I'm telling you. It's good stuff. Talk tomorrow.

Eddie hangs up. Dina looks impatient. *WELL?*

EDDIE (CONT'D)

My buddy knows a guy he thinks'll take it.

DINA

(beaming, distant)

I wonder whose life we're saving...

Dina takes a big, satisfied breath. She grabs the cooler and heads for the door.

DINA (CONT'D)

Goodnight.

EDDIE  
Where do you think you're going?

DINA  
Home.

EDDIE  
Not with that, you're not.

DINA  
I'm not leaving it with you.

EDDIE  
Likewise.

TIME CUT: Dina and Eddie in bed facing opposite directions. **The cooler rests between them.** Each have a hand HANDCUFFED TO THE COOLER. Dina's eyes are closed. Eddie's are open. Special (the dog) lies at the foot of the bed. **She licks Dina's foot.** UGH! Dina stuffs her foot under the blanket.

DINA  
Didn't you say you found someone to adopt this thing?

She pushes the dog to Eddie's side with her foot.

EDDIE  
Not a good fit. They didn't even know what mange was.

Dina's eyes fly open.

DINA  
It has *mange*?!

EDDIE  
It's not contagious to humans. The vet said the mites will go away on their own in a couple months.

Dina squeezes her eyes closed, repulsed. Eddie, uncuffed hand behind his head, grins.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Know what I'm doin with my half of the cut? Gonna buy that hacienda in Mexico.

Eddie rolls on his side, propping his head on his hand.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Can't you see me as a hotel manager? "Hola, me gusta el sol."

DINA  
What does that mean?

EDDIE  
Hello, I like the sun.  
(pause)  
You ever think about that trip to Mexico?

DINA  
No.

EDDIE  
My favorite part was when we had brunch at that spot by the beach. And they cut all the fruit to look like flowers.

DINA  
And a bee stung you and you went into anaphylaxis and I had to save you?

EDDIE  
That was my second favorite part.

DINA  
Almost dying?

EDDIE  
I remember you were crying in the ambulance and I thought "I bet she loves me."  
(pause)  
Soon as I get that money, adios!

Dina rolls over, her back to Eddie. He reaches out to touch her shoulder. Hesitates.

TIME CUT: MORNING. Dina leans into Eddie's ear, **faintly buzzing like a bee**. Her fingers gently crawl up his face. Eddie bolts awake, screaming and flailing. He frantically smacks his face, his body, the air.

Eddie comes to his senses, panting. His nostrils flare. Dina, in scrubbed-clean princess dress, motions urgently.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
(embarrassed/defensive)  
That's not funny. The doctor said it's life and death.

DINA  
We have to get you an Esteban  
costume, so hurry.

EDDIE  
Esteban?

DINA  
(indicating her dress)  
Valentina? Esteban? From  
*Foreverland*? Let's go!

EDDIE  
What?

DINA  
I have a princess party at 2pm. You  
and that kidney are coming with me.

EDDIE  
The only thing I hate more than  
birthday parties is kids.

DINA  
Well then today's going to be a  
great acting opportunity for you!

EDDIE  
I'm not going.

DINA  
This mock-up is about to clear out  
the competition.

Dina displays her mock-up. Eddie squints at it.

EDDIE  
Who is that?

Dina reveals her plan like a stealthy mission.

DINA  
First, I'm going to BLOW ANGELO'S  
MIND with my princess party  
performance. Once he's starry-eyed  
I'll shout, "Meet Sylvia  
Slimmerman, badass woman  
extraordinaire, or ELSE!" whip the  
mock-up out of the bag with one  
hand, and point a gun at him with  
the other.

(she shows the move, holds  
her hand up like a gun)  
Just a hand gun.

(MORE)

DINA (CONT'D)

He'll see how hot I'm gonna be,  
realize he doesn't have to choose  
between beauty and talent, and cast  
me on the *spot!* YOU will be finding  
every opportunity to make a good  
impression and talk about how great  
I am!

(cheerfully)

So get up!

INT. DINA'S CAR - DAY

The car sits in a large parking lot. Dina, in the driver's seat, voraciously reads something on her phone.

The passenger door cranks open. Eddie flops into the car, gripping a LARGE COSTUME BAG.

DINA

That bitch Mia runs a charity for disabled people.

EDDIE

Who?

DINA

My ugly HBO competition! She's probably paying people off with charity money! Bet that's how she got Dying Alone.

EDDIE

I don't think-

DINA

PLUS how good does it look for HBO if they pretend they're considering an ugly actor who runs a charity for disabled people? It's a PR move.

Dina glances at the bag in Eddie's lap.

DINA (CONT'D)

What is that?!

EDDIE

It's Batman.

DINA

What?

EDDIE

Esteban's a whiny bitch. If you want me to go, I'm going as Batman.

DINA

You can't go as Batman! That doesn't even make sense! Why would Valentina and Batman be together?!

(beat)

You *promised* that-

EDDIE

-I did not promise.

DINA

You *agreed*. Basically the same thing. Go back in there and get Esteban!

EDDIE

I'm not going as Esteban! You're lucky I'm going at all! Would you stop being such a controlling cunt?!

Tense pause.

DINA

You know, it doesn't surprise me that you don't want to be Esteban. A driven man with a purpose who keeps his word, puts other people before himself, and isn't a criminal?

EDDIE

Why are you making this a big deal? Who cares who I go as?

DINA

I want you to sing the duet, *Togetherland*, with me. It'll show my range.

EDDIE

Batman or nothing.

Dina starts the car. Eddie removes the costume. He looks at the cover of the package. It says "**Blackman The Dark Night**".

EDDIE (CONT'D)

What the- who's Blackman?

DINA  
You got a knockoff.

EDDIE  
I'm not going as *Blackman*.

EXT. ANGELO SPEAR'S HOUSE (BACKYARD) - DAY

LITTLE GIRLS AND BOYS (5-8), sit on the ground around Dina, looking up at her.

DINA  
Now close your eyes and make a wish. When I say the magic word your wish will come true.

Dina hears a whistle. Across the yard Eddie (dressed as Blackman), phone to his ear, sits on the ground with the cooler beside him. **He points to the cooler and shoots her a thumbs up.** *We got the buyer.* Dina grins.

Her eyes search to find ANGELO SPEAR, an impeccably well-dressed man (50s). He stands, laughing animatedly as a busty HOT MOM (40s) tells a joke.

Dina's jaw flexes. *Of course all his attention goes to the HOT MOM!* She turns back to the kids, expectantly waiting with their eyes closed.

DINA (CONT'D)  
Foreverland!

Eddie glances at Angelo who has turned from the hot mom to laugh at two other NORMAL MOMS as they contribute to the joke. Dina doesn't notice.

Eddie flings pebbles across the yard. A bee lands on a small white flower. Eddie watches it apprehensively. A young BOY (5-8) approaches.

BOY  
Are you Batman?

EDDIE  
Nope.

BOY  
You look like Batman.

EDDIE  
I'm Blackman.



BOY  
You're not black.

EDDIE  
(pointing to his suit)  
What color is this?

BOY  
Black.

EDDIE  
There you go.

BOY  
Do you fight crime?

EDDIE  
I commit crime.

BOY  
You're a villain?

EDDIE  
I'm misunderstood.

BOY  
Do you have a sidekick?

EDDIE  
Sure.

BOY  
What's his name?

EDDIE  
(the first thing that  
comes to mind)  
Blackboy.

BOY  
Is he a villain?

EDDIE  
(realizing what he's done)  
No...he's, uh, he's nice. He's a  
good kid.

BOY  
Do you have a superpower?

EDDIE  
I tell it like it is. Even though  
no one fuckin listens.

Eddie chucks another rock and hits one of the little girls, who falls down crying. Eddie rolls his eyes. The boy darts over. Eddie watches the boy brush hair out of the girl's face. Angelo looks up. Dina shoots Eddie a death glare.

TIME CUT: The boy sits with his arm around the little girl.

DINA

I think it's time for another song!

The boy leaps up.

BOY

Togetherland! Can I sing it with you?

Dina looks at Eddie. Eddie looks away.

DINA

Of course.

Dina pushes play on a her phone. The song plays through portable speakers. She takes the boy's hand. Eddie watches.

DINA (CONT'D)

(singing)

Whatever may come  
Whatever storms we may weather-  
I want us to go  
I want to grow old together.

BOY

(singing)

-Whatever may come  
We'll be tougher than leather-

Suddenly, Eddie belts out the next line.

BOY AND EDDIE

(singing)

I won't let you go

The boy goes silent. All eyes on Eddie. He strides toward Dina, holding out the small white flower.

EDDIE

(singing)

I'm gonna love you forever.

Dina takes off the tiara. She looks at it lovingly.

DINA  
 (to the tiara)  
 I'm scared to leave you but I  
 understand.

She sets the tiara on the table.

DINA AND EDDIE  
 It's just you and me in...  
 Togetherland.

The kids clap and cheer. Eddie takes Dina's hand. They bow. Angelo claps enthusiastically and whistles.

Dina, starry-eyed, grins lovingly at Eddie. He brushes a hair from her face. Dina grasps her mock-up, sets eyes on Angelo.

In Eddie's periphery A BRATTY KID (5-8) runs across the yard *with the cooler*.

EDDIE  
 HEY!

Eddie launches over the girls and dashes toward the kid.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
 GET BACK HERE! DROP THAT  
 COOLER OR I WILL KILL YOU, YOU  
 LITTLE SHIT!

Eddie *crashes into a PLASTIC OUTDOOR TABLE*, sending a PUNCH BOWL, CUPS, and the **BIRTHDAY CAKE** flying.

EXT. ANGELO SPEAR'S HOUSE (DOORWAY) - EVENING

Angelo grips the front door as Dina and Eddie exit. Children weep loudly inside. Dina's mock up pokes out of her bag. She turns to apologize. Angelo's steely eyes narrow.

ANGELO  
*Do I know you from somewhere?*

DINA  
 No. Definitely not.

Dina pushes the mock-up deeper into her bag.

EDDIE  
 Hey man, you've got a nice yard.  
 Have you ever thought of fostering  
 a dog?

INT/EXT. DINA'S CAR - NIGHT

Maps is open on the car display. Dina in her Valentina dress, and Eddie, still dressed as Blackman, share angry silence.

DINA  
Whenever you find yourself  
wondering why we're not together, I  
encourage you to remember today.

Dina pulls to a stop on a sketchy-looking street. Another car, lights off, engine running, idles in front of them.

EDDIE  
That's him.

Eddie grabs the bag with the kidney and exits the car.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Lock the door.

He slams it shut. Dina scrunches down, watching through the windshield. Eddie approaches the BUYER's car. Knocks on the window. It rolls down. Dina can't make out what they're saying. Her phone rings: Audrey. *Shit*. Dina answers.

AUDREY (V.O.)  
*DINA.FRANCINE!* I *TRUSTED* you with Angelo and this is what I get?! You will never **EVER** be Valentina again. You're lucky I have ogre parties coming out my ears or I would fire you on the spot. When you get home you will turn over your Valentina dress and tiara immediately for an inflatable ogre suit. And that dress better be *spotless*.

Audrey hangs up. Dina, cross-eyed with anger and anxiety, glances outside to see *Eddie wrestle the buyer's car door open and yank the man out*. Dina panics and honks the horn. Eddie looks up. The buyer wriggles free of Eddie's grip, slams the door shut, and peels off.

Dina bolts from the car and beelines toward Eddie.

EDDIE  
What a dick. That guy-

DINA  
What. The. FUCK?!

EDDIE

He was a scumbag. We'll find someone else-

DINA

The kidney's almost expired. How are we gonna find someone else in the next *FORTY MINUTES?! JUST ASK AROUND?!*

Dina grabs the bag from Eddie, unzips it, and yanks the kidney out with her bare hands.

DINA (CONT'D)

(yelling down the street)  
ANYONE WANNNA BUY A KIDNEY?  
ANYONE?? ONLY A LITTLE ALMOST EXPIRED!!

(to Eddie)

It's like you see things going well and think "HMMMMM HOW CAN I FUCK THIS UP!"

EDDIE

Me?? You're the one who's obsessed with the stupidest fucking pointless shit-

DINA

*I'm* obsessed with the stupidest, fucking, pointless shit? FALSE, because then I'd be obsessed with **YOU!**

Eddie turns and, angrily mumbling to himself, marches down the road into the dark. Dina chucks the kidney at him.

DINA (CONT'D)

Bye, *LOSER!*

The kidney hits Eddie in the back. He wheels around. Dina belts into peals of laughter.

DINA (CONT'D)

That's *RIGHT-*

She opens her mouth to speak when out of the darkness the kidney comes flying and hits Dina in the mouth.

EDDIE

Don't FUCK with Blackman. Have a nice life, bitch!

Dina watches him go.

DINA  
ARRRRRGHHHHHHH!

Dina stomps the kidney into pulp and storms back to the car.

INT. DINA'S CAR - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Dina slams the car door shut. She opens Bella Starr's social media page: a post of Bella wearing her diamond tiara, a cute guy kissing her cheek. The caption says: **Valentina with her Esteban #Perfect #SoHappy**

Dina bites her thumbnail.

She pulls *STOP PLAYING IT SAFE: An Actor's Guide* from her bag and closes her eyes. She flips the book to a page and opens her eyes. It's the same highlighted quote she saw before: **You are your only limit! MAKE THINGS HAPPEN FOR YOURSELF!**

Dina slams the book and stares at the ceiling, defeated.

SCREECH! - the distant sound of squealing tires. Dina looks down the street. Headlights RACE TOWARD HER.

A SKETCHY WHITE VAN screeches to a halt beside her car. The side door of the van flings open to reveal Eddie, DUCT-TAPED with a BAG OVER HIS HEAD. Two masked thugs (DUKE and PETEY) jump out and **pull Dina from her car**. She screams and kicks as they grab and duct-tape her. Petey jumps in Dina's car and fires it up. The van peels rubber as a BAG GOES OVER DINA'S HEAD and the door slams closed. CUT TO BLACK

INT. GANGSTER WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A meaty hand whips the bag off Dina's head, trembling in her princess dress. Beside her, the hand pulls a bag off Eddie's head. Her panicked eyes sear into Eddie. *What have you done??*

A GANG OF THUGS stand before them.

The voice of RUBEN (50s-60s), the swaggering, unshaven top dog, booms.

RUBEN (O.C.)  
Lemme see these clowns.

Ruben strides into view and draws his gun.

RUBEN (CONT'D)  
Where's Axel?

DUKE  
Paco's got him. He's on his way.

PETEY  
Should we kill them now, or... ?

RUBEN  
It'll be more fun when they're all together.

Taken aback by Eddie's costume, Ruben sneers.

RUBEN (CONT'D)  
(to Eddie)  
You disrespect the cape of justice.

Dina and Eddie look confused.

EDDIE  
Excuse me?

RUBEN  
"It's not who I am underneath but **what I do** that defines me." Batman Begins. 2005.  
(while kicking Eddie)  
The caped crusader is not a thief!!

EDDIE  
I'm not Batman! I'm Blackman!  
*Blackman!*

Ruben studies Eddie for a moment.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
See the mask? It's different.

RUBEN  
You know who I am?

EDDIE  
Yes sir. Ruben "Madman" Santini.

Ruben leans uncomfortably close to Eddie.

RUBEN  
And you're the sack of shit who stole my kidney.

EDDIE  
I can explain.

RUBEN

You know what I hear when someone says they can explain? A bullet exploding out the back of their head.

DINA

Mr. Madman?

All eyes shift to Dina.

DINA (CONT'D)

I'm not going to try to explain even though I didn't know that kidney was yours or even that there was a kidney but-

Ruben trains his gun on Dina. She gulps.

DINA (CONT'D)

I'm just a lowly call girl.

RUBEN

You're a call girl?

DINA

This guy picked me up and I was just there to suck dick, you know?

Ruben assesses Dina's dress.

DINA (CONT'D)

I specialize in Valentina fantasies.

Pause. Ruben motions for Duke to uncuff Dina. She grins at Eddie. *How bout them apples?*

INT. GANGSTER WAREHOUSE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dina kneels, staring at the ceiling in disgust as her arm thrusts. Ruben leans his head back, getting into it.

DINA

(sings, pathetically)  
Good morning, hello. What a great day to be me...

INT. GANGSTER WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Dina lands back in her chair. Petey handcuffs her.



DINA  
You're not gonna let me go?

RUBEN  
For a five dollar handjob?

Eddie's jaw flexes. Paco (the bearded guy from the hotel robbery) bursts in, shoving AXEL, a wiry, meth addict. He plants him in a chair next to Eddie and handcuffs him.

EDDIE  
(to Axel) You snitched on us?!

AXEL  
(doped up) Oh, uh... yeah I forgot because I had a-

PACO  
EDDIE?!

EDDIE  
Paco!

PACO  
Hey man! I just heard the other day that you got out of prison? That's awesome! Oh shit, were you in on this? Wait, was that you in the mask? Yo, that was some funny shit. Who was that old man?

Eddie motions to Dina.

PACO (CONT'D)  
What?! No way, you were so good! Like, goosebumps, for real. You should be an actress.

DINA  
I am.

PACO  
No shit.

RUBEN  
Oh yeah? I love movies. Do you know Al Pacino?

DINA  
Uh, no...

Ruben purses his lips.

DINA (CONT'D)

BUT I'm in the running for a big HBO series which is why I took the kidney, which I thought was money, because I have to get plastic surgery. And if I land HBO I'm sure I'll meet Al Pacino. And then I can introduce you.

(beat)

I have a mock-up for the surgery. It's in my bag.

Ruben nods to Duke. Duke rummages in Dina's bag. Pulls out the mock-up. Reacts. *Holy shit!* He clocks Dina. The mock-up. Back to Dina. She smiles. Attempts a sultry eye squint. Duke brings the mock-up to Ruben. Ruben's eyebrows jump.

DINA (CONT'D)

Once I look like-

RUBEN

*This is you?* If you'd yanked me off lookin like that I would've had to let you go.

(shivering)

Ooh. Gettin a chub. Petey, put this in my office.

DINA

No I need that-

RUBEN

You can introduce me to Al Pacino?

DINA

Maybe. Probably. If you let me go.

RUBEN

I love that guy. Paco gimme your hat.

Ruben grabs Paco's hat and sits next to Axel.

RUBEN (CONT'D)

(imitating Al Pacino)

"Don't tell me you're innocent. Because it insults my intelligence and makes me very angry."

(to everyone, clarifying)

The Godfather.

AXEL

Listen, I can explain.

RUBEN

(mocking)

"I can explain!"

(grinning, to everyone)

Just like in the movies!

(to Axel, no longer  
imitating Pacino)

Axel. You gave me your word. As a man, as a husband, as a father. That I could trust you. I told you if you chose to break your word I would cut you up and feed you to your crying children before I slit their throats.

AXEL

Please. My babies are the only good thing I've ever done.

RUBEN

I believe you. Thank you for telling me the truth.

Ruben squeezes Axel's shoulder and stands. He walks toe-heel, counting to himself. Eddie and Dina share a glance.

RUBEN (CONT'D)

But you know what happens if I break **my** word? Then there are **two** people breaking their word.

On ten, Ruben whips around and BANG! shoots Axel in the ear. Axel screams.

AXEL

OW! FUCK! RUBEN HANG ON A SECOND!

RUBEN

Will someone get my glasses?

Duke runs off. Ruben squints, aiming.

AXEL

Ruben! RUBEN! Please. *PLEASE*.

Ruben fires, hitting Axel in the throat. Axel thrashes, spraying blood everywhere. Everyone reacts. *Jesus!* Dina, blood spattered, looks away, desperately trying not to puke.

Duke returns with Ruben's glasses. Ruben slides them on and steadies the gun. He pulls the trigger. Click. Ruben pats himself for a clip. He jogs across the room.

RUBEN  
No one shoot him!

Dina projectile vomits. Everyone jumps backward to dodge the spray. *CHRIST!* Eddie scoots his chair away. Ruben returns with a clip. Axel's already dead.

RUBEN (CONT'D)  
(disappointed)  
Nooo!

Ruben shoots him anyway. Blood splatters Ruben's face.

RUBEN (CONT'D)  
I gotta stop leaving my glasses all over. Gonzo! Pick me up one of those glasses things...

GONZO  
A croakie?

RUBEN  
A what?

GONZO  
A glasses strap?

RUBEN  
Yeah. I need one of those. Get a fun pattern. Tie dye or somethin.

Ruben levels the gun on Eddie. Dina squeezes her eyes shut.

EDDIE  
Ruben-

RUBEN  
-SHUT UP!

Eddie closes his eyes, shaking. Ruben's finger closes on the trigger when-

DINA  
(blurting)  
But in The Godfather-

Ruben looks at her. Lowers his gun.

DINA (CONT'D)  
Pacino lets Carlo go, remember? When he admits what he did. He gives him a plane ticket to Vegas and lets him go?

Ruben thinks.

RUBEN

But then Carlo goes out to the car  
and they strangle him.

Dina forgot that part. Ruben lifts the gun to Eddie.

DINA

*What if we get you money for the  
kidney? Wouldn't you rather have  
money than two dead bodies?*

RUBEN

I'd rather have my kidney back.

DINA

Or a kidney.

A long tense silence. Finally, Ruben bursts into yelling.

RUBEN

(quoting The Godfather)  
"DON'T ASK ME ABOUT MY BUSINESS,  
KAY! DON'T ASK ME ABOUT MY  
BUSINESS." I would've yelled that  
line. But he didn't.  
(beat)  
Because he's the best.

Tense beat. Then Ruben brightens up and twirls his gun. Looks  
at his watch.

RUBEN (CONT'D)

Gonzo! Almost time for school to  
let out. Go get Axel's kids. Chop  
chop! Speaking of which, Duke- get  
my machete.

(to Dina)

You've got three days to get me  
another kidney. O blood type.

DINA

What if... we can't find one?

RUBEN

Then you better each bring me a  
hundred thousand dollars and hope  
I'm in a good mood.

Ruben motions for Petey to uncuff them. Dina stares at Axel's  
body, color draining from her face.

INT. EDDIE'S MOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Dina, in a now puke-and-blood-splattered dress, stares off. Her legs shake involuntarily. Special sleeps on her bag.

EDDIE

So you'll be at the bar, making small talk about blood types. When you find an O do whatever it takes to get them back here.

DINA

We're not taking anyone's kidney.

EDDIE

Dina-

DINA

We have to find a NOT ILLEGAL way to get the money for that madman guy and my surgery!

EDDIE

Surgery?! Jesus Christ would you let that go??

Dina yanks her bag from under Special. The tiara slips down her head in front of her eyes. She flings it on the bed.

DINA

Why don't you kill this dog already? *Nobody wants her!*

Dina stomps to the door and tears it open.

EDDIE

Where are you going? We have to figure this out!

She slams the door as she exits.

INT. DINA'S CAR - NIGHT

Parked on a seedy street, Dina watches a video from Mia's social media. A close-up clip of a dramatic scene. Tears stream down Mia's face.

MIA

"Do you ever think of who you might've been if anyone believed in you?"

Dina scrolls to see a stream of supportive comments. She punches out a new comment: **OMG Crow's feet, anyone?! LOL!**

Incoming call from Eddie. Dina ignores it.

Dina looks out the window. On the wall next to her, a giant ad for Bella Starr cosmetics reads: **Don't settle. Be Bella.**

Dina flings open her car door. She marches to the ad and aggressively keys Bella's face, cursing. She stops, panting.

HOOKER #1 (O.C.)  
She get wit your man?

Dina spins around to see HOOKER #1. HOOKER #2 emerges from a car stuffing a wad of cash in her bra. Dina's eyes light up with crazed urgency.

DINA  
*How much do you charge for a  
blowjob?*

Hooker #1 gives Dina a once-over.

HOOKER #1  
Got a surprise under that dress?

DINA  
If you had to make two hundred  
thousand dollars in three days how  
many blowjobs would that be?

HOOKER #1  
Three days?!  
(scoffing)  
Girl, even at fifty bucks you  
talkin bout over a thousand dicks a  
day.... Fifty-six an hour if you  
don't sleep.

Dina thinks, conflicted.

HOOKER #1 (CONT'D)  
You gonna suck a dick a minute for  
three days straight?!

Dina's eyes quiver with delusional resolve. Her phone rings.  
It's Phil.

DINA  
Hello?

PHIL  
Great news! I have an audition for  
you tomorrow. LEAD role. Fast  
turnaround.

(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)

They just lost their actor and production starts immediately. The pay is huge. It's for that comedy I told you about- Dying Alone.

Dina turns pale.

DINA

You said Mia got the lead.

PHIL

Mia got a major role. Tomorrow's for the lead. Martin Bloomberg, the casting director, said you already gave him your headshot? You did a cancer monologue for him?

DINA

Martin Bloomberg wants to see me?!

PHIL

He asked for you personally.

DINA

*REALLY?!*

(beat)

What's it pay?

PHIL

We're talkin' six digits, easy.

Dina gasps. Elation quickly dissolves to concern.

DINA

But what if I don't get it? Then I've wasted a whole day!

PHIL

*Wasted a whole day?*

Dina bites her nail. She looks at the hookers.

DINA

He said he wants to see me, specifically?

PHIL

YES! Now do you want this **phenomenal** audition or not?!

Dina paces. She looks back at the hookers. Bella's ad.

PHIL (CONT'D)

What on earth could be the hold-up?



DINA  
...YES! Ok, yes.

PHIL  
Great. Also, she's a competitive  
Irish dancer, so brush up.

DINA  
What? But I don't even-

PHIL  
Get some rest! Big day tomorrow!

INT. DINA'S APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

Dina lies in bed, the light from her phone illuminating her face, eyes wide with overwhelmed concern. IRISH MUSIC PLAYS. The clock shows 3:30 AM. Dina's bloodshot eyes catch sight of the potted plant on her bureau, dead bee inside, her fake nail tombstone sticking out of the soil: **R.I.P.**

INT. AUDITION BUILDING (DYING ALONE) - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Dina, clean but unslept, holds sides. Her red puffy eyes stare blankly ahead, twitching.

OTHER ACTORS sit nearby reading sides. MOVIE POSTERS line the walls. A call vibrates Dina's phone. She jumps. It's Eddie. She ignores it. 32 missed calls from Eddie.

A notification pops up: Bella Starr has 1 new social media post. Dina tries to stay focused. Fails. Opens the post: Bella laughs, holding a tiara on her head. Bella's surfer boyfriend BEN (20s) hugs her from behind.

BELLA  
I have a VERY special surprise.  
Tomorrow's episode of "My Beautiful  
Life" will stream LIVE to celebrate  
that we just hit the number one  
reality show of ALL TIME!

BEN  
Congrats, babe! Don't you also have  
some big exciting news to announce?

BELLA  
Tune in tomorrow to find out.

Bella winks at the camera. Ben fires off a confetti cannon and kisses her.

ATTENDANT #2 (O.C.)

Dina?

INT. AUDITION ROOM (DYING ALONE) - DAY

Dina strolls into the audition room, attempting confidence. Martin sits at a table with a reader, PAUL.

MARTIN

I almost didn't recognize you without the Valentina get-up.

Martin winks. Dina forces a nervous laugh.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

While your impromptu performance was unwelcome, you left a lasting impression. Did your agent inform you that Dying Alone is a *comedy*?

DINA

Yes, thank you. And... sorry.

MARTIN

Alright so this scene takes place when she discovers that her father-slash-brother is really an undercover female French spy. Do you have any questions?

DINA

...So I'm bleeding?

MARTIN

Yes, the broken pencil is stuck in your abdomen. Anything else?

DINA

Why is it called Dying Alone?

MARTIN

She contracts AIDS from her father-slash-brother-slash-French spy who got it when he-slash-she was in prison. Then she dies alone in a rundown hospital. It's hilarious.

DINA

And my agent said she's a competitive Irish dancer?

MARTIN

She was. But when the movie starts her legs get blown off by a terrorist.

DINA

So she never dances?

MARTIN

No. She just cries a lot.

Dina brightens immediately.

DINA

Sounds hysterical!

Martin smiles at Paul. *She gets it!*

MARTIN

Ready?

Dina nods and takes a breath. Beat. She kneels, grasping an imaginary pencil to her stomach. Her eyes well.

DINA

"I found the letter you wrote after my mother killed herself. You swore you'd take care of me!"

MARTIN

Remember, this is a comedy.

Dina nods.

PAUL

"My loyalty is to France."

Dina digs in, dramatically.

DINA

"I'm dying because of YOU!"

MARTIN

Lean in to the humor.

DINA

(more dramatic, somber)  
"I'm dying because of YOU!"

MARTIN

Funny, Dina. Make it *funny*.

Martin motions to Paul: *Take it back.*

PAUL  
 "My loyalty is to France."

Beat. Dina's mind races. Martin frowns. Eyes the clock. Then-

DINA  
 (mockingly, like Maddie)  
 "My loyalty is to France!"

Silence. Paul looks up, annoyed. Martin's furrowed brow holds a harsh gaze on Dina. She questions her decision. Long pause. Suddenly a grin spreads over Martin's face. He leans forward.

MARTIN  
 Okay! Now we're getting somewhere!

Dina glances at her sides. Leans in to the mocking tone.

DINA  
 (mockingly)  
 "I'm dying because of yooooou!"

Martin guffaws.

PAUL  
 "I told you not to come here."

DINA  
 (mockingly, bigger)  
 "You also told me I could truuuuust  
 yooooou."

Martin claps and snorts approvingly. Dina glances at Martin. Behind him, from a movie poster on the wall, Al Pacino's eyes bore into her. She freezes.

PAUL  
 "Vive la France."

Martin waits expectantly. Paul looks up from his sides. Dina snaps to, flustered.

DINA  
 I'm sorry. Um...  
 (to Paul)  
 What was your line?

PAUL  
 "Vive la France."

DINA  
 (serious dramatic tone)  
 "Neither do I!"

Martin grunts disapprovingly.

PAUL  
You skipped.

DINA  
I did?

Dina consults her sides. Martin shuffles papers.

MARTIN  
Let's stop there. Thanks for coming  
in.

Martin makes notes. Dina quivers.

DINA  
I just got distracted. Can I do it  
again?

MARTIN  
You did great. We'll be in touch.

Dina's wired eyes stare at Martin. She grasps the imaginary pencil again. On her knees:

DINA  
"Did you ever really love me?"

MARTIN  
I'm sorry?

DINA  
That's the line I missed! Oh wait!  
(mockingly)  
"Did you ever really love me?"

MARTIN  
Paul will walk you out.

DINA  
(shrieking)  
**NO!**

Dina flings herself in Martin's lap.

DINA (CONT'D)  
PLEASE. PLEASE. This is a matter of  
*LIFE AND DEATH*. Do you have a  
casting couch?!

Dina frantically tugs at Martin's belt. Paul yanks Dina from behind. Martin smacks her with a manilla folder, shrieking.

INT. AUDITION BUILDING (DYING ALONE) - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

A security guard flings Dina from the audition room. She trips, tumbling to the floor.

Dina's phone buzzes. From the floor, she checks it. A text from an unknown number. It's a photo of Ruben with his arm around Audrey. He has a finger gun pointed at her. A text reads: **Ran into your mom. What a sweetheart!**

Dina closes the text. The post of *Bella in her tiara*, kissing Ben, remains. Dina buries her head in the carpet and wails.

ATTENDANT #2

Ma'am, I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

Dina scowls at her. Then spots a poster for the movie "JEWEL THIEF". Dina, mascara streaking her face, gets an idea.

INT. EDDIE'S MOTEL- DAY

Dina bursts in, wild with excitement. Eddie sits on the bed with sleazy, drunk LARRY (50s).

EDDIE

Hey! This is Larry! Larry and I were just playing "Guess my blood type!"

DINA

(to Larry)  
Get out.

EDDIE

I'm gonna guess O. Am I right?

DINA

GET OUT!

Larry scrambles out of the motel room.

EDDIE

I had to flirt with him for two hours to get him back here!

DINA

I've got it!

Dina shows Eddie the post of Bella in the tiara.

EDDIE

Is she O?

DINA  
We're not taking her kidney, we're  
taking her tiara!

EDDIE  
What's Ruben gonna do with a tiara?

DINA  
(Re: Eddie's an idiot)  
We're *selling* the tiara, because  
it's worth three quarters of a  
million dollars.

EDDIE  
No. It's way easier to just take  
Larry's kidney. He was eating out  
of my hand. Literally. Chex Mix.

DINA  
I am not going to steal someone's  
kidney. They could DIE and that's  
VERY illegal!

Peeing sounds. Dina looks down. Special is urinating on her  
shoes. Eddie reaches down to scoop her up.

EDDIE  
Forgot to put her diaper on.

DINA  
Oh.my.GOD.

EDDIE  
Know what else is illegal? Stealing  
a super expensive tiara. Plus, I  
don't think Larry would tell  
anyone.

DINA  
No one will get hurt, and I think  
we can get half a million for it.  
Enough to pay back Ruben *and* pay  
for my surgery, *AND* we'll still  
have two hundred thousand left  
over.

EDDIE  
Do you have a plan?

Dina smiles.

TIME CUT: Dina and Eddie hover over Dina's laptop.

DINA

Tomorrow Bella's live streaming a *HUGE* party for her show. The perfect opportunity to slip in and remove the tiara!

EDDIE

You mean steal it.

Dina clicks images. As she talks the images expand into a...

INSERT: **FLASHY HEIST MONTAGE:** quick zooms, freeze frames, animated arrows and circles illustrate Dina's plan.

DINA

Bella revealed in episode forty seven that she keeps the tiara in a *special case* in her *bedroom closet*. THAT'S where we remove it.

EDDIE

Steal it.

Dina clicks open a lengthy legal-looking document.

DINA

But there's a problem. I called the catering company for tomorrow's party, pretended to be Bella's manager, and had them send me their contract. It explicitly states no one is allowed in that wing of the house except Bella. Not even guests. Armed guards will be stationed throughout the house and guarding her bedroom. She also has an extensive security system outside and armed guards stationed at every window.

(beat)

And there's a guest list to get in. Which, of course, we're not on.

END FLASHY HEIST MONTAGE.

EDDIE

So... there's no way to break in, her tiara's protected by armed guards in a section of the house where no one is allowed, and there's a guest list we won't be on. AND the whole thing is streaming live. I'm waiting for the part where you have a plan.



Dina unveils a jar of the green ogre goo.

DINA

We just have to find the right  
container for it.

INT. DINA'S CAR - NIGHT

Dina dons a jet black wig and a slinky dress. An oversized  
purse sits in her lap.

On her phone, Dina checks Bella's live stream: Bella greets  
guests. Dina watches carefully, then roots through her bag of  
costumes in the backseat, finds pink fake nails, and tosses  
them in her purse.

Eddie wears a tux and a fake mustache. He slips a gun in  
Dina's purse. Dina thrusts it back.

EDDIE

This is a potentially dangerous  
robbery, you need a gun.

DINA

It's not a robbery. We're  
redistributing something someone  
doesn't deserve to have. It's a  
lateral move.

Dina returns to the live stream. Eddie rolls his eyes.

EDDIE

It's a potentially dangerous  
*lateral move*.

Eddie returns the gun to her purse.

DINA

I'm not using it.

EDDIE

Hopefully not.

DINA

No one's getting hurt!

EDDIE

(exiting the car)  
Hopefully not.

EXT. BELLA'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Dina and Eddie stand in line with sophisticated party-goers. Large sunglasses and a black veil cover Dina's face.

Two armed guards flank the front door. Dina and Eddie step up to a beefy BOUNCER (40s).

BOUNCER  
Name?

EDDIE  
Uh- Ed-

Dina, in character, speaks with a french accent.

DINA  
-Paul Gibson.

BOUNCER  
Who are you?

DINA  
Bliss.

BOUNCER  
Bliss what?

DINA  
Just Bliss.

Bouncer checks his sheet.

BOUNCER  
You're not on the list.

DINA  
HBO didn't tell her we're coming?

BOUNCER  
You're not on the list.

DINA  
Check with Bella. She'll want to know an HBO executive is here.

Eddie stands taller.

BOUNCER  
Everyone she wants on the list is on the list.

Dina and Eddie share a concerned glance when drunk socialite ROXY (mid-20s) squeals.

ROXY  
 Did you say HBO?!! OH MY GOD!  
 BELLA!!

Roxy disappears from view, into the house.

ROXY (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
 HBO IS HERE!! Hi! Excuse us I need  
 her!

Roxy reappears dragging Bella.

ROXY (CONT'D)  
 (to Bella)  
 He's an executive from HBO.

BELLA  
 Hi. I'm sorry, who are you?

DINA  
 Paul Gibson. From HBO. He wants to  
 get to know each of the girls in  
 the running for Sylvia Slimmerman  
 to see who's the best fit for the  
 role. This seemed like the perfect  
 opportunity.

Roxy winks at Bella.

BELLA  
 Of course! Please come in!

Bella turns. Dina shoots Eddie a "pull it together" death  
 glare.

INT. BELLA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bella, Eddie, Dina, and Roxy enter a palatial living room,  
 bustling with partygoers. Music bumps. MULTIPLE CAMERAS  
 capture the scene. A large screen airs a **live feed of the  
 party.**

BELLA  
 (to Eddie)  
 My reality show just hit the number  
 one slot. I'm blowing up right now.

Dina elbows Eddie.

EDDIE  
 This is Bliss.

BELLA  
 (awkward laughter)  
 Oh. Nice to meet you!

Dina gives the world's tiniest nod.

EDDIE  
 She owns a very exclusive skincare  
 line.

BELLA  
 Oh really? Which one? I'm like  
 obsessed with skincare.

EDDIE  
 (finding his groove)  
 It's top-secret. She won't talk  
 about it. Although she's...can I  
 say?

Eddie implores Dina. She gives a shrug to say "if you must".

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
 She's launching a line of face  
 masks here in the states. They are  
 going to...

DINA  
 Revolutionize.

EDDIE  
 Yes, *revolutionize* the beauty  
 industry. Let's just say no one  
 will be getting face lifts anymore.

Bella's eyes widen.

DINA  
 Stop, I'm going to cry.

EDDIE  
 She's been searching for an  
 influential American to launch the  
 brand.

DINA  
 So if you happen to know anyone...

ROXY  
 I'll do it!

Dina raises her finger to her lips.

DINA  
 (to Roxy)  
 Shhh

Eddie grabs drinks from catering staff. He nudges one into Bella's hand.

EDDIE  
 (to Bella)  
 -Drink?

BELLA  
 Oh, thank you.

Dina shouts:

DINA  
 SPEECH! SPEECH!

Roxy and partygoers begin chanting along.

ROXY/PARTYGOERS  
 SPEECH! SPEECH! SPEECH!

EDDIE  
 These are for you!

Eddie shoves GAUDY PINK BEDAZZLED SUNGLASSES on Bella. They say "HOSTESS" in big sparkly letters.

All cameras turn to Bella. **The LARGE SCREEN displays her wearing the "Hostess" sunglasses and holding a drink.**

Eddie and Dina avoid the camera's view.

BELLA  
 Oh! Ok! Hi everyone! I hope that-

Dina nods at Eddie. He surreptitiously chants:

EDDIE  
 -DRINK! DRINK!

Roxy and partygoers join in:

ROXY/PARTYGOERS  
 DRINK! DRINK! DRINK!

Flustered, Bella downs her drink. Eddie places a second drink in her other hand. She downs that too and raises her empty glasses. Partygoers cheer and clap.

BELLA  
Thanks for coming! Have a great  
time, everyone!

Partygoers clap and resume socializing. The cameras turn back to the party. A drunk socialite, Sienna (20s), clutching a mini-party-hat-wearing chihuahua, pulls Roxy away.

BELLA (CONT'D)  
Bliss, I think it should be me. I  
would love to promote your mask!

DINA  
Mmm...No. I need someone who  
is...big. A star.

BELLA  
My show is number one-

DINA  
A *real* star.

EDDIE  
Bliss, can I talk to you for a  
second?

Eddie and Dina step away. Bella watches them apprehensively.

DINA  
(as herself, whispering)  
This is going even better than I  
expected.

EDDIE  
(whispering)  
Your bitchy french woman is hot.

Dina playfully smacks Eddie. They return to Bella.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Bliss and I have a proposition for  
you, but we can't discuss it here.

Eddie points to the cameras. Dina grabs drinks from a passing caterer. Eddie grabs one too.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Are there cameras in the bathroom?

INT. BELLA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bella leads them into the bathroom. Dina locks the door.

EDDIE

Bliss and I realized that there's a way to make us all happy. If we cast you as Sylvia Slimmerman, you'll have the star power Bliss needs to represent her brand. And if you represent Bliss' brand, you'll become an international celebrity, leading to increased views for HBO. It's a win-win. So...

Eddie looks to Dina.

DINA

We want to offer you both positions.

Bella reels with shock.

BELLA

Really?! Oh my *GOD*, **YES!!**

EDDIE

Time for a toast!

Dina displays a small, ornate bottle with the green ogre glop inside.

DINA

But first, here is a sample of the mask for you. Prepare to be the most envied woman in Hollywood.

As Bella gingerly takes the bottle from Dina, Eddie dumps a small baggie of white powder into one of the drinks. Bella's eyes sparkle. She's already obsessed.

Eddie hands Bella the drink.

EDDIE

Cheers!

DINA AND BELLA

Cheers!

Glasses clink. Bella takes a small sip.

EDDIE

(playfully)  
Drink! Drink! Drink!

BELLA  
 (laughing)  
 I shouldn't. I have a super  
 important announcement in...  
 (checking her phone)  
 ...oh my god 5 minutes.

DINA  
 What's in 5 minutes?

BELLA  
 What the hell- YOLO, right?

Bella downs the drink.

DINA  
 What is in 5 minutes?

BELLA  
 It's a big surprise. In fact, the  
 whole reason for this party is to-

Bella collapses to the floor.

DINA  
 (as herself)  
 Fuck!

Dina rips off her wig, sunglasses, veil, and dress and shoves them in her bag as Eddie removes Bella's clothes.

Dina STUFFS HER BRA with toilet paper and pulls on a WIG THAT MATCHES BELLE'S HAIR. She puts on Bella's clothes and shoves the gun in her waistband. She presses on the PINK FAKE NAILS from her bag to match Bella's nails.

Eddie opens the ornate bottle and **covers Bella's face with green glop**. Dina smears it on her own face. The green glop is so thick it camouflages Dina's features. Eddie hands her the "Hostess" sunglasses. She slips them on. She strikes a "Bella" pose. *The resemblance is pretty uncanny.*

DINA (CONT'D)  
 How do I look?

EDDIE  
 Like a desperate socialite. Hurry.

INT. BELLA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dina tiptoes to the door at the end of the hallway. An armed guard lets her through.



INT. BELLA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Two armed guards stand by a closet door.

Dina teeters in, slurring in a high-pitched Bella voice.

DINA

Oh hi boys. Just need to get into  
my closet!

GUARD #1 grips his gun.

GUARD #1

What's the password?

Dina freezes.

DINA

Uh...

Tense pause. Guard #1 chuckles.

GUARD #1

I'm just teasin, Miss Bella. Go  
ahead.

Dina pretends to laugh. She swings open the closet door. A  
light shines on a VELVET PILLOW and... no tiara.

DINA

(to Guard #1)

Do you know where my tiara is?

GUARD #1

You came and got it earlier. You  
don't remember?

DINA

Oh! Right! Yes of course I  
remember.

GUARD #1

Are you alright, Miss Bella?

DINA

I've just had a lot to drink. Do  
you know where I put it?

From the hall comes a piercing scream.

ROXY (V.O.)

IF YOU DON'T OPEN THE DOOR RIGHT  
NOW I'M CALLING SECURITY!!

INT. BELLA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A very drunk Roxy bangs emphatically on the bathroom door.

ROXY  
I'M NOT JOKING, ASSHOLE! GET OUT OF  
THERE OR I'M CALLING SECURITY!

Roxy drunkenly dials her phone. Dina rushes to her.

DINA  
Roxy! There you are!

ROXY  
Bella? What's on your face?

DINA  
It's the fancy face mask from that  
woman Bliss.

ROXY  
*OH MY GOD* this guy won't get out of  
the bathroom!

DINA  
Let's get a drink!

ROXY  
Okay!

INT. BELLA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ducking to avoid the cameras, Dina leads Roxy to the  
BARTENDER.

ROXY  
(to the bartender, too  
loudly)  
Long Island!

DINA  
(to the bartender)  
Make that a lemonade.  
(to Roxy)  
I'll be right back!

Dina slinks back toward the bathroom. Suddenly the MUSIC CUTS  
OUT and a voice booms over the sound system:

BEN (O.C.)  
Can I have your attention? It's  
time for an important announcement.  
Bella, please come to the stage.

Dina freezes and ducks lower, turning away from the crowd.

BEN (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
Bella! Anyone seen Bella?

Roxy teeters into view, sipping a lemonade.

ROXY  
HERE SHE IS!

Roxy points at Dina.

ROXY (CONT'D)  
Bella! *BELLA!* HERE SHE IS!! This  
Long Island sucks!

Roxy flings her drink. It hits an INNOCENT PARTYGOER, soaking them.

All eyes turn to Dina. The lights go out. A spotlight illuminates her crouched back. Roxy squeals.

ROXY (CONT'D)  
YAY! BELLA! WE LOVE YOU!!

Dina slowly turns to face the crowd.

PARTYGOER  
What's on her face?

ROXY  
It's a super special face mask from  
a very fancy person but we can't  
talk about it.

Roxy smushes a finger into her lips. *Shh!*

On a makeshift stage in the middle of the living room Ben stands, microphone in one hand...and *tiara in the other*.

Behind the sunglasses, Dina's eyes widen. Her eyes dart to the bathroom door. To the exit. To the armed guards. To the large screen *live streaming her*. **To the tiara**. Beat. She forces a grin and sashays through the crowd.

BEN  
Miss Bella Starr, everybody!

The crowd claps enthusiastically. Hiding her face from Ben, Dina lunges for the tiara. Ben recoils.

BEN (CONT'D)  
(whispering, to Dina)  
What are you doing? Are you drunk?

Ben tries to look Dina in the eye. Dina does a boxer shuffle so he can't get a clear look at her.

BEN (CONT'D)

This is the biggest moment of your life and you thought it was time for a face mask? Jesus.

(in the mic, to the partygoers)

Now that we have your attention-

Ben grabs Dina by the arm, firmly. A DRUNK PARTYGOER gropes at Dina. The room falls silent.

DRUNK PARTYGOER

Ew! Take off that mask!

(slurring)

You're so beautiful. I love your face.

Drunk Partygoer passes out.

BEN

(whispered to Dina)

At least take off the glasses. You look ridiculous.

Ben tries to take her glasses. Dina grips them to her face. They struggle for too long. Ben gives up. He faces the crowd.

BEN (CONT'D)

Bella has a very *special*, very *important* announcement to make.

Ben hands the mic to Dina. She faces the crowd, frozen.

DINA

(imitating a drunk Bella)

My announcement is... very special and important... because... um... an announcement is when we want to say something important, and this is a special one because it's... so important, and... and special-

Ben snatches the mic from Dina's hand.

BEN

Bella's dad purchased the rights to film a live-action Foreverland... starring none other than Bella Starr!

Confetti canons go off. The crowd claps. Dina's slack-jawed.

BEN (CONT'D)

AND a new scene has been written just for Bella, where Valentina is crowned the most beautiful person in Foreverland!

Ben holds up the tiara. From the hallway, *Eddie pokes his head out.*

BEN (CONT'D)

A very intricate dance number for the scene was choreographed by none other than internationally acclaimed choreographer Jean-Paul Durand.

Ben motions to the haughtiest of haughty European artists, JEAN-PAUL (40s). The crowd claps. Jean-Paul gives a nod of acknowledgement.

BEN (CONT'D)

Take it away, Bella.

Ben cues the DJ. Music swells. Jean-Paul smirks.

All eyes are on Dina.

Dina looks to the tiara. Looks to Eddie. Looks to the crowd.

Lyrics: "Valentina! Valentina!"

Jean-Paul's face flickers with concern. He subtly motions with his arms.

Dina raises her arms questioningly. Jean-Paul motions to the left with his head.

Lyrics: "Her nose, her eyes- no one can deny. She's a sight to be seen: Valentin-a!"

Dina shuffles to the left. She looks back at Jean-Paul. He shakes his head no, and motions to the left again. Dina gestures to the left. Jean-Paul, *about to have a stroke*, MOTIONS TO THE LEFT. Dina gestures/flings herself left.

Jean-Paul's face contorts. His upper lip snarls. He bows his head and, quaking, backs up until he disappears in the crowd.

Lyrics: "When she swings her hips and her shiny hair flips..."

Dina looks at the sea of faces apprehensively. She attempts rolling her hips and flipping her hair...

but she can't do both at once and almost topples over. Scattered gasps. Sienna, at the front of the crowd, leans to her friend.

SIENNA  
(drunken "whispering")  
Bella's *SO* uncoordinated!

Dina overhears her.

Lyrics: "She's a sight to be seen  
and the whole town sings:  
VALENTINA!"

Dina's face hardens in resolve. She straightens, her feet click together, and rod-straight arms snap to her sides. She begins intricate, impressive Irish footwork.

Lyrics: "This tiara is our gift to  
you..."

Dina's dancing isn't in step with the music, but the audience's concern has turned to intrigue. Dina feels the shift. Her confidence increases. Dina shuffle-steps across stage but accidentally kicks a drink out of someone's hand.

Lyrics: "The girl for whom our  
hearts are true..."

She launches into high kicks. She lands the first one, two, three! The audience claps approvingly. Dina, now overconfident, goes for a high spin kick and her foot connects - *POW!*- with a bystander's face. The audience gasps. The bystander grips his face as *BLOOD POURS FROM HIS NOSE*.

Dina scrunches her eyes closed - *DON'T LOOK AT THE BLOOD* - as she desperately continues spin-kicking. But she loses her balance and peeks... spotting the blood. *UH OH*.

Dina heaves and her next spin-kick *RAINS VOMIT OVER THE CROWD*. People scream and gag. Ben can't believe what he's seeing.

Mortified, Dina resorts to low kicks... but slips on the wet floor. As Dina's feet *ROCKET SKYWARD* she lands a blow straight into Sienna's party-hat-wearing chihuahua.

The dog emits a long howl as it flies across the room, crashing straight into the bartender's champagne towers, sending hundreds of glasses crashing to the ground.

SIENNA (CONT'D)  
**GUCCI!!!**

Sienna races toward the mound of broken glass as guards try to clear the scene.

Lyrics: "VALENTINA! VALENTINA!  
VALENTINAAAA!

Humiliated, Dina crawls to where Ben stands.

Lyrics: "Valentina, the most  
beautiful girl in the world!"

Dina snatches the tiara from Ben and slaps it on her head.

From the hallway behind Eddie, a *WOOZY, UNDERWEAR-CLAD* Bella *stumbles into the party*, GREEN MASK still on her face.

Dina spots her. *OH GOD*. From her knees, Dina shouts:

DINA  
*LIGHTS OUT!*

Nothing happens. **Bella stumbles toward the crowd**. *Any second now someone will notice...*

DINA (CONT'D)  
*Who's the light person?!!*

BEN  
Light person?

DINA  
I have another surprise! Who's by  
the switch?!

The crowd shuffles awkwardly. *Bella edges closer*. Dina **YANKS THE GUN** from her waistband and **BANG!** *shoots the spotlight*.

Glass shatters. Pitch dark. The room erupts in shrieks and chaos. Dina **RIPS OFF** Bella's clothes and drops them on the floor. She hauls ass and *shoves her SUNGLASSES on Bella*.

BELLA  
(disoriented, slurring)  
Where's the bathroom?

Dina shoves Bella into the middle of the room next to the pile of clothes, and ducks around the corner.

Dina quickly and covertly *slips back into her dress and black wig*, peels off the green mask, dried and rubbery at this point, and stuffs the tiara in her bag.

Eddie hits a switch on the wall. The overhead lights flicker on to reveal Bella, panties down, peeing in the center of the room.

Crickets. Gasps. A trickle of laughter. The trickle turns to an uproar. Bella blinks, disoriented.

Eddie and Dina slip out the front door.

INT. DINA'S CAR - DAY

Dina pulls the car over on a sketchy side street.

DINA  
How'd you find this guy?

EDDIE  
I know a guy, he knows a guy, I checked it out. We're good.

Dina looks concerned. Beat.

DINA  
Can I see the tiara?

Eddie slides the dazzling tiara from the bag and offers it to Dina. In the rearview mirror, Dina tops her head with the diamond-encrusted crown. A delirious grin spreads over her face.

DINA (CONT'D)  
It's heavier than I thought it'd be.

Dina's smile fades to despondency.

DINA (CONT'D)  
I can't wait to get surgery.

EDDIE  
You mean the role?

Dina's eyes jump to Eddie. She looks back at her reflection.

DINA  
Yeah.

Dina bites her thumbnail. A car stops in front of them.

EDDIE  
That's him.



Dina removes the tiara. Stares at it. Exhales sharply. Opens the door. Eddie grabs the tiara from her.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Trust me.

Before she can object, Eddie hops out and saunters to the other car. Dina squirms in her seat. Eddie converses with the driver. He crosses to the passenger door, flashes Dina a smile, and disappears into the car.

Dina stares, unblinking, not breathing.

Finally, Eddie leaps from the car with a DUFFLE BAG. He races back to Dina's car. The buyer speeds off.

DINA

Did you get it??

Eddie jerks open the bag, *brimming with cash*. Dina squeals.

DINA (CONT'D)

(deliriously elated)

YEEEEEEEEES!! Yes yes yes yes YES!

Eddie has his phone out, texting. Dina caresses the cash, tearing up. She gazes adoringly at Eddie.

EDDIE

I messaged Ruben.

They stare at each other, grinning. Long silence. They slowly break eye contact. Smiles fade. Awkward silence.

DINA

So... what are your plans after this?

EDDIE

I don't know. Kinda thought I was gonna die, so...

Dina chuckles. Eddie chuckles. More awkward silence. Eddie clears his throat, pulls at a string on his shirt. Dina looks out the window. Eddie's phone buzzes.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

(reading)

"Bocce tournament. Gonna run late. Eleven a.m. tomorrow."

Eddie glances at Dina. Their eyes meet.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
You hungry?

INT. EDDIE'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Dina opens a Chinese fast food box. Eddie hands her two soy sauce packets.

EDDIE  
Just two.

She stares at the packets. At Eddie. The tension is volcanic. She jumps on him, tearing at his clothes. They kiss.

TIME CUT: Sweaty Dina balances on the hotel table as Eddie thrusts into her. He stops, gazing at her.

DINA  
What are you doing?

EDDIE  
Looking at you.

Dina smacks him. The slap surprises them both. Beat. Dina's eyes shimmer with the possibility of love.

DINA  
You gotta stop all this illegal shit.

EDDIE  
I will.

Dina looks shocked, then moved, then suspicious. Eddie nods sincerely.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
I will. For you.

Dina kisses him passionately.

TIME CUT: They lie in bed, naked and sweaty. Dina, for the first time, soft and unguarded. Eddie brushes a piece of hair off her cheek. Dina notices a scar on Eddie's side.

DINA  
When'd you get that?

EDDIE  
Some guy shivved me in prison. I was lying there bleeding all over the concrete, and you know what I was thinking about?

(MORE)

EDDIE (CONT'D)

When we were in the ambulance in Mexico after the bee sting. You remember what you said to me?... Don't be a dumbass and die.

Dina laughs. Eddie grins.

DINA

Let's pretend we're there right now.

Dina closes her eyes.

DINA (CONT'D)

We just got back from the beach. Our room's so close we can hear the ocean.

Eddie closes his eyes.

EDDIE

(playfully)  
You tell me I'm sunburnt.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I should've worn sunscreen.

DINA

You should've worn sunscreen.

Dina laughs. Eddie laughs. They look at each other. Eddie dips his forehead toward Dina. She leans her forehead against his, eyes closed, smiling.

INT. MOTEL - MORNING

Dina and Eddie sit in bed, finishing breakfast.

Eddie cleans up garbage from breakfast. Dina hands him a takeout bag to throw away. On the side, Dina and Eddie notice another stunning ad of Bella Starr: **It's a great day to be Bella.**

Dina acts unaffected. Fakes a smile. Tears well.

EDDIE

I like your face. Just so you know.

Eddie crumples the bag. Dina tries to blink back tears.

DINA

You think... you think anyone could want me like this? Just... as me?

Beat. Dina's eyes brim with uncertainty.

EDDIE

Your face? No problem. Your personality...? Tougher sell. You're an absolute psycho sometimes.

(pause)

But you're very, very lovable. Just the way you are.

Dina's guarded heart cracks open. She looks up at him like an innocent child, eyes glistening with timid hope.

DINA

Do you mean it?

EDDIE

I do.

Tears of gratitude streak Dina's face. Eddie leans in to kiss her forehead.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Even if you do have a freakishly white asshole.

Dina giggles. Special licks her foot. She smiles. She feeds Special the last of a danish.

DINA

(compassionate whisper)  
You are kind of special.

Eddie throws the garbage away.

EDDIE

Hey is your passport up to date?

DINA

Yes. Why?

EDDIE

I was thinking after we drop off the money maybe we could take a little drive down the coast.

Dina looks at him. *Are you saying what I think you're saying.*

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I already made reservations.

Dina squeals. As she scoots off the bed she checks her phone. She goes slack-jawed. The color drains from her face.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

What is it?

Dina plays a video from Bella's social media. Bella wears a silk bathrobe, an ornate brunch laid out before her.

BELLA

Good morning everyone! First of all, thank you *SO* much- millions of you tuned in last night and caught my big act! That's right- it was an *ACT...* to get your attention for this announcement: tonight at 6pm I'll be revealing the *REAL* Valentina dance. Until then I'll be over here laughing about how many of you thought that was real!

Bella giggles and winks. The video ends. Dina scrolls.

DINA

(reading)

"LOL you're so funny!" "Bella is HOTTTT!", "This was EPIC", "definitely tuning in tonight!"... People are buying this shit!?!?

Dina gasps. She zooms in on a thumbnail of Angelo Spear.

DINA (CONT'D)

Angelo Spear, *the HBO director*, said "You were hilarious! I loved it!"

Dina's nostrils flare.

EDDIE

That means he thought *YOU* were hilarious!

DINA

Oh my god her following has *TRIPLED*.

Dina looks up in horror.

DINA (CONT'D)

This is the worst possible thing that could've happen.

EXT. EDDIE'S MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Dina and Eddie walk along the balcony of the motel. Eddie carries the duffel bag. Dina seethes. A BEE FLIES PAST...

EDDIE

In a couple hours we'll be down in Mexico..

...and lands on Eddie's hand.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

We'll get that mango smoothie you like and-

The bee *zips past Eddie's face*. His high-pitched scream echoes in the air. The bee *zips by again*. He maniacally swats, ducks, swings... and accidentally *flings the duffel bag off the balcony*.

The bag lands in the parking lot below. TWO SKETCHY-LOOKING GUYS walk to a car nearby.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Hey! HEY!

The guys look up.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Don't touch that bag!

The guys see the bag. They walk toward it.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

NO! I said...

Eddie books it to the stairs. The guys peek in the bag. They snatch it, hoist it into the car, and peel away.

Eddie whips out a gun and shoots, firing wildly as he clammers down the steps. BANG! BANG! BANG! More clambering. BANG! BANG! BANG!

SQUAWK! A stray bullet blasts a large crow out of the sky. It plummets straight into the windshield. WHACK! Blood streaks the windshield. The driver turns on the windshield wipers and frantically swerves, trying to see around the bloody corpse when... the car PLOWS into a telephone pole.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

YES!

Eddie sprints to the bottom of the stairs and races toward the car, gun drawn, when: KABOOM! The car explodes.

Dina lands at the bottom of the stairs with all their bags.  
 Dina stares at the flaming wreckage, mouth agape.

INT. DINA'S CAR - DAY

Dina drives, hyperventilating.

DINA  
 We're going to be *TORTURED TO*  
***DEATH.***

She swerves the car and parks, staring out the windshield.

DINA (CONT'D)  
 Gimme your gun.

EDDIE  
 Why?

Dina yanks Eddie's gun from his waistband.

DINA  
 I'm gonna rob this bank.

Dina flings through the bag of clothes in the backseat.

EDDIE  
 Hold on. Dina, *HOLD ON.*

DINA  
 (maniacal)  
***WE ONLY HAVE TWELVE HOURS LEFT!!***

She yanks on MC HAMMER pants and an 80s ROCKER JACKET.

EDDIE  
 STOP. You're gonna get yourself  
 killed.

DINA  
 I'm dead anyway.

She pulls on a MOHAWK WIG and opens the door.

EDDIE  
***WAIT!***

Dina stops. Eddie stares out the windshield. Finally...

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
 We can take my kidney.

DINA

What?

EDDIE

I have O blood.

DINA

We're not taking your kidney.

EDDIE

Please. Let me save the day.

(beat)

I'll call Paco.

INT. EDDIE'S MOTEL - DAY

Dina has lost the mohawk wig, but still wears the M.C. Hammer pants and jacket. She's a nervous wreck.

DINA

Why isn't Paco here yet? This isn't gonna work. It's a terrible idea.

KNOCK KNOCK at the door. Dina rushes to answer it. Paco and Cindy shuffle in, toting medical supplies.

DINA (CONT'D)

Thank GOD! Paco- you know what you're doing, right?

PACO

Does the pope shit? Nope. He's Catholic!

Paco burps. Pause.

DINA

Are you drunk?

Paco's blurry eyes land on Eddie.

PACO

There he is! Blackman!

EDDIE

Are you drunk?

Paco sways.

PACO

I'm good for it.



EDDIE

It's not even NOON! Why are you drunk?!

PACO

Because I'm a grown ass man, *MOM*.

Paco cries drunkenly.

PACO (CONT'D)

I miss you mom!

CINDY

(rolling her eyes)

She's only gone for a long weekend, she'll be back on Tuesday.

DINA

(to Cindy)

Have you seen him do this? Can he talk you through it?

CINDY

I can't do it. I'm anesthesia. But maybe he could talk you through it.

EDDIE

Are you INSANE?!

DINA

I can't do it!

PACO

(angrily)

I can do it! I can do it with my eyes closed.

Paco pulls a scalpel out of his pocket.

PACO (CONT'D)

Watch.

Paco draws a wandering line through the air. His eyes droop. They close. He hiccups, jolting himself awake. The scalpel flies through the air and sticks in the wall.

PACO (CONT'D)

I said I was gonna do this for you, man.

(getting emotional)

I wanna be the one who cuts your kidney out.

CINDY

Maybe he should talk Dina through it.

Eddie looks at Dina. Dina shakes her head. He looks at Paco. Paco nods, pointing to himself. He tries to wink. Fails. Eddie looks back to Dina. *You have to.*

DINA

I can't. *I CAN'T! Please don't make me. What if you die?!*

EDDIE

I'm dead either way.

DINA

I don't wanna kill you!

EDDIE

You gotta do it, D.

INT. EDDIE'S MOTEL - DAY

A plastic tarp covers the bed. Eddie lies on top. Cindy inserts an IV and tapes the needle to Eddie's arm.

Dina sits beside Eddie, staring at the scalpel in her hand and biting her thumbnail. Paco lays out instruments. He drops one on the floor. Bends to pick it up. Wobbles. Eddie spots Dina's plastic tiara. He tenderly places it on her head.

EDDIE

Sing me that Foreverland song?

DINA

Which one?

Eddie looks at her. *You know the one.*

DINA (CONT'D)

The one she sings to him when he *dies?*

Paco straightens, knocks another instrument to the floor. Curses. Bends to pick it up. Topples.

DINA (CONT'D)

Oh my god Eddie.

EDDIE

Please.

Beat.

DINA  
 (singing)  
 It's getting darker. The end is  
 near. But don't you worry-

Paco gets to his feet as Cindy slips an oxygen mask over  
 Eddie's face. He grabs Dina's hand.

CINDY  
 Here we go.

Eddie takes a deep breath. Cindy pushes a syringe into the IV  
 bag.

DINA  
 (singing)  
 -I'll be right here.

Eddie looks at Dina. Her eyes begin to well. His blink gets  
 heavier...

DINA (CONT'D)  
 (whispering)  
 Don't be a dumbass and die.

CUT TO BLACK

PACO (V.O.)  
 Run the light! Turn here! HERE!

Dina squeals. The sound of screeching tires.

INT. DINA'S CAR - DAY

Eddie blinks. He's in the backseat, head in Paco's lap. Puke  
 covers the front of Dina's shirt and 80s rocker jacket, the  
 plastic tiara still on her head. Cindy braces herself in the  
 passenger seat. Paco sees Eddie.

PACO  
 Yo! My man's back! Forget the  
 hospital!

DINA  
 Eddie! Oh thank god. Are you sure  
 he doesn't need-

PACO  
 -He's good! Head to the drop off!  
 (to Eddie)  
 I had a dyslexic moment, man.  
 (MORE)

PACO (CONT'D)

Told Cindy to give you almost double the anesthesia. Bout killed you. But Dina DELIVERED. She got your kidney out like a pro. You're bandaged up and good as new.

Eddie woozily spies Special lying next to him. He pets her.

EDDIE

My special girl!

CINDY

She wouldn't leave your side.

Eddie makes eye contact with Dina in the rearview mirror. Eddie sniffs, the smell of acrid puke thick in the air.

EDDIE

Did I throw up?

PACO

Nope, that would be...

DINA

But only once! Then I imagined I was Sylvia Slimmerman in the operating room. Doctors don't puke at the sight of blood, right?

CINDY

I really thought you had medical experience. You were so believable.

EDDIE

You're gonna get that role.

Dina, plastic tiara still on her head, proudly beams. Eddie spies a cooler resting on the floor.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Is that it?

PACO

Yup. One medium kidney on ice.

Eddie painfully drapes himself on the cooler. He cries.

EDDIE

(to the cooler)

I miss you.

PACO

(to Dina)

The drugs will wear off soon.

INT. GANGSTER WAREHOUSE - DAY

Loud classical musical. Ruben sits, his feet kicked up on a table. He peers through glasses, knitting a scarf.

Dina, Eddie (hobbling and hugging the cooler), Paco, and Cindy, shuffle in. The door slams closed. Ruben looks up.

RUBEN  
You got it?

Eddie weakly jostles the cooler. Ruben discards the knitting and removes his glasses. They dangle on a tie-dye croakie.

RUBEN (CONT'D)  
Let's see it.

Eddie cracks open the cooler and unwraps the kidney.

RUBEN (CONT'D)  
YES!

Ruben springs to his feet. He high fives everyone.

RUBEN (CONT'D)  
(to Dina)  
Hey you book that surgery yet?  
Since I put that photo up in the  
office all the boys been taking  
turns. It's a cum carnival in  
there. Right Petey?

Petey nods. Dina brightens, flattered.

DINA  
(beaming with joy, almost  
emotional)  
It's TOMORROW. I'm SO excited.

RUBEN  
Any word on Pacino?

DINA  
(back to reality)  
I'm... still working on it.

RUBEN  
(imitating Pacino)  
"It's like you said. All I am is  
what I'm going after."  
(beat)  
That one's from Heat. Wonderful  
film.

Dina nods.

RUBEN (CONT'D)  
(indicating the kidney)  
This is great! I was sure I'd be  
sending Bones to kill you.

Burly, menacing BONES shifts his cold, dead eyes to Dina.

RUBEN (CONT'D)  
Speaking of which! Bones, Zeke's  
been in the fridge long enough.

Bones disappears through a pitch black doorway.

RUBEN (CONT'D)  
(to Dina)  
I wrote a note to Pacino. It's in  
the office. Remind me to give it to  
you.

Bones reappears with ZEKE (50s), a naked, blindfolded man roped to a chair. He's shivering.

RUBEN (CONT'D)  
Did it work?

Bones looks at Zeke's crotch. Thumbs up.

RUBEN (CONT'D)  
I like to shrivel up their ding  
dongs before I hack em off. It's  
all in the details. You brought me  
a kidney, I'll let you do the  
honors! It's time to celebrate!

Dina's eyes go wide. Ruben scans the room.

RUBEN (CONT'D)  
Anyone seen the hatchet?

Petey, Gonzo, and Duke rummage for the hatchet.

Eddie stands near the door. Special licks his calf. Eddie notices Special as if for the first time.

EDDIE  
(blurry surprise)  
Oh! My special girl!

Eddie kneels down to pet Special.

GONZO (O.C.)  
Got it!

Ruben motions to Dina. Gonzo slaps the hatchet into her hand.

RUBEN  
 (to Dina)  
 You cut a man's dick off before?

Dina shakes her head, no.

RUBEN (CONT'D)  
 Watch your face, they kick.

Special trots by. Ruben wheels around and SHRIEKS.

RUBEN (CONT'D)  
 AAAH!

He shoots- BANG BANG BANG! Special keels over. Dina gasps and looks away. Ruben frightfully steps closer and BANG! shoots again. He inches closer to Special.

RUBEN (CONT'D)  
 What is... is that a *DOG*?? Jesus, I thought it was a giant rodent.

Ruben leans closer and pulls something from Special's mouth.

RUBEN (CONT'D)  
 What is *this*?

Ruben squints at the RED, SLIPPERY ORGAN dangling from his pinched fingers. All eyes drift to Eddie, who has fallen asleep. The cooler lies on its side, open...and EMPTY. Ruben's eyes widen.

He flings the mangled kidney to the ground, and whips his pistol from his waistband, squaring it at Dina.

DINA  
 WAIT! We still have until the end of the day! That's what you said. That was your word.

Beat. *Damn. That was his word.*

RUBEN  
 I'll give you two hours.

DINA  
 Two hours?!

RUBEN

And if you don't manifest a miracle  
in exactly two hours, I will slice  
off your Walmart face, mail it to  
HBO, and force your lipless mouth  
to blow the barrel of my gun.

Ruben wrenches the hatchet from Dina and marches to Zeke,  
hoisting the hatchet high in the air. THWACK! Ruben delivers  
a forceful blow to Zeke's crotch. Zeke's muffled scream tears  
through his gag.

A penis and balls plop to the floor. Blood spits into Ruben's  
unblinking face. His blistering scowl laps up the terror in  
Zeke's eyes.

DINA

(trying not to vomit)  
I am Sylvia Slimmerman. I am Sylvia  
Slimmerman.

Dina tugs Eddie. He comes to, his eyes focusing on Special.

EDDIE

(confused)  
My special girl?

INT. EDDIE'S MOTEL - EVENING

Eddie, alert, paces and grunts in pain, phone to his ear.

EDDIE

Larry! Hey, this is Eddie, from  
yesterday! I felt a little  
unresolved. Thought we could pick  
back up. My blood type's O- what's  
yours?

(beat)

FUCK YOU, Larry!

Eddie hangs up.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

A positive. We've got no choice. We  
gotta split town.

DINA

What about my mom?

EDDIE

We'll grab her on the way out.



Dina sees her reflection, plastic tiara still on her head. She removes it and turns it over in her hands.

DINA

She's not even talking to me.

Dina somberly sets the tiara on the nightstand next to a crumpled scrap of paper. She uncrumples the paper to find:  
**Mia Delgado. 1021 Harmony Ave, Apt 365, North Hollywood**

Dina's face twists with confusion. She holds it up to Eddie.

DINA (CONT'D)

What's this? Why do you have *Mia Delgado's ADDRESS?!*

EDDIE

You said she ran a charity. I thought she could find someone to take Special so I looked her up and...I was gonna take Special over there today, but...

Eddie swallows back sadness. A look crosses Dina's face. She grabs Eddie's gun from the table and heads for the door.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

DINA-

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Dina, wearing her MC Hammer pants and 80s rocker jacket complete with vomit and blood, rings the doorbell on apartment 365.

MIA (O.C.)

Yes?

DINA

Hi, I'm a personal assistant for a guy named Eddie. He sent me here with a handicapped dog for you?

(beat)

Named Special?

MIA (O.C.)

You have Special with you?!

DINA

Yup! Special delivery!

Mia opens the door, wearing pajamas and a face mask.

Dina jams her gun in Mia's face.

DINA (CONT'D)  
Money. A lot of it.

INT. MIA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Dina closes the door behind her. Mia trembles.

MIA  
Uh..I only have like 50 bucks.

Dina surveys Mia's sparse apartment. Minimalist. No tv. Lots of books. An artist's abode.

DINA  
Then we'll take a little trip to the ATM.

MIA  
I think you have me confused with someone else.

DINA  
Cut the shit. I know all about your *charity*. Paying off casting directors to put you in roles.

MIA  
What?

DINA  
I KNOW YOU HAVE MONEY.

MIA  
I have about two thousand dollars in my bank account if you-

DINA  
BULLSHIT! Then how are you getting roles?

MIA  
What?

DINA  
*If you don't have money, how are you getting roles? Are you sucking dicks, is that it?*

MIA  
I work really hard and...

DINA

You work *hard*? Yeah right.  
 Newsflash: your youth has left the building. No one wants you.  
 I can't imagine what a surgeon's estimate would be for YOU. Like, **WOW**. It's bad. I feel sorry for you. And before you say anything about ME, I have an appointment to get fixed because at least I KNOW no one wants me! Unlike YOU.

On the wall, Dina notices the same calendar that hangs in her own room: A photo of Meryl Streep overlaid with the quote "What makes you different or weird- that's your strength." Dina stares at it.

MIA

I think you look fine.

DINA

(full blown mania)

**SHUT UP!** What do you know? You're UGLY!! Once I get surgery I'll have the talent **AND** the looks, so you can kiss Sylvia Slimmerman goodbye forever!

Dina flings open Mia's apartment door and-

INT. EDDIE'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

-bursts through the motel door. She beelines to her bag, pulls out her acting book, *STOP PLAYING IT SAFE*, and wildly tears it to pieces, pages flying.

Dina throws the book in the air. Scraps of paper rain down. She slumps to the floor, shaking. Eddie packs.

EDDIE

I came up with a plan. You know sometimes when things seem hopeless it's because something better is gonna come along. There's a quote I'm trying to remember...anyway, so... Mexico! I'm gonna buy my hacienda. I know a guy who can-

Dina, suddenly crazed, snaps a wild-eyed panicked look at Eddie.

DINA  
My pre-op appointment is **tomorrow**.  
We can't leave!

EDDIE  
I love how determined you are. I really do. And I know you can't see it right now, but you're being a crazy bitch. You don't have money for surgery. And if you stay here, you'll be dead by tomorrow.

DINA  
I do have the money for surgery. I took it from the bag after you fell asleep.

Dina points to her purse. Eddie grabs it. Peeks inside. He turns it over, dumping cash and makeup onto the counter.

EDDIE  
*Why didn't you give this to Ruben?!*

DINA  
I have to get surgery.

EDDIE  
You were about to rob a bank! You  
CUT OUT MY KIDNEY!!

Dina collapses, sobbing and deflated like a weary toddler.

DINA  
(sobbing, hardly able to  
get the words out)  
YOU D-DON'T UNDERSTAND! I HAVE TO G-  
G-GET SURGERY! Nobody wants me like  
this!

Tears and snot drip from her face. Eddie grabs her and yanks her to her feet. He spins her toward the mirror.

EDDIE  
I do, you idiot. And I'm sure lots  
of other people do too.

Dina's vitriolic eyes scour herself, desperate to see what Eddie sees.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Now listen, there are two things  
you can do with that money.

He pulls his gun and grabs the Mexican villa painting, setting both on the counter. He piles the money between them.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

If you want Sylvia Slimmerman...

He scoots the cash toward the gun. Dina's delirious eyes try to keep up.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

...you can pay Ruben the hundred thousand you owe him and hope HBO chooses you. Just the way you are. Or if you want to take another stab at things with me...

(scoots cash toward the painting)

...you can bring it to Mexico and live like a queen with someone who loves you.

Eddie points to himself. Dina smirks. Her eyes jumping from gun to painting. She twitches, looking back to the mirror. The plastic tiara on the nightstand appears to rest on her head. Her face goes slack. The color drains.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

But Ruben is going to kill us today. So what you CANNOT use the money for is surgery *tomorrow*.

Her expression contorts. Spasms. She paws at her face. She begins to hyperventilate. Her eyes dart about the counter, from cash to makeup to shredded pages of her acting book.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Unless you magically find another kidney to pay him with before they get here.

Dina's cagey eyes whirl to Eddie. Behind him she sees the scalpel sticking out of the wall. She reels back to her own reflection, repulsed, horrified. A scrap of paper from the acting book sticks to the mirror: **MAKE THINGS HAPPEN FOR YOURSELF!** Her eyes brim with mania.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Tomorrow morning we'll be eating brunch on the beach. All the ripe fruit your heart desires. Mangoes, pineapple, passionfruit-

Dina snatches the gun, spins around, aims the barrel at the back of Eddie's head, smashes her eyes closed and - BANG!

CUT TO BLACK

INT. EDDIE'S MOTEL ROOM (BATHROOM) - NIGHT

Dina, still in M.C. Hammer pants and 80s rocker jacket, now splattered with fresh blood, sets Eddie's kidney in a large bag of ice. She sits on the closed toilet. Her puffy red eyes stares off at nothing. Fixed. Unblinking.

Her phone rings. On the fourth ring she notices. It's Phil.

DINA  
(worlds away)  
Hello?

PHIL (O.S.)  
Are you sitting down?

DINA  
Yes.

PHIL (O.S.)  
You got the role! Silvia  
Slimmerman! *They said you were  
their first choice all along!* Are  
you available for a table read  
tomorrow morning?  
Dina?

DINA  
My pre-op is tomorrow.

PHIL (O.S.)  
Your what? No. No Dina, no surgery.  
They don't want you to change a  
thing. They love YOU. Just say yes!

Dina's wide, vacant eyes drift to the dresser: her surgery money piled in front of the painting of the Mexican Villa.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
Dina?...Can I tell them yes?

INT. HBO FILM SET - DAY

The only sound: the final lines from *Beautiful Me*, slowed and haunting.

A bustling film crew preps the next shot. A hefty camera rig dollies on a winding track. Phony walls carted in on wheels.

Everything is high-budget glitz. Bigger than life. An actor's Hollywood dream come true.

Lyrics:"Valentine-a. Valentine-a.  
The most wanted there could ever  
be."

Dina, sans surgery, perches in a make-up chair. She converses with the director. Laughter. A call over the headset and the director ducks out.

Dina cheerfully turns to the mirror, apprising her makeup. A BEE crawls across the mirror. Dina's eyes follow the bee as it crawls down the mirror, leading her gaze to... a MAKEUP BAG.

Lyrics:"Valentine-a. Valentine-a.  
The sweetiest, the prettiest,  
meee."

Lettering on the side of the bag reads: **Are you Bella today?**

Dina looks back to her reflection. Her smile wavers.

Dina bites her thumbnail.

BLACKOUT. END.