

HOLLOWOOD

Episode 1.01
"Welcome to Hollowood"

by
Steven W. Thomson

10 December 2009

Steven W. Thomson
38 Lansbury Street
Alexandria
United Kingdom
G83 0SA
(01389)605333
headchargeinflames@hotmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

MORGAN DAVIS, 24, handsome if a little rough around the edges, lies in bed sleeping. He wakes up and rolls over to see his girlfriend LACEY JACKSON, 22, a pretty little thing, smiling at him.

LACEY

Morning.

Morgan struggles to open his eyes.

MORGAN

(tired)

Morning.

He's not tired because he's just woken up, he's just tired of everything.

LACEY

You OK?

MORGAN

I had that dream again.

LACEY

What, the one with the carrot?

MORGAN

No, the other one.

Lacey gets out of bed. Morgan rolls onto his back and slams his head down.

MORGAN

The one where I am someone.

TITLE SCREEN - "HOLLOWOOD"

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Lacey, wearing a revealing nightgown, makes coffee. Morgan, half naked, walks into the room.

LACEY

Coffee?

MORGAN

Thanks.

Morgan takes the cup from Lacey. He sips the coffee.

MORGAN
It's a little weak.

LACEY
I know, we didn't have a lot.

MORGAN
Add it to the list.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Morgan and Lacey walk into the living room. Morgan grabs the mail from the floor. They sit down. Lacey picks up a list from the coffee table.

LACEY
There's a lot on this list, Morgan.
You sure we've got enough to pay
for all of this?

MORGAN
Of course we do, I--

Morgan stops himself before he gets angry.

MORGAN
Look, I know things are tight right
now, but it'll get better, I
promise. We didn't come to
California to fail.

Morgan brushes Lacey's hair out of her face.

MORGAN
Everything's gonna be OK. We will
find work. I'm still waiting on
word from Korman-Greene, and I feel
really good about that one.

LACEY
It's been rejection after rejection
for both of us for months now.

MORGAN
Hey, we are gonna pull through
this, just like we always do. I
swear, I will sell my soul before
we have to go back to small town
life.

LACEY
Alright. I trust you.

Morgan kisses Lacey.

LACEY
You really think your soul's worth
anything though?

Morgan playfully slaps Lacey with the mail.

LACEY
Anything for me?

MORGAN
Let me see.

Morgan flicks through the mail.

MORGAN
Morgan Davis, Morgan Davis, Mr
Davis, ooh! Larissa Jackson!

LACEY
Shut up!

Morgan hands Lacey her letter.

MORGAN
Morgan Davis, Lacey Jackson... huh.
Mr and Mrs Davis.

MORGAN
Aww!

LACEY
Aww!

Morgan throws the letter over his shoulder.

MORGAN
And... Davis Morgan.

LACEY
Davis Morgan?

Morgan nods.

LACEY
Hi, Davis Morgan.

MORGAN
Hi, Jackson Lacey.

Morgan opens the letter and skims over it.

LACEY
What does it say?

MORGAN
Shut up, I'm reading it. "Dear Mr
Morgan--

Morgan and Lacey both chuckle at this.

MORGAN
"Thank you for your interest in
this role, we would like to
formally invite you to audition."
Yes!

LACEY
Audition?

MORGAN
I know, fancy. "The auditions will
take place from 1pm on Friday May
20." When is that?

LACEY
I think that's today.

MORGAN
No, it can't be, I-- it is today,
isn't it?

Lacey nods.

MORGAN
What time is it now?

LACEY
11:30.

MORGAN
Fuck!

Morgan leaps up and rushes out of the room. Lacey smiles as she sips her coffee. Her face falls. Lacey puts the coffee down. She picks up the list and a pen. She writes on the list.

LACEY
"Coffee."

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Morgan looks at himself in the mirror. He looks like a completely different person - his shoulder length hair tied back, his beard shaven down to a small goatee, and wearing a suit and tie. He is nervous. Lacey, still in her nightgown, walks up behind him.

LACEY

You'll be great. You always are.

MORGAN

If I was so great I wouldn't have to keep doing this.

LACEY

Hey.

Morgan turns around.

LACEY

You're a great guy. They'd be stupid not to hire you.

Lacey kisses Morgan.

LACEY

Today's your lucky day.

Morgan smiles.

MORGAN

What did I do to deserve you?

LACEY

You're still working on it. Can you pick up the groceries on your way back?

MORGAN

Sure.

Morgan picks up the list and his letter.

LACEY

Why are you taking that?

MORGAN

So I know where I'm going.

Morgan looks at his watch.

MORGAN

Shit, I gotta go.

Morgan and Lacey kiss.

MORGAN

Love you.

LACEY

You too.

Morgan opens the door and rushes out, brushing past the MAILMAN as he goes.

LACEY

Good luck!

Morgan waves back from outside. The mailman hands Lacey another letter.

MAILMAN

Missed one earlier.

LACEY

Thanks.

The mailman stares at Lacey's cleavage.

LACEY

Yes, those are my tits.

The mailman nods, still staring. Lacey slams the door shut in disgust. Lacey looks at the letter. It's addressed to Morgan, with a "Korman-Greene" stamp on it. Confused, Lacey opens the letter. She stops upon reaching "we regret to inform you".

INT. CAR - DAY

Morgan pulls up outside a studio. He looks at the address on the letter, then back at the studio. Several men are walking into the studio.

MORGAN

That can't be right.

EXT. STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

One suit-clad man, MARTY RAVENS, 40, paces back and forth outside, talking to the men as they walk inside.

MARTY

Hey, how's it going? (Beat) Did I see you in Othello? (Beat) Woah, have you been working out?

Everyone ignores Marty and keeps walking.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Morgan picks up an imaginary phone.

MORGAN

"Korman-Greene, Morgan Davis speaking." No.

Morgan puts the "phone" back down and lifts it again.

MORGAN

"Good afternoon, Korman-Greene, this is Morgan Davis, how can I help you?" (Beat) I like it.

EXT. STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

An ACTOR walks up to the studio. Marty approaches him.

MARTY

Great role going today, your people set this up for you?

ACTOR

What?

MARTY

Your people. Cos if you're not happy with them...

ACTOR

Get a life, you loser.

The actor walks inside.

MARTY

Says the guy pretending to be someone else! (Beat) Damn it.

Morgan walks up to Marty.

MORGAN

Excuse me, is this where the interviews are?

MARTY

Interviews? Oh, right, the auditions. Yeah, in there.

MORGAN

Thanks.

Morgan goes to walk inside, but Marty stops him.

MARTY

You're a good looking kid, you know that?

MORGAN

...thanks?

MARTY

Are you represented?

MORGAN

I have a girlfriend if that's what you mean.

Marty laughs to himself.

MARTY

It's not. Here, Marty Ravens.

Marty hands Morgan a business card. Morgan glances at it. He puts it in his pocket.

MARTY

You give me a chance, big things can happen, Mr... ?

MORGAN

Davis, Morgan Davis.

MARTY

Nice to meet you, Morgan.

Marty shakes Morgan's hand. Morgan walks inside.

MARTY

Morgan Davis... you know, he looked just like... no.

INT. RECEPTION - DAY

Morgan walks up to the reception. The RECEPTIONIST files her nails and pays no attention to Morgan. Morgan clears his throat to try and grab her attention. She looks up at him, then goes back to filing her nails.

MORGAN

Hi.

The receptionist glares at Morgan.

RECEPTIONIST
(deadpan)
Name please.

MORGAN
Morgan Davis.

The receptionist looks down the list and crosses a name off.

RECEPTIONIST
Take a seat, Mr Morgan.

MORGAN
Actually, it's Mr Davis.

RECEPTIONIST
Whatever.

Morgan sits down next to Marty's favourite actor. The actor looks at Morgan out the corner of his eye.

MORGAN
Hey.

The actor takes a full look at Morgan. He laughs.

ACTOR
Who invited the suit?

Morgan looks down at his suit in dismay.

INT. AUDITION ROOM - DAY

TED BENSON and JAN MAGUIRE, both mid 30s, well dressed and judgemental beyond their limits, sit watching actors march in and out of the room. The actors are all mid 20s, handsome and frighteningly generic. They take turns reading from scripts.

FAILURE #1
"So this is how you'd treat a friend? You'd just throw me out on the streets like I was nothing to you? Just because I'm not somebody, doesn't mean I'm nobody."

TED
Thank you, next.

Ted and Jan motion "meh" to each other.

FAILURE #2

(overly aggressive)

"So this is how you'd treat a friend? You'd just throw me out on the streets like I was nothing to you? Just because I'm not somebody, doesn't mean I'm nobody."

JAN

Next.

A raised eyebrow from Ted says it all.

FAILURE #3

(more wooden than a tree)

"So this is how you'd treat a friend? You'd just throw me out on the streets like I was nothing to you? Just because--"

TED

Next!

JAN

Next!

Ted and Jan share a look of concern.

INT. RECEPTION - MOMENTS LATER

Morgan and the actor sit in silence.

MORGAN

You nervous?

The actor turns slowly to Morgan.

ACTOR

I don't get nervous. I've been doing this since I was a kid. Any time I want something, I get it. Ain't gonna be you or anyone else can stop me from getting this job. The only person that can stop me... is me.

The actor turns away from Morgan.

MORGAN

Yeah, well I was a regional sales rep back in Deer Creek, so... good luck with that.

Morgan relaxes a little as the actor stares at him like he's crazy. A FLOOR MANAGER's head appears in a doorway.

FLOOR MANAGER
Next five please!

Morgan, the actor and three others get up. They walk towards the room.

ACTOR
It's not too late to back down.

MORGAN
Are you kidding? Today's my lucky day.

INT. AUDITION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Morgan and the four actors enter the room. Ted and Jan look through résumés with headshots. They only have four.

JAN
That number four looks a lot like...

TED
Right? I'm surprised he hasn't show up actually, considering how hard he lobbied for this.

JAN
We don't seem to have his résumé either.

TED
This guy might be some sort of joker.

JAN
Should we bring him up first? Make an example of him?

TED
Sure.

JAN
(shouting)
OK, number four please!

Morgan looks up and down the line. Seeing that he is number four, Morgan steps forward.

ACTOR
Go ahead, man. It's your lucky day!

The actor gives Morgan a sarcastic thumbs up. Morgan approaches Ted and Jan.

JAN
What's your name please?

MORGAN
Morgan Davis.

Ted and Jan shoot each other a sly glare.

TED
Hi, Morgan. I'm Ted, this is Jan.
Here's your script.

Ted hands Morgan a script. Morgan seems taken aback.

JAN
Top of page fourteen.

Morgan opens the script. He looks up at Jan and Ted. Ted nods.

MORGAN
(confused)
So this is how you'd treat a
friend? You'd just throw me out on
the streets like--

Morgan stops. The other actors are holding back laughter. Ted and Jan look weary. Morgan looks at the script header -- it reads "Long Beach, Episode 1". Morgan looks up at Ted and Jan. It suddenly clicks where he is.

MORGAN
Sorry. Can you give me a second?

TED
Sure.

Morgan reads the script. He takes a deep breath.

MORGAN
"So this is how you'd treat a
friend? You'd just throw me out on
the streets like I was nothing to
you?"

Morgan brings it home with passion.

MORGAN
"Just because I'm not somebody,
doesn't mean I'm nobody!"

No-one's laughing anymore. Ted and Jan are impressed.

JAN
Keep going.

Morgan looks back at the script.

MORGAN
"You think that just because you made it, the little people like me are beneath you? Well let me tell you something, friend, we're not all lucky like you!" But you know what? Today's my lucky day!

JAN
...that last part wasn't in the script.

MORGAN
Right, sorry.

JAN
No, I liked it. What's your background?

MORGAN
I'm from a small town in Minnesota. I spent some time working in New York--

TED
(to Jan)
Broadway.

MORGAN
--but I came to California looking for something steady. No luck so far.

JAN
I think today might be your lucky day.

The other actors are stunned. Morgan turns back to them, and with a smile on his face, shrugs his shoulders.

TED
Let me just change a couple of things.

Ted gets up and approaches Morgan.

TED
The hair...

Ted unties Morgan's hair. Ted fluffs it out a bit. Ted runs his hand over Morgan's face.

TED
Add a few days of growth on here.
Take off the tie.

Morgan takes off his tie.

TED
Cufflinks...

Ted takes Morgan's cufflinks off. He unfolds the cuffs of Morgan's shirt.

TED
Undo those top buttons.

Morgan undoes the top two buttons on his shirt. Ted steps back to admire his work.

TED
Beautiful.

JAN
Wow.

Jan gets up. She studies Morgan up and down. She whispers in Ted's ear. Ted nods.

TED
(shouting)
OK, you four over there? Take five.

Morgan's "friend" is outraged.

JAN
OK, Morgan, halfway down page
twenty-three...

INT. PAD - DAY

DAVIS MORGAN, 27, very similar to Morgan, sits in his luxurious pad. He picks up his phone and dials.

DAVIS
Hey, Christophe, what's up? Listen,
you got any idea when that audition
for "Long Beach" is gonna be?

Davis is confused by the answer he receives.

DAVIS

What do you mean, right now? (Beat)
No, I didn't get any letter! (Beat)
Don't they fucking know who I am?
I'm Davis Morgan!

INT. AUDITION ROOM - DAY

Ted and Jan discuss something in private. Morgan stands idly by. Morgan's phone vibrates. He looks at it and sees a message from Lacey. It reads "What's going on?" Morgan puts his phone in his pocket as Ted and Jan look up.

JAN

So, Morgan, we're trying to figure something out here. We don't know anything about you. You got any special skills, or talents?

MORGAN

I play guitar?

TED

Hmm. Ever done any musical theater?

Morgan stops to think.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Morgan is on stage playing guitar as part of a black metal band, corpse paint and everything. Lacey rocks out in the front row. Morgan spits 'blood' in a fan's face.

INT. AUDITION ROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

Ted and Jan await their answer from Morgan.

MORGAN

I guess you could call it that,
yeah.

JAN

Well I'm sold.

TED

I'm not so sure. Don't get me wrong, kid, you're perfect for it, but I just don't feel right about taking on someone who doesn't have any representation.

While Ted speaks, Marty Ravens appears in the doorway. Marty seems to be arguing with the floor manager. The floor manager lets him through eventually.

MARTY

Oh but he does.

Ted and Jan look over at Marty.

JAN

Excuse me?

MARTY

Mr Davis here is my client.

Morgan looks out Marty's business card and actually reads it this time. In big bold text reads "Marty Ravens: Talent Agent".

TED

Marty Ravens.

MARTY

Long time no see, Ted.

Marty and Ted share a bitter handshake.

MARTY

And who have we here?

TED

This is Jan Maguire.

Marty takes Jan's hand and motions he is about to kiss it.

MARTY

The pleasure--

Marty drops Jan's hand.

MARTY

--is all yours. So what are we talking for my boy here?

JAN

We were debating whether we could hire Morgan without an agent, but if you say you're representing him... ?

Jan and Ted look at Morgan.

MORGAN

Oh, yeah, that's right. Marty's my agent.

TED

Hmm. Guild member?

MORGAN

What?

MARTY

Of course. Look, Ted, Jan, this kid's gonna be huge. You're gonna be seeing him in movies in no time, do you really want to be sitting back here in five years time thinking, "man, we missed that opportunity"?

TED

It would be nice if we discovered the next big thing.

MARTY

Now you're talking.

JAN

I guess it all hinges on you, Morgan. You think you're ready for this?

Ted and Jan wait patiently. Marty subtly nods his head and smiles at Morgan.

MORGAN

Sure. I'm ready.

Marty breathes a sigh of relief.

TED

Alright, then I guess we can officially offer you--

DAVIS (O.S.)

Wait!

Everyone turns their attention to Davis Morgan barging into the room.

DAVIS
You cannot be serious about this!

JAN
Davis, we--

DAVIS
You what? You're giving my role to this joker?

MORGAN
Hey!

TED
Davis, you were the one who didn't show up for the audition, what were we supposed to do?

DAVIS
I didn't know it was today, nobody told me anything about this!

JAN
That's not true, when Christophe told us you were interested we sent you the details.

DAVIS
Well I didn't get them.

TED
Hold on, let me figure this out.

Ted takes his phone out and dials.

TED
Hey, Cindy? We've got a slight problem here, can you confirm that we sent the "Long Beach" audition notice to Davis Morgan? (Beat) And what was the address on that? (Beat) Alright, thanks, doll.

Ted hangs up.

TED
We sent you the details, Davis. They went right to 42 West Lake Avenue.

DAVIS
That's not my address.

MORGAN
(sheepishly)
That's my address.

Everyone looks at Morgan.

TED
Oh.

DAVIS
Who the hell are you anyway?

MORGAN
I'm Morgan Davis, who the hell are you?

DAVIS
I'm Davis Morgan!
(to Ted and Jan)
Are you seriously gonna hire this two bit rip-off when you've got the real thing standing right in front of you?

MORGAN
Rip-off? I don't even know who you are!

DAVIS
That is the biggest fucking mistake you are ever gonna make, pal.

MARTY
Hey, will you stop yelling at my client?

DAVIS
Marty Ravens? I might've known a loser like you would've been behind all of this.
(to Morgan)
Way to scrape the barrel, buddy.

JAN
You know what, I think we're done here anyway. Davis, thank you for your interest, and sorry about the misunderstanding, but I think we're gonna go with Morgan on this one. Ted?

TED
Absolutely. Welcome to Hollywood,
Morgan.

Ted shakes Morgan's hand. Jan follows. Davis is near breaking point.

DAVIS
You're gonna regret this. Every
single one of you, you're all gonna
regret this.
(to Morgan)
Mark my words, buddy. I am gonna
destroy you and your career before
you know what's hit you. This is my
town, and this is my role.

Davis shoves Morgan with one hand. Davis leaves the room.
There is an awkward silence.

MARTY
OK, so you guys have my number,
right? Call me if you need
anything. Come on, superstar.

Marty puts his arm around Morgan and leads him out of the room.

JAN
You think we've made the right
choice?

TED
I sure hope so.

EXT. STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER

Morgan and Marty walk outside.

MORGAN
What the fuck was that?

MARTY
You, my friend, are going to be a
network TV star.

MORGAN
Yeah, I got that, but what the
fuck?

MARTY
What's the matter with you? I
thought you wanted that job.

MORGAN

I wanted a job, but... I'm not an actor!

MARTY

You're kidding me.

Morgan's face says he's serious.

MARTY

You're not an actor? Then how did you get that part?

MORGAN

I don't know! Something in the script just really hit home with me, I showed a little passion... oh, God, I'm out of my depth here, Marty.

MARTY

Hey, don't worry about it, we'll figure this out. So you really didn't know what they meant when they asked if you were a Guild member?

MORGAN

Is that something to do with Warcraft?

MARTY

What? No. What? Look, it's OK, I'll deal with that, but we may have to falsify some documents, are you OK with that?

MORGAN

What?

MARTY

I'll take that as a 'yes'. Don't worry, I know a guy. (Beat) You're really not an actor?

MORGAN

No!

MARTY

Alright, I was just making sure! It's OK. First thing's first, give me your number so we can get in touch.

Morgan gives Marty his phone. Marty inputs the number into his phone.

MARTY

I'll get a contract drawn up tonight. If anyone asks, you've been my client for say, four months now, alright?

MORGAN

Sure, four months. What did that Davis guy mean when he said I was scraping the barrel with you?

MARTY

Never mind, he's probably just jealous. And speaking of contracts, they haven't officially tied you down yet, so you might wanna think twice about doing anything stupid until they do. Here.

Marty gives Morgan his phone back. A light bulb switches on above Marty's head.

MARTY

So you really don't know anything about this business, do you?

MORGAN

No, nothing.

MARTY

Right. Listen, a normal agent will take twenty percent of what you earn.

MORGAN

Wow, that seems a little steep.

MARTY

(ironically)
It is.

MORGAN

What about you?

MARTY

See, I'm one of the good guys. For some of the big names, maybe, but for you? Let's call it fif--
seventeen percent.

MORGAN

OK.

MARTY

(shocked)

OK?

(back to the act)

OK. Great, done deal.

Marty and Morgan shake hands.

MARTY

I will be in touch tomorrow, we're gonna have a lot to get through.

MORGAN

Sure, tomorrow. I'll see you then.

Morgan starts walking back to his car.

MARTY

Hey!

Morgan turns around.

MARTY

You're a superstar now, Morgan. You got big plans?

MORGAN

Uh, yeah. I gotta get some groceries.

Morgan gets into the car.

MARTY

(to himself)

Wow.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lacey tidies a few things away. Morgan enters the apartment with a bag of groceries in hand.

LACEY

Hey. Where have you been?

MORGAN

Groceries.

Morgan puts the bag down on the coffee table.

LACEY

That's not what I meant. What's going on?

MORGAN

I got the job.

LACEY

How? This came in after you left.

Lacey picks up the Korman-Greene letter and hands it to Morgan. Morgan briefly looks at it.

MORGAN

It wasn't that job.

LACEY

So... ?

Morgan takes the original letter out of his pocket and shows it to Lacey.

MORGAN

I didn't recognize the address because I'd never been there before. It was a TV studio. They weren't fooling around when they said "audition".

LACEY

But you said you got the job.

MORGAN

A new TV show, "Long Beach". I'm gonna be one of the stars.

LACEY

You're kidding. You're lying.
(Beat) You're not lying. But you're not an actor.

MORGAN

I am well aware of that.

LACEY

Then how?

MORGAN

They wanted some guy called Davis Morgan, a big shot. Somebody must've looked his name up on the internet and found me, so they sent the letter here instead.

(MORE)

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I went in and, I don't know, I just nailed it. I don't know how, but I'm a TV star now. It hasn't really sunk in yet. (Beat)
(suddenly excited)
It just sunk in, oh my God, I'm gonna be a TV star!

LACEY

Oh my God!

Lacey squeals as Morgan laughs. They hug.

LACEY

This is huge, we have to celebrate! Let's go out.

MORGAN

With what money?

LACEY

Uh, hello? You're a TV star, you're gonna be making a lot of money. Oh my God, we're gonna be rich.

MORGAN

I don't exactly have the money now though, do I?

LACEY

So we'll blow our savings. Big deal, we can afford it now.

MORGAN

Excuse me, what do you mean, we? I'm the star here, not you.

Morgan and Lacey both laugh. They kiss.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Morgan and Lacey sit at a table in a fancy restaurant. A WAITER stands by.

LACEY

I will have the most expensive thing on the menu.

MORGAN

Make that two.

WAITER

Sure thing. Say, you look familiar,
do I recognize you from somewhere?

MORGAN

Not yet, my friend, but you will.

The waiter leaves.

MORGAN

Was it just me, or was that
awesome?

LACEY

Totally awesome.

Morgan and Lacey laugh.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Morgan and Lacey order drinks in an upmarket bar.

MORGAN

Yeah, the most expensive bottle
you've got.

BAR WENCH

That costs fourteen hundred
dollars.

LACEY

...do you have anything more in the
fifty dollar range?

BAR WENCH

Sure.

MORGAN

Then we'll have that one. And you
know what?

(shouting)

A drink for everybody in here!

Everyone cheers.

MORGAN

(quietly)

What's the cheapest thing you've
got?

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Morgan and Lacey lie in post coital embrace in bed.

LACEY

Wow. I just did it with a big shot
Hollywood actor. (Beat) Never
thought I'd say that again.

MORGAN

Shut up.

Morgan and Lacey both laugh.

MORGAN

You know, I never did thank you for
your part in getting this job.

LACEY

What do you mean, my part?

MORGAN

You gave me the luck I needed. You
said today was my lucky day, and it
was. Thanks to you.

LACEY

(Captain Hammer style)
Thanks to me!

They kiss.

LACEY

I love you.

MORGAN

I love you too.

Morgan lies back.

MORGAN

Our lives are gonna be a lot better
from now on.

Lacey places her head on Morgan's chest. Morgan wraps his arm
around her.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Morgan and Lacey lie sleeping in bed. Morgan's phone rings
bedside, waking him up. Morgan sleepily picks up the phone?

MORGAN
 (into phone)
 Hello?

MARTY (V.O.)
 (over phone, filtered)
 Rise and shine, superstar. We've
 got a lot of work to do. Meet me at
 the studio in half an hour.

Marty hangs up. Morgan puts the phone down. He leans in close to Lacey.

MORGAN
 Lacey? (Beat) Lacey? Sweetheart?

Nothing. Morgan gently kisses Lacey's forehead. Lacey smiles while still sleeping. Morgan gets out of bed.

EXT. STUDIO - DAY

Morgan gets out of his car. Marty is waiting for him.

MARTY
 There's my superstar!

MORGAN
 Hey, Marty.

Marty and Morgan shake hands.

MARTY
 So I've got the contract here, I
 just need you to-- wow. You look a
 lot better today than you did
 yesterday.

MORGAN
 What can I say? I had a great day
 yesterday, and I had a good night's
 sleep.

MARTY
 You had sex, didn't you?

MORGAN
 A gentleman never tells. (Beat)
 However I'm no gentleman, yes, I
 totally had sex last night.

MARTY
 Nice! Here, contract. Sign here,
 here and down here.

MORGAN
Shouldn't I read it first?

MARTY
Relax, you'll have plenty of time
to read it once you've signed it.

MORGAN
I really think I should read it
first.

MARTY
You want to read it? Let me spare
you the boring details. I, Marty
Ravens, promise to make you, Morgan
Davis, a star. A lot of money. A
household name. Awesome. Still got
any doubts?

MORGAN
No, I guess not.

Morgan puts the contract on the hood of his car. He almost
signs.

MARTY
No, you don't wanna sign it on
there, it might get wet. Here, use
my back. And know that I'll always
have yours.

Marty turns around. Morgan puts the contract on Marty's back
and signs. Marty flashes a sly grin.

INT. SET - DAY

Morgan and Marty walk on set. They approach Ted and Jan.

TED
Here's our man.

MORGAN
Hey, Ted. Jan.

JAN
Hi, Morgan.

TED
(bitter)
Marty.

MARTY
Teddy Bear.

TED

I asked you to never call me that again.

MARTY

Right.

MORGAN

So, what's up?

JAN

We wanted you to meet the rest of the cast.

TED

There's still a few bit parts we've yet to cast, but you, my friend, are the last piece of the main puzzle. Come on, we'll introduce you.

MORGAN

Great.

JAN

We want to give you guys a chance to get to know each other before filming starts.

MARTY

And when exactly will that be?

JAN

In about a month's time.

MARTY

Great, enough time to get this guy some acting lessons.

Marty, Ted and Jan laugh. Morgan glares at Marty, who quickly stops laughing. The four approach PHIL WALKER, 27, an ebony adonis, and a seated KARA FIRMINO, 23, conventionally "hot" and staring off into the distance.

TED

Morgan Davis, I'd like you to meet Phil Walker.

MORGAN

You don't need to introduce me, of course I know you. Nice to meet you.

Morgan extends a hand to Phil. Phil looks at the hand like it's that of a leper, reluctantly shaking.

MORGAN

You're not gonna believe this, but my girlfriend's kinda had a crush on you for years, ever since that one scene in "Plastic Butterflies".

Ted, Jan and Marty all emit a sigh of pleasure.

PHIL

Yeah, I get that a lot.

Short silence. Phil clears his throat to shake the aroused trio out of their trance.

JAN

And of course, this is Kara Firmino. I'm sure you'll have seen her in all your girlfriend's magazines.

MORGAN

Heh, yeah, I have been known to read them when I'm bored.

PHIL

Really? You hired this guy?

JAN

Kara. (Beat) Kara?

TED

Kara!

Kara turns to Ted.

KARA

I can't decide what color to paint my nails, cherry blossom pink or carnation pink.

TED

What's the difference?

Kara scoffs.

JAN

Anyway, Kara, this is Morgan Davis, your new co-star.

Kara examines her nails.

TED

Kara!

Kara turns to Ted.

JAN

This is Morgan. You'll be working with him.

KARA

Oh. Hey.

MORGAN

Hi.

KARA

What one would you get, cherry blossom pink or carnation pink?

MORGAN

(sarcastic)

Carnation, definitely carnation.

Kara smiles at her nails. Kara turns to Morgan.

KARA

I think we're going to get along just fine.

Morgan turns to Ted and Jan.

MORGAN

So there's only three of us?

TED

No, there should be four.

JAN

Where is she...

CECILIA (O.S.)

Right here.

Everyone turns to the door. The drop dead gorgeous (but doesn't she know it) CECILIA DAWSON, 22, stands in the doorway. Her dress is low cut at both ends, her heels heels extravagant, sunglasses and a feather boa finishing the look.

JAN

She always has to make an entrance.

Cecilia walks over to the group. It wouldn't even look ridiculous if everything she did was in slow motion.

JAN
Morgan, I'd like you to meet--

MORGAN
Cecilia Dawson. Everyone knows who you are. You're the, uh... the it girl.

Kara scowls at the very mention of it. Morgan finds himself almost lost for words. Cecilia takes her sunglasses off.

CECILIA
And who is this cutie?

MARTY
Only the new golden boy of Hollywood.

MORGAN
Morgan Davis.

Morgan and Cecilia shake hands. Cecilia practically forces Morgan to kiss her hand. Not that he's against doing it.

CECILIA
I look forward to working with you.
(to Phil)
Phil, sweetie, hi.

PHIL
Cecilia.

CECILIA
(to Kara, bitter)
Kara.

Kara sneers back at Cecilia.

CECILIA
Am I done?

TED
I guess so, yeah.

JAN
OK. So, get to know each other, do a little bit of bonding, have fun.

CECILIA
Oh, I'm sure we will. I'm having a little party tonight at Rage, you're all invited of course.

Cecilia places a finger on Morgan's chest.

CECILIA
Especially you.

Morgan is uneasy. The crowd breaks up.

TED
Hey, Marty, we've got a few things
to finalize with Morgan's contract,
we'll talk terms tomorrow?

MARTY
Sounds good to me, Theodore, we've
got a lot to discuss anyway.
(to Morgan)
You coming, superstar?

MORGAN
Yeah, give me a minute.

MARTY
Sure thing.

Morgan chases after Cecilia.

MORGAN
Hey, Cecilia.

Cecilia turns around.

CECILIA
Back for more already?

MORGAN
Something like that, yeah. Hey, is
it OK if I bring my girlfriend
to... where is it we're going?

CECILIA
Rage.

MORGAN
Right, Rage. I mean, it's my first
big Hollywood party, I'd really
appreciate it if she could come
along too.

Cecilia smiles.

CECILIA
Of course she can come, sweetie.
The more the merrier, right?

MORGAN
Thank you.

CECILIA

What's her name? I'll get her on the list.

MORGAN

Lacey Jackson.

CECILIA

Alright, sug, I'll get right on it. Be there by ten.

MORGAN

Great. See you tonight.

Morgan leaves. Cecilia waves sweetly as he leaves. Once he's gone, Cecilia rolls her eyes. She takes her phone out of her purse and dials.

CECILIA

(into phone)

Hey, TJ, it's CD. Yeah, I got a couple of names for you. Morgan Davis... and Lacey Jackson. (Beat) No, he's good. But put her on the other list.

Cecilia hangs up her phone. She giggles to herself.

EXT. STUDIO - DAY

Morgan and Marty walk outside.

MARTY

...and your Guild 'membership' should be ready by tomorrow, so we're good to go.

MORGAN

I really don't feel right about lying about this.

MARTY

This is Hollywood, do you really think anyone's an honest person?

MORGAN

Those guys in there seemed OK.

Marty laughs.

MARTY

You got a lot to learn, kid. Now
come on, we've got to you some new
threads if you're gonna look
fabulous at the party tonight.

Morgan's phone rings. He takes it from his pocket.

MORGAN

I've gotta take this.

MARTY

No you don't.

Morgan answers the phone anyway.

MORGAN

(into phone)

Hey.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lacey sits on the couch.

LACEY

(into phone)

Hey, I missed you this morning.

INTERCUT with Studio.

MORGAN

(into phone)

Yeah, sorry, Marty called and I had
to get to the studio.

LACEY

(into phone)

How's it going?

MORGAN

(into phone)

Sweetheart, it is amazing, you
should see the people I'm working
with. Kara Firmino, Cecilia Dawson,
and get this -- Phil Walker.

LACEY

(into phone)

Oh my God, you're kidding, Phil
Walker? What's he like?

Phil leaves the studio.

MORGAN
Hey, Phil!

Phil looks at Morgan, sneers, and keeps walking.

MORGAN
(into phone)
He seems nice.

LACEY
(into phone)
So when do I get to meet him?

MORGAN
(into phone)
After a cold shower.

LACEY
(into phone)
Shut up!

MORGAN
(into phone)
I'm kidding, you'll get to meet
everybody tonight. Cecilia's
throwing a cast party at Rage and
you're on the list.

LACEY
(into phone)
Are you serious, Rage?

MORGAN
(into phone)
Yeah, you've heard of it?

LACEY
(into phone)
It's only the hottest club in LA
right now.

MORGAN
(into phone)
How do you know these things?

Marty walks around in the background, his hand 'yapping'.

LACEY
(into phone)
I hear things. What time are you
gonna be home?

MORGAN

(into phone)

Actually, I don't think I'm gonna make it home til after the party, Marty says we've got a lot of things to do today.

LACEY

(into phone)

Oh. That sucks.

MORGAN

(into phone)

I know, but hey, I'll see you tonight.

LACEY

(into phone)

I guess. Hey, what should I wear?

MORGAN

(into phone)

What? I don't know, why are you asking me?

LACEY

(into phone)

Well what kind of things does Cecilia wear?

MORGAN

(into phone)

Extravagant, I guess.

LACEY

(into phone)

Oh, great, I don't have anything extravagant. We're in good company now, Morgan, I need to meet standards.

MORGAN

(into phone)

Then why don't you go out and buy something?

LACEY

(into phone)

Ooh, shopping, I like it.

MORGAN

(into phone)

Great.

Marty points at his watch.

MORGAN

(into phone)

Uh, listen, I've gotta go, but I'll see you tonight, OK? Be at Rage by ten, and I'm sure you'll look fantastic whatever you wear.

LACEY

(into phone)

Not as fantastic as Cecilia Dawson.

MORGAN

(into phone)

Hey, you're the only girl for me, you know what. Love you.

LACEY

(into phone)

You too.

MORGAN

(into phone)

Bye.

Morgan hangs up the phone.

MARTY

Finally, can we go now?

MORGAN

Yeah, sorry about that, you know how women can be.

Marty hesitates.

MARTY

Sure.

INT. MEN'S STORE - DAY

Morgan walks out of a changing cubicle wearing a flashy shirt. Marty sits nearby.

MARTY

Yes! This is the one.

MORGAN

I don't know, don't you think it's a little...

MARTY

A little what? Spectacular?
Perfect? Awesome?

MORGAN

...ridiculous.

MARTY

Are you kidding me, ridiculous?

MORGAN

Well maybe not ridiculous, but...
flamboyant?

MARTY

You think this is flamboyant? You
think this is flamboyant? Kid, I
know a little something about
fashion, and trust me, this is
totally you.

Morgan looks unsure.

MORGAN

You really think so?

MARTY

I know so.

INT. WOMEN'S STORE - DAY

Lacey stands at a checkout with a dress in hand.

CASHIER

Oh, this is beautiful. You going
somewhere special in it?

LACEY

(excited to tell someone)
Yeah, I'm going to a party tonight,
and Phil Walker's going to be
there.

CASHIER

Oh, honey, then this one is perfect
for you, I'm sure you'll catch his
eye in this.

Lacey hands over a card.

LACEY

Oh no, it's not like that. I have a
boyfriend.

CASHIER

Honey, I've been married for 20
years and I'd leave my husband for
that boy in a heartbeat.

Lacey looks out of the window. Morgan and Marty are walking
down the street. Lacey smiles when she sees Morgan.

CASHIER

Honey? Honey?

Lacey turns back to the cashier. The cashier gives Lacey her
card and a bag.

LACEY

Thanks.

Lacey turns back. Morgan is nowhere to be seen. Lacey sighs.

INT. RAGE - NIGHT

Rage is full of beautiful people, drinking overpriced drinks
and listening to overplayed music. Cecilia and Kara dance
almost identical moves with different sets of people. Phil
sits at the bar. Morgan walks in. Cecilia runs over and hugs
Morgan.

CECILIA

Hey, so glad you could make it.
(unsurprised)
No girlfriend with you?

MORGAN

No, she's meeting me here.

Cecilia smiles.

CECILIA

Then I guess I'll be meeting her
later. Come on, dance with me.

MORGAN

Maybe later, I'm just gonna get
myself a drink and wait for Lacey.

CECILIA

Alright, sug. I've got a tab open,
feel free to abuse it.

MORGAN

Oh, OK, thanks.

Cecilia goes back into the crowd. Kara watches Morgan carefully. Morgan walks up to the bar.

MORGAN
Two beers, please.

BARMAN
Sure. You got a tab?

MORGAN
Yeah, I'm with the Cecilia Dawson party.

BARMAN
Nice try. Eight dollars.

MORGAN
No, I'm serious, I'm with the Cecilia Dawson party.

BARMAN
I'm sorry, sir, but I find it hard to believe that you know Cecilia Dawson.

MORGAN
Well you better start believing, because I work with her.

BARMAN
Sure, and I'm earning a grand a night working in here. Eight dollars.

Phil walks over to the barman.

PHIL
I don't think so. He's with us.

The barman is stunned.

BARMAN
Oh, I'm sorry, sir. It won't happen again.

PHIL
You're right, it won't.

The barman gives Morgan two beers.

MORGAN
Thanks, man, I didn't even see you there.

PHIL

Don't worry about it. (Beat) I
fucking hate places like this.
Before you even ask, I'm just here
for the publicity.

MORGAN

Why do you hate them so much?

PHIL

I doubt there's one honest person
in here. Everyone's so fake. But
you'd know all about that, wouldn't
you?

Phil leaves. A pair of hands appear on Morgan's shoulders.
Kara's. Kara walks in front of Morgan.

KARA

Carnation pink, just like you said.
You like them?

MORGAN

Sure. You having a good time?

KARA

No.

Kara homes in on Cecilia.

KARA

She thinks she's so perfect.

MORGAN

Who, Cecilia? I thought you two
were friends.

Kara scoffs.

KARA

We're not friends. They call her
the 'it girl' now. That used to be
me. And she never even asked.

Kara runs her hand down Morgan's chest.

KARA

I love your shirt. It's totally
you.

Kara winks and leaves.

MORGAN

Wow. Marty was right.

EXT. RAGE - NIGHT

There's a massive queue outside the club. A cab pulls up. Lacey, stunning in her new dress, gets out. Lacey walks up to the door. A large BOUNCER stops her.

BOUNCER

In case you haven't seen it,
there's a line.

LACEY

Oh, my name's on the list. Lacey
Jackson.

The bouncer, skeptical, looks at his list. There are two sections, one headed with a happy face, the other with a sad face. Lacey's name is under the sad face.

BOUNCER

Not on the list.

LACEY

What? No, I'm on the list.

BOUNCER

Not on this list you ain't.

LACEY

Can't you check again?

BOUNCER

Lacey Jackson?

LACEY

Mm-hmm.

BOUNCER

Not on the list.

LACEY

How about Larissa Jackson?

The bouncer shakes his head.

LACEY

(desperate)

LJ?

The bouncer tilts his head slightly.

LACEY

Is Morgan Davis on the list?

The bouncer checks the list.

BOUNCER
Yeah, he's on it.

LACEY
Is he in there?

BOUNCER
Yup.

Lacey walks way from the bouncer. She takes her phone from her purse. She dials a number.

INT. RAGE - CONTINUOUS

Morgan waits by the bar. Cecilia appears and grabs Morgan's arm.

CECILIA
Come on, we've got champagne.

Cecilia drags Morgan through the crowd. They stop upon reaching a table. Kara, Phil, and several anonymous faces sit there. Cecilia grabs the bottle and pops it open.

CECILIA
Alright, everyone, take a glass,
there's plenty to go around.

Morgan feels his phone. He takes it out of his pocket?

MORGAN
(into phone)
Hello?

EXT. RAGE - CONTINUOUS

Lacey stands outside the club.

LACEY
(into phone)
Hey, are you inside?

INTERCUT with Rage (INT.)

MORGAN
(into phone)
Yeah, where are you?

LACEY
(into phone)
Outside, they said I'm not on the
list.

MORGAN
 (into phone)
 What? I'm sorry, the reception in
 here is terrible!

LACEY
 (into phone)
 They said I'm not on the list!

MORGAN
 (into phone)
 What about your fist?

LACEY
 (into phone)
 Hello?

Morgan's phone cuts off. He approaches Cecilia.

MORGAN
 Hey, I'll be right back, I've gotta
 go make a call.

CECILIA
 Let me see that.

Cecilia takes Morgan's phone and drops it. Cecilia crushes
 the phone with her heel.

MORGAN
 What the fuck are you doing!

CECILIA
 You're one of us now, sug. There
 are certain standards you've gotta
 meet, and that phone? Not meeting
 them.

MORGAN
 I had to make a call!

CECILIA
 And it can wait. You're in good
 company, honey. Enjoy yourself.

Cecilia hands Morgan a glass of champagne.

EXT. RAGE - CONTINUOUS

Lacey tries calling Morgan again. Nothing. Lacey approaches
 the bouncer.

LACEY

Is there any way I'm gonna get into
this club tonight?

BOUNCER

You can try the line.
(looks up the queue)
I wouldn't.

Lacey walks away from the club, hurt.

INT. RAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Morgan still looks unsettled as he sits at the table. Cecilia stares at him seductively. Phil stares at him in boredom. The anonymous faces stare at him in confusion.

MORGAN

What?

Nothing changes. Kara appears and hops up to sit on the table. She turns to the anonymous faces.

KARA

Leave.

The anonymous faces leave. Kara slides in next to Phil, who is wide-eyed.

KARA

Oops, did I forget to put on
underwear?

PHIL

I don't exactly think you forgot.

Kara giggles.

KARA

I am having the best time.

MORGAN

Twenty minutes ago you said you
hated it.

Cecilia rolls her eyes.

KARA

That was before I met a friend of
mine. He hooked me up, if you know
what I mean.

MORGAN
...I don't.

Kara, Cecilia and Phil laugh.

CECILIA
Give me some of that good stuff,
sweetie.

Kara takes a small bag out of her purse. Kara gives it to Cecilia. Cecilia takes a tablet out of the bag and swallows it.

MORGAN
Oh, I get you now.

KARA
You in, babe?

Kara dangles a bag in front of Morgan's face.

MORGAN
I don't know, it's not really my
thing.

PHIL
I'm in.

Kara gives Phil the bag.

KARA
You don't want to feel left out, do
you? After all, we're supposed to
'bond'.

Morgan looks around. Half the people in the club are on drugs. Cecilia and Phil are taking them right in front of him.

MORGAN
(unsure)
Sure.

Kara smiles and gives Morgan a bag. Morgan takes a tablet out and looks at it.

KARA
This is the good stuff. I'll save
the great stuff for later.

Morgan takes a deep breath and swallows the tablet.

SERIES OF SHOTS - MORGAN AND LACEY'S NIGHT

- A) Morgan, Phil, Cecilia and Kara sit together laughing.
- B) Morgan takes another tablet.
- C) Cecilia and Kara dance together on the dancefloor.
- D) Lacey gets home and slumps into the couch.
- E) Morgan and Phil drinking and laughing together.
- F) Cecilia snorts a line of cocaine on the table.
- G) Phil dances with Cecilia and Kara.
- H) Lacey, now in her pyjamas, sits by the phone.
- I) Morgan snorts a line of cocaine, reacting well to it.
- J) Kara empties a bag of tablets into her mouth.
- K) Morgan awkwardly dances with Phil, Cecilia and Kara.
- L) Lacey lies in bed in the dark, but can't sleep.

INT. MYSTERY HOUSE - DAY

Morgan sleeps on the floor. He awakens with a jump. An Afghan stands over Morgan, staring right at him. The dog plods away. Morgan sits up.

MORGAN
(to himself)
Where the hell am I?

Morgan looks around. A random woman sleeps on the couch behind him, and a random man is slumped unconscious over a chair. Morgan slowly stands up, staggering as he reaches his feet.

MORGAN
Oh, ow.

Morgan grabs his head. Phil walks into the room, completely naked.

PHIL
That was some night, huh?

MORGAN
Uh, yeah. Where the hell are we?

Phil looks at Morgan like he's crazy.

PHIL
I thought you knew.

Morgan shakes his head.

PHIL
Where the hell are we?

MORGAN
You just came from the bedroom, how
can you not know whose house this
is?

PHIL
Hey, I'm pretty sure I slept with
that girl in there, but I never
once said I knew who she was.

MORGAN
This is crazy, we've gotta get out
of here.

PHIL
Right, good idea.

Morgan and Phil get to the front door. Morgan turns to Phil.

MORGAN
Aren't you forgetting something?

PHIL
Right.

Phil turns back and grabs a bottle of whisky from the
counter. Phil turns back and smiles at Morgan.

MORGAN
Pants.

Phil looks down at himself.

PHIL
Oh!

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Morgan staggers into the apartment and slumps into the couch.
Lacey walks into the room.

LACEY
Where the hell have you been?

MORGAN
Sweetheart, please, could you not
speak so loud?

LACEY
Oh, sorry.

Lacey sits down next to Morgan. She leans into his ear.

LACEY
(shouting)
Where have you been!

MORGAN
Oh my God!

Morgan clutches his head in pain.

LACEY
They wouldn't let me into the club
last night.

MORGAN
What?

LACEY
They said my name wasn't on the
list.

MORGAN
No, that can't be right. Cecilia
said she'd get us on the list, and
I got in, so--

LACEY
Oh, Cecilia.

MORGAN
And what's that supposed to mean?

LACEY
Tell me, Morgan, what's Cecilia
Dawson really like?

MORGAN
She's nice. Like, really nice.

LACEY
Oh my God. She wants to fuck you!

MORGAN
What?

LACEY

I can't believing I'm competing with an A-lister over my boyfriend of four years!

MORGAN

No, it's not like that. She must have made a mistake, she wouldn't do that to you.

LACEY

No, she wouldn't do it to you. She's trying to keep you away from me.

MORGAN

That's ridiculous.

LACEY

No, that shirt is ridiculous.

MORGAN

Hey, this shirt is totally me.

LACEY

This isn't about the shirt!

MORGAN

You brought it up!

LACEY

Morgan, you forgot about me! You were out, having fun with your new friends, and you didn't even notice that I wasn't there.

MORGAN

Of course I noticed, I didn't have any fun without you there. The whole night, I waited for you to get there. How was I supposed to know what was going on?

LACEY

You could've called.

MORGAN

I tried, but I lost my phone.

A phone rings in Morgan's pocket. Lacey glares at Morgan. Morgan looks at his pocket in confusion. Eventually he takes the phone out of his pocket and examines it.

MORGAN
This isn't mine.

Morgan answers the phone.

MORGAN
(into phone)
Hello?

MARTY (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
Oh good, you're up.

MORGAN
(into phone)
Marty? How did you get this number?
This isn't even my phone!

MARTY (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered,
laughing)
You really don't remember last
night, do you? Come on, get down to
the studio, you crazy bastard, we
got some stuff to take care of.

Marty hangs up. Morgan is still confused.

MORGAN
I've gotta go.

LACEY
Of course.

MORGAN
I'm sorry.

Morgan gets up. He reaches the front door.

LACEY
I didn't expect this to happen to
you so fast.

Morgan stops and turns around.

MORGAN
Expect what to happen?

LACEY
This. Now that you're a big TV
star, it seems like you don't have
time for me anymore.

MORGAN

It's been two days. Everything's been so sudden, there's a lot gonna be happening over the next few weeks.

LACEY

And it's only gonna get worse. I don't want you forgetting about me for good.

Morgan waits for a few seconds.

MORGAN

I'm sorry, I really have to go.

Morgan leaves. Lacey sighs.

INT. PHOTO STUDIO - DAY

Morgan and Marty walk into the photo studio. A flamboyant PHOTOGRAPHER snaps promo shots of Phil. Ted and Jan approach Morgan and Marty.

TED

Hey, guys.

MARTY

Tedward.

TED

Stop that.

JAN

Morgan, we've drawn up a provisional contract, if you want to look it over.

MORGAN

Sure.

Morgan takes the contract from Jan. Morgan reads it over and seems impressed.

JAN

What do you think?

Marty snatches the contract and flicks through the pages without reading it.

MARTY

Pass.

MORGAN

Cecilia!

Cecilia turns around.

CECILIA

Oh, hey, sweetie. Fun night, huh?

MORGAN

Lacey didn't get into the club.

CECILIA

Really? I thought I saw her in there.

MORGAN

You've never met her, you don't even know what she looks like.

CECILIA

Oh, right.

MORGAN

What's going on? She thinks you didn't want her there.

CECILIA

Well, she's got that going for her.

MORGAN

What, you're not even gonna pretend it was a mistake?

CECILIA

Why should I? Truth is, I wanted you all to myself, and honey, it worked.

MORGAN

Listen, I'm not one of these guys who's gonna come running any time you snap your fingers. You want to try and keep me away from the girl I love, you're gonna have to try a lot harder than that.

CECILIA

Sug, that sounds like a challenge to me.

Cecilia walks away.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Cecilia, darling, you look
fantastic.

CECILIA
I know.

Morgan approaches Phil. They watch as the photographer snaps
shots of Cecilia.

MORGAN
Can you believe her?

PHIL
Yeah, I can.

MORGAN
I haven't even told you what she
did.

PHIL
You don't have to, I believe it.
Look at her. Former teen superstar,
now she's all grown up. She's had
things her own way for so long that
she doesn't remember it any other
way. Fame, money, men, drugs... at
the end of the day, she gets what
she wants, it doesn't matter what
it is.

MORGAN
I think she wants me.

Phil laughs.

PHIL
You're serious.

MORGAN
Yeah. My girlfriend, Lacey. Cecilia
said she'd get her on the list last
night, but guess what? She didn't.
I get home this morning, and Lacey
acts like I'm the one to blame for
it. We've been together for four
years, and that's the first real
fight we've ever had. You think
it's a coincidence that I've just
started here?

PHIL
I really don't care.

Cecilia blows a kiss to Morgan.

MORGAN

Who was that for?

PHIL

Knowing her? Both of us.

MORGAN

It's just, I always thought when we moved to California, that if anything like this ever happened then we'd be completely supportive of each other. But now there's all this? I don't know, man. What do you think I should do?

PHIL

I think you should bother somebody else.

MORGAN

Come on, Phil, I'm just trying to talk.

PHIL

No, what you're trying to do is more than just talk. What you're trying to do here is create a bond.

MORGAN

OK, yeah, maybe I am. Maybe it's because I thought that we were gonna be friends.

PHIL

We are not friends. We're not gonna be friends. It's a nice thought, and I'm sure it all stems from your childhood in Indiana, thinking how cool it would be to have a black best friend when you grow up, but it's not gonna happen. Not with me anyway. So, deal with it.

MORGAN

You are so off base. (Beat) I'm from Minnesota.

Phil leaves. Cecilia approaches Morgan.

CECILIA

Don't beat yourself up, hon. He's a tough one to crack.

(MORE)

CECILIA (CONT'D)

Now I don't want you to stay mad at me, so how about you come back down to Rage tonight? You and your girlfriend are both welcome. I mean it.

Cecilia kisses her finger. She places her finger on Morgan's lips. Cecilia leaves as Marty sneaks up next to Morgan.

MORGAN

The nerve on her.

MARTY

Hey, don't cause a scene now. You're not under contract yet. One wrong move and you're gone.

MORGAN

She's trying to break me.

MARTY

And it sounds like it's working. Don't risk this just so you can feel like you're winning.

MORGAN

Yeah. Yeah, you're right.

MARTY

Now come on, you're up.

Marty marches Morgan to the photographer.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Oh, what is this they're bringing me?

MARTY

Your new superstar. He's a diamond in the rough.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Well it looks like he's brought the rough with him. Let me have a look.

The photographer examines Morgan's face.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Hmm, nose needs work.

MORGAN

(hurt)

What's wrong with my nose?

PHOTOGRAPHER

Teeth, imperfect. Hair? Now we've got to do something with that. You need to tone up, you look a little soft. This shirt? Totally you.

MARTY

Right?

PHOTOGRAPHER

Yes, it's hideous too.

Marty makes an offended squeak.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Your eyes though? Beautiful. What are we, 20/20?

MORGAN

No, contacts.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Oh. Well, we'll book you in for laser.

MORGAN

What?

PHOTOGRAPHER

OK, I'm done. Let me find a lens that will flatter. This could take some time.

The photographer leaves.

MORGAN

What about laser?

MARTY

Oh come on, are you really gonna listen to what some queer like him has to say about your hair and your teeth? OK, the nose...

MORGAN

What's wrong with my nose?

MARTY

Listen, kid. This is Hollywood. You've got to be perfect.

PHOTOGRAPHER (O.S.)

OK, you? Out of the shot, please.

Marty cowers away.

PHOTOGRAPHER (O.S.)
 Alright, darling, smile for the
 camera.

Morgan forces a smile.

PHOTOGRAPHER (O.S.)
 On second thought...

Morgan's face sinks. The camera flashes.

PHOTOGRAPHER (O.S.)
 Maybe you should come back when I'm
 a little more... prepared for you.
 Now where is Kara?

INT. MYSTERY HOUSE - DAY

Kara, wearing last night's clothes, walks into the room. She looks around.

KARA
 Phil?

EXT. RAGE - NIGHT

Morgan is outside Rage on his phone.

MORGAN
 (into phone)
 Hey, sweetheart. (Beat) Yeah, I'm
 sorry too. Listen, I'll be home
 real soon, there's just something
 I've gotta take care of first.
 (Beat) Alright, you too.

Morgan hangs up the phone.

INT. RAGE - NIGHT

Morgan storms into the club. Davis is in the crowd. Davis sees Morgan and approaches him.

DAVIS
 Enjoying yourself?

Morgan turns around to face Davis.

MORGAN

Not now, man.

DAVIS

Yes, now. Every time until you realize the mistake you made messing with me.

MORGAN

You know what? This isn't about you. Try to get that through your head, that for once it isn't about you.

DAVIS

You don't seem to get it, do you?

MORGAN

No, you don't get it! I don't care who you are, or who you think you should be. Understand it when I say that things aren't all about you.

Morgan storms off. Davis shares a private laugh with himself. Morgan finds Cecilia.

CECILIA

Couldn't stay away, huh, sweetie?

MORGAN

I signed my contract today.

CECILIA

Oh, congratulations, have a drink on me.

Cecilia tries to hug Morgan, slipping a bag of cocaine into his back pocket. Morgan shoves her away.

MORGAN

No. The reason I didn't say anything earlier is because I didn't want fired before I'd even started, but now I can say what I want to you. You are a manipulative, vindictive little shrew. You think that because you're part of the A-list, you can treat people like garbage and they'll still adore you? Sure, I'm new to this game, so maybe I'm not playing by the rules, but you know what? You are not gonna break me!

(MORE)

MORGAN (CONT'D)
We have a professional
relationship, and that is it!
Nothing else! Because you, Cecilia,
are a cold hearted, mean bitch!

Cecilia takes this in. She starts to cry.

MORGAN
Oh, come on. You're not fooling
anyone.

Cecilia breaks down in tears. Several anonymous faces crowd
around Cecilia. They drag her away from Morgan.

MORGAN
No! She's faking it! She's fake!

As Cecilia walks away, she turns her head back to Morgan.
Cecilia shoots a sly wink at Morgan. A TOUGH GUY walks in
front of Morgan.

TOUGH GUY
You think that's cool? Making an
innocent girl like that cry?

MORGAN
Innocent? Buddy, you do not know
her if you think she's innocent.

TOUGH GUY
That's Cecilia Dawson, you can't
treat her like that!

The tough guy shoves Morgan.

MORGAN
Buddy, I am not in a good mood. You
try anything like that again,
there's gonna be trouble.

The tough guy shoves Morgan again.

MORGAN
Well, don't say I didn't warn you.

Morgan punches the tough guy. A brawl ensues.

EXT. RAGE - NIGHT

Morgan is hauled out of Rage by two POLICE OFFICERS.

MORGAN

This isn't my fault! Come on! Who called the cops?

Morgan is placed in the back of a police car. Davis leans against the wall of Rage. Davis smirks.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Marty lies in bed sleeping. His phone rings, waking him up. Marty answers the phone.

MARTY

(into phone)

Hello? (Beat) He did what? He's got what on him?

MARTY'S PARTNER, a man in his early 20s, sits up.

MARTY'S PARTNER

What is it?

Marty looks around.

MARTY

Who the hell are you? (Beat) You're still here?

INT. CELL - NIGHT

Morgan sits in a cell. Marty shows up. Morgan stands up.

MORGAN

Marty!

MARTY

Hey, superstar, I got here as soon as I heard.

(to Officer #1)

What's going on here, what are the charges?

OFFICER #1

Well his friend ain't pressing charges, so the assault is dropped. But we found cocaine on him.

MARTY

(to Morgan)

Really? You couldn't wait til... never, for that?

MORGAN

I swear, I don't know how it got there!

OFFICER #1

Witnesses say you had an altercation with a Miss Dawson.

MORGAN

Oh, now I know how it got there.

OFFICER #2

You're friends with Cecilia Dawson?

MORGAN

We're not friends.

MARTY

They're more than friends, they're co-stars. There's a little TV show called "Long Beach" premiering this fall, this guy's only gonna become like, the hottest star, so, you know.

OFFICER #1

Big Hollywood star, huh?

MARTY

That's right.

The officers whisper to each other.

OFFICER #2

We talked it over, and due to the nature of your crime, the bail has been raised.

MARTY

It's OK, I'll pay it.

OFFICER #2

To fifty thousand.

MARTY

(stunned)

Fifty thousand?

(to Morgan)

Hey, listen, I'll go grab my cheque book and I'll be right back.

Marty leaves.

MORGAN

Marty!

OFFICER #1

I don't think he's coming back.

MORGAN

Yeah, he's not. (Beat) Can I get my phone call?

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lacey lies in bed sleeping. The phone rings. Lacey wakes up and answers the phone.

LACEY

(into phone)

Hello?

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Morgan is on the phone.

MORGAN

(into phone)

Hey, Lacey, sweetheart.

INTERCUT with Bedroom.

LACEY

(into phone)

Morgan, where are you?

MORGAN

(into phone)

Funny story, actually. You know that thing I was taking care of? Well, one thing led to another, and uh, I'm in jail.

LACEY

(into phone)

What?

MORGAN

(into phone)

I just want you to know that this was completely unavoidable.

LACEY

(into phone)

What did you do?

MORGAN
(into phone)
I punched a man in the face.

LACEY
(into phone)
Oh my God. You know, you are
changing and I don't like it.

MORGAN
(into phone)
What? No, I'm not changing. Nothing
like this is ever gonna happen
again, I promise.

LACEY
(into phone)
How did this even happen? Was it
something to do with Cecilia?

Morgan searches for an answer.

MORGAN
(into phone)
No. No, it was nothing to do with
Cecilia. It was just some guy being
a jerk, and I hit him. I'm not
proud of it, but I can't take it
back now.

LACEY
(into phone)
What can I do?

MORGAN
(into phone)
Well there's a bail.

LACEY
(into phone)
How much?

MORGAN
(into phone)
Fifty grand.

LACEY
(into phone)
Woah! That is really high for
assault.

MORGAN
(into phone)
Yeah, it really is. Marty kinda
dropped me in it.

LACEY
(into phone)
I can't pay that.

MORGAN
(into phone)
I know, I just wanted to call you
and let you know. I suppose I'll be
home when I get out. I'm sorry. I
love you.

Lacey hesitates.

MORGAN
(into phone)
Sweetheart?

LACEY
(into phone)
Yeah. Yeah, I love you too.

Lacey hangs up the phone.

Morgan hangs up the phone.

MORGAN
This is gonna be a long night,
ain't it?

OFFICER #1
Mm-hmm.

INT. CELL - NIGHT

Morgan lies in his cell. Officer #2 walks in. He unlocks the
cell.

OFFICER #2
You're free to go.

MORGAN
What?

OFFICER #2
Your bail's been paid.

MORGAN
Marty?

The officer shakes his head.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Morgan walks into the room. Phil stands there.

MORGAN
Phil? You paid my bail?

Phil nods.

MORGAN
But why?

Morgan approaches Phil.

PHIL
It's what friends do for each
other.

Morgan smiles. Morgan and Phil start walking.

PHIL
You can pay me back whenever.

MORGAN
Right, sure. Thanks, man.

PHIL
Hey, we've all been here before.
Most of us, because of her.

MORGAN
You're a pretty honest guy, aren't
you?

PHIL
In a city like this? Somebody has
to be.

Phil puts his arm around Morgan's shoulders.

PHIL
Welcome to Hollowood.

Morgan and Phil leave.

FADE TO BLACK.