

'SNAPPED'

Written by

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EXT/INT. GAINESVILLE DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS - DAY

JAIL. Bars rattle, voices echo, food sucks, time and people move slow. You know the place. A beefy GUARD walks down the hall in between two rows of CELLS.

GUARD

Baker. Cal Baker. Got a visitor.

Bars slide open with that loud "CLATCH" as a PRISONER steps out. We can't make him out because the damn guard is in front of him. He's lead out past the recreation area, where some INMATES are watching the news...

REPORTER

(on TV)

...were asleep when the sinkhole opened. The left wing of the nursing home has been completely destroyed. Gainesville Rescue teams have been on the scene since...

...and into the phone and tempered glass visiting room.

INT. VISITING ROOM - DAY

GRIFFIN ABERNATHY (20's) out of place in jail, professionally dressed, briefcase in hand, picks up the phone.

GRIFFIN

Hey Cal.

We finally see Cal and wouldn't you know it, He's a SHE. CALPURNIA ("CAL") BAKER (20's) is the sweetest little ray of Florida sunshine you ever did see. Eternal optimist. Looks even more out of place in jail than Griffin. The loud, red, jumpsuit can't dull her sparkling, blue eyes or bouncy, blond hair. She has that warm twang to her voice too.

CAL

(into phone)

Hiya Griffin.

GRIFFIN

You hanging in there?

CAL

(trying to be brave)

Sure. It's not so bad. You know the people here are nice enough and we're having Enchiladas tonight.

You just wanna hug her. Griffin opens the briefcase.

GRIFFIN

So, we need to go over our options here.

Cal gets that gleam in her eye. Hope.

CAL

Oh thank Goodness, Griffin. What do we still got on the table?

Griffin carefully looks over his notes.

GRIFFIN

Well, *E!* pulled out. They don't want to shoot in jail and risk the resources. They're going with Rob Kardashian's sock line pilot.

Continues looking through his notes.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

Diane Sawyer also doesn't want to do the interview now. ABC says there's no need to interview you now and then again when you're promoting the book.

CAL

Makes sense I guess.

GRIFFIN

But 'Dancing With the Stars' is still our ace in the hole. They still want you for next season, you know, as long as you can make it.

CAL

Oh boy, I'm not much of a dancer but I really think I could be good on that show.

Griffin reaches into his bag and pulls out 'US Weekly', 'People', 'Star' and Cal's favorite, 'In Touch Weekly'.

CAL (CONT'D)

Oooh, 'In Touch', my favorite.

GRIFFIN

Now, you're not in most of these this week, but there's a 'Who wore it Best' 'US' article with you and Kate Bosworth. She's filming a movie about prison.

CAL
Well, who wore it best?

Griffin doesn't answer.

CAL (CONT'D)
Probably Kate. She's so pretty.
Much prettier than me. I'm honored
just to have been considered.

GUARD (O.S.)
Two minutes, Baker.

GRIFFIN
Wow, it always goes so fast,
doesn't it?

CAL
Well, we still got a coupla'
minutes. What's going on with you?

GRIFFIN
You know, you're the only client of
mine who ever asks about me. And
you're in jail. What does that say
about my other clients?

CAL
They're good people too. Just cuz'
Jesus don't always answer back
dun't mean *he* isn't listening. And
besides I think of you as more than
just an agent, I'd like to think
I'm more than just a client.

Griffin smiles. Poor kid. The guard walks back into the room.

INT. CELL - DAY

Cal reads the '*Who Wore it Best*' article on her bed.

CAL
Oh, come on. I can rock a jumpsuit
better than that bitch. Good lord.

EXT. ALACHUA COUNTY - DAY

LEGEND: SUPERIMPOSE "COUPLA' YEARS BACK"

A One Church, Florida town. The kind where everybody knows
each other (and each other's business). We move over to that
one CHURCH as TOWNSFOLK leave after services.

INT. CHURCH - SAME

Cal's alone in her pew, longingly watching all the PARENTS grabbing their children and lining up to offer their thanks and fawn over FATHER FLOOD, (40's). Cal walks over and waits patiently as BECKY TANNER (20's, pretty) and her son ELWOOD (3) finish paying their respects.

BECKY

Well, we better get, I have bridge with the girls at four.

CAL

Oh, I just love bridge.

Becky turns to Cal with a blank stare, then sees Father Flood nodding his head, egging her on.

BECKY

(not happy)

Hi Cal. Would you like to join us for bridge today?

CAL

Oh, well I'd have to make sure Horace doesn't have something planned for us...

BECKY

That's fine, we can do it next...

CAL

But I think I can squeeze in a quick game! Four o'clock you said?

Becky nods her head and smiles her most polite smile as she carries Elwood out of there. Father Flood waves goodbye to a handful of admirers and finally turns to Cal.

FATHER FLOOD

Calpurnia, how are you, dear.

CAL

Oh, I'm fine Father. I just wanted to thank you for your words today.

FATHER FLOOD

It's what I do. Is everything OK?

CAL

Well, I've been doing a lot of praying lately and I've been feeling guilty cause the prayers, they've been for me and not others.

FATHER FLOOD

Well, if I know you Cal, I'd guess that's not entirely true. Just cause the person you're praying for isn't in front of you yet doesn't mean he won't be. Look at Jesus. He's not in front of you either, but he hears your prayers. And if you listen hard enough, he'll always answer. You never know what could be coming around the bend.

Cal considers this.

CAL

It's just sometimes Father, I feel so alone? Like the world could just open up and swallow me whole and nobody'd even notice.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Cal walks to her car and sees PAUL the Traffic Cop filling out tickets three cars away from hers. She runs to the meter and finds the "0.00" flashing.

CAL

Heya Paul.

PAUL

Oh, heya Cal, comin' from Church?

CAL

And seein' as I am, figure I oughta confess. My meter ran out over there.

Paul looks at the blue Hyundai parked three cars down.

CAL (CONT'D)

I can wait while you finish up over here.

PAUL

Tell you what, you buckle up and drive the speed limit home and we'll call it even, OK?

CAL

Oh, I don't know if I'd feel comfortable with that.

PAUL

Look, do *me* the favor OK? One less ticket I gotta write. I ain't seeing any of that ticket money.

Cal's conflicted.

INT. CAL'S CAR - DAY

CAL pulls onto her street, cookie-cutter, one level homes with little front yards. As she pulls into her driveway she finds a pair of legs working under a '67 PONTIAC GTO hoisted a few feet off the ground by a pulley mechanism and chains.

CAL

(out the window)

Hey baby, you want some iced-tea?

The pair of legs don't bother answering.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Cal makes iced tea and puts the glass on a tray next to a ham and cheese and starts towards the garage. Oh, and she takes out her PARKING METER TICKET and sticks it on the fridge next to a loud invitation to the HAWTHORNE HIGH TEN YEAR REUNION.

INT. GARAGE - SAME

The legs still haven't moved.

CAL

I got your iced tea and I thought you might be hungry.

Finally, HORACE BAKER (20's) slides out on the car creeper and grabs the drink. Horace looks like he could have been good looking once. High School quarterback kind of swagger. Now he's starting to look like he might have eaten a high school quarterback.

HORACE

Bout time. You're just getting back from Church?

CAL

There's a pot luck supper Tuesday. I told Father Flood we'd attend.

HORACE

Well, one of us will anyhow.

Cal gives him a look.

HORACE (CONT'D)

It's league night, Cal. I'm not giving up my slot for some Sunday School charity B.S.

He takes a sip of his iced tea and makes a face.

CAL

Sounded like you and your league had a good time here last night too. Shootin' off that gun in the backyard. Y'all kept me up til' about 2am with your hootin' and hollerin'.

HORACE

Funny how you said you was sleepin' when I came in and told you to go get us beer at 11:30. Don't tell me how to live my life. I don't tell you what to do.

CAL

I' been invited over to Becky Tanner's for bridge with the girls. You all right here?

HORACE

Why you wanna go and play cards with them bitches anyway?

CAL

They're all right. She invited me.

HORACE

Used to rib you somethin' awful back in High School what I 'member.

CAL

That was years ago. And you weren't much better from what I remember.

HORACE

Go in and grab me a beer. And an Oxy. This tea taste like piss.

Cal leaves through the open garage door and sees little WENTWORTH PETERS (10) on his bike staring at her.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

Cal searches the cabinet for her husband's pain killers. She finds it right next to a bottle of RAT POISON TABLETS.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

A small town station. The Bullpen is a little, square room with four desks. The cops, CAROLINE (30's) reads a paper, Billy (30's) and HANK (50's) play darts and it doesn't show but LAWRENCE (40's) is on his fifth cup of Joe.

CAROLINE

(reading paper)

Says here boss, there's more than a thousand chemicals in a single cup of coffee and of those, only twenty-six have been tested, and of *those*, half caused *cancer'n* rats.

BUSTER BELL (60's), peevish, old codger, stands at the coffee machine, filling up his cup. You may not be teaching him any new tricks but this dog's still got some bite left.

BUSTER

The whole Goddamn world is goin' right to hell.

Hank puts down his coffee as Lawrence tries to see how fast he can spin a rubber band between his index fingers while Buster goes back to his office.

INT. BUSTER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Buster sits at his desk a little melancholy and picks up '*The Agamemnon of Aeschylus*'. He's reading when Billy walks in.

BILLY

Hiya Buster.

BUSTER

Heya Billy.

BILLY

So we know you'd probably rather us enroll you in a pilates class than make any sort of fuss about your leaving, but if you think you're just gonna gallop off into the sunset without us doing *something*, you're surely mistaken, my friend.

BUSTER

I'm not your friend. And what's a
pilate.

Caroline, Hank and Lawrence creep up in back of Billy.

EVERYBODY

Surprise!!

BUSTER

Aw hell.

Caroline rolls in a cake with candles, and at the center where a bride and groom sometimes stand, sits a bottle of VIAGRA. Some other wrapped gifts are brought over too.

HANK

Figured since you n' Eunice'll have
a lot of time on your hands now.

Hank throws Buster the Viagra as the others laugh.

BILLY

We know it's not til' next week but
we figured you'd have sniffed us
out by then anyhow.

CAROLINE

Blow em out chief and don't worry,
we gotcha covered if you get tired.

Hank brings over an oxygen mask. Buster shakes his head, and blows them out. He throws the Viagra back to Hank.

BUSTER

You oughta keep these Hank, what I
hear down at Futterman's you need
em' worse than me.

"OOhs" and "Ahhhs!" Everybody laughs. Except Hank.

BUSTER (CONT'D)

And stop measuring my office, let
me retire first.

HANK

Then retire already.

BUSTER

You just finish your coffee n' have
another cup.

He winks at Caroline who smiles.

BILLY

Open your gifts. Unlike the cake,
they're really from the bottom of
our hearts, Chief.

Buster sees a wrapped gift that is clearly a WALKER. He tries to laugh with the gang but can't bring himself to. May not be much in the way of busy at this station, but damn it if he doesn't have purpose here.

INT. BECKY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Cal plays bridge with Becky (who we met at Church), TINA(20's) and ABIGAIL (20's). The TV is on in the background. Everyone drinks white wine.

CAL

I'm so happy we could all get
together today. I feel like I
haven't seen y'all in ages.

BECKY

This was a *no trump* round, Cal. And
you never bid. Tina, you're up.

CAL

Oh, I'm sorry. I just don't know
where my head is today.

TINA

You ever played bridge before, Cal?

CAL

Of course! It's my favorite game.

The other girls smile at the lie.

BECKY

Your money, Cal, *Cal the Unibrow*.

The girls all snicker. Cal's face turns red. She gets quiet.

CAL

Come on girls. I ain't had that
since the eighth grade.

ABIGAIL

Did y'all hear who will most likely
be without a plus one at this
summer's ten year reunion?

BECKY

Justine. She and Charlie,
D.I.V.O.R.C.E.

TINA

I heard she walked in on him with
that waitress from T.G.I.F's.

CAL

Amanda? She's so sweet. To think
all that going on right underneath
Justine's nose. Poor thing.

BECKY

It ain't Amanda's fault, sweetie.
If Justine was too blind to see
what kind of a man her husband was
it's on her.

Tina points at *"Keeping Up with the Kardashians"* on the TV.

TINA

And Kim now? I read Kanye's been
secretly seeing a man in Paris.

ABIGAIL

A Man?

BECKY

Some fashion designer.

CAL

But they have a child together.

TINA

You know she's probs doing flips
about it too.

ABIGAIL

Oh Lord, all that publicity? They
probably aren't even a real couple.

TINA

It's totes a business arrangement
like her last marriage. Probs
ecstatic she can dump him now.

CAL

Y'all think she'd be happy about
hearing somethin' like that?

BECKY

Of course she's happy. This is a girl who made a sex tape and leaked it herself.

TINA

Or her mother anyway.

CAL

Poor girl. What a horrible thing.

BECKY

I don't know. She was a nobody like us one day and the next day she's a household name?

TINA

I heard she just moved out of her Beverly Hills mansion because it didn't fit all her clothes.

CAL

There's more to life than money, girls. I know we wouldn't trade our values for a payday.

Becky takes a nice pull from her wine.

ABIGAIL

I would. If nothing else, just to get out of this town.

Tina nods her head.

BECKY

One day's work, you just close your eyes, take a deep breath, and when it's over you get a whole new life? TV shows, fragrances, clothing lines? Y'all tell me where to sign.

All the girls laugh. All the girls but Cal, who watches KIM KARDASHIAN on TV, signing autographs, getting her picture taken by paparazzi and driving off in an expensive car.

INT. INTEGRITY TALENT AGENCY (ITA) - DAY

Gold, framed PHOTOS of SNOOKIE, BRODY JENNER and FARRAH ABRAHAM hang off the walls like gold records. An employee takes down a picture of MIKE "THE SITUATION" SORRENTINO. Across the hall, expansive windows overlook Century Park East and Santa Monica.

Through an interior glass window we see a large office divided up into many cubicles.

INT. CUBICLES - DAY

AGENTS are hustling on the phone. The office has a manic vibe to it. Nervous laughter and phrases like "*holding deal*" and "*put pilot*" permeate. Griffin (from jail) is quiet in his cubicle willing his phone not to ring. It rings anyway.

 GRIFFIN
 (shit)
 Griffin Abernathy.

 PHONE
 He'd like to see you.

 GRIFFIN
 (shit)
 Great thanks.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Griffin sits across an impressive, mahogany desk from his boss, MICHAEL WEINGARTNER, (40's), who's looking at porn on his laptop.

 MICHAEL
 So where are we on the 'Duck
 Dynasty' guy?

 GRIFFIN
 Locked and loaded, just waiting for
 him to stick his head out.

 MICHAEL
 So, nowhere then. Look, Griffin,
 I'm gonna be honest with you.

Michael's gorgeous secretary, LINDSAY walks in.

 LINDSAY
 Mr. Weingarten, you have the guys
 from Vivid here.

 MICHAEL
 Thank you, Lindsay.

She leaves.

 MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 I fucked her.

Griffin looks uncomfortable.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Where was I. Duck Dynasty. Then there was the beekeeper guy. We shelled out I don't know how much to make his pilot on spec and after we finish, he goes and dies on us?

GRIFFIN

Well, I don't see how that's my...

MICHAEL

You're pushing thirty now, a little long in the tooth to still be a junior agent don't you think?

GRIFFIN

I'm twenty-seven.

MICHAEL

I'm just kidding. I never fucked Lindsay. I could have though. Christmas party. Look, I took a chance on you, Griffin. I liked your ambition when you came here. You charmed me with that Southern drawl of yours and you got a great ass. But add all that up and what do you get, a wild weekend at the Santa Monica Viceroy maybe?

GRIFFIN

What?

MICHAEL

Not a long term business relationship at ITA.

GRIFFIN

Michael, are you firing me?

MICHAEL

Unless you wanna take me up on that weekend at the Viceroy.

GRIFFIN

I'm not a homosexual.

MICHAEL

Neither am I.

GRIFFIN

I don't understand what's going on.

MICHAEL
Welcome to Hollywood.

GRIFFIN
I've worked here three years.

EXT. ITA - DAY

Griffin leaves the agency carrying a little box of all his things. His PHONE rings. He picks it up, balancing the box.

GRIFFIN
(into phone)
Hi Mom. Yes things are still great here. How's everything down there? Yep, still a big shot.

The box falls out from under his arm and spills everywhere.

INT. CAL'S BEDROOM - MORNING

6:06 A.M. The alarm goes off and a sleepy Cal gets a very rude knuckle to the forehead from Horace.

HORACE
Turn that Goddamn thing off.

Cal shuts it off and notices the fifth of Jameson, empty next to him. She gets out of bed.

CAL
You gonna look for a job today?

He's sound asleep again but you wouldn't know it from how loud his fart is.

INT. CAL'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cal walks past the glass GUN CABINET and sees it's open with no gun in sight. She finds the Arcus 9mm under the pillow of the couch, returns it to the shelf and locks it.

INT. CAL'S CAR - DAY

Cal tries to hum away the gridlock traffic but even *she's* getting frustrated.

Outside the window she notices a FAMILY gather in their front yard putting HAZARD TAPE around a newly formed SINKHOLE. The FATHER embraces the MOTHER.

INT. BIG ED'S REALTY - OUTER OFFICE DAY

Cal walks into the outer office of the mid level agency where dated wallpaper, small cubicles and grey, coffee stained carpets seem to be the *ordre du jour*. REAL ESTATE AGENTS answer phones, jot notes on PROPERTY PAMPHLETS and... try to stay awake. (I was talking to you, reader...)

CAL

Happy Monday everybody! I brought coffee and munchkins.

Cal hands out coffees and sweets to the ungrateful agents.

AGENTS

Bout' time/There isn't sugar in this is there?/ Na, etc.

She makes her way to her desk which sits just outside Big Ed's office. She puts her things down and knocks on the door.

BIG ED (O.S.)

Enter, disciple.

INT. BIG ED'S OFFICE - SAME

BIG ED REDDING(40's) sits with his feet up on the desk and his arms folded behind his head. He's a fat, red faced, sweat stain of a guy.

CAL

I got your breakfast here, Big Ed. Dunkin' Doughnuts was out of Croissants so I had to go to the bakery. I know you don't like...

BIG ED

(interrupting)

The people are hungry for more than just food! They crave distractions and if we don't provide them, they'll create their own. And their distractions are likely to end with us being torn to pieces!

CAL

I told you I don't watch *Game of Thrones* Big Ed. I don't have cable.

BIG ED

Are you retarded? That's not a rhetorical question.

CAL

No.

BIG ED

You don't look retarded. You look like a nice piece of pie. Probably why I kept you around long as I did. Cause you sure can't collate worth a fig. But anybody who's never seen Game of Thrones is either retarded or evil!

CAL

You need anything else right now?

BIG ED

(licks his lips)

You know what I need, Cal.

CAL

(disgusted, shrugs it off)

I'll just get settled in then.

BIG ED

You might wanna call that husband of yours, tell him it's gonna be a late night. We got the Harlambi property going on the market tomorrow and you got a lot of copying to do. Lotta prep work. Might even be an all nighter.

Big Ed raises his brows suggestively. Cal leaves the office.

INT. CAL'S CAR - NIGHT

Cal's stuck in traffic again. A FLY starts buzzing around and lands on the dash. Cal opens the window to let it fly out but it won't. Finally, she SMASHES it dead with her hand.

INT. CAL'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Horace is working under the GTO when Cal walks in.

CAL

Hi honey. How was your day?

Horace rolls out.

HORACE

I know you said you was workin'
late, but heck Cal, it's almost
9:30. What's he got you doing?

Cal is so happy that Horace is actually concerned for her well-being that she throws her arms around him.

CAL

Oh honey, I know. I just don't know
how much more...

HORACE

(pushing her away)
You didn't leave me jack in the
fridge for dinner. I had to nuke up
one of them frozen burritos. How
many times I told you, you're gonna
be late, cook me my dinner in the
Goddamn morning.

Cal sees the empty beer cans scattered around the car.

CAL

I'll get dinner ready now. I'm
hungry too.

HORACE

It's too late for that. I told you
I ate that crappy burrito. I'm
goin' out.

CAL

Now?

HORACE

Yeah now. I'm meeting the guys at
Cross Eyes.

CAL

I'll come with. I ran into Tina on
the way home and she said Becky and
them are there too.

HORACE

You're not coming with me, Cal. Now
be a good girl, go inside and iron
my black shirt with the flames, OK?

CAL

You just don't want me to go
because Becky is gonna be there. I
know what's goin' on.

(MORE)

CAL (CONT'D)

I know you got a thing for her.
What do you think I'm stupid?

HORACE

Don't you raise your voice to me.
Goddamn it, I told you not to go
over there for bridge. I knew that
dumb bitch would tell you about us
after what, a box of wine? So all
you girls stick together now, is
that it? Well maybe I can get from
Becky what I can't from you. You
ever think of that?

Cal is floored.

CAL

You... *Slept* with Becky?

Oops. Horace turns his back to her.

CAL (CONT'D)

She can give you what I can't?
What's that, a child?

HORACE

What? No babe, that's not...

CAL

...Well maybe the action around
here would be a little more
exciting if you weren't always too
drunk to keep it up in the bedroom.

Uh oh. Horace walks over and BACKHANDS CAL ACROSS THE MOUTH.
Cal puts her hand to her lip and sees the blood.

HORACE

Got anything else to say?

He puts his hand up to his ear. Cal doesn't say a word. He
pretends to hit her again and watches her cower backward.

HORACE (CONT'D)

Now go inside and get my shirt
while I finish up out here.

He slides back under the car. Cal starts back toward the
kitchen and looks at Horace all smug under his prized
possession. The LEVER to the PULLEY MECHANISM that keeps the
car hoisted rests next to her. She closes her eyes and takes
a deep breath.

CAL

You know what Horace? Heck with you. Iron your own shirt.

HORACE

Guess someone didn't learn their lesson the first time. You wait right there, you little bitch.

Horace, steaming mad, starts sliding out from under the car when Cal PULLS THE LEVER releasing the car, crushing Horace, KILLING HIM INSTANTLY. She inches over.

CAL

Horace?

No answer (of course). Blood seeps out and pools around her foot. She walks over, opens the garage and walks outside.

EXT. CAL'S DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cal steps outside, her feelings overwhelming her, until something unexpected happens that surprises her. She smiles.

Across the street little WENTWORTH PETERS sits on his bike staring at her again. She catches eyes with him.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Another quiet night in Cop Land. Until the phone rings.

INT. BUSTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Buster sits reading his book and drinking coffee. He pours a little brandy into it when Caroline enters.

CAROLINE

Think you'd better take this, boss.

EXT. CAL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Two COP CARS and an AMBULANCE are parked outside. Some NEIGHBORS have started to gather.

INT. CAL'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Buster and Billy survey the scene. Buster stands with Cal in the far corner of the room, away from the body. Billy observes Horace's corpse under the car, now COVERED in blood.

BILLY
He's definitely dead all right.

BUSTER
(annoyed)
Keep up the good work, Billy.

CAL
Can I get y'all some more coffee?
Or I think there's some Burrito's
if you're hungry.

BILLY
I could eat.

BUSTER
We're fine Mrs. Baker, thanks. Why
don't we just have a word inside
while the cavalry finishes up.

INT. CAL'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cal shows Buster to a chair. He takes out his notebook.

BUSTER
So when you called the Police you
said you were in the kitchen when
you heard the car come off the
lift. That about right?

CAL
Yes sir. That's when I came
running out and saw my husband
Just lyin' there like a swatted
fly. I tried to move him but the
car was too heavy.

BUSTER
Oh, I don't doubt that. Did you
reverse the lever on the lift to
try and get the car back up?

CAL
No sir. By that time, there *wun't*
really much a point to it.

Buster writes something down.

BUSTER
I reckon not. Ever any problems
with the lift 'fore tonight?

CAL

Oh yes. Horace rigged it himself cause he didn't wanna pay for a new one. He'd been out of work for awhile and well I don't make much. But I always said, "sweetheart, one day that thing is gonna come down on you!" But he never listened.

BUSTER

Suppose he should have.

CAL

Yes sir.

BUSTER

I noticed the beer cans in the garage there.

CAL

Well that was his thing, drinking and working on the car. I always thought, better than drinking and driving the car.

BUSTER

Guess *his* way turned out to be just as dangerous.

Cal looks out the window and sees the PARAMEDICS carrying Horace's covered body on a stretcher into an ambulance.

BUSTER (CONT'D)

Well, I think I've taken up enough of your time here Mrs. Baker. Do you have somewhere to go tonight?

CAL

Oh I'll be fine here.

BUSTER

(something's off)
Oh?

CAL

(covering)
It was our home.

Cal gets up to see Buster to the door.

BUSTER

I'll just go out through the garage and collect my partner.

Cal opens the door for him and he notices she's wearing cover up and concealer around her mouth.

BUSTER (CONT'D)
Something happen to your mouth?

CAL
Sorry?

BUSTER
Your lip there. Looks like it was on the receiving end of somethin' unfriendly.

Cal touches her mouth.

CAL
Oh, when I heard the noise from the garage I ran out and slammed my mouth on the kitchen cabinet.

BUSTER
Ouch. Like you didn't have enough to chew on tonight.
(still keeping it light)
Which one?

CAL
Sorry?

BUSTER
Which cabinet?

CAL
Oh. I really can't remember Officer Bell. I'm sorry. I'm just...

Buster looks into the kitchen.

BUSTER
No, I'm sorry. I shouldn't be makin' small talk at a time like this. I'll leave you be. Again, sorry for your loss, Mrs. Baker.

Buster heads into the garage. Cal seems a little worried.

INT. GARAGE - SAME

Buster finds Billy finishing his burrito.

BUSTER
I want that lever dusted for prints

BILLY
Why you wanna do that for, Buster?

BUSTER
Cause I think her prints are gonna
be on it, is why.

BILLY
Well even if they are...

BUSTER
Just do it, Billy.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

A small burial for Horace. Cal stands front and center dressed in black while Horace's BOWLING BUDDIES and some FAMILY MEMBERS drink Pabsts cans. FATHER FLOOD makes his remarks as the coffin is lowered into the ground.

EXT. CEMETARY - LATER

Cal is on her cellphone.

CAL
Hi mama it's me. I'm sure you heard
the news by now. I wish you'd call
me back. I could use somebody to
talk to. Anyway, I hope you're
doing OK, bye.

She turns and sees Becky standing there, Elmore in her arms.

BECKY
I just wanted to offer my
condolences, Cal. He was a good
man. I'm sorry for your loss.

CAL
Becky. I'm so glad you're here for
me. Your friendship means so much.

BECKY
Whatever you need.

CAL
Horace'd be so happy we're friends.
He thought the world of you. Fact
we were just talking about you the
night the car crushed him to death.

Becky holds Elmore a little tighter.

BECKY
Well, I should be going.

Becky smiles awkwardly and starts backing away.

CAL
Oh Becky, I'd watch my step if I
were you.

BECKY
(scared)
Excuse me?

Cal points to some loose rocks Becky was about to walk over.

INT. BUSTER'S OFFICE - DAY

The station is unusually busy. Cops hard at work, phones ringing, etc. Billy walks in with a FORENSICS REPORT.

BUSTER
What do we got?

BILLY
Well, we got a lot of prints. We
got Horace's prints all over it,
and the paramedics, hell we got
partials from you on it.

BUSTER
Yeah, and?

BILLY
And we got partials from her too.
Her hands were definitely on that
lever.

Buster bangs on his desk.

BUSTER
I knew it.

BILLY
She could have been trying to pull
it back up to save the guy's life.

BUSTER
Then that would make her a liar.

BILLY
Well that ain't enough to bust her,
Buster.

Just then, that little Goddamn, WENTWORTH PETERS comes into the station holding his MOTHER'S hand.

INT. BIG ED'S REALTY - DAY

Cal's at her desk eating a salad. Big Ed walks out.

BIG ED

Atta girl, back at work and still keepin' up that figure. Listen, I was sorry to hear about that husband of yours.'

(whispers in her ear)

If you ever need someone to lean in... My office is right there.

CAL

You know Big Ed, I'm getting awful tired of your remarks. This isn't the 1950's. I'm a modern woman in the modern day workplace and I deserve some respect from you.

A couple of CO-WORKERS turn their heads.

BIG ED

(Game of Thrones)

And I am the God of tits and wine!

(laughing)

Get back to work, Dolly Parton.
Lunch break's over.

He puts a stack of papers on her desk.

BIG ED (CONT'D)

I need four copies of this with dividers. And use the colored ones this time for gosh sakes.

Cal takes the stack and huffs off to the copier when the POLICE arrive. Buster leading the pack.

BIG ED (CONT'D)

What's all this about?

Buster puts Cal's hands behind her back and cuffs her while everyone watches.

BUSTER

(to Cal)

Calpurnia Baker, you are under arrest for the murder of your husband, Horace Baker. You have the right to remain silent...

As Buster finishes reading Cal her Miranda Warning, Cal and Big Ed lock eyes. (And in Slow Mo) CAL RAISES HER BROWS SUGGESTIVELY TO BIG ED. Big Ed swallows his Adam's Apple.

INT. FORMOSA BAR - HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Old Hollywood. Red Leather booths and scuffed wood floors. Griffin sits at the bar alone, drinking and watching TV.

GRIFFIN

Nuther one please, ma'am.

The pretty BARTENDER walks over.

BARTENDER

Don't you think you've had enough for one morning, cowboy?

Griffin notices something on the TV. He adjusts his eyes.

GRIFFIN

Can you turn that up please?

The Bartender shrugs and turns up the volume. On screen, Cal is being lead into the precinct in cuffs fighting through a sea of REPORTERS. One REPORTER is in mid coverage.

REPORTER (ON TV)

Taken into custody yesterday afternoon accused of the murder of her husband Horace Baker. Calpurnia Baker has made no statements at this time, however...

Griffin can't believe it.

GRIFFIN

Cal?

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

An exhausted Cal sits in a metal chair across the table from Buster. He's in mid interrogation.

BUSTER

Then why did you tell me you didn't touch the lever?

CAL

I was flustered. I mean, my husband was lying there. How many times do we have to go over this? Why am I being treated like a criminal?

BUSTER

Well, I'll give you a hint, it ain't parking meter violations.

Cal starts to cry.

CAL

I didn't do anything wrong.

BUSTER

I'm trying to help you here.

CAL

Help me?

BUSTER

I know he hit you. I know it probably *wun't* the first time.

Buster slides a confession sheet across the table.

BUSTER (CONT'D)

We live in Florida, Calpurnia. This could save your life.

Cal looks over the document. She has half a mind to sign it.

BUSTER (CONT'D)

Unburden yourself. You have to look at that pretty face in the mirror every day. And every day it's gonna get harder to see the pretty.

Cal wipes her tears and takes a deep breath. She grabs the pen. Suddenly there's a ruckus outside. REPORTERS have gotten in the station. FLASHES are seen outside the interrogation room, followed by yelling and pushing.

CAL

Is all that for me?

BUSTER

It's only gonna get worse.

Cal puts the pen down and pushes the paper back to Buster.

CAL
I think I should talk to a lawyer.
Whoever's gonna be representin' me.

INT. INTEGRITY TALENT AGENCY - DAY

Griffin walks with purpose down the hall towards Michael's office. Lindsay stops him.

LINDSAY
You can't go in there. He's in a meeting!

GRIFFIN
Good.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - SAME

Michael barges into the office full of AGENTS.

MICHAEL
Griffin? What the hell are you doing here?

Everyone turns around.

GRIFFIN
What if I told you I could sign somebody big for this company. Real big. Someone who's gonna be on the cover of every newspaper for the next who knows how long?

EXT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

The agents all file out of the office carrying their portfolios and head shots.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - LATER

Griffin has the floor. Michael's intrigued.

MICHAEL
And what makes you think you can sign her? Go to that jail, there's probably more agents than guards.

GRIFFIN

I know her. We went to High School together. She'll trust me.

Michael thinks about it.

MICHAEL

Ok, do it. Sign her you get your job back. Get a book, prime time interview or reality show, you go from Junior Agent to Agent.

GRIFFIN

I sign her I go from Junior agent to agent. I get a book deal or pilot, I get Pearson's old office.

Michael rolls his eyes and nods his head.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

REPORTERS line the steps and the sidewalk. TOWNSFOLK wait outside too. Compared to everyday Alachua County life it's pandemonium. And then the SQUAD CAR carrying Cal pulls up.

REPORTER

She's here!

All the PHOTOGRAPHERS jockey for position and snap away as Cal makes her way out of the car in cuffs.

REPORTER #2

Why did you kill your husband?

REPORTER #3

Cal, smile for the County Gazette!

Cal basks in the attention. She turns and smiles for the CAMERAS.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

A packed house. Everyone wants in on this arraignment. Cal takes a seat next to her LAWYER. The PROSECUTOR sits at the next table, scribbling notes as the BAILIFF stands.

BAILIFF

All rise for the honorable Judge Taylor.

Everyone stands as JUDGE TAYLOR (60's) takes his seat.

JUDGE TAYLOR
How does the Defendant plead?

Cal's Lawyer rises.

LAWYER
Not guilty, your honor.

JUDGE TAYLOR
Very well. A trial date will be set for June the sixth until such time defendant will be held without bail for risk of flight or danger to herself.

LAWYER
I object, your honor.

JUDGE TAYLOR
Feel free to take it up on appeal. Prosecution, what say you?

PROSECUTOR
(smiles)
Nothing your honor. Works for us.

The Judge bangs his gavel.

INT. BUSTER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Buster sits on the couch watching the news. On TV, Cal is led into the courthouse smiling for the cameras. A REPORTER interviews different people.

WOMAN (ON TV)
Well, they say her husband beat her. If that's the case and she did what she did, well hell, she's a hero to women everywhere!

MAN (ON TV)
I just think she's really hot!

Buster turns off the TV.

INT. CELL - DAY

Cal's in her cell. A female GUARD throws a NEWSPAPER inside. On the front page, smiling Cal is being escorted into Court with the headline: "Cold Cal 'The Heart Breaker' Baker."

GUARD
You're famous.

CAL
(flattered)
They're callin' me a heart breaker.

She sits up a little straighter.

GUARD
Mmmm hmmm. Because when the car
crushed your husband's chest, his
heart exploded. You got a visitor.

INT. PRISON VISITORS ROOM - DAY

Cal sits and waits as Griffin is buzzed through. He smiles
and sits down across from her.

GRIFFIN
Thanks for putting me on the list.
You're pretty popular around here.

CAL
How ya doin' Griffin? Thanks for
comin'. How's your mama?

GRIFFIN
She's fine. I've been following the
trial. I think you got a good shot.

CAL
Oh, I sure hope so. I saw your mama
at Butterfield's awhile back. Said
you moved out to Hollywood, became
a big shot director or something?

GRIFFIN
Agent actually.

CAL
Well, I must say I'm surprised to
get a visit from you. I don't think
we spoke since High school. And I
don't think we spoke much *then*.

GRIFFIN
I came here because I wanted to
talk to you about a decision that
could change your life.

Griffin thinks about the best way to approach this.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)
Let's play a little name
association game. What do you say?

 CAL
Sure, I like games.

 GRIFFIN
I'm gonna say a name and you tell
me if you've heard of the person.

Cal sits up in her chair.

 GRIFFIN (CONT'D)
Frank Gore.

 CAL
Vice President. Or.. Was.

 GRIFFIN
He's arguably the best running back
in the NFL. Plays for the 49ers.

 CAL
Oh, I don't much follow football.
That was more Horace's thing.

 GRIFFIN
Ok, How about Nate Reuss?

 CAL
Um, nope. He a football player too?

 GRIFFIN
No, he has the number one single in
the Country and is the lead singer
of one the hottest bands around.

 CAL
Oh. Griffin, are you tryin' to make
me feel dumb?

 GRIFFIN
Not at all. I'm trying to make a
point. Here's two more names.

 CAL
(suspicious)
OK then.

 GRIFFIN
O.J. Simpson.

CAL

Course I know who he is.

GRIFFIN

He was a running back who retired in 1979, way before you were born. How about Charles Manson?

CAL

Yes Griffin. I know who Charles Manson is.

GRIFFIN

Well he never had a number one single, but he was a failed singer who's last album came out in 1970 and sold just under 300 copies.

CAL

I can tell there's a point to all this, but I'm tryin'...

GRIFFIN

Why do you know the name of a running back who retired in 1979, or a singer who sold 300 copies of an album in 1970?

CAL

Because they're murderers?

GRIFFIN

Amanda Knox was offered 4 mil for her book and made the cover of 'People' the same week. Murder is the new sex tape. We're living in a time where the line between famous and infamous has disappeared. Money is money and there's money to be made. You've been given an opportunity, Cal. A big one.

CAL

What is it you want, Griffin?

GRIFFIN

I want to work for you.

CAL

(beat)

Do I get to go to Hollywood?

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The trial has been underway for weeks. Cal sits patiently while her lawyer is in the middle of his closing remarks.

LAWYER

We've heard the "evidence" in this case from both the Prosecution and myself and I still submit there is none to prove without a doubt, that Ms. Baker is a cold hearted killer. Take a good look for yourselves.

Cal looks like the picture of innocence, dressed in white, The JURY sympathizing with her doe eyed hopefulness.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

What do we really have here? We have a ten year old eyewitness who admitted he wasn't an eye witness at all. That he allegedly saw the defendant "smiling" after the fact. He didn't see her pull the lever, he saw her "smiling." I laugh when I go to a horror picture. Do any of ya'll laugh? You can admit it.

The Jury looks at each other. Some of them laugh in horror movies.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

You wanna know why? Because your brain tricks your body into a defense mechanism to suppress your real emotion. Because your body knows you so well that if that emotion wasn't suppressed, there could be an emotional breakdown. And that's when we go to the movies. Now picture walking into your garage and seeing your spouse crushed under a car, their body soaked in blood.

The Jury all shake their heads, shuddering at the thought.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

Can you say without a doubt, what role your subconscious would play in a facial expression? And then we have the smoking gun. The fingerprints on the lever.

PROSECUTING LAWYER
Objection your honor. To use
"smoking gun" in a sarcastic manner
like that...

JUDGE TAYLOR
(riveted)
Uh, sure. Sustained. Continue
counselor.

LAWYER
Let's go over what we know about
these prints. We know that Horace
Baker's prints were on the lever.
As well as a Paramedic's prints.
Hell, even the arresting officer's
prints were on it.

Buster and his wife EUNICE (60's) sit in attendance, Buster
scowling.

LAWYER (CONT'D)
And yes, my client's prints were on
it too. We must concede that. But
asks yourselves this. Do you want
to send an innocent woman to the
electric chair for trying to save
her husband?

Cal looks at the jury with pleading eyes. The Jury has all
but made up their minds.

LAWYER (CONT'D)
Nothing further your Honor.

The Prosecutor looks sick. And Buster looks plain mad.

INT. PRISON VISITORS ROOM - DAY

Cal and Griffin talk strategy at the table. Cal has a piece
of paper in front of her.

GRIFFIN
You did great today, Cal. Now if
all goes well which we think it
will, you're gonna go free as soon
as the judge reads the verdict.
What do you do then?

CAL
I introduce myself to the world.
(reading from paper)
(MORE)

CAL (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentleman, this has been a trying time for me. I would just like to thank My Lord and Savior Jesus Ch...

GRIFFIN

No, no. No more of that Lord and Savior crap. You're worldwide now. You're going to turn people off.

CAL

(crossing it out)

And I would like to thank the great State of Florida... Can I say 'fans' here?

GRIFFIN

No, say 'People'. And more innocent. More exhausted. Sell it.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Cal is surrounded by REPORTERS. She talks into at least twenty microphones as she's snapped by PHOTOGRAPHERS.

CAL

...The great State of Florida for being fair and just. All I ask at this time is to respect my privacy while I take some much needed time to finally grieve my dearly departed husband. And to all the peop... to all my *fans* who sent me letters of support, I thank you too. Thank you. Thank you so much.

Griffin leads Cal into a waiting car. Reporters yelling questions as it drives away.

INT. CAL'S HOUSE - DAY

Cal talks into her cellphone. A big SUITCASE busts at the seams next to her.

CAL

(into phone)

I was hopin' I'd see you at Court. Guess you must be busy. Well, I'm sure you heard I'm innocent.

(MORE)

CAL (CONT'D)
I'm gonna be goin' away for awhile,
I hope maybe when I get back we can
have lunch or something. Anyway, I
love you. Bye Mama.

Cal hangs up the phone as there's a tap at the door.

CAL (CONT'D)
I'm not talking to reporters right
now. If you'd like to schedule an
interview you can contact my agent
Griffin Abernathy at Integrity
Talent Agency in Hollywood.

BUSTER
(behind the door)
Not a reporter Ms. Baker.

Cal frowns and opens the door to Buster.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cal hands an iced tea to Buster who sits on the couch.

BUSTER
See you're takin' a trip.

CAL
What can I do for you Officer?

BUSTER
Just wanted a quick word, then I'll
let you be. Wanted to congratulate
you is all.

Buster sees a SCRAPBOOK of all Cal's articles and photos. He
picks it up.

BUSTER (CONT'D)
You're a celebrity now.

CAL
Oh, go on.

BUSTER
Herostratic fame.

CAL
I'm no hero, officer Bell. Just an
innocent woman.

Buster places the scrapbook back down.

BUSTER

Herostratus was an arsonist in Ancient Greece. Story is, he went and burned down the Temple of Artemis, one of the seven wonders of the ancient world, just so he could get famous. The word herostratic literally means *seeking infamy*. The evil that people do for recognition.

CAL

Well, you sure know an awful lot about this stuff.

BUSTER

Oh, just a hobby of mine I suppose.

CAL

So what happened to him?

BUSTER

Herostratus? Executed. And not only that, the powers that be forbid any mention of his name ever again under penalty of death to make sure he wouldn't have no legacy.

CAL

Well, I guess it didn't work. You know about him.

BUSTER

Guess what I'm sayin' is, we're from different times you and me. I'm from a time when a good deed *wun't* always rewarded but the bad deeds, heck, they never were. How the times they have changed, huh?

CAL

I like to think a good deed is always smiled on from above, no matter how small.

BUSTER

And the bad deed? Does he look the other way now?

CAL

Not sure what you're asking, Officer Bell.

BUSTER

You can call me Buster. I'm not an Officer anymore. Just a man tryin' to find his way like everyone else. How's life now that the trial's over? You must be relieved.

CAL

I wouldn't call it relief. I'd say justice was served.

BUSTER

For you or Horace?

CAL

Look, Off...Buster, I gotta plane to catch so if there's...

BUSTER

Not wearin' any makeup today. Trouble lookin' in that mirror?

Cal looks Buster square in the eye, tired of his shit.

CAL

No sir. Just don't got nothin' needs covering up anymore.

Cal opens the front door for him.

BUSTER

Wherever you're goin' Ms. Baker, I suggest you stay there cause' you come back here and *I'ma* getcha.

INT. LAX - DAY

Los Angeles International Airport. People coming and going from everywhere. Cal, wearing big, dark Liz Taylor like shades, rolls her suitcase down the terminal.

GRIFFIN

(O.S.)

Cal, over here.

Cal sees a smiling Griffin holding up a sign that says "Baker". She smiles as well and hands him her bag.

CAL

Should we do the Euro kiss thing?

GRIFFIN

OK.

They kiss both cheeks and walk towards the exit.

 GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

So there's gonna be paparazzi
outside wanting to ask you
questions and snap your picture and
all that. Just remember don't act
like you're having too much fun.
That's the secret.

 CAL

How do you know they're gonna be
here for me?

 GRIFFIN

Because I tipped them off.

EXT. LAX - SAME

Griffin leads her outside where a few PAPARAZZI stand around.

 CAMERA GUY

Cal the Heart Breaker! How do you
like LA?

 CAL

Well I just got here! Are y'all
from TMZ?

 CAMERA GUY

No.

 CAL

Oh. Well have a nice day anyway.

Griffin opens the door for her and she gets in and rolls down
the window to smile for the cameras as the car pulls away.

INT. ITA - DAY

Griffin leads Cal down the hall towards Michael's office.

 CAL

Who are the people on the walls?

 GRIFFIN

Mostly TV stars.

Cal looks at a framed picture of COURTNEY STODDEN.

 CAL

Wow.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Cal sits across from Michael with Griffin next to her. She has a pen in her hand and a contract in front of her.

CAL
I still think I should maybe talk
to a lawyer?

MICHAEL
I wouldn't worry about that, Cal.
We're the good guys. We are your
representation.

Cal thinks it over, looks at Griffin who nods his head and signs the papers.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Let's have some fun, bitches.

INT. CHATEAU MARMONT - DAY

Griffin leads Cal into her junior suite. White bed, white walls, a white desk with a laptop and a little balcony overlooking the pool.

CAL
All this is for me?

GRIFFIN
Nice huh?

Cal looks around the room.

CAL
I feel like Julia Roberts in
'*Pretty Woman*'.
(sees the laptop)
Is that mine too?

GRIFFIN
Fully loaded. Power Writer, Final
Draft, Typesetter. It's all ready
for you. For your book. All you
have to do is write it.

Griffin sits at the desk and opens Facebook.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)
Oh, and I think you'll like this.
We set you up with a Facebook page.
You already have over ten thousand
friends.

Cal runs to the screen. Her eyes well up.

CAL
Oh my lord. Look at that.

Cal sits on the bed and looks out the window thoughtfully.

CAL (CONT'D)
I can't believe everything that's
happened to me the past few months.

Griffin lowers his head out of respect for Horace and everything she's been through.

CAL (CONT'D)
It's like a dream come true.

GRIFFIN
Oh. Well, you order a snack, take a
nap, look out at the hills. Get
inspired to write. And I'll be back
tomorrow with a surprise.

Cal gets a little more comfortable on the bed.

CAL
A surprise huh? Hey, why don't we
go out to dinner?

GRIFFIN
Oh, you already have dinner plans.

EXT. IVY ON THE SHORE - NIGHT

A few PHOTOGRAPHERS camp outside the trendy restaurant.

INT. IVY ON THE SHORE - NIGHT

Cal, in a gold evening gown, sits across the table from TAYLOR HUDSON, 20's, heartthrob looks.

CAL
It was nice of Griffin to set us up
like this. I can't tell you the
last time I've been on a date.

TAYLOR
Yeah, it's chill.

Taylor scans the room. (He's always scanning the room)

CAL
So Taylor, how do you know Griffin?

TAYLOR
I'm repped by ITA too.

CAL
Oh, are you an actor?

TAYLOR
Well, not really. I can act though.
Check this out.

Taylor looks into Cal's eyes very seriously.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
That's my *intense*. Intense right?

CAL
Very.

TAYLOR
So what's it like being famous?

CAL
Oh, I wouldn't say I'm famous.
(beat)
Would you?

TAYLOR
You got snapped up by the *pap up* on
the way in. You're famous yo. That
must be the shit. It's my dream, on
the real. It's everyone's dream.

CAL
I guess I hadn't really thought
about it much until recently.

TAYLOR
Yo, you straight trippin. You're
hilarious though. Michael said you
might be getting your own reality
show. That's what's up. That's what
I'm trying to do. Maybe get some
DWI's, get in some motherfuckin'
dust ups at the right places first.
Get my name out there. Work from
there to film.

Cal looks confused. The WAITER brings their food.

WAITER

Cold, poached artichoke with fresh tomatoes and garden basil for the gentleman and Kobe style New York Strip, rare, for the lady. Enjoy.

CAL

I feel like such a pig.

TAYLOR

Yeah you do. So what did you do?

CAL

What did I do, when?

TAYLOR

How'd you get in the game, girl?

Taylor takes a dainty bite of artichoke. Cal starts stabbing at her meat with a glinting, steely knife.

CAL

I was accused of murdering my husband.

Taylor stops mid chew and stares at Cal fearfully. She finally notices.

CAL (CONT'D)

(oblivious)

Are you doing *scared*?

EXT. PREMIERE RED CARPET - NIGHT

Cal and Taylor step out of their car into the flashing lights and deafening roar of the press at a REALITY SHOW PREMIERE. The stars of the show, Forty-something WOMEN, wearing too much makeup, speak to the press and sign autographs. Taylor trails behind Cal who is escorted by a SECURITY GUARD.

REPORTER

Hey, Cal! And we're wearing tonight...?

CAL

Oh. Um, a gold dress, gold shoes and extra deodorant. You?

TAYLOR

(to reporter)

Taylor, with a Y.

Cal walks the red carpet in her gold evening gown like she's been doing it forever. She answers questions on one side and on the other side signs an autograph. She looks beautiful. She looks like a star.

EXT. GREYSTONE MANOR - NIGHT

The after party. A line down the block. Frustrated, normal people wait, while the velvet rope lifts for the beautiful, famous faces by the giant BOUNCER. Cal and Taylor get out of the car.

CAL

I thought we were going to
someone's house.

Taylor walks in back of Cal as some more PHOTOGS come up to them. The bouncer takes notice.

PHOTOG

Are you two dating?

TAYLOR

(gross smile)
A little early to say.

Cal looks hopeful.

PHOTOG

Have fun tonight, Cal.

TAYLOR

And Taylor. Taylor Hudson.

Cal waves good night. The bouncer might never have seen them before but fame is fame. He lifts the rope.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

This place is *cray*. They should
call it fuckin' *Craystone* Manor.

INT. GREYSTONE MANOR - NIGHT

Bottle service, skimpy outfits, colored drinks, thumping music, strobe lights, crowded dance floor, sweat everywhere.

CAL

(uncomfortable)
So, would you um, like to dance?

TAYLOR

Come on.

He leads her to a table and pours some vodka shots. They start drinking and Taylor prepares and blows a line of coke.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

You want?

CAL

Oh, gosh no. But I don't judge you.

TAYLOR

You crack me up, yo.

As always, Taylor looks around the room.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Ohh!! Dickie! Yo dicks!

(back to Cal)

I'll be right back.

And he's gone. Cal takes in the madness and has another shot.

INT. GREYSTONE MANOR - LATER

Cal, drunk, walks to the dance floor which parts like the Red Sea for her. She gets to the center as people start to recognize her. She lets the music reach it's peak and dances her ass off as she disappears into the crowd.

The dance floor becomes a pulsing, living thing. Suddenly, Cal emerges, arms spread, CARRIED OVERHEAD BY THE MASSES.

INT. GREYSTONE MANOR - LATER

Cal is back at her table alone. Her hair is wet. She's a beautiful mess. Finally Taylor comes back.

TAYLOR

Oh shit, you're still here? I thought you left.

CAL

I was dancing.

TAYLOR

Word.

CAL

I'm thinking I might be a little drunk though. I should probably go back to my hotel.

She looks at Taylor, leading.

TAYLOR
 (not taking the hint)
 No doubt. I got this. Well, ITA's
 got it.

CAL
 How do I even get back to my hotel?

She moves a little closer to him. Taylor's friend DICKIE,
 20's, could be his brother, comes over.

DICKIE
 Yo Taylor, we bouncin' to that
 banger on Doheny. You in or you
 still on the clock?

Cal looks at Taylor with seductive eyes.

TAYLOR
 I'll meet you in a minute, yo.

DICKIE
 Chill.

Dickie kisses Taylor goodbye. And the kiss goes on for a
 very long time. Cal tries to hide her surprise and
 humiliation. Dickie finally leaves.

TAYLOR
 Sorry, I figured you knew I don't
 roll that way.

CAL
 (sincere)
 Then why did you want to go out
 with me?

INT. CHATEAU MARMONT - NIGHT

Cal stumbles into the dark room, looks out at the glittering,
 Hollywood lights and collapses on the bed.

INT. CHATEAU MARMONT - DAY

Cal is still asleep in her clothes, on top of her bed when
 there's a knock at the door. She finally stirs.

CAL
 (groggy)
 Just a minute.

She gets herself together in the mirror and is surprised at how awful she looks. She opens the door to Griffin and a CAMERA CREW.

 GRIFFIN

Good morning.

 CAL

What's all this?

 GRIFFIN

It's your camera crew. For your show!

 CAL

Oh my gosh. We're filming today? I look like a dead rat.

 GRIFFIN

I told you I had a surprise.

Cal walks over and starts to introduce herself to the guys.

 GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

Don't bother getting to know them, Cal. They're not even here.

 CAL

Can I have a word with you for a minute on the balcony?

 GRIFFIN

OK guys, why don't you finish setting up, check the lighting and make sure the audio is... Doing it's thing...

The crew looks at him like he's an idiot.

EXT. BALCONY - SAME

Griffin joins a nervous Cal who's watching people swim below.

 GRIFFIN

What's up?

 CAL

I don't know how to make a TV show. I don't think I'm ready for this.

 GRIFFIN

What's there to know? It's a reality show.

CAL
Well, what do I have to do to make
it interesting?

Griffin thinks about it.

GRIFFIN
Nothing.

CAL
And who the heck is gonna wanna
watch me do nothing?

GRIFFIN
Look, this is just a way to expand
your brand. It doesn't matter what
you do or what you don't do. The
editors are gonna make it look like
you deserve to have a show and that
people should be interested in you.
That's all that matters.

Cal looks dubious.

CAL
Well, what should we do today?

GRIFFIN
I have a few ideas.

CAL
Oh, I don't doubt it.

EXT. MELROSE - DAY

Cal window shops along the avenue. Behind her Griffin and
the Camera Crew are filming. A GIRL (13) and her FRIEND (13)
cross the street and approach Cal when they see the cameras.

GIRL
(handing her a flyer)
Can I have your autograph?

CAL
Well, you sure can.

Cal goes into her bag and grabs her pen and signs.

CAL (CONT'D)
Shouldn't y'all be in school?

Cal hands it back to the girl who's trying to read the name.

GIRL
What's your...

She hands the flyer to her friend who also tries to figure out who this person is.

FRIEND
Cal...purnicus Becker?

They both shrug and walk away.

CAL
Stay in school y'all.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS MANSION - DAY

Calpurnia and Griffin leave the gated property with the camera crew in tow. A few PHOTOGS walk over.

PHOTOG
You buying this house, Cal?

She looks at Griffin who nods.

CAL
Thinking about it. Lotta houses to see today.

PHOTOG
Well congratulations.

CAL
Thank you, sweetie.

They start walking away. Cal whispers into Griffin's ear.

CAL (CONT'D)
Tell me again why it's a good idea to shop for houses I couldn't afford in my wildest dreams?

GRIFFIN
People don't know you can't afford it. They see the cameras, they think you're loaded. They think you're loaded they want to buy the perfume you're pushing. Or the clothing line. They buy the perfume and clothing line, and pretty soon you are loaded.

INT. BECKY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Becky, Abigail and Tina are playing bridge with the TV on. They're watching TMZ when Cal's house hunting story comes on.

ABIGAIL
Oh my lord in heaven.

TINA
Look at her hair. And that house!

They watch Cal on the TV, handling the paparazzi like a pro.

ABIGAIL
She looks gorgeous.

TINA
I always knew she had that star quality about her.

ABIGAIL
Christie told me she heard Cal got a million bucks just for being some Arab guy's date to a charity auction.

Becky sits quietly, SEETHING with jealousy.

INT. FATHER FLOOD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Father Flood is flipping through the channels on *his* TV, getting ready for bed when he's stopped cold by Cal leaving the HOLLYWOOD SCIENTOLOGY CENTER, talking to some Paparazzi.

CAL
(on TV)
I'm not saying I'm a Scientologist, per se. I believe it was Will Smith who said, "I'm a student of all religions." And I truly believe that too. Thank you, guys.

FATHER FLOOD
Oh for Christ's sake.

INT. BUTTERFIELD'S MARKET - DAY

Buster and Eunice walk down the aisle with their shopping cart. Buster grabs a box of Lucky Charms and Eunice takes it out of the cart and replaces it with Mueslix.

EUNICE

And don't give me that side eye either. What are you seven years old? Lucky Charms?

BUSTER

It's my one vice, Eunice.

EUNICE

I guess drinking and gambling are no longer considered vices. That's great news. Maybe after here we can find a drug dealer, get some heroin to shoot up. I hear that's a fun non-vice too.

Buster grabs her, starts dancing with her in the middle of the aisle, talking to passerby.

BUSTER

That's my wife folks. Only woman who can go from lucky charms to heroin faster than a *ferrari*'ll go zero to sixty.

Buster kisses her on the lips as she pushes him away.

INT. BUTTERFIELD'S MARKET - DAY

Buster and Eunice are at the checkout counter.

EUNICE

I know you'll never admit it, and you bite my head off every time I mention it, but boy oh boy have you changed since you retired. It's like night and day...

Eunice's words get washed out as Buster notices a copy of the *National Enquirer*. He picks it up. He does not look happy.

EUNICE (CONT'D)

Buster? What is it?

C.U. NATIONAL ENQUIRER, to the left of the giant picture of KHLOE KARDASHIAN, and below a story about a "GIANT SINKHOLE SWALLOWING UP A FAMILY IN LOUISIANA", there's a little color picture of Cal with the blurb:

"Cal the Heart Breaker Baker-- America's Next Sweetheart? Talked a homeless man out of suicide and met Vince Vaughan in the Same Day! Read about her views on Cancer inside..."

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - DAY

KIDS scream on the big Ferris Wheel, PARENTS eat ice cream and drink Starbucks and FISHERMEN throw their catches into their tackle boxes as Cal and Griffin walk along the pier.

 GRIFFIN
 (reaching into his pocket)
 This is for you.

He hands her a check.

 GRIFFIN (CONT'D)
 Your advance came in from the
 publisher. Fifty thousand.

 CAL
 Oh my gosh!

She looks at the check.

 CAL (CONT'D)
 How come it says twenty three
 thousand?

 GRIFFIN
 Well, ITA gets it's thirty percent
 and the government gets it's thirty
 percent of that. But that check?
 That's all yours.

 CAL
 Wow. I don't think I ever saw a
 check this big.

 GRIFFIN
 Well, keep it up and there'll be
 plenty more where that came from.
 So how *is* the writing coming along?

 CAL
 I don't know. I'm scared to tell
 the truth now.

 GRIFFIN
 Still just me, Cal.

Cal puts the check in her pocket.

 CAL
 It's hard. Feels like homework.
 And you know I was never good when
 it come to homework.

GRIFFIN

Don't think of it like a chore. Think of it as a chance to tell the world who you really are. What makes Cal Baker tick. While they're still interested in finding out.

CAL

Why would they lose interest?

Griffin doesn't answer.

CAL (CONT'D)

I guess I just don't fancy myself a writer is all. I'm more of a...

She doesn't end the sentence.

GRIFFIN

I think you're smarter than you give yourself credit. You remember in tenth grade English, you didn't do your writing assignment and Mrs. Ross called on you to read your piece in front of the class? And instead of telling her you didn't do it you picked up a blank piece of paper and read an entire page off the top of your head?

CAL

How did you know about that?

GRIFFIN

When you were finished you showed Horace the blank page. I was sitting in back of him.

CAL

I'd forgotten all about that.

GRIFFIN

Not me. The greatest day you ever had was when your father took you swamp fishing when you were nine years old. He woke you up early, before dawn and you watched the sun come up together over Waccasassa Swamp. You got to miss school that day and you caught, I think it was a Chain Pickerel. And your daddy was proud of you because he gave you the choice to throw it back but you kept it.

(MORE)

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)
 (gets self conscious)
And there was some more stuff but I
think that's about the gist of it.

 CAL
 (shocked and touched)
I guess I didn't think anyone was
listening.

 GRIFFIN
I was listening. You might've kept
to yourself back then but you were
still dangerous. I saw your wild
side.

 CAL
Yeah. What happened to that girl?

 GRIFFIN
She's in there. Just been awhile
since she was allowed to come out
and play. But...

Griffin exaggeratedly checks her face and finally looks deep
in her eyes.

 GRIFFIN (CONT'D)
...She's still in there.

Their faces are close. There's a spark. They both feel it.

 CAL
 (feelin' it)
Griffin...

Griffin looks past Cal at the CAMERA CREW recording the whole
scene and remembers he's being filmed.

 GRIFFIN
Anyway, if Snookie can write four
books, you can write one.

They keep walking down the pier, both a little shaken.

INT. EDITING BAY - DAY

Griffin and Michael watch some raw footage of the reality
show cut together by the EDITOR. On the little screen, Cal
talks directly to camera.

 CAL
 (on screen)
And I'm like '*raw fish?!*
 (MORE)

CAL (CONT'D)
*I'll wear that Kabbalah bracelet
 But where are y'all takin' me'?*

GRIFFIN
 So, what do you think? Hit?

MICHAEL
 Fuck if I know.

They keep watching a bit longer.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 You're in it a lot though.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Buster walks in the station wearing plain clothes. Same shit different day, except now Hank sits in Buster's old office.

BUSTER
 What do you say, what do you know?

CAROLINE
 Oh, hiya Buster.

From the lack of enthusiasm, you get the feeling Buster visits a lot. He sits down across from Billy.

BUSTER
 Y'all workin' hard or hardly
 workin'?

BILLY
 Workin' hard at hardly workin'.

Hank sees Buster from his desk, Buster's old office.

BUSTER
 So, what's the scuttlebutt?

Billy looks over some paperwork.

BILLY
 Well, Ed Cromley's dog's been going
 number two on the Cosgrove's
 welcome mat. Bill Thatcher stole
 some peanut butter cups from the
 Shop Rite on fourth. He swore he
 was innocent. I said we'll get his
 fingerprints off the wrapper. He
 says, "You ain't gonna get my
 prints. I was wearin' gloves."

Everybody laughs when Hank comes out of his office.

HANK

You know Buster, when people retire it usually means they stop coming to work.

BUSTER

Come on now, Hank. I ain't been here for days. Just wanted to say hello is all.

HANK

Then say it, OK?

Billy shrugs and watches Hank go back to his office.

CAROLINE

We still on for pool Thursday?

BUSTER

You bet we are. And I aim to win some of my money back too.

LAWRENCE

You forgot to tell him Luanne Ewell was spotted in town the other day.

Billy shoots him a look then looks into Hank's office.

BUSTER

Luanne Ewell? You knew Luanne Ewell was in town and you didn't tell me? After everything, Billy?

BILLY

Keep it down, Buster. You're gonna get me in trouble.

CAROLINE

Who's Luanne Ewell?

LAWRENCE

Cal Baker's mother. She was in town lookin' for Cal.

CAROLINE

I didn't even know Cal had a mother. I thought she was raised by a Grandmother or something.

Billy puts his finger to his lips and shhhhh's everybody.

LAWRENCE

Course' she had a mother. Left town when Cal was nine. Father left two months earlier never to be heard from again. Luanne dropped Cal with her mother and didn't look back. It's all in the *E! Hollywood Story*.

BUSTER

You know I've been trying to find this woman for months now. What the heck were you thinking, Billy?

HANK

He was thinking, one, this case is closed and Cal Baker is innocent. And two, you ain't an officer of the law no more, so you go off snooping on your Hardy Boys adventures without a badge and you could get us all in trouble. You had your shot, Buster. You lost.

Buster shakes his head and heads for the door.

BUSTER

You're right, Hank. I ain't a cop anymore. But you're wrong about her. She ain't innocent. She's a killer. And she's gonna kill again.

INT. CHATEAU MARMONT - DAY

Cal sits at her laptop and tries to write. Nothing comes. She opens her Twitter account and smiles at her new number of followers. She types:

C.U. SCREEN

@hrtbrker is trying to write her book. #SOBORED!!!!

She posts it and waits for her followers to respond. After reading through a handful, she focuses on one particular tweet.

C.U. SCREEN

From @ezryder: Are you going to your H.S. Reunion? Wish I could b famous n go. #sojelly!

Cal furrows her brow.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Cal and the camera crew wait while Griffin gets some signatures on a clipboard. DOCTOR BERMAN comes out.

DOCTOR BERMAN

Sorry about the wait. Come on back.

Cal gets up and the camera crew follows her into the office.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Cal sits on the elevated bed while the crew sets up.

DOCTOR BERMAN

So like we discussed, I'll do an evaluation of your facial appearance and skin tone, which I must say at first glance, looks pretty Okay on its own. How old are you, twenty four, twenty five?

CAL

Almost twenty-eight.

DOCTOR BERMAN

(gravely)

Oh, I see.

GRIFFIN

You sure you want to do this?

Cal nods her head. Doctor Berman takes a magic marker and starts drawing on Cal's face. The cameras get close.

DOCTOR BERMAN

So let's see the areas of your face we'll be augmenting. And remember this is a dermal filler, it's not permanent. You'll have to come back for regular collagen injections if you want to keep these improvements consistent.

CAL

I feel prettier already.

She looks ridiculous, like someone drew a pirate's treasure map on her face while she was sleeping.

EXT. GAINESVILLE REGIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

A small plane taxis to a gate and Cal, Griffin and the crew exit down the stairs.

GRIFFIN

I can't believe you talked me into flying here from Charlotte. We could have flown direct from LA for less money. What's the matter?

Cal looks up at him. Her lips look bad. The collagen injections were not an improvement.

CAL

I just thought maybe there'd be some press here.

GRIFFIN

I called the Sun. I told you they want to do the interview at the reunion. Not at the airport.

(beat)

This is Gainesville not Paris.

CAMERA GUY

We're gonna head to the Holiday Inn. We'll meet at the school, OK?

GRIFFIN

OK, buddy.

CAMERA GUY

It's Aaron.

The crew goes. Cal purses her too plump lips, egging him on.

CAL

I'm hungry. You hungry?

GRIFFIN

Let's jut get this over with.

EXT/INT. GRIFFIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The front door opens to Griffin's mother, CAROL ABERNATHY, (50's) with the widest grin you ever saw. She hugs her son.

CAROL

Griffin! C'mon in here you!!
(upstairs)
Liam, Shelby, get down here.

LIAM, (14) and SHELBY (17) come down the stairs and Cal watches Griffin being greeted by his family.

 GRIFFIN
You got big, Lee.

 CAROL
And who do we have here?
 (realizes)
Well, look at you darling, I almost
didn't recognize you.

 CAL
Thank you.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Cal, Griffin, Carol, Liam and Shelby sit around the table.

 CAROL
Make sure you eat the vegetables
too, not just the loaf.
 (to Cal)
You should have seen him as a boy.
We used to have to mash up his
veggies and put them in the
potatoes just so he'd eat them.
Like a dog eatin' his medicine.

Cal looks on a little melancholy, not sure how to fit in.

 CAROL (CONT'D)
We're just so proud of you Griffin.

 GRIFFIN
So how's school guys?

 LIAM
Fine.

 GRIFFIN
Shelby, that boyfriend of yours
still giving you a hard time?

 SHELBY
He's not my boyfriend, *Grandpa*.
Gosh!

 CAROL
You settle down now, Shelby.

CAL
(friendly)
Well, he gives you any trouble you
just tell him I'm gonna come
looking for him.

The table gets very quiet. Shelby, terrified, swallows hard.

SHELBY
No please don't. He's a good person

LIAM
Cal, you gonna be on TV?

CAL
Well I sure hope so. Camera's been
following me around long enough!

LIAM
That's so cool.

SHELBY
You're like a legend at our school.

CAL
I am?

CAROL
Well isn't that nice? A legend.
What's the show about?

GRIFFIN
I told you mom, it's about her life
after the trial and how she's
adjusting to new... and all that.

CAROL
Well, how interesting. When's it
on? I'll tape it.

LIAM
It's called DVR mom.

GRIFFIN
The show has to be picked up by a
network first.

LIAM
Did you hear Mr. Tedesco got his
balls caught in the vice in shop
and the paramedics had to come?

CAROL
Liam!

SHELBY

It's true.

The conversation moves on as if Cal is no longer there. She observes the happy family pretend to throw food at each other, interrupt each other and laugh at inside jokes.

CAL

(above the noise)

Y'all are really so lucky to have each other.

The table gets quiet again.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Griffin's driving. Cal's in the passenger's seat.

CAL

Your family sure is nice, Griffin.

GRIFFIN

Yeah, they're something all right.

CAL

'I were you I never would've left.

EXT. HAWTHORNE HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

Griffin's car pulls into the parking lot of the sprawling, red brick structure. The school has many wings and is topped by a cathedral-like tower. It's ominous looking at night.

GRIFFIN

Just as spooky as ever.

Cal looks in the mirror trying to steel her nerves.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

You Okay?

CAL

Heck yeah I'm Okay. I'm good.

EXT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Cal and Griffin walk passed a few whispering HAWTHORNE GRADS. Cal's nervous, quiet.

HAWTHORNE GRAD

Hey, can I get an autograph?

Cal's shocked. Suspicious.

CAL
You don't want my autograph.

HAWTHORNE GRAD
Are you kidding? You're famous.

Maybe this is gonna be okay.

CAL
Well, all right?

Cal signs his Reunion invitation. A few more Hawthorne grads line up for autographs. Cal's starting to get her confidence. They finally reach the name tag table.

CAL (CONT'D)
Um, Calpurnia Baker?

WENDY, (20's) the name tag girl excitedly grabs her sticker.

WENDY
Well, I know who you are Cal! Local girl made good! It's Wendy. Wendy Wendling! Used to be Wendy Masters? I know, I know. Why did Wendy ever marry a man with the last name Wendling. Cupid's dart! Hiya Grif!

She hands Cal her name tag.

WENDY (CONT'D)
Not that you need it. Well go inside you two! Practically the whole class is in there. And a reporter from the Gainesville Sun!

INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

These Hawthorne alums went all out. Full bar, buffet, posters of LINKIN PARK, MATCHBOX TWENTY, SHANIA TWAIN and GEORGE DUBYA hang from the rafters. A DJ is playing a JAY-Z song while half-drunk alums dance badly to the beat.

GRIFFIN
There's our guys.

He points to the Grandstands where the Camera Crew is setting up. They start making their way.

TINA (O.S.)
Cal?

Cal turns around to Tina and Abigail. They bum rush her into a giant, giggling, hug.

CAL
How're y'all doing?

ABIGAIL
How are we doing? How are YOU doing
is the question!

The reunion photographer walks over. Tina and Abigail grab Cal and pose for the camera. An ALUMNI photobombs.

ALUMNI
Cal, the heart breaker! Don't kill
me tonight!!

Cal smiles it off. Another guy, CHUCK (20's, nerdy) walks over to Griffin.

CHUCK
Hey Abernathy, hands in the air,
chairs on the floor, fire alarm
goes I'm the first out the door!

GRIFFIN
Heya, Chuck.

Another ALUM approaches Cal and the girls.

ALUM
Hey Cal, don't kill me for sayin'
this, but you look pretty damn
good! But seriously, don't kill me.

He laughs with some of his friends.

CAL
Hi y'all.

TINA
Doesn't that get annoying?

CAL
All part of the fame game. You get
used to it.

ABIGAIL
So, what are you doin' here? I
figured you for Rodeo Drive or
somewheres shoppin' for furs.

CAL

Oh, my producers talked me into
comin' back. Hope y'all don't mind
bein' on TV!

She points to the crew on the Grandstands.

BECKY (O.S.)

*Cal, Cal she's so foul, the girl
with the six inch unibrow!*

Cal turns and sees a tipsy, Becky approaching for a hug. The
reunion photographer sets his camera. Becky's in her element.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Now I know you're used to this, but
take one with li'l ole' me please?

CAL

Sure Becky.

The picture is snapped. Becky stands with Tina and Abigail.

BECKY

Girl, look at your lips!

Becky has nothing else to add. Cal smiles, embarrassed.

CAL

Well, we better get, someone from
the Sun is doing a story on me.

BECKY

Well of course they are. You're
just the most famous thing ever to
come out of this town. Foxy Knoxy
ain't got nothing on you, girl.

Griffin says goodbye to Chuck and turns to the girls.

GRIFFIN

You ready, Cal? Hi girls.

BECKY

Griffin Abernathy. Didn't you turn
into a handsome, young man. Now why
weren't we friends in high school?

GRIFFIN

Well, after you got Brad Watts to
dunk my head in the toilet Junior
year, I figured there wasn't much
left to be friendly about.

Becky laughs loudly.

BECKY

I remember that! I hope you're not sore at me. I was pretty mean back then. But boy you do look good.

She puts a hand on his shoulder. Cal doesn't like it.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Are y'all here like on a date?

GRIFFIN

We work together.

Cal doesn't like that either.

BECKY

That's right. She's the starlet and you're the big Hollywood producer.

GRIFFIN

Agent actually.

CAL

We'd better head over, Griffin.

BECKY

Y'all go and do your thing. But come to Table One when you're done, Okay you guys?

Cal and Griffin walk away, Cal turns back and sees Becky whispering about them. Time slows down and Cal can clearly make out:

BECKY'S LIPS

(Slow motion)

... Still a loser...

Becky laughs and waves as Cal turns back around.

INT. GYMNASIUM GRANDSTANDS - NIGHT

The Camera Crew films Cal (now in sunglasses) being interviewed by the REPORTER from the Gainesville Sun. From time to time Drunk alums jump up and try to get in the shot.

SUN REPORTER

So how has Alachua County changed since you've been gone?

CAL

Well, I haven't been gone that long.

SUN REPORTER

What do you like most about our hometown?

CAL

Well I...
(gets flustered/smiles)
No comment.

SUN REPORTER

Were you more of an extrovert or more introverted in High School?

CAL

I'm sorry... I don't...

SUN REPORTER

Were you the class clown or...

CAL

Oh gosh no. I kept to myself mostly. I was more *inverted*.

DRUNK ALUM (O.S.)

Don't get her mad, she'll murder you bro!

Cal turns around to one of the Camera guys.

CAL

We can cut that out right?

SUN REPORTER

How do you think you were different from your schoolmates when you were at Hawthorne?

CAL

I dunno. Why don't you ask them?

SUN REPORTER

But you were different right? Did you go to football games?

CAL

I don't really remember.

ANOTHER ALUM (O.S.)
 Hope you're not planning on drivin'
 her home, she crushes people to
 death with cars!

GRIFFIN
 Shut up, Emory.

SUN REPORTER
 Just ignore them.

Cal's really starting to crash. She's wearing shades but it's plain to see that she's on the verge of tears. She sees Becky and the girls whispering to some more drunk alums.

SUN REPORTER (CONT'D)
 But you married the High School
 Running Back. May he rest in peace.

CAL
 That was after High School.

SUN REPORTER
 Did you go to your prom?

CAL
 No.

SUN REPORTER
 But you were asked.

CAL
 (beat)
 No. I wasn't.

She takes off her sunglasses and scans from Becky's group over to the other Alumni she never knew, dancing and catching up with each other. Her mood goes from bad to worse. Sadness to anger. She looks like a killer.

SUN REPORTER
 Why don't you think you were asked?

She watches Becky break off from the rest of the group.

CAL
 Will you excuse me a second?

Cal gets up and walks down the bleachers, trailing Becky who walks into the ladies room. She's about to enter when she sees BUSTER BELL AT THE BUFFET TABLE, STARING RIGHT AT HER.

GRIFFIN (O.S.)
 You okay Cal?

Cal turns around and snaps out of it.

CAL

Um, can you take me home Griffin?
I'm not really feeling very well.

GRIFFIN

Sure I can.

EXT. CAL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Griffin pulls into the driveway.

GRIFFIN

Don't let those nattering nabobs
get to you. They're just jealous
because they peaked in high school.

There's so much she wants to say.

CAL

Thanks for the ride Griffin.

INT. CAL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cal walks into the dark, empty house. She doesn't even bother turning on the lights. Just sits and stares out the window. The little house never seemed so big.

INT. GRIFFIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Griffin is sound asleep when a pebble bangs against his window. He stirs. Then another. He gets up, turns on the light and looks out the window at Cal in his backyard.

INT. GRIFFIN'S BEDROOM - LATER

Cal and Griffin sit on the bed.

GRIFFIN

I'm sorry if...

We'll never know what he was going to say because Cal interrupts with a long kiss. Griffin pulls back, then looks at her pleading face and kisses her back.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

Are you sure you wanna do this?

CAL
I've never been more sure about
anything in my whole life.

He starts undressing her. She climbs on top of him.

CAL (CONT'D)
I ain't never been with anyone
'sides Horace.

Griffin takes her and throws her underneath him.

CAL (CONT'D)
Oh my.

INT. GRIFFIN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Cal and Griffin are asleep, naked, wrapped in each other's arms. Griffin wakes up first and looks at Cal still sleeping. He kisses her until she stirs.

GRIFFIN
Good morning.

CAL
(gets her bearings/smiles)
Good morning.

GRIFFIN
You sleep okay?

CAL
I don't think I ever slept that
good. I don't think I ever did
anything that good.

GRIFFIN
Oh you were good all right.

CAL
I guess you bring it out of me.

GRIFFIN
Told you I knew you were dangerous.

CAL
I guess I'm just surprised how much
better it is when you care about
the person.

Cal looks shocked that she just said that out loud.

GRIFFIN

I think you're surprised how much better it is when you know the person cares about you.

She smiles wide and wraps herself all over him as they start going at it again.

CAROL (O.S.)

I made your favorite, Belgian waffles and vanilla ice cream!

Griffin's mother walks right into the room, oblivious.

GRIFFIN

Mom!

CAROL

Oh shit! I'll just leave these. Y'all take your time. Enjoy yourselves. I'm not even here.

GRIFFIN

Get out!

Griffin's mom leaves the room horrified.

INT. CAL'S KITCHEN - DAY

Cal's back home actually writing her book from her laptop at the kitchen table. There's a knock at the front door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

She opens the door to LUANNE EWELL, late 40's, but looks fifteen years older. Life's been mean and she's been mean right back.

CAL

Mama?

Cal hugs her tighter than a shirt three sizes too small.

LUANNE

Take it easy, sweetie. You're gonna strangle me to death.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Cal sits on the couch and drinks iced tea. Luanne drinks vodka.

CAL
I have some cold cuts too if you're hungry, Mama.

LUANNE
Na, I can't stay long.

CAL
(crushed)
Oh.

LUANNE
Well, it's not that I don't wanna. I just... I need to get back.

CAL
It's okay. It's just so great to see you. I missed you, mama. *Where you been all my life?*

She smiles. Luanne doesn't get it. She takes a sip of her drink and goes into a little coughing fit.

LUANNE
I been over in Morrison last six or seven months. 'fore that, I dunno. Chiefland for a minute. Took up with some fella. Didn't end up bein' too friendly.

CAL
I left you so many messages. Did you change your number or something?

LUANNE
Had to. Awhile back now.

There's a long silence.

LUANNE (CONT'D)
Shit. I didn't think it was gonna be this hard.

CAL
What would?

LUANNE
I came here today 'cause I thought it'd been long enough. I wanted to tell you that I forgive you, Calpurnia.

Luanne lights up a cigarette and sits next to her daughter.

CAL
You forgive me?

Luanne pinches Cal's chin.

LUANNE
I forgive you.

Her fingers still inspect Cal's face.

LUANNE (CONT'D)
He hit you?
(beat)
Horace?

Cal nods her head.

LUANNE (CONT'D)
Yeah I figured.

Luanne goes into another coughing fit. Cal pats her back.

CAL
You okay, Mama?

LUANNE
I'm fine. Just gimme a minute.

Luanne finally stops coughing and gathers herself.

LUANNE (CONT'D)
What I was sayin' before bout' not
bein' able to stay too long. It
ain't because I don't want to. It's
that I can't. I gotta get back to
the doctor in Morrison.

CAL
What's the matter?

LUANNE
Doctor says I got emphysema.

Cal's eyes go wide.

LUANNE (CONT'D)
Oh, now don't look at me like that,
sweetie. I'll beat it. Don't you
worry. But a doctor tells you
something like that, anyone is
gonna start taking stock of their
life. Accomplishments, regrets.
(beat)
Mostly regrets.

CAL
(lower lip trembling)
Emphysema?

LUANNE
Well, let's not talk about all that, Okay? That's not why I come. I want us to start over, Cal. Whatever time I got left is a gift. I want it to be like the old days when it was me and you against the world. You remember those days?

Cal tries to remember those days.

LUANNE (CONT'D)
You remember after daddy, I used to let you climb into bed with me when you got scared of the thunder?

CAL
I... don't remember that.

LUANNE
Well, shit like that. I want us to be a family again. While we still can. You know, we're the only family we got left.

CAL
(tears)
I know, Mama.

Luanne finishes most of her drink and darts her cigarette into the glass making that snakey, hiss sound. Cal hugs her.

CAL (CONT'D)
N'there ain't nuthin' can be done?

LUANNE
Sure there's something can be done. Lung transplant. Even on a list. But they don't give em' out to just anyone. You gotta be rich. They're expensive. Twenty grand in fact. And I got about as much chance of poopin' twenty grand out of my fart hole than comin' up with it proper.

She coughs again and looks at Cal with pleading eyes. Cal seems determined.

INT. BUSTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Buster drinks a beer with his boots kicked up on the coffee table watching the horses. The doorbell rings. Then again.

EUNICE (O.S.)
I'm upstairs, Buster!

BUSTER
I'm busy.

Buster goes back to the horses. Eunice bangs down the stairs in her robe and sees Buster watching TV.

EUNICE
Oh, I'm sorry doctor, I didn't realize you were operating.

She answers the door to Billy who holds a redwell folder full of papers.

BILLY
Hiya Mrs. Bell, is Buster home?

EUNICE
Buster, your friend Billy's here!

Buster looks over to the door and springs to attention. He shuts off the TV and walks over.

BUSTER
Well it's good to see you, Billy.
(redwell)
That what I think it is?

Billy doesn't answer. Eunice gets the hint.

EUNICE
Will you be requiring my services any further or shall I go and prepare the bed chamber for his master's slumber?

Eunice shakes her head and trudges back up the stairs.

BILLY
We better make this quick.

INT. BUSTER'S KITCHEN - LATER

The documents are spread out at the kitchen table. Buster and Billy are a couple beers in.

BILLY

It wasn't too hard pulling Wyatt's Gainesville sheet. It pretty much started soon as he was old enough they couldn't be sealed anymore.

Buster looks over WYATT EWELL'S record and MUG SHOT

BILLY (CONT'D)

Did a year for B and E in '84. Two months after he got out he was arrested for drunk and disorderly at Cross Eyes and since he was on parole when they arrested him, they slapped him with a mandatory three year stretch. He was in prison when Cal was born.

BUSTER

(reading)

Yeah, I was the one who arrested him. He was a real boy scout. Wait, he *robbed* the Boy Scouts.

BILLY

Yeah, their awards dinner in 1981. Anyway, he got out in '87 and things were quiet for awhile. Then he was arrested a couple times for domestic disturbance but Luanne never pressed charges. Last time was '94. He beat her good too. He spent the night in the tank. And after that...

Buster runs out of record.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Poof, gone. Left town without so much as a fart in the wind.

BUSTER

No sheet anywhere else?

BILLY

Well, I didn't dig too deep. Lord knows I shouldn't even be here. You know Hank'll have my ass for this.

BUSTER

I know I owe you a double scoop.

BILLY

But nothin' come up on the computer. And after Luanne left town two months later, there wun't much reason to keep either sheets at the top of the pile.

BUSTER

Driver's license, employment records, anything?

BILLY

Nope. Then again, ain't nothing for Luanne neither. I'm assuming she uses aliases after getting busted for that fraud thing, but she ain't broken the law since she's been back. I guess he's probably using an alias too.

BUSTER

I don't know Billy.

Buster studies Wyatt Ewell's mug shot.

BUSTER (CONT'D)

I just don't know.

INT. DINER - DAY

Cal waits eagerly drinking a cup of tea when Luanne walks in with a big smile and sits down.

LUANNE

Hi sweetie!

CAL

Hi Mama.

LUANNE

We gotta make this quick. I gotta be back in Morrison for the preliminary blood tests.

Cal reaches into her purse, pulls out a check and hands it to Luanne, who eyes the money with a healthy smile.

CAL

Made out to cash like you asked.

LUANNE

My baby girl is a celebrity! I always knew you were special Cal.

(MORE)

LUANNE (CONT'D)

I might not have shown it, but I always knew. I used to tell your daddy, "Cal's gonna be somebody." And you know what? That somebody might just save her mama's life.

Cal's never been happier.

CAL

You know I been thinkin' mama, maybe you could come back to LA with me after the operation. Keep me in line. Manage my affairs. Griffin tells me I need a manager anyway and who knows, maybe it could be like Lindsay and Dina Lohan. Imagine if we had their relationship?

LUANNE

Wouldn't that just be so nice.

CAL

Now tell me where the hospital is in Morrison so I can meet you for the operation. Or do you want me to drive you. I should drive you.

LUANNE

Oh please, sweetie. You're a busy girl. And I don't want my daughter lookin' at me in some crummy hospital bed.

CAL

But mama...

LUANNE

(beat)

... Now how can I say no to that face. I'll be over early Thursday morning. We can take my car. You just better be awake, young lady!

CAL

I'll call Griffin and make sure the camera guys don't go back to LA!

The WAITRESS comes over.

WAITRESS

Y'all ready to order?

LUANNE

(to Cal)

You order whatever you want, girl.

(to Waitress)

I'm treating my little girl to
lunch today.

The waitress could care less. Cal is beaming.

EXT. CAL'S HOUSE - DAY

Cal and Griffin wait on Cal's stoop while the final camera is turned off and put away by Aaron. Cal is no longer beaming.

GRIFFIN

(puts his arm around her)

Maybe she didn't wanna be on camera

INT. MORRISON COUNTY HOSPITAL - DAY

The camera crew films Cal talking to the person behind the reception desk as doctors and nurses walk by. You can't hear the conversation but Cal looks devastated.

CAL

(on TV/talking to camera)

Said they never even heard of her.

INT. EDITING BAY - DAY

We're back in LA. Griffin and Michael are watching the footage. Michael pauses on Cal's heartbroken face.

MICHAEL

What is this shit, Griffin? You pitched me a story about a 'sweet ole' southern gal' falsely accused, coming out to Hollywood for her big break. 'Beverly Hillbillies' meets 'Entourage' you said, not the Goddamn backstory of Orphan Annie. Nobody wants to see Orphan Annie *become* an orphan. They wanna see her get adopted by Daddy Warbucks. I mean, I'm gonna fucking cry here.

GRIFFIN

There's a story here, Michael. An angle. How can you not see that?

INT. CHATEAU MARMONT - DAY

Cal lies on her lounge chair on the balcony. She hears laughter. She looks down and sees people frolicking by the pool. She's never felt lonelier. She dials Griffin.

INT. EDITING BAY - SAME

Griffin's phone rings while Michael berates him. He sees Cal's name pop up and puts it on ignore.

MICHAEL

Look, you wanna take the raw footage, turn it into something yourself, go right ahead. Prove me wrong. But the money stops today. Tell your Baker, the fuckin' kitchen's closed.

EXT. GREYSTONE MANOR - NIGHT

The usual scene. Long line. Velvet rope. Big BOUNCER. Cal makes sure the PAPARAZZI sees her, but they immediately rush passed her to snap a REAL HOUSEWIFE OF BEVERLY HILLS who waves and walks right by the bouncer. Cal follows.

BOUNCER

Name?

CAL

Cal Baker.

BOUNCER

You're not on the list.

CAL

Cal 'The Heartbreaker' Baker?

BOUNCER

Sorry. Line's moving Okay tonight though. Shouldn't be too long.

A TMZ GUY films her being rejected.

TAYLOR (O.S.)

Cal!

Cal turns around and sees Taylor with some FRIENDS, also presumably rejected.

CAL

Hey, Taylor.

TAYLOR

Place is fuckin' beat tonight
anyway. You wanna come to a party?

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOME - NIGHT

A party of Twentysomethings seems to be winding down. It's late night. You can tell because everyone is completely fucked up. Including Cal who sits on the couch next to Taylor while some DOUCHEBAG with a wallet chain expounds.

DOUCHEBAG

That's what all these other actors don't understand. Even the famous ones. It's not about the actor. It's about the character. It's about taking off the face of the clock and watching the gears. You know what I'm saying?

He passes a joint to some drunk chick.

DOUCHEBAG (CONT'D)

Who's inside that's trying to come out? What emotions do I have to mine to lead me in the direction that I need to be going?

TAYLOR

Nigga, you trippin'. Only part you ever got was second lead in a Neutrogena commercial.

CAL

I think I need to lay down.

TAYLOR

Yeah, yeah, go lie down in the bedroom. Do you.

(to his friend)

Yo, Kyle it's chill right?

KYLE

Yeah, crispy chill.

Cal gets up and stumbles to the bedroom.

DOUCHEBAG

Yeah but that spot went national, homie. Which is more than I can say for your unemployed ass.

Taylor gets up and starts walking towards Kyle's bedroom.

TAYLOR
Ain't gonna be for long, bitch.

DOUCHEBAG
Yo, how many you give her?

Taylor smiles, goes into the bedroom and closes the door.

INT. ITA - DAY

Griffin sits at his desk on the phone.

GRIFFIN
(into phone)
Hey Cal, it's me again. Where have you been? I went to see you at the hotel, you weren't there, you won't answer your phone. Call me.

He hangs up just as Cal walks over. She looks bad.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)
Cal, where have you been?

CAL
I was out. But I got back to the hotel this morning and they told me I need to be out by three. What the H, Griffin?

GRIFFIN
Where were you all night?

Michael sticks his head out of his office.

MICHAEL
Good, you're both here. Why don't you step into my office.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Cal and Griffin sit down across from Michael.

MICHAEL
So Cal, you're probably wondering why you're homeless. Someone was supposed to call you.

CAL
Well, what the heck is going on?

MICHAEL

Well, Cal I mean, how long did you think we were going to put you up? The filming's done, you got your advance. Now we'll see if something comes out of all this.

CAL

I don't have my advance.
(beat)
I spent it.

MICHAEL

Well I'm sorry to hear it. But what do you want, another advance?

CAL

Well, I need to do something. I need to work. What's out there?

MICHAEL

Cal, I'm sorry to be the one to tell you this but the fame game is a quick game, hun. A quick game.

He pulls up a story on TMZ.COM, hits play and flips the laptop around.

CU: LAPTOP

It's Cal being rejected from Greystone Manor being narrated by the overly exaggerated, enthusiastic TMZ NARRATOR.

TMZ NARRATOR

(on laptop)
*Hey, it's Cal 'the Heartbreaker'
Baker trying to get into Greystone
Manor! Hi Cal! Bye Cal...*

A sad trombone plays as the bouncer points Cal to the back of the line.

TMZ NARRATOR (CONT'D)

*Someone needs to tell this girl her
fifteen minutes are up but it's not
gonna be me, because I don't want
to get murdered! Sleep with one eye
open, Mr. Bouncer!*

Michael flips the laptop back around.

CAL

Did you know about this Griffin?

Griffin can't make eye contact.

GRIFFIN

I saw it earlier, yeah. It happens.
It's Okay. We'll be Okay.

Cal sits silent for a moment. She looks determined.

CAL

Well, at least I'm still a story,
right?

MICHAEL

Any publicity is good publicity.
That's right babe.

CAL

Well, I need to work. Whatever I
can get. I'm not talkin' 'Dancing
with the Stars'. I'm talkin'
anything.

Michael ruffles through papers but doesn't find what he's
looking for. He finally finds the piece of paper in his
garbage can and takes it out.

MICHAEL

There's a show shooting in Vegas.
It's a dating show. None of my
clients wanted it. It's available.

CAL

Why didn't anybody want it?

MICHAEL

Eh. People are picky.

CAL

At least tell me it's a put pilot
commitment.

MICHAEL

No, it's on spec but you'll get an
appearance fee and if it goes to
air there could be syndication
royalties?

CAL

Great, they can add it to my social
security check.

MICHAEL

So?

CAL
 (beat)
 Well, I've never been to Vegas.

Cal and Griffin look at each other.

EXT. LAS VEGAS - AERIAL VIEW - NIGHT

"Luck Be a Lady" plays on the Soundtrack as we pan over Las Vegas, looming out of the desert like a billion megawatt, giant, neon flashing, living, breathing, carnival ride. But wait, we're going too fast. We're gonna fly right past it!

We do fly right past it, back into the dark and down onto a run down block outside the city that may as well be Detroit.

EXT. HARVEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cal is getting ready in a VAN. She looks trashy. A PRODUCER mics her as she teases her hair.

PRODUCER
 So you got your lines right?

CAL
 Yep. No problem.

PRODUCER
 (into walkie)
 OK, we're a go.

A team of CAMERA GUYS go scurrying into the bushes as Cal makes her way up the stairs and knocks on the door.

HARVEY (O.S.)
 Just a minute!

The door opens to Harvey, 40's, fat and bald.

CAL
 You call for a date, honey?

HARVEY
 Sure did. And damn did they deliver this time!

CAL
 So what do you wanna do with me?

HARVEY

(beat)
Do I know you?

CAL

I don't know, do you?

HARVEY

I know you from somewhere.

He looks around a little apprehensively.

CAL

Don't be nervous sweetie. There's nothing to worry about... Because you're on FAME WHORES!

The camera guys come out of hiding and close up on his disappointed face.

CAL (CONT'D)

You called a 900 number but it was OUR 900 number! You wanted a date tonight? Well how about a date with a famous person? On tape!

HARVEY

(not excited at all)
Wait. Didn't you kill someone?

Cal's smile is frozen onto her face. Harvey looks at the producer.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

Do I have to pay for this?

INT. GRIFFIN'S CAR - NIGHT

Cal and Griffin drive back from Vegas after the shoot. Cal stares out the window.

CAL

What am I doing, Griffin?

GRIFFIN

You're paying your dues.

CAL

I was literally a prostitute tonight.

GRIFFIN

You were not.
 (beat)
You were an escort.

He laughs. She can't help but laugh.

 CAL

Thanks for letting me stay with
you, Griffin. I promise I'll earn
my keep. And it won't be for long.

 GRIFFIN

You can stay forever. And you can
start earning your keep right now.

He raises his eyebrows.

 CAL

Griffin!

INT. GRIFFIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Cal hums as she makes breakfast in the kitchenette. She pours
the orange juices and spills the bacon and eggs onto a plate.
She puts it all on a tray and heads into...

INT. GRIFFIN'S BEDROOM - SAME

She tiptoes through the open door, thinking Griffin's asleep.

 CAL

Wakey, wakey, eggs n' bak...

But Griffin is already awake with his laptop open. He does
not look happy. Not one bit.

 CAL (CONT'D)

You're awake.

 GRIFFIN

Google alert woke me up.

 CAL

What's the matter?

He flips the laptop so Cal can see it and presses play.

C.U. TMZ HOME PAGE - "CAL BAKER TRIES TO RELEASE SEX TAPE!"

Taylor walks down the street with a shit eating grin on his
face as a TMZ guy walks and talks to him.

TMZ GUY (O.S.)
So you and Cal the Heartbreaker
made a sex tape huh?

TAYLOR (ON LAPTOP)
That wasn't supposed to come out.
My laptop got hacked. We're trying
to block it.

TMZ GUY (O.S.)
Have you gotten any offers?

TAYLOR
Not yet, but...and I hope we don't.

TMZ GUY (O.S.)
What's on the tape?

TAYLOR
Oh, it's dope.

Griffin closes the laptop.

GRIFFIN
Looks like you got your fifteen
minutes renewed.

CAL
Griffin I...

GRIFFIN
Lemme just ask you. Was that the
night I was worried sick calling
you and showing up at your hotel?

CAL
I barely even remember that night.

GRIFFIN
You don't remember.

CAL
Well, I mean I remember. But I
thought it was a dream or
somethin'. I didn't think...

She's too humiliated to even finish the sentence.

GRIFFIN
Yeah, you didn't think. How could
you do this to me. To us?

CAL
I didn't even... He's gay, Griffin!

GRIFFIN

Well he could have fucking fooled me. Are you really that desperate?

 CAL

No! I didn't have anything to do with this!

 GRIFFIN

You're not on that tape?

 CAL

Griffin...

 GRIFFIN

Answer my question. Are you on that tape!

 CAL

(quiet)

Yes. I'm on the tape.

 GRIFFIN

You can get your things and let yourself out.

EXT. GRIFFIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Cal waits on the sidewalk with her suitcase. She tries to fight it but finally breaks down crying.

INT. CAL'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cal's back home watching the news, alone. Box of tissues next to her.

 NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)

After the break, the latest celebrity headlines. Starlet Cassidy Lyons in trouble again. We'll tell you all about her latest DWI and her latest mug shot. Is she winking? Stay tuned.

Cal watches intently.

INT. SCHILLER'S LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Cal roams the aisles grabbing a bottle of wine here, a bottle of vodka there. She bumps into Big Ed.

BIG ED
Well as I live and breathe.
Calpurnia Baker, back in town.

CAL
Oh, hi Big Ed.

BIG ED
You back home for good or just
visiting?

CAL
Looks like for good this time.

BIG ED
Guess things didn't work out in the
big leagues like you thought huh.

CAL
Guess not.

BIG ED
They rarely do. Well, you ever need
a paycheck, you know where I work.

CAL
Geez, Big Ed. That really means a
lot. As a matter of fact...

BIG ED
And you ever need cash, you know
where I live...

CAL
Excuse me?

BIG ED
I saw the tape. Whole office did.
I'd happily pay for a little of
what I saw. I ain't stingy.

He moves very close to her and whispers in her ear.

BIG ED (CONT'D)
C'mon, tell me you're not even a
little wet down there thinking
about bossin' me around.

Cal's speechless. He backs away.

BIG ED (CONT'D)
Think about it, Okay?

EXT. SCHILLER'S LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

BIG ED exits. His car is the last in the lot. Halfway there, he sees the high beams from another car. He shields his eyes.

BIG ED
What he heck?

INT. CAL'S CAR - SAME

Cal revs the engine, throws it into drive and guns it. Big Ed doesn't stand a chance. He's a deer in headlights.

EXT. SCHILLER'S LIQUOR STORE - SAME

Cal's blue Hyundai HITS BIG ED STRAIGHT ON. He's knocked off his feet. His bag goes flying along with his shoes. Cal stops and looks at him on the ground, covered in blood.

CAL
(driving off)
You should have been nicer to me.

INT. EDITING BAY - DAY

Griffin is going over all the footage trying to make something of it. All through it, he watches the two of them fall in love. Walking on the beach, making each other laugh. He sees how she looks at him. And how he looks at her.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The usual gang's all there. Buster is hanging out too, much to the chagrin of Hank, who sits quietly in his office. The phone rings. Caroline picks it up.

CAROLINE
911 what's yer emergency?

She hangs up. Hank walks out.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
We got a hit and run at Schiller's.

BILLY
No shit?

CAROLINE
You wanna take this one?

BILLY

Sure.

BUSTER

Who got hit?

CAROLINE

Big Ed Redding. Not sure he's gonna make it. Ambulance's on scene now.

BUSTER

Big Ed?

Hank goes back into his office. Billy suits up.

BUSTER (CONT'D)

Hey Billy, what do you say I do a ride along? Old times sake.

HANK

I don't think so, Bell. Go home.

BUSTER

Well how about a ride home then? I walked here from the Luncheonette.

BILLY

What do you say, boss?

HANK

Home. I find out you took him anywhere *but* home, I'm firing you and arresting him.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Billy gets in the driver's seat and Buster rides shotgun. Buster turns the siren on.

BILLY

You know I'm taking you home.

Buster smiles as Billy shakes his head and peels out.

INT. CAL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cal walks in, grabs another set of keys and heads towards the garage. She passes the gun cabinet, backs up, unlocks it and grabs the ARCUS 9mm HANDGUN and puts it in her purse.

INT. GARAGE - SAME

She turns on the light and there it is. Horace's 1967 PONTIAC GTO sitting there untouched and beautiful. She gets in and starts it up.

INT. PLANE - NIGHT

Griffin sits trying to read a magazine, but is too excited. A smile comes across his face as he hears the captain on the PA announcing their descent into Florida.

EXT. SCHILLER'S LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

The ambulance is just leaving when Buster and Billy pull up. They get out and Buster is back in cop mode. Alive. He walks up to the OWNER who's outside.

OWNER

Seems like he's gonna pull through. His head must've gotten rattled though cause' he was talking like someone from 'Game of Thrones' when they put him in the ambulance.

BUSTER

Did you get a look at the car?

OWNER

Sorry officer. I didn't.

BILL THATCHER, 50's, drunk, walks over.

BILL THATCHER

I saw him. He was drivin' a blue Honda. Come outta nowhere. Just launched him and went on his way.

BILLY

Blue Honda, huh Bill?

BILL THATCHER

Yes sir. Or *Hyundai*. However the kids pronounce it.

BUSTER

That right. Well Billy I'll leave you to your business. I can walk it from here.

BILLY

You sure?

BUSTER

Yeah, I got my action in for the night. Eunice's probably calling you guys by now.

BILLY

All right then.

Buster walks very quickly out of the vicinity while Bill Thatcher sneaks into the unsupervised store.

INT. CROSS EYE'S SALOON - NIGHT

A good ole' bar. The men and women drink beer as chasers. Becky and the girls are there too. People are playing darts and slurring their words when Cal walks to the BARTENDER.

CAL

Y'all have a Mojito?

BARTENDER

A what?

CAL

They have em' in Hollywood's all.

BARTENDER

Oh my Lord, Cal Baker! This one's on the house! Teddy, you know how to make a mosquito? It's from California.

Teddy the bar back shrugs his shoulders.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

I saw your tape. Pretty good stuff, Cal.

CAL

It's just all for publicity. That's how they do it out there in Hollywood. Look at Kim.

BARTENDER

Kim Peters?

Becky walks over. She's as tipsy and bitchy as ever.

BECKY

Cal Cal the Unibrow! What in good heaven are you doing in our little town again? You must just miss us so!

CAL

Hi Becky.

BECKY

You better stop coming back so often or people are gonna think you didn't make it out west. That you traded all those values for nuthin.

Tina and Abigail walk up and hug Cal.

CAL

Well, hi girls! I came back for a couple of reasons but mostly I wanted to say goodbye.

TINA

Where you goin' girl?

CAL

Well, my pilot got picked up. I got what's called a 90/10 deal. If people watch the first few, which they're sayin' they will, I'll be on TV for the next few years. And since that seems to be the case, I wanted to come back and say goodbye to y'all while I can before I won't be able to go out in public anymore without gettin' mobbed by the paps.

TINA

Like Kim.

CAL

Just like Kim.

ABIGAIL

Jesus take the wheel! And we can say we knew you when.

CAL

Well don't you worry. I ain't gonna forget about my girls!

BECKY

And to think all this from the little, mute girl with the unibrow!

CAL

(ignoring Becky)

So enough about l'il ole me. You can read about *me*. How are y'all?

BECKY

You know, when me and Horace was together in high school and you used to walk by, we used to laugh at you. Like we used to actually laugh at you because you were so mousy and scared with your big crush. Horace just used to say the meanest things about you. But look at you now, girl!

Cal is doing her best to maintain her cool. After all she walked into their bar.

CAL

Yeah. Well, those were some crazy days all the way back when.

BECKY

(still smiling)
Oh, it wasn't that long ago.

CAL

So Becky, you brought up Horace and that actually brings me to the other reason I'm here. Can I have a word with you in private? We'll be right back, girls.

Cal and Becky move away from everyone.

CAL (CONT'D)

My legal team called me about his estate. Of course there isn't much but it turns out you were in his Will. Guess he still thought about you, you little devil!

BECKY

Well, I'm not surprised. I can't believe he even had a Will. What's in it? I know it ain't money!

CAL

Actually, it's right outside.

EXT. CROSS EYE'S SALOON - NIGHT

Cal and Becky walk over to the GTO. Becky looks inside.

BECKY

Well, where is it?

CAL
You're lookin' at it.

Becky turns around.

BECKY
He left me the GTO?

Cal nods her head.

CAL
Believe me, I could take out a gun
and shoot you I'm so jealous but a
man's last wishes are his business.

Becky smiles a triumphant smile, flips around and sticks her head back in the window for a better look. Behind her, Cal takes out the GUN from her purse.

EXT. CAL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Griffin gets out of a cab and runs to the front door. He knocks but of course no one answers. He looks in the window, sees a light is on.

GRIFFIN
Cal it's me. I've been callin'!
Look, I forgive you, baby. I more
than forgive you. I'm the one who
set you two up in the first place.
I know it didn't mean anything. But
you mean everything to me.

He walks to the garage, looks through the window and sees her blue Hyundai with a big, fresh DENT in the front.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)
Cal?

BUSTER (O.S.)
She ain't here.

Griffin flips around, scared.

BUSTER (CONT'D)
Who are you?

GRIFFIN
I'm her... boyfriend. Who are you?

BUSTER
Your girlfriend's in a lot of
trouble.

GRIFFIN

What happened. What did she do?

BUSTER

What's your name, son?

GRIFFIN

Griffin Abernathy.

BUSTER

Carol Abernathy's kid?

GRIFFIN

Yes sir.

BUSTER

Griffin, we don't have a lot of time here. I been doing this kind of thing longer n' most and nine time out of ten these situations don't end very well. Now we already got an APB out for a '67 GTO. But nothin's turning up. I need to know if you know of a place she has. Or a place she had. Where she'd go.

GRIFFIN

Where she'd go to do what?

BUSTER

To end the situation.

INT. PONTIAC GTO - NIGHT

We're tight on Cal in the driver's seat. The car's off. She stares out the windshield with a far away look in her eye.

CAL

My Daddy's buried here. People think he ran off but it's not true. My mama had just finished the dishes and was on her way to gettin' drunk when my Daddy come home drunker. And he stunk too. Like a skunk sprayed him. I'll never forget that. And Daddy said, "The King's home. Where's his feast." And my mama said if he ain't home when we're eatin' he can cook his own dinner. And I remember thinkin' 'why would she say that? This wasn't their first date.

(MORE)

CAL (CONT'D)

She knew what he'd do.' And he did it. And he did it. And he did it. I thought he was gonna kill her. I'm cryin' and yellin', but he didn't lay a hand on me. Just her. Then he got tired and went to bed and mom called the cops. Next night I went into his medicine cabinet and switched out his heart meds for rat poison tablets. Next mornin', he died at the breakfast table. Lookin' like a rabid dog, foam pouring out his mouth.

(beat)

He was a rabid dog. Anyway, my mama goes crazy, screaming, and crying, and I said, "Mama, I did this for you. He's gonna kill you." And you wanna know what she said to me?

We pan over to Becky in the passenger seat with a giant GASH on her forehead, UNCONSCIOUS from the pistol whip, but SNORING from the alcohol.

CAL (CONT'D)

She said there were two dead bodies in that kitchen, 'cause I was dead to her now. I was nine years old.

(beat)

She made me come with her to bury him here. We buried him here because this was my favorite spot. Because he took me fishing here.

EXT. WACCASSASSA SWAMP - SUNRISE

The GTO is parked at the edge of the lush and dense swamp. The sun is starting to creep over the trees. The Alligators are probably waking up.

INT. BUSTER'S CAR - SUNRISE

Buster drives like a fucking bat out of hell down the highway.

INT. PONTIAC GTO - DAWN

Cal puts the gun on the dash and shakes Becky.

CAL
Come on girl. Get up. I'm gonna
make you famous.

Becky doesn't budge.

CAL (CONT'D)
Guess we're gonna have to do this
the hard way.

She grabs the gun, gets up and walks around the car.

BUSTER (O.S.)
Put the gun down, Cal.

Cal whips around and FIRES a round at the voice. It goes past
Buster and shatters the front light of his car.

BUSTER (CONT'D)
Damn it, Cal. I ain't paid my Geico
yet this month.

Cal ducks behind the front of her car.

CAL
Leave me alone officer Bell. I'm
not kidding!

BUSTER
You don't gotta hide. You the one
with the gun. Told you I ain't a
cop no more. Turned in my gun with
my badge and believe it or not, I
am not a private firearms owner.

Cal peaks out and sees it's true. She stands up straight.

BUSTER (CONT'D)
You been busy, Cal. Burnin' down
them temples. But it's over now.

Cal points the gun at Buster.

CAL
The heck it is. I could shoot you
both and no one'd be the wiser.

BUSTER
She all right in there?

Cal nods her head.

BUSTER (CONT'D)
You ain't gonna shoot us.

CAL

Why not?

BUSTER

Cause' you ain't done nothin' yet
can't be undone.

CAL

What do you mean.

BUSTER

Big Ed's gonna have one hell of a
headache come tomorrow, but from
the complaints we used to get about
him, I can't say he don't deserve
it. But he'll live.

CAL

Just go away and you won't get
hurt.

BUSTER

I can't do that.

She fires the gun again and flattens his tire.

CAL

Just go!

BUSTER

I had you figured wrong. And I
don't usually do that. I don't
think you're an evil person, Cal. I
think people been shittin' on you
your whole life.

He starts walking towards her.

BUSTER (CONT'D)

And I think it's more shit than one
person deserves to bare. And I
think you got mixed up. And when
you unmix it and smooth it out,
well, I think there's a good person
under there. And I think you wish
more people knew that.

Cal starts crying. Suddenly the angle of the GTO is a little
askew. A sinkhole has opened under the right, front tire.

BUSTER (CONT'D)

Why don't you give me the gun, Cal.
Let's all live to see another dawn.

Cal looks in the car at Becky, still passed out. When she looks back, Buster's already on her, wrestling the gun out of her hand. Cal's tries with all her might but it's wrestled out. Buster doesn't even bother pointing the gun at her.

BUSTER (CONT'D)

Step away from the car, hun.

Cal does as she's told. Caught. Helpless.

CAL

Did you mean any of it?

Buster smiles. He's about to answer when the sinkhole EXPLODES TAKING HALF THE CAR UNDER. He opens the passenger door and tries to rescue Becky but her seat belt is fastened and he only has one hand if he wants to hold onto that gun.

BUSTER

Goddamn it.

Cal looks on, in shock. Buster finally tosses the gun down the sinkhole and unfastens Becky's seat belt.

BUSTER (CONT'D)

C'mon lady, work with me here.

Becky starts coming to when Buster gets a good hold of her and muscles her out of the car. She falls safely to the ground away from the hole. But BUSTER'S LEG IS STUCK.

BUSTER (CONT'D)

Cal, darlin' you gotta help me. I'm going down here fast.

Cal walks over to Buster. Completely helpless now, the tables never more turned.

CAL

Did you mean what you said?

Buster struggles to get free, but he's going under and the sinkhole is getting much bigger. He looks her in the eye.

BUSTER

No.

He's all but a goner when Cal grabs his leg anyway and struggles to free him. She uses all her strength and is finally able to get him loose but loses her balance in the process.

As Buster is pried free, Cal, falls awkwardly, keeping his old spot warm as Becky comes to.

BECKY
WHAT IN THE FUCK IS GOING ON?

THE CAR DROPS INTO THE HOLE as Buster slides in grabbing Cal with one arm, leaving her dangling in the abyss, while the other arm holds the peak of the sinkhole so he doesn't fall in too!

CAL
Just let go.

BUSTER
I don't think so, young lady.

CAL
Just let go. Nobody'll care. No one will even notice.

Cal lets go of Buster's grip, making it twice as hard for Buster to hold on.

BUSTER
(through gritted teeth)
That's not true. Just cause I think of you the way I do, don't mean everybody does. Griffin for example. Met him earlier. Nice guy. Loves you. Flew all the way from California just to tell you.

Cal looks down at the endless dark and back up to Buster.

BUSTER (CONT'D)
It don't have to end here, Cal. You never know what could be comin' around the bend.

Cal grabs Buster's arm with both arms and they heave and ho and swing until Cal is able to grab the top herself. Once free, they both splatter to the ground, exhausted.

BECKY
Can someone at least tell me where I am?

She notices her gash and puts her hand to her head as Buster and Cal catch their breath.

CAL
Well, you got me, Buster. What are you gonna do now?

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Not sure where we are. Full ashtray, tacky wallpaper, plastic cups. The TV's on. One of those Good Morning shows. The HOST, (We'll call him MATT LAUER) is introducing the guest.

MATT LAUER (ON TV)

By now the entire Country, if not the world knows the story of Cal 'the Heart Breaker Baker'. Abandoned by her father and shortly after, her mother.

We now see who's watching. Luanne, chain smoking. Her new boyfriend's in the kitchen on the phone.

LUANNE

Babe, get in here! I'm famous!

MATT LAUER (ON TV) (CONT'D)

Accused of murdering her husband. Then acquitted. A year later, seduced by fame, convicted of attempted murder and aggravated assault on the same night, currently serving out a two year sentence for those crimes. But who you may not have heard of is the man who finally brought the heartbreaker to justice.

Buster sits in the high chair next to Matt, camera ready.

MATT LAUER (ON TV) (CONT'D)

Buster Bell. Officer on the scene of her first arrest, *retired* police officer at the scene of her last. He's written a book "*The Baker Who Wouldn't be a Flash in the Pan*" on shelves now. Buster Bell, thanks for being here.

BUSTER (ON TV)

Thanks for having me, Matt.

MATT LAUER (ON TV)

You got to know this girl. Sweet, beautiful. Deadly.

BUSTER (ON TV)

That's her all right.

MATT LAUER (ON TV)

You were retired when you caught Cal that final morning. The day you also saved the life of Becky Tanner

A PHOTO of Becky appears on screen.

INT. BECKY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Tina and Abigail are there too.

BECKY

I'm on! I'm on!

All the girls huddle around the TV.

MATT LAUER (ON TV)

Unarmed, no backup. You had a hunch and you went with it. Why did you risk your life when it wasn't your responsibility anymore? Why not call the cops?

BUSTER (ON TV)

Well, Matt that's a good question and one I go into detail about in Chapter ten of *'Flash in the Pan'*. But I will say, I was a lawman for a long time and it ain't the kind of thing you can just turn off.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Billy, Caroline, Lawrence and Hank all watch Matt being charmed on the little box in the bullpen. Billy smiles.

HANK

Asshole.

MATT LAUER (ON TV)

Shorty after her second arrest, we had a wave of what's now known as the "Copycat Cals". Young girls arrested for trying to murder their boyfriends. One even succeeding.

BUSTER (ON TV)

Well I'm glad you brought that up Matt. Researching and writing this book has taught me a thing or two about just how dangerous a thing celebrity can be nowadays.

INT. INTEGRITY TALENT AGENCY - DAY

An EMPLOYEE takes down that gold, framed photo of FARRAH ABRAHAM and replaces it with a picture of TAYLOR HUDSON.

BUSTER (V.O)

How disposable it's become. And all due respect to you all, but how the press and the media need to take some responsibility as well. You take these people in, follow them around, make them famous. Give them an identity they never had before. They trust you and you leave 'em soon as the next new thing comes along. And you don't stop to think where that might leave them.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

Four CAMERAS roll on Buster's speech in the brightly lit studio as Matt looks on.

MATT LAUER

Sounds to me like you may be letting Cal Baker off the hook.

BUSTER

I'm not letting anybody off any hook. I stopped her for a reason.

MATT LAUER

You might know her better than anybody. Is there good in there, Buster? A sense of right and wrong? In your opinion, does she deserve a second chance when she's released? A chance at happiness?

BUSTER

You have to understand Matt, we're talking about a very lonely girl here. On the surface, she was married, played bridge with her friends, contributed to her Church. But underneath that house of cards, we have a girl who was abandoned by her parents. Abused by her husband, harassed by her employer and tormented by her friends. Did she make the wrong choices? Yes. Is she payin' for those mistakes? You bet she is. But is there good in there?

(MORE)

BUSTER (CONT'D)

(beat)

Yes. I believe there is. Does she deserve happiness? I believe she's entitled to some.

MATT LAUER

Catch Buster at the Paramus Mall in New Jersey at four P.M. today signing copies of his book, on shelves now. Where to from there?

BUSTER

Wherever my agent tells me, Matt.

EXT/INT. GAINESVILLE DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS - DAY

JAIL. Bars rattle, voices echo, food sucks, time and people move slow. You know the place. Wait, we've been here. The beefy GUARD walks down the hall. Yeah, WE'RE BACK AT THE VERY FIRST SCENE OF THE MOVIE.

GUARD

Baker. Cal Baker. Got a visitor.

INT. VISITING ROOM - DAY

There's Griffin, briefcase in hand, picking up the phone.

GRIFFIN

Hey Cal.

CAL

Hiya Griffin.

Griffin carefully looks over his notes.

GRIFFIN

Diane Sawyer also doesn't want to do the interview now. ABC says there's no need to interview you now and then again when you're promoting the book.

Griffin pulls out the celebrity weeklies.

CAL

Oooh, *'In Touch'*, my favorite.

GUARD (O.S.)

Two minutes, Baker.

GRIFFIN

Wow, it always goes so fast,
doesn't it?

 CAL

Well, we still have a couple
minutes. What's going on with you?

 GRIFFIN

You know, you're the only client of
mine who ever asks about me. And
you're in jail. What does that say
about my other clients?

 CAL

They're good people too. Just cuz'
Jesus don't always answer back
dun't mean *he* isn't listening. And
besides I think of you as more than
just an agent, I'd like to think
I'm more than just a client.

Griffin smiles as the guard walks back into the room.

 CAL (CONT'D)

She here?

 GRIFFIN

Of course she is.

 CAL

Can I see her?

Griffin nods through the glass door and his MOTHER walks in
with the cutest one and a half year old BABY GIRL you ever
saw. Sparkling, blue eyes and blond hair. Cal's little twin.

Carol smiles at Cal and hands the baby to Griffin.

 GRIFFIN

Can you wave to mommy? Can you say
'hi mommy'?

Griffin puts her little hand on the glass. Cal, trying not to
cry tears of joy, rubs her finger on the glass too.

 CAL

Hi precious. How's my little girl?
One day soon, November eighth is
gonna be just around the corner and
you know what happens then? We get
to be together again.

GUARD
Time's up Baker.

GRIFFIN
We'll see you on Thursday. Say bye
to Mommy.

Cal smiles at her family.

CAL
I love you, Griffin.

Griffin winks at her and takes the baby outside. The guard leads Cal back towards the corridor to her cell.

INT. CELLBLOCK - DAY

The INMATES always get a kick out of seeing a real live celebrity walk past.

INMATE
What's up Cal? Lookin' good! We on
for cards later?

CAL
Hey Rhonda. Long as it's not
bridge.

INMATE #2
Cal, can you sign my book?

CAL
Need a pen for that, Debbie. I'll
see you at mess though.

INMATE #3
Cal, hey Cal!

The guard walks Cal back to her cell talking with the INMATES on either side, and for a moment (but just a moment) we DISSOLVE to Cal...

...Back in that GOLD EVENING DRESS on the red carpet, cameras SNAPPING AWAY, being escorted by Security, talking to the press and her fans.

Back in jail, we fade out with that loud "CLATCH" as the bars slide closed.

THE END