

MY SCRIPT

an original screenplay by

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"BLACK BEAUTY"

by Leon Segers Jr.

The misadventures of a dark black female in the world of
showbiz

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FADE IN:

INT. NO NAME FRIED CHICKEN RESTAURANT - IN THE HOOD -
CHICAGO, ILL. - FALL DAY.

On a window sill of the brightly lit cooking area of the restaurant, sits a large BOOM BOX RADIO blasting out a very funky hip hop tune.

Not far from there, dancing and moving his butt is CRACK-U-UP, one of three cooks. He drops a basket of french fries into a vat of hot grease.

Near him are two guys cutting up as they dance some funky steps in unison. One's nicknamed STICKS. The other is 300lb. M.C. FART..."need I say more."

Crack-u-up b-bops to the music while over at one of the larger frying vats holding a big round wire net with an 18" wooden handle, fishing out a bunch of fried chicken.

He shakes the basket to get rid of the grease, then dumps the chicken into one of three separate holding bins that are under a hot warming light.

Still acting a fool and stepping to the music, he moves to another chicken vat where a buzzer just sounded off. He scoops out another basket of fried chicken.

Moving to their work stations, the other two guys are still cutting up.

INT. FRONT REGISTER AREA OF RESTAURANT - DAY.

A female named LUWANDA takes an order from a white male patron.

She displays a nasty disposition toward him. She's wearing the standard uniform for the restaurant.

LUWANDA
You want rolls with yo chicken?

She bumps a little to the boom box music.

Her patron looks up at the display menu high up in back of her.

WHITE MALE PATRON
...Yeah...

Luwanda punches the keys of the register, then tells him the total.

LJWANDA

\$15.25.

He stops looking up at the menu to look right at her.

WHITE MALE PATRON

That can't be right.

Luwanda kind of ignores him as she gnaws on some gum and looks back toward the guys in the cooking area and blows a bubble as she moves her head to the beat.

WHITE MALE PATRON (CONT'D)

Miss?...

She turns back to him.

LJWANDA

...What!...

WHITE MALE PATRON

I think you made a mistake.

Luwanda tears the receipt from the register, reads it, then hands it to the guy.

LJWANDA

Two three piece spicy chicken dinners,
all dark, two extra rolls, two large
drinks.

The guy displays a fed up look on his face before responding to her. He looks at the receipt closely.

WHITE MALE PATRON

I didn't order any of this!

LJWANDA

It's on the ticket ain't it?!

WHITE MALE PATRON

But that's not what I ordered!

LJWANDA

Then why's it on the ticket.

INT. RESTAURANT COOKING AREA - DAY.

Stick stands over a giant bowl of flour filled with chicken parts. He's using two floured legs as drum sticks to beat to the music.

The other two guys are still at it, dancing away.

INT. REGISTER AREA OF RESTAURANT - DAY.

WHITE MALE PATRON

(to Luwanda)

"I don't eat dark meat! I asked for white!"

LUWANDA

What's wrong with dark meat?!

WHITE MALE PATRON

Can I get what I ordered! I ain't paying for that!

Ad Lib:

He continues to bicker with her. She keeps sassing him back.

"At this point, both the MUSIC and the BICKERING **FADES.**"

About eight feet to the left of Luwanda, a dark black hand with bright red painted fingernails, punches up the price of an order on the register.

Moving upward, the face of a very dark "drop dead gorgeous raven beauty" with the most beautiful eyes, jet black glistening full bodied flowing hair, rosy smile, perfect cheek bones, and an aura that won't quit, is seen. Her name is CELESTE.

She tears the receipt from the register. Then with beautiful red lips, pearly white teeth, and pleasant smile, she reads the order back to her patron.

A GRANDMOTHER with two small GRAND KIDS on both sides of her, smile as the order is being read.

Wearing the same type uniform as Luwanda, Celeste reaches under the counter for lollipop suckers to give to the kids.

BOTH GRAND KIDS

Thank you.

Celeste turns and moves to the food reception counter to gather and bag the grandmother's order.

With her back turned, a low volume **V.O.** of the music and bickering between Luwanda and the white male patron is heard.

Celeste jerks two sodas, then moves back to the counter where the Grandma and the two kids are watching Luwanda and her patron bicker.

Suddenly the Grandma puts her attention back on Celeste who hands her the food order.

GRANDMOTHER

Thank you.

The grandmother and grand kids, who are still watching the O.S. Luwanda and patron bicker, move to leave the restaurant.

Celeste smiles as she waves good-bye to the grand kids.

Luwanda's voice gets **louder** as she continues to bicker with the white male patron.

He finally gets fed up and walks out the restaurant, cursing Luwanda as he leaves.

WHITE MALE PATRON

(to self)

Fucking bitch!

Luwanda responds right back at him until he's out the door altogether.

LJWANDA

Bring your white ass back here, and
I'll show you a bitch!

Celeste kneels down to get new soda cups out of a lower cabinet. She stands and moves to place them in their proper dispenser.

After that, she moves toward the back area of the restaurant, where she'll have to pass through the cooking area first. As she passes through, the three cooks are still clowning.

INT. RESTAURANT COOKING AREA - DAY.

In seemingly **SLOW MOTION**, Celeste saunters through the cooking area like a runway fashion model.

The three cooks stop clowning as they all stare at Celeste move through.

Sticks and M.C. Fart are frozen in the mist of a dance step as they stare at beautiful Celeste.

Crack-U-Up, who's flouring lots of chicken in a large metal bowl, is frozen while staring at Celeste.

As she moves through, she uses her left hand to push her beautiful hair back from her face.

She passes through two little wing doors. Her beautiful shapely **ass** is seen bouncing delightfully.

M.C. FART

(quietly)

Baby got...

(laps tongue way out
in place of the word
"back")

As Crack-U-Up stares at Celeste, suddenly he vibrates joyously like he's cold.

Suddenly a biscuit comes flying at his head...

CRACK-U-UP

...What the!...

He turns to look where it came from.

From the neck up, Luwanda's seen staring hard over the food counter.

LJWANDA

What you looking at!

Crack-U-up grins as he stares at her.

CRACK-U-UP

What you throw that at me for!

LJWANDA

...I said...What you looking at!

CRACK-U-UP

Girl you tripping.

Sticks and M.C. Fart **O.S.** crack up laughing. M.C. Fart cuts a fart from laughing so hard.

STICKS (O.S.)

Damn C. You need to get them
flatulence checked out by a
Doctor...Woo...

Sticks reaches his hand out to be slapped by Crack-U-Up as
the two of them laugh some more.

At the food reception counter, Luwanda looks on angrily,
then finally moves away.

With Luwanda gone, Crack-U-Up shows his verbal and physical
humor by pretending to be BILL COSBY in reference to Luwanda.
Sticks and Fart get back to work. Crack-U-Up grabs from his
pocket a pair of glasses to put on.

He holds a floured chicken leg between his fingers like a
cigar, which he brings to his mouth like he's gonna smoke
it.

CRACK-U-UP

(like Cosby)

Now you see. That's just what I was
saying. Every time you turn your
back, some bit-- throws a biscuit at
your head...haw haw haw...

At the register area, before a customer can speak a word,
Luwanda snaps at him!

LJWANDA

What!

The older white male patron frowns at her.

INT. COOKING AREA - DAY

CRACK-U-UP

Now if the bit-- does it again, uma
take her chicken legs, flour them
bad boys, and fry the shi-- out of
em!... Haw haw haw...

Sticks and M.C. Fart laugh as they work. M.C. Fart's
laughter again causes him to cut one. Sticks is at
another large metal bowl flouring a batch of chicken.

Fart dumps a bunch of chicken parts into one of the two
hot oil vats.

Suddenly Sticks stops what he's doing and moves near
Crack-u-up to be his human, beeping censor machine.

With a salacious look on his face, he lets off a loud high pitch beep every time, just before Crack-u-up can finish a cuss word.

CRACK-U-UP (CONT'D)

(like Cosby)

I don't need this shi--

STICKS

Beep!

CRACK-U-UP

I'm Bill motherfu--

STICKS

Beep!

CRACK-U-UP

Cosby. The cleanest black comedian in America. I got three hundred million dollars in the bank. I don't need to take no shi--

STICKS

Beep!

CRACK-U-UP

off anybody. Especially some hoochie...haw haw haw.

That Cosby look on his face disappears as he sees the Restaurant Manger OTIS, a short thin, glasses, graying middle-aged black man move through the small winged entrance way into the cooking area.

As he moves in, he looks directly at the three guys.

Crack-U-Up removes his glasses and throws the leg down.

Sticks and Fart grin as they try to suppress their laughter.

OTIS

Hey! Cook the damn bird fellas!...
Yo Sticks! You wanna turn that box down some. My head is killing me!
Turn it down!...You know; I wish you guys had a cooking routine as good as your comedy routine...People are hungry fellas. Cook the food!

Crack-U-Up and Fart get busy with what they're supposed to be doing.

INT. NO NAME FRIED CHICKEN RESTAURANT - WOMAN'S BATHROOM - DAY.

Celeste views herself in the mirror as she adjusts one of her earrings. She then brushes her hair.

As she continues to brush, someone's heard wiggling the locked door knob.

EXT. NO NAME FRIED CHICKEN RESTAURANT - WOMAN'S BATHROOM - DAY.

Celeste moves out the door looking as prim and proper as can be. She nonchalantly smiles at Luwanda who was waiting to get in.

Luwanda gives her a disdainful look as she moves into the bathroom.

Celeste keeps smiling as she moves away.

Standing with the door open, Luwanda looks back at Celeste.

LJWANDA
...Well excuse me!...

She pushes the bathroom door shut kind of abruptly.

INT. COOKING AREA - DAY.

The **radio** is at a low volume.

Celeste moves through heading for the front.

The three guys, Sticks, M.C. Fart, and Crack-U-Up are working. They watch Celeste move through, but don't say anything.

Celeste arrives at her station. She puts her purse under the register counter.

Otis punches the keys on his register. He looks Celeste's way briefly.

OTIS
(to Celeste)
Everything O.K.?

Celeste just nods.

Some customers in line at Otis's register move over to Celeste's station. She greets them with a smile as she takes the first order.

Her first customer looks upward at the menu.

CUSTOMER

(to Celeste)

Lemme get a three piece dinner. All
white...ah...two corn...

INT. RESTAURANT LOBBY ENTRANCE - DAY

More customers move into the restaurant.

EXT. BUS BENCH NOT FAR FROM THE RESTAURANT - DUSK.

Wearing a winter coat, Celeste stands surrounded by many other people also waiting for the bus.

The area around her is alive with activity, people moving about, cars going by, the usual **noises** of a large city.

Two buses move to the corner. People board both of them.

Celeste waits patiently for her bus to arrive.

The doors of two buses close, then the two of them pull away from the curb into traffic.

Further down the busy boulevard about a block and a half, a very fancy blond stretch limo with black windows all the way around it moves along with the flow of traffic, heading toward where Celeste is waiting.

Shortly it reaches the intersection where Celeste and other people are awaiting the buses.

The street light is red. A cluster of traffic, plus the blond limo waits for the light to change...

The very last smoke black window of the limo rolls down about halfway.

A shadowy face of a very handsome thirty-something black man slowly appears at the open window.

The lower half of his face is kind of hidden, but the healthiness of the white in his eyes is unmistakable.

He stares straight at the crowd of people up on the sidewalk waiting on buses. He moves his eyes about, and shifts his head some.

Suddenly his eyes fixate on something...He doesn't even so much as blink.

At the bus stop Celeste stands there looking in the direction from where her bus will come. Standing amongst the other Chicagoans, her radiance is so overwhelming. She's like a glowing beacon compared to everyone else there.

A slight breeze blows her beautiful hair ever so gently.

Suddenly one, two, three, buses roll up blocking the whole corner full of people and Celeste.

The street light finally changes; all the cars start to move.

The last window of the limo closes as the vehicle moves forward with the rest of the cars, through the intersection.

At the bus stop, People move about getting on the buses.

Celeste moves to the last bus, which is bus #41. She gets on. All three buses pull away from the curb.

Celeste can be seen having a seat on the moving bus.

EXT. MULTIPLEX HIGH RISE PROJECT BUILDINGS - NIGHT.

The buildings appear to be obviously low rent apartments.

Bus #41 arrives at the corner of Dexter ave. The many tall project buildings are seen in the **B.G.** as Celeste and many other people get off the bus.

Celeste moves down the block heading for the multi building entryway.

Far across the four lane one way Dexter Ave. directly across from the bus stop, sits the same blond limo seen earlier. The rear window is again open.

EXT. PROJECT BUILDING #7 ENTRANCEWAY - NIGHT.

Celeste moves down the block until she comes to a wide sidewalk area which is the main entryway of the ten different high rise tenement buildings. She approaches a large gait.

The limo is quiet and still...Suddenly the front passenger door opens. Then the rear door facing the street bursts open. Out of each door moves two darkly dressed no nonsense looking black men.

They both move across the street heading for the same entrance to the buildings Celeste just entered.

INT. CELESTE/GRANDMOTHER APARTMENT, 20TH FLOOR - NIGHT.

Celeste enters her apartment. She takes her coat off, hangs it up in a hallway closet. From there she moves to the kitchen where her grandmother is heard fumbling about **O.S.** as she cooks dinner.

Celeste enters the kitchen.

CELESTE
(to Grandma)
...Hi Grandma...

She grabs the shoulder of her hard of hearing grandma.

GRANDMA
Hi baby. How was your day?

Celeste greets her by kissing her on the cheek. Her Grandma reciprocates by kind of puckering her lips.

CELESTE
O.K...What's for supper?

GRANDMA
I got baked ham with butter noodles,
and sweet cornbread...um hum.

CELESTE
Um, that smells good. I can't wait.

INT. PROJECT BUILDING #7 - FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT.

The black man who got out the front seat of the limo moves down the first floor corridor kind of looking and listening. He shows no expression on his face.

INT. PROJECT BUILDING #7 - THIRD FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT.

The black man who got out the back door of the limo, is standing outside the open door of an apartment **unheard** talking to a large black man who looks like he just finished doing a long prison bid.

After a few seconds of conversation, the limo black man raises his right hand with an erect folded one hundred dollar bill between his two fingers like a cigarette.

He points it, offering it to the man, but jerks it away as they continue to talk.

The apartment black man grins like in anticipation to getting the money. While grinning, he continues to speak.

Apparently he said what the limo black man wanted to hear; cause he finally slowly gives the apartment black man the hundred.

The limo black man then moves away down the corridor with no expression on his face. The apartment black man grins as he speaks some more. It's pretty obvious he's trying to pitch something else right quick for more money.

INT. CELESTE/GRANDMA APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT.

Celeste and her grandma are seated eating their supper.

INT. CELESTE/GRANDMOTHER APARTMENT - NIGHT.

In the kitchen with her hair tied back Celeste is at the sink hand washing the dishes.

Suddenly the doorbell is heard. Celeste reacts to hearing it, but keeps washing the dishes.

Moving from the hallway into the living room; Grandma heads for the door where she looks through the door's peep hole.

GRANDMA

(at door)

...Yes?...

BACK SEAT LIMO GUY (O.S.)

I'm looking for Celeste James.

Does she live here?

GRANDMA

...Who are you?...

BACK SEAT LIMO GUY (O.S.)

I'm with Chi-Town Productions.

GRANDMA
 ...Chi-Town, I don't--
 Who are you with?

INT. BUILDING CORRIDOR, 20TH FLOOR - NIGHT

Expressionless, he talks at the door.

BACK SEAT LIMO GUY
 Chi-Town Productions.

GRANDMA
 What can I do for you?

BACK SEAT LIMO GUY
 Do you think I can talk to Celeste?

There's a long hesitation now. The limo guy moves his head some as he now looks a bit miffed.

GRANDMA (O.S.)
 ...Um, she's kind of busy right
 now...Can you tell me what you came
 for?

INT. CELESTE/GRANDMA APARTMENT - NIGHT.

At the door by the floor, a business card slides under the door.

Grandma has her ear near the door.

BACK SEAT LIMO GUY
 There's my card...Can you have her
 call that number tomorrow morning
 around 9:00 A.M...It's important.

Grandma looks down at the floor, sees the card. With some difficulty she bends down to pick it up. She brings her reading glasses that are around her neck by a beaded chain, up so she can read it. The fancy looking card has the name Chi-Town Productions Inc.

At kitchen entrance Celeste moves through entering the living room. She pushes her bangs from her eyes.

CELESTE
 Dishes are done and put away Mama.

She looks at Grandma who's still by the door reading the card.

INT. BUILDING CORRIDOR, 20TH FLOOR - NIGHT

The Back seat limo guy moves down the corridor toward the elevator.

BACK SEAT LIMO GUY
...Damn projects...

He abruptly pokes the elevator down button.

INT. CELESTE/GRANDMOTHER APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

CELESTE
What's that Mama?

She moves toward Grandma, who doesn't answer as she looks at the card with an expression like she's thinking.

CELESTE (CONT'D)
Can I see?

Grandma slowly hands her the card.

CELESTE (CONT'D)
What's this?

Grandma removes her glasses as she has a seat on the sofa.

GRANDMA
Some guy at the door gave it to me.

Celeste reads it...

CELESTE
What guy?

GRANDMA
I don't know. I didn't open the door...
(ad lib rambling)

CELESTE
(partially listening)
That's good...That's good.
(to self)
...Chi-Town?...

Grandma keeps ad lib rambling about how it's not safe nowadays to open your door, etc.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

(gently)

Grandma...Enough...

Grandma stops talking and just smiles. Celeste just looks at the card thinking.

INT. BUILDING CORRIDOR, 3RD FLOOR DOOR #16 - NIGHT

Door #16 opens slowly. First a head poke, then out comes front seat limo guy, cautiously looking around before moving down the corridor.

With him **O.S.** away from the open door, a light-skin black female hottie, draped with just a sheet with her prominent cleavage showing, appears at the door biting her bottom lip, looking real seductive as she closes the door.

INT. BUILDING ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Front seat limo guy adjusts his clothes as he sort of gets into character before he goes back to the limo to report to the Boss.

FRONT SEAT LIMO GUY

(to self)

Hey I'm sorry Boss. I talked to a lot of people...Nobody knows her... Sorry Boss, I couldn't track her. I--

EXT. LIMO ACROSS DEXTER AVE. FROM MULTIPLEX BUILDING - NIGHT.

INT. BLOND LIMO - NIGHT.

Back seat limo guy is seated comfortably looking out his window toward the multiplex buildings.

FLEX (O.S.)

What floor did he look on?

Seated right next to him, Flex looks straight ahead.

BACK SEAT LIMO GUY

...He worked the first floor.

FLEX

And where else?

Back seat limo guy continues to look out the window as he doesn't answer. Shortly he tilts his head looking over the edge of his ajar smoke tinted window.

Front seat limo guy quickly approaches the car. He gets in the front passenger seat.

The middle of three black glass panels behind him goes down half way automatically. Flex can be seen staring at front limo guy.

FRONT SEAT LIMO GUY
(head turned slightly)
...I couldn't find anybody that knows
her.

As Flex just stares at him, the glass panel goes back up.

Front seat limo guy acts like he's wallowing with a guilty conscious.

The driver starts the car and drives away.

INT. NO NAME FRIED CHICKEN RESTAURANT - DAY.

In the semi-crowded dining area at a large table toward the back, sits a slick looking dapper Flex Johnson dipping his chicken fingers in some sauce then eats them.

The Back seat limo guy is there with him eating his chicken diner and drinking his drink.

As Flex munches his chicken fingers, he looks straight ahead where he can see the **O.S.** lobby, etc.

INT. LOBBY AREA - DAY

At the distant Customer counter, there are two lines of people, about three in each line. One at Luwanda's register, and one at Celeste's register. Each girl is tending to their customers. An obvious nasty disposition is again on Luwanda's face, while Celeste looks pleasant toward her Customer.

Celeste gets through her customers pretty quick, while Luwanda is going through some kind of strife with her second customer in her line.

Celeste finishes putting her fourth customer's food and drink on a tray.

INT. DINING AREA - DAY

Flex continues to stare toward the lobby area as he puts morsels of food in his mouth with one hand. Suddenly he brings into view a fancy flip cell phone in the other hand.

Like a pro, he holds the phone and presses digits with his thumb, never taking his eyes off what he's looking at toward the lobby. He puts the phone to his ear as it rings the number he's calling about three times before someone picks up.

INT. REGISTER AREA - DAY

Celeste smiles as her last customer moves away from the counter with his food.

Luwanda's second customer holds her tray of food as she moves away looking disgusted. A fourth customer moves behind Luwanda's third one, who moves to be waited on. Luwanda continues with her nasty disposition.

Her third customer, a spanish male, looks up at the menu. Luwanda gnaws on some gum as she seems to look right through the guy.

Over by the soda fountains, Otis the manager appears. He has a cordless phone to his ear as he tries to get Celeste's attention.

After a couple of tries, she looks in his direction. In a displaying way, he gathers her attention. Seeing that Celeste acknowledges him, he then moves to return back to his office.

INT. DINING AREA, FLEX'S TABLE - DAY

Munching his food and still with his phone to his ear, Flex watches long distance toward the register area.

INT. REGISTER AREA - DAY

Celeste gathers her purse from under the counter, then moves to go to the back areas to go to the office to answer the phone.

Luwanda's customer is saying something to her as he points to the menu up high.

INT. DINING AREA/FLEX'S TABLE - DAY

As Flex sips his soda pop through a straw, suddenly he reacts to hearing a voice on his phone.

FLEX

(into phone)

Hey! How you doing...My name's Flex Johnson...I'm with Chi-Town Productions...Yeah that's me... Well I happen to notice you on the street the other day, and lemme tell you...You're exactly what I've been looking for for my next video shoot.

He slyly grins to himself as he listens.

FLEX (CONT'D)

Well I'm just handy that way...I wanted to meet you, so I had to move fast to find you... Hey uma a good guy. You don't have to worry...So you think you'd be interested in a tryout? Cause lemme tell you, you the one!... Un huh... Yeah...un huh... Well, check this...No pressure... Think about it...You got my card right?... O.K., so whyd't you give me a ring if you decide-- Alright. Until then...Bye.

He closes his phone up and puts it away. He grins as Back seat limo guy digests the last of his food.

BACK SEAT LIMO GUY

...What's the word?

FLEX

...Voice of an angel...

BACK SEAT LIMO GUY

So, she down?

Flex's attention is averted as he looks toward the lobby/register area again. Noticing him looking, Back seat limo guy looks that way too.

INT. REGISTER AREA - DAY

Celeste reappears again at the register/counter where she again places her purse underneath.

A disgusted Luwanda is near by still staring at her indecisive spanish customer.

FLEX (O.S.)
 ...Poetry...You know what um saying...
 Look at how she light`s up the room.

Flex sort of encompasses his hands together up near his eyes the way a film Director does.

FLEX (CONT'D)
 ...Yeah...S-what I'm talking bout...

INT. CHI-TOWN PRODUCTIONS HEADQUARTERS - REHEARSAL STUDIO - DAY.

An up tempo hip hop beat kicks off as three scantily clad perspiring early twenty something females go right into their dance routine. They're in a kind of "V" formation. The one in the middle is a blond hottie named CANDY.

On each side of her are two very light skin black hotties named LISA and KIM.

They move to the music in unison. Each girl knows their part well. They really get into it as they spread out doing their thing.

Suddenly the dance coordinator a guy named JEWEL who's watching from the sideline, interrupts the girl's rehearsal. As he does, the music is also cut.

JEWEL
 Yo, hold up! Stop!

He moves over by them. The girls don't look to happy being stopped.

JEWEL (CONT'D)
 Candy you--

Candy quickly interjects.

CANDY
 I know, I know.

JEWEL
 So how many times is that now?

The other two girls just look on as a frustrated Candy clams up.

JEWEL (CONT'D)
You had it perfect yesterday. What happened?

Candy hesitates, then while looking right at Jewel, she kind of rolls her eyes to her right in reference to Kim who's back some, adjacent to her.

JEWEL (CONT'D)
What, Kim!

Kim non-verbally at first reacts to her name being mentioned.

KIM
What! Ain't my fault she missed her cue! Shit!
(low tone)
...Flat feet...

Candy kind of acts like she knows she opened up a can of worms. Kim's comments anger her to quietly respond.

CANDY
(quiet)
...No tits...

KIM
Nigga lover.

CANDY
Right back at ya bitch!

JEWEL
Hey, hey...Come on.

KIM
(low)
...Easy...

JEWEL
That's enough!

CANDY
She started it.

Kim makes a nasty face. Lisa looks on patiently.

JEWEL

Alright. Come on, lets try it again
from the top...Candy.

Candy just maintains a "whatever" attitude.

JEWEL (CONT'D)

Kim?

KIM

...I'm ready...

Jewel just looks at them briefly...

JEWEL

Take your spots.

All three girls move away.

INT. FLEX'S LARGE OFFICE WITHIN CHI-TOWN PRODUCTIONS
BUILDING - DAY.

With a few pieces of expensive jewelry, Flex is seated
behind his large fancy desk with his legs up with his
heel on the edge of the desk.

He leans back in his chair relaxing as he watches a monitor
on his desktop...(picture but no sound)...which shows the
three girls mentioned, rehearsing their dance routine.

After viewing the girls for awhile, he pushes a button on
his desk phone to buzz he receptionist outside his office
in another room. The button activates the speaker phone.
His **O.S.** receptionist named TAWNY, answers the page.

TAWNY (V.O.)

Yes?...

FLEX

Tawny. I get anymore calls?

TAWNY (V.O.)

No, just your brother and John.

FLEX

I'm expecting an important call from
a young lady. When she calls, patch
her through.

TAWNY (V.O.)

What's her name?

FLEX
Celeste...Hold on a minute.

He puts her on hold, then grabs his nextel phone on his desk to page someone. The phone beeps.

FLEX (CONT'D)
(into cell phone)
What up?

MALE ASSISTANT (V.O.)
She just turned 22...Single, no
boyfriends.

FLEX
(into cell phone)
Bet. Later.

He puts his cell back down on his desk, then opens communication again with Tawny.

FLEX (CONT'D)
Tawny?

TAWNY (V.O.)
Yes.

FLEX
Make sure you put her right through.

TAWNY (V.O.)
Alright.

He hits the button to turn the phone off, then lean back again to watch his desk monitor.

On the desk monitor, the girls are busy doing their dance routine, "picture", no sound. The girls are spread out dancing. Soon they maneuver in closer to each other.

As lead girl Candy does a spin, she kind of loses her balance and crashes into Kim.

Right away the two of them start a cat fight right there on the monitor. Lisa is in the **B.G.** looking.

Flex takes his feet off the desk to sit up straight, staring hard at the monitor.

On the desk monitor, Candy and Kim have resorted to some hair and clothes pulling, with a kick here and there thrown in.

Flex stays seated as he reacts uncomfortably to what he's seeing.

On the desk monitor as the girls keep a good grip on each other, Jewel moves into view to break it up.

Leaning his elbow on the desk, an angry looking Flex taps his fingers.

INT. FLEX'S LARGE OFFICE WITHIN CHI-TOWN PRODUCTIONS BUILDING - DAY.

Flex is leaned against a wall that has pictures of himself with other people, celebrities, etc. There's also an entertainment certificate in a frame above his head.

A somber looking Candy sits behind his desk fumbling with a small toy.

In a client chair in front of the desk sits Kim, looking toward **O.S.** Flex.

FLEX

...Alright...We done here...

Both girls slowly get up to leave the office. Kim looks straight-faced, while Candy smirks as she looks Flex's way. They move out the door, with Candy closing it behind her.

Flex moves off the wall shaking his head.

The girls are briefly heard outside Flex's office before they've moved completely away.

CANDY (O.S.)

(quiet)

Bitch.

KIM

...White ho...

INT. FLEX'S LARGE OFFICE WITHIN CHI-TOWN PRODUCTIONS BUILDING - FURTHER DAY.

Flex kind of paces around in back of his desk as he converses with **O.S.** Tawny over the speaker phone.

TAWNY (V.O.)

(over phone)

X-Unit Cronk is here for your 3:30.

Flex stops pacing to talk to her.

FLEX
Send them in in about five minutes...
Any other calls?

TAWNY
No.

FLEX
Damn.

He ends the call with her, then hesitates for a moment before picking up his nextel phone to page someone again.

MALE ASSISTANT (V.O.)
Yeah?

FLEX
(into phone)
Make that run, you know what I'm saying.

MALE ASSISTANT (V.O.)
We on it.

Flex has a seat behind his desk. He places his cell phone on the desk, then appears to be readying himself for his visitors.

INT. NO NAME FRIED CHICKEN RESTAURANT BACK AREA OF RESTAURANT - DAY.

With some **B.G.** chatter in the air, Crack-u-up, who's wearing a big black long coat, grins as he stares at something **O.S.**

Big 300 lb. M.C. Fart who's also wearing a humongous long black coat, has his back to Crack-u-up. He's doing something that makes a crumbling sound.

M.C. Fart is stuffing a large stuffed to the gills greasy restaurant bag into an open compartment inside his coat. He shoves it in there good, then closes his coat. He tilts his head up as he zips it closed.

CRACK-U-UP
(to M.C. Fart)
Do you ever stop eating?

M.C. Fart turns toward him.

M.C. FART
...What you talking bout.

CRACK-U-UP

Food...Eating...Do you ever stop.

Mysteriously a chicken leg is in Fart's hand. He brings it to his mouth for a bite.

M.C. FART

What. You want some?

CRACK-U-UP

Nah. You keep it in your pouch B.

M.C. FART

You sure. Cause I got a lot this time.

CRACK-U-UP

Nah, I'm full G.

Looking as big as a house in that coat, Fart's ready to leave the restaurant.

M.C. FART

How's it look?

CRACK-U-UP

(smirking)

...Ah, normal...

Crack-u-up makes an O.K. hand gesture.

Fart looks around a little, then moves away.

M.C. FART

Later.

Crack-u-up continues to grin as he watches Fart leave. The sound of **O.S.** Fart cutting one is heard.

At another part of the back areas Celeste throws her coat on by the wall where the time clock and card rack is located. She removes her hair from being tucked down the back of her coat.

Once again, nasty disposition Luwanda is about eight feet behind her waiting to punch out. She's wearing a coat.

LJWANDA

Can I punch out, please.

Celeste looks back right quick, then grabs her card from the rack to punch out.

Adjusting her coat some more, she puts her card back, then smiles at Luwanda as she moves away **O.S.**

Luwanda exhales in disgust as she looks Celeste's way. She grabs her card, then punches out. After she moves to leave, other employees approach the card rack.

EXT. REAR OF NO NAME FRIED CHICKEN RESTAURANT - DAY.

Employees move out the back door. They move out to the parking lot, etc. Finally Celeste moves out. She reacts to the cold like she's not ready for the weather.

As she starts to move to her left, someone calls out her name.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Celeste James!

Celeste stops while looking to her right.

At a black limo in the rear parking lot; a black man nick-named SWEETS who's wearing an expensive looking suit, stands by the back door of a stretch limo with tinted windows. He's holding a colorful bouquet of flowers.

SWEETS
Celeste...

He waves to her slightly.

Near the corner of restaurant, Celeste stands motionless, just staring at him.

SWEETS (CONT'D)
Can I talk to you for a minute?

Curiously, yet cautiously she moves to about ten feet from the guy.

People are moving about the parking lot, getting into cars, etc.

At the restaurant back door, Luwanda and Crack-u-up move out the door heading right in the parking lot. Luwanda catches site of Sweets talking to Celeste. She stares hard at them as she keeps moving slowly. She has a look of resentment on her face.

SWEETS (CONT'D)

(to Celeste)

What's happening. A Mr. Flex Johnson called you yesterday. He's the head of Chi-Town film and music productions... He really thinks you'd be perfect for the starring role in his up coming video with the group IFATT... He sent me to escort you straight to the studio. So what do you think? It's a good part.

CELESTE

I don't know, I--

SWEETS

Have you seen their latest video?

CELESTE

Yeah, I did.

SWEETS

Chi-Town provided all the dancers, actors, and actresses in it. We audition singers too.

CELESTE

But I don't know you. I can't just get in the car with you.

SWEETS

Hey I understand. I know a girl's gotta be careful... Do you have a car? I can give you the address and how to get there, cause he really wants to interview you today.

CELESTE

But I'm not an actress. I dance a little, but I can't sing.

SWEETS

That's O.K., neither can Lil Kim. He knew exactly what he was looking for when he saw you...He knows a star when he sees one...

She just ponders indecisively, unsure what to do.

SWEETS (CONT'D)

I tell you what. Whyd't you tell me what we can do that'll make you feel comfortable to come down to meet with him?..
Oh, and by the way. These are for you.

He reaches the flowers toward her.

SWEETS (CONT'D)

So what do you say. What can we do?

Celeste gets a smile on her face like she just thought of something that'll work for her.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - DAY.

The same black limo is tooling the busy streets amongst other vehicles. It turns a couple of corners until it's in the Sears Tower District where it comes to a stop in front of a high rise glass building.

Parked at the curb, the limo is turned off. Out moves Sweets out the back door. Then the street side back door opens. Out moves the white male limo driver. He's holding his drivers cap from being blown off by the wind.

Then finally the driver's door opens. Out moves Celeste. This was what she came up with to make it safe for her to take the ride. Smiling, she takes a quick look at the driver, then Sweets.

The limo driver moves to Celeste, who hands him his keys back. He then hops in the driver seat and closes the door. As Celeste moves around the car to join Sweets, the limo driver starts the car, then quickly beeps the horn.

The driver's door window rolls down halfway. The flowers for Celeste are poked out the window by the driver, who toots the horn again. A smiling Celeste grabs them. The driver's window rolls up, then he drives away.

Now very gentlemanly Sweets escorts Celeste to the building where they both enter a fancy turnstile door.

INT. CHI-TOWN PRODUCTIONS HEADQUARTERS - LATER DAY.

On the 10th floor, coming out the elevator is Sweets and Celeste. The first thing they see is Tawny's reception array, with Tawny enclosed by it.

SWEETS

(to Tawny)

Is he in?

TAWNY

Go right in.

They move down the plush/wide hallway with bright color carpet. Star-studded panel posters of celebrities, etc., are on the walls, both sides of the hallway. Some very state of the arts lights brighten the surroundings. Celeste looks around at all the photographic memorabilia.

They pass by several offices with prominent names and title plates on the doors. They finally come to the door of Flex's corner office at the end of the hallway. On the door is his name. Underneath are the initials H.N.I.C.

Sweets knocks on the door, then just opens it for Celeste to enter.

INT. FLEX'S LARGE OFFICE WITHIN CHI-TOWN PRODUCTIONS
BUILDING - DAY.

Far across the large room near a panoramic window view of the city, Flex sits behind his desk looking real "guy in charge."

With Celeste inside, Sweets pull the door shut.

FLEX

Come in...Have a seat.

Flex rises and moves around his desk to greet and shake hands with Celeste.

INT. LARGE WOMAN'S DRESSING ROOM AT CHI-TOWN PRODUCTIONS -
NEXT DAY.

Over by the mirrors, Celeste is wearing a really outlandish outfit. As she looks in the mirror, a gay looking black male is making the necessary adjustments so she looks perfect.

There are other females in the room dressing, semi-dressed, undressing, etc.; two of which are Candy and Kim. There's some chatter in the air.

As Celeste happily checks herself out in the mirrors, soon some quiet derogatory comments filter through the **B.G.** chatter.

FEMALE (O.S.)
Who put out the lights.

BEAT:

ANOTHER FEMALE (O.S.)
Ain't no cream in that coffee!

Celeste's mirror image shows her averting her eyes toward where she thinks the comments came from.

Now just snickering is heard in the **B.G.**

BLACK MALE
(to Celeste)
Arms up.

ANOTHER FEMALE #2 (O.S.)
That reminds me. I gotta get tires
for my new black Saab tomorrow.

Far on the other side of the room, Candy's seated in front of a large make-up mirror. Wearing just panties, she brings a fancy bra to her bare breast. She latches it, then turns it around cups in front.

Kim is seated next to her at another make-up station, applying make-up.

CANDY
(to Kim)
Who's she?

KIM
(looking in mirror)
I hear she's trying out for lead
girl in Ifatt's new video.

CANDY
What!...What!

Kim's reflection in the mirror shows her smirking as she applies her make-up.

CANDY (CONT'D)
That's my part! Who told you that?!

KIM
Sweets...Were you up for that. I
didn't know that. Congratulations.
I been trying to get into acting
myself for a long time. I--

An angry Candy jumps up out her seat. With no inhibitions at all, she storms **O.S.**

KIM (CONT'D)
 (smirking)
 What's wrong?...

BLACK MALE
 (to Celeste)
 That's it. Your done.

Finished with Celeste, he watches her admiring herself in the mirror.

BLACK MALE (CONT'D)
 You like it?

Celeste nods yes...

INT. 10TH FLOOR, CHI-TOWN PRODUCTIONS - DAY.

The elevator door dings and opens. Out storms an angry Candy in just bra and panties. She moves pass Tawny's reception booth, down the hallway.

Tawny watches her speechless. A male exiting an office on the left, looks back at the nearly nude Candy.

INT. FLEX'S LARGE OFFICE WITHIN CHI-TOWN PRODUCTIONS BUILDING - DAY.

Flex is at his large window display steadfastly looking down at the street through binoculars.

Down on the street, a buxom, very shapely female starlet is being escorted out a limo, then into the building across the street.

Flex's office door suddenly bursts open with Candy abruptly moving in. She slams the door shut.

CANDY
 What the hell's going on!

Flex jerks some as he drops the binoculars to his side trying to hide them. He turns around shocked by Candy's outburst, and her appearance.

FLEX

Excuse me. What the hell are you doing. Better yet, what the hell are you doing.

CANDY

Ifatt. You're giving the spot to somebody else!

FLEX

...Who told you that?

CANDY

Are you?

FLEX

...What was the question?

She gets very irritated with him.

CANDY

I want that part! You promised me.

FLEX

Did you come up in the elevator like that?

CANDY

I ain't playing Flex. I ain't leaving til we get this shit straight... And if we don't get it straight. I'll leave...But without bra and panties...And screaming... So who gets the part?...

FLEX

Come on Candy. You know me better than anybody.

CANDY

I know.

She looks down at the side of him.

CANDY (CONT'D)

What's in your hand?

He moves that hand further behind him.

EXT. HALLWAY RIGHT OUTSIDE FLEX'S OFFICE - DAY.

The door being secured is heard.

INT. FLEX'S LARGE OFFICE WITHIN CHI-TOWN PRODUCTIONS
BUILDING - DAY.

Flex is seated in his swivel desk chair with Candy straddled on his lap. The two of them are kissing lustfully.

They go at it until Flex decides to stand up, lifting and propping her on his desk, butt first. Without missing a beat, he pushes things aside on his desk to make room.

They kiss and carry on like a horny virgin newlywed couple. Candy talks to and kisses him at the same time.

CANDY

Tell me you love me.

FLEX

Mmm...Yeah baby. You know I do.

They really go at it, french kissing and all. Flex undoes his zipper and belt buckle. His pants drop down below his butt.

Candy exhales as Flex grabs and pulls her panties down her thighs. He gets into position on her to have sex. They continue to kiss.

CANDY

So you'll get rid of that black bitch?

Flex responds right at the critical moment.

FLEX

Aah...Anything baby...Aah...
...She's gone...Mmm...

Candy responds pleasurably.

INT. PHOTO ROOM, CHI-TOWN PRODUCTION BUILDING - DAY.

Wearing that same outfit from before, principle photos are being taken of Celeste. She poses in different positions as the **O.S.** camera flashes.

INT. FLEX'S LARGE OFFICE - DAY.

Flex is seated in his chair with a still nude Candy sort of curled up on his lap with her privates strategically hidden.

She lays her head on his shoulder. Flex looks out the windows where the sunlight is in the dusk stage. As Candy lifts her head a little, Flex kisses her on the neck.

She then lays her head back on his shoulder area.

CANDY
Is Ifatt still flying in Monday?

FLEX
Yeah.

CANDY
What time are they shooting?

FLEX
7 a.m.

CANDY
What time should I be on the set?

A guilty look appears on Flex's face.

FLEX
...Ah, eight...

CANDY
When can I get a copy of the script?

FLEX
...Soon...

She gets cozier on his lap.

CANDY
...You aren't lying to me, are you?

INT. PHOTO ROOM, CHI-TOWN PRODUCTION BUILDING - DAY.

Celeste sits on a Director's chair looking over what appears to be a script. Shortly a white guy moves into the room anxiously going right into helping Celeste in reference to the script.

INT. NO NAME FRIED CHICKEN RESTAURANT - COOKING AREA - DAY.

Out of uniform, Crack-u-up is wearing shirt, tie, glasses, hair, etc., just like restaurant manager Otis.

With the whole crew present, including Luwanda and Celeste, he's doing a comical impersonation of Otis.

CRACK-U-UP
Alright, gather round. Get in close.

He waves for them to get in close.

CRACK-U-UP (CONT'D)

Let's go, Luwanda, Celeste, Sticks...

(holds nose)

You too Fart. Gather round...

O.K. Now I ain't pointing no fingers, but we've been getting to many complaints about the quality of the food...

Here's my list of no-mores...#1, no more orders going out with biscuits missing...

#2, no more complaints about flat sodas...so check the tanks. #3, no more complaints about chicken with bites already in them. #4, and last but not least, no more complaints about pies with the filling sucked out...

Come on people, we can do better than this. And fartman--

M.C. FART

That's M.C. Fart!

CRACK-U-UP

Whatever. You need to use the bathroom at the gas station next door. Cause that old man who went in behind you and passed out, is still threatening to sue.

While laughing hard, Fart bends over some at the waist. He lets out a slight fart. As he does, the real Otis is seen standing in back of him looking perturbed.

CRACK-U-UP (CONT'D)

Now I--

Crack stops short seeing the angry Otis standing there. Him and the whole crew disperse.

OTIS

...You think that shit's funny!

Well lets see if this'll make you laugh. If you don't get your asses to work, uma dock everyone of you an hour pay...

Lets go...Get your uniform on Marvin.

Cook the bird fellas...Let's go

ladies, to your stations...

I want some smiles today Luwanda.

Your customers hate you!

LJWANDA

I don't care.

OTIS

(under breath)

I bet your pocketbook cares.

(out loud)

Go to work young lady.

In the **B.G.** a fart noise is heard. Otis turns to look right quick.

Fart is over flouring the chicken. He stops in mid-chewing something cause he sees that Otis is looking. He keeps flouring with a guilty look on his face.

Crack and Sticks are busy doing their jobs, but have grins on their faces.

Otis stares at Fart a few more seconds, then moves **O.S.** toward his office area.

INT. NO NAME FRIED CHICKEN RESTAURANT - TIME CLOCK AREA - DAY. -- LATER

With her coat on, Celeste clocks her card out, then puts it in the rack.

EXT. REAR OF NO NAME FRIED CHICKEN RESTAURANT - DAY.

INT. CRACK-U-UP AND LJWANDA'S RUNDOWN LOOKING CAR - DAY.

Crack is cranking the ignition to no avail. He makes a stressful face as he does.

LJWANDA

Are you sure it's got gas in it?

He doesn't respond, he just keeps cranking...

LJWANDA (CONT'D)

I'm cold. Can you turn the heat on while you do that!

He breaks from cranking.

CRACK-U-UP

The heat won't work until the car warms up.

LJWANDA

Well warm it up!

Crack cranks it some more...

LUWANDA (CONT'D)

Listen, uma wait inside. Come git
me when you got it running, and warm.

Over by the restaurant in front of the first row of parking stalls, that same black limo rolls into view and stops. On the restaurant side of the limo, Sweets gets out the back door. He stands by the car looking toward the restaurant rear door.

Luwanda's eyes are glued on the distant Sweets.

Shortly the restaurant back door opens. Out moves Celeste, who stops dead in her tracks seeing Sweets by the car.

SWEETS

Hello Celeste.

He waves slightly.

SWEETS (CONT'D)

...He wanted to make sure you got
there with no problems.

Sweets opens the back door, then invitingly gestures with his hand for her to get in the limo.

Celeste cracks a smile before she moves.

INT. CRACK-U-UP AND LUWANDA'S RUNDOWN LOOKING CAR - DAY.

Luwanda continues to stare out the windshield at the distant Celeste and Sweets.

O.S. Crack-u-up continues trying to get the car started.

CRACK-U-UP (O.S.)

What the fuck!

LUWANDA

...Check this out...
Miss thang's gitting picked up again
by that limo...
I bet she a ho!...I knew that bitch
was trifling...

Suddenly the car cranking begins to die down, slower, slower, gone. Crack looks mad as hell.

Luwanda rolls her eyes at him...

LUWANDA (CONT'D)

...Call me when your ready.

She lifts the door handle to open it. It doesn't open. She repeats. This time the handle comes off in her hand. She looks Crack's way showing him the handle.

CRACK-U-UP

...R-ite...

Crack lifts his door handle to get out. He too has to try a few times before finally giving it a good shoulder shove to open it. He gets out, slams the door shut, then moves around to Luwanda's side to let her out.

At Luwanda's side of the car, Crack pulls the handle once, twice, then it opens.

The black limo arrives at the corner of the restaurant, stops, turns left and drives off.

Luwanda moves in between park cars, heading toward the restaurant. She watches the limo turn the corner and disappear. She looks cold as she expresses her distaste of what she saw.

INT. CHI-TOWN PRODUCTIONS HEADQUARTERS, STUDIO #B - DAY. --
LATER

There's a pretty elaborate set ready for Ifatt's shoot of their video.

The four black male group Ifatt is sitting around looking at Celeste's publicity photos, as well as other photos of females.

The rap quartet lounge, sit, move about as they take ganders of the set around them.

They have some very colorful Rapper names...GATMAN, GINA HARVEST, PHUCKER MIKE, and 9 INCH.

Throughout the studio, cameramen and several other behind the scenes people are here and there prepping things.

At the studio entrance; some real hotties are filling in until lastly, Celeste accompanied by Flex, enters. The girls go about mingling with people. Some of them check out Ifatt over at the far end of the studio, away from everybody.

Many of the behind the scenes people acknowledge Flex when they spot him.

Flex and shy Celeste flash some smiles as they keep moving onward through the crowd. Celeste looks all around. They arrive where the Director of the shoot is talking to some of the cast members.

The Director, a thirty-something black male, turns and acknowledges Flex. He reaches to shake hands with him and Celeste.

After that, Flex kind of puts his hand around Celeste's waist indicating to her that they have to go. They move through the crowd until they arrive where Ifatt is.

Ifatt, who had been checking out the busy activity throughout the studio, suddenly one by one avert their attention to Celeste and Flex. It's obvious they're checking out Celeste the most.

Flex goes about shaking hands with each one of them...

FLEX

...So fellas. How was your flight...Chicago treating you O.K.?

GATMAN

Yeah man. We straight.

FLEX

Well here she is. This Celeste James, in the flesh...She's real shy, but I'm sure you guys'll make her feel at home.

9 INCH

Sup baby girl. Yo, them snaps don't bring it. You a heart attack fa sho! Know what um saying.

PHUCKER MIKE

Confirmed!

9 INCH

...Rotate on the real.

Celeste looks at him kind of strange.

GATMAN

(grinning)

...He wants you to turn around.

Celeste slowly turns all the way around...

9 INCH
 Word...A through Z's killing the
 ballistics.

FLEX
 So what do you think fellas? We
 ready to do this?

PHUCKER MIKE
 Yeah. It's show time.

9 INCH
 (eying Celeste)
 After six is working! Ya hear what
 um spitting.

FLEX
 What...What's after six?...

They all look at Flex briefly, then a grinning Gatman
 explains.

GATMAN
 That's how he describes a honey's
 skin tone...Like early in the morning
 means she's real light skin...
 High noon means she's got a nice
 tan. 5:00 means she's brown by the
 pound. And after six means she's
 dark and sweet.

FLEX
 ...Cool...Well I gotta go talk with
 my Director to make sure the school
 shoot is on. It was good seeing you
 again fellas...Good luck.
 (to Celeste)
 Celeste, I'll see you in a little
 bit.

He kisses her on the cheek, rubs her shoulder, then moves
 away **O.S.**

Ifatt look at Celeste kind of lustfully. Gatman gets up
 and offers her his seat.

GATMAN
 Sit.

9 INCH
 (to Ifatt, grinning)
 Yeah...The apple's on the shelf, ya
 feel me.

INT. JOHN HARTMAN HIGH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS - DAY.

The Ifatt video shoot is happening. In the hallway of this prestigious all girls school, a group of five actresses are playing senior female students. One of which is Celeste in character.

They're all gathered at a wall display of the teeny bopper, all white male pop group DREAM BOY INC. free concert, in the school auditorium today.

The girls giggle and gab...(Ad lib)...about the heart throb boy band. Some of the girls point at which boy they like best.

Now in unison, Celeste and the girls move away, heading down the hallway. Other females are moving about the hallway in both directions.

The cameraman, Director, assistant Director are shown filming the girls moving away.

DIRECTOR

...Cut!...

INT. JOHN HARTMAN HIGH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS - DAY.

EXT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE/DREAM BOY INC. DRESSING ROOM - DAY.

Someone inside the dark room is looking through the window blind slates of the Teacher's lounge glass door.

INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE/DREAM BOY INC. DRESSING ROOM - DAY.

Ifatt are busy duck taping the mouths, wrists, ankles of each dream boy member who are forced to sit in chairs.

Gatman is the lookout guy at the door blinds.

The cameraman, Director, etc., are shown near a corner of the room filming.

9 Inch just finished duck taping his seated boy band member. Phucker Mike is removing the black sunglasses from his dream boy member's face.

9 INCH

Yeah...I always dreamed about this...

[censor beep]...

(grinning)

With his frightened boy boy band member looking up at him, the grinning 9 Inch stares at his victim briefly...

9 INCH (CONT'D)
 ...Is this how you bounce...

He proceeds to imitate the boy band member's on stage coordinated dance steps...

9 INCH (CONT'D)
 Yeah. Fa shizell.

Gina Harvest finishes taping his boy band victim.

9 INCH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Yo Cropman!...He looks cold. Whyd't
 you melt that ice off him!

Grinning, Gina Harvest gets the message and starts to remove his dream boy's expensive platinum watch, necklace, and rings. The dream boy squirms some.

INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE ROOM CORNER - DAY

DIRECTOR
 ...Cut!...

The Director and his crew laugh some.

INT. JOHN HARTMAN HIGH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS - DAY

Two hands are holding the scene clap slate.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (O.S.)
 On stage auditorium
 scene#3...Action!...

The school's large fancy auditorium is filled to capacity with seated girl students. Chatter fills the air.

There are two spots where two cameramen on cranes are situated in cleared out areas amongst the seats.

School faculty members are amongst the crowd of girls chanting like the rest of the crowd for the show to start.

On the distant stage the curtain opens.

In the front row seats, Celeste and her four student friends are seated. They too chant. Some are holding up publicity photos of Dream Boy Inc.

Some where in the auditorium, someone's hand is holding a stopwatch. When the watch hits 12, the timer button is pushed.

The auditorium lights start to dim lower until the room becomes dark. The all female crowd start to really come alive with cheers, etc. Most of them stand at their seats in anticipation.

The curtains open completely on stage. Slowly the guys of IFATT are revealed as the stage starts to light up. All four guys stand on stage side by side about eight feet apart, looking like they're ready to kick somebody's ass as they stare at the all female audience. To go with their sexual/thug image, each guy is dressed in some hardcore gear.

Lead guy Gatman has on a wool cap, black sunglasses, a bandanna scarf wrapped around his face from the nose down like he's about to rob a liquor store. He's wearing baggy Alcatraz prison issue blue jeans, and long sleeve red and black lumberjack shirt covered by a bullet proof vest with property of Ryker's Island on it itched in white. Lastly, he's got on old-fashioned prison issue black boots without laces.

Phucker Mike is similarly thugged out, plus he too is wearing a bullet proof vest and a empty pistol strap on his upper body.

Gina Harvest is wearing a hooded black and white sports team jersey with a large 69 on the front, back, and small 69 on each shoulder. He has on baggy black shorts that go just below his knees. He's wearing black and white ankle high basketball shoes. Around his neck is a necklace of multiple condoms. With the black jersey hood over his head, on his face are black condom shaped sunglasses. Covering his nose and mouth are a pair of pink frilly panties that are tied in back of his head unseen.

Lastly, 9 Inch is wearing a somewhat tight black with red strips down the side, sports sweat suit.

He has on green fitted surgical gloves and black sunglasses. His mouth is covered with a green surgical mask. Around his neck is a stethoscope. At his crotch area, flashing at long intervals, a nine inch dildo under the thin material of his pants, lights up with a dayglow green light.

Gatman tilts his head up and back some. With his mask on, he yells out to the D.J.

GATMAN

D.J.! Kick that...[censor beep]...

He slips his right hand into his pocket and brings out a roll of duct tape.

He casually tosses it over his shoulder to the rear of the stage.

At the rear of the stage, their D.J. is in back of his array of equipment, turntable, mixer, etc. He sets things off with a kick-ass funky beat...crunk style... Ifatt continues to stare hard at the all female audience.

The audience is spellbound and silent. Some of the Dream Boy Inc. banners are still visibly seen being held by girls throughout the crowd.

Celeste and her four friends are standing, looking dumbfounded. They look at each other, and around at the silent auditorium.

On stage as their cue comes in, the four guys start thug dancing about the stage. 9 Inch starts rapping his part of the song. Then Phucker Mike, Gina, Gatman.

The crowd continues to stare in disbelief.

INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE/DREAM BOY INC. DRESSING ROOM - DAY.

In the still dark room, the dream boys are desperately trying to free themselves. Shortly one of them does get his wrists free, then removes his other duct taped restraints. Once he does, he gets up from his seat to go free the others.

INT. JOHN HARTMAN HIGH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, AUDITORIUM - DAY.

Toward the back of the auditorium, the Principal/Dean appears to be in a heated discussion with another school official. He's holding some paperwork, pointing at it angrily.

On the distant stage, Ifatt is getting down with their song as each member raps out their parts. They move about the stage like they don't have a care in the world.

In the audience, all the dream boy signs, etc. have disappeared. The audience's shock has diminished some. They even appear to be interested in Ifatt's show.

In the front row seats, Celeste and friends are actually starting to grove a little to the music. As they get more into it, it sort of chain reacts throughout the crowd of girls.

Now Celeste, her friends, and the majority of the audience are grooving to Ifatt, who now kick it up a notch and even gravitate more to the all chick crowd.

9 Inch who isn't rapping at the moment, is at the edge of the stage taunting the crowd into a frenzy. Suddenly he spots Celeste in the front row. He then puts all his attention on her. As he gets real seductive with her, he somehow makes the dildo in his pants start to flash rapidly for a few seconds.

Celeste's friends look at her, smirking over the obvious attention she's getting.

Suddenly 9 Inch jerks away. With his mask still on, he busts his rhythms. The other three Ifatt guys step to him to give him dap, then move away.

When 9 Inch says the last of his part, Phucker Mike abruptly interjects in with his hard core lyrics where the censored f-word is laced all through his rap.

Every time he says fuck, it's bleeped. He finishes his part, then Gina Harvest comes in on cue with his sexually laced lyrics.

Celeste and her friends are dancing sensuously at their seats.

Girls all over the auditorium are now grooving to the music, as well as some of the faculty.

At the back of the auditorium, seeing that everybody's grooving to the music, the now calmed down Principal kind of throws his hands up like to say "Oh well." Other officials around him look around at the girls, etc.

Finally the song comes to an end. When it's over; Ifatt casually rear exit the stage. The crowd applaud them.

Celeste claps as she pleasingly watches them leave.

EXT. SIDE HALL OUTSIDE AUDITORIUM/STAGE ENTRANCE - DAY.

The five members of Dream Boys Inc., move through the side door which leads to the backstage area. The still applauding crowd is heard in the **B.G.**

INT. JOHN HARTMAN HIGH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, AUDITORIUM STAGE - DAY.

Moving onto the stage is Dream Boy Inc, one by one. They're kind of panting as they stand there looking at the audience. One of them moves to the mike to speak to the crowd.

Like a domino effect, the crowd starts to quiet down. Then boos begin to permeate throughout the crowd before he can say a word.

INT. BACKSTAGE AREA - DAY.

Then to add insult to injury; Gatman's hand is seen pushing the button that closes the stage curtains.

On the stage the curtains close on the confused and booed boy band. They angrily look at the booing crowd of girls through the just about closed curtains.

Through the ajar curtain, the last person seen is a smiling Celeste at her seat waving to them slightly.

At one of the clear spots in the audience, the Director yells out...

DIRECTOR

Cut! That's a rap!

The Director's assistant claps the scene slate.

The boos stop. The crowd of girls move from their seats.

INT. FANCY UPTOWN RESTAURANT - NIGHT.

At a large round table in a secluded area of the restaurant, Ifatt members, Flex and date, and Celeste have just finished their food. Flex holds his glass up for a toast.

FLEX

Fellas. That was a great shoot.
You nailed every scene on the first
take...Cheers.

Everybody at the table extend their glasses for the toast, then take a drink.

9 INCH

(up nod to Ifatt)
...Lady C flip mode to Cali for
tinselhood shoot.

FLEX

(grinning to Gatman)
What did he say?

GATMAN

Oh...We wanna know if Celeste wants
to fly to L.A. for our next video
shoot.

FLEX

I don't know. What do you think Celeste?

CELESTE

...That sounds great...But my job?... I can't leave my Grandma alone. She needs me.

Everybody looks at her smiling...

CELESTE (CONT'D)

...When is it?

GATMAN

Tuesday.

CELESTE

For how long?

GATMAN

Bout two days. We'll fly you out Monday for first rehearsal. We shoot Tuesday and Wednesday... So what's up.

9 INCH

(interjecting)

Twenty bones in the vault, fa real. Know what um saying.

Celeste, Flex and his date look Gatman's way for the translation.

GATMAN

Yeah. We can git you \$20,000 on this one.

Everybody looks shocked hearing that figure. Flex is speechless.

CELESTE

Twenty thousand.

GATMAN

Two oh...Granny can chill in style with that kind of loot, huh.

Celeste shows a demeanor of contentment.

CELESTE

So, what time is the flight monday?

PHUCKER MIKE
 ...That's word...

INT. CELESTE/GRANDMOTHER APARTMENT, MONDAY - DAY.

In the living room, Celeste and her Grandma hug. Her suitcase is on the floor nearby.

INT. CHI-TOWN PRODUCTIONS HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY OUTSIDE FLEX'S OFFICE - DAY.

The sounds of a ruckus can be heard from inside Flex's office. Faintly an angry woman's voice is suddenly heard.

At Tawny's reception booth she answers a call.

TAWNY
 He's in a conference right now...Can
 I have your name and number?

At Flex's office door, the female voice is heard again.

CANDY (O.S.)
 Son of a bitch!

INT. FLEX'S LARGE OFFICE - DAY.

The office is in a horrible disarray. Furniture, clothes, knickknacks, etc. are thrown all over the place.

Candy stands by Flex's desk, dressed and looking very angry. She looks at one of Celeste's promotion photos with a scowl on her face.

INT. FLEX'S OFFICE BATHROOM - TOILET - DAY.

Submerged in the water are Flex's binoculars.

INT. FLEX'S OFFICE AREA - DAY

Over on a plush visitor couch, wearing black slacks, white undershirt tank top, gold necklace and some other jewelry, Flex is watching the irate Candy.

CANDY
 (eying photo)
 You gotta be kidding me!...
 They never used anybody that looked
 like her before!

She continues to show her anger, then looks straight at Flex.

CANDY (CONT'D)

...Are you fucking her Flex? You told me you didn't like black chicks...
 What is she, some kind of new fantasy of yours. Like that Jap bitch last year!...
 What's next, an Eskimo!...Why Flex...Haven't I been good to you. You said we go good together...What happened?

Flex kind of keeps his head down, not looking at her.

CANDY (CONT'D)

(looking at photo)
 ...I mean she's kind of pretty...I guess. But who else is gonna hire her besides you.

Flex slowly looks up at her...

FLEX

...Are you done...

CANDY

No I'm not done! You promised me!

FLEX

It's not me. This is what they wanted.

CANDY

You're lying! I've seen all their videos!...And they're strictly cream and honey. No chocolate.

She continues to look at the picture. Then very upset, she collapses into the chair near by, looking ready to cry.

CANDY (CONT'D)

...You promised me...

Trying to stay the tough female, she fights to hold back the tears.

FLEX

I'm sorry baby. I wanted to tell you, but I--

Still holding Celeste's photo. She wipes under her right eye where a tear appears.

She sniffles a little, but holds tough.

Seeing her state of mind, Flex gets up and moves to his cluttered desk. He brings out his pocket a cigarette butt sized remote on his key chain. He aims it at his desk and a draw opens slowly. In that particular draw are several different jewelry items and jewelry boxes. In one small black display tray are about five shiny silver woman's fancy watches.

Flex grabs one of them, then with his remote, he closes the draw. He moves to Candy to present the watch. This seems to cheer her up some as she takes a gander at it.

FLEX (CONT'D)

You like it. I've been saving it
for just the right moment...Here,
lemme put it on.

She extends her right arm. Below on the floor are several torn up Celeste photos.

FLEX (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Look how good that looks...A perfect
fit.

INT. FIRST CLASS SECTION OF A PASSENGER PLANE - DAY.

Sitting by herself, Celeste drinks a glass of champagne.

The stewardess leans toward her, handing her a red rose while whispering something to her.

Celeste looks at it at first, then grabs it by the stem. The stewardess moves away. Celeste turns to look over her shoulder.

Across the aisle back about four rows, behind two seated people sits a high class, dapper looking white male business man, smiling at Celeste. He holds up his glass of champagne in a cheers fashion to Celeste.

Celeste smiles back at him.

The man takes a drink.

Celeste faces forward again.

INT. NO NAME FRIED CHICKEN RESTAURANT - OTIS'S OFFICE - DAY.

Otis sits in a swivel chair looking up at Luwanda who's giving him a tongue lashing about Celeste.

LJWANDA

So why ain't she gonna be at her station!

OTIS

I told you. She flew to California to visit her relatives.

LJWANDA

I ain't working the lunch rush by myself. I'll go home first Otis!

OTIS

I got another girl coming in. She should be here any minute...O.K...

LJWANDA

You need to stop hiring these fashion models. I'm tired of doing their work and mine while they hide in the bathroom putting on make-up.

OTIS

Alright Luwanda. I hear you.

LJWANDA

I ain't playing Otis...I'll go home. I mean it.

OTIS

I know Luwanda...I ain't playing either...
So do you mind going to work now?...

Uptight and hissy, she finally moves away **O.S.**

LJWANDA (O.S.)

You need to give me a raise. Cause I damn sure deserve it.

Otis just sits there looking at the **O.S.** Luwanda.

INT. NO NAME FRIED CHICKEN RESTAURANT - COOKING AREA - DAY. -- LATER

The three fellas are talking and working. Suddenly from the back rooms area of the restaurant emerges the new girl. Dressed in the company uniform, she adjusts her hair that's in a ponytail.

She's a pretty Spanish girl named LISA. She moves through the cooking area heading for the front.

All three guys stare at her...

STICKS

I don't believe it. It's Jenny from
the block. Check it out...J lo in
the house!

Sticks does a little dance number as he sings some of
the lyrics from the song "Jenny from the block."

Meanwhile Crack-u-up takes out his glasses to do a
P-Diddy impression.

A grinning Sticks resumes with his work as Crack-u-up
gets into his P-Diddy impression mode. M.C. Fart
cleverly plays along with him.

M.C. Fart holds a chicken leg to Crack-u-up's mouth like
a microphone. He also talks into it when he speaks.

M.C. FART

...So Diddy. What was it like dating
J Lo?

CRACK-U-UP

(as Diddy)

It was cool, you know. It's all
good.

M.C. FART

So how long did you two date?

CRACK-U-UP

(as Diddy)

For about a year.

M.C. FART

So tell me. How sweet was that booty?

CRACK-U-UP

Ah come on man. You know...

M.C. FART

I hear she's pretty wild in bed.

Crack-u-up just continues to grin like P-Diddy.

INT. RESTAURANT REGISTER AREA - DAY

MALE CUSTOMER

Gimme one two piece special. Three large root beer, two large colas, and one orange...Does that special come with biscuits?

Lisa looks at the register chart which shows all the restaurant menu items.

LISA

Um, yes...It comes with one.

The Customer looks at the menu some more...

LISA (CONT'D)

Did you need anything else?

MALE CUSTOMER

...No, that's it.

MALE CUSTOMER (CONT'D)

(flirty)

You're new here aren't you?

LISA

Yeah.

MALE CUSTOMER

Yeah. I didn't think I seen you here before...Anybody ever tell you you look just like Jennifer Lopez?

She just smiles as they continue with their small talk.

Over by the fry vats, Luwanda stares at Lisa talking to her customer. Gnawing on some gum, she has a irritable, snide look on her face.

Some laughter from the cooking area is heard briefly.

LISA

That's to go right?

CUSTOMER

Yeah.

At the fry vats, Luwanda continues to stare at Lisa. Her eyes move as her head stays still.

Lisa approaches the fry vats to scoop up a bag of fries. She smiles at Luwanda, who doesn't change a note of her expression.

LISA
 (to Luwanda)
 Hi...

Luwanda looks at her, but doesn't reciprocate. She just stares.

Back with her customer, Lisa hands him a large bag and a tray of sodas.

LISA (CONT'D)
 ...Bye...

She watches him leave the restaurant.

Over by the fry vats, Luwanda is still glaring at her. She's now munching on some fries.

Lisa looks around the empty restaurant. She reaches under the counter to bring out her purse to take out a compact mirror to check her face. Since there aren't any customers, she puts her compact away, then moves toward the back area.

As she leaves, she notices that Luwanda is staring at her. She jerks a little.

LISA (CONT'D)
 Hi...

Luwanda halts in mid chew as she gives Lisa an angry stare.

INT. COOKING AREA - DAY

Lisa appears in the area. She frowns a little as she looks to her left.

A now blazer wearing Crack-u-up is being interviewed still by M.C. Fart.

CRACK-U-UP
 (as P-Diddy)
 I just want to thank my mom and my family. I wanna thank my friends, the jury, and most of all, I wanna thank God. I--

He spots Lisa moving by checking them out. M.C. Fart turns around to see what he's looking at, then turns back to Crack for the interview wrap-up.

M.C. FART
 Great interview Puffy...Thanks.

He then moves quickly to get a rear view shot of Lisa.

CRACK-U-UP (O.S.)
That's Diddy bitch!...Not Puffy!
R-ite!

Fart continues to look at the **O.S.** Lisa through the back areas entryway. Because of the way he's bent over looking, he ends up letting out a loud fart. He moves from the entry right quick.

INT. BACK AREA OF RESTAURANT - DAY

Lisa turns to look at the entryway right quick, then continues out the side door.

STICKS (O.S.)
...Damn C. you gotta fix them flats
before you end up suffocating us up
in here. You feel me.

INT. FLEX'S MANSION, MASTER BEDROOM -- MORNING

A sleepy Flex is just waking up in his gigantic custom super king size bed. As his eyes focus, he looks in bed next to him, then around the room.

FLEX
Candy!...Where you at?!

With the silk sheet covering him from the waist down, he sits up in bed.

FLEX (CONT'D)
Candy!...Damn girl, you can never
stay in one place.

Grinning to himself, he turns and sees a note propped on his fancy phone, sitting on his completely chrome nightstand by the bed. He grabs the note. His grin disappears as he starts reading the note out loud.

FLEX (CONT'D)
Flex...I can't take it anymore. You
told me I would become a star with
the Ifatt video. Then you go and
give it to somebody else.
You better realize, you ain't Russell
Simmons, Suge Knight, or Dr.
Dre...You're Flex Johnson, a wannabe,

FLEX (CONT'D)

bouncing around Chicago, leaving tracks.
I'm not gonna just let somebody steal my shot at stardom...You know me better than that...I'll check you when I get back...Don't wait up...Candy.

In a dismissing way, he just flings the note, then lays back down.

EXT. LAX AIRPORT/LOS ANGELES, CA. - LARGE LAX SIGN - NIGHT.

INT. LAX PASSENGER UNLOADING AREA, CHICAGO GATE - DAY.

Several people move from the mobile tunnel connected to the plane. Shortly one of them is a flashy, decked out Candy, who really stands out in the moving crowd of people.

INT. LAX AIRPORT - DAY.

At a multiple display of phones, Candy stands amongst other people using a phone.

INT. SIX STORY LUXURY "REAL PEARL HOTEL" - 6TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY.

INT. ROOM #612 - DAY.

Draped in a large towel for her body, and a towel for her hair, a just showered Celeste moves from the bathroom to the bed where her clothes are.

EXT. FRONT OF REAL PEARL HOTEL - DAY. -- LATER

A taxi comes to a stop at the curb right in front of the entrance area of the hotel.

Candy is seen in the back seat of the cab handing the driver his fare, then getting out. The taxi drives away as Candy looks around, then up at the top floors of the swanky hotel. She then moves to go inside.

INT. REAL PEARL HOTEL - 6TH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY.

Looking as straight face as can be, Candy moves down the hallway from the elevator that dings as it closes. She moves until she comes to room #604 on her left hand side. She uses her card key to gain entry. With the door open, she looks to the right at the room across the hall, catty corner from hers.

EXT. DOOR OF ROOM #612 - DAY

She then enters her room and shuts the door.

INT. CRITERIA MUSIC AND FILM STUDIOS - SET LOCATION - DAY.

Celeste sits on one of a group of Directors type chairs. She looks around while in the **B.G.** people are heard going about their business. She has something rolled up in her hand that looks like a magazine. As she curiously looks about, Gatman and 9 Inch move to her grinning.

GATMAN

Hey girl. I see you made it.

9 INCH

...Boddy...

CELESTE

Hi, ah--

GATMAN

Gatman.

9 INCH

And I'm three inches from a foot.
Two inch on a good day...
Um 9 Inch. You know what um saying.

CELESTE

Hi...

GATMAN

So you ready to do this.

CELESTE

I'm ready.

GATMAN

You got the script?

She holds up the script in her hand.

A voice rings out over a loud speaker.

SPEAKER VOICE (V.O.)

Thirty minutes people...Extras on
the set.

GATMAN

Hey, we goin bounce. Duty calls...
Check it.

GATMAN (CONT'D)

Taping might take a little longer than I thought. Can you stay couple extra days?

CELESTE

Extra days...But my hotel's only good til Wednesday.

GATMAN

That ain't no thing. We'll take care of that.

CELESTE

...Alright, that's fine.

9 INCH

Chocolate gold's in effect!

CELESTE

What--

GATMAN

He said how fine you are...We out...

Gatman up nods to 9 Inch, then they both to leave.

9 INCH

(to Celeste)

Keep it clean dirty.

After they're gone, set Technicians, etc. can be seen busy prepping everything.

Suddenly a loud cracking sound is heard as bright lights illuminate the set briefly.

From a distance, a thirty something white female script coach with script in hand moves to Celeste to speak to her. Seconds later, the two of them move away.

MONTAGE

INT. ROOM SOMEWHERE IN CRITERIA STUDIOS - DAY.

Celeste is seated in a plain chair. The script coach is standing behind her over her shoulder pointing at something on the script page Celeste is looking at. She says something to her...unheard...

INT. DANCE ROOM - CRITERIA STUDIOS - DAY.

Celeste is in dance tights watching the dance coach. A twenty something black male, shows her some moves.

INT. DANCE ROOM - CRITERIA SUDIOS - DAY. -- MOMENTS LATER

Celeste does some dance moves herself.

INT. DANCE ROOM CRITERIA SUDIOS - DAY. -- MOMENTS LATER

The dance coach does some stepped up dance moves.

INT. DANCE ROOM CRITERIA SUDIOS - DAY. -- MOMENTS LATER

With the dance coach watching, Celeste performs the advanced moves.

END MONTAGE

EXT. SOME WHERE ON THE STREETS OF HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT.

In a nice rental car, Candy's tooling around the busy all-the-way-live night life of Hollywood. As she cruises along with many other cars, she scans the pedestrians on the street. The traffic moves along at a slow pace.

The sidewalks on both sides of the street are crowded with all sorts of people.

INT. CANDY'S CAR - NIGHT.

She continues to scan the vicinity.

INT. FANCY UPTOWN RESTAURANT - NIGHT.

At an isolated table in a dark corner of the swanky restaurant, Celeste and a more conservatively dressed Gatman sit enjoying their dinner.

While chewing his food and gazing lovingly across the table at Celeste, Gatman grabs his champagne glass to reach across the table for a toast. She smiles as they gently click glasses.

EXT. SOME WHERE ON THE STREETS OF SOUTH CENTRAL LA. - NIGHT.

INT. CANDY'S CAR - NIGHT.

Again she scopes the scenery and people on the streets now crowded with mostly black people in cars, etc.

The look on Candy's face seems to indicate that she's definitely looking for something in particular.

INT. HIP HOP TYPE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT.

With music playing in the B.G., Celeste and Gatman stand arm and arm in the dark flashy crowded club amongst a group of people that are paying attention to Gatman because of his celebrity. Some people try to hand him something so he can sign an autograph. Celeste just smiles patiently.

INT. BLACK NIGHTCLUB IN THE HOOD - NIGHT.

With real loud music blaring, the club is wall to wall people...drinking, dancing, and just being in the place to be.

At a table sipping an exotic drink, Candy really stands out in the all black club. She scans the crowded night spot once again like she's looking for something.

At another part of the club, two player looking black males are checking Candy out. They're both holding glasses which they soon take a drink from.

Candy continues to sip her drink.

One, then two, then three, then four different brown and black females at different spots of the club are seen.

Candy continues to scan the club...

EXT. GATMAN'S TWO STORY MANSION WITH CURBED DRIVEWAY, BEVERLY HILLS - NIGHT.

INT. GATMAN'S TWO STORY MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM/BED - NIGHT.

In the dimly moon lit bedroom, Gatman and Celeste are in his very large king size bed under a satin sheet kissing and caressing passionately.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF YET ANOTHER NIGHTCLUB IN THE HOOD - NIGHT.

Candy's rental car turns into a parking stall of the crowded parking lot. From the rear of her car, the tail lights go out. Shortly the driver door opens. Candy sticks her shapely calf out to place her nice pump on the ground, then gets out the car altogether.

EXT. ENTRYWAY OF NEW CLUB - NIGHT.

Many people congregate at the door where muffled music can be heard from inside. People move in and out the club. The music blares loudly when the door is opened.

INT. NEW CLUB - NIGHT.

The degree of party atmosphere is slightly less in this all black club. It's also not quite as crowded as the last one.

Not too far from the vicinity of the club entrance, some males and females are standing conversing and enjoying each other's company.

Suddenly both males and females turn to look toward the club entrance. The smiles kind of go off the females faces, replaced by looks of disdain.

The males on the other hand have a look of curiosity...

Making her way in is a proud looking Candy. She moves like she owns the place, right pass the males and females that are staring at her.

The guys check her out in a pleasing way. The females look at her like "who does she think she is." Some of the females look at the males with contempt over the way they're scoping Candy.

INT. NEW CLUB - NIGHT.

Standing by a wall, Candy scans the place.

Several people are working it in the dance area.

In a lounge area, men and women are being cozy with each other.

Candy's still at the wall leaned back with her head against it, grooving to the music and looking about...Suddenly she lifts her head.

A dark skin black female who's dancing, can be seen somewhat through the crowd. Shortly a better view of her and the guy she's dancing with is seen.

Candy continues to stare...

INT. CANDY'S CAR - NIGHT.

Sitting in the car in the same parking lot stall, Candy looks quite frustrated. She looks at her watch right quick before starting the car.

EXT. SOME WHERE ON THE STREETS OF SOUTH CENTRAL LA. - NIGHT.

Candy's in her car, scanning every where as she drives by one night spot after another. Each one's lit up looking all the way live...She continues to scan about steadfastly. Suddenly her face lights up as she looks out. With quick reflexes, she hits her brakes right quick. The car drives **O.S.**

Slowly the car reappears driven in reverse. She stops the car with the engine running. She stares hard to her left out her window.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

On the corner across the street. A group of female street walkers congregate, looking like they're waiting to get picked up by johns.

Like a miracle, one of the women is an exact clone replica of Celeste. But unlike Celeste, she doesn't seem shy in the least.

Candy stares in total amazement. She brings up into view, the promotion photo of Celeste. She double takes the photo and the street walker several times.

Up close the one that looks like Celeste does indeed look exactly like her.

INT. REAL PEARL HOTEL, CANDY'S ROOM #604- NIGHT.

The Celeste look-alike has a seat on the bed. In her hand is the Celeste promotion photo.

She looks very captured by the likeness.

STREETWALKER

(staring)

...Where did you get this?...

Candy eases down onto the other nearby bed.

CANDY

That's the chick I told you about.

STREETWALKER

You said she looks like me. I didn't
know you meant she looks exactly
like me...
This is weird...This bitch is me!

She now looks Candy's way.

STREETWALKER (CONT'D)

...So what'll you want me to do?

Candy prepares to run it down to her.

INT. REAL PEARL HOTEL, CANDY'S ROOM #604 - NIGHT. --
LATER

The Streetwalker sits comfortably on the bed with her
shoes off, her back to the headboard, her legs stretched
out.

Candy is still seated on the other bed.

STREETWALKER

Are you sure they won't know I'm not
her?

CANDY

Not a problem...Long as you remember
what I told you. They'll be too busy
getting pissed at you.

The Streetwalker sits forward some with a humble smile
as she sticks her hand out.

Candy brings into view and flips some fresh crisps
greenbacks to hand her.

CANDY (CONT'D)

You'll get the rest when it's over.

STREETWALKER

The whole \$1500.?

CANDY

As soon as you convince them...

STREETWALKER

(slyly)
Convince em...You know, I like Ifatt's
music...

She sits back thinking...

STREETWALKER (CONT'D)

...What were they gonna pay her?

Looking slightly perturbed, Candy brings up her other hand with more bills in it. She hands them to her.

CANDY

There's another \$500.00.

The Streetwalker grins as she grabs the money.

STREETWALKER

Alright...Thata work...

Securing the money on her person, she gets a seductive look in her eye as she licks her lips some while staring at Candy.

STREETWALKER (CONT'D)

Anything else you want me to do?...

She gently reaches to touch Candy's knee.

Candy responds only by directing her eyes on the hand moving to her knee.

CANDY

...Ah...I don't git down like that.

The Streetwalker stops short of touching her.

STREETWALKER

...You sure...Cause I know how to wake up the flava...
Alright. I'll be back for the rest of my money.

She gets up off the bed, reaches for her shoes.

STREETWALKER (CONT'D)

...What do you get outta this.

Candy just stares out, not looking at her...

CANDY

Revenge...

The Streetwalker just grins as she gathers her stuff to move toward the door.

CANDY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What's your name?

At the door, the Streetwalker doesn't turn around.

STREETWALKER
...Celeste James...

She moves out the door.

Candy looks at her with a straight face.

CANDY
...Remember, I got the rest of your
money.

EXT. CANDY'S ROOM #604 - NIGHT.

The Streetwalker moves away toward the elevator. In back of her at door #612, Celeste moves out her room with the hotel ice bucket. She moves in the opposite direction of the Streetwalker.

INT. CANDY'S ROOM #604 - NIGHT.

At the room window, Candy looks out at the L.A. night life. She has her cell phone to her ear. It can be heard ringing.

INT. CONDO, CHICAGO, ILL. - BEDROOM/BED - NIGHT.

A real thug looking black male nicknamed 3 T LIFE, with shoulder length hair in three plats, is getting busy with a hot babe white Female. Suddenly on a small table next to the bed, his cell phone starts ringing a popular hip hop tune.

He stops what he's doing and reaches to answer it.

3 T LIFE
Yeah. What up?...Yeah...

Continuing to listen on the phone, he rolls off the babe to the edge of the bed. As he listens on the phone, the babe's bare foot appears from **O.S.** to rub her instep across his stomach.

3 T LIFE (CONT'D)
...Bet...

Finally he pushes the button to turn the phone off.

The babe's foot rubs his stomach/crotch area.

BLOND BABE (O.S.)
This blond needs more fun.

3 T Life rolls his eyes in her direction real sneakily.

INT. CANDY'S ROOM #604 - NIGHT.

Still by her room window, Candy hangs her cell phone up, then picks up the hotel phone. She dials up a number, then puts the phone to her ear.

CANDY

Think I can't act. I'll show you acting.

Several rings happen before someone picks up.

CANDY (CONT'D)

(into phone)
Room #612 please.

The hotel operator connects her.

CANDY (CONT'D)

Celeste James?...

INT. CELESTE'S HOTEL ROOM #612 - NIGHT.

Seated on the bed, Celeste has the hotel phone to her ear.

CELESTE

Yeah...

INT. CANDY'S ROOM #604 - NIGHT.

Near the window pacing some, Candy talks on the phone.

CANDY

Yes. I'm calling in reference to a Ms. Hatti James. Is she a relative of yours?

INT. CELESTE'S HOTEL ROOM #612 - NIGHT.

CELESTE

(perks up)
That's my Grandmother.

INT. CANDY'S ROOM #604 - NIGHT.

CANDY

Does she live at the Bedford projects off Dexter Ave.?...

INT. CELESTE'S HOTEL ROOM #612 - NIGHT.

CELESTE

Yeah! Is something wrong with my
Grandma?!

INT. CANDY'S ROOM #604 - NIGHT.

CANDY

(grinning)

I regret to inform you. She had a
stroke in the lobby of her building.

CELESTE (O.S.)

What! Where is she?!

CANDY

Paramedics got her over at Cook County
General.

CELESTE (O.S.)

My God, please. Is she alright?

CANDY

That I don't know for sure. I'm
just in charge of contacting next of
kin.

Celeste can be heard through the phone crying...

Candy strains to keep from laughing out loud.

INT. CELESTE'S HOTEL ROOM #612 - NIGHT.

Seated on the bed, Celeste is very distraught and teary
eyed. She has the phone away from her ear, down by her
side.

CANDY (O.S.)

...Hello...Hello...Ms. James...Hello.

Celeste brings the phone back up to her ear slowly.

CELESTE

(into phone, sobbing)

I have to go. I have to be with
her.

CANDY (O.S.)

I understand. I'm sorry...I hope
she'll be O.K...Good-bye.

Candy's heard hanging her phone up.

CELESTE

Wait. Who--

She holds the phone up, then rises off the bed, still upset.

INT. CANDY'S ROOM #604 - NIGHT.

While grinning and snickering, Candy's phone rings. She moves away from the window **O.S.**

INT. CORRIDOR, 20TH FLOOR - CELESTE/GRANDMA APARTMENT DOOR - NIGHT.

3 T Life is about to knock on the door. Looking very out of character, he's dressed like an intern for a law firm. He's wearing a dark suit and tie with his hair tied back in one ponytail. He's holding a black briefcase while he quickly preps himself for a nerdy demeanor. He takes a couple of breaths as he gets into character, phony smile and all. He knocks on the door.

INT. CELESTE'S HOTEL ROOM #612 - NIGHT.

Celeste stands by her bed with the phone to her ear. She's still upset as she waits for her call to connect.

INT. GATMAN'S TWO STORY MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT.

On a fancy nightstand by Gatman's bed, his very state-of-the-art phone answering machine, answers Celeste's call.

PHONE MESSAGE (V.O.)

What up. You reached the Gat. I ain't in right now. I'm out spending the loot, you know what um saying...Damn my crib's hot!... Anyway, when this thing beeps. Talk that...{beep}...Ya heard... Rodeo Drive, here I come...I'm out...{beep}...

INT. CELESTE'S HOTEL ROOM #612 - NIGHT.

Celeste anticipates leaving a message, but decides not to. Still upset, she hangs the phone up, then moves away.

INT. CANDY'S ROOM #604 - NIGHT.

On her bed, Candy lays her head down on the pillow grinning away. The T.V. is heard in the **B.G.**

EXT. STREETS OF L.A. - NIGHT.

A taxi rolls down the street. Seated in the back seat is Celeste. Suddenly Celeste takes a double take out her window. As the taxi continues on, she turns her body to look back.

On a street corner, the Celeste look-alike Streetwalker stands with other females.

At the rear of the moving taxi, Celeste is seen looking back intently.

EXT. LAX AIRPORT - NIGHT.

The LAX sign is seen right quick.

Celeste's taxi arrives at the airport.

INT. COOK COUNTY HOSPITAL, LOBBY AREA - DAY.

Celeste moves into the lobby. People move about, coming and going. She moves right up to the patient check-in counter where she has to wait for a female ahead of her.

Finally at the counter, the female hospital worker with a real snippy midwest attitude, addresses her.

FEMALE HOSPITAL WORKER
Can I help you?

CELESTE
I'm trying to find out about my
Grandmother. Ms. Hatti James. She
had a stroke last night.

The hospital worker refers to her computer.

FEMALE HOSPITAL WORKER
What's the name again?

CELESTE
Hatti James.

FEMALE HOSPITAL WORKER
...Is that a man, or a woman?

CELESTE
My Grandmother.

FEMALE HOSPITAL WORKER
So that's a woman, right?

Celeste looks at her a bit irritated as she nonchalantly checks the computer.

FEMALE HOSPITAL WORKER (CONT'D)

Hatti James, Hatti James...
No...No Hatti. Sorry. When did you
say she was admitted?

CELESTE

Last night.

The hospital worker moves to a metal file cabinet to do a paper search.

FEMALE HOSPITAL WORKER

Are you sure she was brought to this
hospital?

CELESTE

Yes I--

Celeste is suddenly cut in front of, and interrupted by a despondent drunk, tattered clothing, bleeding mess of a black man. Celeste steps aside looking at him.

BLEEDING MAN

(to hospital worker)

Hey lady. I been waiting six hours.
I need to see somebody...
I feel faint!

Ignoring him, the hospital worker finally turns toward, and moves to the counter. She looks very agitated. She grabs a nearby white rag.

FEMALE HOSPITAL WORKER

(abruptly)

You need to back up sir! Your getting
blood on my counter!

With his eyes rolling in his head, the guy finally passes out, collapsing to the floor. Celeste watches him go down.

The hospital worker responds irritatingly as she looks over the counter at him.

FEMALE HOSPITAL WORKER (CONT'D)

Oh shit. Why always on my shift.

She then gets on the intercom for assistance. Celeste looks on without saying anything.

FEMALE HOSPITAL WORKER (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Yeah, this is the front desk down at the E.R. We're gonna need a gurney, stat...Bring some salts too.

Celeste looks at her in anticipation to speak.

CELESTE

...I'm sorry, but my Grandma--

FEMALE HOSPITAL WORKER

Here...

She writes a number on a small sticky note pad sheet.

FEMALE HOSPITAL WORKER (CONT'D)

This is the number for admissions office. They can tell you if she was brought here.

CELESTE

Is there a phone?

FEMALE HOSPITAL WORKER

(pointing)

In the waiting room.

She looks away and waves for two in house paramedics rushing a gurney toward her.

Celeste moves away.

INT. COOK COUNTY HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY. -- CONTINUOUS

Several people are in the waiting room sitting, standing, etc. Kids run about playing. By a wall, Celeste is on the courtesy phone trying to hear and talk over the noise. Shortly she hangs the phone up, seemingly frustrated. She storms out the room.

INT. CELESTE/GRANDMOTHER APARTMENT - DAY.

Celeste enters her place in anticipation, only to be let down after not finding her Grandma there. She looks in each room, calling out her name.

INT. CELESTE/GRANDMOTHER APARTMENT - DAY. -- CONTINUOUS

Celeste is seated on the sofa with phone to her ear.

CELESTE

Yes...Hatti James.

She holds the phone to her ear a short time, then hangs up. Holding the receiver with both hands near her lap, she looks upset.

EXT. QUICK SHOT OF NAMES OF SIX CHICAGO HOSPITALS - NIGHT

INT. CELESTE/GRANDMOTHER APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

Celeste hangs the phone up. Looking very defeated and teary eyed, she lays her upper body, from the waist up, down on the sofa.

INT. BUCKY BEES PIZZA JOINT - DAY.

Celeste's Grandma Hatti is seated in the middle of a C-shaped booth surrounded by 3 T Life, two other hardcore looking thugs, two fast looking females, one white, one black.

Hatti, the two females, and one of the thugs are wearing party hats.

On the table is a birthday cake with what looks like a forest fire of candles on it. Everybody has a glass of something in front of them. Overhead on the wall in back of Hatti is a banner saying "Happy birthday Hatti."

3 T LIFE

(pointing)

Look Grandma. It's Bucky Bees.

GRANDMA

Where!

She looks where he's pointing. Everybody's grinning as Hatti turns to look. While she's looking away, 3 T Life drops some instant dissolving white powdery stuff into her drink.

As Grandma looks for the Bucky Bees character, 3 T Life acknowledges the gang with his eyes to all grab their glasses on the table.

3 T LIFE

Grandma...Grandma...

She finally turns back to him. 3 T Life holds his glass up for a toast. The rest of them grin as they all toast her.

3 T LIFE (CONT'D)

A toast Grandma. A toast to a happy--
How old are you again?

GRANDMA

(proudly)
I'm 75, ah--

3 T LIFE

...Skippy.

She turns to the others...

BLACK FEMALE

...I'm Buffy, Grandma...

WHITE FEMALE

Penny...

THUG MALE #1

Felony-- I mean,
(nerdish)
I'm Bobby Grandma.

Thug male #2 has thug life tattooed on his neck.

THUG MALE #2

Bishop.

GRANDMA

Oh...

THUG MALE #2

Yeah. Bless you granny. You know
what um saying.

Hatti raises her glass for a drink.

3 T LIFE

Toast Grandma...Toast.

Everybody puts their glasses together again.

GRANDMA

I'm sorry I don't remember all your
names. I've got so many
grandchildren, you know.

THUG MALE #1 (O.S.)

Word.

3 T LIFE

Drink your drink, grandma...You
having fun?

She drinks her drink.

GRANDMA

Yes I am Skippy.

In the **B.G.** the black female blurts out laughing right quick.

Grandma continues to drink.

INT. ANOTHER CHICAGO HOSPITAL, CHECK-IN COUNTER - DAY.

Celeste is fourth in a line of people waiting to talk to the check-in nurse who's speaking to the first person in line.

She looks distraught and ready to cry. She brings her hand to her face to look at a picture of her Grandma.

INT. 3 T LIFE'S CRIB - LIVING ROOM - DAY.

The room is full of thugs and women dancing to a bumping hip hop song. Some where within the crowd, Grandma Hatti is seen dressed up like a hoochie mama, heavy make-up and all. Her hair is braided, and she has long painted nails. It's pretty obvious she's under the influence of something by the way she's behaving. She dances with a thug that kind of gets down with some dirty dancing moves on her. She's so zoned out, that she doesn't react to him grabbing her hips and butt area.

INT. ANOTHER CHICAGO HOSPITAL, CHECK-IN COUNTER - DAY.

Celeste is finally up to the counter. She talks to the nurse and shows her Grandma's picture...unheard...

INT. CANDY'S ROOM #604, BALCONY - DAY.

Seated on one of the two outdoors type chairs at a small table; Candy's wearing a sun outfit and sunglasses. Her cell phone on the table rings. She picks it up to answer it.

Moving through the balcony door is a runway model looking white male in bikini briefs, with two glasses of something. He hands Candy one while drinking from the other. He has a seat on the other side of the table, grinning at her.

CANDY
 (on phone)
 Yes...Hey baby...

INT. FLEX'S LARGE OFFICE - DAY.

At the window looking down at the street; Flex is on the phone talking to Candy. Shortly he looks through his binoculars at the street below.

FLEX
 Where you at girl? You missed rehearsal yesterday.

INT. CANDY'S ROOM #604, BALCONY - DAY.

CANDY
 I got a better offer.

She puckers a kiss at her male friend.

INT. FLEX'S LARGE OFFICE - DAY.

Still at the window and on the phone; Flex abruptly brings the binoculars to his eyes to look down at the street as he responds to Candy.

FLEX
 A better offer! What do you mean?

He moves his face closer to the window with the binoculars.

FLEX (CONT'D)
 Beyonce?...

EXT. DOWN AT THE STREET - DAY

A flashy looking black female wearing jeans and t-shirt, accompanied by a large bodyguard move from a limo into the building across the street.

INT. CANDY'S ROOM #604, BALCONY - DAY.

Candy holds the phone out.

CANDY
 What! Who are you with, dear?

INT. FLEX'S LARGE OFFICE - DAY.

FLEX
 Who are you with?

INT. CANDY'S ROOM #604, BALCONY - DAY.

CANDY
I asked you first.

INT. FLEX'S LARGE OFFICE - DAY.

FLEX
Baby you know me. You know I ain't
like that.

INT. CANDY'S ROOM #604, BALCONY - DAY.

CANDY
Yeah I know you...Where your
binoculars Flex?

INT. FLEX'S LARGE OFFICE - DAY.

He quickly removes the binoculars from his eyes out of
guilt.

FLEX
You gonna be home tonight?

INT. CANDY'S ROOM #604, BALCONY - DAY.

A smiling Candy puts one, then her other bare foot up on
the table.

CANDY
Like I said...Don't wait up.

She clicks her phone off, then extends her right leg so
that her toes are in her male friend's face. He caresses
her foot, then commences to suck her big toe.

INT. FLEX'S LARGE OFFICE - DAY.

Flex removes the phone from his ear, shutting it off.

FLEX
Trifling, fake blond skeesa.

He brings the binoculars to his eyes again to look down
at the street.

INT. CRITERIA MUSIC AND FILM STUDIOS - DAY.

A very busy studio is in full effect. Studio workers
wheel carts of props, lights, etc., in one direction.
While film crew, actors, extras move elsewhere.

Once everybody has passed by, the Celeste look-alike Streetwalker stands there chewing gum, looking about. She's toned down her manner of dress and make-up to look more like the girl next door, but still displays the aura of a pro.

Dressed in a sort of athletes warm-up suit, the dance instructor Celeste worked with, moves by.

DANCE COACH

Ce-- Celeste, right? Hello again.
(kiddingly)
You remember your moves?

She halts chewing her gum and gives him an unfriendly stare.

STREETWALKER

...What?...

The smile goes off the coach's face. Then he just moves away, looking her over with disdain.

She puffs out while giving him a "good ridden" look, then resumes chewing her gum.

Moving by with a friend, one of the girls in the Chicago Ifatt shoot, reacts happily seeing the Streetwalker, who she thinks is Celeste.

CHICAGO SHOOT GIRL

Hi Celeste. Welcome to L.A.

The Streetwalker gives her a phony smile, kind of looking down her nose at her, chuckling slightly.

At a distance over near the food table, Gatman and 9 Inch are talking to two adoring females. As Gatman enjoys the conversation, he looks away reacting like he sees something of interest. He excuses himself to 9 Inch and the females, then moves away.

9 INCH

Put some cream in that coffee trigger man.

The females look at him like they don't know what he's talking about, but they keep smiling.

GATMAN

Celeste. Yo Celeste!

The Streetwalker stops in her tracks with a look on her face like she just remembered her role. She turns around.

Some people on the sidelines look at Gatman admiringly.

GATMAN (CONT'D)

(to Streetwalker)

Hey girl. I been calling your room since yesterday. You still over there?

STREETWALKER

...Yeah...

GATMAN

...So what's up? You r-ite?

STREETWALKER

What do you mean?

GATMAN

You know...

He makes some head and facial gestures.

STREETWALKER

What do you want?!

She starts to move away.

GATMAN

(stunned)

What do I want! Um Gatman baby...P.C.I...Pistol Cocked Incorporated.

He looks around, head and hand gesturing like he don't get it.

GATMAN (CONT'D)

R-ite, r-ite. My bad. You in that zone. I feel ya...I'll let you do your thing...Handle your business.

He moves away.

EXT. ON LOCATION, CUL-DE-SAC, RICH HOOD, DRIVEWAY OF MANSION - DAY.

DIRECTOR

Action!

A black custom stretch Mercedes rolls into the cul-de-sac, then onto the curbed driveway of a fancy black/gold mansion, where it comes to a stop. All four doors open. Out moves all four members of Ifatt. Gatman exits the driver's door.

They all appear tipsy as a mist of smoke pours out the open doors.

Laughing and grinning, they move toward the house. Suddenly rolling up behind the car is a female L.A. motor cycle cop, decked out in all the cop gear: helmet, boots, gloves, and dark sunglasses.

She stops and turns off her bike. The stoned rap quad look her way.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Cut!...

Off to the side of the cul-de-sac, the Director, Assistant Director, cameraman, etc., are watching Ifatt and the cop. The Assistant Director shrugs his shoulders and puts his hands up some.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Where's the other girl?!

The Assistant Director looks over the script. He flips through the pages.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Isaac. Check the trailer.

One of the Director's gofers named Isaac, goes jogging up the street toward two single wide trailers in the street. He arrives at one, moves up the steps to knock on the door.

ISAAC

Miss Celeste? You're supposed to be on the set...They're waiting.

He listens, then knocks some more. Getting no answer, he opens the door, peeking his head around slowly.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

...Celeste...

INT. SET TRAILER - DAY.

Not to far from the door in the living room area, seated on a large blond color couch, is the Streetwalker.

Wearing police issue pants unzipped at the crotch; she guzzles a 40oz. bottle of booze. She has her legs crossed with her feet propped up on the cop helmet on a coffee table. She's wearing the police shirt, unbuttoned exposing a tank top t-shirt. She's got on the cop sunglasses.

The room is in disarray.

STREETWALKER

Hey. Come in...Did you want a drink?

He looks at her puzzled.

STREETWALKER (CONT'D)

My compliments to the Director.
Tell him this is some good hooch.

ISAAC

...Didn't they tell you we started?

She drinks again.

STREETWALKER

Started what?

Again he just looks at her.

ISAAC

You're wanted on the set.

STREETWALKER

...What's your name?

ISAAC

You really need to come on. He's pretty angry.

STREETWALKER

What's your name?

ISAAC

Isaac. We--

STREETWALKER

So Isaac.

She guzzles the bottle again.

STREETWALKER (CONT'D)

Do you like black pussy?

He looks real caught off guard.

ISAAC

What...

She spreads her legs wide on each side of the helmet. She puts one elbow up on the backrest of the couch while holding the bottle by the neck. She swings it some. She then shoves her other hand partially into her white panties that are showing.

STREETWALKER

I like black pussy. I like it a lot.

She shoves her hand deeper into her panties.

STREETWALKER (CONT'D)

Mmm...The blacker the better.

Isaac has a look of curious interest now.

EXT. ON LOCATION, CUL-DE-SAC, RICH HOOD, DRIVEWAY OF MANSION - DAY.

Ifatt and the other actress playing the cop relax and talk. Gina Harvest reaches to gently grab and admire the Actresses badge on her shirt.

Off to the side of the cul-de-sac, everybody chills as they wait for the shoot to resume.

DIRECTOR

Does anybody know where that other girl is! I guess she's never heard the term, time is money!...Somebody get me a phone.

Someone's hand comes into view handing him a cell phone. He commences to make a call.

INT. SET TRAILER - BEDROOM/BED - DAY.

An **O.S.** phone rings as a close-up expression of ecstasy is on Isaac's face. He breathes heavily with his cheek pressed against the Streetwalker's cheek.

Close-up, she too expresses enjoyment, as they both ignore the ringing phone.

EXT. ON LOCATION, CUL-DE-SAC, RICH HOOD, DRIVEWAY OF MANSION - DAY.

The angry Director has the phone to his ear. He lets it ring a few more times. He takes it away from his ear with it still ringing...

DIRECTOR
Who's got the number of the Chinese girl that read last week?!

Suddenly Gatman's voice rings out!

Off to the side of the cul-de-sac; Gatman moves to the Director.

GATMAN
Yo. Hold up!

From a distance, him and the seated Director are seen shaking hands. The Director smiles at him all phony. They converse.

EXT. SET TRAILER STEPS - DAY.

Gatman's up the trailer steps, about to knock on the door. Suddenly he reacts to the sound of two people inside loudly getting it on. He then notices the door is ajar.

GATMAN
What the--

He knocks while grabbing the door to open it.

GATMAN (CONT'D)
Yo Celeste!

A commotion can be heard inside, then Celeste and Isaac become quiet.

INT. SET TRAILER, LIVING ROOM - DAY.

A naked Isaac is scrambling away from the Streetwalker who has only the cop shirt on. He grabs his clothes as he moves quickly out of sight.

Gatman stands there watching.

STREETWALKER
What is it?

GATMAN
Now I know this ain't in the script.

STREETWALKER

Why do you keep getting in my business.

GATMAN

Woe. Slow your rickety rickety roll girl. I came by to try and save your gig...
The D...to the I...to the R...is about to fire your ass. The Gat was just trying to do you a solid. Know what um saying.

STREETWALKER

I don't need your help.

GATMAN

Oh, my bad. Well check it. If you don't do the gig. You don't get the twenty gees.

An expression of calm surprise appears on her face. But she maintains her composure.

GATMAN (CONT'D)

Oh and don't worry bout the Gat. I ain goin trip, cause all I gotta do is snap my fingers, and the hoochie bus rolls up to my door.

(BEAT)

So hey. You come out if you want...I'm out...Peace.

As Gatman leaves **O.S.**, she follows him with just her eyes.

He moves out the door.

She lifts her butt to put her panties back on, then just sits.

Dressed, Isaac eases out the back rooms. He looks at her briefly, then moves out the trailer.

EXT. ON LOCATION, CUL-DE-SAC, RICH HOOD, DRIVEWAY OF MANSION - DAY.

The rest of Ifatt and the actress are silently looking.

Gatman arrives at the Director's spot. With the Director looking, he slashes his hand across his neck.

DIRECTOR

That's a wrap people!...9 a.m.
Tomorrow!

He then stands and puts his hand on Gatman's shoulder as they and everybody disperses. He speaks to Gatman as they move away.

Isaac trots over to join the departing crew.

INT. SET TRAILER - DAY.

Almost completely dressed in the cop outfit, minus helmet and sunglasses, the Streetwalker has a cell phone to her ear.

EXT. STREETS OF L.A. - DAY.

Candy's tooling around Hollywood. With the convertible top down, she's on her phone.

INT. CANDY'S CAR - DAY.

CANDY

Yeah...So did they fire you yet?...
What! Wait a minute!...Hold up!...
No you can't do that! That wasn't
the deal.

(BEAT)

Hey! I hired you to do a job. I'm
paying good money bitch!

INT. SET TRAILER - DAY.

The Streetwalker sits on the couch with the phone to her ear.

STREETWALKER

But this job pays \$20,000. So I
think uma do what they want for that
kind of cash.

INT. CANDY'S CAR - DAY.

CANDY

I hired you to get fired! You're
doing this or I'll tell them who you
really are bitch!

As she continues to get hot and bothered. On the street ahead of her, a glass/mirror delivery truck makes a left turn at the intersection.

The mirror on the right side of the truck throws a strong reflection glare into Candy's eyes, blinding her from seeing that she's racing toward it and a red light.

Already angry, and blinded from the glare, she speeds through the red light, crashing into just below the mirror on the truck, that keeps going with the mirror intact, despite the collision.

At the cross street; a motorcycle speeds around the back end of a sitting car in front of him to avoid hitting it.

Moving fast, he too is blinded by the glare off the mirror truck. Then it happens...The motorcycle rider suddenly realizes Candy's out of control driving through the intersection. To quick to stop, he sort of pulls a wheely, raising his front wheel.

He crashes into Candy's driver door, with the raised wheel smashing into a shocked Candy, knocking and lifting her out the driver seat to the passenger side. He himself goes flying over the car to the street. Bloody and butchered, she bangs her head against the passenger door. Her car is still moving until it smashes into a parked car. The Streetwalker can still be heard on Candy's phone trying to talk to her.

STREETWALKER (V.O.)

Hello...Hello...You there...I still
want the money you promised me...Are
you there...You listening to me bitch!

She's finally heard hanging up.

A bloody Candy lays with the back of her head shoved awkwardly against the passenger door. The cyclist is sprawled out in the street. They both appear to be dead.

A crowd moves to the accident as a black and white L.A. cop car shows up.

INT. SET TRAILER - DAY.

Siting on the couch, the Streetwalker begins to crack a big grin as she just stare out.

INT. CELESTE/GRANDMOTHER APARTMENT - DAY.

On the living room sofa, Celeste stares out with a troubled look on her face.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - DAY.

One, two, three buses pull away from a crowded curb some where downtown.

INT. CHICAGO CITY BUS - DAY.

On the mostly crowded bus. Halfway down the left row of seats, Celeste is seated in a seat next to a woman. There's some quiet chatter in the air.

Celeste looks out the window, down at the cars.

A stream of cars move along in the two lanes next to the bus. A car driven by a man rolls up just below Celeste's window. The woman sitting next to him appears to be yelling at him aggressively. With a stern look on his face, the man doesn't take his eyes off the road. The woman continues to yell until she finally shoves his shoulder. He still doesn't look her way as he drives the car forward, passing the bus.

Moving up behind it is a dark color car with four gangster looking adult males. Two in front, two in back. As the car rides even with Celeste's window, the two men in the back seat are seen handling and loading ammo into two uzi type machine guns.

Celeste looks at them steadfast, not really shocked, just baffled. Once the car speeds up ahead of the bus, she lays her head against the backrest.

As she relaxes looking straight ahead. Out her window, more cars are moving alongside the bus. Soon a pimped out looking black Cadillac with tinted windows rolls along, even with the bus. Suddenly the sunroof slides open.

Celeste turns to look down at the sunroof opening right quick, then looks back straight ahead.

From the black cadillac; 3 T Life slowly rises up through the open sunroof. With a glass of something, he brings it to his mouth for a swig. Standing straight up, he looks all around.

Suddenly Celeste is seen looking down at him. Seeing her looking at him, he raises his glass to her in a toasting manner. Unimpressed, she turns away, looking straight ahead.

3 T Life looks down into the car. Rising up next to him, is Celeste's Grandma Hatti. Still looking hoochie, she stands next to him. She too raises a glass for a drink. He grins at her and reaches his glass to toast her.

A totally oblivious Celeste doesn't turn to see her Grandma.

As Grandma Hatti and 3 T life enjoy their drinks. Shortly 3 T Life lowers himself back into the car. Seconds later, Grandma does the same.

With them both gone, Celeste looks out the window at the cadillac again briefly, then looks straight ahead again.

From the Cadillac once again, Grandma Hatti slowly rises up through the sunroof. She's smiling as she enjoys the breeze. Suddenly 3 T Life's arm rises up through the roof. He caresses her stomach/breast area. Grandma looks down into the car as 3 T Life caressingly wraps his arm around her body and gently pulls her down. After she's down, the sliding roof closes.

Celeste continues to look forward.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY.

With the cadillac driving on, it's Illinois license plate reads...PUMP IT...

INT. SET TRAILER - DAY.

Dressed in the whole motorcycle cop outfit, the Streetwalker looks in the the dressing area mirror as she puts on the helmet. She grins to herself with a sinister smile.

INT. CELESTE/GRANDMOTHER APARTMENT - DAY. -- LATER

Celeste sadly stares out the living room window at the Chicago skyline.

EXT. MULTIPLEX HIGH RISE PROJECT BUILDINGS - NIGHT.

The black cadillac rolls up to Celeste/Grandma's project buildings.

INT. CELESTE/GRANDMOTHER APARTMENT - DAY.

A still sad Celeste looks out the living room window.

Shortly the sound of keys opening the door lock is heard.

Kind of shocked, Celeste looks toward the door.

Still dressed the same, Grandma enters.

Celeste looks at her puzzled.

CELESTE

Grandma...

Her Grandma doesn't hear her at first. She's startled when she spots Celeste. She puts her hand to her chest as she halts in her tracks.

GRANDMA

Baby...What are you doing here!...
What happened to your trip?

Celeste just stares at her...

Grandma moves to her to embrace her. Celeste still looks bewildered, as she and Grandma hug...

CELESTE

...Gra-- Grandma; where were you?

Grandma backs away. She moves about the living room, picking up things that look out of place. Celeste watches her.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

...Grandma...

GRANDMA

What's wrong baby?

CELESTE

Grandma, I'm home because I got a call that you had a stroke!

GRANDMA

No baby. I'm feeling good...Did you finish what you were doing.

CELESTE

...No...Grandma...What are you wearing?

Grandma looks down at her attire briefly.

GRANDMA

What this. Your cousin Skippy brought it for me...He's nice.

CELESTE

Skippy...Skippy who?

GRANDMA

You know, I don't know his last name. But he's the bomb! Fa shizel!

CELESTE

...What...Grandma are you alright?

Grandma just stops and smiles at her...

Celeste looks at her with a straight face...

INT. SET TRAILER - DAY.

With cop helmet and sunglasses on; the streetwalker is about finished looking at herself in the mirror. The sound of a "everybody on the set" bell or horn is heard in the **B.G.** The sound doesn't faze her. She then moves away.

EXT. SET TRAILER STEPS - DAY.

The Streetwalker moves down the steps and away.

In the **B.G.**, the sound of a large commercial plane loudly flies by.

The bottom of the plane is seen briefly.

INT. FIRST CLASS SECTION OF A PASSENGER PLANE - DAY.

Flex sits alone comfortably sipping a glass of something. The stewardess passes by. Flex turns to look at her from behind.

In the coach section of the plane, Celeste sits next to a male passenger.

EXT. LAX AIRPORT - DAY.

Flex and Celeste's plane touches down for a landing.

INT. LAX AIRPORT, TERMINAL AREA - DAY.

Flex moves through the crowded terminal. On the sly he checks women out.

Celeste ascends through the passenger tunnel holding a small bag. Shortly an announcement comes over the loudspeaker.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE

Now boarding for flight 831. Non
stop to Chicago, at gate 54.

INT. L.A. COUNTY MORGUE - DAY.

A uniformed morgue worker opens a small door amongst several doors. He slides out the large tray assembly with Candy's sheet covered dead body on it.

Flex is standing there waiting for the worker to remove the sheet from just her neck up.

When he sees that it's her, he becomes very distraught. He tries to compose himself as a tear appears in his eye.

The morgue worker recovers her face, then slides Candy back into the compartment and shuts the door.

INT. CELESTE'S HOTEL ROOM #612 - DAY.

The Streetwalker sits on the bed next to an open suitcase. She's looking through some 6x9, 8x12 photos. She looks at one in particular. A professional 8x12 headshot of Celeste. After staring at it briefly, she starts to try to imitate the look and expression Celeste displays. She then rifles through the suitcase. She finds a bottle of perfume and squirts some on her neck.

INT. REAL PEARL HOTEL LOBBY - DAY.

Celeste waits at the elevator door. It dings, she gets on.

INT. REAL PEARL HOTEL LOBBY, SIXTH FLOOR - DAY.

The Streetwalker moves toward the elevator. Once there she pushes the down button, then waits patiently.

She opens up her big purse/bag, takes out the 8x12 photo of Celeste to look at it while waiting for the elevator. After looking at it, she tries to place it back into the partially open bag.

Some how she misses the opening and the photo kind of floats to the floor on her right. As she stoops down to pick it up. The elevator dings.

Celeste moves out the elevator. She looks down right quick at the Streetwalker who's looking down picking up the photo. Neither one sees the others face, or is cognizant of each other. Celeste moves down the hall to her room. The Streetwalker stands up and enters the elevator. The door closes.

At her hotel room door, Celeste uses her card key, then enters.

EXT. SET TRAILER - DAY.

The closed door to the trailer opens slowly. Out moves Isaac looking like he just experienced some euphoria. He glances about the area before he moves away with clipboard in hand.

INT. SET TRAILER - DAY.

At the vanity area make-up mirror, the Streetwalker looks into the mirror applying make-up and lipstick, with a look like she doesn't have a care in the world as she puckers her lips. On the cluttered vanity table in front of her is an amount of cash money.

After she finally stands up, just her hand is seen scooping the cash off the table. She moves for the trailer door, putting on the cop helmet.

EXT. ON LOCATION, CUL-DE-SAC, RICH HOOD, DRIVEWAY OF MANSION - DAY.

Off to the side of the cul-de-sac, is a small group of video shoot people. Isaac is there jotting something down on the paper on his clipboard.

Flex is seated in a Director's chair chatting with the Director who's also sitting.

DIRECTOR

(to Flex)

So what ever happened to that girl...What's her name?

FLEX

...Candy...

DIRECTOR

Yeah...I'm sorry we didn't use her for this shoot. But you know. The fellows said they wanted to try something new...

But I do have some parts coming up soon that she'd be perfect for.

FLEX

Yeah...That's why I flew out here today...She was killed in a car accident yesterday.

DIRECTOR

What...Here in L.A.?

FLEX

...Yeah...

DIRECTOR

I'm sorry to hear that. What happened?

FLEX

I'm not sure.

DIRECTOR

Wow.

Flex kind of nods his head.

The Director, then Flex look away in the same direction.

Moving toward them is Gatman and 9 Inch.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Fellas...

GATMAN/9 INCH

Yo...

GATMAN

(to Flex)

Flexible dexible...Sup...What brought you out your spot to Cali, G.

They give a brotherly handshake.

9 INCH

Money on the T, my nizum.

The Director just looks at Flex for a response. Flex looks at Gatman for the translation.

GATMAN

He said the money trail stops here my-- Well you know the rest.

FLEX

Yo 9. You need to write a book all about that secret language of yours. You could make some big money.

9 Inch just looks at him straight face. Then looks at Gatman as if to say "what's this fool talking about."

GATMAN
 (to 9 Inch)
 About the T.L. He said paint it
 green with a vengeance, G.

Gatman and 9 Inch smile at Flex and the Director.

GATMAN (CONT'D)
 (to Flex)
 So what you out here for?

FLEX
 One of my girls was killed.

GATMAN
 For real.

FLEX
 ...Yeah...

GATMAN
 Who was it?

FLEX
 Candy. You know. Blond hair, blue
 eyes...legs for days.

Gatman seems unfamiliar with who he's talking about.

FLEX (CONT'D)
 She did that Macko shoot, remember.

DIRECTOR
 Yeah, yeah...Last summer in Malibu...
 Wow. She was a beautiful girl.

FLEX
 Yeah, I know...So how's Celeste
 doing?...She working out?

DIRECTOR
 You know to tell you the truth.
 She--

He looks pass Flex with much attention.

Moving toward them in full cop outfit, is the Streetwalker.
 She moves by everybody, including Flex without acknowledging
 anybody.

Gatman and 9 Inch just look at her.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Good morning young lady. How you feeling today?

She doesn't answer. She just looks at him nodding expressionless.

GATMAN

What up C. You r-ite today?

With everybody looking on. She looks at Gatman like he's really starting to bug her.

9 INCH

(to Gatman)

Word. Chocolate don't always go straight to the thighs G.

GATMAN

Yo 9! Chill for a minute, r-ite.

He slowly moves to her.

GATMAN (CONT'D)

Celeste. What's up? Why you acting like you don't know me all of a sudden?

STREETWALKER

Who are you, and why you all up in my business all the time.

GATMAN

(grinning)

Yo! The Gat don't git in people's business...
And he don't beg neither. So check it. I ain't goin sweat you no more.

He starts to move away staring at her hard. 9 Inch joins him.

She looks at him the same way.

GATMAN (CONT'D)

Make sure you know your lines trick!

She looks at him like she's heard that word before.

FLEX

Celeste! You gonna say hello or what!

She puts her attention toward him. Looking right at him and the Director, suddenly she changes her demeanor some.

STREETWALKER

...Hello...

Flex gets up from his seat to move to her. When he gets to her, he embraces her. She kind of fends away from him.

FLEX

Come mere girl. Give me a hug.

She just stands there allowing him to hug her. Flex gets a strange look on his face like he senses something different about who he thinks is Celeste. He whispers in her ear.

FLEX (CONT'D)

Listen. I don't think the Director's to happy with you. I think he's gonna replace you if you don't cooperate...I do a lot of business with him. So please keep him happy, alright...This kind of gig don't come along every day. Whyd't you go talk to him.

Flex backs away from her with a big phony smile.

FLEX (CONT'D)

Alright...Keep up the good work.
(to Director)
Hey Eddie, uma take a look around the set.

The Director just waves to him.

The Streetwalker moves slowly to the Director, who gives her the biggest Hollywood smile. She approaches him with a "for the money" attitude.

EXT. ON LOCATION, CUL-DE-SAC, RICH HOOD, DRIVEWAY OF MANSION - DAY.

Flex is over with Gatman, 9 Inch, and the rest of Ifatt all talking near the car that's to be used in the shoot. Soon they all halt their conversation as they turn and just stare.

Wearing the cop outfit, the Streetwalker moves to the cop motorcycle for the shoot. A few crew members are there to assist her with the bike. One of them points his finger away. Shortly she rides away **O.S.** The loud sound of the bike is heard.

9 INCH

C.C.W...G.

Gatman and Ifatt just grin. Flex grins with a puzzled look on his face.

FLEX

...What's that?...

GATMAN

I think he said chocolate cake on wheels.

Gatman grins at 9 Inch.

GATMAN (CONT'D)

Yeah that's what he said.

Off to the side of the Cul-de-Ssac; Flex and the Director are talking...(unheard)...Isaac is near by jotting on his pad. The real Celeste approaches him.

CELESTE

Hi. They said you're in charge of wardrobe.

Isaac looks her way, suddenly shocked.

ISAAC

Yeah I--

He just stares at her. She looks bewildered by his reaction.

CELESTE

...Hello...

ISAAC

What are you doing?

CELESTE

What?

ISAAC

Where's your uniform?

(whispering)

Your gonna get me in trouble...

Put it back on!...Go...

Celeste looks at him confused.

CELESTE

What uniform?

ISAAC

(quiet)

Please leave...

Suddenly the sound of the cop motorcycle that Celeste look-alike Streetwalker is riding, can be heard. A combination of hearing that and seeing the real Celeste, astutely gets Isaac's attention. He slowly looks toward where the sound is coming from. Then looks at the smiling Celeste, then the distant set, then Celeste.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

Isaac double takes her, then takes a few steps over to the Director and Flex, who are still talking. He addresses the Director.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

Can I talk to you for a minute?

The Director looks a bit perturbed at being interrupted.

DIRECTOR

What is it?

ISAAC

I just need to talk to you privately.

DIRECTOR

(to Flex)

...I'll be back...

Flex looks on. Shortly he notices Celeste. He looks a bit puzzled seeing her.

FLEX

Celeste...You alright?

CELESTE

Oh yeah, I'm fine.

Isaac and the Director are a ways from them. In the **B.G.** again; the sound of the Streetwalker riding the bike can be heard.

DIRECTOR

O.K., what is it?

ISAAC

I think we got a weird situation going on.

DIRECTOR

Well, what is it?!

At this point, the Director and Isaac are seen talking from a distance...unheard. Isaac's talks, the Director listens.

Before long. The Director responds loudly enough to be heard by Flex, Celeste, and others near by.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

What!

Isaac kind of raises his hand in front of him as he continues to talk...(unheard).

FLEX

...So you enjoying yourself out here in sunny California?

CELESTE

It's nice.

FLEX

How's the shoot going?

She doesn't say anything as she just smiles and slightly hunches her shoulders.

DIRECTOR

You say she just got here today huh.

ISAAC

Yeah.

The Director continues to stare...

Celeste smiles as Flex speaks to her...(unheard).

DIRECTOR

Don't worry about it. I'll handle this.

He takes his phone out his shirt pocket and flips it. His phone makes that nextel type sound as he speaks into it like a walkie-talkie...(unheard).

EXT. ON LOCATION, CUL-DE-SAC, RICH HOOD, DRIVEWAY OF MANSION - DAY.

The Streetwalker is on the motorcycle in full garb, being instructed by a guy wearing headphones with an antenna and mike attached. Her bike revs quietly, as the guy speaks and uses hand gestures.

Suddenly he stops and appears to be listening to something coming through his headset.

Soon he holds the mike, preparing to talk.

GUY WITH HEADSET
(into mike)
Really...I see...No problem...
Will do...Out...

He then put his attention back on her.

GUY WITH HEADSET (CONT'D)
(to Streetwalker)
Listen. I gotta go check something
out for a minute. So just hang loose
for awhile.

He has a very deceptive look in his eye as he moves away
O.S.

She just sits there on the quiet bike. She looks around at the set scenery and all the different people around.

At a distance in back of her, headset guy is talking into his mike as he goes to a group of people, taps one on the shoulder and says something to him. Looking away, he waves for others to "come over." This starts a chain reaction of people as everyone on the set starts to leave, following headset guy.

The Streetwalker nonchalantly looks around at people leaving. She continues to just chill.

As her bike quietly revs. The distinct sound of two other motorcycles can be heard in the B.G. getting closer, louder, and coming her way.

She finally looks over her shoulder as two fully garbed real cops on police motorcycles pull up behind her, on each side of her. One gets off his bike as the other stays on. He slowly moves to her.

DISEMBARKING COP
(to Streetwalker)
Can you turn the bike off.

STREETWALKER
What?

DISEMBARKING COP
Turn the bike off.

STREETWALKER
Are you guys in the video too?

DISEMBARKING COP
Can you step off the bike.

STREETWALKER
What's this about. What do you guys
want?

She looks around at the now empty set.

Both cops just stare at her...

She moves to get off the bike.

DISEMBARKING COP
Please remove the helmet and glasses.

She looks kind of nervous now.

STREETWALKER
...You guys are real cops aren't
you?

He just stares at her...

The cop that's still on his bike; with just his eyes, he
glances down at a small computer screen in the area below
his handlebars.

STREETWALKER (CONT'D)
I'm just here to make a video. What
did I do?

The cop on bike looks toward his partner and the
Streetwalker as the now **O.S.** Streetwalker continues
to plead her case...(ad lib). On the small computer
screen, a clear profile of her face pops up.

The cop on the bike raises his head some as he looks toward his partner and her. He nods his head.

The Disembarking Cop acknowledges his nod.

DISEMBARKING COP

I'll need you to put your hands behind your back.

STREETWALKER

Shit man. What did I do. I'm just making a video...Come on man, gimme a break.

She put her hands behind her back.

The cop reaches in back of him for handcuffs as he moves to her.

The seated cop talks into his shoulder mike, then gets off his bike and moves toward them.

In the B.G., an L.A.P.D. cop car pulls up slowly behind the two bikes.

The Streetwalker looks real upset being handcuffed. The sound of the cuffs clicking closed is heard.

EXT. ON LOCATION, CUL-DE-SAC, RICH HOOD, DRIVEWAY OF MANSION - DAY. -- LATER

Almost like a repeated scene. Up close, wearing sunglasses, Celeste is seen having finishing touches of make-up brushed on, and lipstick. She then puts the cop helmet on. Looking stunning as a female motorcycle cop, she moves a few feet to hop on her bike.

With pad in hand, Isaac is near by staring at Celeste on the bike with a look of bewilderment on his face.

Celeste just sits on the bike chilling. Approaching her from the rear is the whole group Ifatt. The whole set and people involved are again operational.

GATMAN

Celeste!

Celeste turns to look his way.

GATMAN (CONT'D)

You the real Celeste ain't you?
This ain't another front is it?

CELESTE

...Yeah it's me...

GATMAN

They say everybody's got a twin some where. Know what um saying.

He moves to kiss her right quick.

GATMAN (CONT'D)

Yeah, we ready to do this. Ya heard.

He gently touches her chin, then he and Ifatt move on.

PHUCKER MIKE

Manege-taw homie, manege-taw.

GATMAN

Nah um good.

The headset guy is standing by as Celeste stands and kick starts the bike. He gives her the thumbs up.

EXT. CORRIDOR, 20TH FLOOR, CELESTE/GRANDMA'S BUILDING - DAY.

A hand with rings on the fingers knocks on the door.

3 T LIFE (O.S.)

(to self)

...Yeah...

Shortly the door opens. A smiling Grandma Hatti looks straight at 3 T life.

3 T LIFE (CONT'D)

What's up granny...Frontier's a blazing. You ready to break out?

He raises two bottles of liquor between his fingers.

3 T LIFE (CONT'D)

Chrystol granny...Yeah.

GRANDMA

That's very nice--

3 T LIFE

Skippy.

3 T LIFE (CONT'D)

You ready. Let's bounce. I mean, let's have some fun Grandma.

EXT. ON LOCATION, CUL-DE-SAC, RICH HOOD, DRIVEWAY OF MANSION - DAY.

Loud muffled music is heard coming out the tinted window limo that's cruising toward the cul-de-sac.

INT. STRETCH LIMO - DAY.

The music is bumping while in the back seats, Phucker Mike lip sings his rap part to the song. The rest of Ifatt grove to the music as they wait for their parts. Gatman's part comes in. He raps his part, using hand gestures.

EXT. REAR OF MOVING BLACK STRETCH LIMO - DAY.

The limo moves along at a slow speed. Suddenly coming into view is Celeste on her cop motorcycle, fully dressed in her police outfit. She stares at the limo intently. Shortly she hits the button on the bike for the siren and police lights.

The limo keeps moving, until shortly it veers to the right and comes to a halt at the curb.

INT. STRETCH LIMO - DAY.

The music is still playing, but all of Ifatt are quietly looking out the back windshield at Celeste.

PHUCKER MIKE
Damn, what the...{beep}...

EXT. BLACK STRETCH LIMO - DAY.

At about fifteen feet behind the limo, Celeste gets off her bike. She grabs her ticket pad container from the bike. She looks at the rear tag as she moves around toward the drivers side of the car. When she reaches the drivers's door, the window is let down.

INT. LIMO, BACK SEAT - DAY.

Ifatt just chills. Suddenly Celeste appears off center at the rear passenger window. She taps on the window with a gloved hand. Gatman, who's closest to the window, lets it down halfway. He looks at Celeste.

CELESTE
Step out of the car please?

Celeste moves to the side a little more as the door opens. Slowly one by one Ifatt depart the limo.

With all of them out, suddenly the music to the same song kicks off. Gatman starts off rapping his part, directed at Celeste who stares straight face, watching him and the guys. As 9 Inch comes in with his funny lyrics, Celeste starts smiling and loosening up some. She slowly starts to groove some to the music. Shortly interchanging rap parts come up for each member of the group.

Celeste starts to unzip her black leather jacket. She takes her helmet off and drops it to the ground. She swishes her long beautiful hair that was tucked under the helmet. Next she removes the jacket and shoulder mike altogether and throws it to the side.

In one quick swoop she snatches away her white button down shirt, jacket, black leather pants, leaving nothing but a tight black leather G-string one piece bathing suit. Around her waist is her holster belt with gun and handcuffs. On her feet are her police issue black boots.

Off to the side of the cul-de-sac, the Director, Flex, Isaac, and crew members, are all smiles watching the shoot. Three different camera men are about the area.

EXT. BLACK STRETCH LIMO - DAY.

Ifatt continues to rap as Celeste dances sensuously to the music.

EXT. FRONTIER NIGHTCLUB, CHICAGO - EVENING.

With Ifatt's music still playing in the B.G., 3 T Life gets out his car, hands his keys to a waiting valet. He moves around to the passenger side to let Grandma Hatti out the car. They move to the club.

MONTAGE

EXT. BLACK STRETCH LIMO - EVENING.

The Ifatt video with Celeste has wrapped. Celeste is being congratulated by Ifatt and Flex, with hugs and handshakes. Some set people do the same.

EXT. BLACK STRETCH LIMO - EVENING.

Celeste poses for pictures with each member of Ifatt; then one with all of them at once.

INT. NO NAME FRIED CHICKEN RESTAURANT - LOBBY - DAY.

Ifatt's music continues. A smiling, dressed to the nines, looking like a star, Celeste moves to the order counter. She's immediately recognized by the register girl who reaches to shake her hand.

Others like Sticks, M.C. Fart, Crack-u-up, and Otis arrive at the counter to greet and shake hands with her.

Although Otis is looking Celeste's way like everybody else. He notices out the corner of his eye that Crack-u-up is out of uniform, dressed similar to himself; black dress slacks, white long sleeve shirt, tie, glasses.

He's even got on a gray afro wig that looks like his hair, receding hairline and all. Crack-u-up doesn't see him watching him as he waits for a chance to greet Celeste.

Far off to the side, Luwanda just sort of leers at the **O.S.** Celeste.

MONTAGE END

FADE OUT:

"THE END"