

UNTITLED SCREENPLAY

by

Kamren Bell

(901) 826-9491
kambell100@gmail.com

INT-JAIL CELL-DAWN

The camera closes in on a sleeping figure through the bars of a jail cell. Her silhouette is illuminated by the soft morning light streaming in from the cell window. Her clothes resemble something straight from a fashion magazine.

She rises from her slumber and stretches. We notice the dark circles, running mascara, and smeared lipstick that mar her otherwise beautiful face. She coughs and assesses her surroundings with a confused complacency. The dank, depressing ambience of the jail casts a gray-ish hue on all inside. She notices a dull nausea and bitterness in the back of her throat.

A soft chuckle is heard out of frame from a WOMAN in the adjoining cell, and a gruff voice accompanies it.

WOMAN

You been out a while. (laughs) I'm just curious... You know you snore?

The young girl turns to find an older woman whose eyes have a fire that she finds intimidating, but also a vulnerability that she believes mirrors her own. This unarms her and she reflexively becomes hostile.

GIRL

(scoffs)

What's it to you? I don't even know you.

WOMAN

Look kid, I don't know what you're all up in arms for. I just want some sleep.

The WOMAN lays down. The GIRL stands up from her bench frustrated by the exchange. She looks out the window and closes her eyes, relishing the sun's warmth. She sits down, suddenly exhausted and places her head in her hands.

GIRL

(voice trembling)

What... What did I do?

WOMAN

(sits up)

What are you doing? (rolls eyes)
You ain't at home kid, and this ain't the place for your tears...

The GIRL tries to push back the tears as they flow unwittingly, silently.

GIRL

(muffled)

I don't even know how I got here.

WOMAN

Well, typically, you don't get here
by sellin' girl scout cookies.

GIRL scoffs and looks down at her shoes. The tell-tale Louis Vuitton sole is seen, and she unceremoniously takes them off and throws them on the floor. She stares out of the window as she rubs the sore callouses on her feet. The WOMAN leans against the dividing cell's bars and watches the GIRL closely.

WOMAN

You look like you been through
it... What's a pretty girl like you
doin here anyways?

GIRL

(looks affronted)

I don't think that's any of your
business. I don't even know you...

Suddenly she stands up and runs towards a small toilet she sees in the corner and retches into it.

WOMAN

(laughs)

I think I know exactly, how you got
here kid.

GIRL collapses next to the toilet and lays her head against the cool metal surface.

Some of the events of the night before come back to her.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT-APARTMENT-NIGHT

A loud pulsating song is playing in the background as the GIRL dances around her apartment putting on her clothes for a night of debauched fun with her friends. The apartment is of a much lower quality than we would expect from a woman who puts this much stock in her appearance. Clothes and trash litter the floor and it seems as though a layer of dirt and grime covers the entirety of the house.

GIRL

(hums and sways
rhythmically)

A pounding is heard on the door, and startles the GIRL.

UNKNOWN FRIEND #1

(shouts)

Hey Angie! Open up! It's Claire!

The girl, ANGIE, scurries to the door, alarmed.

ANGIE

Christ, Claire! You nerly gave me a heart attack.

CLAIRE

Sorry, but I knew your sorry butt was probably gonna be blasting some music.

ANGIE

(rolls eyes)

Whatever...

Claire walks with a confidence throughout the room, deftly navigating around the chaos that litters the apartment floor. She sits on an overstuffed armchair in the corner.

CLAIRE

I know you're ready for this club tonight, girl.

ANGIE

Yup. I got my demo right here. (she pats her purse) The DJ said he'll play it as soon as he sees DeMilo walk in.

She sprays perfume in the air and looks in her mirror with a twisted form of determination. She checks her makeup and makes sure not a line is out of place. This is her night and nothing will stop her from getting what she rightfully deserves.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT-JAIL CELL-DAWN

Angie stands and wipes her mouth. She places a clammy hand against her forehead, and the cool touch calms her.

WOMAN

So... Did you get it all out?
'Cause I'd rather not have to hear you pukin' anymore today.

ANGIE

Yeah, I think I'm good.

WOMAN

Good. So you wanna tell me yet why you're here or do I have to guess?

Angie immediately becomes uncomfortable, and moves to the far side of the cell, away from the sunlight. She is casted in shadow while she cradles her arms in her hands defensively, much like a child would when threatened.

ANGIE

I'd rather not talk about if you don't mind.

WOMAN

C'mon! There's never any action in here, and now I gotta mystery to solve. It's too good to pass up.

ANGIE

(frightened)Please... Just leave me alone.

The woman looks upon Angie with an intense, scrutinizing stare. She assesses her from top to bottom.

WOMAN

I bet a man has somthin' to do with it. It's always a man with girls like you.

We look at Angie whose eyes have fixed on a point on the floor. She looks not only disappointed, but as though she is struggling to remember where she has placed something. Something she aches to get back.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT- CLUB- NIGHT

The visceral movement of bodies packs the dance floor. The smell of sweat and something vaguely sinister permeates the air in the dimly lit club. Angie and Claire walk in timidly, but with a strange determination in their eyes. They came for a purpose and they will not be deterred.

CLAIRE

(yelling over music)It seems a little slow tonight dontcha think?

ANGIE

(unbelieving)Slow?

They push through to the DJ stand and hand the man operating the turntables the CD. They turn to leave the stand and we pan along with the girls as they notice the vitality seeping from the club goers' dancing bodies.

CLAIRE

I think that's him!

They notice DEMILO, the famed record producer, walking into the club. The patrons seem to part as he makes his way over to the V.I.P. Area of the club.

CLAIRE

C'mon. Let's go talk to him.

ANGIE
 (hesitates)
 I don't know Claire...

CLAIRE
 Seriously, Angie? You've been
 waiting to send this guy your demo
 for weeks. It's now or never.

ANGIE
 (determined)
 Yeah, yeah you're right...

Claire grabs Angie's hand, and the girls make their way to DeMilo, and their small bodies are consumed by the pulsating throng.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT-JAIL CELL-DAWN

We focus in on a still dazed Angie.

WOMAN (O.S.)
 Hey, kid! So you're just not gonna
 answer me?

ANGIE
 (dazed)
 Oh, wh-what were you saying?

WOMAN
 Nevermind. Forget it.

ANGIE
 (blinks)
 (softly) I remember when I was a
 kid, I had this music box.

WOMAN
 Really? I bet it was expensive,
 covered in pearls or somethin'
 right?

ANGIE
 (chuckles solemnly)
 No, nothing like that. Just a
 simple box my mom gave me. It would
 play this song. I can barely
 remember it now, but I would sing
 it constantly when I was a kid.
 (voice thick) It was the first song
 I sang in public.

WOMAN
 What happened to it?

ANGIE
(unfocused)
What?

WOMAN
The box... What happened to it?

ANGIE
Oh. It got old, the music just quit
one day and I couldn't get it to
work again.

We stay focused on Angie who has a reflective smile on her face. It doesn't, however, portray the same pain that resides behind her eyes.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Yeah, (chuckles) I had a bear a
treated like that when I was a kid
too. Carried it 'til the stuffin'
came out.

ANGIE
(solemnly)
Yeah...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT- CLUB- NIGHT

Claire and Angie have arrived at the velvet ropes cordoning off the V.I.P section of the club. Several large men surround a smaller figure. This is DeMilo. His hair is disheveled, his suit dark, and his eyes alert. His pointed eyes meet Angie's uncertain and wary ones.

CLAIRE
(loudly whispers) He's looking over
here!

DeMilo whispers something into the ear of the man sitting next to him, all the while he keeps his eyes on Angie. The man gets up and lets the guard at the ropes usher in Angie and Claire.

DEMILO
(to Angie)
I don't remember ever seeing you in
here.

ANGIE
(feigns confidence)
Yeah, well I make it a point to
stay away from men like you in
places like this.

DEMILO

(pretends hurt)

That hurts baby! Really you wound me. Well, why did you decide to grace us with your presence today?

ANGIE

Do you hear that song playing?

DEMILO

Yeah, it's hot. What about it?

ANGIE

Well it's mine. I sing.

DeMilo seems surprised and gestures for Angie to sit down. We see Claire slightly out of frame with one of DeMilo's entourage laughing and visibly flirting. This comforts Angie and she sits next to DeMilo. He scoots closer to her.

DEMILO

Oh really?(smiles) So you just came here to use me then?