

The Unsolicited Person

by  
Ayham Saati

Current Revisions by  
Ayham Saati, 05/11/2006

Address: 3559 Sawtelle Blvd # 8  
Los Angeles, CA 90066

Email: [ayhamsaati@comcast.net](mailto:ayhamsaati@comcast.net)

Phone Number: 310-962-1009

FADE IN

PAN across MOVIE POSTERS on a Hollywood wall. One is entitled..." MISTY THE CONQUEROR "...in it stands a exotic looking, tall, dark haired woman, dressed in leather straps.

JACK is shaking his head as he keeps moving through the rest of the posters.

JACK is an eccentric 28 year old, chubby with shoulder-length black hair.

He holds his arms out as he looks at Misty.

JACK  
Is this a joke?

He looks around and finds an old woman walking by.

JACK  
Excuse me, lady.

The woman stops and looks at him.

JACK  
(pointing at Misty)  
Can you believe this?

The old woman adjusts her glasses and stares at Misty.

OLD WOMAN  
(sighing)  
I used to have a pair like that.

JACK  
A pair?  
(he gets it)  
NO! That's not what I meant. What I mean is, how could they make movies like that? And expect us to go see them?

The old woman shakes her head and walks away.

JACK  
(keeps talking to himself)  
And these guys make millions. I can't believe this shit.

INT. GYPSY CLUB - VENICE BEACH - NIGHT

This place is crowded. Large posters of Flamenco guitar players and dancers cover the walls.

SUZAN, a cute 20 year old. One of three cocktail waitress working the floor, walks to the busy bar.

Jack and two other bartenders are behind the counter, busy mixing drinks.

SUZAN

Jack, two more apple martinis.

Jack nods as he flips a couple of SHAKERS and start mixing the drinks.

SUZAN

What's wrong? You're quiet tonight.

JACK

(handing her the drinks)

Nothing, Suzan, I'm just tired.

She walks off with the drinks as he steals a look at her cute butt.

A man and his girlfriend are waiting at the bar.

MAN

(to Jack)

Hey, dude. What happened to our drinks?

JACK

What drinks?

MAN

(being a jerk)

The TWO CORONAS! Do you have a hearing problem or what!

Jack stares at him for few seconds, then,

JACK

I'm sorry, were you saying something? I didn't hear you.

The man looks a bit drunk.

MAN

That's right! ASSHOLE!!. I was saying give me my GODDAMN DRINKS! Can you hear me now?

Jack smiles and nods as he pours TAB BEER into a chilled glass, and suddenly SPLASHES onto the man's face.

JACK  
Here's your drink...ASSHOLE!

The man loses his mind and tries to climb over the counter to get to Jack. But at that moment, a couple of SECURITY GUARDS come from behind, grab the guy from his shirt and drag him out.

The girlfriend is now standing alone at the counter, looking at Jack in disbelief.

He calmly pours another beer and hands it to her.

JACK  
It's on the house.

INT. GYPSY CLUB - CLOSING TIME

The place is nearly empty. The last two customers just walked out. A couple of busboys are cleaning. Suzan walks out from the locker room, now wearing a cute tank-top and jeans. Jack is sitting alone at the counter, sipping on beer.

SUZAN  
Hey.

JACK  
Hi.

She sits next to him.

SUZAN  
Don't feel bad. I would've done the same thing. He was a jerk and deserved it.

JACK  
Oh, I'm not even thinking about it.

SUZAN  
What's on your mind then?

Jack shakes his head.

SUZAN  
Jack, come on. What's wrong? You haven't been yourself lately.

JACK  
I'm just tired of this shit. The job. The people. Everything.

SUZAN

But I thought you liked being a bartender.

JACK

I did.

MAN (O.S.)

Don't listen to him Suzan...

TONY walks to the room through a hallway behind the bar. Tony is 50. He is the flamboyant club owner, dressed in a Hawaiian shirt.

TONY

(smiling)

...He just wants you to feel sorry for him, so he can get into your pants.

SUZAN

Tony, this is so mean. Jack's not like that.

TONY

All men are like that.

Suzan rolls her eyes. Tony pours himself a drink and sits next to them.

JACK

Hey, Tony I'm sorry about what happened earlier.

TONY

Don't worry about it. I don't want assholes in my club anyways.

SUZAN

Sounds good to me.

TONY

(smiling)

Just make sure to use the cheaper drinks next time.

JACK

I don't know for how long I can do this, to be honest with you guys.

SUZAN

Are you thinking of quitting?

Jack doesn't look too sure. He nods his head slowly.

TONY

Don't let them get to you. You know, when I first moved out here, twenty years ago, I was your age, Jack, almost. I had no idea what I wanted, but I knew I needed to make my move, fast, before I lose my energy. Man, I was on fire. I was ready for anything. And I came here, to Gypsy club. Carlos, the previous owner hired me as a busboy.

SUZAN

You were a busboy? Here?

TONY

(nodding)

That's right. I mopped every corner of this floor, for a whole damn year.

SUZAN

I can't believe it.

TONY

Then I was promoted to a bartender. Carlos showed me all the tricks, and I loved it, I loved mixing drinks.

SUZAN

How come you never told us that before?

TONY

I'm telling you. Ask Jack, who taught him everything he knows about mixing drinks?

Jack nods his approval.

TONY

Six years later, Carlos comes up to me and offers to sell me the club. He got old and wanted to go back to Spain. I told him I don't have enough money. He said don't worry about it, just make payments.

SUZAN  
Wow! What a nice guy.

TONY  
He sure was. He changed my life.

SUZAN  
But why you, Tony? Why did he come to you?

TONY  
Carlos told me he saw something in me. He saw the fire. He knew I'd take care of this club and make it even better. And I did.

JACK  
I get it, Tony. I just don't know if I have that fire in me.

TONY  
(getting up)  
I think you do. I see it in you, Jack.

Tony leaves. Suzan keeps looking at him and shakes her head.

SUZAN  
I don't get it, he's such a successful business man. How come he's always alone? Oh well, I guess money can't buy happiness after all

JACK  
Sure about that?

EXT. VENICE BEACH - THE BOARD WALK - NIGHT

Most of the shops are closed. A man picks up a coffee from a late-night coffee stand and continues on. Jack and Suzan appear, strolling along. Suzan has a plastic food container.

SUZAN  
Tony was trying to tell you something.

JACK  
I know. But I'm not him. I don't have that same passion for this business. I took the job because I needed money. That's all.

SUZAN  
You're not really thinking of  
quitting, are you?

JACK  
I'm not sure, yet.

A pause.

JACK  
So how was your date last night?

SUZAN  
(rolling her eyes)  
Horrible. He took me to this very  
expensive restaurant, the IVY on  
Ocean Blvd.

JACK  
I've heard of this place. Was it  
good?

SUZAN  
It was great, you should try it.

JACK  
I don't think so. And then what  
happened?

SUZAN  
Well, he talked about himself for  
about TWO hours.

JACK  
Aha! And for how long you stayed  
there?

SUZAN  
About two hours.

JACK  
(sarcastic)  
Sounds like fun.

SUZAN  
(rolling her eyes)  
Wait till you hear this...we get  
the check, he stares at it for  
about two minutes, then pulls out a  
calculator and starts adding up  
numbers.



JACK  
You're kidding!

SUZAN  
Not at all...so then he hands me  
the bill and the calculator and  
says (she speaks with a thick  
voice) here you go, your share is  
50 bucks, you can double check on  
the numbers if you like.

JACK  
Jesus Christ! What a jerk.

WOMAN (O.S.)  
Who's the jerk, Jack?

A homeless woman walks toward them, pushing a shopping cart.  
HELEN is in her mid 30's. The years of hardship has taken  
over her once pretty face.

SUZAN  
(smiling)  
Hi Helen.

HELEN  
Hi beautiful. So who's the jerk? I  
need to catch up on my gossip.

SUZAN  
Oh, I was just telling Jack about  
my date last night.

HELEN  
I don't get it. Why don't you two  
date each other and get it over  
with?

The question was kind of unexpected and caused an awkward  
moment. They both glance at each other.

SUZAN  
(handing her the food  
plate)  
I almost forgot. I brought you  
this.

HELEN  
(gladly taking it)  
Sounds good. Even though I was  
thinking to have seafood tonight.

JACK  
Seafood? From where?

Helen walks over to a dumpster and opens it.

HELEN  
Bruno's. They make the best  
chowder.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - THE BOARD WALK - MORNING

Palm trees rise into a blue morning sky. A hot Southern California day.

Helen is sitting on a park-bench, across the street from that same coffee stand, reading an old copy of the INQUIRER MAGAZINE.

The man from the coffee stand walks toward her with a cup of coffee.

COFFEE MAN  
Here you go, Helen, cream, no  
sugar.

She takes the coffee without looking at him.

HELEN  
Hey, Joe, check this out.

She flashes the article she's reading.

CLOSE ON a picture of that same poster of MISTY THE CONQUEROR. The headline reads..." PORN STAR TURNED HOLLYWOOD STAR "

Joe stares at it and shakes his head.

A couple of tourists show up. Both have digital camera and keep taking pictures of everything, non stop. Helen caught the eyes of the male tourist. He stares at her as she takes a sip of coffee and read the paper.

MALE TOURIST  
(Russian accent)  
Look, Elena. Even the homeless  
people in America drink cappuccino  
and read the paper.

Helen notices his look and grins at him.

HELEN  
Beat it! Tourist.

He smiles and nods to her as they both pick up the pace. We stay with them for about a block, until we find...

EXT. SIDE WALK CAFE - PATIO - MORNING

...A man sitting alone at an outside patio table. Andrew is 25, blond hair and sleepy green eyes.

He spots a pretty blond in bikinis walking by, and rubs his eyes to get a better look, then takes a long sip of coffee.

JACK (O.S.)  
Dude! I got it!

Jack walks in and sits with Andrew.

ANDREW  
Don't do that. Please.

JACK  
Don't do what?

ANDREW  
Talk.

Jack stares at him.

ANDREW  
People shouldn't talk in the morning.

Andrew spots another girl in bikinis and pierce her with his eyes.

ANDREW  
They should worship.

Jack puts his mouth very close to Andrew's ear.

JACK  
(screams)  
ANDREW!

Andrew nearly falls off his chair.

ANDREW  
WHAT!!

JACK  
I've been thinking last night.

ANDREW  
You were? That's new.

JACK  
I'm gonna write a SCREENPLAY!

Andrew looks at him, taking it in.

ANDREW  
Would you get offended if I  
laughed?

JACK  
Yes.

MINDY, the waitress, walks in with fresh pot of coffee.

MINDY  
(rolling her eyes)  
There you are, the other half.

JACK  
Good morning to you too, Mindy.

She pours coffee for Jack, fakes a smile and leaves.

ANDREW  
So...Screenplay.

JACK  
(very confident)  
That's right big daddy! I'm gonna  
write me a movie script. I stayed  
up all night thinking about it.

Andrew covers his face to hide a laugh.

JACK  
What's so funny?

ANDREW  
Dude, you just don't seem the type  
who can write. Your creativity  
level is, hmm...ZERO.

JACK  
Come on Andrew, seriously. You  
really think I can't do it?

ANDREW

Dude, I don't think you have enough  
patience for this kind of work.  
You're not the type.

JACK

What the hell does that mean?

Another girl passes by. Andrew stares.

JACK

I'm talking to the wrong guy,  
you're not even listening.

ANDREW

I am.

JACK

No you're not.

ANDREW

Yes I am. You're saying you wanna  
write a movie script and I'm saying  
you're full of shit. See? I'm  
listening.

JACK

Gee...thanks for the support.

ANDREW

Fine. If you want me to sit here  
and Bullshit you, fine, I can do  
that.

JACK

No, I don't want you to Bullshit  
me, Andrew. I want your honest  
opinion...do you think I can do it  
or not?

ANDREW

Dude, it's not about "can", or  
"can't"...The question is why?  
Since when you like movies?

JACK

What are you talking about? I LOVE  
MOVIES.

ANDREW

Jack, your favorite movie is "nine and a half weeks"...and all you do is fast forward the whole damn dialogue.

JACK

So? The dialogue sucked in that movie.

ANDREW

Dude, you're my best friend, and lets not Bullshit each other. You only wanna do this because you're sick and tired of your job.

JACK

Well...that's part of it.

ANDREW

And what's the other part?

JACK

It used to be my childhood dream to be a writer.

ANDREW

Seriously?

JACK

(nodding)

But I always put it off.

A pause.

JACK

Hey, do you know how much money these writers are getting for stupid movies like...what her name...

ANDREW

Misty.

JACK

That's right! Her. That chick who wrote the movie got a million bucks for it.

ANDREW

She got the million bucks for Misty's tits, not the movie.

JACK  
That's exactly what I'm saying. All these stupid movies and people are making millions. If they can do it, I can do it.

Jack finishes his coffee and gets up.

ANDREW  
What are you gonna write about?

JACK  
(on his way out)  
I haven't decided yet.

Andrew shakes his head as Jack leaves.

EXT. BARNES & NOBLES BOOK STORE - LATER

Jack walks out holding a large Barnes & Nobles bag. A big smile on his face.

INT. GYPSY CLUB - CLOSING TIME

The busboys are finishing up cleaning. Jack is behind the counter, intensely reading a book. Suzan walks over, throws her apron on the counter and sits next to him.

SUZAN  
So you really went and bought that book?

Jack nods and shows her the title. It reads..." HOW TO WRITE A SCREENPLAY ". He then picks up another book and shows it to her. The second title reads..." SELL YOUR SCRIPT FOR A MILLION DOLLARS ".

SUZAN  
A million dollars?? You can get that much for a script?

JACK  
That's right babe. A million bucks.

SUZAN  
Wow, Jack, you're gonna be a screen writer. This is so cool.

He thinks about what she said.

JACK

That's right. A screen writer...it sounds better than, Jack the bartender. Doesn't it?

SUZAN

Either way, I still like you, Jack.

She stops and looks at him, those words just slipped out of her mouth. She looks embarrassed as she turns and leaves. He keeps staring at her.

EXT. THE CHINESE MAN THEATRE - HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

A limousine pulls up at the front of the theatre. Jack walks out, surrounded by bodyguards. He steps onto a RED CARPET as he waves to the cheering crowd.

Two girls in short dresses and high heels run over and hug him. He hugs them right back as a loud ALARM CLOCK sounds.

Jack opens his eyes...looks around...He's in bed, hugging his pillow. He was dreaming.

He sits up and throws the pillow to the floor.

JACK

(to himself)

I want this...Jack the screen writer. The Hollywood man.

He reaches for the curtain behind his bed and pulls it open, then closes his eyes as if taking energy from the sun.

JACK

I can do this...

A DOOR KNOCK

He jumps out of bed, still in his underwear. Jack opens the door. It's Suzan. They both look surprised. He looks down at his own underwear, then slams the door shut in her face.

JACK

(loud)

Just a minute, Suzan.

Now we see Jack's tiny STUDIO. A small bed, a couch, a computer desk with a very old monitor on it, and a small TV.



He finds a pair of pants under the bed and quickly puts them on, then runs and opens the door. Suzan makes sure he has his pants on, then smiles.

SUZAN  
Good morning.

JACK  
Hi. Come in.

She walks in. She has a small box with a plastic cover.

SUZAN  
I brought you something.

She places the box on a small dining table and takes off the cover. It's an Olympia Report Deluxe Electric Typewriter.

Jack stares at it.

JACK  
Is this a...typewriter?

SUZAN  
(smiling)  
I thought you could use it, for  
your script.

JACK  
I...I don't know what to say.

He hesitates, then walks closer and gives her a hug. It's an awkward moment for both of them.

SUZAN  
It's old, but it works. My mom gave  
it to me.

He moves his hand across the typewriter, then strikes a key.

JACK  
(approving)  
It DOES work.

SUZAN  
Of course you know how to use it,  
right?

JACK  
Ha?...yes, Of course.

EXT. SIDE WALK CAFE PATIO - LATER

Suzan and Jack sit out at a patio table, sipping Ice tea.  
Suzan checks her watch.

JACK  
Who did you say this guy was?

SUZAN  
My neighbor, George. He's in the  
movie business...I thought he can  
give you some tips.

JACK  
Yeah...sure, why not.

George walks in. He's a tall, handsome 30 years old.

GEORGE  
Hi guys, sorry I'm late.

SUZAN  
That's OK, George. Here's the  
friend I told you about, Jack.

They shake hands. Jack looks a bit intimidated.

GEORGE  
So, Jack. Suzan told me you're a  
screen writer.

Jack feels good about being called a screen writer. He smiles  
and nods.

GEORGE  
That's cool. Have you sold any yet?

JACK  
...Any what?

GEORGE  
...Screenplays.

JACK  
(clears his throat)  
Oh, no. Not yet...soon.

Suzan comes to the rescue.

SUZAN  
George, Jack is just starting.  
Sorry I forgot to tell you.

GEORGE

I see.

JACK

How about you, George, have you sold any yet?

GEORGE

Oh no. And I never will. I work for myself. Screw Hollywood.

Jack ponders this. George lights a cigarette.

JACK

What do you mean screw Hollywood?? Dude, this is HOLLYWOOD we're talking about...HOLLY--WOOD.

GEORGE

What do you think Hollywood is? It's all a bunch of attorney's and corporations. A bunch of assholes out to make money, that's IT! Do you think they give a shit about you and me?

(a beat)

That's why I'm independent. I write, produce, direct my own shit. No one can tell me anything.

Jack looks at him blankly.

SUZAN

So, George, do you have any advice for Jack?

GEORGE

Yes. Just write something special. Special to you, and don't think about money. Don't think about selling the script. Think about writing it first. And after that, good luck.

George gets up.

GEORGE

I gotta split.

JACK

Hey, thanks for the advice.

GEORGE  
(on his way out)  
You bet.

A beat.

SUZAN  
So? What do you think?

JACK  
This dude's got issues.

SUZAN  
You think so?

JACK  
Yes. I do think so. Hey, think of  
all the movies out there. Someone  
wrote them and sold them, right?

Jack nods his own approval, waits for hers.

SUZAN  
...That's right.

JACK  
That's what I'm saying. If someone  
did it, then I can do it.

SUZAN  
(smiling)  
I like your attitude.

JACK  
Now all I need to do is to come up  
with a great idea. Something  
special, original.

She thinks about this.

SUZAN  
Why don't we take a walk on the  
beach and think?

JACK  
You wanna think with me?

SUZAN  
Yes, Jack. I wanna think with you.

He looks at her, she smiles.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - LATER

They both walk barefoot on the sand.

JACK  
Can you imagine what will happen to  
me if I sold a script...

SUZAN  
...No. Tell me.

JACK  
I think I'll be the happiest man on  
earth.

SUZAN  
What would you do with your money?

He ponders this for few seconds.

JACK  
...First thing, I'll quit this  
shitty job I have.

SUZAN  
And leave me alone?

JACK  
No. I'll hire you to work for me.  
You'll be my secretary.

SUZAN  
(playful)  
You can't afford me.

He hesitates a bit, then moves closer and kisses her.

SUZAN  
(even more playful)  
Hmm. Still not enough.

He holds her tighter and gives her a long kiss.

INT. GYPSY CLUB - NIGHT

It's packed tonight. Andrew is sitting at the bar close to  
Jack's section, sipping on a beer and checking out the babes.

ANDREW

(loud)

Man, this is heaven. Are you guys hiring?

JACK

(loud)

Very soon. You can take my spot.

ANDREW

Did you start writing yet?

JACK

No. Not yet. I'm looking for something special to write about.

ANDREW

Why don't you write about me?

JACK

I said special.

Tony shows up near the hallway and motions to Jack. Jack walks over to him.

JACK

What's up Tony?

TONY

I forgot to tell you, I need you to house sit for me next week. I'm going to the Caribbean, and I can't leave Bridgette alone.

JACK

Bridgette hates me.

TONY

She'll like you, because you'll be feeding her. She might bite you once or twice, but then she'll get used to you.

JACK

Are you going to that Sandals resort, again?

TONY

(rolling his eyes)

Yeah. It's singles week.

JACK  
Alright, Tony. Good luck.

TONY  
Hey, thanks alot buddy.

Tony leaves. Jack gets back to work.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - THE BOARD WALK - NIGHT

Jack, Suzan and Andrew stroll along the near-empty boardwalk.

Suzan has the food container for Helen, and we pick up the conversation.

JACK  
...OK, I got a good one. A cop  
finds out his own son is a...wait,  
that's been made already.

ANDREW  
How about a ghost story?

SUZAN  
Oh no, please. I hate ghosts. How  
about a romantic story?

ANDREW  
Screw that. Who cares about  
romance!

SUZAN  
Well, Andrew, not all of us are  
heartless and emotionless like you.

JACK  
Guys! Stop! You're not helping at  
all. We have to come up with a  
story by next week.

ANDREW  
Why next week?

JACK  
Tony is going to the Caribbean and  
asked me to house sit for him.

ANDREW  
Holly cow! You're telling me we  
have Tony's house to party for a  
whole week??

JACK  
No! I'm telling you, I, have tony's  
house for a whole week...to WRITE.

ANDREW  
Dude, you're no fun.

SUZAN  
I think that's a very good idea  
Jack.

HELEN (O.S.)  
Yeah. I think so too.

Helen walks to them, pushing her cart.

SUZAN  
(handing her the plate)  
Helen, you're late. Your food is  
cold.

HELEN  
(sarcastic)  
Oh, I was at the salon, getting a  
manicure and pedicure.

Suzan laughs.

Jack stares at Helen. He watches her as she opens up the  
container and starts eating fast, enjoying every bite.

JACK  
Oh my god!

SUZAN  
Jack, what is it?

JACK  
(screams loud)  
OH MY GOD! I GOT IT!

He looks and sounds as if he lost his mind as he keeps  
screaming " I GOT IT, I GOT IT "

Jack takes few steps back, then starts running away.

JACK  
I'll see you guys tomorrow!

They all look at him with wide-open eyes as he disappears in  
the darkness.



INT. JACK'S STUDIO - NIGHT

He is pacing the room back and forth. He stops, squeezes his head hard, as if to let the ideas flow through his brain, then goes back to pacing.

Jack sits at the small dining table, where the typewriter is, and starts typing...with two fingers.

EXT. SIDE WALK CAFE PATIO - MORNING

Jack walks in. Andrew and Suzan are waiting for him. His eyes are red. He hasn't slept all night.

ANDREW

So, Mister Sherlock, are you gonna tell us what's going on or what?

JACK

Sorry I left like that. I just had to think it through.

SUZAN

Think what through?

JACK

The idea. The million dollar idea.

SUZAN

Jack, you're driving us crazy.  
WHAT'S THE IDEA!

JACK

Alright! Remember when Helen said she had a manicure and pedicure?

SUZAN

(rolling her eyes)  
She was kidding for god sake.

JACK

I know she was. But...what if it was true...what if Helen got the chance to live like a queen, for a week?

Suzan and Andrew look at each other.

JACK  
Guys, think about it. A homeless woman, oneday finds herself living like a queen, in a Malibu mansion, for a whole week.

ANDREW  
(clueless)  
What house? What mansion?

Suzan gets it.

SUZAN  
Oh my god! You're not thinking...

JACK  
(overlapping)  
...That's exactly what I'm thinking! We will let Helen live in Tony's house, for a whole week! She can eat whatever she wants, sleep whenever she wants, get her manicure and pedicure and everything she wants...for a whole week.

ANDREW  
Son of a gun! That's a great idea.

JACK  
(very excited)  
And I'll be there, talking to her, watching her every move. Putting everything down on paper...

He frames a headline in the air.

JACK  
...Imagine this title "QUEEN FOR A WEEK".

ANDREW  
Dude, this is so cool.

Suzan turns her face and looks away.

JACK  
Well? Suzan?

She shrugs.

SUZAN

Jack, I don't know if I like this idea.

JACK

What do you mean?

SUZAN

What happens after the week is over? Do we shake Helen's hand and send her back to the streets again?

Jack shrugs, he didn't think about this.

ANDREW

She's homeless. We can't do anything about that.

SUZAN

Come on you guys. Don't you think it's very cruel to do that to her? Show her some good time, give her a clean bath, then send her back to the streets again? She's a human being. You can't do that to her.

JACK

Suzan, you're taking it the wrong way. I'm just trying to write...

SUZAN

(getting emotional)

You can't play with people's lives, just because you wanna write your movie, Jack.

Suzan gets up and bolts out of the patio.

JACK

Suzan...Wait!

A beat.

ANDREW

So, how about that ghost story?

JACK

Shut up Andrew!

INT. GYPSY CLUB - CLOSING TIME

Jack is sitting at the bar. He downs a shot of JACK DANIELS, then pours himself another one. Suzan walks out of the locker room, ignores him and keeps walking.

JACK

Suzan...

She keeps walking.

JACK

Suzan, please wait.

She stops. He walks closer to her.

SUZAN

I'm very disappointed with you, Jack.

JACK

Why! Because I wanna change my life? Because I wanna be someone? Look at me! I AM NOTHING! I AM NOBODY!

SUZAN

Don't say that.

He tries to control himself as he leans against the wall.

JACK

I always wanted to write a movie, but I never did. Because I thought guys who write movies are smarter than me, and I didn't wanna embarrass myself.

SUZAN

How can you say that? Half the movies playing in the theatres are a joke. Have you seen that stupid Misty movie? She's a stripper for god sake!

She leans next to him on the wall.

SUZAN

So don't tell me these guys are smarter than you.

JACK

I know. I was wrong. These guys are not smarter than me, they just have more guts. Now they're out there making millions and I'm here mixing drinks.

SUZAN

Jack, you need to stop putting yourself down. You're not a loser. I wouldn't go out with you if I thought you were.

JACK

No. I'm not a loser. I'd feel like one if I didn't write that movie though.

Suzan nods and smiles. She gives him a kiss on his cheek, then turns and leaves.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - THE BOARD WALK - NIGHT

Helen is sitting on a park-bench. She is digging through a pile of old, dirty clothes in her cart, and finds a sweater. She takes it out and wraps it over her shoulder.

Suzan walks toward her, then sits next to her as she hands her the plastic food container.

HELEN

(smiling)

What's on the menu tonight?

SUZAN

(sighing)

Chicken and rice.

HELEN

What's wrong sweetie?

SUZAN

Nothing.

A beat.

SUZAN

Helen. I have to ask you something. Why are you here? Why do you live like this? I mean, you seem...

HELEN

Normal?

SUZAN

Yes. Very normal.

A beat.

Helen takes a deep breath.

HELEN

Yes I am normal. Most homeless people you see on the streets are normal, just like you and me.

SUZAN

Then, why?

HELEN

Because sometimes the streets are safer than your own home.

(sighing)

Some of us are not fortunate enough to have good people around, Suzan.

SUZAN

You didn't have a good family?

HELEN

I actually didn't have a family, period. But I grew up with people I thought were like family to me. Unfortunately I was wrong. And by the time I found out how wrong I was, it was too late to start over. The damage has been already done. I lost interest in everything...I tired few times to pick up the pieces, but when you're alone, very alone, it's not easy...And Here I am.

Helen reaches inside her pocket and pulls out a piece of paper, and hands it to Suzan. She looks at it. It's a picture of a very attractive, 20 years old Helen. Suzan looks at the picture in disbelief. She looks at Helen, and finds her face streaked with tears.

SUZAN

Is this you?

HELEN  
(nodding)  
It's what used to be me.

Helen takes the picture from Suzan and stares at it.

HELEN  
I hold on to it because I don't  
have a mirror. Thank god.

SUZAN  
You were almost my age in this  
picture.

Helen wants to hold Suzan's hand, but changes her mind.

HELEN  
Don't compare yourself to me,  
please.

Suzan holds her hand.

SUZAN  
Helen, how about a little vacation?

EXT. A STREET IN MALIBU - DAY

An older model TOYOTA COROLLA pulls up next the front gate of a house, then comes to a full stop.

Suzan gets out from the driver seat, then, Jack and his typewriter, Andrew and Helen follow.

They stop and look at this breathtaking, Mediterranean mansion, with wide-open eyes, the widest pair of eyes belongs to Helen.

HELEN  
Dear lord. Is this it?

Jack nods.

HELEN  
Who lives in there? King Kong?

ANDREW  
Actually yes. But we call him Tony.

Jack walks to the front gate and punches in a security code, and the large gate swings open.

They all walk in. Helen spots a small dumpster on the side.

HELEN  
(excited)  
Hey, I found a dumpster.

JACK  
Helen, for god sake, it's a  
dumpster.

HELEN  
(still excited)  
I know. That's what I said.

Jack shakes his head, takes her hand and they all walk to the front door. He quickly works a key on the lock and pushes it wide open.

INT. TONY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Granite floors, french doors, spiral stairway, a large Plasma TV in the large living room. They all stand there, breathless.

SUZAN  
Oh my god. No wonder Tony never  
leaves home. Have you guys been  
here before?

ANDREW  
Yeah, few times. But every time it  
has the same effect on us.

SUZAN  
What effect?

Andrew opens his mouth all the way.

SUZAN  
Oh, I get it.

They walk in. Helen stands there, motionless. Suzan takes her hand and walk her in.

A little brown Chihuahua, dressed in a cute pink doggy outfit, comes running to Jack from upstairs.

HELEN  
Uh...is this what I think it is?

JACK  
Actually no. This is Bridgette.



HELEN

Please tell me Bridgette can't talk.

Bridgette barks at her.

HELEN

Dear lord. She does.

JACK

So, Helen, what do you think so far?

HELEN

You mean how do I feel about you guys putting me in King Kong's house with a talking dog for a week? And writing a movie about me on top of that?

SUZAN

Helen, like I told you before, you really don't have to do this if you're not comfortable with it.

Helen looks around the house, taking it all in.

HELEN

Actually, I AM comfortable, as long as you guys stay away from that dumpster.

Jack breathes a sigh of relief as he gets an approval nod from Suzan.

JACK

You wanna see your room?

HELEN

Who, me?

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack pushes open a large double door and they all walk in. Helen gasps.

This extra large room is fit for a king, with it's extra large bed next to the extra large fireplace.

Jack opens another door. It's the master bath, with the Jacuzzi tub and the LCD screen and the very elegant double sinks.

HELEN

Is this a...

ANDREW

Yes, Helen. It is a bathroom.

SUZAN

You guys, this is bigger than my living room. How much money does Tony make??

JACK

ALOT!

SUZAN

Oh well, what's the use of living in heaven, alone.

Helen is overwhelmed. She turns and looks at them. Her eyes are wide open.

HELEN

Could someone pinch me...Or punch me?

JACK

One last thing I wanna show you before we leave you.

HELEN

You're leaving me?

JACK

No. I mean just to let you get some rest. I'm sure you need it after all this.

Helen follows them to the room. Jacks points at few shopping bags next to the bed.

JACK

We...actually Suzan bought you some stuff.

Helen looks at Suzan, then gives her a warm hug.

HELEN

Thank you.

Suzan smiles and nods.

JACK  
OK. We're going downstairs now. Do whatever you like, Helen, this house is yours, for the next SEVEN days.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Jack sets up his typewriter on a small coffee table. Andrew walks over to the WET BAR and pours a drink.

JACK  
So...any comments so far?

SUZAN  
(sighing)  
I don't know yet. It's too early to tell.

ANDREW  
What do you guys think she's doing? She's been up there for a while.

SUZAN  
Probably taking a nap.

JACK  
I think we should let her get acquainted, let her take her time.

ANDREW  
Dude, how do you think she feels? Last night she was sleeping on a park-bench in Venice beach, and now this.

Jack crackles his fingers and gets ready to type.

JACK  
That's the whole idea.

BACK AT THE MASTER BEDROOM

Helen walks slowly toward the bed. She's walking very carefully, scared to touch anything. She puts her hand on the pillow, it's very soft. She hesitates a bit, then sits on the side of the bed.

## THE LIVING ROOM

Jack looks nervous. He has his hands in his pockets as he paces the living room back and forth, occasionally glancing upstairs. Andrew and Suzan are flipping through channels.

JACK  
How long has it been?

SUZAN  
Three hours.

JACK  
I think you should check up on her.

SUZAN  
Jack, just leave her alone.

JACK  
I don't get it. It takes me TEN minutes to shower and get ready.

SUZAN  
That's it?

ANDREW  
Dude, no wonder you stink.

JACK  
At least I DO shower.

ANDREW  
What the hell does that mean?

## THE MASTER BEDROOM

Helen is asleep. She slowly opens her eyes and looks around. She suddenly sits up and jumps out of bed, looking everywhere.

She sees a reflection of herself on the MIRRORED closet door. She walks closer and stares at herself.

There is a very sad look in her eyes as she quickly backs away.

## THE LIVING ROOM

Jack is lying on a couch, half asleep. Andrew and Suzan are watching TV.

Suddenly they hear something. Someone is walking slowly down the stairs.

They all jump to their feet and look...

It's Helen...they all gasp when they see her, gracefully walking down the stairs, smiling at them.

Her face is bright and clean. Her beautiful blond hair spread over her shoulders. She is wearing a very elegant red dress and black high heels. This is a completely different woman.

ANDREW

Oh my god!

JACK

(very excited)

This is good. This is too good.

He runs over to his typewriter, and starts striking keys.

JACK

(to himself)

Hollywood, wait for me baby. I AM  
COMING TO YOU.

Helen walks over to Andrew and Suzan.

HELEN

Well?

They are both staring.

SUZAN

Helen, you look amazing.

ANDREW

Oh my god!

Andrew still can't believe it. He looks at Helen, then looks upstairs, then looks back at her.

Even Bridgette starts running around her in circles.

Helen is trying to act her role. She paints an elegant smile on her face as she ushers them to the back yard.

HELEN

Shall we have tea?

She's trying to manage her walk with the high heels, but nearly falls after few steps.

EXT. TONY'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - AFTERNOON

A large swimming pool is situated in the middle between a basketball court and a large Gazebo.

Helen, Suzan and Andrew sit at one table in the Gazebo. Jack and his typewriter have their own table next to them. All sipping on Ice tea, as we pick up the conversation.

HELEN

...So I soaked myself in the hot tub for nearly TWO hours.

ANDREW

Two hours??

HELEN

(sighing)

My dear, for the past TEN years I had to register my name and get in line at the YMCA, to take a shower...still think two hours in a tub is too long?

Andrew shakes his head.

SUZAN

What about food? How do you manage that?

HELEN

There are lots of good people out there. They always feed us and give us cloths. My favorite is the "food on foot" program.

JACK

Food on what?

HELEN

It happens every Sunday, volunteers from around the city gather and help hand out food and clothing. That's my favorite time of the week.

JACK

Why?

HELEN

Because I love those men and women. They come and bring their kids, even their pets. You're not gonna believe this, but to me, it's like having a family picnic. We all sit around, eat, and talk.

SUZAN

I like this. I wanna do it.

HELEN

You guys should, it's really beautiful.

ANDREW

how's the food, good?

Jack is listening intently as types.

THE HOUSE PHONE RINGS.

Jacks runs over to the living room, then comes back out, holding a cordless phone.

JACK

(on phone)

Hey, Tony...yes, everything is fine, don't worry...Bridgette's fine too, she says she misses you...OK...I'll see you next week.

Jack hangs up.

JACK

Enjoy it while you can boys and girls. We still have a whole week in paradise.

SUZAN

Helen, do you think you'll be alright? Later?

HELEN

(sighing)

I'll be fine...remember that Cinderella story?

Suzan nods.

HELEN

It's a cute fairy-tale. It doesn't happen in real life though.

HELEN(cont'd)

Only in the movies. And once you get that into your head, then you're fine, then you can live in the real world.

SUZAN

I hope you're right.

INT. GYPSY CLUB - NIGHT

It's a slow night. Few people, including Andrew, stand around next to the bar. Suzan walks to the bar.

SUZAN

It's so slow. I'm bored.

JACK

Lets wait around alittle bit, if it stays dead, then we'll leave a little early.

SUZAN

So what do you guys think so far, about Helen?

JACK

It's been four days. She seems to be doing alright.

ANDREW

I still can't get over how nice she cleaned up.

SUZAN

Do you think she'll be able to get back to the...real world as she puts it?

JACK

She sounds like she can. This woman is not a dreamer.

ANDREW

I agree. She's a tough cookie.

SUZAN

I really hope so...

(getting up)

...Anyways, I'm gonna get out of here, it's too dead for me.

JACK

Me too.



INT. TONY'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Helen is sitting on the floor in the master bedroom, next to her is a brown plastic bag. She reaches in, and takes out the old shirt she usually wears. She slowly covers her face with it.

AT THAT MOMENT THE HOUSE PHONE RINGS.

CLOSE ON the phone downstairs as it keeps ringing, then the answering machine picks up.

TONY (V.O.)  
(on phone)  
Hello...Anybody home?...Jack It's  
Tony...I called work, they told me  
you left...I'm in LAX, I'll see you  
soon.

INT. TONY'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Helen walks out of the bathroom, she just finished taking a shower, and has a towel wrapped over her body, and another one over her hair.

THE LIVING ROOM

The front door opens, and Tony walks in. He has a suitcase in hand. He looks around...

TONY  
Hello? Anybody home?

THE MASTER BEDROOM

Helen just heard something downstairs.

HELEN  
(to herself)  
The kids are here.

She still has the towel over her body. She takes off the towel over her head and starts drying her hair as she sits on the side of the bed.

THE LIVING ROOM

Tony starts walking upstairs...to the hallway...and is about to open the door to the master bedroom. But at that same moment HELEN OPENS THE DOOR.

HELEN AND TONY ARE FACE TO FACE WITH EACH OTHER

They both scream.

Helen instinctively starts hitting him with the towel. Tony, still in complete shock, back away as he covers his face.

Helen suddenly stops, she just noticed the suitcase.

TONY  
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU??

Helen stares at him, speechless.

INT. TONY'S HOUSE - LATER

Jack, Suzan and Andrew walk in, laughing and giggling. And to the shock of their lives, they see Tony and Helen, sitting in the living room, sipping Ice tea.

The guys are STUNNED.

TONY  
Jack. I'll never forgive you for this.

Jack is speechless.

JACK  
Tony...I'm really...

TONY  
(interrupting)  
How could you do this? How could you hide this beautiful woman from me all this time? Your AUNT HELEN.

JACK  
(clueless)  
Ha?

Helen winks and smiles.

EXT. TONY'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - LATER

They're all sitting close to the pool, which is now lit with green florescent lighting.

Tony is sitting next to Helen, looking very cheerful.

TONY

...The first couple days were great, but then I got this stomach virus...

HELEN

...How do you feel now, Tony?

He gives her a warm look.

TONY

I'm feeling much better.

The guys look at each other.

TONY

Man, that was the funniest thing. I walk in and I'm about to go to my bedroom, and the door opens. We both screamed like crazy.

Tony laughs hard. Everyone else tries to fake a laugh.

TONY

I must have scared you poor aunt to death. She only had a towel wrapped around her...

The guys look at Helen, she rolls her eyes.

JACK

And then what happened?

HELEN

I told Tony I'm visiting you, Jack. And I apologized for not telling him.

TONY

(to Jack)

If you had told me your aunt was coming down from Bakersfield, I would've had the house cleaned up or something.

(to Helen)

TONY(cont'd)

I'm sorry Helen. I know the house is in such a mess.

HELEN

Oh, it's OK, I've seen worse. Trust me.

TONY

So what do you do in Bakersfield?

HELEN

(clears her throat)

Well...I'm mostly on the...on the road.

TONY

You do real estate?

HELEN

Actually yes. Something like that. In and out of places.

TONY

I think you should move down here to LA. Real estate business is booming here. You can also help me with some stuff.

HELEN

Me? Help you?

TONY

That's right. I've been shopping around for a little store down by the beach area, I'm thinking to open up a gift shop.

The guys are listening to the conversation intensely as they keep glancing at each other.

HELEN

(nodding)

I see...well Like I said, I've been thinking about it, I've been thinking about many things. I'm still not sure where I'm gonna end up.

TONY

It would be great to have a nice woman like you around, Helen.

She gives him a warm smile.

HELEN  
 (getting up)  
 Tony, thank you again.  
 I think I should go now.

They all get up.

TONY  
 So soon?

HELEN  
 Well yeah. It's time to get back to  
 the...to the road.

TONY  
 Why don't you stay a couple more  
 days? I...we can take you and show  
 you around.  
 (To Jack)  
 Say something Jack.

JACK  
 He's right, Aunt. You should stay a  
 couple more days.

HELEN  
 (shakes her head)  
 My time is up. Thank you all.  
 (nearly in tears)  
 This whole, trip, was something  
 very special to me.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

They all stand near the stairway waiting for Helen. She  
 appears walking slowly down the stairs, carrying her plastic  
 brown bag. Tony is surprised.

TONY  
 Where's your suitcase?

Helen looks at Jack.

JACK  
 In my place. We didn't wanna carry  
 the whole thing, you know what I  
 mean.

Tony walks over to her and takes the bag.

TONY  
 Allow me, please.

They all walk outside. Helen waves goodbye to Tony as she gets in Suzan's car.

INT. SUZAN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Suzan is driving fast on Pacific Coast Highway.

SUZAN

I was so scared when I saw you two together.

HELEN

No need to be scared. Tony is such a gentleman.

JACK

You guys correct me if I'm wrong, but I really thought Tony liked Helen. A lot.

ANDREW

I noticed that.

SUZAN

(smiling)

I did too. He wants you to move down here...from Where?

HELEN

(rolling her eyes)

Bakersfield. That's where I'm from, originally.

A beat.

JACK

(to Helen)

I think we should hook you guys up.

HELEN

Don't even think about it.

SUZAN

Why not?

HELEN

(emotional)

Because Tony likes AUNT Helen, not the homeless Helen. It will crush him if he found out the truth about me. So please lets not talk about this again.

ANDREW

But how would he know? He already thinks you live in Bakersfield.

HELEN

(nearly crying)

Listen. I made up the lie just to protect you guys, not me. I am not willing to lie to this man and pretend I'm someone else. I could be homeless, but I DO have some pride left in me.

INT. JACK'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Jack has an intense look in his eyes as his two fingers work the keys of the typewriter.

Suzan brings him coffee and sits next to him. He stops and takes a sip.

SUZAN

How is it going?

JACK

Getting there.

SUZAN

Did you think about an ending yet?

JACK

I'm just gonna end it the way it ended. I'm not changing a thing, real life, remember?

SUZAN

Talk about real life, I haven't seen Helen for almost a month.

JACK

You think she's OK?

SUZAN

I'm sure she is. Poor thing. The last time I saw her she was very quiet. She also asked me about Tony.

JACK

He's been driving me crazy asking about her too. And I don't know what to tell him.

SUZAN  
We're jerks.

JACK  
Why?

SUZAN  
Jack, look what we did to them. We brought Helen all the way from rock bottom to the top. From a shower line at the YMCA to a private bath in a Malibu mansion. You think she can go back to her normal life after that?

JACK  
Suzan, Helen never had a normal life. I honestly think what we did with her was a good thing. A wake up call, sort of. This woman had no goal, no motivation, she was burnt out. I think we helped light some fire in her.

A pause.

JACK  
I was thinking. When I sell my script, I'm gonna give her some money, to start over. She WAS my inspiration after all.

Suzan likes that. She gently wraps her arms around his neck and kisses him.

INT. GYPSY CLUB - CLOSING TIME

Tony walks out of his office down the hallway to the main room. It's empty, except from a busboy finishing up cleaning. Tony takes some money out of his pocket and hands it to him.

TONY  
Here you go, Pedro.

PEDRO  
Thank you Mister Tony.

Tony heads out.



EXT. GYPSY CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Tony walks out and takes a breath of fresh air.

MIKE, the security guard is getting ready to leave.

TONY  
What's up, Mike?

MIKE  
Not much Mister Tony. Was a busy night tonight.

TONY  
Yeah, it's picking up.

MIKE  
By the way, are you still looking for a place to lease down by the boardwalk?

TONY  
Yeah, but I couldn't find any.

MIKE  
There's one open. I saw the "for lease" sign on my way to work this afternoon.

TONY  
Really? Where at?

MIKE  
Right in the middle. Right by that hot dog stand.

TONY  
That sounds good. I think I'm gonna go check it.

MIKE  
Right now?

TONY  
Yes. I feel like taking a walk.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - THE BOARD WALK - MOMENTS LATER

Two police officers nod to Tony as he approaches the middle section of the boardwalk.

He walks past a shop then spots the " FOR LEASE " sign. He walks closer and tries to peer through the closed shop, but its too dark. Tony looks around, and sees a homeless woman sitting on a park-bench, next to a shopping cart. And this woman is Helen.

The boardwalk is not very well lit at night, so he couldn't get a good view of her.

Tony looks at her, then walks closer. But at that moment she recognizes him and immediately gets up and starts walking away.

TONY

Hey, excuse me.

Helen hesitates for a bit, then stops, without turning.

TONY

Excuse me, can I ask you a question?

No response from Helen.

TONY

(pointing at the sign)

Do you know what kind of business was here before?

She shakes her head, without looking. He takes some money out of his pocket and walks closer to her.

TONY

Here you go.

She glances over her shoulder, sees his hand reaching to her with money.

HELEN

(low voice)

I don't want your money. Sir.

Tony is very surprised. Helen starts to walk away. He shakes his head and walks the other way.

EXT. SIDE WALK CAFE PATIO - MORNING

Jack walks in and finds Andrew, doing his usual thing, checking out the babes.

ANDREW  
Look who finally decided to show  
up.

JACK  
I've been busy, man. Been writing  
like crazy.

ANDREW  
Dude, for how long have you been  
working on this thing?

JACK  
Three months, four days.

ANDREW  
Why is it taking you that long?

JACK  
You think this shit is easy? It's  
not, it's hard work. But I love it.

Jack picks up Andrew's coffee and takes a long sip.

JACK  
I love it because I get to play  
god.

ANDREW  
Oh GOD! You're losing it

JACK  
Man, I'm serious. When you're  
writing a screenplay, you get to  
move people anyway you want, you  
make them talk, make them cry. Who  
else can do that but god?

ANDREW  
The IRS. They make me cry every  
year.

Mindy, the waitress shows up with a fresh pot of coffee.

MINDY  
I'm gonna make both of you cry if  
you don't pay your tabs, especially  
you.  
(pointing at Andrew)

ANDREW  
(teasing)  
How are you gonna make me cry  
Mindy? Spank me?

MINDY  
No. You'd actually enjoy that, you  
sicko!

Mindy walks inside the cafe as Andrew stares at her. Suzan  
walks in, catches him in the act.

SUZAN  
Andrew, this look was the sickest  
I've ever seen. I really think we  
need to get you a girl.

Jack nods his approval.

ANDREW  
Sure, why not. Get two if you want,  
I don't care.

SUZAN  
You wish.

She looks at Jack.

SUZAN  
So. What's new?

JACK  
I should be done writing by the end  
of the week.

SUZAN  
Are you serious?

Jack nods.

SUZAN  
What happens then?

JACK  
I'll start shopping for buyers, and  
I'll take the highest bid.

ANDREW  
Dude, are you sure it's that easy?

JACK

Why shouldn't it be? I have a good product. Just watch them fighting over it.

Andrew doesn't look too sure.

JACK

If someone bought that Misty The Conqueror script, for a Million bucks, and made it into a movie. Why wouldn't they buy mine?

SUZAN

Oh I hate that actress. She has the worst boob job.

Jack and Andrew look at each other and smile.

SUZAN

What? You don't think it's bad?

ANDREW

Well, it's not that bad.

JACK

Regardless. Who cares. She's got more money than we can ever dream of.

SUZAN

That's true. But at least MINE are real.

ANDREW

How do we know that?

SUZAN

Shut up Andrew.

JACK

Do you guys think I should buy a house or business? After I sell my script?

SUZAN

Who cares about business? You'll be a famous writer, you'll always have work.

JACK

(approving)  
That's a good point.

Suzan checks her watch.

JACK  
Going somewhere?

SUZAN  
(getting up)  
I wanna go look for Helen, and  
check out Tony's new store. You  
guys wanna come?

JACK  
No. I wanna write.

ANDREW  
I'm gonna go look for a job.

INT. TONY'S GIFT SHOP - LATER

Tony is standing in the middle of his new store, looking at  
two workers putting up a new shelf, another worker is  
painting.

Suzan walks in.

SUZAN  
Hi Tony.

TONY  
(smiling)  
So, what do you think?

SUZAN  
It looks very cute. When will it be  
ready?

TONY  
A week, maybe two. But I need  
someone to run it. You have anyone  
in mind?

Suzan thinks.

SUZAN  
Not really. But I'll let you know.

TONY  
By the way. Have you heard from  
Helen, Jack's aunt?

SUZAN  
No. I'm sorry.

TONY

I don't get it. I gave her my card.  
She could've at least called to say  
hi.

SUZAN

You really like her, don't you  
Tony?

TONY

Yes I do. I had a good feeling  
about her. Even though we didn't  
get to spend alot of time together.

SUZAN

She liked you too.

TONY

She did? She told you that?

Suzan nods.

TONY

Well then, where is she? How come  
she disappeared from the face of  
earth?

SUZAN

(hinting)

Maybe she's a Cinderella, and she's  
waiting for you to go find her.

Tony looks confused.

SUZAN

I'll see you later at work.

Suzan turns and leaves.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - THE BOARD WALK - CONTINUOUS

Suzan walks out of the shop and onto the boardwalk. Her eyes  
scanning everywhere for Helen. She stops a homeless man and  
asks him something, he shakes his head. Suzan keeps walking.

She stops another homeless man. This time the man nods and  
points toward the ocean. Suzan runs in that direction.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - NEAR THE WATER - CONTINUOUS

Suzan runs on the sand, looking everywhere. Finally she spots someone sitting under a LIFE GUARD TOWER. Suzan moves closer. It's Helen. Suzan runs to her.

SUZAN

Helen!

Suzan kneels next to her.

HELEN

Hello my dear.

SUZAN

Where have you been? I've been worried sick about you.

Helen looks out at the ocean.

SUZAN

Helen, are you OK?

HELEN

I'm fine. I just couldn't go back there.

SUZAN

What do you mean?

HELEN

(wiping a tear)

So much time had passed. I'm trying to pick up the pieces, but I don't know where to start.

Suzan holds her hand.

HELEN

I went down to the Social Services Office, and put my name down for a job. I've been going down there everyday.

SUZAN

Helen, come with me.

HELEN

Come where?

SUZAN

To my place.



HELEN

No. I need to do this on my own,  
Suzan.

SUZAN

You WILL do it on your own. Please,  
come with me.

Suzan helps Helen to her feet, and they both start walking away.

INT. KINKO'S PRINT SHOP - DAY

A large industrial printer spits out sheets of paper in an incredible speed.

PULL BACK

Jack is standing behind the counter, watching that same printer with wide-open eyes.

EXT. KINKO'S PRINT SHOP - LATER

Jack walks out holding a brown Kinko's bag. He slowly opens it and pulls out A SCRIPT.

CLOSE ON THE SCRIPT

It's entitled..." A QUEEN FOR A WEEK " name of author: JACK WEBER

Jack can't believe his eyes. He keeps looking at the script, touching it, even smelling it.

JACK

(to himself)

I did it.

(screams)

I DID IT!

He holds out the script for everyone to see as he keeps screaming " I DID IT...I DID IT ".

EXT. SIDE WALK CAFE - PATIO - LATER

Jack walks in, holding out the Kinko's bag. Andrew and Suzan are waiting for him.

Jack has the biggest smile on his face as he pulls out the script and gently places it on the table. Suzan screams and hugs him.

ANDREW  
Dude, you did it! Congratulations man.

JACK  
SIX MONTHS of hard work, finally paid off.

SUZAN  
(very excited)  
Jack, I'm so happy. I'm so proud of you.

JACK  
You guys, this is the turning point in my life. From now on, everything will change.

ANDREW  
Dude, you're gonna get all the hot chicks.

He gets a glare from Suzan.

ANDREW  
...And refer them to me, of course.

SUZAN  
By the way, I also have some good news for you guys.

ANDREW  
What?

SUZAN  
It's a little project I've been working on for a while.

JACK  
What project?

SUZAN  
(getting up)  
Come and you'll see.

EXT. TONY'S GIFT SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Jack, Suzan and Andrew stand outside the shop. A large banner on top reads..." GRAND OPENING ". The place looks beautiful on the outside as African and Middle Eastern artifacts fill the walls.

They walk in. Jack and Andrew gasp when they see Helen, dressed in a very elegant outfit, standing next to Tony.

SUZAN

Your AUNT, Helen decided she needed a major change in her life. So she quit her job in Bakersfield and decided to come work for Tony. Today is her first day.

A couple of tourists walk in. Helen greets them with a warm smile and starts showing them around. Tony has the biggest smile on his face as he watches her, then walks over to Jack.

TONY

Jack, your aunt is such an amazing sales woman. We've been open for FIVE hours and she already has TEN sales.

Jack and Andrew are out of words.

Tony walks back inside. Suzan and the guys walk away as Helen winks at them from inside.

JACK

How?

SUZAN

She was looking for a job, he was looking for someone to run his shop. That's how.

ANDREW

Did she tell him?

SUZAN

Not really. I kind of talked her out of it, for now. What's the use if he knew? They're only working with each other. And when she feels the time is right, she'll be willing to take it to another level with him.

JACK  
You mean she wants to earn it  
first.

SUZAN  
Exactly.

JACK  
And you did all that behind our  
backs...

SUZAN  
She needed time alone. A time out  
from everything. That's why I  
didn't tell you guys.

JACK  
Man, I should add this ending to  
the script.

A beat.

SUZAN  
So now that the Helen's project is  
over, we can move to the next one.

ANDREW  
Ha?

SUZAN  
Selling the script project...Any  
ideas? Jack?

JACK  
Well...

Jack thinks about this one.

JACK  
I don't know. I was concentrating  
on writing it. But like I told you  
guys, it shouldn't be that hard to  
find a buyer. Once they know what's  
it all about, they'll be lining up.

ANDREW  
Who?

JACK  
Them. The Hollywood people.

INT. JACK'S STUDIO - LATER

Andrew lounges on the couch, sipping on a beer. Jack and Suzan sit at the computer desk, browsing the internet.

SUZAN  
Here's a link to all the talent agencies in California.

Suzan scrolls through the page.

JACK  
That's over a HUNDRED.

Suzan hands him the phone.

SUZAN  
You better start calling.

Jack picks up the phone and dials the first number on the list.

WOMAN (V.O.)  
Hollywood Talent Agency, can I help you?

JACK  
Hi, my name is Jack and I just wrote a script called...

WOMAN (V.O.)  
(interrupting)  
Excuse me, sir?

JACK  
Yes. I'm here.

WOMAN (V.O.)  
Who's your agent? Who referred you to us?

JACK  
Agent? I don't have an agent. I got your number from the internet.

WOMAN (V.O.)  
Yeah well, all script submissions MUST go through an agent. Goodbye.

CLICK!

JACK  
She just hang up on me.

SUZAN  
I don't think knows what she's  
talking about. Call another number.

Jack dials another number.

MAN (V.O.)  
Hollywood Films, can I help you?

JACK  
Hi, my name is Jack. I just  
finished writing a script and I  
like you guys to take a look at it.

MAN (V.O.)  
...Who is this?

JACK  
It's me, Jack.

MAN (V.O.)  
OK, Jack. We do not accept  
unsolicited screenplays.

CLICK!

JACK  
What the hell is wrong with these  
people?? and what the hell is  
unsolicited??

ANDREW  
It's a polite way of saying  
UNWANTED.

Jack dials another number.

WOMAN (V.O.)  
Alice Entertainment, can I help  
you?

JACK  
Hi, is this Alice?

WOMAN (V.O.)  
...No.

JACK  
Oh OK, my name is Jack and I have a  
script that I like to show you.

WOMAN (V.O.)  
Sir, we do not accept  
unsolicited...

JACK  
Unsolicited scripts, I know.

WOMAN (V.O.)  
Good. I'm glad you do.

JACK  
Just do me a favor before you hang  
up. How do I get an agent?

WOMAN (V.O.)  
Well, first of all you have to be  
referred to us by an agent or an  
attorney, then we'll let you talk  
to one of our agents.

JACK  
You're kidding, right?

CLICK! She hangs up.

JACK  
This is starting to give me a  
headache.

SUZAN  
Jack, we've been trying for FIVE  
minutes, and you're giving up  
already?

JACK  
You're right. I got a little bit  
frustrated. But I don't think  
calling will do us any good.

SUZAN  
What do you wanna do?

EXT. BEVERLY BLVD - LATER

Jack and Suzan stand in front of a three-story building. Jack is carrying his script. He checks the address of the building against a list in his hand.

JACK  
This is it. 5555 Beverly.

At that moment, a security guard walks out of the building without seeing them. Jack and Suzan walk in. They see the security guard's desk on the left, and a stairway straight ahead.

They walk up the stairs, into a hallway. There is a receptionist desk to the left, but no receptionist. A sign behind the desk reads..." HOLLYWOOD ULTIMATE TALENT AGENCY "

JACK  
Looking good so far.

SUZAN  
I hope so.

A man, in a very expensive suit, walks out of an office and walks over to the receptionist desk. ANDY is 38, tall and handsome.

ANDY  
(looking around)  
Have you seen Amy?

Jack is about to say something when AMY, 25, walks out of a restroom and comes running when she sees Andy.

ANDY  
Where the hell is that phone number  
I told you to get for me?

Amy looks very nervous. She quickly shovels some papers around, then finds a yellow stick-on note. She quickly hands it to him.

AMY  
Here you go, Mister Andy.

Andy turns to leave.

JACK  
Mister Andy, can I have a minute  
with you sir?

Andy looks at Jack.

JACK  
My name is Jack, Jack Weber.

ANDY  
What can I do for you?



JACK  
(nervous)  
Well, I just finished my first  
screenplay, and I'm just wondering  
if you can take a look at it, it's  
a really nice story.

Andy shoots Amy with a glare, she shrugs.

ANDY  
I don't get it. Who sent you over  
here?

JACK  
Nobody.

Andy rolls his eyes and points at " NO SOLICITING " sign  
above the receptionist desk.

ANDY  
Did you read this?

Jack looks at the sign, then shakes his head

ANDY  
You said this is your first  
screenplay, right?

Jack nods.

ANDY  
Alright, Jack, I'm gonna give you  
the lay of the land as quick as  
possible, because I have no time  
for this.

JACK  
I would appreciate...

ANDY  
(interrupting)  
...You need a licenced agent, or an  
attorney to sign the submission  
forms that we have, otherwise, we,  
and almost all the agencies in  
California, will treat you and your  
material as an UNSOLICITED. Did you  
understand what I just said?  
(to Amy)  
Get Harry over here.  
(to Jack)  
Did you?

JACK  
You're an agent, right? Why can't I  
hire you?

ANDY  
You have to be referred by someone,  
in order for me to even look at  
you.

Harry, the security guard we saw earlier, comes running up  
the stairs.

ANDY  
Show this UNSOLICITED PERSON the  
way out.

Andy turns and leaves. Jack and Suzan are stunned.

INT. SUZAN'S CAR - LATER

The car is still parked next to the building. Jack is fuming

JACK  
What the hell just happened in  
there?

SUZAN  
That guy was a complete JERK!

JACK  
He was. And I can't believe I let  
him talk to me like that, I feel  
like an idiot!

SUZAN  
Don't worry about it Jack.

JACK  
No. I'm really pissed off!

Suzan starts the car and is about to drive off. At that  
moment, the building door opens, and Amy runs to them.

AMY  
Hi guys.

JACK  
Hey.

AMY  
Hey, I felt bad for the way that  
jerk talked to you.

AMY(cont'd)

He's the president of the company.  
He does that to everybody.

JACK

(sarcastic)

Great. I feel better now.

AMY

Listen, I have to get back to work.  
I just wanna tell you that it's  
really very hard for first time  
writers, because no one takes them  
seriously. What you should do is to  
call up other agencies and ask if  
you can submit QUERY letters to  
them, alot of agencies accept that.  
Good luck.

Amy runs back to the building.

JACK

What did she say? Query what?

SUZAN

I have no clue.

Jack leans his head backwards and closes his eyes.

JACK

This is a nightmare. No wonder your  
friend George said screw Hollywood.

SUZAN

I know it's not looking too good so  
far, but I think you're giving up  
too easily, Jack.

JACK

Lets go to side walk cafe, I really  
need a drink.

EXT. SIDE WALK CAFE PATIO - LATE AFTERNOON

Jack takes a long sip of beer, then shakes his head as if to  
wake himself up.

JACK

Unsolicited person. I am an  
unsolicited person. Son of a bitch.

SUZAN

Jack, please take it easy. I'm sure  
there's a way we can do this.

JACK  
 You bet there is. Give me your cell  
 phone.

She takes a cell phone out of her purse and gives it to him.

Jack looks at the list, then dials a number.

AMY (V.O.)  
 H U T A, this is Amy, how can I  
 help you?

JACK  
 (getting up)  
 Mister Andy please.

AMY (V.O.)  
 Sure, may I ask who's calling?

JACK  
 Steven Spielberg.

AMY (V.O.)  
 (excited)  
 Oh, hello Mister Spielberg, one  
 second please.

Seconds later, Jack hears Andy's voice.

ANDY (V.O.)  
 Steven, How are ya!

JACK  
 (squeezing his teeth)  
 Mister Andy, this is the  
 unsolicited person, remember me?

ANDY (V.O.)  
 'Christ! What the hell do you want!

JACK  
 (screaming)  
 I wanna kick your ass you son of a  
 bitch! That's what I want!

CLICK! Andy hangs up.

JACK  
 (sitting down)  
Now I feel better.

SUZAN  
 I bet you do.

Jack closes his eyes as he hangs his head down.  
Suzan gently runs her fingers through his hair.

SUZAN  
Jack. Cheer up, everything will be  
alright, trust me.

JACK  
No one wants to read my script.

SUZAN  
Well, obviously there are legal  
issues and things we're not aware  
of. I think we need to do more  
research.

JACK  
Agents, attorney's, submissions,  
legal issues. I'm really starting  
to feel like an unsolicited person.

SUZAN  
Why don't we try what Amy told us  
and send those query letters?

JACK  
How do we know what the hell is a  
query letter?

SUZAN  
I have no idea, but we can research  
it, Jack. Just don't give up on me.  
Please.

He holds her closer and gives her a tight hug.

JACK  
Why are you so good to me?

SUZAN  
Because I like what you're trying  
to do, Jack, you're trying to  
better your life. I respect that.

JACK  
(sighing)  
It doesn't look like it's getting  
any better.

INT. GYPSY CLUB - NIGHT

A busy night. Jack is behind the counter, moving slow, completely out of touch. He has no expression on his face as he hands a beer to a girl at the bar and turns without responding to her "thank you".

Tony, Helen and another couple, in their 50's, sit at one of the tables, talking and laughing. We stay with them.

WOMAN

(still laughing)

Tony, where did you find such a nice, funny girl?

TONY

In my bedroom.

WOMAN

What??

TONY

It's a long story. But the most important thing is that I found her.

MAN

That's right. That's what counts.  
(lifts up his glass)  
Cheers everyone.

They all lift up their glasses.

MAN

Cheers to Tony and Helen.

Helen looks a bit dizzy as she takes a long sip of beer.

WOMAN

So, Helen, how do you like Los Angeles so far?

HELEN

I love it. Even though I still feel homeless.

WOMAN

What??

SUZAN (O.S.)

She means she still feels homesick.

Suzan comes from behind, takes Helen's hand and gets her up.

SUZAN

Excuse us.

INT. GYPSY CLUB - WOMEN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Helen looks very dizzy, she can barely stand on her feet.  
Suzan dabs a wet towel over her face.

SUZAN

Helen, are you drunk??

HELEN

Who, me?

SUZAN

Oh my god, you ARE drunk. But I  
just gave you one drink!

HELEN

I just took a couple of sips. I  
can't even see in front of me.

SUZAN

Is this your first time drinking?

HELEN

Well, I don't remember them giving  
us beer at the YMCA, so it must be  
my first time.

SUZAN

OK. The drinking stops. No more  
alcohol for you.

HELEN

But I like it.

SUZAN

Helen, listen to me. One more sip  
and you'll be dancing on the table.  
Naked. Trust me, I've seen it  
happen.

Helen looks at her with wide-open eyes.

SUZAN

(turning to leave)  
Go ahead and wash your face. I'll  
go bring you coffee.

INT. GYPSY CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Suzan walks back to the bar. Jack is looking even more depressed.

SUZAN  
Jack, I need some coffee for Helen.  
She's drunk!

JACK  
What? Who?

Suzan shakes her head as she walks behind the counter, pours a cup of coffee and glares at Jack.

BACK AT THE TABLE

Helen is sitting next to Tony, silent, with a silly smile on her face.

Suzan walks over and places the coffee next to Helen.

TONY  
Jack looks very depressed.

SUZAN  
I know. He barely spoke FIVE words  
in TWO weeks.

TONY  
Is it because of that screenplay?

Suzan nods.

SUZAN  
We sent out about Fifty of those  
query letters, and we haven't heard  
back from anyone.

Tony thinks.

TONY  
Hey, I just thought about  
something. A week ago some guy  
called about a party in the  
Hollywood Hills. He wanted me to  
set up the bar and serve up all the  
drinks. But I turned it down.

SUZAN  
Why?



TONY

I've been to these parties, and I don't like them at all. Alot of headache. But now that I'm thinking about it, there's gotta be alot of Hollywood people in it, maybe Jack can find himself a hook up.

SUZAN

(very excited)

Oh my god, Tony. This is exactly what we need. Thank you so much.

TONY

I wish I can do more to help Jack.

SUZAN

No. This is it. This is the best chance ever.

TONY

Alright, I'll call the guy back and set it up.

Suzan runs back to the bar, and whispers something to Jack. His eyes immediately go wide.

EXT. A HOUSE IN THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

Few LIMOS with waiting DRIVERS and two BMW's pack the circular driveway, behind a red Ferrari.

The view of downtown Los Angeles from the enormous, ornate house is extraordinary. An outdoor cocktail party is in progress.

Jack and another bartender are working behind a small bar. A beautiful WOMAN in a tight sheath of an evening dress is sipping champagne and talking to them.

Next to the bar is an eccentric disk jockey in dark shades, moving his hips to the beat of a RAP song.

Andrew and Suzan are serving drinks. Andrew is in heaven. He carries a tray full of drinks and walks to a group of beautiful women in very short dresses, smoking joints and giggling.

ANDREW

Hello ladies.

WOMAN  
 (buzzed)  
 Hey, handsome.

She takes a drag from the joint and holds it in.

WOMAN  
 (handing him the joint)  
 Want some?

ANDREW  
 Sure, babe.

He takes it from her and takes a long drag. His face is turning red. The women giggle.

Suzan drags him from behind.

SUZAN  
 (mad)  
 Andrew. What the hell are you doing?

ANDREW  
 (a bit high)  
 God?

SUZAN  
 It's me, Suzan, you idiot.

EXT. A HOUSE IN THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS - CONTINUOUS

A man walks over to the bar area. ALAN BATES is in his late 30's. He looks odd when compared to the rest of the crowd with his casual jeans and T-shirt, and with his nerdy haircut.

ALAN  
 Hey buddy, let me have a Corona, please.

Jack hands him the beer.

ALAN  
 So, what's your name?

JACK  
 I'm Jack.

ALAN  
 Hi Jack.  
 (they shake hands)

ALAN(cont'd)

I'm Alan Bates. Nice party, isn't it?

Jack is not paying alot of attention to Alan, he's not impressed with the way he looks.

JACK

Yes.

Jack's eyes are scanning everywhere. A couple of guys, dressed in very expensive suits stumble to the bar.

ALAN

So, Jack, what's new?

Jack completely ignores Alan and walks over to help the guys. He pours them a couple of beers and paints a big smile on his lips.

JACK

Hi guys.

GUY #1

Hey.

JACK

Nice party.

GUY #2

Yeah, man, it's cool.

Alan gets up and starts walking away. The two guys gravitate toward Alan.

ALAN

See you, Jack.

Jack waves goodbye without looking.

JACK

So, what do you guys do?

GUY #2

We're screenwriters.

GUY #1

Yeah, man. We are the DOS AMIGOS!

They both crack up. Jack is excited.

JACK

You're kidding me! What movie did you guys write?

GUY #2  
I wrote the best goddamn movie,  
man. I'm here trying to sell it.

JACK  
Sell it?

GUY #2  
That's right.

JACK  
Sell it to who?

The guy points his finger at a man, it's Alan Bates. Jack is in shock.

JACK  
Why? Who is he?

GUY #1  
Dude, that's Alan Bates. This is  
his house. He is one of the biggest  
producers in Hollywood. Have you  
seen the movie Misty The Conqueror?

Jack is stunned, his mouth is wide open as he slowly nods.

GUY #1  
He produced it.

Jack slams his fist against his forehead as hard as he can.

And sure enough, AN EXOTIC LOOKING MISTY appears, followed by two photographers. She walks over to Alan and gives him a hot kiss as the flashes from the cameras light up the night.

JACK  
Isn't that...

GUY #1  
(staring)  
That's her...that's Misty. That's  
the goddess.

They stand there staring at Alan and Misty as he ushers her through a doorway to the house.

JACK  
Why didn't you talk to him when he  
was standing here?

GUY #1

You don't walk up to Alan Bates and talk to him about business, what are you nuts?

JACK

Then, how do you do it?

GUY #1

You wait for the right moment. Either he comes over and says hello, or someone introduces you to him. You just don't initiate anything with him. That's the rule.

Jack is about to slam his head against the wall. Suzan walks over.

SUZAN

Hey, Are you OK?

JACK

Don't ask.

Andrew joins them, he looks extremely excited.

ANDREW

You guys would never believe me if I told who I just saw.

SUZAN

Who?

ANDREW

Misty The Conqueror.

SUZAN

You're kidding! Where is she?

ANDREW

She was with some nerdy looking guy, they went inside the house.

JACK

That nerdy looking guy is Alan Bates, the owner of the house and the biggest producer in Hollywood.

ANDREW

He is?

SUZAN

Oh my god. Did you talk to him,  
Jack?

JACK

(shakes his head)  
I'm a goddamn idiot. He came right  
up to me to talk, and I blew it!  
Someone shoot me, please!

ANDREW

(walking away)  
I'll shoot you later, I'm gonna go  
find me a babe.

SUZAN

Don't worry about it Jack, I'm sure  
we'll find someone else.

JACK

Shit. He was the guy. Now I don't  
know if I'm gonna see him again.

SUZAN

I'm sure he'll come out. Just keep  
an eye on the house.

Suzan gets back to work. Jack walks behind the bar, shaking  
his head.

At that moment, two more, nicely dressed guys walk up to the  
bar.

JACK

What can I get...

Jack looks stunned. One of the guys is ANDY.

They stare at each other.

ANDY

It's you...again. The unsolicited  
person.

JACK

You really get a kick out of saying  
that to me, don't you...

ANDY

Man, I don't know you. But what you  
did was wrong.

JACK

What the hell was so wrong about it? I wrote a story and I want people to read it. What the hell do I need to do? BEG?

The man with Andy is LARRY, in his mid 40's.

LARRY

Is this the guy you told me about?

Andy rolls his eyes and nods.

LARRY

(to Jack)

Do you have any idea how many guys out there that are just like you?

JACK

What do you mean?

LARRY

The guys who read a " How to write a screenplay " book, and the next thing you know, they're thinking a new Stephen King was born.

ANDY

They're all like that.

LARRY

I have a pile of screenplays in my office, up to the ceiling. All from writers with agents or attorneys. All solicited, by my office. And more than half of those will end up in the trash can, because they're worth shit. And most of the other half will end up on the shelf. So if you think you can just walk into my office, unsolicited, and add your screenplay to my pile, then my friend, you're living in a dream world.

ANDY

And let me give you another advice. When you decide to walk into an office, unsolicited, please don't come at lunch time, you'd get a worse response than the one you got from me.

JACK

Well then how the hell does this thing work? There are HUNDREDS of movies each year. How do they get made?

LARRY

You've got to find someone who's willing to read your script, someone who has the time, and if it's good and they like it, then they might buy it. And once this happens, then congratulations, your foot is in the door, and your sorry, lonely new life as a Hollywood screenwriter had just begun.

Jack is stunned.

LARRY

We'll take a couple of Jack Daniels, please.

Jack pours them the drinks. They both turn and start walking away.

ANDY

(winking)

No hard feelings, Jack.

The party continues on. That same group of women we saw earlier, form a circle around the, now shirtless, Andrew. They all look wasted as they laugh and dance.

Suzan walks back to the bar. She looks mad.

SUZAN

These people are driving me crazy.

JACK

Same here.

SUZAN

They're so needy. One girl asked me for a diet whisky.

Two blonds stumble towards the bar, one of them trips and falls to the floor, barfing.

SUZAN

That's her. That's the one.



JACK  
Gees! What did you end up giving  
her?

SUZAN  
(walking away)  
Few shots of diet Jack Daniels,  
straight.

EXT. ALAN'S HOUSE - LATER

The party is over, everyone left.

Jack, Suzan and Andrew stand next to the bar, getting ready  
to leave.

SUZAN  
Did you see Alan?

JACK  
He never came out. I'm telling you,  
I blew it big time.

ANDREW  
(drunk)  
I need a bed.

SUZAN  
Me too. Lets go guys.

Jack is not moving.

SUZAN  
Jack?

He reaches behind the counter and takes out the script.

JACK  
I wanna go look for Alan.

SUZAN  
What do you mean? You're just gonna  
walk into this guy's house and give  
him your script?

JACK  
That's exactly what I'm gonna do.

SUZAN  
Jack, this is trespassing. He'll  
call the police.

JACK  
It's not trespassing. We are in his house, well, half ways.

SUZAN  
I don't like this.

JACK  
Listen, you guys wait for me here. It'll only be few minutes.

SUZAN  
Jack, you're crazy! Do you know what time it is?

INT. ALAN'S HOUSE - LATER

Jack walks inside the house through a sliding door. The lights are dimmed.

He slowly walk through a hallway, sees a door, slowly opens it. The room it's empty. He moves to the next room, opens the door. It's dark except from a red dimmed light.

WOMAN (O.S.)  
Hey, bitch!

Jack freezes. In one corner of the room, stands a tall dark haired woman, dressed in leather straps and has the biggest fake tits ever. Jack stares at her.

JACK  
(whispering)  
Sorry, wrong room.

WOMAN  
No it's not...Bitch!

JACK  
Hey, stop calling me bitch!

MISTY  
You came to me, so you are my bitch now.

She walks closer to him. She has a long whip in her hand and suddenly strikes him with it on his ass.

JACK  
SHIT!! Why the hell did you do that for?

JACK recognizes this woman. He looks closer. IT'S MISTY

JACK  
MISTY??

MISTY  
Shut up and obey me...That's what  
you paid for.

JACK  
Wait, Misty, you got it all wrong.

She walks slowly behind him, takes the script from him and  
throws it to the floor, and starts tying up his hands behind  
his back with a red cloth.

JACK  
Misty, wait, what are you doing?

MISTY  
Get down on your knees.

JACK  
This is insane.

MISTY  
Down...BITCH!

JACK  
(kneeling down)  
OK, I'll do it. But you need to  
promise to let me talk to Alan,  
afterwards.

She whips him again...and again.

JACK  
OUCH!! Misty!

Jack starts crawling to the door to get away from her. At  
that moment the door opens. It's Suzan and Andrew.

ANDREW  
MISTY??...Misty And Jack??

Suzan is stunned to see Jack crawling to her as Misty whips  
his ass one more time.

SUZAN  
(squeezing her teeth)  
If you hit him one more time with  
this thing, I'm gonna take it and  
shove it up your ass...BITCH!!

MISTY

Hey, get out of here. Unless you  
wanna pay extra for a group  
session.

Andrew digs inside his pocket.

ANDREW

How much extra?

JACK

Oh god! Suzan don't pay any extra!  
Just get me out of here!

MISTY

(rolls her eyes as she  
heads out)

Just to let you know, YOUR MAN paid  
extra to get this special  
treatment.

JACK

She's lying, I never paid any  
extra!

SUZAN

SHUT UP JACK!!

ANDREW

Hey, Misty, can I get a whip?

Misty ignores him and walks away.

JACK

What a crazy woman...can someone  
untie me please?

Suzan is trying to contain her anger.

SUZAN

How can you do this to me? Jack? I  
stood by you, I give you all the  
support, I LOVED you for god sake.  
And you turn out to be someone's  
BITCH?? and you paid for it!

JACK

No, Suzan, I'm not a bitch, I might  
look like one now, but you got it  
all wrong...

SUZAN

I hate you. Men are all jerks.

ANDREW  
Dude, how much did you pay?

SUZAN/JACK  
SHUT UP ANDREW!

Suzan shoots Jack with a glare, shakes her head in disgust and walks away. Andrew follows her...And we stay with them

JACK (O.S.)  
Could someone untie me? Please?

INT. GYPSY CLUB - NIGHT

A different cocktail waitress walks over to the bar, Jack hands her few drinks, then walks over to Tony and Andrew.

JACK  
This place feels weird without her.

ANDREW  
Have you seen her at all?

JACK  
(shakes his head)  
Not since last week. I went to her place a couple of times. Helen told me she doesn't wanna see me. And she's not taking my calls.

TONY  
She's been going down to the store with Helen.

JACK  
You guys think I should go talk to her over there?

TONY  
I don't think so. Just give it time.

ANDREW  
Dude, you really screwed up big time.

JACK  
What do you mean I screwed up? Do you really think I hired Misty to whip my ass? Are you out of your mind?

ANDREW

Dude, I saw her sticking that thing up your ass. How can you say it's not true?

A couple of customers heard the comment, they give Jack a dirty look.

JACK

Andrew, do you realize how much it would cost to hire someone like Misty to whip your ass?

ANDREW

(shakes his head)

I'd love to find out. It would be an honor.

JACK

ALOT! This woman thought I was someone else. I think she's a very expensive hooker.

TONY

That doesn't make sense. A rich actress and a hooker?

JACK

She's not an actress, Tony, she's a hooker who appeared in a movie.

Jack pours himself a drink.

TONY

Hey, talk about movies. What's going on with your script?

Jack sighs and shakes his head.

TONY

Why don't you let me read it, Jack, I'll give you my input on it.

JACK

Sure, why not.

Jacks picks up a copy from under the counter and hands it to Tony.

INT. TONY'S GIFT SHOP - DAY

Suzan is sitting by the counter. Helen just finished helping a customer and walks back to Suzan.

HELEN

So, when are you going back to work?

SUZAN

I think I'm gonna quit. I don't wanna see him anymore.

HELEN

Suzan, please don't say that. Both of you mean alot to me, I hate to see you breaking up.

SUZAN

(emotional)

How come all men are jerks, Helen? Do they learn that when they're young?

HELEN

(smiling)

I don't think so. I don't think all men are jerks. Tony's not a jerk.

Tony walks in. He has a very strange look in his eyes as he stares at Helen.

HELEN

(smiling)

Hello handsome. We were just talking about you.

Tony doesn't say a word.

SUZAN

Tony, are you OK?

TONY

No. I'm not OK.

HELEN

What's wrong?

Tony looks at Helen.

TONY

You know, I read Jack's script last night, for the first time...Aunt Helen.

Suzan is stunned. Helen stares at him.

HELEN

So, what are you saying?

TONY

What I'm saying is, I don't like to be made fool of, that's what I'm saying.

HELEN

I still don't get it, Tony. Tell me exactly what you want.

TONY

Helen, I'm gonna ask you a question, just once, and I want an honest answer. Are you that homeless woman who inspired Jack to write his script or not?

Helen closes her eyes, taking it in.

HELEN

Yes, Tony. I am that homeless woman. I'm not and I was never AUNT Helen. Why does that matter to you?

TONY

(mad)

It MATTERS ALOT! You lied to me. You fooled me, all of you.

HELEN

I did not fool you, Tony. If I really wanted to fool you I would have married you since day one. But I didn't want us to start our lives with a lie.

TONY

Bullshit! You told me you're Jack's aunt. You told me you lived in Bakersfield. You told me you work in real estate. YOU LIED TO ME.



HELEN

(mad)

You know, throughout my life, men like you, stepped all over me, and made me think I'm worthless. I am not gonna let you, or anyone else do that, ever again. I have nothing to apologize for, Tony.

She reaches inside her purse, takes out the store key and puts it on the counter.

HELEN

Goodbye.

Helen turns and runs out.

SUZAN

(crying)

You know why she lied to you? She did it so you won't be mad at me and Jack. That's why she lied. That's why she was hiding from you all that time, and I talked her into coming back. What difference does it make to you who she was? Look at who she is right now.

Tony is out of words.

SUZAN

(heading out)

But I was right. All men are JERKS!

INT. JACK'S STUDIO - AFTERNOON

Jack is taking a nap on the couch. His phone rings, he picks up.

JACK

(on phone)

Hello.

MAN (V.O.)

Is this Jack?

JACK

Yeah. Who is this?

MAN

This is Alan Bates.

Jack jumps to his feet.

JACK  
Alan Bates??

ALAN (V.O.)  
Yeah. Remember me? We were...

JACK  
Of course I remember you, Alan. How  
are you?

ALAN (V.O.)  
Everything is good. Hey, I think  
you left something over at my house  
that night, a screenplay.

Jack's heart is beating very fast.

JACK  
Oh, did I?

ALAN (V.O.)  
Yes, it was in one of the bedrooms.  
Anyways, I thought you might want  
to have it back.

JACK  
How did you know my number?

ALAN (V.O.)  
It's on the script.

JACK  
Oh, that's right.

ALAN (V.O.)  
I read it by the way.

Jack is about to faint. He collapses on the couch.

ALAN (V.O.)  
Jack?

JACK  
I'm here, Alan.

ALAN  
Do you still live in that same  
address that's on the script, in  
Venice beach?

JACK  
Yes. Yes I do.

ALAN  
Alright, listen, I have to go run  
some errands, if you want, we can  
meet later and discuss your script.  
I'm gonna be close to that area.

Jack is running out of breath.

JACK  
Sure. Alan...Do you know Side Walk  
Cafe?

ALAN  
Yes. I'll see you there in an hour.

Alan hangs up.

Jack is trying to breath. He gets up. He wants to scream. He runs to the bed, buries his head under the pillow and lets out the loudest and happiest scream ever.

Jack gets up, runs to the phone and dials.

JACK  
(on phone)  
Suzan, it's Jack. Listen I know you  
don't wanna talk to me. But  
something very, very, very  
important just happened. ALAN BATES  
just called, and he wants to meet  
to talk about my script. SUZAN HE  
READ IT AND HE LIKED IT! So please  
call me, I have to share this  
moment with you, Suzan, you know  
why? Because I love you, Suzan.  
Because I love you.

He hangs up. His body is shaking hard. He can barely contain himself.

JACK  
Thank you god. THANK YOU!

His phone rings again. He jumps and picks it up.

SUZAN (V.O.)  
Jack?

JACK  
SUZAN! Thank god!

SUZAN  
I just heard your message.

JACK  
Suzan, listen, don't say a word.  
Meet me in an hour at Side walk.  
Please, Suzan.

SUZAN  
...OK.

JACK  
(pumping his fist)  
YES!!

EXT. SIDE WALK CAFE PATIO - LATER

Jack walks in. There is a different rhythm to the way he moves. A different look in his eyes.

He sits at a table and looks at his watch. Moments later, Alan walks in, carrying the script. Jack waves to him.

Jack gets up and gives Alan a very warm hand shake.

ALAN  
I knew it was you, the bartender.  
The name rang a bell.

JACK  
Alan, I hope you're not mad because  
I...

ALAN  
(interrupting)  
Because you broke into my house and  
got your ass whipped by Misty? No.  
This is gutsy. I would have done  
the same thing.

JACK  
Oh, so she told you.

ALAN  
Yes. She told me. She thought you  
were one of her clients...By the  
way, I don't let her run that kind  
of business from my house. But  
Misty is also my golden egg, if you  
know what I mean. So she gets away  
with certain things.

JACK  
I never gave it a thought.

ALAN  
Anyways, about your script. I'm assuming you left it for me on purpose...

JACK  
(nodding)  
Alan, I really appreciate you taking the time to read it. You have no idea what I've been going through trying to show it to people.

ALAN  
Oh no, don't worry about it. I love reading scripts...So Let me ask you, this woman, Samantha. Is she for real or you made her up?

JACK  
She's for real. Her real name is Helen.

ALAN  
And she's homeless?

JACK  
(proudly)  
She used to be, not anymore.

ALAN  
So let me get this straight. You go out, find yourself a homeless woman, put her in a Malibu mansion, and write a movie about her.

Jack is starting to look uncomfortable as he nods.

ALAN  
And you expect people to like this kind of story?

JACK  
Yes. I think so. I wanted to show how homeless people live, and how we can make a difference in their lives.

ALAN

And you don't think people already know that? Homeless people are every where, Jack. Even up in the Hollywood hills. They're all around us. So, do you really think we can solve all their problems by inviting them to our homes and make them kings and queens for a week?

JACK

It made a difference with Helen.

ALAN

Helen is one out of Thousands, Jack. Helen changed because she wanted to change. You just got lucky.

JACK

What are you telling me?

ALAN

First, you have the wrong message with the wrong solution. Second, in your story you showed us how homeless people live. But we all know how they live, we all know about the YMCA and the Food on Foot. But what we, the public, don't know is why a homeless man or woman became homeless in the first place? You showed us one way of getting them off the street, but you didn't tell us how we can prevent them from getting there in the first place.

Jack has a very intense look in his eyes as he looks at Alan.

ALAN

Jack, you picked a very tough subject for your first script. A social issue that most of us run away from, because we have no idea how to deal with it. That was your biggest mistake.

Jack is nodding.

ALAN

Let me ask you, do you have a job? Are you a real bartender?

JACK

Yes.

ALAN

Keep your job, Jack, because you're not a writer, not yet.

Jack's intense look is now empty. He's not looking at Alan anymore, he's not looking at anything.

Alan puts his arm on Jack's shoulder.

ALAN

But you have guts. And I like that.

JACK

(almost whispering)

Guts won't do me any good.

ALAN

That's not true. It brought you to me. To this. I'm not sitting here trying to discourage you, or put you down. Don't give up on writing. You can do it, if you really want to. Helen did it, because she wanted to, you can do it too.

Alan gets up.

ALAN

Good luck.

He turns and leaves. Jack looks to the side, and finds Suzan sitting on the next table.

JACK

Did you hear everything?

SUZAN

Yes.

a beat.

SUZAN

I knew you didn't go in looking for Misty. But I still got mad, I couldn't help it.

JACK

Misty is the last thing on my mind now.

A pause.

JACK  
Nothing is working out for me,  
Suzan. I don't know what to do.

SUZAN  
Nothing is working out for anyone.  
Tony found out about Helen, and  
they got into a big argument.

JACK  
How??

SUZAN  
The script.

Jack smacks his forehead.

JACK  
Oh no! How did I forget that! It  
totally slipped my mind. Oh my god!

SUZAN  
It happened and we can't change it  
now. Tony is very offended.

JACK  
What about Helen?

SUZAN  
She quit her job.

Jack hangs his head down.

JACK  
I created one big mess.

SUZAN  
We all did.

JACK  
And in the end I turned out to be a  
bad writer with the wrong message  
to society.

Suzan puts her hand on his shoulder as she stares out at the  
ocean.



INT. GYPSY CLUB - NIGHT

Andrew sits alone at the bar, sipping on a beer. He looks at the two bartenders working behind the counter, turns and looks at the cocktail waitress, serving drinks. He shakes his head.

HEATHER, a beautiful girl in her mid 20's, sits close to him and gives him a smile. He smiles back.

ANDREW  
First time here?

HEATHER  
Yes. I heard alot about this place,  
so I decided to come and try it.

He nods and smiles.

HEATHER  
My name is Heather.

ANDREW  
I'm Andrew.

They shake hands.

HEATHER  
So what do you think I should try,  
Andrew?

ANDREW  
(sighing)  
If my friend was here, he would've  
made you the best drink, his  
specialty. It's coconuts, mixed  
with pineapples and a shot of  
TEQUILLA.

HEATHER  
This sounds really good.

ANDREW  
It is. Jack is the best bartender.

HEATHER  
So, where is he?

ANDREW  
(shakes his head)  
I don't know. But I really miss  
him.

Heather gives him a strange look.

HEATHER

I'm sorry you two are not together,  
anymore.

ANDREW

(sighing)

It used to be good. This place used  
to be happening. Now they're all  
gone. Jack, Suzan. Even The owner  
quit.

HEATHER

The owner?

Andrew nods.

HEATHER

Sorry to hear that.

ANDREW

Everyone was so happy. I thought it  
was gonna end up in marriage, I  
really did.

She stares at him.

HEATHER

You and Jack were getting married?

He looks at her.

ANDREW

What? OH NO! No. Not me and Jack. I  
meant Suzan and Jack, Helen and  
Tony. My friends, I thought they  
were all gonna get married.

She breathes a sigh of relief.

HEATHER

So, what about you, Andrew? Are you  
getting married as well?

ANDREW

Not really...

(he stops and looks at  
her)

Not yet.

She smiles.

INT. SUZAN'S APATMENT - DAY

Suzan walks through the front door and sees Helen, standing in the middle of the living room with a suitcase.

SUZAN  
What are you doing?

HELEN  
I'm leaving, Suzan. Thank you for everything.

SUZAN  
Leaving where?

HELEN  
(shakes her head)  
I don't know yet. But I just need to go somewhere, far.

SUZAN  
Helen, please don't do that. This is your home. I love having you here.

HELEN  
I can't. I've been thinking alot about it. I need a fresh start.

SUZAN  
But you are already starting a new life. Look at you, you are a different person now.

HELEN  
I thought I was. But you saw what happened. As long as I stay in this town, Helen, the homeless will always be with me. That's why I need to go as far away from her as possible.

SUZAN  
Running away is not the solution, Helen. You are who you are and it's nobody's business. As long as you're happy. You didn't do anything wrong. You cleaned up and got yourself a decent job. You did what you need to do. People will respect that. I do. So please don't run away.

Suzan walks to Helen, takes the suitcase from her and puts it away. They both sit down.

HELEN  
I miss the shop.

SUZAN  
How about Tony, do you miss him too?

Helen nods.

HELEN  
You should've seen him the first day we opened. He was so happy. He said, this store is our little baby, we're both gonna watch it grow.

SUZAN  
You guys were perfect for each other.

HELEN  
Well, I know my luck. Something always has to go wrong.

A beat.

SUZAN  
By the way, I saw Jack few days ago.

HELEN  
And? Did you guys talk?

Suzan nods.

HELEN  
This is great, Suzan. I'm so happy for you.

SUZAN  
That producer I told you about, Misty's friend, told Jack the script wasn't any good.

HELEN  
Oh no. Why did he say that?

SUZAN  
He thought Jack picked the wrong subject.

HELEN

Really?

Suzan nods and shakes her head.

SUZAN

Poor Jack.

Helen thinks for few seconds.

HELEN

This is so unfair.

INT. JACK'S STUDIO - NIGHT

The lights are dimmed, Jack is lying on his couch, face down.

THE PHONE RINGS

He moves...lifts his head up and looks at the phone. Jack looks horrible, he hasn't shaved in days.

The answering machine picks up. It's Suzan.

SUZAN (V.O.)

Jack. It's Suzan...I'm just calling  
to say hi...call me.

He gets up and stumbles to the fridge, takes out a can of beer, then stumbles back to the couch. He takes a long sip, picks up the script from the floor and stares at it.

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR

Jack looks at the door, ignores it and keeps looking at the script.

ANOTHER KNOCK

JACK

(loud)

Go away. I'm not here.

A THIRD KNOCK

Jack is mad. He bolts to the door, open it, and sees Helen.

HELEN

Hi Jack.

JACK

Hey...come in.

Helen walks in.

JACK  
I'm sorry I gave the script to  
Tony. I wasn't thinking.

HELEN  
Don't worry about it. He was gonna  
know, sooner or later.

She looks at him.

HELEN  
How is everything with you?

The same moment she said that, he instinctively looks at the  
script and shakes his head. She notices and picks it up.

HELEN  
So this is it? This is my story?

JACK  
Yes. That's it.

HELEN  
(sighing)  
Too bad it will never see the light  
of day.

JACK  
Why do you say that?

HELEN  
Suzan told me what happened with  
that producer. I'm sorry.

JACK  
I don't know what to think any  
more. Maybe this whole thing was a  
big waste of time.

HELEN  
Jack, look at me.

He does.

HELEN  
Do you see any difference in me?

JACK  
Of course, Helen, you're a  
completely different woman.

HELEN

Good. Do you think you had anything to do with it?

JACK

I don't know. I hops so.

HELEN

Well, you do. You and Suzan saved my life. You wouldn't believe it if I told you how many times I thought of jumping off the pier, and get it over with.

Jack stares at her.

HELEN

But then at night, when you guys get off work and come walking down the boardwalk, and you see me, and we sit and talk, and laugh. That meant the world to me. I used to wait for you guys all day. I wanted to be like you and Suzan, I wanted to have a normal life, so bad.

A pause.

HELEN

Then you offered me to go to Tony's house, and be a queen for a week, and I accepted, and I'm so glad I did, because that was the last wake up call for me, that was the moment that changed my life. So don't think it was a waste of time. You helped change someone's life, forever. This is not a waste of time.

JACK

Helen, thank you for saying that. I really feel better now.

HELEN

You should, Jack, you should feel proud. You should've asked that producer guy, who said you picked the wrong subject. You should've asked what the hell kind of message he was sending with that stupid Misty movie.

Jack nods and smiles.

HELEN

(getting up)

It's so sad, these rich people use their money to make bad movies about hookers, and you're out there begging to make one about a poor, homeless woman, and no one will even consider it.

Helen gives him a warm hug and leaves.

Jack picks up the script and stares at it as he slowly nods.

INT. GYPSY CLUB - CLOSING TIME

Jack walks in. Pedro and another busboy are finishing up cleaning.

PEDRO

Hello, Jack, long time no see.

JACK

Hi Pedro. Where's Tony?

PEDRO

He was here few minutes ago, I think he went to the other store.

Jack leaves quickly.

EXT. TONY'S GIFT SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

The shop is closed. Tony is sitting at the front step, staring out at the ocean. Jack walks to him. They look at each other.

JACK

You look sad and lonely.

TONY

You don't look too good yourself.

Jack sits next to him.

JACK

You know. I was gonna come talk to you few days ago, and tell you I'm sorry for lying to you about Helen, and for screwing up everything.



TONY  
Well, here I am. You can start  
anytime you like.

JACK  
Do you regret meeting Helen?

No response.

JACK  
Well?

TONY  
I sit here every night, thinking  
about her, thinking she'll show up  
any minute with the most beautiful  
smile on her face...Do I sound like  
I regret meeting her?

JACK  
That's why I'm not going to  
apologize anymore, Tony. You and  
this woman are perfect for each  
other, and I have no damn clue why  
you're not at her door, right now,  
telling how sorry you are for being  
a jerk.

TONY  
What if she called me a jerk?

JACK  
Oh, trust me she will.

TONY  
Thanks, Jack. I feel much better  
now.

JACK  
(getting up)  
Let go.

TONY  
Go where?

JACK  
Just get up.

TONY  
Alright, lets not do anything  
crazy, Jack. I'm not the type of  
guy who'd stand under a window and  
sing. I sound like shit.

INT. SUZAN'S APATMENT - NIGHT

Suzan opens the door. It's Jack and Tony. Tony looks very embarrassed.

SUZAN  
You guys look horrible.

They walk in. Helen is standing in the middle of the living room, looking at Tony.

He hesitates, then walks closer to her.

TONY  
Helen...I'm sorry for being a...

HELEN  
Jerk?

Tony steals a quick look at Jack, then looks at Helen.

TONY  
Yes. I was a jerk. I'm very sorry.

Helen smiles and gives him a warm hug, winking at Jack and Suzan over his shoulder.

TONY  
I missed you so much.

HELEN  
I missed you too.

Jack breaks up this warm moment.

JACK  
Alright, you guys, listen up.

They look at him.

JACK  
Good. Now that I have your attention. I have a new idea.

All in one voice..." OH NO! NOT AGAIN!"

JACK  
(holds out his arms)  
No. This is different. Seriously. This is an idea that can actually make money, and be of good service to alot of people.

SUZAN

What is it?

JACK

Well, first of all. Tony, do you remember saying you'd be willing to do anything to help me?

TONY

I sure do.

JACK

Still willing to do it?

TONY

Anything you want, Jack.

JACK

(pumping his fist)

Yes!

SUZAN

Well?

JACK

You guys know very well what I've been going through for the past few months. Looking for a new career, writing the script, and screwing up everybody's life.

SUZAN

(smiling)

yes, we do.

JACK

Well, earlier, me and Helen had a good talk. She was talking about rich people, making women like Misty, movie stars. And the poor people like me and her can only sit and watch.

Tony smiles and squeezes Helen's hand.

TONY

That's a good point.

JACK

Well, that got me thinking...and thinking...

SUZAN  
Jack, spit it out.

JACK  
I wanna open up a coffee shop.

TONY  
(confused)  
Coffee shop?

JACK  
Not just a normal coffee shop. It will be a mecca for aspiring writers, musicians and poets. A place where unknown writers and musicians would have a chance to meet and support each other, go up on stage and read their work to other writers, and for musicians to play their music, and have it heard, maybe for the first time ever, by other musicians.

They are looking and listening intensely.

JACK  
I wanna give people like me, a chance.

HELEN  
Jack, this is a wonderful idea!

SUZAN  
(excited)  
I think so too. There isn't any place like that anywhere.

TONY  
But where will the profit come from?

JACK  
We're gonna have a full coffee and juice bar. Tony, there are HUNDREDS of writers and musicians out there, who'd love a chance like that. And once Hollywood agents take notice of this place, they'll be flocking in, to hear new ideas and listen to new music without all this legal Bullshit.

Tony thinks about it.

TONY

Jack, I told you before, I see the fire in you, I trust you. That's why I'll be willing to put down the money for this place. I'll pay for the whole thing, you run it and we'll be partners.

The place suddenly explodes with cheers and screams. Most of it towards Tony.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - THE BOARD WALK - DAY

Suzan and Andrew appear walking down the BOARDWALK, handing out FLYERS to people.

Andrew hands one flyer to Mindy, the waitress at Side Walk Cafe.

ANDREW

Here you go, babe.

MINDY

What is it?

Mindy looks at it.

CLOSE ON THE FLYER

It reads: " WRITERS - MUSICIANS - POETS - PET OWNERS - EVERYONE ELSE

COME LOUNGE WITH US TONIGHT AT THE GRAND OPENING OF " THE CREATIVE LOUNGE " BRING YOUR BOOK, YOUR SCRIPT AND YOUR GUITAR. BECAUSE WE LIKE TO LISTEN TO YOU. "

Mindy looks at another waitress.

MINDY

Hey, Serena, check this out.

Serena takes the flyer and starts to read it.

MINDY

Let go check this place out tonight, bring your guitar with you.

SERENA

Nah! People will make fun of me.

MINDY

This is your chance Serena. Do you  
wanna be a song writer or not?

Serena nods.

MINDY

(points at the flyer)  
Just let these people hear it, you  
never know.

EXT. THE CREATIVE LOUNGE - EARLY EVENING

A bright, red neon sign reads, " THE CREATIVE LOUNGE "

INT. THE CREATIVE LOUNGE

A large packed room. All the colors are earth-tone. A full  
coffee and juice bar on the right side. Straight ahead is a  
small stage with a microphone.

This place is as beautiful and cozy as it gets. There are  
small coffee tables with different colored wood chairs, large  
couches and even love seats.

Suzan, Helen, Tony, Andrew and Heather, the girl he met at  
the bar, are standing at one corner, looking stunned as more  
people keep walking in, some carrying musical instruments,  
some carrying books and sheets of paper, and to the shock of  
everyone, a TV CAMERA MAN and the rest of the crew also walk  
in.

Jack gets up on stage and walks to the microphone.

JACK

I like to welcome you all to the  
CREATIVE LOUNGE. My name is Jack  
Weber. I am a former bartender, a  
struggling screenwriter...

At that moment the crowd explode in loud cheers.

JACK

...and currently, the very proud  
owner of this place. You guys, I  
don't wanna turn this into a long,  
boring speech. But I have to tell  
you about the woman who inspired  
this concept and made it happen.

(pointing at Helen)  
She's right there...

Everyone looks at Helen, she's nearly in tears.

JACK

...her name is Helen. Few months ago, Helen was homeless, and I took her and put her in a Malibu mansion, and wrote a whole screenplay about her...The Whole idea might sound selfish to you, and I admit it, it was very selfish at the time...but it taught me alot. This experiment changed few lives forever, including mine, and certainly hers.

Tony holds Helen as she bursts in tears.

JACK

I thought I had a good story, and I still think it is, and I really wanted people to read it, maybe they can learn something from this great woman. So I went and knocked on every damn door in Hollywood, just like you did...

The crowd explodes again in an even louder cheer. Jack starts talking louder.

JACK

...and no one listened...That's why we're here...

Jack asks the crowd to calm down, and they do.

JACK

You guys, here, you don't need an AGENT or an ATTORNEY. All you need is your TALENT. Everyone will have a chance to get up on stage and tell everyone about his or her idea. Get it registered, copyright it or whatever, and bring it here. EVERYONE HERE IS SOLICITED.

Another loud cheer.

JACK

We are giving each writer or poet, or musician a full half hour to tell us about their story, and then we will have another half hour to discuss it, and tell the writer what we really think...how does that sound so far?

Jack gets a big " YES "

JACK

Same thing we're doing with musicians, feel free to bring your guitar or whatever, and let us hear your music...You guys, sooner or later this place will become the podium to talk to Hollywood, without begging agents or attorneys. And soon, every Hollywood agent will hear about it and will come to check it out, and will hear you. Everyone will hear you, and you will get your chance without a goddamn submission form...THANK YOU.

Jack gets off stage to the loudest cheers, and walks to his friends. Suzan throws her arms around him. Helen, still crying, gives him also a big, warm hug.

TONY

(pointing at the coffee bar)

Jack, I think we're gonna hit the jackpot, look.

The bar is completely packed.

Andrew and Heather walk over to Jack and give him a hug.

ANDREW

Dude, congratulations, man. You did it!

JACK

Get ready to work, buddy, you are officially the assistant manager, starting now.

ANDREW

(excited)

I am?



TONY

Good idea. You guys need all the help you can get, because I'm not gonna be around...

(looks at Helen)

...I'm Gonna be very busy, starting over.

SUZAN

Hey, what about me??

Jack holds her hand.

JACK

You're gonna be the boss...my boss.

MISTY (O.S.)

I am your boss...BITCH!

Misty and Alan are standing behind them, smiling. Jack hides behind Suzan as everyone laugh.

ANDREW

Hey, Misty, how about that whip?

Heather grins and smacks him hard on the back of his head.

THE END