THE VIRGIN HOMICIDES

Written by

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INT. A WALK-IN SHOWER - NIGHT

The water is running, steam billows from the tile. There are three people in this shower; one man, two women. On the shower floor, the body of a man, BRONSON KILBORN (35) lies. His eyes stare up, accusingly to:

JAZZABELLE SANDERS (25). Though she is in shock, we can still see that she is extremely attractive. She stares at the body. Her gaze goes to:

TRUDY BAKKER (22). She is fully clothed but wet. Her long sleeved shirt clings to her, mascara running. Despite this we can see that she too is extremely attractive. She is not shocked though. She holds some type of object in her hand.

JAZZABELLE
(staring at the body)
Oh, my--

INT. A RUN-DOWN SHOWER - DAY

It is a few weeks before. Trudy showers, holding a shampoo bottle as an Oscar recipient.

TRUDY
--God. For without him, I wouldn’t be here today.

She is interrupted by a NOISE. She looks around, sees nothing and goes on.

TRUDY (CONT’D)
Ladies and Gentlemen of the Academy, the Lord blesses us each day. He blesses us with talent - talent to make great art - talent to search our souls...

We see her from an unknown person’s perspective, trying to get a glimpse of her naked flesh.

TRUDY (CONT’D)
...the Lord has blessed you too. He has blessed you every day with the sunshine of his own heart. I urge all of you to get on your knees and let him inside of you. For without Jesus’ grace, we are all dead inside. Thank you.

Trudy turns the water off, opens the shower curtain and takes a towel from the rack. She dries off.
From the unknown perspective, we slowly trail down from Trudy’s shoulders towards her chest. A SOUND is heard. Trudy covers her chest. She stares straight at ‘us’.

TRUDY (CONT’D)
You dirty brat!

She throws the shampoo bottle at ‘us’.

INT. THE TRAILER LIVING ROOM- SECONDS LATER

Trudy is in the hallway covered in a towel. She lives in a run-down, cramped trailer.

TRUDY
Mama! You tell those little devils to stay away during bath time.

MAMA BAKKER (42) comes out of the kitchen, towel draped across her arm and flour on her face.

MOTHER
I’m sorry, dear. You know how they get.

TRUDY
Well, Mama, I’m just blessed this is the last time I’ll deal with such foolishness.

MOTHER
Let’s get dressed. We’ll see you outside for a proper goodbye.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

The yard is full of dilapidated cars, mangy dogs etc. A young boy and young girl watch as Mother Bakker hugs Trudy. She holds a leather jacket.

MOTHER
(to Trudy)
So pretty.

TRUDY
Am I gonna be alright?

MOTHER
So long as you have the greatest ally on your side.
TRUDY
He’ll be with me always, Mama.

MOTHER
Your daddy wanted you to have this.

She hands the leather jacket to Trudy.

TRUDY
(welling with tears)
I can’t. Daddy’ll need it.

MOTHER
Not for a very long time. You know that.

Trudy takes the jacket, puts it on. It is too large for her.

TRUDY
I feel like he’s with me already.

She reaches into a pocket, retrieves a yellowed paper scrap.

MOTHER
...and that’s how I’ll always be with you.

Trudy looks at the paper.

TRUDY
Mama, really?

Trudy gives her mother another huge hug.

MOTHER
The fixings are all in the cooler. It’ll come in handy, for sure. That’s how I got daddy.

Mother stops hugging Trudy. She grows serious.

MOTHER (CONT’D)
Don’t you let them LA folks get to you. Follow in the righteous path of the Lord. Promise?

TRUDY
Hand to Jesus, Mama.

MOTHER
Now that ain’t no oath to take lightly.
TRUDY

Of course, Mama. Of course.

Beat. Mother and daughter share a look. Trudy then goes to her car-- a late 90’s Geo Metro. In the passenger seat is a blue cooler. She gets in and waits for the automatic seat belts to retract around her.

TRUDY (CONT’D)

(crying)
Bye-bye, all.

MOTHER

Turn on the stereo.

Trudy does as she is told. We hear a MAN SINGING “JINGLE BELLS” The voice is good but clearly not professional.

TRUDY

Oh, Mama! Daddy’s voice will guide me all the way to LA!

MOTHER

And home, hopefully.

TRUDY

’Course Mama.

MOTHER

Now you be good, no matter what. Think of Daddy and where he is.

TRUDY

I’ll be good, Mama. I promise.

Trudy drives off. The family follows her as far as they can.

EXT. THE ROAD TO LOS ANGELES - DAY

JINGLE BELLS is heard throughout as Trudy drives. We get a full glimpse of her car with bumper stickers that read, “If you think you’re perfect, try walking on water” etc.

As Trudy gets closer into LA, she sees the more sordid part of life: hookers and pimps, drug dealers, drunks drinking from paper bags. She passes by a church and is heartened, until she sees a man receiving a blow job on the steps.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Trudy drives slowly, looking for an address. We no longer hear the music.
Instead, we hear a SCREAM, POLICE SIRENS and a GUN SHOT. Trudy comes to the house she is looking for. The yard is unkempt, the barred windows are cracked. Trudy pulls in.

EXT. THE DRIVEWAY - SAME MOMENT

Trudy turns off the ignition, takes the cooler, and a grocery bag. She gets out, walks to the door. She rechecks the address. She goes to the door, prepares to knock. The door flings open. A naked man, JASPER CLARK (35), rushes out and runs down the street. Trudy watches as he bounds down the road, hands over his crotch. When he is safely out of reach he turns around.

JASPER
Jazzy, we belong together!

Trudy turns to the subject of the naked man’s entreaty. In the doorway is Jazzy. She wears a faded, low-cut red robe.

JAZZY
I’d sooner go to hell, Jasper. Now get out before I call the cops.

JASPER
(getting into car)
I still love you, baby doll.

Jasper drives off. His wheels SCREECH. Jazzy turns to Trudy.

JAZZY
Hey.

TRUDY
Is this a bad time?

JAZZY
Yes! Come on in.

INT. JAZZY’S HOUSE - SAME MOMENT

Jazzy leads Trudy into the house. It is a mess; beer bottles on the floor, full ashtrays, condom wrappers, a cigarette put out in a glob of mayonnaise on a plate.

JAZZY
You must be Trudy.

TRUDY
Uhh, yes. Pardon me for asking, but who was that?
JAZZY
Ahh... this guy, breaks into my house, steals my panties, masturbates in my closet. You know.

TRUDY
We don’t have those types in Kansas.

JAZZY
What types?

TRUDY
Stalkers.

JAZZY
No, no. He’s not that.

TRUDY
Then what is he.

JAZZY
I consider him a stranger I haven’t let... into my house.

Jazzy decides to change the subject.

JAZZY (CONT’D)
Coffee?

INT. THE KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The kitchen is painfully messy; pizza boxes, beer bottles, etc. Jazzy goes to the coffee pot it is filled with mold.

JAZZY
I don’t think I have any coffee.

Trudy goes to the sink. Starts doing the dishes.

TRUDY
That’s alright. I don’t care for coffee any how.

Jazzy stares at Trudy, she seems to come from another planet.

JAZZY
What’re you doing?

TRUDY
Thought I’d help clean up a bit.
JAZZY

Why?

Trudy washes the dishes.

TRUDY

You look like you’ve had a real tough day.

Jazzy look at herself, she is still in her robe.

JAZZY

Yeah, real rough.

TRUDY

So, tell me about yourself!

JAZZY

Uhh, my name’s Jazzabelle.

TRUDY

Wow! That’s such a beautiful name!

Beat. Trudy dries the dishes she has been cleaning. Starts clearing the counters, throwing trash in bags. Jazzy sits, amazed by her attitude and willingness to clean.

JAZZY

You don’t have to do all this.

TRUDY

(smiling)

Consider it the work of a good Samaritan.

JAZZY

Sure.

Jazzy sits back.

TRUDY

Are you an actress? You’re so beautiful.

JAZZY

Sorta.

TRUDY

You’ll make it. I just know it.

JAZZY

(sarcastically)

That’ll keep me going.
TRUDY
You betcha. We’ve got to support each other. This town can be unforgiving.

JAZZY
You don’t say.

Beat. Trudy has finished clearing the counters. She is spraying cleaning solution on them.

JAZZY (CONT’D)
Where’d you get all that shit?

TRUDY
Brought it from home.

Trudy pulls eggs, flour and peanut butter from the cooler.

JAZZY
Where’s home?

TRUDY
Westboro, Kansas, I’m proud to say.

JAZZY
Why have I heard of that place?

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Trudy cleans up the living room. Jazzy sits back, watching.

TRUDY
I guess you can say I caught the acting bug when I was Mary in my church’s Christmas play.

JAZZY
(checking her phone)
No kidding.

TRUDY
When’d you catch it?

JAZZY
(alarmed)
Catch what?

TRUDY
The acting bug, silly.

JAZZY
I don’t know what the fuck that is.
Trudy gives her a pained expression, cleans more vigorously.

    TRUDY
    Well, as for me, I just want to help people.

    JAZZY
    This’ll sure help.

    TRUDY
    So, where’s your vacuum cleaner?

    JAZZY
    My what?

INT. THE KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Trudy stands before the counter with the ingredients from the cooler. She has a huge smile spread across her face.

    TRUDY
    You’re in for a huge treat!

    JAZZY
    I knew there was a reason I woke up this morning.

    TRUDY
    Are you ready?!?

    JAZZY
    (smiling)
    I don’t think I even give a shit!

    TRUDY
    Well, here it is!

Trudy takes out the yellowed piece of paper, holds it out.

    TRUDY (CONT’D)
    This is it!

Beat. Jazzy does not know what to make of Trudy’s enthusiasm.

    JAZZY
    What the fuck is that?

    TRUDY
    This is the recipe to the worlds greatest peanut butter cookies!

Trudy starts to mix the batter.
JAZZY
You don’t say.

TRUDY
These are to die for. These cookies will help you find a husband.

JAZZY
Who says I want a husband?

TRUDY
What’re you talking about? Everyone wants someone to take care of them.

JAZZY
That’s why I’m an actress.

TRUDY
So people’ll take care of you?

JAZZY
When was the last time you saw Julia Roberts at the DMV?

TRUDY
But what about bringing joy and happiness to millions of people?

JAZZY
Yeah, that too. Got any auditions?

Trudy looks to Jazzy with maniacal glee. This scares Jazzy.

TRUDY
You bet I do!

JAZZY
Why’d I ask?

TRUDY
I have an audition with Grace Films—

JAZZY
Never heard of them.

TRUDY
(spooning the batter)
They’re only the fourth largest Christian filmmakers in the industry! I’m auditioning with... get this... Kirk Cameron!

Trudy jumps up and down, attempts to engage Jazzy in same.
JAZZY
Are you--

TRUDY
Excited? You better believe it.

Jazzy lights up a cigarette.

JAZZY
Not even close to what I was about to say.

TRUDY
You smoke?

JAZZY
(blowing out smoke)
No.

TRUDY
It's just that... well...

JAZZY
What?

TRUDY
The ad didn't say you smoked.

JAZZY
You never mentioned you were a Christian.

TRUDY
Witnessing before the Lord and smoking are two different things.

JAZZY
Wow. You found the one thing less socially acceptable than smoking.

TRUDY
But, I'm spreading the message of the Lord.

JAZZY
(blowing smoke in her face)
I'd rather have the cancer.

Trudy puts the cookies in the oven.

TRUDY
Just so you know, as a Christian, I hate the sin, but love the sinner.
JAZZY
Wait. What?

TRUDY
Even though you don’t live in God’s way, I still love you as one of his children. And when you need help going to Him... I’m here.

JAZZY
Wow, thanks. Hey, Trudy?

TRUDY
Yes.

JAZZY
I’d like your help with something.

TRUDY
Sure. Anything.

JAZZY
Fuck off. You know how to fuck off, right?

Trudy starts to cry.

JAZZY (CONT’D)
Oh, c’mon.

TRUDY
I just put the cookies in the oven.

JAZZY
You can take them with you.

TRUDY
I only wanted you to like me.

JAZZY
It’s a crap shoot, you know that.

TRUDY
What do I do now?

JAZZY
The Lord will... you know... do things.

TRUDY
I can’t afford a hotel... I’ll have to sleep in my car. I’ll get raped.
JAZZY
It's not that bad. You just gotta
go with it. Wait, you have a car?

TRUDY
(still crying but slowing
down a bit)
Who moves to LA without a car?

Trudy rises up to retrieve her things. Jazzy stubs out the
cigarette, rushes to her. She takes her by the arm caresses
her.

JAZZY
Maybe something can be worked out.

TRUDY
Really? Like what?

JAZZY
You drive me to auditions, and
we'll forget this whole silly thing
happened. Let's begin again.

TRUDY
So, I have to drive you around?

JAZZY
I'll take ten dollars off the rent.

TRUDY
No smoking?

JAZZY
Not while you're here.

TRUDY
Will you have a cookie?

JAZZY
No one wants a cookie, dear.

INT. GRACE FILMS AUDITION ROOM - DAY

Trudy sits on a ratty couch, in a cheaply furnished room. She
is interviewing for SCOTT BAKULA (35). He seems like a
respectable Christian gentleman at first.

TRUDY
(taking out the bag of
cookies)
Cookie? They're peanut butter.
Scott comes from behind the table, goes to a small refrigerator and takes out a half-full bottle of wine. The glasses are on top of the mini-fridge. In his other hand, he has a few pages of a script.

SCOTT
(pouring the wine)
That won’t be necessary.

He hands her a glass of wine. Trudy looks at it suspiciously.

TRUDY
What’s this?

SCOTT
Just something to calm your nerves.

TRUDY
I don’t -

SCOTT
Now the part you’ll read for is -

He looks at the script, smiles.

SCOTT (CONT’D)
Now ain’t that just a kick in the pants... Trudy. You’ll be reading for Trudy.

TRUDY
That’s funny.

SCOTT
I’d say.

Scott takes a sip of the wine.

SCOTT (CONT’D)
I’ll be your husband.

TRUDY
(referring to the wine)
Where should I put this?

SCOTT
That’s the part Kirk- Mr. Cameron will play. He’s very excited about this project. You have your sides.

TRUDY
Sides?
SCOTT
Oh, gosh... Look at me. Talking like a Hollywood hotshot. Sides are a small part of a script--

TRUDY
I know what sides are.

Beat. Scott takes a sip of wine.

SCOTT
'Course you do. Now, why don't you start out?

TRUDY
(reading)
Ty, I am real scared. It is the government.

SCOTT
(reading)
They are taking over every part of our lives. Our son, Ben, cannot even pray in school these days.

TRUDY
(reading)
What can we do? How can we fight back?

Scott caresses Trudy’s shoulders. Trudy is not comfortable.

SCOTT
(reading)
Ever since your father died of a fatal heart attack on your birthday you have not been the -

TRUDY
What’s happening?

SCOTT
He’s comforting you.

TRUDY
Do you really have to -

SCOTT
It’s in the script.

TRUDY
But -
I don’t know about you, but I believe in this film. This is the sorta film that’ll bring people closer to God... If done right.

Beat. Scott stares at her as he drinks the rest of his wine.

You’re right. I’m sorry. Can we start again?

Sure. Let’s start from the kiss.

Trudy looks at the script. Her eyes grow wide.

Do we have to -

Scott interrupts her. He thrusts his tongue into her mouth.

What’re you doing?

Nothing. Don’t worry about it.

Scott places a hand on one of Trudy’s breasts.

(removing his hand)
That is not in the script!

But here, Mr. Cameron needs to connect with his wife’s heart. It’s all very godly.

Scott reaches into her shirt.

Scott, stop... Stop, sir...

Scott stops. Trudy jumps from the couch.

What?

I have to... uhhh...

Before she can think of anything to say, she bolts out.
Trudy, fighting back tears, runs to her car. The top of her blouse is still unbuttoned. Scott comes running out.

SCOTT
What's the big deal?!

TRUDY
I... have another appointment.

SCOTT
Come back here.

Trudy speeds out of the parking lot.

Trudy drives through the streets. She plays the Christmas carols. She cries as she sings along.

TRUDY
"Joy to the world..."

The line resonates with Trudy, she is barely able to sing.

Trudy drives quickly but cautiously down the street. The one car driveway has a parked car in it. She parks on the street, crying. The automatic seat belt goes forward. She clutches the leather jacket around her as she runs into the house.

Trudy comes into the house and runs to Jazzy's room.

TRUDY
Jazzy... You won't believe...

Trudy stops at the door and hears a slight commotion. She listens and hears something that heartens her.

JAZZY (O.S.)
Oh, God, come inside of me.

TRUDY
(opening the door)
Jazzy, you've found Jesus!

Trudy flings open the door and is greeted by:
Jazzy on all fours, a MAN is behind her.

MAN
I'm gonna come!

Trudy looks on aghast, closes the door.

15 INT. JAZZY AND TRUDY'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Trudy sits on the couch clutching the leather jacket. We hear a DOOR OPEN and out comes the man, smiling. He wears skinny jeans and is buttoning his shirt. He looks Trudy up and down before he leaves. Jazzy comes out in the same low cut robe as before. She goes to the kitchen and gets a bottle of water.

JAZZY
(drinking)
Hey, do me a favor?

Trudy does not respond.

JAZZY (CONT'D)
Tru? Trudy, honey?

TRUDY
You're disgusting.

Jazzy is genuinely confused. Beat.

JAZZY
Hey, hate the sin, right?

She sits next to Trudy on the couch.

TRUDY
I don't ever want to see anything like that again. That's not what -

JAZZY
I'm sorry, honey.

Beat. Jazzy attempts to comfort Trudy.

JAZZY (CONT'D)
So, I got this audition.

TRUDY
Audition?

JAZZY
Yeah.
TRUDY
For what?

JAZZY
Don't know yet. It pays. Take me?

TRUDY
I'm a little -

JAZZY
What's your problem anyways?

TRUDY
This man -

JAZZY
We'll talk about it on the way.

INT. DONE AND DONE FILMS RECEPTION ROOM - DAY

Jazzy and Trudy enter. Trudy has just finished her story. Trudy does not notice that her blouse is still unbuttoned. Jazzy is somewhat conservatively dressed in a skirt and casual blouse. Jazzy signs in at the desk.

JAZZY
That's it?

TRUDY
He touched it.

JAZZY
Your snatch?

TRUDY
My what?

JAZZY
Your hoo-hah.

TRUDY
Huh?

JAZZY
Your fortress of solitude.

TRUDY
I don't...

Another woman enters, ABILENE BRITTON (25). She is dressed in tight, skimpy clothing that leaves little to the imagination.
JAZZY
Your vagina.

Abilene listens as Jazzy and Trudy talk, neither notices her.

TRUDY
Don't say that.

JAZZY
Well, then, what the fuck - Your special place.

TRUDY
That? No. No. 'Course not. He touched my...
(whispers)
...breasts.

ABILENE
(interrupting)
Holy shit, Jazzy. Where’d you find this one?

Jazzy sees her. It is evident they are friendly but untrusting of one another: ‘frenemies’.

ABILENE (CONT’D)
(to Trudy)
Get used to it, babe.

TRUDY
That’s normal?

ABILENE
You kidding me? I’ve been groped five times today.

JAZZY
Abilene...

TRUDY
I don’t believe it. Where?

ABILENE
Hell, let’s see. Starbucks, my morning audition, on the subway, at the Subway, and here.

TRUDY
Here? Who?

Abilene takes Jazzy’s hand and places it on her ass.
ABILENE
This one... wooo!

Jazzy removes Abilene’s hand.

TRUDY
You know each other?

ABILENE
Sure. We did a pilot together.

TRUDY
Oh, how exciting! It get picked up?

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. A HOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

A drunken and topless Abilene kisses an equally drunken and topless Jazzy as a PILOT in uniform watches.

PILOT
Welcome aboard and thank you for choosing this guy.

Abilene and Jazzy crawl towards the Man.

BACK TO:

INT. DONE AND DONE FILMS RECEPTION ROOM

Trudy gives Jazzy a disapproving look.

JAZZY
(sheepishly)
We got miles. Shoot me.

TRUDY
You’ll do... that... for miles?

ABILENE
Trust me. She’ll do a lot more for a lot less. She’s vagina Wal-Mart.

JAZZY
You’re one to talk. You could climb to the moon on the amount of dick you’ve stuffed in your mouth.
ABILENE
Guess what, bitch? This’ll be my last time... You know what we’re here for, right?

JAZZY
(interested)
No. What?

ABILENE
Trust me. It’s big.

JAZZY
How big?

Abilene smiles. She turns around towards the audition room.

ABILENE
Bronson’s handling the auditions himself. See ya.

Abilene blows a kiss to Trudy, leaves.

TRUDY
She was... nice.

Jazzy gives Trudy a look of evident disgust.

JAZZY
You kidding me?

TRUDY
I try to see the best in everyone.

JAZZY
You’ve gotta stop that shit.

TRUDY
We’re all God’s creatures.

JAZZY
Look, I’ve been doing this shit forever... When I see a bitch, I’m like the Terminator.

TRUDY
I don’t envy you.

JAZZY
It’s a necessity.

They start down the hall.
JAZZY (CONT’D)
Take Abilene. What’d you notice?

TRUDY
She’s deeply troubled, needs God –

JAZZY
What I saw –

We see Abilene from Jazzy’s POV. Abilene’s image comes up. It is then turned into a computerized image. “Abilene Britton” is written next to her computerized profile.

JAZZY (CONT’D)
--first the tits: those fuckers are dangerous--

“Fuckers Dangerous” is written next to a computerized close-up of Abilene’s chest.

JAZZY (CONT’D)
Those shits will snake a part away from you quick... Then you got those lips...

Image: Abilene’s lips. Flashing words/alarm: DSL

JAZZY (CONT’D)
Like a pair of plums in milk those fucking things. No man can look at them without picturing them around his cock. Sad fact.

They’re at the end of the hall. To their right is a glassed off waiting room. Abilene is seated next to another beautiful woman, MICHELLE PLANTE (25).

JAZZY (CONT’D)
That dumb whore...

Trudy takes another look at Abilene. She can’t help but see her as ‘one of God’s creatures’. Michelle is conservatively dressed, she wears glasses.

TRUDY
(regarding Michelle)
She seems nice.

JAZZY
Look at you...

TRUDY
What?
JAZZY  
You gonna let her get away with that shit?

TRUDY  
But, she’s not dressed as a harlot.

JAZZY  
Exactly. Fucking whore.

We see Michelle through ‘Terminator’ vision. Jazzy concentrates on her glasses.

JAZZY (CONT’D)  
Those goddamn glasses -

TRUDY  
She needs them to see.

JAZZY  
Sure. She’s also going for the librarian look. Men look at her and want to remove her glasses... then her clothing, sick fucks.

End ‘Terminator’ vision.

TRUDY  
I thought they only wanted girls like... Abilene.

JAZZY  
They’ll take them too. But here’s what you don’t understand about men. They see something and they want to remove it. Why do you think they blow up mountains?

TRUDY  
What about her?

Trudy points out a very beautiful woman, SANDRA ALBRIGHT (24), sitting alone in a corner reading ‘The New Yorker”. Her hair is in a pony-tail; she wears very little make-up.

JAZZY  
Oh, Christ. That bitch.

TRUDY  
Looks like she’s not even trying.
JAZZY
Exactly what makes her so
dangerous. She’s the one who we
won’t notice till it’s too late.

TRUDY
Too late for what?

JAZZY
She sucks off JJ Abrams and steals
your role on “Super 8”.

Beat. Trudy looks at Jazzy, proud.

JAZZY (CONT’D)
What?

TRUDY
I’m just proud of you.

JAZZY
What the fuck for?

TRUDY
You have integrity.

JAZZY
What?

TRUDY
Well, you refuse to do that for a
part, unlike Sandra.

JAZZY
Oh, no. I sucked him off. That
bitch just has a gift... She’s a
cock whisperer. That mouth could
bring Middle East peace.

Michelle rushes from the waiting room. She is pale and
sickly. She opens the door, nearly faints in Trudy’s arms.

TRUDY
(catching her)
Oh, dear. You alright?

Jazzy looks inside. None of the other girls are concerned.

JAZZY
Listen, you take her to the
bathroom. I gotta go in.

TRUDY
Where’s the--
JAZZY
Down the hall. You’ll get it.

Trudy brings Michelle down the hall.

INT. DONE AND DONE STUDIOS WAITING ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Jazzy enters. Abilene sizes her up. Sandra simply looks from her magazine a moment then goes back seemingly uninterested.

ABILENE
So, what the fuck’s wrong with her?

JAZZY
Another diabetic fit.

ABILENE
Oh, gosh I hope she’ll be alright.

Beat. Abilene and Jazzy break into laughter.

SANDRA
You two are such bitches.

ABILENE
Oh, go back to reading, Superlips.

Sandra takes offense at this term.

SANDRA
Fuck you. I got “Super 8” fair and square.

JAZZY
Yeah, square in the jaw.

Abilene and Jazzy share another laugh.

SANDRA
You cunts are just jealous.

She goes back to reading. Abilene rolls her eyes.

ABILENE
Where’d you find that hot piece?

JAZZY
Trudy?

ABILENE
Mama like.
INT. THE BATHROOM - SAME MOMENT

Trudy helps Michelle into the bathroom. Michelle falls to the ground against the wall.

TRUDY
You alright?

Michelle gives her an angry stare.

MICHELLE
Who the fuck are you?

TRUDY
Me? I’m Trudy. I’m here to help.

Michelle takes out a medical bag, produces a syringe and needle.

MICHELLE
I need you...

TRUDY
What’s that?

MICHELLE
(holding out the needle)
Insulin... forgot to take it... I can’t... Please...

Trudy takes the needle.

TRUDY
What do I do?

MICHELLE
Right... here.

Michelle points to her stomach.

TRUDY
I don’t know if -

MICHELLE
Goddammit, do it...

TRUDY
(scared)
Okay. I’m sorry, I’m sorry.
Trudy injects her with the insulin. There is an immediate change in Michelle.

MICHELLE
The fuck took you so long?

INT. DONE AND DONE STUDIOS WAITING ROOM - SAME MOMENT
Jazzy and Abilene sit next to each other.

ABILENE
... no fucking way.

JAZZY
She’s like obsessed with cookies.

ABILENE
Oh, I’ll eat her cookies any day.

JAZZY
Not a chance.

ABILENE
You going to introduce her to -

JAZZY
Bronson’ll scare her to death.

ABILENE
He’s even crazier these days.

SANDRA
Probably because this is the most important thing he’s ever produced.

ABILENE
Who the fuck asked you?

JAZZY
Isn’t thier some chrome you should be taking care of?

ABILENE
Hey, a little boy fell in well. They need you to suck him out.

SANDRA
Jealous.

Sandra goes back to her magazine.

JAZZY
Is this really that important?
ABILENE
I don’t know. But -

We hear a DOOR OPEN and out comes a PRODUCTION ASSISTANT. He is the man we saw in Jazzy’s room. From inside the room we can hear a man YELLING. The Production Assistant is about to announce a name when a woman, beautiful, midtwenties, scurries out. She is in tears. As she leaves, Trudy and Michelle come in. BRONSON KILBORN, the same man we saw earlier on the shower floor, comes out of the room.

BRONSON
(To the women)
And stay the fuck out! You understand who you’re dealing with? I've won Stevies, motherfucker!

He surveys the room.

BRONSON (CONT’D)
Ladies. Sorry about that. We're trying to discover new talent here.

ABILENE
(Aside to Trudy)
Of course, he is.

BRONSON
Nicole motherfuckin’ Kidman wanted this role. Julie Andrews played this role in a little movie I like to call "The Sound of Music".

The women all nod in appreciation.

BRONSON (CONT’D)
But we’re taking a whole new angle on this- a gritty remake. "The Governess"! And I said, a fresh angle needs a fresh face. When I talk, motherfuckers listen. They don't just give Stevies away.

Everyone nods in agreement.

TRUDY
(Aside to Jazzy)
What’s a Stevie?

Jazzy gives her an incredulous look. Bronson goes to Trudy, sniffs her like a feral animal.

BRONSON
You’re a virgin.
TRUDY
I’m proud to say that I am.

BRONSON
Holy shit! It’s like meeting a unicorn... then fucking it and taking its virginity.

JAZZY
Bronson, don’t... just don’t - She’s not... auditioning.

The word ‘auditioning’ has a special significance.

BRONSON
(smiling)
You two know each other?

TRUDY
She’s my roommate.

BRONSON
You should read. You’d be great with this part.

JAZZY
Bronson, she won’t -

BRONSON
(ignoring her)
You don’t know what a Stevie is?

TRUDY
Can’t say I do?

BRONSON
Ever hear of Stephen Speilberg?

TRUDY
Of course.

BRONSON
This award was named after him. It’s a big deal.

TRUDY
Like a SAG award?

BRONSON
Not really.

TRUDY
Is it better?
BRONSON

No.

Bronson is losing his touch. His eyes dart around the room.

BRONSON (CONT’D)
You do understand what I can do for you, right?

TRUDY
Do you understand what I can do for you?

He regains control. He thinks Trudy is flirting with him.

BRONSON
There’s a lot you could do to me.

TRUDY
I want you to know my friend. His name is Je--

Jazzabelle sees that Trudy is trying to ‘witness’ before him. She jumps in before she can complete the word.

JAZZY
--Jazzabelle. We’ve met.

BRONSON
Really? You two...

He makes a gesture with his hands that recalls two scissors.

JAZZY
Only on special occasions.

BRONSON
You mean... like on a call back?

Bronson takes Jazzy’s hand then tries to take Trudy’s hand. Trudy pulls back. This angers Bronson.

BRONSON (CONT’D)
Oh, it's like that, huh.

Bronson surveys the rest of the room. He comes back to Jazzy.

BRONSON (CONT’D)
(to Production Assistant)
Send that one in.

JAZZY
Bronson, you know me.
BRONSON
(Going back to room)
Then try being memorable this time.

Bronson slams the door behind him. Abilene goes to Trudy and takes her by the hand.

ABILENE
Is Michelle gonna be alright?

TRUDY
I think so.

ABILENE
You’re so brave.

MICHELLE
Oh, get off her, Abil.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
(to Jazzy)
You’re next.

He leaves.

JAZZY
(to Trudy)
You gonna be okay here?

TRUDY
What about you? In there?

ABILENE
Forget it. She’ll be on her knees quicker than a clumsy midget.

Jazzy goes into the audition room.

ABILENE (CONT’D)
(to Trudy)
So, I hear you love Jesus.

Trudy brightens up.

INT. DONE AND DONE FILMS AUDITION ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Jazzy sits on a couch. Bronson is incapable of sitting. In the corner of the room is a board on an easel with headshots of Jazzy, Michelle, Abilene and Sandra. Bronson brings her a glass of wine, goes to the board.

JAZZY
We doing this already?
BRONSON
(referring to the board)
You see this here...

JAZZY
(sipping the wine)
Yup.

BRONSON
You’re the only ones up for this shit. This things fucking golden...

JAZZY
Yeah, so...

BRONSON
We’re just gonna have to figure out who wants it the most.

JAZZY
You’re a cocksucker. You know that?

BRONSON
You want it the most? Prove it.

INT. DONE AND DONE STUDIOS WAITING ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Jazzy comes out of the audition room. Abilene is practically sitting on Trudy’s lap laughing at something.

JAZZY
We’ve gotta get out of here.

ABILENE
Guess who got invited for cookies!

INT. THE GEO METRO - LATER

Trudy drives as Jazzy sits in the passenger seat. We can hear “God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen” on the stereo. Abilene is in the back seat asleep.

JAZZY
You know she wants to fuck you.

TRUDY
That’s impossible.

JAZZY
Please, if she were anymore into you, she’d be a kidney.
TRUDY
But two women can’t... do... that.

JAZZY
Physically or Biblically?

TRUDY
Both.

JAZZY
I can personally tell you--

TRUDY
But, there’s nothing there.

JAZZY
Oh, there’s something there. You just have to be creative.

TRUDY
What do you mean?

JUMP CUT TO:

20 INT. A BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jazzy and Abilene are in bed together. It is a few years earlier. A topless Abilene kisses Jazzy.

JAZZY
So, uhh, what happens next?

ABILENE
You ever use one of these?

Abilene pulls out a whisk.

BACK TO:

21 INT. THE GEO METRO

Trudy is horrified.

TRUDY
How do you even start... that?

JAZZY
You start kissing girls at parties, get attention, then you think ‘this is not so bad’. Better even.
TRUDY
I don’t believe that. God put us here for one reason.

JAZZY
And that is...?

TRUDY
To make more souls to worship Him.

JAZZY
You really believe that shit, huh?

TRUDY
With all my heart and soul. You should give it a try. It might fill that whole in your heart.

JAZZY
I’d say the same for you.

TRUDY
About what?

Jazzy just gives her a leering look.

TRUDY (CONT’D)
I will not do that... to a woman.

JAZZY
Or the whisk.

TRUDY
Huh?

JAZZY
What about a man?

TRUDY
Not until I am married before the eyes of the Lord.

JAZZY
You’re gonna hafta.

TRUDY
I won’t. I have my integrity.

JAZZY
It’s how shit gets done.

TRUDY
According to you and your... ways.
JAZZY
It’s just the way things are. You gotta play ball... with their balls.

TRUDY
Besides, I already know the Lord is gonna make me famous one day.

JAZZY
Really?

TRUDY
When I was twelve, I met this lady who could tell the future.

JAZZY
A psychic?

TRUDY
Yeah, one of them. Now, I wasn’t about to talk to that lady but she comes over and says that I was real special and that the Lord would make me real famous one day.

JAZZY
Wow, that... that’s something to pin your hopes on.

TRUDY
And I was so excited. I mean to hear that you’re gonna be rich and famous and succesful! Well, I come running home; ‘Mama, Daddy, a nice lady told me I was gonna be famous and all because of the Lord! ’And they were so happy for me. ‘Course Daddy had to go and hang her till she died. But ever since that day I knew He would always be there for me. Watching me, protecting me.

JAZZY
Wow, that’s just beautiful. I’m really glad... wait, what?

TRUDY
The Lord’ll always be there for me.

JAZZY
Your dad hung the psychic?
TRUDY
Lynched her, I guess you’d call it.

JAZZY
Why?

TRUDY
Stoning would’ve been too cruel.

JAZZY
No, why’d he... kill her?

TRUDY
The Bible is very specific in what
to do with fortune tellers.

JAZZY
That’s crazy.

TRUDY
I know. Why would anyone go around
fortune telling in Westboro?

JAZZY
Didn't you feel guilty?

TRUDY
At first, but then Daddy told me at
his sentencing he was saving me
from Hell so now, no, not anymore.
But, I tell you, I never miss an
opportunity to witness for the
Lord. I don't want anyone else to
have to be killed - as few people
as possible - really.

Jazzy sees Trudy through her ‘Terminator’ vision. An alert is
seen next to Trudy’s image: CRAZY BITCH.

JAZZY
That’s nice of you...?

TRUDY (CONT’D)
Where'd you get the name Jazzy?

JAZZY
It's short for Jazzabelle.

TRUDY
That's beautiful.
JAZZY
It's not. My mother was stripper.
She named me for another stripper,
my Godmother, only to find out
Jazzabelle was her stage name.

TRUDY
What was her real name?

JAZZY
Brooke.

TRUDY
That's nice too.

Suddenly, from the back seat, Abilene wakes up with a start.

ABILENE
The fuck I miss?

JAZZY
Go back to sleep.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF JAZZY AND TRUDY'S HOUSE - LATER

Trudy stops the car in the driveway.

ABILENE
So this is where you live?

JAZZY
What gave it away, Abilene?

The three women walk into the house.

INT. THE HOUSE - SECONDS LATER

They enter. Trudy has placed religious art around the house.

TRUDY
I'll make the coffee.

Trudy goes to the kitchen.

ABILENE
(Looking around)
This place looks great!

She sees a picture: a modern Jesus Christ.

ABILENE (CONT’D)
Who's that?
JAZZY
That? That’s Michelle Obama.

Abilene turns to Jazzy.

ABILENE
Good one, Jazz.

JAZZY
Listen, I know what you’re trying to do here.

ABILENE
...and you’re not.

JAZZY
She’s a bit off.

ABILENE
Ooh, this is getting interesting!

JAZZY
She’s super serious ‘bout this shit.

ABILENE
You know, I can be convincing.

Jazzy notices something about Abilene's eyes.

JAZZY
Jesus, Abil. You're still using?

ABILENE
No.

Jazzy realizes that Abilene is out of her mind.

JAZZY
Just keep it away from -

ABILENE
Goody McTightpants? Like I'm gonna shoot up in front of a stranger...

JAZZY
Okay, thanks.

ABILENE
...who I’m gonna fuck.

JAZZY
It won’t work.
Abilene licks Jazzy’s ear, whispers:

ABILENE
I'll make her pussy think it's the Fourth of July.

Trudy comes in with a tray of coffee, cream and sugar.

TRUDY
Who wants coffee?

MICHELLE
Oh, bless your heart.

Trudy brings the tray to Michelle. Michelle takes a cup.

TRUDY
Cream?

MICHELLE
Not if I can help it.

TRUDY
Sugar?

We hear a COMMOTION from Jazzy's room.

JAZZY
Fuck.

Abilene smiles at her.

ABILENE
Your friend?

JAZZY
This fuckin' guy.

Jazzy leaves. Beat. Trudy places the tray on the coffee table, sits on the couch. Abilene sits next to her. They’re under a large picture of Jesus.

TRUDY
So how'd you meet the Lord?

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INT. JAZZY'S ROOM - SAME MOMENT

Jazzy enters her still messy room. In the closet, we see Jasper smelling Jazzy's panties. He doesn't notice Jazzy.

JAZZY
Jasper.
He turns around.

    JASPER
    (sheepishly)
    I'm sorry.

    JAZZY
    Dammit Jasper, you know I have a
    restraining order.

    JASPER
    How was I supposed to know when
    you’d be home?

    JAZZY
    You've gotta stop doing this.

INT. JAZZY AND TRUDY'S LIVING ROOM - SAME MOMENT

Trudy and Abilene sit on the couch. Trudy is cornered.

    ABILENE
    Jesus died for our sins, right?

    TRUDY
    Right as rain, yup.

Abilene ‘accidentally’ pours coffee on her shirt.

    ABILENE
    Guess I gotta take this off.

Abilene removes her shirt. She is not wearing a bra.

    TRUDY
    I’ll get you another shirt.

    ABILENE
    Oh, please. It’s just us two girls.

    TRUDY
    I guess.

Abilene leans in closer to Trudy.

    ABILENE
    So, Trudy, if He died for our sins,
    then shouldn’t we... sin?

She places a hand on Trudy's leg.

    TRUDY
    Sinning is never good.
ABILENE
But then, His death at the hand of the Jews is just meaningless.

Abilene leans in for a kiss. Trudy rises up with a start.

TRUDY
Why, you, you... you're just like all of them! You're sick, really, really, really sick.

ABILENE
Was it the thing about the Jews?

TRUDY
To use Jesus' death that way. To do that. And yes, the Jews are a great people, thank you very much.

ABILENE
(non-chalantly)
So this isn't happening?

TRUDY
What made you think it would?

ABILENE
(incredulous)
You're sincere? Fuck.

Trudy goes to the kitchen. Abilene takes out a baggie, a spoon and a lighter. She pours the heroin on the spoon.

TRUDY
(from kitchen)
I'll have you know that I am one of the most sincere women of God on this earth...

ABILENE
(uninterested)
You don't say.

She lights up the spoon, swirls the heroin with the match end, allows the syringe to take it up. She readies her vein. Trudy comes back from the kitchen.

TRUDY
What’s wrong with you people! Why’s everyone trying to ruin me?!

ABILENE
Hell of a thing, this town.
Abilene is about to inject the heroin.

    TRUDY
    Are you diabetic too?

Trudy walks over to her in a caring way, caresses Abilene.

    ABILENE
    Yeah, yeah, it's a struggle.

    TRUDY
    Did I do this? Was it my yelling? Daddy says never yell unless it's for the Lord.

    ABILENE
    I was just so hurt...

Abilene injects a little bit of the heroin.

    ABILENE (CONT'D)
    (forgetting herself)
    Oh, shit, this is fucking good.

    TRUDY
    You go right ahead. It must be difficult with your condition.

    ABILENE
    I'm floating on puppy fur!

Trudy sees that Abilene is going out. She becomes concerned.

    TRUDY
    Abilene, Abilene, you alright?

Abilene is unresponsive. She smiles, stares into space.

    TRUDY (CONT'D)
    Are you having a diabetic coma?

Trudy shakes Abilene. Abilene looks at her dumbly. Trudy sees that there is more ‘insulin’ in the needle.

    TRUDY (CONT'D)
    You need more insulin?

Trudy picks up the needle, stabs it into Abilene's stomach.

    TRUDY (CONT’D)
    Right here? Is this good?

Abilene tries to brush her away. Trudy injects more insulin. Abilene only worsens.
TRUDY (CONT'D)
Oh, dear.

Trudy injects all the insulin into Abilene. This has the exact opposite effect that she expected. Abilene flails about. She KICKS the coffee table. Jazzy comes out.

JAZZY
What the fuck, Abil.

Jazzy turns the corner, sees Abilene has overdosed.

JAZZY (CONT'D)
What'd you do to her?

TRUDY
She's going into a diabetic coma!

JAZZY
Get her to the fucking hospital.

TRUDY
I'll call 9-1-1.

JAZZY
In this neighborhood? We can get crack delivered before an ambulance. We've got to take her.

TRUDY
Where's the blanged hospital?

JAZZY
I'll drive. Jasper, a little help!

EXT. THE DRIVEWAY - SECONDS LATER

Jazzy rushes to the driver’s side door as Jasper and Trudy carry Abilene to the Metro. When they open the door, they wait as the seat belts go into place. They throw her in the back. Trudy goes the passenger seat. Jazzy and Trudy close their doors, wait as the shoulder belts retract around them. Jazzy drives off. Jasper watches them leave. He looks to his car, we see a flashing red light from a camcorder. He smiles.

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INT. THE GEO METRO - LATER

Jazzy drives quickly down the road.

TRUDY
Is the hospital far?
Jazzy
Pretty fucking far.

Trudy
I did all that I could. But, none of the insulin helped. No matter how much I gave her.

Jazzy drives down the road, intent on getting to the hospital. Gradually, it dawns on her. She slows the car.

Jazzy
Insulin?

Trudy
I gave her insulin, none of it--

Jazzy
Holy shit, Tru, what've you done?

Jazzy pulls over, stops, opens the door, waits for the shoulder belt. Gets out of the car.

Trudy
What're you doing?

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - SAME MOMENT

Jazzy is out, pacing, her hands are over her face. We hear muffled screams. Trudy gets out, terrified.

Trudy
What'd I do?

Jazzy removes her hands from her face. She is ecstatic.

Jazzy
You brilliant, brilliant bitch! I'm in awe! In awe! C'mere, you.

Jazzy takes Trudy by the shoulders, hugs her tightly.

Trudy
What're you doing?

Jazzy points at Trudy triumphantly.

Jazzy
You brilliant fucking bitch!

Trudy
Jazzy?
JAZZY
I love you! I fucking love you!

TRUDY
She needs a hospital. She'll die.

JAZZY
Yeah, she'll die and I'll be Julie Andrews in “The Governess”. You brilliant, brilliant -

TRUDY
What’re you saying?

Trudy starts for the drivers side of the door.

JAZZY
Wait, wait, stop.

Jazzy stops Trudy. The Metro is fogging up.

JAZZY (CONT’D)
Trudy, Trudy, I want you to think about this. That drugged out bitch--

TRUDY
Is one of God’s creatures...

Trudy walks to the car, determined. Jazzy takes her again.

JAZZY
But, she's gay. She's gay. She's gay, Trudy. A homosexual.

TRUDY
So?

JAZZY
It's an offense to God, right? He disapproves. Like in Sodom.

Trudy is actually buying this.

TRUDY
But, you're gay too.

Trudy goes back towards the car, slower.

JAZZY
Only sometimes...

TRUDY
You were just telling me--
JAZZY
It’s still unnatural. Like space travel and dinosaurs.

TRUDY
It is, isn't it?

JAZZY
Totally! That’s one less bitch who’s sucked Bronson off. We’re this much closer to the part. You said yourself God had a plan for you. You said that.

TRUDY
But -

JAZZY
Who are we to say this isn’t part of His plan. Like kill two birds with one stone sorta thing... kill a homo, make Trudy and Jazzabelle famous... That’s a good day.

TRUDY
She's still a human being.

JAZZY
How 'bout this? Open that door, if she's, you know, then... God, right... and if the other, we take her to the hospital. God’s will.

Trudy thinks this over. She looks over at the Metro, no movement. She walks to the Metro. Jazzy looks on. Trudy is at the back door. She brings her hand to the door handle. Slowly, she opens the door. Jazzy looks on, licking her lips. The door opens. At first, nothing. Trudy opens the door further. Abilene's lifeless body falls out of the car.

JAZZY (CONT’D)
(smiling)
What’d I tell ya?!

TRUDY
Oh, dear.

Trudy breathes heavily, falls to the ground.

JAZZY
(holding Trudy)
Trudy, Trudy... Don't worry about it. She was -
TRUDY
She was a human being.

JAZZY
Right. And she went against God.
She wouldn’t be saved. She stood in front of me and you for the part of a lifetime. She was a whore, a drug addict--

28 INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Jazzy giving a eulogy in front of a sparsely attended service. In the corner we see a sign showing us that we are at Abilene's wake.

JAZZY
--a sister, a light, a beacon.
Abilene, you spent your life playing roles like Stripper number Two, Woman on Telephone... but now you play your most important part. Girl Number One. Girl Number One in Our Hearts, Girl Number One in Our Prayers. Now God is your co-star!

Jazzy finally drums up her tears, surveys the audience for Bronson. He is bored.

INT. FUNERAL HOME LOBBY - LATER

The few participants at the wake file out. Most check iPhones etc. Jazzy waits by the door. Trudy comes up to her.

JAZZY
What’d you think?

TRUDY
You did your best. Considering.

JAZZY
Considering what?

TRUDY
She ruined souls.

JAZZY
It was a eulogy.

TRUDY
Satan’s taking care of her now.
JAZZY
Shit. Who do you have to blow to get a compliment ‘round here?

Bronson comes up to Jazzy. Michelle is draped on him.

BRONSON
Awesome fucking eulogy.

MICHELLE
Yes, very moving. Intense.

BRONSON
A tour de force.

JAZZY
Thanks.

TRUDY
I think we can all take comfort that God has taken care of her.

MICHELLE
(to Trudy)
I never thanked you for helping me at the audition.

TRUDY
Just trying to help.

MICHELLE
You should be a nurse.

Beat. Bronson eyes Trudy, seemingly for the first time.

BRONSON
Who are you again?

JAZZY
Bronson, you met her.

Bronson is confused until he sniffs the air a bit.

BRONSON
Oh, the virgin! So, that’s still happening, huh?

Trudy is about to speak when Scott appears.

SCOTT
Kilborn, this is happening. She’s reading for that Perry thing.
Scott sees Bronson is not looking at him. He follows his gaze and sees Trudy.

**BRONSON**
Great, Scott. Ladies, my partner -

**TRUDY**
Partner...

**BRONSON**
Business. Strictly business.

**TRUDY**
(coldly)
We’ve met.

Scott puts out his hand, goes back to his Christian mode.

**SCOTT**
It’s great to see you again, Trudy.

Trudy takes his hand. There is a brief moment of awkwardness.

**BRONSON**
Shit, looks like someone has problems sealing the deal.
(to Trudy)
What’d you read for?

**TRUDY**
The Kirk Cameron movie.

**BRONSON**
(laughing)
Right. The Kirk Cameron thing.
(to Bronson)
For Grace, huh?

**JAZZY**
I’m sorry but Grace?

**MICHELLE**
Who’s Grace?

**BRONSON**
(to Michelle)
It’s our Christian division. Lots of dollars in those pews.

**TRUDY**
(looking to Scott)
Not to mention souls.
SCOTT
Sure, souls.

BRONSON
I’m out. Have a great time not fucking.

Bronson starts to leave.

MICHELLE
I’ll go with you.

BRONSON
No, you won’t.

Bronson leaves. Michelle follows. We are left with Scott, Jazzy and Trudy. Beat.

JAZZY
I’m gonna get going so you two can do your thing. Whatever that is.

Jazzy leaves. Trudy stares coldly at Scott.

SCOTT
I owe you an apology.

TRUDY
You do. You’ve made an unholy alliance with that man.

SCOTT
Trudy, even the The good King Jehoshaphat made an alliance with the pagan King Ahab.

Trudy –impressed by Scott’s Biblical smarts– warms to him.

TRUDY
Yes, sir. But as a result, idol worshippers were given free reign.

SCOTT
The Gospels show: no price is too large to spread the Good news.

Beat. This resonates with Trudy.

TRUDY
(smiling)
You certainly do put things in perspective.
SCOTT
I’d like to think so. Although, I do falter.

TRUDY
Well, if you think you’re perfect--

SCOTT/TRUDY
Try walking on water!

The two share a laugh.

SCOTT
In all seriousness, I had to make a deal with him, but now I just wish I had complete control over this. Then I could hire whoever I wanted.

TRUDY
Anyone.

SCOTT
Anyone.

30  NT. THE GEO METRO -- LATER

Jazzy drives as Trudy looks out the window. “Go Tell It On The Mountain” is heard.

JAZZY
You know, he’s gonna want to fuck both of us at the same time.

TRUDY
I will remain pure.

JAZZY
Yeah, you’re a real pure one.

TRUDY
That was what God wanted.

JAZZY
(looking into rearview mirror)
Ahh, shit.

TRUDY
What, what?!

A patrol car approaches. He turns on his lights.
JAZZY
(pulling over)
Oh, shit! Oh, shit! They know. They know. I can handle this. I can handle this. I'm an actress.

The cop walks to the side of the car. He wears a hat and sunglasses. Trembling, Jazzy rolls down the window.

JAZZY (CONT'D)
(barely hiding her nervousness)
What seems to be the problem, officer?

COP
Ma'am. I need you to step out of the car.

Jazzy does as she is told.

31 EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - SAME MOMENT
The Cop leads Jazzy towards the patrol car.

COP
You know why I pulled you over?

JAZZY
No, sir, I do not.

COP
Well, we've been watching you -

JAZZY
Watching me?

COP
Yes, ma'am. Some interesting developments have occurred.

JAZZY
Sir, it was an--

The Cop reaches into the patrol car and takes out a dozen roses. He takes off his hat and glasses. It's Jasper.

JASPER
And we think you deserve this!

He hands her the flowers. Jazzy looks at them and sees a message of congratulations.
JAZZY
(holding the flowers)
What the fuck, Jasper? You scared the fuck outta me.

JASPER
I know, I know. I'm sorry, but you deserve these.

JAZZY
For what?

JASPER
You got a call back for "The Governess"!

JAZZY
How'd you know?

JASPER
Come on.

JAZZY
You've gotta stop following me around. It's creepy.

JASPER
I wouldn't follow you around if you'd let me in your life. Always.

Jazzy starts backing away. She is still holding the flowers.

JAZZY
You've got to leave me alone. If not for your sake than mine.

JASPER
I will forever love you.

JAZZY
Fine, fine. That's great.

Jazzy backs away and goes to the car.

INT. THE METRO - SAME MOMENT

Jazzy comes back into the Metro. She tosses the flowers to a surprised Trudy.

TRUDY
What happened?
JAZZY
I got the call back.

TRUDY
Was that...?

JAZZY
Yup.

TRUDY
How’d he know?

JAZZY
I don’t know. Probably heard through Yasmine Bleeth’s stalker.

TRUDY
Who?

JAZZY
Yasmine Bleeth. “Baywatch”. Fuck, who am I talking to? It was a show. Shirtless people running...

TRUDY
So, how would that guy know?

JAZZY
(Annoyed)
He knows Alyssa Milano’s stalker who knows Michelle’s stalker-

Jazzy stops. Trudy is looking at her incredulous.

JAZZY (CONT’D)
... it’s a network.

Trudy stares straight ahead trying to regain her composure.

TRUDY
What about me?

JAZZY
Bronson, you, me.

TRUDY
I’d sooner die.

Jazzy starts the car.

JAZZY
'Course we're gonna have to take out Michelle, too.
Michelle drives down a road, singing along to ‘Black Nasty’, smoking a joint. Jasper, in his patrol car drives up behind her. He turns on his lights. Michelle pulls over.

MICHELLE
What seems to be the problem, officer?

JASPER
License and registration, ma'am.

Jasper sniffs the car.

INT. THE GEO METRO -- LATER

Jazzy drives. Trudy sits, clutching the leather jacket. She nervously eats one peanut butter cookie after the other.

JAZZY
I can smell that shit from here.

Trudy is silent. She stares pensively out the window.

TRUDY
(after a moment)
It's crazy, and I don't want to be a part of it.

JAZZY
Oh. I hate to tell you this— you already are. Plus, you’re awesome at it. I’m not just blowing smoke.

TRUDY
That was an accident.

JAZZY
Yeah, yeah, accident. On your part.

(TRazzy drives on)
What about God?

TRUDY
Stop the car.

JAZZY
No.
TRUDY
Stop the car, Jazzy. Just stop the blanged car. I want out.

JAZZY
Fine, fine.

Jazzy pulls over. Trudy tries to rush out but is stopped by the automatic seat belts. Beat. She darts out of the car.

34
EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Trudy paces, clutching the jacket.

JAZZY
I don't see what you're getting all worked up for, Tru. Like you're the first one who's ever killed in the name of the Lord... God... Jesus...

Trudy turns to Jazzy angrily.

TRUDY
It was an accident.

JAZZY
Trudy, You have to agree with me. This was God's bidding.

TRUDY
But -

JAZZY
He wants us to get the part.

TRUDY
Us? I haven't even auditioned.

JAZZY
And He'll take care of that.

Jazzy takes Trudy in her arms. Trudy relents, hugs her back.

TRUDY
No, no. This is all just too crazy. I came here to help the Lord spread his message.

JAZZY
And He appreciates it.

TRUDY
You mean that?
JAZZY
With all my heart.

She crosses her heart.

TRUDY
Hand to Jesus?

JAZZY
Absolutely.

TRUDY
Those aren’t words to take lightly.

Jazzy thinks for a moment.

JAZZY
Trudy, there are only two more girls between us and this role. Think of all the souls we’ll save.

TRUDY
No more violence.

JAZZY
What would you’re daddy say?

TRUDY
No sex.

35  EXT. JAZZY AND TRUDY’S HOUSE – LATER

Jazzy turns into the driveway.

TRUDY
How are we gonna do this?

JAZZY
I don’t know. Michelle and I don’t get along anymore. So, it’s not like she’ll just magically show up.

36  INT. THE HOUSE – SAME MOMENT

They enter the house. In the living room we see Jasper watching television. Michelle is on the couch handcuffed.

JASPER
(happily)
Hey, Ladies!
Trudy and Jazzy look over to the couch and see Michelle looking at them with wide eyes.

JAZZY
What's going on here?

Jasper points to the television.

JASPER
I bought you a DVD player?

JAZZY
(warily)
Jasper...

JASPER
I told her I'd cut her open with a filet knife if she spoke!

After he says this, he mouths "Not Really".

TRUDY
Jazzy, may I see you in your room?

JAZZY
(to Jasper)
You going to be alright?

JASPER
Go on ahead. I cleaned up in there so you should be fine.

JAZZY
You what?

Jazzy leads Trudy to her room. They close the door behind them. Jasper is left with Michelle.

JASPER
You like cake? I like cake.

INT. JAZZY'S ROOM - SAME MOMENT

Jazzy and Trudy shut the door behind them.

TRUDY
What on God's green Earth is wrong with that man?

JAZZY
Okay, so he's turned a dark corner.
TRUDY
We’ve got to get rid of them.

JAZZY
Sure.

Trudy is about to leave the room when she realizes something.

TRUDY
You know, of course, I don't mean killing her. Right?

JAZZY
Dammit.

They leave the room.

38 INT. THE LIVING ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Jazzy and Trudy arrive in the room. They see that Jasper is still rapt to the television.

JASPER
You two should really see this.

Trudy goes to the kitchen.

JAZZY
I'm sure it's fantastic, dear.

INT. THE KITCHEN -- SAME MOMENT

In the kitchen Trudy sees a plate of cookies. She eats one.

JAZZY
We got a problem.

TRUDY
(mouth full of cookie)
What? I eat when I’m nervous.

JAZZY
Then prepare to eat a shit ton.

Jazzy leads Trudy to the living room.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM -- SAME MOMENT

JAZZY
Look.
On the television we see the grainy image of Trudy and Jazzy taking Abilene’s dead body out of the car and dumping it.

TRUDY
Oh, boy.

Michelle looks on in horror.

MICHELLE
Oh, my God. You two -

Trudy takes Jazzy by the hand and leads her to her room.

INT. TRUDY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

TRUDY
You have to have sex with him. This is blackmail.

JAZZY
I can't do that.

TRUDY
What do you mean you can't do that?

JAZZY
But he's too nice. I can't.

A KNOCK is heard at the door.

TRUDY
Who is it?

JASPER (O.S)
You don't have to have sex with me.

JAZZY
(to Trudy)
He’s so sweet.

Trudy ignores this remark, opens the door.

TRUDY
(to Jasper)
Why're you doing this?

JASPER
I wanna help Jazzy.

TRUDY
So, you kidnapped that poor girl? That’s sick.
JASPER
You're one to talk.

JAZZY
Even for you, this is going too far.

JASPER
Want me to take care of her?

TRUDY
No.

Trudy looks over to Jazzy. Jazzy's ambivalent.

JAZZY
It's not a horrible idea.

TRUDY
I'm gonna check on Michelle. She must be scared out of her wits.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Trudy goes to the living room. She sees Michelle is distressed. Trudy attempts to smile. We see Trudy from Michelle’s perspective, she looks demented when smiling. Michelle can’t do anything but give her a pained expression. She is on the verge of fainting.

TRUDY
(cheerfully)
So, how are you?

MICHELLE
Listen, I don’t know what you two crazy bitches are up to, but for real... I’ll do anything you want.

Trudy sits down next to her on the couch.

TRUDY
You don’t have to do anything.

Trudy takes Michelle’s hand.

MICHELLE
What’s all this about?

TRUDY
It’s just a misunderstanding.
MICHELLE
So, Abil’s not dead?

Trudy takes a moment.

TRUDY
No, that part’s true.

MICHELLE
I’m gonna be sick.

TRUDY
No, no, no. It was an accident.

Michelle points to the television with her chin. We see Trudy repeatedly stabbing Abilene. Michelle is gagging.

MICHELLE
Oh my God! Oh my God! It was you! You killed her!

Trudy attempts to hug her in order comfort her.

TRUDY
I know it looks bad -

MICHELLE
(hyperventilating)
You’re... god... damned... right...it looks... bad!

TRUDY
I didn’t mean it.

Michelle struggles to regain her composure.

MICHELLE
Oh, my God. I’m gonna be sick, I’m gonna be fucking sick--

TRUDY
Do you need help?

MICHELLE
I’m gonna fucking faint. Holy shit, you’re gonna chop me up and feed me to something aren’t you?

Trudy begins to stroke Michelle’s shoulders. This seems to calm her down.

TRUDY
Please, hand to God. I won’t hurt you.

(MORE)
MICHELLE

Promise?

TRUDY

God as my witness. You’re white as a ghost —

Michelle gives her panicked look.

TRUDY (CONT’D)

Sorry, bad choice of words. But you’re very pale. Is there anything I can do to help you?

Michelle is fainting. Her hands are tied. She has no choice.

MICHELLE

Okay, Trudy. I have to trust you. I’m about to pass out.

TRUDY

You poor dear.

MICHELLE

I need you to give me another insulin shot. I am seriously losing it right now. Please. It’s in that bag right there.

Michelle points to a back pack. Trudy goes through it and finds a little black medical bag.

TRUDY

I don’t like the looks of this.

MICHELLE

I don’t give a fuck, bitch —I’m sorry, I’m sorry. Just, please, give me a shot. It’s already set.

TRUDY

It’s just insulin, right?

MICHELLE

‘Course it is! What do you think?

TRUDY

Heroin?
MICHELLE
Do I look like a goddamned heroin addict to you?!

Trudy looks over at the hand-cuffed Michelle. Her hair is stringy and matted to her forehead with sweat. She looks pale and sickly; exactly as a heroin addict would.

TRUDY
Well -

MICHELLE
Just get fuckin’ Jazzabelle.

TRUDY
Okay, okay...

Trudy rushes over to the hallway with the syringe still in her hand. She gets to Jazzy’s door and is about to walk in when she remembers what she saw last time. She stops.

TRUDY (CONT’D)
No, Tru. You can save a life now.

She walks back to the living room. Michelle has passed out.

TRUDY (CONT’D)
Oh, dear.

INT. JAZZY’S ROOM - SAME MOMENT

Jasper is handing Jazzy some pills.

JASPER
I just want you to know I never used those on you.

JAZZY
Really? Why?

JASPER
Well, you know, you’re special.

JAZZY
Aww, that’s so sweet.

JASPER
See, Jazz, I just want to be with you forever and always. I want to live in the same house as you, go on every vacation with you, wherever you go, I will go. Have you buried next to me.
JAZZY
Jasper, seriously, that’s crazy stalker shit.

JASPER
That’s marriage.

JAZZY
Huh.

Jazzy mulls this revelation over. Jasper listens at the door. Jasper becomes concerned, not for Jazzy but because of what he thinks may be going on the other side of the door.

JASPER
You hear that?

JAZZY
What?

JASPER
Nothing.

JAZZY
Oh, good.

JASPER
No. Nothing. I hear nothing.

Jazzy listens for a moment.

JAZZY
You don’t think...

JASPER
Would she?

JAZZY
I’d put nothing past her.

They both walk out of the room with Jazzy taking the lead.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jazzy and Jasper walk into the living room. They are greeted by the sight of Trudy giving Michelle mouth-to-mouth. Trudy does not see them. She stands over the body, needle in hand.

JAZZY
Tru, you’re just fuckin’ awesome.

TRUDY
Huh?
JAZZY
C’mere, you.

Jazzy kisses Trudy on the lips.

JAZZY (CONT’D)
You taste like peanut butter.

Jasper goes over to the body.

JASPER
What should I do with this one?

JAZZY
I don’t know. Dumpster? Shallow grave? Don’t you know any serial killers?

JASPER
Not anymore... fuckin’ DNA.

TRUDY (dazed)
What are you two talking about?

Michelle wakes up coughing scaring Jazzy and Jasper.

MICHELLE
Oh, my fucking God! What happened?

Trudy goes over to her and leans over her.

TRUDY
Oh, thank goodness, you’re okay. We were so worried about you.

MICHELLE
My mouth tastes funny.

TRUDY
I’ll get you some water.

Trudy goes to the kitchen. Jazzy follows.

INT. THE KITCHEN – SAME MOMENT

Trudy pours water into a glass from the tap. Jazzy enters.

JAZZY
What the fuck? We almost had her.

TRUDY
I’m not taking part in any of that.
JAZZY
Okay, forget about it. We have a better idea, anyways.

TRUDY
Who?

JAZZY
Jasper came up with an idea.

TRUDY
He’s creepy.

JAZZY
‘Course he is.

Michelle stands her face has puffed up.

JAZZY (CONT’D)
First, we’re gonna let her go.

TRUDY
Thank heavens.

Michelle wheezes. Jasper calls from the living room.

JASPER
Uhh, ladies?

JAZZY
Shut up, Jasper.
(to Trudy)
Jasper will erase the video.

TRUDY
He'll do that?

JAZZY
You kiddin’ me. I’ve got that guy wrapped around my finger.

Michelle covers her neck as if choking.

JASPER
Jazzy?

JAZZY
Shut up, Jasper. I’m talking to my friend.

TRUDY
Trudy hugs Jazzy tightly. Behind them Jasper tries to attend to Michelle. Heimlich maneuver, etc.

JAZZY
Yes. See? He does whatever I tell him. So, we're gonna get rid of Michelle.

TRUDY
As in not kill her, right?

JAZZY
Yes, yes. Of course.

TRUDY
Why?

JAZZY
Cuz, I’ll roofie the fuck out of both of ’em at the call back.

TRUDY
What?

JAZZY
You’ve gotta admit, it’s better than killing them.

TRUDY
So, Michelle lives, right?

Michelle falls over dead.

JAZZY
Course. No problem.

JASPER
(standing over the body)
Ladies, we've got a big problem.

Jazzy and Trudy come out of the kitchen and see Michelle on the floor dead.

JAZZY
What the fuck, Jasper, I told you -

JASPER
It wasn't me I swear.

Jazzy searches his face, he's not lying. She turns to Trudy.

JAZZY
You sick, sick bitch.
TRUDY
I didn't do anything. I gave her mouth-to-mouth to save her.

JASPER
That wasn’t the issue ladies..

JAZZY
What do ya mean?

Jasper retrieves a medic alert bracelet from his pocket.

JASPER
I removed this, for the cuffs.

He shows the bracelet.

JASPER (CONT'D)
She's allergic to peanuts.

JAZZY
Well, shit.

TRUDY
But it's a wholesome product.

A phone RINGS. Jasper and Jazzy each check their cell phone. Neither is being called. They search around till they locate the noise from the back pack. Jazzy finds Michelle’s phone. Bronson is calling. Jazzy smiles.

JAZZY
(holding up the phone)
So... Good job?

Trudy leaves the room. She can’t process what has just happened. She goes to the bathroom.

INT. THE BATHROOM - SECONDS LATER

Trudy goes to the mirror. She practices smiling, none look sincere. She finds a shampoo bottle in the tub, holds it up.

TRUDY
First, I want to thank God. For without Him none of this is possible. Ladies and gentlemen of the academy, the Lord bless -

She can’t hold it, tears stream down her face. She goes to the tub, turns on the water and sits on the toilet seat. We hear the WATER COURSING through the pipes--
INT. BRONSON’S SHOWER - DAY

We see the shower head. Water bursts onto Bronson.

INT. BRONSON’S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bronson lives in a huge and secluded house overlooking the mountains. The sun burns bright outside. He enters his bedroom from the shower. MUSIC plays. The music is classical and epic. Bronson has a ritual for when he just gets out of the shower. He bathes himself in the setting sun and throws his arms out while taking a deep breath. On his wall is a framed poster of Jim Morrison. He caresses it for a moment.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF BRONSON’S HOUSE - DAY

Jasper has posted himself outside of Bronson’s house. He holds a radar gun as Sandra in a 2002 Honda Civic drives by. He watches her pull into Bronson’s driveway. He leaves.

EXT. BRONSON’S DRIVEWAY - SECONDS LATER

Sandra gets out of her car. She surveys the surroundings and is somewhat creeped out. She walks to the door.

INT. BRONSON’S BEDROOM - SAME MOMENT

Bronson is on the phone trying to get a hold of Michelle. His face is red and puffed. He snorts lines as he speaks.

BRONSON
Listen, dammit. It’s been a month -

As he says this a card appears: 3 Days Later

BRONSON (CONT’D)
I can make or break you at this point. Get it? If I don’t hear fro you one of your stupid -

A KNOCK is heard. Bronson stops. Bronson heads down his stairs.

BRONSON (CONT’D)
You hear that? You’re out! The hills are alive with the sound of my dick getting sucked.
INT. BRONSON’S Foyer – SECONDS LATER

Bronson has come down the stairs. He ‘hangs up’ the phone. He looks through the window, sees Sandra standing at his door.

BRONSON
(to self)
...pathetic whores.

Bronson opens the door. He is beaming, completely nice.

BRONSON (CONT’D)
Hey, you!

INT. TRUDY’S ROOM – DAY

We now see Trudy’s room. The pink bedsheets are unmade, the only light comes in through the window. It shines directly on an altar Trudy has created. She kneels before it.

TRUDY
Lord, I can’t go any further. I’ve done horrible things. Awful things. Why did you give me so much evil?

EXT. THE HALLWAY – SAME MOMENT

Jazzy listens. She hears a KNOCK at the front door.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM

Jazzy opens the door a crack, sees Jasper. She tries to shut the door. Jasper stops it with his foot.

JASPER
No, no, no. Jazz. I got something to tell you.

JAZZY
How could you fuck me so bad?

JASPER
How was I supposed to know he wouldn’t show up to the call back?

JAZZY
Trudy’s going even more psycho right now. All because of you.
Okay, that was a mistake. I know. But... but....

Just get away from me, k. There never will be an us. Just...

Jaszy slams her foot on Jasper. Jasper raises his foot in pain. Jaszy is able to close the door. Jaszy locks the door. Jasper appears at the window trying to get Jaszy’s attention.

Trudy is feeling the passion even more. She is crying.

...Tell me I’m not crazy God. Write your will on my soul. And help Jaszy too. She needs your grace.

Jazzy is trying to ‘shoo’ Jasper away from the window. He takes out his police issue steno pad and writes on it, he then slams it on the glass: Sandra Just Arrived At Jasper’s.

Jazzy paces, smoking. Jasper is inside the house.

She doesn’t have it, yet!

You can stop her?

Jazzy begins to search around the house.

Where the fuck are they?!

What?

None of your damn business, you crazy fuck!

Don’t do anything too--
Jazzy finds what she is looking for: Trudy’s Geo keys.

JAZZY
I’m taking care of this shit!

Jazzy storms out of the house.

56
EXT. THE DRIVEWAY - SECONDS LATER

Jazzy runs to the car. She gets in, but has to wait for the seatbelt to run its track. This gives Jasper enough time to catch up to her.

JASPER
What can I do to help?

JAZZY
Watch Trudy.

Jazzy SQUEALS out of the driveway.

57
INT. TRUDY’S ROOM - SAME MOMENT

We hear the SQUEALING from outside. Trudy does not hear this, though.

TRUDY
Don’t let her leave me. I can make her a great servant. I’ll provide you with more souls. Just send me a sign. A sign I’m on the right--

A KNOCK is heard at Trudy’s door. She turns towards it amazed. She looks to the shrine wide-eyed.

TRUDY (CONT’D)
--path. Oh, God.

JASPER (O.S.)
(through the door)
Trudy, its me Jasper. I need you.

Trudy looks to the shrine, confused.

TRUDY
I’ll do my best Lord.

Trudy rises up from the shrine.

TRUDY (CONT’D)
One minute, please.
That’s all we’ve got.

Trudy opens the door.

TRUDY
What’s wrong?

INT. BRONSON’S BEDROOM – SAME MOMENT

Bronson is on top of Sandra. Sandra is not into it. Neither is Bronson. Sandra, at least, acts like she is.

SANDRA
There you go, baby... there you go... Oh, you’re the best, the best... don’t stop, don’t stop...

Bronson stops. He rolls off her. Sandra does not notice this.

SANDRA (CONT’D)
Come on, Bronson, yeah you know how to fuck a bitch, don’t you...

Bronson goes to his desk and snorts a few lines as Sandra thrusts her hips into nothing.

SANDRA (CONT’D)
Oh, yeah, baby. Fuck me like the Governess, fuck me like the Governess, fuck my cock, fuck my cock...

Bronson lights a cigarette.

BRONSON
None of that even makes sense.

Sandra stops, sees Bronson sitting on his desk chair.

INT. TRUDY AND JAZZY’S LIVING ROOM – SAME MOMENT

Jasper sits on the couch. He can’t resist smelling the pillows for Jazzy’s scent. Trudy paces in the kitchen.

JASPER
‘Course it doesn’t make sense. But, you know how badly she wants this.

TRUDY
You think she’ll do that?
JASPER
I don’t wanna find out.

TRUDY
We need to save her.

INT. THE GEO METRO - MOMENTS LATER
Jazzy drives. She turns a corner and passes an actual cop, DEUCE (38). As Jazzy passes him he rushes into his patrol car but is slow in doing so. Jazzy has already passed the corner.

DEUCE
Too fast, too fast...
(into radio)
Attention, attention. This is Delta-Tango-Tango, be on the look out for a blue late 90’s Geo Metro. I am in pursuit.

INT. JASPER’S PATROL CAR - SAME MOMENT
Jasper drives, Trudy sits in the passenger side. They hear the radio message. Jasper jumps into action.

JASPER
Ten-four. This is Papa-Romeo-Romeo, We’re in hot pursuit as we speak.

Jasper is still unsure as to whether or not he has ‘sold it’. So he adds a little something more.

JASPER (CONT’D)
Yee-hah. I gotta get me one of those.

Jasper is about to hang up his radio. He turns to Trudy who is looking at him, incredulous.

JASPER (CONT’D)
It was the best I could do.

TRUDY
I gotta get me one of those?

JASPER
It’s dialogue.

DEUCE (O.S.)
(over the radio)
I’ll provide back-up.
JASPER
(into radio)
That’s a negative, Delta. We need you on the lookout for accomplices.

TRUDY
You really think that’ll work?

JASPER
Watch.

DEUCE
Description?

JASPER
Four black males, Cadillac Impala.

Beat. Then Deuce comes over the radio.

DEUCE
Roger. Four black males. Ten-four.

Jasper winks at Trudy.

62 EXT. BRONSON’S DRIVEWAY - DAY
Jazzy parks. She tries to rush out but, is stopped by the automatic seat belt. Finally, she gets out of the car. She runs to the door. She is about to knock but stops.

JAZZY
(opening the door)
Bronson, guess who wants to party!

63 INT. BRONSON’S BEDROOM - SAME MOMENT
Bronson is doing lines off his desk. Sandra, wearing only one of Bronson’s shirts, is looks on desperate for his attention.

BRONSON
Shouldn’t I be doing this shit off your chest?

SANDRA
You can if you want to.

BRONSON
Fine.

Sandra reveals her breast for him. Bronson is about to pour the coke on her breasts. He seems bored though.
BRONSON (CONT’D)
It’s just that I’ve done all this.

SANDRA
But, I’m the best at this.

BRONSON
No, no, no. I just need something new, fresh... tight.

Jazzy comes to the bedroom door.

JAZZY
There you are you fuck God.

Bronson suddenly gets up, happy to see Jazzy.

BRONSON
Yes, holy fucking shit! It’s you! Ladies, downstairs.

Sandra and Jazzy give each other a look. Bronson heads down on his own. Sandra is the first to decide to follow him down. As she passes Jazzy she gives her the ‘bitch-face’.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF BRONSON’S HOUSE – LATER

Jasper gets out of the car. Trudy does so only reluctantly. Her arms are crossed. She wears the jacket as a shield.

TRUDY
This place... this place is truly terrifying.

JASPER
Doesn’t the Bible say face your fears... The dark side and all that?

TRUDY
That’s Star Wars.

JASPER
I get them mixed up.

TRUDY
I don’t wanna go in.

JASPER
Listen, I’m going in. There are lives at stake here.
TRUDY
Just what do you want, exactly.

JASPER
I just want Jazzy to be happy. To be provided for.

TRUDY
That sounds--

JASPER
Sick? Crazy? Pervy?

TRUDY
Nice.

JASPER
Really?

65  INT. BRONSON’S LIVING ROOM – SAME MOMENT  65

Bronson stands before a large black curtain. Jazzy and Sandra are sitting on the couch curious but unimpressed.

BRONSON
Ladies, here it all is. Your hopes and dreams and fantasies.

He opens the curtain to reveal the board from the audition.

JAZZY
Still creepy, Bronson.

BRONSON
It gets worse, Jazzy.

SANDRA
So we’re up for ‘The Governess’.

BRONSON
Maybe. But there are other parts. For instance...

Bronson looks to his audience.

BRONSON (CONT’D)
Did any of you read the script?

SANDRA
Of course--

BRONSON
The whole script?
JAZZY
Are you talking about the nuns?

BRONSON
Yes! I need a head nun. And who better to play a head nun than an actual head nun.

JAZZY
You can’t bring Trudy into this.

BRONSON
Whichever one of you can convince Trudy to fuck me, whichever one of you can lick my dick with the virgin, gets the part.

SANDRA
Well, Jazzy. Call her up then.

JAZZY
I’m not selling her out to you.

BRONSON
You forgot about our mutual friend.

JAZZY
Who?

BRONSON
This mother fucking guy!

Bronson brings out a picture of Scott, from his acting days. Bronson takes out his phone.

INT. GRACE STUDIOS AUDITION ROOM - SAME MOMENT

Scott is trying to gain a ‘conquest’ via Bronson’s example. On the couch is an attractive young girl, REGAN (23). Scott brings her a glass of wine, his phone rings throughout.

SCOTT
(handing her the wine)
Are you familiar with the R&B singer Usher?

REGAN
Sure.

SCOTT
Well, ain’t that just a kick in the pants. Well, it seems that Mr. Perry and Usher have teamed up.
REGAN
Wow.

SCOTT
Right. "Tyler Perry’s House of Usher". It’s gonna be quite a hoot.

REGAN
But, I’m white.

SCOTT
Drink your wine.

REGAN
I don’t think so.

Scott sits next to her, too close, on the couch.

SCOTT
Now these are some important--

The phone rings one final time.

REGAN
You’re phone’s ringing.

SCOTT
You’re more important than Bronson Kilborn any day.

REGAN
Answer your phone. Its annoying.

SCOTT
Fine.

Scott gets up from the couch. His tone changes.

SCOTT (CONT’D)
Yeah, what’s up?

Bronson is pacing back and forth drinking from a bottle of Jack Daniels as if it were a Gatorade after a long jog.

BRONSON
Still got the info on that Trudy bitch?
SCOTT
I think so. Why?

BRONSON
I got a new idea.

SCOTT
You’re not gonna be able to--

BRONSON
You leave that shit to me.

SCOTT
It’s your funeral. I’ll send it right over.

BRONSON
Headshot, too.

SCOTT
Sure, take the fucking headshot. She’s a Christian cock tease anyway. Hold on.

Scott punches a few buttons on his phone.

SCOTT (CONT’D)
Alright. Just sent it.

BRONSON
Thanks, buddy.

SCOTT
Good luck.

Scott is about to hang up.

BRONSON
Hey, by the way...

SCOTT
What?

BRONSON
You’ve got no chance with that blonde bitch.

Bronson hangs up the phone. We are left with Scott. He turns around to Regan on the couch.
SCOTT
Now where were we?

He plops down on the couch.

REGAN
You do business with Kilborn?

SCOTT
Sometimes, a man must compromise.

REGAN
You’re disgusting.

Regan gets up. Goes to the door.

REGAN (CONT’D)
Not all of us are willing to sell ourselves for a stupid part.

SCOTT
But -

INT. BRONSONS LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bronson sits on his couch, highly intoxicated. Jazzy sits beside him trying to hide her pensiveness. Sandra shakes her ass in front of Bronson.

BRONSON
This how you’ll start?

A DING is heard. Bronson gets up and goes towards his office.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF BRONSON’S HOUSE - SAME MOMENT

Trudy and Jasper are about to knock. Trudy thinks better.

TRUDY
Stay out here. Hide.

JASPER
But, Jazzy needs my help.

TRUDY
I’ll send her out. Just hide.

JASPER
How will I know when you need me?
TRUDY
You’ll know. Trust me.

Jasper leaves. Trudy ensure he’s well hidden. She knocks.

INT. BRONSON’S LIVING ROOM - SAME MOMENT

Bronson comes back from his office. He holds a copy of Trudy’s Glamour Shot headshot.

BRONSON
(coming back in)
Holy shit, it’s a Glamour Shot! A fucking Glamour Shot!

JAZZY
Lay off her. She just got here.

BRONSON
This’ll be so fucking easy!

JAZZY
She’s not going to go for it.

Sandra goes to Bronson. She grabs his crotch and forces her hand on her breast.

SANDRA
I can help. You know I can.

BRONSON
First, lets get Glamour Shot here.

JAZZY
She’ll never do this.

BRONSON
We’ll see about that.

A KNOCK is heard at the door.

BRONSON (CONT’D)
Maybe that’s her already. She saw the fuck signal in the sky!

Bronson runs to his door. Jazzy and Sandra share nasty looks.

JAZZY
What the hell?

SANDRA
I don’t care who I have to fuck or suck or anything. I need this.

(MORE)
If you're so concerned about your bitch then let's just double-team that cocksucker now. He won't know the difference in the morning.


JAZZY
You might be right. If she never shows, it's just us two.

Bronson re-enters with Trudy in tow. Trudy is apprehensive as she looks at all the macabre paintings in his home.

BRONSON
Holy shit. I might be a god.

Jazzy and Sandra are crestfallen to see Trudy.

JAZZY
How'd you get here?

TRUDY
A friend brought me.

BRONSON
That's what motherfucking friends are motherfucking for! Let's get you a motherfucking drink.

Bronson looks around the room, brimming with happiness.

BRONSON (CONT'D)
Ladies, don't allow the virgin to get her own drink.

TRUDY
I just came here to get my car. No drink please.

BRONSON
But really, I insist.

SANDRA
I'll fix you a drink, sweetie.

Jazzy gives Sandra another look. The short lived alliance has been broken. Jazzy darts up from the couch.

JAZZY
Let me talk to Trudy for a moment.

SANDRA
Don't take too long.
Bronson follows them.

BRONSON
They can take as long as they want as long as I get to--

Sandra takes Bronson by a belt, leads him to the wet bar.

INT. BRONSON’S KITCHEN – SAME MOMENT

Jazzy leads Trudy forcefully into the kitchen.

JAZZY
What the fuck are you doing here?

TRUDY
I need my car.

JAZZY
You brought Jasper. Here.

Jazzy realizes it’s too quiet in the living room. Through the kitchen door she sees Sandra fondling and kissing Bronson.

JAZZY (CONT’D)
That bitch!

TRUDY
Don’t say that. We’re trying to save souls. You can’t use that language anymore.

Jazzy has come up with an idea.

JAZZY
What about Sandra?

TRUDY
What about her?

JAZZY
Wouldn’t your Daddy want you to save souls?

TRUDY
Yes, but--

JAZZY
If God sacrificed his only begotten son... the least you can do is sacrifice a few dumb bitches. Shit, you already have.
TRUDY
Those were accidents.

JAZZY
Accidents or not, they happened. Either you just killed those girls for no reason... or you take one more step... Just one more step.

TRUDY
No. No. No. I can’t believe you’d even ask.

Trudy starts heading out. As Trudy heads out the door Jazzy sees that things have progressed somewhat further between Bronson and Sandra. Jazzy stops Trudy.

JAZZY
What if you had a reason.

TRUDY
Being a fornicating harlot isn’t enough for me to--

JAZZY
Just come out with me. Just you know... See what happens. You may as well.

74

INT. BRONSONS LIVING ROOM - SAME MOMENT

Sandra has evidently gotten sick of going down on Bronson. She is trying to give him a hand job.

SANDRA
You want that girl, right. Right?

BRONSON
(somewhat enjoying it)
Oh, yeah. Make it happen.

SANDRA
I already made her a drink. The longer she stays, the sooner we get Jazzy out of here...

BRONSON
Whatever you say, girl.

Sandra goes down on Bronson. Bronson looks behind him and sees Trudy and Jazzy, arm in arm, coming over to the couch. Bronson gets up quickly making Sandra fall over.
SANDRA
(from floor)
Asshole!

BRONSON
So, you’ve decided to stay.

JAZZY
She’s not really sure about much else, so keep it in your pants.

SANDRA
So, is that bitch playing or not.

Jazzy starts towards Sandra, seductively.

JAZZY
Well, I was thinking you and I could play a little game first.

SANDRA
Like what?

Jazzy ‘attacks’ Sandra on the couch. They are kissing passionately; both keeping an eye on Bronson. Bronson does not seem to notice. He is too enchanted by the Virgin.

BRONSON
(to Trudy)
Ever seen a real life Stevie?

TRUDY
I don’t believe I have.

BRONSON
Wanna hold one in your hands.

TRUDY
You wouldn’t mind?

Bronson goes to his mantle. As he does so he passes by the board of girls. Bronson picks up one of his two Stevies and places it in Trudy’s hands. We see that a Stevie is a bust of a bearded figure. The beard comes to a sharp point.

TRUDY (CONT’D)
Oooh, impressive.

BRONSON
You should see what else I’ve got.

TRUDY
In due time maybe. But, I’m a little nervous here.
Jazzy stops kissing Sandra for a bit.

JAZZY
Bronson, come over here.

Bronson goes to the ladies.

BRONSON
Whatever for ladies.

Bronson falls onto the couch. The two girls fondle him. As this ‘melee’ ensues, we see the living room from the window.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF BRONSON’S LIVING ROOM - SAME MOMENT

Jasper watches from the window.

JASPER
(to self)
The hell, Tru. What’s going here?

INT. BRONSON’S LIVING ROOM - SAME MOMENT

Jazzy has stopped the proceedings. She takes Bronson’s hand in hers. He tries to rub her thighs but she stops him.

BRONSON
Oh, you like it like that, huh.

JAZZY
(innocently)
What do you mean? I was just wondering where’s your heart line.

BRONSON
Who the fuck cares?

JAZZY
It’s just so darn interesting. See this long line up the center. Is that your heart line?

BRONSON
Can we get back to--

JAZZY
I mean, I personally don’t see how a persons life can be foretold on their hands but maybe--

Sandra stops going down on Bronson.
SANDRA
That’s not the goddamned heart line. Here.

She takes Bronson’s hand, traces a line on his hand.

SANDRA (CONT’D)
Oh, wow. Bronson. You’ve got a real short one here.

BRONSON
Luckily, I have a long one--

SANDRA
I’m serious--

Jazzy gives Trudy ‘the look’. Trudy realizes what she must do. She takes the Stevie in her hand. As she walks over towards the couch no one notices her.

77 EXT. OUTSIDE OF BRONSON’S LIVING ROOM - SAME MOMENT
Jasper is watching this. He jumps into action.

JASPER
Trudy, I can’t let you do this!

78 INT. BRONSON’S LIVING ROOM - SAME MOMENT
Trudy gets closer to Sandra.

SANDRA
You’ve gotta be careful.

BRONSON
Leave a beautiful corpse right!

He laughs. Jazzy laughs with him. Trudy raises the Stevie, she is about to stab Sandra when she is tackled by Jasper. Beat. Jasper and Trudy fall. Jasper is on top of Trudy.

BRONSON (CONT’D)
Hey, buddy. That’s my job.

Jasper gets up.

JAZZY
Officer. What brings you here?

JASPER
Uhh, well, we got a call about a disturbance.
TRUDY
(angrily)
And why did you just attack me?

JASPER
Uhh, I need to take you in, miss.

BRONSON
But...

TRUDY
You’re just going to question me in the other room. Right, officer?

JASPER
Uhh, yeah. Yeah.

TRUDY
The kitchen would be good. Officer.

Trudy takes Jasper, leads him to the kitchen. Bronson, Sandra and Jazzy are left looking at each other.

SANDRA
What was that?

BRONSON
We still gonna fuck?

---

INT. BRONSON’S KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER

Trudy leads Jasper to the kitchen. She turns on him quickly.

TRUDY
Just what on God’s green Earth do you think you’re doing?

JASPER
I couldn’t let you hurt that girl.

Beat. Trudy does not like being ‘caught’.

TRUDY
First, sir, I’ll have you know I was not about to hurt that woman.

JASPER
Didn’t look like that from the window.

TRUDY
What were you doing at the window?
JASPER
You told me to--

TRUDY
... stay hidden.

JASPER
I just wanted to help.

TRUDY
Then this is how you’re gonna help.

80  INT. BRONSON’S LIVING ROOM – SAME MOMENT

Bronson is on the couch surrounded by the girls.

BRONSON
... and that’s why the Russians
name their tanks after flowers.

SANDRA
You’re so knowledgable.

BRONSON
You don’t know the half of it.

Bronson ‘attacks’ Sandra. As he does so he takes Jazzy’s hand
and places it on his crotch. He leans back as the two girls
each kiss him. Jasper and Trudy enter. They stop.

JASPER
She checks out.

TRUDY
Thank you officer.

Jazzy mouths to Trudy: “What the fuck?” Trudy waves her off.

JASPER
(searching the place)
Awful lot of drugs here.

Bronson sees what the officer sees. Pills, bags of marijuana
and line after line of cocaine.

BRONSON
I have a prescription.

JASPER
Sure you do.

Jasper finds a back pack on the table. He looks to Sandra.
JASPER (CONT’D)
(to Sandra)
This yours?

SANDRA
No.

JASPER
I’ll take that as a yes.

Jasper reaches into the bag, finds a bag of pills inscribed with large E’s.

JASPER (CONT’D)
Well, I’ve seen enough.

Jasper cuffs Sandra.

JASPER (CONT’D)
You have the right to remain silent...

SANDRA
But...

JASPER
You have the right to an attorney.
If you can not afford and attorney one will be appointed to you...

Jasper leads Sandra out of the room. Bronson, Trudy and Jazzy are left alone. Bronson snorts a few lines.

BRONSON
Thank God he didn’t find my shit.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF BRONSON’S HOUSE – SECONDS LATER

Jasper leads Sandra to his patrol car.

SANDRA
Just what sort of cop are you?

JASPER
A damned good one, miss. Now keep your trap shut.

Once Jasper says this, Sandra is mortified.

SANDRA
Holy shit! That was dialogue. You’re not a a cop.
JASPER
I was forced into retirement.

SANDRA
You’re the crazy shit that follows Jazzy around!

JASPER
We belong together. Stop, stop...
I’ll let you go.

Jasper unhooks the cuffs. Sandra punches him, runs.

82 INT. BRONSON’S LIVING ROOM – SAME MOMENT

Bronson and Jazzy kiss. Trudy is on the edge of the couch.

BRONSON
When’s the virgin getting in.

Trudy looks at him almost violently.

TRUDY
So, you’re saying if we have a... what do ya call it... threesome with you tonight you’ll cast us?

Bronson and Jazzy are surprised by her bluntness.

BRONSON
Well, shit, When you put it that way, it seems pretty shady. Right?

This last is directed to Jazzy. Jazzy nods agreement.

JAZZY
He's got a point.

TRUDY
I just want to be absolutely clear on this. You're a scumbag... who dispenses roles for sexual favors.

BRONSON
Hold on. Hold on. That's not true--

TRUDY
I'm just calling a spade a spearchucker here.

JAZZY
Oh, God that’s horrible.
TRUDY  
I's what he's doing Jazzy.

JAZZY  
No, that statement.

TRUDY  
Daddy used to say it all the time.

BRONSON  
Then you're Daddy is an awful racist.

TRUDY  
You can't talk about Daddy that way.

Trudy is about to leave.

BRONSON  
Wait, wait. Trudy.

He rushes over to her. His erection is visible as a 'tent' in his boxers. He grabs Trudy by the shoulders.

TRUDY  
Let go of me.

Bronson lets go of her. He is in that 'sweet zone' of high and drunkenness which lends him an air of clarity. He leads her to the couch. He stands before the women.

BRONSON  
Trudy, my partners and I are putting in millions of dollars into this movie. I am personally invested in this film. Can you say the same for yourself?

TRUDY  
No.

BRONSON  
Right. And, as despicable as I am, I still have a strict moral code. As a Christian, should be able to understand.

JAZZY  
I wouldn't bring Him into this, Bronson.

TRUDY  
Let's hear him out.
BRONSON
Thank you. Alright. Where was I?

TRUDY
Strict moral code...

BRONSON
Right, awesome. Now, not only am I financially invested in this film but I am emotionally invested in it as well. I need actresses who are just as emotionally invested in this as me. What better way to create that bond than through the sacred act of sex?

TRUDY
You mean fucking, that’s not a sacred act.

BRONSON
Let me ask you a question.

JAZZY
Bronson, let's not--

TRUDY
Let him ask it.

BRONSON
Do you believe in marriage?

TRUDY
With all my heart and soul.

BRONSON
Good. I agree. We agree, Trudy. Now, when is a marriage truly, Trudy, truly a marriage?

JAZZY
When they say I do.

BRONSON
Wrong answer and wrong person answering it. Trudy, you know this. When is a marriage a marriage?

Trudy is reluctant to answer the question. She takes a seat on the couch next to Jazzy. She bows her head.

TRUDY
(resignedly)
When its consummated.
BRONSON
Right! When they fuck. When we create art, when WE create art it is a marriage. A film lasts forever and I need my stars to be emotionally invested in it. In order to ensure that, Trudy, we need to have a marriage that is deeper than any ceremony. That is why we need to do this tonight.

JAZZY
You are so full of shit!

BRONSON
Am I? Am I, Trudy?

Trudy doesn't answer.

JAZZY
We're going.

Jazzy gets up she takes Trudy by the hand and tries to take her off the couch. Trudy does not move.

JAZZY (CONT'D)
C'mon Trudy. Let's go.

TRUDY
(crying)
If he only knew how emotionally invested we were in this, Jazz. If he only knew.

JAZZY
We're going. You're not in your right mind. Let's go.

Trudy still does not move.

TRUDY
We should tell him.

JAZZY
No we shouldn't.

BRONSON
Tell me what?

JAZZY
Nothing. She's just a crazy Christian girl. And we're going.
She takes Trudy by the hands again. Trudy holds on to her hand this time.

    TRUDY
    I'm gonna tell him.

    JAZZY
    I'm gonna kill you.

    TRUDY
    Yeah, you are.

Trudy takes Jazzy's fingers and begins to lick them.

    TRUDY (CONT’D)
    He should know that we are already in love. And we want our love to be his love. Bronson, don't you see, we are emotionally invested in this. And we want you to be emotionally invested in us.

    JAZZY
    What's going on?

    TRUDY
    I love you, Jazz. I really do.

Bronson stumbles up to them. The sweet spot is gone.

    BRONSON
    Ahh yeah. That's what I like to see and the way I like to see it.

He fondles Jazzy's breasts, Trudy kisses her hand. Jazzy succumbs to the feeling. Bronson's and Trudy's hands meet at Trudy's breast. Trudy takes Bronson and brings him closer to her. Bronson goes in for the kiss on Trudy. Trudy stops him.

    TRUDY
    Not right now.

    BRONSON
    You cock teasing cunt!

    TRUDY
    I just want you to shower first.

    BRONSON
    Oh, sorry. Impulsive reaction. Impulsive reaction.
TRUDY
Jazzy, I want you to take Bronson upstairs and give him a thorough scrubbing. I'll be up in a minute.

JAZZY
What?

TRUDY
Do it. I want you two naked when I get there.

JAZZY
You sure about this?

TRUDY
More than anything, Brooke, more than anything.

BRONSON
I need a shower anyway.

TRUDY
Go, you two.

Jazzy leads Bronson upstairs. Trudy goes to the mantle and picks up the Stevie. She holds as if she had actually won it.

TRUDY (CONT’D)
Ladies and gentlemen of the academy...

INT. THE SHOWER - SAME MOMENT

Jazzy has led Bronson to the large open shower. She is naked. She turns the water on.

BRONSON
(to Jazzy)
You crazy bitch.

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE SHOWER AND TRUDY WALKING THROUGH THE HOUSE WITH THE STEVIE.

TRUDY
(heading up the stairs)
...for without Him I wouldn’t be here today...

She gets to the top of the stairs. She looks around and follows the sound of rushing water, heads towards it. In the shower, Jazzy is washing Bronson’s privates.
BRONSON
Bless you, girl. You really want
this part bad, huh.

JAZZY
More than you’ll ever know.

TRUDY
(going down the hall)
...the lord blesses us each day. He
blesses us with talent--talent to
make great films--

Jazzy is going down on Bronson. Bronson clearly enjoys it.

BRONSON
Goddamn girl, you really know how
to do this.

Trudy gets to the door. She is about to open the door.

TRUDY
Ladies and Gentlemen of the world
the Lord has blessed you, too. He
has blessed you every day with the
sunshine of His own heart.

She enters the bathroom, she sees Jazzy going down on
Bronson. Bronson faces the opposite wall. Jazzy is too busy
with matters at hand to notice Trudy as she walks up to them,
Stevie in hand.

TRUDY (CONT’D)
(entering shower area)
I urge all of you to get on your
knees, to let Him inside of you. To
let him come into you--

Bronson is clearly about to ‘lose it’. We see him convulsing
in the throes of near orgasm. Trudy raises the Stevie above
her head.

TRUDY (CONT’D)
...for without Jesus’ grace--

Trudy stabs Bronson in the neck.

TRUDY (CONT’D)
--we are all dead.

Bronson falls forward, dead. He slams into the wall, then
slowly falls to the ground, leaving a trail of blood on the
tile.
JAZZY

Oh, my--

EXT. OUTSIDE OF BRONSON’S HOUSE – SAME MOMENT

Sandra is running away as Jasper tries to catch up with her. His eye is bleeding. Sandra gets to the road and sees Officer Deuce’s patrol car slowly searching the drive. She stops him.

SANDRA
Help! Help!

Officer Deuce stops the car. He gets out. He is confused until he sees the bloody Jasper following after her. He pulls his gun on him. Jasper quickly gives up.

INT. THE SHOWER – SAME MOMENT

Trudy stands over to Jazzy with the bloody Stevie. Jazzy is covered in blood. Trudy leans over Jazzy. Trudy is smiling.

JAZZY
Holy shit! Holy shit! You bitch.
You crazy, crazy bitch!

TRUDY
Grow up.

Trudy walks up to her.

JAZZY
Get away from me you sick bitch.

TRUDY
Sick? But, this is the role of a lifetime. I can save souls now.

Jazzy, in one quick movement, grabs the Stevie from Trudy. She stands holding it in front of her.

JAZZY
Stand back, stand the fuck back.

TRUDY
You’re not gonna hurt me, are you?

JAZZY
Just stand back and no one gets hurt, K.
TRUDY
You can't hurt me. I've got the
greatest ally on my side...

JAZZY
God?

TRUDY
No. The willingness to do anything.

Trudy runs after Jazzy. Jazzy, unwilling to actually kill
Trudy, runs away from her with the Stevie still in her hand.

87  INT. BRONSONS BEDROOM- SECONDS LATER

Jazzy runs through the room trying to get away. Trudy nearly
catches on a wet pant leg.

TRUDY
Get back here. I love you.

88  INT. BRONSON'S STAIRS - SECONDS LATER

Jazzy runs down the stairs, blood streaked holding the
Stevie. She finds Trudy’s jacket and covers herself with it.

89  INT. OFFICER DEUCE’S PATROL CAR - MORNING

Sandra is in the front seat of the cruiser. Jasper is in the
back seat.

JASPER
Sir, I am a paranoid schizophrenic.
You can't send me to jail. Just
call my psychologist.

DEUCE
Shut up.

He pulls up to the house.

SANDRA
This is the place.

He pulls into the driveway. It is quiet.

DEUCE
(stopping car)
You sure? Nothing looks suspicious.
SANDRA
Sir, crazy things were happening in there.

DEUCE
I don't know about that. Everything seems perfectly normal to me. Without probable--

Jazzy tears out of the house yelling, brandishing the Stevie.

REAL COP
--cause. Holy shit!

JASPER
(wistfully)
That's my girl!

Deuce gets out of the car. He has his gun trained on Jazzy.

DEUCE
Get down, get down, you crazy bitch. Get the fuck down.

Jazzy realizes the gravity of the situation.

JAZZY
You don't understand.

DEUCE
I said, get down, dammit.

JAZZY
But...

DEUCE
On the count of three...

JAZZY
Sir, I just need to--

DEUCE
One...

JAZZY
Okay, okay.

Jazzy gets down on the ground. As she does so Trudy comes out of the house in her wet clothes looking as innocent as ever. The cop sees her and trains his gun on her.

TRUDY
Oh, officer thank God you came.
REAL COP
What's going on here?

TRUDY
This woman is insane. She killed a man upstairs with that thing--

JAZZY
The fuck I did you stupid--

REAL COP
Stay down, Lady.

TRUDY
Sir, she needs help. She's crazy.

When she says this she looks over to Jasper and winks.

JASPER
Yeah, she's crazy, she really, is!

Trudy goes over to Jazzy. She takes the Stevie from her hands, thereby contaminating the evidence.

REAL COP
Don't pick that--

TRUDY
Oh, I'm sorry officer. I just wanted to help you. I would really like to thank you--

90 INT. TRUDY'S TRAILER ON THE SET OF THE GOVERNESS - DAY 90

It is three months later. Trudy is wearing her robe. She holds up a bottle of moisturizer as if it were an Oscar.

TRUDY
... and the Academy. I am just so happy that you like me, you really, really like me. But most importantly I would like to thank the most important man in my life the Lord Jesus Christ for giving me the inspiration to be who I am. For saving a 'wretch like me'. This truly is a gift for the Lord and it's on his behalf that I accept this Oscar.

She looks back into the mirror. She likes this version of the speech. She unbelts her robe. Trudy covers herself back-up.
She looks to the door, Scott enters. He holds a set of blue sheets of paper, new pages for ‘The Governess’.

    TRUDY (CONT’D)
    Why you gave me such a scare.

    SCOTT
    Terribly, sorry. I didn't mean to.

    TRUDY
    (referring to pages)
    What’re those?

    SCOTT
    These? New pages. They've decided on some new directions.

    TRUDY
    What?

    SCOTT
    The Governess has a scene in which she is seen, well, without a shirt.

    TRUDY
    You're going to allow people to see me in my brassiere?

She whispers 'brassiere'.

    SCOTT
    Not particularly.

    TRUDY
    Oh, thank heavens.

    SCOTT
    You won't be wearing a brassiere. You’ll be bare... in your chest area.

Trudy's eyes well up with tears.

    TRUDY
    You can't do this to me. Change this. Tell them I won't do it.

    SCOTT
    Your contract’s very clear on this--

    TRUDY
    You told me to sign that da-darned contract!
SCOTT
Let’s not get angry. It’s very important to the film.

TRUDY
You’re letting them do this to me?

Trudy turns around, she is about to walk off the set. She gets to the door. On the door is a picture of St. Agnes.

SCOTT
Don’t think of it that way, Tru. Think of them as Maria’s bosom.

Trudy turns from the door.

TRUDY
The people’ll see ME up there. What about all the young girls? How can I lead them to Jesus with this harlotry?

SCOTT
But there won’t be a film with you in it unless you do this. Trudy, please. This is a sacrifice you have to make to save souls.

Trudy looks to Scott. There is anger in her eyes.

TRUDY
(resolutely)
I won’t do it. I won’t.

SCOTT
The contract says--

TRUDY
Damn that contract, Scott. Damn that contract. I have made a deeper contract with God.

SCOTT
Do you want to get fired? Never work in this town again? Do you want to go back to Podunk, Kansas and never be heard from again? I can make that happen.

Trudy looks down.

TRUDY
No.
SCOTT
And?

TRUDY
I'm sorry.

SCOTT
Good.

He caresses her but there is condescension in his voice.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
I accept your apology, dear. Think of all the souls we are saving. This IS the Lord's work.

TRUDY
I know, I know.

INT. THE SET OF THE GOVERNESS - MOMENTS LATER

Trudy arrives on the set. Scott walks before her. She walks across the studio past craft services, men dressed as Nazi's, key grips, electricians etc. The crowd scares her. Then, a change comes over her, she craves the attention.

She gets to the set; it is a bathroom with a clawfoot tub. The DIRECTOR comes up to her and escorts her to the bathtub. Trudy climbs into the tub. The director takes his seat behind the monitors.

DIRECTOR
Action!

"Mr. Von Trapp" opens the door. The camera is on him. It then turns to Trudy standing naked. The camera centers in on her. As the camera lingers, she enjoys it more and more.

INT. AN INSANE ASYLUM - DAY

Trudy’s close-up becomes news footage from the A-List Channel. The heading: “Our Newest Star?” This on the T.V at an insane asylum.

Jazzy and Jasper are inmates at the insane asylum. They are playing a game of checkers just like any other couple in the twilight of their lives. Jazzy has evidently given up and accepted her life’s fate. Jasper is clearly excited. Jasper jumps a few of Jazzy’s pieces. He has won the checkers game.

JASPER
Check mate.
JAZZY
That's chess.

JASPER
Exactly.

JAZZY
Well, you win.

JASPER
I say that everyday I see you at morning roll-call.

JAZZY
I know you do, baby, I know you do.

FADE OUT.