

Overnight Success

By

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Yar Productions

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FADE IN:

It is a sunny but cool mid winter day in downtown Philadelphia. Chattering pedestrians scurry through an intersection of grid locked buses, trucks, and cars.

Horns blast. Angry middle fingers wave. Drivers exit their vehicles hollering and slamming doors.

A black Vespa weaves through the gridlock. The driver wears all black: helmet, tinted visor, leather jacket, boots, jeans gloves, and messenger bag.

The Vespa exits the gridlock and speeds away.

EXT. VINTAGE MUSIC STORE - DAY

The Vespa is pushed along the sidewalk. Its wheels stop in front of a storefront hawking vinyl & CDs. Cool people, young & old, enter and exit under blasting old school hip-hop.

The helmet comes off, revealing the face of ADRIENNE PEPPER, early 30s, a tall, striking woman with an adorable array of short, tiny ringlets of hair.

She locks the Vespa to a parking meter. Throws her gloves into her helmet and enters the music store.

FADE TO:

A LITTLE LATER

Adrienne exits stuffing a bag of CDs into her bag. She unlocks her Vespa.

EXT. INDEPENDENT BOOK STORE - LATER

Faint classical music drifts out of the door as Adrienne exits.

She puts a small bag of books into her bag and dons her gloves and helmet. Unlocks the Vespa from a sidewalk bike rack. Starts the engine.

EXT. VINTAGE CLOTHING STORE - LATER STILL

People enter and exit. The Vespa pulls away from the curb. A large plastic bag with the store's logo is slung over Adrienne's shoulder, over her messenger bag. Her helmet hangs from her wrist.

EXT. ORGANIC FOOD STORE - A SHORT TIME AFTER THAT

Adrienne stands near the entrance with a bag of groceries. She raises her visor to give directions to two tourists. They all look up when the sky turns suddenly dark.

The tourists scurry off in the direction Adrienne points as she scurries to her Vespa. She sits the bag between her feet and starts the engine.

INT. LIVING ROOM -LATER

The room is tiny and over furnished but tidy.

The decor is '50s and '60s furniture with the occasional 70's appointment. Many pieces look trash picked and need to be refinished, reupholstered, or rethrown away.

Lightening flashes, thunder claps, and torrential rain pounds through open windows. The telephone rings. The answering machine clicks on.

TWO WOMEN'S VOICES(V.O.)

Hi. Adrienne and Marci can't get to the phone, but please leave one of us a message.

The answering machine beeps.

MAN'S VOICE(V.O.)

Hey--love you. See you at work.

The front door bursts open. Adrienne spills into the room. She and her bags are soaking wet. She sets the grocery bag down, then knocks it over lunging for the telephone.

ADRIENNE

Hello?!? Don't hang up!

Rips off her helmet.

ADRIENNE(CONT'D)

Hello?!?

Too late. She sees it raining into the windows, drops the phone, and hurries to close them.

A huge brown envelope postmarked February, 2009 lies in a puddle of water on an old, warped occasional table sitting in front of a window.

ADRIENNE(CONT'D)

Oh, no. We told you not to come home without an option.

She hurls the envelope across the room. It hits a wall and splits open spilling out loose screenplay pages. A grandmother clock on a mantel chimes three-thirty.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)
Great! And now I'm late for work.

INT. TRENDY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A large dining room is crowded and busy. Servers thread through the tables.

Adrienne and her roommate, MARCI SMART, early 30s, wear servers' uniforms and wait at the service end of a long bar filled with trendy drinkers.

Marci is cute, with shoulder length dreadlocks and a much happier personae than Adrienne's today.

MARCI
Adrienne, as your best friend since forever, I am compelled to inform you that, tonight, you are in the worst mood ever.

ADRIENNE
Thank you, Marci. What else might you be compel-

MARCI
Nothing. Forget it.

ADRIENNE
And by the way, you left all of the windows open. Again.

Marci walks away with a full tray of drinks, leaving Adrienne scowling after her, then at DAN, the bartender.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)
Could you hurry up those martinis, Dan?

ERIC, mid 20s, a good looking collegiate brother in a server's uniform, eases up behind Adrienne and kisses the back of her neck. She shrinks away.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)
Cut it out, Eric!

ERIC
That's not what you said last night.

Dan slams two martinis down on Adrienne's tray, spilling much of them.

DAN
There you go, Miss Girl!

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER

Adrienne serves the martinis to a table of four DINERS as they read their menus.

DINER #1
We're confused. How does your menu work?

ADRIENNE
Well, you carefully peruse it until you find something that interests you. Then you tell me all about it.

DINER #2
(nasty)
She meant is it a prix fixe!

ADRIENNE
Oh.

Her arched eyebrow glides from diner #2 to diner #1.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)
No.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Chefs yell at servers. Servers yell at busboys. Plates and glasses rattle into the dish washer. Pans slam into pots. Two servers slam into one another, dropping full plates off food.

Adrienne plops an arm load of dirty dishes on the dish washing station. Dining room manager, EMMETT, 40s, approaches; dumpy and in the first stage of hair plugs.

EMMETT
Adrienne, table twenty-four just complained. They said you were rude. In fact, they said you were a bitch.

ADRIENNE
And?

EMMETT
Well, were you?

ADRIENNE
Of course not, Emmett. As always, I was the picture of politeness.

She walks away.

EMMETT

Adrienne!

Everything in the kitchen stops. She turns around.

EMMETT(CONT'D)

I decide when a conversation is over around here. The next time you walk away from me like that, don't bother stopping until you are safely on the other side of the employee entrance.

He walks away. She flashes a middle finger at his back.

INT. DIVE BAR - MUCH LATER

It is a dim crowded little watering hole with some patrons trying to talk over loud jukebox music as they fight for the bartender's attention.

Other patrons are squeezed into the few booths and tables. A cocktail waitress delivers a pitcher of beer to Eric, Marci, and Adrienne's booth.

ADRIENNE

I should've just quit. I swear, if it wasn't for-

ERIC

Books and music?

He refills their mugs as Adrienne's eyes narrow on him.

ERIC(CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Clothes and vacations?—No, wait, don't tell me it's actually food and a roof?

ADRIENNE

Do you not hear me? I thought this was the time. I could feel it.

Marci and Eric sigh and roll their eyes.

ADRIENNE(CONT'D)

"10 Rainy Days" is a great script and we can't get anyone to think so except us, Marci.

ERIC

I think it's great, too.

He leans in and kisses Adrienne. Marci sticks a finger in her mouth and makes gagging noises.

ERIC(CONT'D)

You know--I'm planning to be successful
enough for both of us.

Adrienne's eyes wander towards a tiny packed dance floor way
back in a corner. Two women dance together at the very edge.
Sexy, sweaty, nasty dancing.

ERIC(CONT'D)

Adrienne?

Hands all over each other until they can't help but kiss each
other dancing.

ADRIENNE

Huh?

She lingers at the very edge, hypnotized, until Eric's hands
pull her face back to his world.

ERIC

I want to take care of you. Of us—at
least until your writing can help take
care of us, too.

MARCI

Uh-oh, Adrienne. Get ready.

ERIC

Now when I graduate in May, I'll-

ADRIENNE & MARCI

"-be set for life. I'll have nowhere to
go but up, up, up Wall Street's corporate
ladder."

ERIC

Go ahead. Make fun.

MARCI

Please. Your ass'll be the first one they
perp walk from corporate headquarters in
shiny matching bracelets for the evening
news.

ADRIENNE

And let's not forget about that glass
ceiling they install just for us'ns black
folks. Now there's a perk for my golden
parachute.

MARCI

We should get Ivy League MBAs!

ERIC
Ooooh and Hollywood's just all on fire
for hard headed, nappy headed bitches and
'hos.

Adrienne and Marci's mouths drop open.

ERIC(CONT'D)
Sorry, my sistahs, but one good reality
check deserves another.

ADRIENNE & MARCI
Touché.

Adrienne yawns.

ADRIENNE
I'm going home. Pity parties poop out
when there's more than one guest.

Eric slides out of the booth to let her out. To hug her. Kiss her. Put his lips to her ear.

ERIC
(whispering)
Sorry about the rejection. Hang in there.
It'll happen.

ADRIENNE
Thank you. And I love you, too.

As she leaves her eye drifts back to the very edge. Catches the eye of the two women dancing. They smile at her. What can she do but smile back?

INT. ADRIENNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Her '50s and '60s décor is illuminated by a giant lava lamp on the night stand. Photographs of Adrienne and Marci with family and friends hang on the walls or sit on her desk and night stand.

Adrienne climbs into bed in flannel men's pajamas and snatches the covers over her head. She falls asleep fitfully, tossing and turning so that she falls out of bed.

Crashes to the floor. Bangs her head on the night stand.

FADE TO:

INT. ADRIENNE'S BEDROOM - DAY

The room is large and posh, the décor late '50s and '60s designer chic with an occasional touch of 70's appointments.

Adrienne sleeps on the floor by the night stand, bathed in morning sunlight tinged with the greenish blue hue of the lava lamp. Her ringlets are considerably longer and she wears silky men's pajamas.

A huge diamond sparkles on her left ring finger.

The bedroom door opens. DORA, very early 20s, a perky Latina with a thick spanish accent, enters with a breakfast tray.

DORA
Buenos Dias!

She looks at the empty unmade bed. Looks around the room.

DORA (CONT'D)
Senorita Pepper?

Adrienne's nose twitches. Her eyelids flutter open as Dora peers into the bathroom.

DORA(CONT'D)
Senorita Pepper?

Adrienne pops up beside the bed like a slice of toast. She and Dora see each other at the same time and scream.

Dora is pissed. Almost dropped the tray.

DORA(CONT'D)
You promised not to do that anymore. And don't try to say you thought I was Senorita Smart.

Adrienne's eyes dart around the room.

DORA(CONT'D)
What's wrong? Did you have the nightmare?
Why are you on the floor?

She sets the tray on a stand and gets Adrienne to her feet, steering her towards the bathroom.

ADRIENNE
Who-

DORA
You should be dressed. You have a meeting this morning.

ADRIENNE
Where-

DORA
No time for breakfast now. I'll call ahead and have it waiting for you. Andele!

INT. BATHROOM - SECONDS LATER

It is big and bright with lots of windows, white tile, a white free standing tub, and fat white porcelain fixtures.

Adrienne stumbles in. Squints and shades her eyes until she catches her new reflection. Her eyes open. Wide. She touches her face and pulls her hair. Hard.

She notices the bling on her left hand but spins around when Dora enters the mirror's background.

DORA

You must've had some wild time at the party last night. A hot shower should help.

She turns on the shower and adjusts the water temperature.

DORA(CONT'D)

Or maybe a Bloody Maria--you know, the hairdo of the Chihuahua who bit you? You said this is a very important meeting.

INT. SHOWER - CONTINUOUS

Adrienne stands under the blasting shower head with her eyes closed.

ADRIENNE

(whispering)

I'm dreaming. That's all. I'm asleep and this is all just a dream.

DORA(O.S.)

What?

Adrienne regards Dora's blurry figure through the shower door.

ADRIENNE

Um--Nothing.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The bed is made. Adrienne enters in a towel. Dora snatches it off. Adrienne is shy and tries to cover her nakedness with her hands as Dora helps her into a stylish ensemble and accessories.

Dora slips a pair of pumps onto her feet, spritzes her with perfume from an atomizer on a vanity table, and steers her out of the room.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Dora rushes Adrienne down a sweeping staircase. A gigantic crystal chandelier hangs overhead. Adrienne barely has time to notice it or any other décor.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - A SECOND AFTER THAT

A young man, RODNEY, 20s, lounges by the open door of a limousine parked in front of a less is more mansion. A tiny tasteful structure with pillars and attitude. Stature.

Rodney's haircut is short and neat and he wears a simple black suit and tie that fit very well. He snaps to attention when the two large front doors of the mansion open.

RODNEY

Morning, Miss Pepper. Buenos dias, Dora.

Adrienne turns to look up at the home she has just exited.

DORA

Buenos dias, Rodney.

Rodney helps Adrienne into the limousine, closes the door, and climbs into the driver's seat. Dora waves good-bye as they pull away.

EXT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

The car whisks through the streets of Los Angeles.

INT. LIMOUSINE - SIMULTANEOUS

Adrienne frowns out of a window. Slides across the seat to frown out of the other window. Rodney watches from his rear view mirror.

RODNEY

You're looking pretty good today, Miss Pepper.

Her busy eyes jump to him.

ADRIENNE

What?

RODNEY

I said you're looking pretty good today.

ADRIENNE

Oh.--Thank you.

RODNEY

Sixers played great last night. Just spanked my pitiful Lakers. Thanks for the tickets.

Her head is cocked. He laughs into her dazed rearview mirror eyes.

RODNEY(CONT'D)

So how many margaritas did you have last night?

EXT. FILM STUDIO - LATER

Rodney turns into the entrance gate. A GUARD smiles cheerily, waving him through. Adrienne cracks the tinted window and peers out.

GUARD

Morning, Miss Pepper.

EXT. BUNGALOW - A MOMENT LATER

Rodney pulls into a parking spot marked "Adrienne Pepper". The empty spot beside it is marked "Marci Smart". Adrienne doesn't notice either name as Rodney helps her out of the limo.

The bungalow door opens. Adrienne's wise and calm assistant, TROY, late 20s, hurries out.

TROY

Morning, Adrienne. We're all set to go.

She's hurrying back to the bungalow. Adrienne's looking for Rodney who's getting into the limousine. She runs to catch up to Troy.

TROY(CONT'D)

April Storm's agent called. Again. They're desperate to reschedule her shooting days because the network won't give her time off from "Hard Drive".

INT. BUNGALOW - SIMULTANEOUS

A modest conference room is decorated with posters from two movies, "*Seasaw*" and "*Passion Play*", that Adrienne and Marci have screenplay credit for. "*Seasaw*" even lists Adrienne's name in the actors' credits.

People mill about a Continental Breakfast buffet chatting with each other or on mobile devices of every variety. One or two are checking their watches as Troy and Adrienne enter.

Everyone stops what they're doing to say, "Good morning, Adrienne", but she's too busy noticing herself and Marci on framed entertainment industry magazine covers hanging on the walls.

Two executive chairs sit at the head of a long conference table surrounded by less than executive chairs.

Troy brings Adrienne coffee and sits. Everyone sits. Until the only empty seats remaining are the two executive chairs. Until Adrienne finally sits in one.

She has everyone's undivided attention. Some smile. She smiles back, then looks at Troy, who's frowning at the engagement ring until she realizes Adrienne is looking at her.

Troy smiles nervously at Adrienne before throwing a sideways glance down the table. Throats clear or cough. Eyes question each other. Some shoulders shrug.

Adrienne looks very uncomfortable as smiles disappear into looks of concern. Troy looks at her watch.

TROY

Why don't we get started?--First on the agenda is that the location shoot is set to begin on the 15th as planned.

Adrienne finally notices the thin black folders in front of everyone at the table. "SMART PEPPER PRODUCTIONS" is written on the covers in speckled letters falling out of a pepper shaker.

Everyone opens their folder when Adrienne opens hers.

TROY(CONT'D)

We're very excited about this production, Folks. It's been a long time getting off the ground with lots of setbacks--

All eyes are on Adrienne frowning at her and Marci's names on the letterhead with a Los Angeles address.

TROY(CONT'D)

--but that's all moot now, because "10 Rainy Days"--

Adrienne turns another page and sees "10 Rainy Days" printed at the top.

ADRIENNE

What!?!?

TROY
 (startled)
 Yes?

ADRIENNE
 I wrote "10 Rainy Days"! With my friend,
 Marci! Marci Smart!

People sneak glances.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)
 I don't understand.

TROY
 What?

ADRIENNE
 I mean--never mind. Please. Um--Go on.

TROY
 Are you sure? Because you can just jump
 in anytime.

ADRIENNE
 No, please. Continue.

TROY
 Okay--Of course, I don't need to say
 what's most exciting about "10 Rainy
 Days".

Adrienne's eyes are almost pleading.

ADRIENNE (V.O.)
 Yes, you do need to say. Please, say.
 Please.

TROY
 The best part is that if all goes well,
 it will take Smart Pepper Productions
 straight to a level where we're
 recognized as a viable independent
 production company and we'll want to take
 full advantage of that momentum. In fact--

She flips through her folder. Pages flip all around the table.

TROY (CONT'D)
 --if you turn to page five you'll see that
 we plan to start pre-production on
 "Mama's Girl" as-

ADRIENNE
 What?!? Wait a minute!

Everyone looks up.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)

"Mama's Girl" is my friend Marci Smart's idea!

TROY

Yes, Adrienne. These are your and Marci's ideas. Your ideas, your scripts, your film production company.

ADRIENNE

Our--what?

TROY

Are you feeling okay? Do you want me to call a doctor?

Adrienne is slumped back in her chair looking terribly agitated. Troy looks at her watch.

TROY (CONT'D)

Well--Adrienne has a very busy day ahead, so we'll end here.

She stands and opens the bungalow door. Everyone scurries out of the room. Adrienne overhears a whisper about drugs before Troy closes the door behind them.

Adrienne spins her chair around. Troy smiles weakly.

ADRIENNE

Um--Troy?

TROY

Yes?

ADRIENNE

I'm--um--sorry.

TROY

You are? I mean--that's okay--I mean--

ADRIENNE

Troy.

TROY

Yes?

ADRIENNE

Thank you. Thank you, very much.

Troy smiles a real smile.

TROY

You're welcome. Anytime.--Are you sure I can't call your doctor?

ADRIENNE

No. I--I'm--I'm fine. I just--I--have a little--hangover.

TROY

Well, you did have a lot of margaritas last night.

ADRIENNE

So I hear.--Why don't you--do whatever it is you usually do about now. I'm going to catch up on some reading.

She spins her chair back to the table.

TROY

Actually--

Adrienne spins back to Troy.

TROY(CONT'D)

--you're due at Natasha's in 15 minutes and you have a lunch with Nelson Entertainment at one o'clock, followed--

Adrienne shuts the folder and stands.

ADRIENNE

Okay, Troy. Guess I'll see you--tomorrow?

TROY

Tomorrow?

ADRIENNE

I don't see you tomorrow.

TROY

Well, I'm actually due--

ADRIENNE

Don't tell me. I'll just see you--soon?

TROY

Okay.

Adrienne exits with the folder. Troy runs to a window and watches her get into the limousine. Rodney shuts the door behind her, gets in, and drives away.

INT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

Adrienne reads the Smart Pepper Productions folder, alternately frowning, shaking her head, and staring out of the window as LA flies by.

The limousine stops in front of Natasha's, a designer clothing boutique.

INT. NATASHA'S - CONTINUOUS

NATASHA, 40s, a well dressed woman with dramatic Slavic features, supervises her sales staff who flutter and fawn over Adrienne.

They help her in and out of several ensembles until she is back in the ensemble she arrived in.

EXT. NATASHA'S - CONTINUOUS

Adrienne follows Rodney and the numerous shopping bags he carries from Natasha's out to the limousine.

EXT. LIMOUSINE - LATER

The limousine slows to a stop under the port cochere of a fancy restaurant. Adrienne lets herself out before Rodney can get to her door.

RODNEY

I thought we decided to let me do my job
how I like to do it.

ADRIENNE

What?

RODNEY

The limo door. I open it, I close it.
You're making me look bad, Miss Pepper.

Adrienne looks at the limousine.

ADRIENNE

Oh--Right. Sorry.

RODNEY

Pick you up at three?

She looks at her watch. Her eyes zoom in on the Rolex name on the face and the diamonds surrounding it. Missed that when Dora was strapping it on this morning.

ADRIENNE

(pointing to her wrist)
Whoa! That's a-

RODNEY

Bit early?

ADRIENNE

How can I-

RODNEY

Accomplish a decent deal in two hours?
Okay. Three-thirty.

INT. RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

It is a lush and elegant dining room with white linens, lead crystal, bone china, and silver cutlery.

The lighting is dim and the flowers are some of the rarest and most expensive in the world.

The MAITRE D' takes a telephone reservation with a thick French accent and an indifferent attitude.

Adrienne appears at the entrance. She scans the dining room. Most tables are seated. The maitre d' hangs up. He looks up. Adrienne smiles. He does not.

MAITRE D'

Good afternoon, Mlle. Pepper.

ADRIENNE

--Good afternoon.

He looks past her. She looks behind her.

MAITRE D'

Is your associate joining you?

ADRIENNE

--I'm not really sure?

He arches an eyebrow and frowns at his reservation sheet.

MAITRE D'

Very well.

He turns to walk to a table where three middle-aged entertainment industry executives, GIDEON NELSON, EBAN BOSWORTH, and JEFFREY TURNER sit. There are two empty place settings.

The maitre d' pulls out a chair for Adrienne and turns to discover that she is still at the entrance. He arches an eyebrow.

She sheepishly makes her way to the table. The executives stand. Gideon extends his hand.

GIDEON

Miss Pepper. So good to see you again.
You remember my associates, Eban Bosworth-

She shakes his and Eban's hands.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

-and Jeffrey Turner.

She shakes Jeffrey's hand. The men remain standing until she is seated. The maitre d' snaps his fingers.

A sommelier appears with a bottle of French Chardonnay, presenting the label to Adrienne. She looks at it. Looks at the sommelier, the maitre d', and again at the label.

MAITRE D'

Is it not the vintage you requested,
Mlle.?

ADRIENNE

--Oui. Mais oui, merci.

The maitre d' frowns. He and the sommelier exchange a little shrug. The sommelier opens the bottle, gives Adrienne the cork and pours a taste for her.

She fondles the cork, tastes the wine, swirling it around in her mouth with much affectation before finally nodding. The sommelier pours for the table.

GIDEON

Is your associate joining us?

ADRIENNE

I'm not really sure. He-

GIDEON

He?

ADRIENNE

--Did I say he? I meant she. I get them
all confused.

The men glance at one another.

GIDEON

Well, no matter. Let me just say that we
were very excited when she set up this
meeting.

EBAN

But before we talk about distribution, let me first say that we've been anticipating a change in our operation. Moving it into new and more creative ventures.

JEFFREY

If anyone can identify with that aspect of show business right now, it's you.

Adrienne is smiling and nodding.

EBAN

Naturally we need the change to be not only profitable, but long lasting.

GIDEON

And don't think Hollywood isn't sitting up and noticing the profit potential in Black cinema. The best part is that this is not an audience that's going anywhere. African America is here to stay.

Adrienne chokes on a sip of wine. Coughs. Clears her throat.

GIDEON(CONT'D)

Are you okay?

ADRIENNE

Fine. I'm fine. Please. Go on.

A past her prime celebrity personality, NIKI DIAMOND, walks up to the table.

NIKI DIAMOND

Is that you, Adrienne?

ADRIENNE

Niki Diamond?

NIKI DIAMOND

I've been trying to catch your eye since you sat down—

ADRIENNE(V.O.)

Oh, my God. This *is* a dream. That's world famous celebrity Niki Diamond talking to me likes she knows me because this is a dream.

NIKI DIAMOND

--and I just wanted to say what a fabulous time I had at your party last night.

ADRIENNE

You did? Well, I'm glad.

Niki smiles at the men.

NIKI DIAMOND

Well, I can see you're in the middle of something important, so I'll just skedaddle. Kiss, kiss!

Adrienne turns to watch Niki's grand exit.

EBAN

Miss Pepper?

ADRIENNE

Huh?

EBAN(CONT'D)

Everyone in Hollywood is also buzzing about you.

ADRIENNE

They are?

GIDEON

Your modesty is charming, but why else would you think we would even discuss a deal to distribute "10 Rainy Days"?

JEFFREY

We don't do first films by newly formed independent film production companies.

He chuckles.

JEFFREY(CONT'D)

With a screenwriter slash actress at the helm as first time director slash co-producer.

Gideon and Eban chuckle. Adrienne chuckles.

EBAN

Still, "10 Rainy Days" is a great story. Done well, it's bound to have an impact.

GIDEON

Mr. Ice Cube, Mr. Lee, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Singleton.--F. Gary Gray, the Wayans and Hudlins. What they've achieved is wonderful, spectacular even.

JEFFREY

But where are the black women, Miss Pepper?

EBAN

Yes, where are they?

The gentlemen are looking at her in such earnest that she feels compelled to shrug.

GIDEON

Not behind the camera.

EBAN

Not enough.

JEFFREY

Not in Hollywood anyway.

EBAN

Until now.

GIDEON

Until you.

ADRIENNE

Me?

GIDEON, JEFFREY, & EBAN

You.

GIDEON

"10 Rainy Days" is going to ride the next profitable wave in Hollywood--The Modern Black Woman's Experience.

Adrienne's addled façade acquires a bit of frost.

ADRIENNE

Is it?

EBAN

And Nelson Distribution wants to more than distribute it. We want to invest in it. In all of Smart Pepper's productions.

ADRIENNE

Do you?

GIDEON

Yes, we do.

Ingenuè actress APRIL STORM, a modern southern bell, hurries up to the table all flustered.

APRIL STORM

Well, there you are!

ADRIENNE

April Storm?

APRIL STORM

That assistant of yours liked to never gave me the name of this restaurant.

She smiles at the executives.

APRIL STORM(CONT'D)

I hope you handsome fellahs will excuse the interruption, but, I must just beg Adrienne to reschedule my shooting days or else I'll have to drop out of my very first feature film.

ADRIENNE

April--this--isn't a good time?

APRIL STORM

I know, Sweetie. Just promise me you'll try. Please?

ADRIENNE

Of course, we'll try.

APRIL STORM

What more can I ask? And thanks again for inviting me to your fabulous party last night. And break a leg on Sunday.

ADRIENNE

Okay. I will.

APRIL

Bye. Bye, Fellahs.

Adrienne frowns, watching April until she is out of the dining room.

GIDEON

Is everything all right, Miss Pepper?

ADRIENNE

I have no idea.

GIDEON

I know the feeling. Thank goodness for assistants--so where were we? Jeffrey?

JEFFREY

Miss Pepper, it's not just about the bottom line.

GIDEON

At the same time, the financial possibilities are endless.

EBAN

Especially with your growing reputation for writing about black characters that white audiences like, too.

JEFFREY

For writing chick flicks that guys like, too.

GIDEON

For writing Occidental stories that they like in the Orient. You make diversity and honest cultural acceptance seem, well --possible.

JEFFREY

We know this is a lot to think about. Perhaps the idea of three white guys as your backers may feel like a sell out. Compromise of a goal, of a dream is-- well, compromise.

EBAN

But everyone knows Hollywood is synonymous with compromise.

JEFFREY

Definite food for thought.

GIDEON

Speaking of food, why don't we order?

They open their menus. Adrienne peers at the men over the top of hers.

FADE TO:

HOURS LATER

The dining room has emptied out but for Adrienne's table. The men stand to leave. They shake her hand.

GIDEON

It's been a pleasure, Miss Pepper.

EBAN

We look forward to hearing from you.

JEFFREY

Soon.

INT. LIMOUSINE - LATE LATE AFTERNOON

Rodney studies Adrienne in his rear view mirror as they cruise down Sunset Boulevard away from the setting sun.

RODNEY
You okay, Miss Pepper?

She sighs, shrugs and nods. Glances down at the Smart Pepper folder lying on the seat beside her.

INT. THE LITTLE MANSION - DUSK

Dora opens the front door. All smiles.

DORA
Buenos tardes, Senorita Pepper. How was your day?

ADRIENNE
--Interesting.

INT. FOYER- CONTINUOUS

Adrienne follows Dora through the foyer and up the stairs.

DORA
The Jacuzzi is all ready for you.

ADRIENNE
Great. That's just great.

DORA
And Coco has prepared your favorite dishes for dinner.

ADRIENNE
That's great, too. I'm sure I'll love it.

INT. ADRIENNE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dora helps Adrienne out of her clothes and into a bathrobe.

DORA
You're kind of quiet, Senorita. You still got the hangover?

ADRIENNE
I guess so--That was some party last night.

DORA
You want some aspirin?

Adrienne shakes her head.

DORA (CONT'D)

Okay. Well I'll see if Coco needs any help.

Adrienne follows her out of the room and down some back stairs, staying a length or so behind.

INT. KITCHEN - A MOMENT AFTER THAT

It's a huge and pristine chef's dream filled with sleek and retro appliances. COCO, 50s, a tall dark skinned Latina, stands over a simmering pot, stirring and tasting.

She shakes in some salt and tastes again, fussing at the pot in spanish. Dora enters. She and Coco banter and giggle. Coco notices Adrienne standing in the doorway.

COCO

Buenos tardes, Senorita.

Dora spins around.

ADRIENNE

--Buenos tardes.

DORA

Did you need something, Senorita?

Adrienne spots a huge swimming pool through a kitchen window. A Jacuzzi bubbles next to it. She shakes her head and makes her way outside. Dora and Coco look at one another and shrug.

INT. JACUZZI - CONTINUOUS

French champagne and a single champagne flute sit on a tray by the Jacuzzi. Adrienne's eyes make sure she's all alone before she eases out of her robe and into the Jacuzzi.

ADRIENNE

I'm beginning to like this dream.

She closes her eyes. Relaxes. TRENT OWEN, mid 30s, leans down to kiss the back of her neck. Her eyes spring open as she screams, scrambling out of the Jacuzzi.

He wears no more than a snug towel, is as handsome as any Prince Charming ever was, and is laughing hysterically. Her mouth hangs open in shock.

TRENT

I'm sorry. I wasn't trying to scare you.
I thought-

He cannot stop laughing as her eyes alternately stare and squeeze out blinks. She finally realizes that she is butt naked and grabs up her robe. Dora appears.

DORA
Dinner will be ready in an hour.

Trent cannot stop laughing. It is contagious and Dora giggles nervously.

DORA (CONT'D)
--What?

Trent shakes his head. Tries to talk but can only stagger into the house doubled over. Adrienne wears a dazed look of distress. Dora laughs.

DORA (CONT'D)
Senorita Pepper, are you sure you don't want one teeny little shot of tequila before dinner?

ADRIENNE
Make it a big one.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

It is an atrium lit by candle sconces. The artwork is primitive African sculpture and masks and 20th century abstract and cubist paintings and sculpture.

A candelabra sits at one end of a long ebony table set for two along with a bottle of champagne in an ice bucket.

Trent cuts a romantic and strapping figure at the wall of windows, all agaze at the waning half moon in a starry sky. Adrienne enters. Spots him right away. He turns and smiles.

TRENT
Looks like it's just the two of us tonight.

She shrugs.

ADRIENNE
Oh well.

TRENT
So. Let's start over. How was your day?

He walks toward her with confidence and poise. Sits at the table and pushes out her chair with his foot.

ADRIENNE
Ohhh--Busy.

He's pouring champagne. She's still standing.

TRENT
Good busy or bad busy.

He's clinking his champagne flute against hers still sitting on the table. She picks it up and drains it. He laughs.

TRENT(CONT'D)

That busy, huh? Think Coco will hold dinner so we can go for a drive?

ADRIENNE

(shrugging)

Sure! Why the hell wouldn't she?

He laughs as she grabs the champagne bottle from the ice bucket.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - MOMENTS LATER

They're in a convertible Roadster. His eyes glance down at the diamond ring. He takes her hand. She stares at their hands and at him as he lets her hand go to shift gears.

TRENT

That looks good on you.

She smiles, takes a swig from the champagne bottle, then marvels at the approaching moonlit ocean in front of them.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Adrienne and Trent stroll along the coastline. He puts an arm around her shoulders when they shiver.

FADE TO:

INT. THE LITTLE MANSION - DAY

Adrienne awakens in bed alone. She sits up. Looks around.

ADRIENNE

Oh, no. I'm still here.

She's chewing her bottom lip and massaging her temples until she hits a sore spot.

ADRIENNE(CONT'D)

Ow!

Her bedroom door bursts open and Marci enters in pajamas; also with much longer hair.

MARCI

Morning!

Adrienne's jaw drops as Marci collapses on the bed.

MARCI (CONT'D)

Oh, my God, Girl. I can't believe how bad I messed up. I thought yesterday was today. I mean, I put yesterday's schedule on today's page--I mean why didn't someone call me?

ADRIENNE

For what?

MARCI

Our production meeting? Lunch with Nelson Distribution?--Our shopping spree?

ADRIENNE

Where were you?

MARCI

I had the same hangover I hear you had. Only I couldn't move.

Adrienne's silence reads as perturbed to Marci.

MARCI (CONT'D)

I'll fire me if you want. I'll understand.

ADRIENNE

Fire you?

MARCI

Okay, see. Don't start tripping.

Dora enters with a breakfast tray for two.

DORA

Buenos dias!

MARCI

Buenos dias, Dora.

Adrienne is all wide eyed silence as Dora sits the tray on a stand and pours coffee. Marci grabs a muffin.

MARCI (CONT'D)

I hope you don't mind. I didn't feel like eating alone.

DORA

Why should today be any different?

She gives Marci a date book, and Adrienne a "Daily Variety". Leaves. Marci leafs through the date book, sipping coffee. Adrienne tries not to stare at Marci. Stares at her coffee instead. Sips it.

MARCI

Have you even written a speech for just in case?

ADRIENNE

Just in case what?

MARCI

Ha-ha. Look at me laughing all the way to the bank.

She tears a page from her date book and gives it to Adrienne.

MARCI(CONT'D)

I know we're a bit hectic, so I've taken the liberty.

Adrienne reads the page.

ADRIENNE

"I'd like to thank God, The Academy, my agent, Nola James, my moms and dads, without whom this means nothing, and especially my Marci for always being there."

MARCI

I think if you hold the Oscar up high at my part, it'll have a real impact.

Marci frowns into Adrienne's lost eyes.

MARCI(CONT'D)

You okay?

Adrienne doesn't answer.

MARCI(CONT'D)

Adrienne?

Adrienne shakes her head violently, blinking hard. She looks at a spot on her arm that she's pinching as hard as she can.

MARCI(CONT'D)

Adrienne, what's wrong?

ADRIENNE

--Nothing.--Nothing's wrong. I was just--wondering if we shouldn't--um--mention the name of the movie.

MARCI

What for? Everyone knows that. Just mention the names of the people who helped get you up to that podium.

ADRIENNE

But-

MARCI

Whatever, Adrienne. It's your night. It's your gig. Other issues are pressing on us. For instance, our second fittings for the wedding.

ADRIENNE

The what?

Marci laughs.

MARCI

You are tripping, Dear. Moon must be raving the hormones.

She looks at her watch.

MARCI (CONT'D)

A tad early this month?

ADRIENNE

Is there anything else, Marci?

MARCI

--O. Kay. Nelson Distribution. Yay or nay? And house staff paychecks have to be signed.

ADRIENNE

Today?

MARCI

It's Friday.

ADRIENNE

Can we do this later?

MARCI

--Sure. I'll be by the pool.

As soon as she climbs out of bed and exits, Adrienne scampers out of bed.

INT. THE LITTLE MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Adrienne runs in and out of a series of large, posh bedrooms: late 50's and 60's designer chic décor with an occasional 70's appointment.

INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Adrienne runs down the stairs.

INT. DRAWING ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Adrienne runs into the large, posh room flush with late 50's and 60's designer chic and the occasional 70's appointment.

On an antique baby grand piano sit photographs of Adrienne and Marci: as babies, children, teens, and adults. Some are of them alone and some with friends and family.

INT. HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Adrienne runs in and looks around. Retro designer chic has stayed its course.

Plaques, awards, and certificates hang on the walls with photographs of her and Marci with very famous celebrities. This stops Adrienne cold in her tracks.

ADRIENNE

Whoa!

She is backing away and bumps into her desk. Turns around and spots a photograph of herself with Marci, Trent, and a beautiful woman who looks a lot like him.

They all wear formal attire and smile with arms wrapped tightly around one another. She spots two bundles of unopened mail addressed to her and Marci.

The phone rings. Her and Marci's old answering machine clicks on.

ADRIENNE & MARCI(V.O.)

Hi. Adrienne & Marci can't get to the phone but please leave one of us a message.

Adrienne's distracted by an open date book on the desk.

WOMAN'S VOICE(V.O.)

Hey--love you. See you next Friday.

Adrienne flips through the date book.

ADRIENNE

--This is my handwriting.

Sees the words: "The Wedding" written in March's pages.

ADRIENNE(CONT'D)

Oh, my God! I'm getting married!

She slams the date book closed. Doesn't notice the embossed 2012 on the cover. Looks at the diamond on her ring finger. Collapses into a huge black leather chair behind the desk.

The top of the chair tilts back and jostles a tall wide floor to ceiling shelf unit. She looks up at tinkering knickknacks, and rows and rows and rows and rows of books.

An autographed basketball teeters back and forth in its cubby hole, but stays in place.

MARCI(O.S.)

Dora, do you think Coco would know if I made myself a little snack while she's out shopping?

Adrienne jumps up and runs to put her ear to the door.

DORA(O.S.)

Now, Senorita Smart, you know-

Adrienne snatches open the door. Dora carries an armful of freshly laundered bed linens. Marci wears a bikini and carries her date book and cell phone.

Adrienne yanks Marci into the office, shuts the door, then opens it quickly. Dora's mouth hangs open.

ADRIENNE

Excuse us, Dora.

Shuts the door.

MARCI

Adrienne, what is wrong with you?

Now? Adrienne notices the 2012 embossed on Marci's date book. She snatches it away. Flips through its pages.

ADRIENNE

(frantic)

Marci, what's today?

MARCI

Friday.

ADRIENNE

No, what's today's date?

MARCI

February 24.

ADRIENNE

Two thousand--?

MARCI

Twelve.

ADRIENNE

Twelve? Twelve?!? Are you sure?!?

MARCI

Okay, Adrienne. What's going on?

ADRIENNE

Marci--I can't--I don't seem to be able to remember things.

MARCI

What things?

ADRIENNE

Things like, when did we move here?

MARCI

To this house?

ADRIENNE

To Los Angeles.

MARCI

What?!?

She tilts her head, then breaks into a smile.

MARCI (CONT'D)

You still tripping, right?

Adrienne shakes her head and looks around the room.

ADRIENNE

Last I knew, we were in Philly, but then I woke up yesterday and I wasn't in Kansas anymore.

MARCI

Oh, my God. Adrienne. Why didn't you say something?

ADRIENNE

To who? I didn't even know anybody until you showed up.

MARCI

(whispering to herself)
Of all days to not show up.

ADRIENNE

Marci, what are we doing here? How long have we been here? Where're the moms and dads?

MARCI

Wait-slow down. This has to sink in.

ADRIENNE

Where's Eric?

MARCI

Eric?--We need to get you to a doctor.

INT. DOCTOR'S EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

X-rays of Adrienne's head are clipped to a medical light board. Marci looks over the shoulder of DR. SARAH EVANS, 40s, who shines a pen-light into Adrienne's pupils.

DR. EVANS

Tell me, Dr. Smart, will our patient make it?

Marci smiles sheepishly and slinks away. Dr. Evans smiles into Adrienne's worried eyes.

DR. EVANS(CONT'D)

I can't find any serious physical damage or injury.

MARCI

But what about her memory?

Dr. Evans shrugs as she examines a little lump on Adrienne's temple.

DR. EVANS

These things have a way of healing, or not healing, themselves. It's a kind of wait-and-see situation.

She looks Marci in the eye.

DR. EVANS(CONT'D)

What we definitely can't do is force things to be remembered.

ADRIENNE

What things?

DR. EVANS

Any things. You should take it easy for awhile. No stress.

MARCI

That's it?!?!?

DR. EVANS

So should you.

EXT. POOL - LATER

Marci and Adrienne sit pool side with their feet in the water.

MARCI

Our agent, Nola James, read "10 Rainy Days" and loved it. Signed us right up. Sadly, no one would touch it.

ADRIENNE

Oh.

MARCI

But we wrote two more scripts. One was "SeaSaw".

ADRIENNE

"SeaSaw"?

MARCI

You don't remember "SeaSaw"?

Adrienne shakes her head.

MARCI (CONT'D)

Nola got us a really decent deal; a package with names. Plus you so wooed Wilson Rinle that he ended up giving you a part in it.

ADRIENNE

Wilson Rinle? The director? The Wilson Rinle?

MARCI

Yes.

ADRIENNE

And I'm an actress?

MARCI

You have a supporting actress Oscar nomination.

ADRIENNE

A what?--Now you're tripping.

MARCI

To everyone's surprise, especially your own, you were good. And "SeaSaw" made lots of money.--It's still making money in many, many--many parts of the world.

ADRIENNE

Why weren't you in it?

MARCI

I like my life behind the camera. You--
got bit.

ADRIENNE

Oh.--What's it about?

MARCI

What?

ADRIENNE

"SeaSaw"?

MARCI

Oh, my God. Adrienne.

ADRIENNE

Stop saying that.

MARCI

I can't help it. I can't believe this.

ADRIENNE

Marci, where's Eric?

Marci sighs.

MARCI

You moved here. He moved to New York and
that--really wasn't working out. Then you
both got really busy with work.

ADRIENNE

I didn't cheat on him, did I? With that
man?

MARCI

What man?

ADRIENNE

He was here last night. We went to the
beach in his Ferrari. I think we're
engaged.

She shows off her diamond. Marci's bug eyes look at her empty
left ring finger.

MARCI

(softly)
Trent-

ADRIENNE

Trent? Is that his name? Did I cheat on
Eric with him?

MARCI

What? No! No. You did not cheat on Eric with Trent.

ADRIENNE

Is he nice? What's he do? How'd I meet him? He's not an actor or model or anything, is he? I mean, he's so--pretty. And what kind of name is Trent? I'd never marry someone named Trent. How long have we been engaged?

MARCI

--Not long.--Not long at all.

ADRIENNE

God. My life has turned into a Lifetime movie and I can't remember how.--How'd we meet?

Marci is staring at the ring.

MARCI

Who?

ADRIENNE

Trent? How do I know him?

MARCI

Oh.--He was your--escort to-

ADRIENNE

Escort?

MARCI

It was a last minute thing.--Eric couldn't make it out here.

ADRIENNE

Marci, that date book says I'm getting married in a month.

MARCI

Um--well. Okay.

ADRIENNE

To Trent?

TRENT(O.S.)

There you are.

He walks over. He wears a well tailored suit and carries a briefcase. Squats beside them.

TRENT(CONT'D)

Where were you all morning?

MARCI
 --Zen napping? It's all the rage.

He looks suspicious.

MARCI(CONT'D)
 Cross our hearts.

TRENT
 Whatever.

He kisses Adrienne's forehead and is about to give Marci's lips a kiss, but she quickly turns her face so that his lips land on her cheek.

TRENT(CONT'D)
 Oh. So it's still like that?

Marci is looking away.

TRENT(CONT'D)
 Okay. See you when I get back on Sunday.

They watch him walking away, although Marci's face is more of a longing gaze that lingers until he's out of sight.

ADRIENNE
 Marci?

MARCI
 Yeah?

ADRIENNE
 He's not a gigolo or anything is he? I mean, well--you know.

MARCI
 Adrienne, that's Trent Owen of Owen & Owen Investments. He's on his way into the CEO suites of a brokerage firm he and his--partner built from nothing. They're the reason we still have relatively happy portfolios even in our current economy.

Adrienne swirls her feet in the pool, regarding her rippled reflection.

ADRIENNE
 What should I do, Marci? I don't know what to do.

MARCI
 --I have an idea.

INT. PORSCHE - AFTERNOON

Marci and Adrienne read a torn out classified pages ad in Marci's hand:

Dr. Webster Taylor, Hypnotherapist
7520 N. La Cienega Boulevard
310-555-4378

They look up at the address on the door of a small single story, unpainted concrete building with thick glass block windows. As Adrienne starts to get out, Marci hits the master lock.

MARCI

We need to talk before you go in there.

ADRIENNE

About what?

MARCI

The big picture.

ADRIENNE

"10 Rainy Days"?

Marci sighs.

MARCI

I want you to listen carefully.--One, don't give up any 411 until you know we can trust this man. We don't need it to be known that we're playing with one hand tied behind our backs.

ADRIENNE

What are you talking about?

MARCI

Luck, talent, and incredible timing got us to exactly where we wanted to be. To some we are icons, symbols to the everyday people that they really, really can do whatever they want with their lives despite this racist, classist, sexist, homophobic, fundamentalist, patriarchal, fucking supremacist world we're stuck with.

ADRIENNE

Please, Marci. Oprah blazed that trail.

MARCI

This is your career I'm talking about!
And mine! We are about to work with big
names! People are watching, some who
don't think we've paid enough dues.
They're lying in wait for our fall so
we'll be forced to give up props.

ADRIENNE

For what?

MARCI

For "10 Rainy Days"! For "SeaSaw"! For
"Passion Play"!

ADRIENNE

Why are you shouting? Just unlock the
door so we can go in and scope out this
doctor.

INT. WEBSTER TAYLOR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

A couch sits against a wall, by the door. A chair sits catty-
corner to the couch beside an occasional table. A dim lamp
and tape recorder sit on the table.

There is a single filing cabinet next to a desk opposite the
couch and chair. Minimal pieces of minimalist art hang on the
walls.

Adrienne sits on the couch. DR. WEBSTER TAYLOR, 60s, a small
pale man with rimless eyeglasses and a Freudian beard he
unconsciously twirls, sits in the chair.

WEBSTER

You're sure it's only been two days?

ADRIENNE

Yes. I mean, no. I mean, I'm not sure of
anything except that I keep meeting
people who know me, but I don't know
them. That's been happening for two days.

WEBSTER

When do you last remember feeling your
life was right?

ADRIENNE

When I was waiting tables in Philadelphia.
--Well, it wasn't right, but it's what I
know.

WEBSTER

You've seen your doctor?

ADRIENNE

Yes. She suggested rest, but apparently I can't afford the luxury. I need this to go away now. People are depending on me.

Webster purses his lips.

WEBSTER

Very well. Lie down and we'll see what we can do.

ADRIENNE

I want to know what happened the day before yesterday. Before I woke up this way. I know that's a key day.

WEBSTER

Do you?

ADRIENNE

Yes.--No. Well, not for sure, but can we start there and work our way back?

WEBSTER

It's as good a place to start as any.

FADE TO:

LATER

The lamp is off. The tape recorder is on. Webster leans forward in his chair with his hands clasped under his chin. Adrienne lies on the couch with her eyes closed.

WEBSTER

Are you comfortable, Miss Pepper?

ADRIENNE

Yes.

Her voice is dreamy.

WEBSTER

Are you relaxed?

ADRIENNE

Yes.

WEBSTER

Do you trust me?

ADRIENNE

I don't know you.

WEBSTER

Then how do you know I can help you?

ADRIENNE
I don't.

WEBSTER
Do you think I can help you?

ADRIENNE
I don't know.

WEBSTER
How old are you?

ADRIENNE
Thirty one.--Thirty-four?

WEBSTER
How old were you when you moved to Los Angeles?

ADRIENNE
--I don't know.

WEBSTER
How long have you been here?

ADRIENNE
--I don't know.

WEBSTER
Your friend, Marci, says you've been here three years? Do you believe her?

ADRIENNE
--I don't know.--Yes.

WEBSTER
Why?

ADRIENNE
She'd never lie to me.

WEBSTER
Why not?

ADRIENNE
I'd know. She's a terrible liar.

WEBSTER
How long have you known her?

ADRIENNE
Since we were born. Our moms and dads are best friends. We were born two weeks apart.--She's the oldest.

WEBSTER
Are you comfortable?

ADRIENNE
Yes.

WEBSTER
What did you do last Wednesday?

Adrienne frowns.

ADRIENNE
I don't know.

WEBSTER
Did you have breakfast?

ADRIENNE
I don't know--Yes.--In bed.

She stops frowning.

WEBSTER
What did you have?

(Sees herself sitting in bed reading a Daily Variety. She sips coffee.)

ADRIENNE(V.O.)
Coffee. With cream and sugar.--And a muffin. A bran muffin.

WEBSTER(V.O.)
It wasn't a corn muffin? Or blueberry?

(She bites the muffin.)

ADRIENNE(V.O.)
--No.--It was bran.

WEBSTER(V.O.)
How many did you have?

ADRIENNE(V.O.)
One.--

(A figure is buried under the covers next to her. The Financial Times is strewn on top of the covers and half a bran muffin sits on a tray beside the bed.)

ADRIENNE(CONT'D/V.O.)
And a half. Eric-Trent--didn't finish his, so I did.

WEBSTER (V.O.)
What happened after breakfast?

She frowns.

ADRIENNE

I don't know.

WEBSTER

Try to get a picture. Did you and Eric-

She shakes her head vigorously.

ADRIENNE

Trent! Eric broke my--I broke Eric's--
heart.

WEBSTER

How?

She's agitated.

ADRIENNE

I don't want to talk about Eric.

WEBSTER

Then we won't talk about Eric. What about
Trent? What did you and Trent do last
Wednesday after coffee and corn muffins?

ADRIENNE

Bran muffins!

WEBSTER

Bran muffins. What happened after coffee
and bran muffins?

(She barely catches sight of the nude backside of a figure
disappearing into the bathroom.)

ADRIENNE (V.O.)

--Trent had to go to work.

WEBSTER (V.O.)

Didn't you have to go work, too?

ADRIENNE (V.O.)

No.--I had to supervise the preparations
for my pre pre-Oscar party that evening.

(She watches Coco supervise a catering staff in the kitchen.)

WEBSTER (V.O.)

You had a party that night?

ADRIENNE (V.O.)

Uh-huh.

WEBSTER (V.O.)

Was it fun?

(Adrienne sees a flash of herself gliding across a crowded dance floor beside the swimming pool. Gliding back onto the couch in Webster's office.)

Webster checks his watch and the tape recorder. Adrienne's nose twitches a few times until she scratches it.

ADRIENNE

It was a blast. A smashing success. Lots of "A" list names showed up. They patted me on the back and wished me luck.

WEBSTER

Is their approval and support important to you? Do you like being on the "A" list?

She shrugs.

ADRIENNE

--It's all just a job.

WEBSTER

What do you mean?

ADRIENNE

I thought it was important to be invited to "A" list parties until I decided to throw one.--That's when I realized that you're not really in unless your "A" list invitees show up.

WEBSTER

And they showed up for your party. That's good, isn't it?

ADRIENNE

It was until it became clear that many guests only came because they had to.

(Throngs of movie stars, directors, producers, and studio executives mill about. Some faces have fake paparazzi smiles. Some look bored and unimpressed despite the paparazzi.)

ADRIENNE (CONT'D/V.O.) (CONT'D)

They have success and fame and more money than they think they could ever possibly spend and they can't afford not to be seen smiling at the right parties, premieres, and award shows.

(The façades fade into Webster's office.)

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)

They're sucking down your vintage imported champagne and you don't even know who really means what they say.--I wanted everyone to get out. I wanted to get out, too, and go home.

A tear rolls from the corner of her eye.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)

But I was already home.--I was throwing a party I couldn't afford not to be seen at.

Webster smiles a sad smile at her.

WEBSTER

How did you sleep that night?

ADRIENNE

--Alone. We both had early mornings.

WEBSTER

How did you sleep?

She doesn't answer.

WEBSTER (CONT'D)

Miss Pepper.

ADRIENNE

Yes?

WEBSTER

How did you sleep?

ADRIENNE

--I tossed and turned. I might've fallen out of bed. I do that sometimes. I might've hit my head.

He looks at his watch.

WEBSTER

On the count of three, Miss Pepper, you will open your eyes. You will be awake and fully conscious of everything we've just discussed. 1-2-3.

Adrienne's eyes open. They look around. Look up at Webster.

WEBSTER (CONT'D)

Are you all right?

She nods. He stops the tape recorder.

WEBSTER (CONT'D)

I saved a few moments for you to be still
and gather your thoughts.

EXT. BEACH - A LITTLE LATEER

Marci sits on the sand shivering, hugging her knees to her chest. She looks over at Adrienne staring, motionless, at the calm horizon.

MARCI

Still don't want to talk about it?

Adrienne shakes her head.

INT. GARAGE - THAT AFTERNOON

Adrienne peers into the driver's window of the Porsche. She turns and peers into the passenger window of a black Range Rover.

MARCI(O.S.)

Ready to go?

ADRIENNE

Sure.

Marci disarms the Range Rover's alarm.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)

We're taking that one?

MARCI

We usually do.

ADRIENNE

Oh.

She looks longingly at the Porsche.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - LATER

The Porsche screams up the road. Marci drives. Sees the CHP motorcycle officer ahead of them just in the nick of time.

INT. VIDEO STORE - LATER

Adrienne lays two DVD cases on the counter. A skinny artsy looking pierced and tie dyed young CASHIER picks them up.

CASHIER

Let's see--"Passion Play" and "SeaSaw".
Hmmm--are we a big Smart Pepper fan?

He looks up, looks shocked. Gulps.

CASHIER(CONT'D)

Oh, my God--Adrienne Pepper. Hi. Wow. Of all the people to-I'm one of your biggest fans. I love your work.

Adrienne looks embarrassed as other customers glance over.

ADRIENNE

--Thank you.

CASHIER

I know you must hear that a lot, but I really do.

ADRIENNE

Well--Okay.

CASHIER

Wow. Adrienne Pepper. In my line. Renting copies of her own movies. Wow. How wack is that?

ADRIENNE

--Could I maybe get those?

CASHIER

What?

ADRIENNE

The movies.

CASHIER

Oh. Of course.

He disappears into the stacks of videos. A 'TWEEN GIRL, 12, approaches Adrienne with a smile.

ADRIENNE

Hello.

And holding out a piece of paper and a pen.

'TWEEN GIRL

May I have your autograph, Miss Pepper?

ADRIENNE

My autograph?

The girl nods her head.

ADRIENNE(CONT'D)

(taking the pen and paper)
Sure. Okay.--What's your name?

'TWEEN GIRL

Shakira Rakiya Hakeema-

Adrienne writes quickly.

SHAKIRA RAKIYA HAKEEMA (CONT'D)
Talliaferro.

Adrienne looks up in disbelief. Shakira smiles. Adrienne writes, glancing over at Shakira's parents who stand nearby smiling proudly.

Adrienne gives Shakira her autograph and pen. Shakira skips over to her parents as the cashier returns to the counter.

CASHIER
I'm sorry, Miss Pepper, but all of our copies of both those films are out.

ADRIENNE
They are?

CASHIER
Well, they are cult favorites.

She smiles.

ADRIENNE
Really?

CASHIER
You don't have your own copies?

ADRIENNE
I--um--misplaced them?

CASHIER
Oh. Oh well. Sorry.

He produces a piece of paper and a pen.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
You can make that out to Phineas Phlloyd--that's with a P-H and two ells.

He smiles. She writes.

PHINEAS (CONT'D)
--Janovanovicjz. J-A-N-

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Miss Pepper?

Adrienne looks up. Phineas looks perturbed. A YOUNG JAPANESE COUPLE smiles at her. They each hold out a piece of paper and a pen and speak to her in Japanese.

Behind them is a small crowd of smiling autograph seekers.

PHINEAS
O-V-A-N-O-V-I-C-J-Z.

INT. PORSCHE - MOMENTS LATER

Adrienne gets into the passenger seat.

MARCI
Where're the movies?

ADRIENNE
They didn't have them.

MARCI
Oh. So what took so long?

She starts the car.

ADRIENNE
Nothing.

She smiles to herself as Marci pulls into traffic.

EXT. RANCH - DAY

The land is dense with trees, shrubs, and wild flowers. Two horses grazing peacefully inside a large pasture suddenly look up and become very excited.

A distant engine roar grows louder under the bucolic chirp of birds. The Porsche appears alongside the pasture fence. Adrienne drives. The horses gallop to keep up.

The Porsche stops in front of a tiny rustic one-room cabin with a stone chimney. Adrienne rolls down her window.

ADRIENNE
It's kind of small.

She and Marci get out and unload the trunk.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)
Does it have electricity or running water?

MARCI
Yes. Solar. And solar heated well water showers, and an outhouse.

Marci drops their bags at the front door. Adrienne follows with blankets and a large picnic basket.

ADRIENNE
I actually bought this place?

MARCI

You and your--fiancé built it.

She opens the door. Adrienne peers in over her shoulder. A king sized wrought iron bed takes up almost half of the room. A hurricane lantern sits on an unfinished oak night stand beside the bed.

A small unfinished oak dining table and two chairs sit in front of the fireplace near a big fuzzy throw rug. A plush love seat sits against the wall opposite the fireplace.

A little state-of-the-art entertainment center is tucked out of sight on a rollaway cart.

MARCI(CONT'D)

You love this place.

She kicks their bags inside.

ADRIENNE

I love this place?

MARCI

You grew to love it.

ADRIENNE

What on Earth do we do up here?

Marci takes the picnic basket from Adrienne and steps inside.

MARCI

Have lots of sex.

ADRIENNE

Oh.

MARCI

Since we have no movies, you and I will have to settle for reading and the occasional game of backgammon.

ADRIENNE

Well, I didn't think we were going to have lots of sex.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Marci adds logs to a fire crackling in the fireplace. She stokes the fire and places the screen in front of it. Adrienne is fast asleep on the love seat. Her legs dangle over the end.

The "SeaSaw" script lies open on her chest. Marci eases the script away and puts it on top the "Passion Play" script lying on the floor in front of the love seat.

She throws a blanket over Adrienne and gets into bed. Dims the lantern on the night stand.

INT. CABIN - DAY

The fire is roaring. Adrienne sits at the table wrapped in a blanket. She sips coffee and reads "Passion Play". "SeaSaw" lies closed on the dining table.

She looks at Marci buried under the bed covers. Looks out of a window at the horses frolicking in the pasture. Smiles, shakes her head, and continues reading.

INT. THE LITTLE MANSION - LATE AFTERNOON

Low sunlight streams into Marci's grand bedroom as she admires herself in a full length mirror. She wears a mid-calf strapless black gown adorned in black sequins. She looks down at her bare feet.

When she looks up, Trent stands in the background of the mirror, in the doorway. He wears a tuxedo and holds up a pair of black strappy high heel sandals.

Marci breaks into a big grin and turns to run towards him as he steps into the room. Runs right past his open arms, to the doorway.

Looks both ways down the hallway before closing the door and throwing her arms around his neck. Holds him so tight that he must pry her arms loose.

TRENT

If that's what I get for the shoes, what do I get for these?

He produces a jewelry box. Flips it open with one hand. Teardrop diamond earrings. A few carats. Marci's hands cover her surprised mouth.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Figured we needed something to go with our-

He's looking at her empty left ring finger.

TRENT (CONT'D)

-ring.

MARCI

They're beautiful. Thank you.

TRENT

You're welcome. Where's your ring?

Marci puts on the earrings.

MARCI
Adrienne's wearing it.

TRENT
Still? Why?

She slips into her shoes.

MARCI
She likes it.

TRENT
Then let Lane get her one!

MARCI
(whispering)
Lower your voice!

TRENT
(whispering)
Don't change the subject.

MARCI
(whispering)
What's the harm? She's my best friend.

TRENT
Marci-

MARCI
I need a favor.

TRENT
--Alright. What are Lucy and Ethel up to
this time?

She's admiring her bejeweled reflection.

MARCI
You have to pretend to be her fiancé.

Trent's jaw slacks as he drops onto his behind on the bed.

MARCI (CONT'D)
Promise not to get upset, and I'll tell
you everything. Otherwise, you can just
stay home tonight.

She steps out of the mirror and turns around to face him.
Pushes him onto his back on the bed. Climbs on top of him.

MARCI (CONT'D)
And you can't say anything until-

TRENT
-What?

MARCI

-until Lane is back in LA to help us deal
with this.

She kisses him like it's their very first and very last kiss
at the same time.

INT. FOYER - THAT NIGHT

The front door opens. Trent, Adrienne, Marci, and a very
attractive professional escort, ELIOT, 30s, file in in
tuxedos and gowns.

ELIOT

I still can't believe you lost, Miss
Pepper. You were way better than that
chick who won.

MARCI

I thought you hadn't seen the movie.

ELIOT

I didn't, but I heard she was tight.

MARCI

Right--Shall we have a glass of champagne
and call it a night?

She's walking towards the drawing room doors.

ELIOT

Call it a night? But there must be a
thousand more parties dying for us to
show up.

Adrienne looks unsure when Marci turns to look at her.

MARCI

It's your night.

ADRIENNE

--Sorry, Eliot.

Marci slides the drawing room doors open.

INT. DRAWING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Marci reclines in a bright red reading chair in the drawing
room. Adrienne faces her in a matching yellow chair.

Trent and Eliot sit together on a matching orange love seat
looking most uncomfortable.

MARCI

More champagne, Trent?*

TRENT

Sure.

Marci stands to refill his flute, avoiding any and all eye contact. She refills Adrienne's who is very busy herself avoiding Eliot's sneaky ogling eyes.

ELIOT

You people drink fast. A brother might think you were trying to get rid of him.

TRENT

So, Eliot, how long have you been an escort?

ELIOT

Couple of weeks. Agency snapped me right up--you oughta think about trying it. You know, pick up some pocket change.

TRENT

Well, I-

ELIOT

There's a lotta work in this town for good looking brothers like us. Sisters, too, what with all these homos running around.

Trent's lips freeze on the lip of his flute. Adrienne looks at him looking at Marci looking at Eliot with weary eyes. Eliot looks around the room.

ELIOT(CONT'D)

Say, is that piano tuned? I play, you know, and sing, too. Friends tell me I sound like a cross between Barry White and Lionel Ritchie.

Marci's behind is just about to hit her chair cushion but her legs spring right back to the standing position.

MARCI

Well, would you look at the time? How did it get so late?

ELIOT

Late? It's ten-thirty.

MARCI

And that's late in Smart Pepper Manor.

ADRIENNE

Smart Pepper Manor?

Marci is suddenly torn between scowling at Eliot and scowling at Adrienne. She chooses Adrienne.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)

I mean—

She fakes a yawn.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)

Goodnight, Eliot.

Stretches and stands. Trent stands.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)

Nice meeting you.

Eliot looks up at them all. Stands reluctantly.

ELIOT

Miss Pepper, before I go, I wonder if I could talk to you. I may not have mentioned it, but I'm—

MARCI

An actor. You mentioned it.

He frowns at Marci but quickly smiles at Adrienne.

ELIOT

I hope I'm not being forward, but I was hoping you might have a part for me in "10 Rainy Days".

MARCI

The film is cast, Eliot. Time to go.

ELIOT

But—

She's urging him out of the room by his elbow.

ELIOT (CONT'D)

I get paid until midnight. Cash. I get tipped, too.

MARCI

No problem.

She slides the doors closed behind her.

ELIOT (O.S.)

Goodnight, Miss Pepper. Nice meeting you.

Adrienne stares at the closed doors.

TRENT
Well that was the worst one to date.

ADRIENNE
Worst one what?

TRENT
Worst Eliot.

Adrienne turns to him.

TRENT(CONT'D)
Amazing how they always manage to ask you
and Marci to put them in a movie.

ADRIENNE
I guess.

TRENT
Sorry about that Oscar.

She looks away.

ADRIENNE
Well, it's not like I was expecting to
win or anything.

TRENT
Still would've been nice.

He is looking dead into her eyes, looking like he's looking
for something. Anything. They both look relieved when Marci
slides the drawing room doors open.

TRENT(CONT'D)
All done putting out the trash?

MARCI
Now be nice, Dear. People can't help the
way they're raised.

She holds up a bottle of champagne.

MARCI(CONT'D)
We have a case to get through. Afraid I
anticipated victory.

TRENT
It'll keep till the wedding.

Marci's eyes shoot him a panicked look. His eyes look at her
like a deer's in headlights. He quickly moves them to
Adrienne.

TRENT(CONT'D)

So--I haven't had a chance to ask all evening--did you miss me?

When?

ADRIENNE

What?

MARCI

The deer eyes dart to Marci and back to Adrienne.

TRENT (CONT'D)

I go away for the weekend and you didn't even bother to miss me?

His cell phone rings. His hand dives into his tuxedo jacket's inner pocket.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Hello.--Lane!

He laughs as his eyes drop the floor and stay looking at it, but Marci and Adrienne don't take their eyes off of him.

TRENT (CONT'D)

How are you?--Great.--Yes.--No.--No.--I don't know.--Okay. Give me twenty.

He hangs up and puts the phone away.

TRENT (CONT'D)

I have to go into the office for some late night trading. Interest rates are making the broke world order nervous again. Probably be there all night.

He slides open the drawing room doors.

ADRIENNE

Who's Lane?

Smiles freeze on Trent and Marci's faces.

TRENT

--Lane's my-

MARCI

-Business partner. The other Owen in Owen & Owen.

ADRIENNE

Oh--Where is he?

The smiles show no sign of melting.

TRENT

New York. Business.

ADRIENNE

Didn't you just get back from New York?

TRENT

Yes, I did.

ADRIENNE

Why is Lane still there?

TRENT

Lane's closing a deal.--I couldn't wait to get home--to you.

ADRIENNE

Oh.--Okay. Well--thank you.

She smiles at Marci. Trent looks at Marci.

TRENT

Yes.--Okay.--I love you.

He looks at Adrienne.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Both of you. Go easy on the Dom.

He kisses Adrienne's forehead and is walking to the doorway.

TRENT (O.S./CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Marci, I forgot to give you that quarterly prospectus. It's in my car.

Marci is already sliding the drawing room doors closed behind her.

MARCI

Be right back.

ADRIENNE

Okay.

She pours herself some champagne and sits down.

EXT. THE LITTLE MANSION - SECONDS LATER

Trent and Marci are kissing in the shadows of some tall shrubbery. His hands caress every inch of bare skin she shows. Her hands pop his shirt studs and go inside.

They stop and pull away from each other, out of breath.

TRENT

Tell me again why we're doing this.

MARCI

You want to tell her?

TRENT

--No.

MARCI

When does Lane get back?

TRENT

Friday.

MARCI

Okay--

They're kissing some more. Moving deeper into the shrubbery.

MARCI (CONT'D)

--Okay.

She is undoing his fly as he tries his best to gather up all the skirt of her gown.

INT. DRAWING ROOM - NOT TOO LONG AFTER THAT

The doors slide open. Marci's dress is ever so slightly crooked.

ADRIENNE

Where's the prospectus?

Marci smiles and pours herself some champagne. Sits down.

MARCI

What?

ADRIENNE

The prospectus. You went with Trent to get it.

MARCI

Oh.--I put it away.

ADRIENNE

Oh.

She's looking at Marci intently.

MARCI

What?

ADRIENNE

I think I need to tell Trent the truth. I don't like lying to him. He's a nice guy, but I'm not in love with him. I can't marry him.

She looks at the rock on her finger. Marci is looking at it, too.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)

What am I going to do, Marci?--This doesn't belong on my hand. It belongs on the hand of a woman who can love him as much as he loves her.

MARCI

Let's--focus on one thing at a time. First, we make the deal happen with Nelson Entertainment. Then we figure out how to break your engagement.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Adrienne whistles a happy tune in her pajamas as she makes coffee. Dora saunters in in her bathrobe.

DORA

Senorita Pepper. What are you doing?

ADRIENNE

Making coffee. Want a cup?

DORA

What?!? Are you crazy?

She looks at her watch and glances at the kitchen entrance.

DORA (CONT'D)

Aeeii! Coco will be here any minute.

Dora hurries to throw the coffee away, speaking rapid spanish to herself as she rinses out the pot and filter.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)

Dora-

Marci enters the kitchen in a stylish business suit.

MARCI

What's all the shouting about? I could hear you-why aren't you dressed? We have a breakfast meeting with Nola.

ADRIENNE

Who?

Marci sniffs the air, looks around the kitchen, and looks closely at her watch.

COCO (O.S.)

I smell coffee.

She stands at the kitchen entrance. She carries a large purse and a larger shopping bag overflowing with fresh produce and flowers. Sets her bags down and walks over to feel the coffee machine.

COCO(CONT'D)

Who maka de coffee in Coco's cocina?

Marci and Dora step away from Adrienne.

ADRIENNE

Is she going to hurt me?

MARCI

Run, Girl. Run.

COCO

Who maka de coffee in Coco's cocina?

Adrienne slowly backs away.

ADRIENNE

Can't I explain?

MARCI

You can try, but, as you may have noticed, she doesn't speak english and when she agreed to be our personal chef, we vowed no one would so much as boil water in her kitchen. Ever.

COCO

WHO MAKA DE COFFEE IN COCO'S COCINA?!?

ADRIENNE

Can't Dora-?

COCO

DORA!!!

Dora and Marci flee when Coco runs in their direction screaming Spanish expletives. Her hands catch Dora's hair.

ADRIENNE

No, Coco! It wasn't Dora! It was me!

Coco's hands go around Dora's screaming neck. Dora's face turns bright red. Adrienne and Marci try to pry Coco's hands away. Dora gasps for air, turning purple on her way to blue.

INT. LIMOUSINE - LATER

The glass divider is up. Adrienne stares out of the window.

MARCI
Are you listening?

ADRIENNE
Nola James is our biggest fan, a staunch supporter, and most important, she makes money when we make money.

Marci smiles.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)
The three of us have breakfast on Tuesdays to discuss business.

MARCI
Excellent. Now remember to let me do the talking.

ADRIENNE
Marci?

MARCI
Yeah?

ADRIENNE
Why do we still live together?

Marci shrugs.

MARCI
Old habits die hard. We hated living apart, so I sold my house and moved in.

ADRIENNE
Marci?

MARCI
Yeah?

ADRIENNE
Tell me about Lane.

Marci swallows hard.

MARCI
Why are you asking about Lane?

ADRIENNE
Because you and Trent start tripping every time his name comes up. Is he your boyfriend??

MARCI
Who?

ADRIENNE
Lane.

MARCI
What?!--No!

ADRIENNE
Are you seeing anyone? Why didn't you
have a real date for the Oscars?

Marci looks at Rodney. Adrienne looks at Rodney.

MARCI (CONT'D)
Adrienne, he's probably already
suspicious.

She lowers the glass divider.

INT. STUDIO COMMISSARY - LATE MORNING

Film crews, actors and actresses, some in costume and makeup,
and studio executives sit at tables or mill about the large
bright noisy room.

Marci and Adrienne sit with NOLA JAMES, 50s. They all look
seriously worried.

NOLA
I don't know what to tell you, Girls, but
we can't get too mad at a man who's lost
his shirt.

MARCI
What's this mean, Nola?

NOLA
We need to replace Steve's money by the
end of the week or "10 Rainy Days" is
shelved. Again.

MARCI
Oh. Damn.

NOLA
And I stress that this is no buzz to
start for a new film production company.

MARCI
So what's our next move?

NOLA
Everyone needs to be contacted.

MARCI

Done.

NOLA

I wish I could help, but all my sources have said no.

ADRIENNE

But what about "Passion Play"? And "SeaSaw"? "10 Rainy Days" might duplicate those numbers.

NOLA

"SeaSaw" is ancient history. If you'd won that Oscar Sunday night--

She shrugs.

ADRIENNE

Oh.

NOLA

Look. Everyone knows that this is your pet project. It's going to be hard to find anyone with Steve's kind of money to finance you. They may as well open a cute little bistro downtown.

ADRIENNE

Damn--this is a tough town.

NOLA

You think it's tough now? Watch how it treats you if you can't get a new financier. It'll be like the last three years never happened.

Adrienne and Marci glance at one another.

ADRIENNE

Why can't we finance it ourselves?

MARCI

Adrienne--

NOLA

Now you know better than that. You and Steve Haight could end up working at the same topless nightclub.

ADRIENNE

Is there a chance he'll dig himself out of this hole?

NOLA

I doubt it. Everything he owns is for sale right now.

MARCI

Well, thanks for your help, Nola. We know you've done all you can.

NOLA

Hardly.

ADRIENNE

But you said your sources said no.

NOLA

True. Now it's time to go after other people's sources.

She smiles.

NOLA(CONT'D)

I'm here to the bitter end, Girls. You do what you can from your end and I'll do what I can from mine.

She looks at her watch.

NOLA(CONT'D)

Damn. I'm late.

ADRIENNE

Thanks again, Nola.

NOLA

Anytime, Honey. Wish I'd had better news. Try to have a good day.

INT. HOME OFFICE - LATER

Adrienne, wearing a bluetooth headset, walks around looking at her things, picking them up, closely examining them, and putting them down.

Frowning at a picture of just her and a woman hugging.

ADRIENNE

Gideon Nelson?--Adrienne Pepper.--Fine, thanks and yourself?--Great.--Yes, I have. My partner and I have given your offer careful consideration. We'd like to iron out some things.--Today?

She shrugs.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)
 Today's good.--One o'clock?--The Ivy?--
 Sure.--See you then.--Bye.

Marci bursts into the office.

MARCI
 We've got trouble.

Adrienne takes off the bluetooth. Marci grabs a remote from the desk and clicks on the television, racing through channels until she finds Entertainment Today.

MARY HART is profiling Steve Haight's financial disaster.

MARY HART
 Sources close to Mr. Haight expect a quick recovery, though not quick enough to save the much anticipated production of "10 Rainy Days", which was to be the directorial debut of Oscar nominated actress Adrienne Pepper and her recently formed Smart Pepper Productions.

A picture of Adrienne and Marci flashes behind Mary.

ADRIENNE
 We're on Entertainment Today!

MARY HART
 Neither Miss Pepper nor her partner, producer Marci Smart, could be reached for comment.

MARCI
 Shit!

ADRIENNE
 When did they try to reach us for an comment? Did they really call to see what we had to say, Marci? Who took the call?

MARCI
 We have a publicist, Adrienne.

ADRIENNE
 Oh.--Do you think the moms and dads saw? Should we call them?

MARCI
 Adrienne, you do see our problem here, right?

ADRIENNE

What? What's the big deal if the movie gets made this minute or when we get new financing?

MARCI

Because we don't know when that will happen and our cast and crew have lives. Because we're only as good as our next hit movie.

ADRIENNE

It's setback. It's not the end of the world.

Marci screams and collapses in a chair. Adrienne smiles.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)

The Ivy? Do they know us there? Are we regulars?

MARCI

What? Why?

ADRIENNE

Just answer the question.

MARCI

Yes. Why?

Adrienne pushes her towards the door.

ADRIENNE

We need outfits. We need to look really sure of ourselves.

MARCI

For what?

ADRIENNE

Where do we find Rodney?

MARCI

He'll be here at four to take us to--the--um--to our second fitting for the wedding. Why?

ADRIENNE

See if he's available now.

EXT. THE IVY - AFTERNOON

The patio is packed with Industry types.

Adrienne and Marci sit at a primo patio table. Marci's eyes dart about. Adrienne calmly sips her water. Diners glance over at them, then lean in close to whisper.

Adrienne watches Gideon Nelson drive up to the valet kiosk. Watches as he's shown to the table.

GIDEON

Hello, Miss Pepper. Miss Smart.

Adrienne smiles assuredly. Marci looks surprised as Gideon sits down.

ADRIENNE

Mr. Nelson. Please. Call me Adrienne.

GIDEON

Then call me Gideon.

Marci is staring. At him. Then Adrienne. Then him.

ADRIENNE

Gideon it is.

Marci quickly smiles when they look at her. Adrienne looks around the patio. Busybody faces barely bother to avert their eyes.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)

Is this your favorite table?

GIDEON

No, but I asked for yours when I made the reservation.

ADRIENNE

Oh.--How thoughtful. Thank you.

GIDEON

Shall we order?

He signals for the WAITER. Adrienne shrugs at Marci's utterly dumbfounded face.

FADE TO:

A LITTLE LATER

Adrienne, Marci and Gideon clink champagne glasses.

ADRIENNE

To show business. Everything about it is appealing.

GIDEON

I'll definitely drink to that.

The three of them sip under suspicious eyes.

GIDEON(CONT'D)

I must admit, Ladies, I'm impressed with your grace under pressure.

ADRIENNE

Delays. Setbacks. All temporary.

GIDEON

Perhaps. But I'm assuming it's made my offer all the more--practical.

Marci sits up and pays close attention.

ADRIENNE

That depends on how practical your offer is, Gideon. Will you be making a lot of sudden noise over creative control and final cuts?

GIDEON

I don't know, Adrienne. Will this be one of those productions that goes way over budget with artistic license and poor production management?

Adrienne looks at Marci. Gideon looks at Marci.

MARCI

--No.--Not at all. This is a labor of love, but we plan to keep it simple. Everyone is already working for scale.

The waiter delivers their salads. Marci steals a smile at Adrienne. Adrienne steals one back.

WAITER

Pepper, Miss Pepper?

ADRIENNE

What?

He holds the mill over her salad.

MARCI

She likes lots of finely ground pepper.

ADRIENNE

I think I remember how I like my salad.

She looks at the waiter.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)

I like lots of finely ground pepper.

Looks at Gideon as he and Marci wave the waiter away from their salads.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)

How much control, Gideon?

GIDEON

Obviously, we'll have to agree to disagree on occasion. The rest of the time, we'll take turns giving in.

MARCI

Who goes first?

GIDEON

Ladies, you drive a hard bargain considering your dire straits. Shall I assume a happy ending?

Adrienne looks at Marci. Marci shrugs and nods.

ADRIENNE

Look. We're not naive about Hollywood and it's history with black cinema, Gideon. But you said some really nice words last week. Did you mean them?

GIDEON

You may quote me in writing and I'll sign the papers.

MARCI

Our attorneys can haggle over the fine print.

Adrienne extends her hand across the table. Gideon takes it, then reaches for Marci's. They're all all smiles.

FADE TO:

MUCH LATER

A few guests still remain. Gideon is gone. Adrienne and Marci sip espressos.

MARCI

Damn, Girl. I still can't believe you.
This is a rabbit out of your hat.

Her eyes catch the time on Adrienne's watch.

MARCI (CONT'D)

Shit!

She looks at her own watch.

MARCI (CONT'D)

Double shit!!

She gets up quickly gathering her things.

ADRIENNE

What?

MARCI

My massage. Gustavo swore he'd drop me if
I stood him up one more time.--I'll send
Rodney back for you.

ADRIENNE

But-

Marci is gone. Adrienne smiles after her.

ERIC (O.S.)

Adrienne?

ADRIENNE

Eric? It's you? It's really you?

She jumps up and throws her arms around his neck. He looks stunned, but gently hugs her back.

ERIC

Last time I had a DNA scan. May I join
you?

ADRIENNE

Of course.

She steps back to look at him, beaming. They sit down.

ERIC

You look radiant. Success is treating you
well.

ADRIENNE

It's kicking my ass right now. What are you doing in LA?

ERIC

Business.

ADRIENNE

How's--New York?

ERIC

Diapers, 4 a.m. feedings, day care center scandals.

ADRIENNE

What?

ERIC

I didn't know if you'd heard we had another baby.

ADRIENNE

Oh.

She looks out at the street just as two cars crunch into one another. The drivers get out screaming at each other.

ERIC

Are you happy, Adrienne?

ADRIENNE

Happy?--Sure. I'm happy. You?

ERIC

Yeah, I'm happy.--I guess it was all for the best after all.

ADRIENNE

I guess.

The waiter comes to the table.

WAITER

Mr. Nelson has taken care of the check, Miss Pepper. Will there be anything else?

ADRIENNE

No. Thank you.

ERIC

Well, I'd better get back. It was good to see you, Adrienne. Good luck with everything.

ADRIENNE

Thanks. And congratulations.

ERIC
Thanks. You take care.

She watches him rejoin a table of businessmen inside.

INT. FOYER - LATE AFTERNOON

The front doors open. Adrienne enters. She looks at the stairs expectantly, then in the direction of the kitchen.

ADRIENNE
Hello? Anybody home? Hello? Dora?

No one answers. She sighs and climbs the stairs.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Adrienne pokes her head in.

ADRIENNE
Hello?--Coco?

No answer. She enters cautiously in her swimsuit.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)
Hello?

She dashes to the refrigerator and grabs a bottle of water. Dashes to the door leading out to the pool.

INT. POOL - MOMENTS LATER

Adrienne swims a few laps in the pool, climbs out and towels off. Rodney walks up as she sips from her bottle of water.

RODNEY
We should get going, Miss Pepper.

ADRIENNE
Where?

RODNEY
The second fitting for the wedding.

ADRIENNE
Oh. Right. What time is that?

RODNEY
Four-thirty.

ADRIENNE
Right. What time is it now?

RODNEY
Four-twenty.

ADRIENNE

Really? Then we should get going.

She smiles. He laughs.

INT. ZENA'S BOUTIQUE - LATER

A tiny room overflows with fabric, spools of lace, thread, and jars of beads and sequins. Mannequins in various stages of dress reflect in a free standing full length mirror.

There are two sewing machines, one unused with the light on. The other hums under the foot of a homely girl, ZYPHYA, late teens, squinting behind thick, thick glasses.

A little gray haired woman, ZENA, 70s, stands outside a dressing room door. A tape measure and reading glasses hang around her neck.

A television is mounted on a wall near the sewing machines. Zena watches it as she knocks on the dressing room door.

ZENA

How's it fit, Baby?

MARCI(O.S.)

Fine.

ZENA

You gonna come out and let us see or what?

MARCI

--Okay.

The dressing room door opens. Marci steps out in an antique ivory lace wedding gown. It is decorated with freshwater pearls and hangs delicately from every curve of her body.

Zena gasps and covers her mouth with both hands. Her eyes well with tears. Zephyra looks up and smiles.

ZENA

Girl!

MARCI

How's it look?

ZENA

See for yourself.

Zena points to the mirror. Marci peeks at the mirror.

ZENA(CONT'D)

Go on, Girl. Look! Don't be afraid. It's beautiful.

ZYPHYA

It's more than beautiful, Miss Zena. It's perfection.

Marci steps in front of the mirror as the boutique door opens, tinkling the little bell hanging on it. She sees Adrienne enter behind her.

ZENA(CONT'D)

Well? What do you think?

ADRIENNE

I think I can't wait to see what mine looks like.

Zyphya points to the television.

ZYPHYA

Look, Miss Adrienne! You're on TV!

They all look up. BILLY BUSH is doing a people profile featuring Adrienne.

BILLY BUSH

--Miss Pepper, who's always been very private about her private life, was seen with her Mr. Unknown at The Ivy, enjoying an intimate late lunch. Could there be double wedding bells for the heads of Smart Pepper Productions with Marci Smart set to marry business tycoon, Trent Owen, in one month? Stay tuned for the unfolding story.--We'll return after these messages.

Adrienne's arms fold across her chest in support of a disapproving glare that falls all over Marci.

MARCI

--We--he--I--

Zena pulls a remote control from her sweater pocket and turns off the television.

ZENA

Zyphya, help me carry those fabric samples to the basement.

ZYPHYA

What fabric samples?

ZENA

Any ones you can find.

ZYPHYA

But--

ZENA

Git, Girl!

Zyphya jumps up, grabs an arm load of fabric, and runs towards the basement door. Zena follows her empty handed.

Marci looks at her self in the mirror as Adrienne looks at the engagement ring, takes it off, and holds it out.

ADRIENNE

This never did seem to fit.

Neither Marci takes it.

MARCI

Who's Mr. Unknown, Adrienne? What happened after I left?

ADRIENNE

Eric stopped by our table.

MARCI

What?

She turns around. Reluctantly and finally takes the ring. Slides it on.

ADRIENNE

He's in town on business.

MARCI

And?

ADRIENNE

We talked.

MARCI

Why?

ADRIENNE

Why not? We're friends, aren't we?

MARCI

No. You're not.

She tries to unzip her gown but can't.

ADRIENNE

You didn't say he was married.

She unzips the gown. Marci lifts it over her head. It gets stuck half way off. Adrienne watches her struggle.

MARCI

Adrienne?

ADRIENNE

What?

MARCI

Could you help me out here?

Adrienne gently lifts the gown up and off. Marci hangs it up and gets her suit from the dressing room. Puts it on.

ADRIENNE

He just had a second baby. How long has he been married?

MARCI

--About two and a half years.

ADRIENNE

What?

MARCI

I wanted to tell you.

ADRIENNE

And you didn't because--?

Marci steps back in front of the mirror buttoning her blouse. Sighing.

MARCI

I didn't know what to say exactly--or how to say it.

ADRIENNE

'Eric's married with two kids,' wasn't working for you?

Marci adjusts her skirt as she looks at Adrienne in the mirror.

MARCI

And I guess I just didn't want you to go through all of that blame and guilt all over again.

ADRIENNE

--What guilt?

MARCI

--I mean, you tried so hard not to hurt him but you couldn't help it.

ADRIENNE

Couldn't help what? How did I hurt him?

MARCI

--You cheated.

The basement door creeps open. Adrienne's shock and disbelief turns to surprise as Marci spins around. In fact, they both look like they forgot there were two little eavesdroppers on the other side of that door.

ZENA

I don't pay no overtime, so y'all just take as long as you need.

She doesn't bother taking off her tape measure and glasses. Just gets her coat and purse while Zyphya turns off the sewing machines.

ZENA (CONT'D)

Don't forget to pull the door to behind you. Punch in the alarm code first.

MARCI

Okay. Thanks, Zena. Goodnight.

ZENA

Goodnight.

Zyphya puts on her coat as she follows Zena out of the shop.

ZYPHYA

Night, Miss Marci. Night, Miss Adrienne.

MARCI & ADRIENNE

'Night!

The little shop door bell tinkles behind them.

ADRIENNE

--I cheated? Me?--Not Eric?

Marci shakes her head.

MARCI

--You broke his heart. He went for the rebound.

ADRIENNE

With who?

MARCI

(frowning)
With his wife.

ADRIENNE

Marci. Who did I cheat with?

MARCI

--Oh.--Um--The other Owen in Owen & Owen Investments.

ADRIENNE

--Lane?

Marci nods.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)

Who obviously and definitely is not your boyfriend?

MARCI

(shaking her head with conviction)
Noooo--noooo.--Lane is most definitely not my boyfriend.

ADRIENNE

And why was I wearing your engagement ring?

Another sigh from Marci.

MARCI

--Trent and I went skinny dipping after the party last Thursday. I didn't want to lose it in the pool, so you put it on to hold for me. You were supposed to leave it on my night stand on your way to bed.

ADRIENNE

Oh.

MARCI

We were all really, really drunk.

ADRIENNE

Okay. So I still don't get why you didn't just tell me. And why and how the hell you got your fiancé to go along with such a really bad idea?

MARCI

You were upset about so much already, Adrienne, and Trent loves you. He, both of us, wanted to do what was best. We just weren't sure what that was.

ADRIENNE

And is Lane also in on this charade?

MARCI

--No. Lane has no idea.

ADRIENNE

Wait. Is Lane--is he white? Is that what you don't want to tell me?

Marci's mouth drops open.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)

--No, that can't be it, because I'm guessing he and Trent are related.

MARCI

And would that matter anyway?

ADRIENNE

Well, yeah. I mean, not to us, but maybe you're afraid I might slip and say something to the moms and dads before we had a chance to prepare them.

MARCI

Adrienne, it's been almost three years. The moms and dads know all about Lane.

ADRIENNE

All what?

MARCI

All there is to know.

ADRIENNE

Well then I guess we're back to why didn't you just tell me, Marci?

MARCI

Because.--This is not usually the sort of thing you have to tell someone about herself.--At least, not once she's already told you, anyway.

ADRIENNE

Told you what, Marci? What? And how the hell is this Lane going to react when he finds out that I thought I was engaged to his brother for a week? I mean, I'm assuming I'm still with him.

MARCI

--Adrienne, Lane isn't Trent's cousin.-- Lane's his sister.

ADRIENNE

--His--what?!

MARCI

Think about it, Adrienne. Think real hard.

Adrienne's eyes search the air until she suddenly has a flood of mini flashbacks.

(Sees herself and Lane having breakfast in bed together.)

ADRIENNE(V.O.)
--Oh, my God.

(Laughing and playing chicken in the pool: Marci and Trent versus Adrienne and Lane.)

ADRIENNE(V.O.)(CONT'D)
Oh, my God.

(Lane and Adrienne snuggled together on the love seat in the cabin watching a movie.)

ADRIENNE(V.O.)
Lane's a woman.

(Walking by the ocean at sunset. Talking. Smiling.)

ADRIENNE(CONT'D/V.O.)
I'm with a woman.

(Riding together in the back of Rodney's limo all dressed up. Staring into each other's eyes.)

Adrienne's focus fades back to the boutique. Back to Marci.

ADRIENNE(V.O.) (CONT'D)
What's she like?

MARCI
--She's like Heaven, Adrienne. A dream.
She treats you like a princess.

ADRIENNE
She curtseys and calls me "Your
Highness"?

Marci laughs. Then smiles back into Adrienne's eyes.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)
How did we meet?

MARCI
A fund raiser gala to fund a filmmaking
program for at-risk teens.

ADRIENNE
And I'm in love with her? I left Eric for
her?

MARCI
You were like a train flying down hill
without brakes. I've never seen you like
that with anyone.

ADRIENNE
Really?

MARCI

Yes.--But you also need to know that you're only really out to close family and friends.

ADRIENNE

Oh.--Oh.

MARCI

Although you're not really in, either. You don't care one way or the other, but Lane's not out and doesn't want to be. She says it's hard enough being a black woman businessman, let alone an out lesbian black woman businessman.

Adrienne blinks, trying to keep up.

MARCI (CONT'D)

None of it really mattered until "SeaSaw" got you your fifteen minutes and you sort of exploded into the public eye.--But I'll let Lane explain the dynamics of your issues.

ADRIENNE

Like you don't know everything already.

MARCI

True, but even people who tell each other everything edit a little to keep things on their side.

ADRIENNE

--Does Trent know?

MARCI

What do you think?

ADRIENNE

Oh.--Right.

MARCI

And apart from everything else, you're very good friends. We're all friends.

ADRIENNE

--And the moms and dads know?

MARCI

Yes. And they do like her. It took a little time, but they've now added alternative love to their activist agenda.--And I suppose you should also know that you were mad at her for refusing to be your date for the Oscars.

(MORE)

MARCI (CONT'D)

That's why she decided to extend her business trip to New York.--Again, I'll let Lane fill in the details when she gets back on Friday.

ADRIENNE

Friday? This Friday? That's three days away! What am I supposed to say when I see her?--'Hi, Honey, I forget I ever met you. Hope you don't hold it against me.'?

MARCI

Subtle.

ADRIENNE

'And I'm not that sure I want to kiss you, or any girl ever again, anymore.'

Marci looks first surprised, then concerned.

MARCI

--Adrienne, the only two things you and I have been sure of since we moved out to this crazy place called Hollywood is that I'm meant to be with Trent and you're meant to be with Lane.

She puts on her jacket and looks around for her purse.

MARCI (CONT'D)

So don't even think about messing that up. We're happy, Adrienne. Take my word for it. We're very happy. And I'll do whatever it takes to prove that to you before Lane comes home.

She turns out the shop lights and punches in the security codes. The door bell tinkles behind her. Tinkles again when her head pops back into the shop.

MARCI (CONT'D)

We only have sixty seconds. Let's go.

INT. DINING ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Adrienne enters in her pajamas. The table is set for two. She frowns at the table, shrugs, and sits down. Dora enters with a silver coffee service. She frowns at Adrienne.

ADRIENNE

(smiling)
Buenos dias, Dora.

DORA

Senorita Pepper? You're having your breakfast down here?

ADRIENNE

Sure. Why not?

DORA

You never have breakfast down here.

ADRIENNE

Then who's all this for.

LANE, early 40s, enters. She is the beautiful woman who looks a lot like Trent in the group photograph on the desk in the office.

She wears a snappy business suit and a big smile and carries a briefcase and the Financial Times.

LANE

Morning!

She kisses a surprised Adrienne's cheek.

LANE (CONT'D)

What's this? No breakfast in bed? Buenos dias, Dora.

DORA

Buenos dias, Senorita Owen.

Adrienne stands as Lane sits.

ADRIENNE

Lane! Of course, I'm having breakfast in bed. I don't know what I was thinking.

LANE

What?

ADRIENNE

I mean, who knew I would wander downstairs for breakfast?

LANE

Okay.--I give up.

ADRIENNE

Because I always have breakfast in bed.

Lane regards Adrienne with a tilted furrowed brow.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)

Dora knows it, Coco knows it. Everyone knows it. You know it. I bet you even know not to make de coffee in Coco's cocina. Right?

LANE

Well--yeah.

Adrienne's backing out of the room. Backing straight into Marci entering in her pajamas.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)

Marci! I'm going upstairs to have breakfast in bed. Just like always.

She steps around Marci and flees.

MARCI

I thought you weren't getting back until Friday, Lane.

LANE

She hasn't answered her phone or replied to my texts, voice mails, or e-mails. What are we suddenly back in high school and lacking the ability to communicate?

Marci shrugs, looking completely sheepish and helpless. Lane takes a long sip of the coffee Dora has just poured for her. She and Marci look towards the sound of a door slamming upstairs.

INT. ADRIENNE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Adrienne hides: in her bed, under the covers, in the dark. There's a gentle knock at the door. She doesn't answer. The door opens. Lane's figure is silhouetted in the doorway.

LANE

Hey. So you're still mad at me?

No answer.

LANE (CONT'D)

I know you're in there. I heard it on TV yesterday.

ADRIENNE

I can explain about that.

LANE

About what?

ADRIENNE

Eric--Mr. Unknown.

LANE

Oh, I know that. I heard he was in town huffin' and puffin'.--May I come in?

The covers shrug.

LANE (CONT'D)
You want me to go?

The covers shrug. She already in, though, and takes off her jacket and drops it on the floor by the bed as she kicks off her heels. She climbs under the covers and pulls Adrienne into her arms. Kisses her cheek.

Adrienne looks: surprised, confused, and only a little reluctant. A tear falls from her eye and starts the slow roll down the cheek Lane has just kissed.

Lane catches it with her fingertip.

LANE (CONT'D)
What's this?

Tastes it.

LANE (CONT'D)
Ummmm--you should save those and bottle 'em up.

ADRIENNE
Why?

LANE
'Cause they're sweeter than candy. Can't be wastin' 'em.

Adrienne laughs shyly. Lane hugs her closer. Her cell phone rings.

LANE (CONT'D)
Damn!--I have to take this.

She fishes the phone out of her jacket and turns on the lamp, giving Adrienne the opportunity to enjoy how truly vibrant her beauty is. She is Princess Charming to Trent's Prince Charming.

LANE (CONT'D)
Hello.--Mr. Ishu! Konichiwa.--Yes.--Yes.
We can.--See you then.--Sayonara.

She's up and hanging up and slipping into her heels and putting on her jacket all at once.

LANE (CONT'D)
I have to go.

Her phone rings.

LANE (CONT'D)
Hello!--Trent. I was just about to call you.--I'm at Adrienne's.

She looks at Adrienne.

LANE (CONT'D)
Tell me what-wait. Nevermind. We don't
have time. Mr. Ishu's plane just landed.
We're having breakfast at Pinot.--Now,
Trent.--Goodbye.

She hangs up.

LANE (CONT'D)
Can what you have to tell me wait?

ADRIENNE
--Sure.

LANE
I'll call as soon as I can.

She kisses Adrienne's cheek again and is gone.

ADRIENNE
--Okay.

She turns out the lamp.

INT. WEBSTER TAYLOR'S OFFICE - LATER

Adrienne sits on the couch. Webster Taylor sits in the chair
by the couch. The look on his face is bemused amusement.

WEBSTER
Are you sure?

He purses his lips when she nods and shrugs. He sighs.

WEBSTER(CONT'D)
Miss Pepper, I know it hasn't been very
long, but we have to prepare you for the
possibility that bits and pieces of the
past three years may be all you will ever
get back.

ADRIENNE
But I think I can remember my feelings
for Lane.--Just not the memories that
created them.

WEBSTER
--And I think we need to learn what
happened the last week of February in
2009.

She looks confused. Frowns.

WEBSTER (CONT'D)
Let's just try, Miss Pepper.

FADE TO:

MOMENTS LATER

The lighting is dim. The tape recorder is on. Adrienne lies on the couch, eyes are closed, face is relaxed, as Webster jots on his note pad.

ADRIENNE
--I--woke up--on the floor. By my bed. My head hurt.

(She sees herself sitting on the floor of her old bedroom rubbing the side of her head. She tries to stand, but is all tangled up in a top sheet. The door flies open.)

ADRIENNE (CONT'D/V.O.) (CONT'D)
--Marci came running into my room.

(As Adrienne untangles herself, Marci dashes in. Her mouth moves a mile a minute.)

Marci dumps the pages of their tattered script on the bed, flipping and sifting through them until she finds the one she is looking for. Reads it as Adrienne slowly stands.)

ADRIENNE (CONT'D/V.O.) (CONT'D)
She'd bothered to read the letter that came back with "10 Rainy Days". Turns out it wasn't a total rejection.

(Adrienne snatches the page from Marci and reads it. She and Marci hug one another and dance around the room as they fade into Webster Taylor's office.)

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)
If we agreed to a few minor changes they thought might make it more--I think they used the "D" word.

WEBSTER
The "D" word?

ADRIENNE
Doable.

WEBSTER
Who's they?

Adrienne shrugs and laughs.

ADRIENNE

Fly By Night Films? Or was it Wing And A Prayer?

WEBSTER

What did you do?

ADRIENNE

We called the moms and dads. I called-- Eric.

WEBSTER

Miss Pepper. What did you do with "10 Rainy Days"?

ADRIENNE

--I remember now. They were called Film Producers From Hell.

WEBSTER

Miss Pepper, what did you do?

ADRIENNE

I guess we moved to LA and got a safe deposit box for our souls.

WEBSTER

And where are your souls now?

ADRIENNE

I think--I hope they're still safe. And sound.

WEBSTER

So why do you suppose you forgot every moment of such an important time in your life?

She frowns. Her face relaxes into a shrug.

ADRIENNE

I was heading for so many happily-ever-afters. Something--someone was bound to stop me.--Who knew it would be me?

INT. FOYER - LATER

The front door opens. Adrienne enters as Dora descends the stairs with a vacuum cleaner.

DORA

Buenos tardes, Senorita Pepper. You look terrible.

ADRIENNE

Thank you, Dora. Is Marci here?

DORA

She's having lunch with Señor Owen. Are you hungry? Coco made your favorite for lunch.

ADRIENNE

A peanut butter and blackberry preserves sandwich with a tall, ice cold glass of milk?

DORA

No. Roasted red pepper linguine with fresh basil and plum tomatoes.

ADRIENNE

Oh. My other favorite.

DORA

Coco says you haven't been yourself lately. She thinks maybe you aren't eating right.

ADRIENNE

Okay. I'll have a quick swim first.

Dora rolls the vacuum cleaner towards the kitchen as Adrienne steps on the first step.

DORA(CONT'D)

There's a special delivery envelope on your desk.

ADRIENNE

Okay. Thanks, Dora.

She looks down the hallway at the office door. Steps down and walks to the office.

INT. HOME OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Adrienne sits at her desk. She starts to open an envelope from Nelson Entertainment but her eye spots the photograph of herself with Lane, Trent and Marci. She picks it up.

Touches Lane's smiling face. Sits the photograph down and picks up the envelope, just holding it a few seconds before opening it and dumping out the contents.

She glances over the contract, then reads a handwritten note paperclipped to a cashier's check:

*"Dear Misses Pepper & Smart,
 This should more than cover production
 costs for "10 Rainy Days". Looking forward
 to a long and profitable association.
 Sincerely,
 Gideon Nelson."*

She flips up the letter, looks at the check and whistles.

ADRIENNE
 Whoa--That's a lotta bananas.

She unclips the check and holds it up, leaning back to put her feet up on the desk. The top of her chair jostles the wall unit behind her.

Books, photographs, and knickknacks tinker in place. The autographed basketball teeters back and forth in its cubby hole until it rolls off, falls down, and bounces on her head just as she looks up.

As she scrambles out of the chair, the unit falls forward, burying her under its contents.

Dora and Coco run into the room. The basketball bounces up to Dora's feet. She kicks it aside as she and Coco have a conversation about the small hill of books.

Dora sees Adrienne's arm sticking out.

DORA
 Aiiee! Senorita Pepper!

She and Coco run over to try and pull Adrienne out but she doesn't budge.

DORA (CONT'D)
 Llame 9-1-1, Coco! Llame 9-1-1!

Dora begins flinging books away. Coco runs to the phone, dials and shouts into the receiver in spanish.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - AN HOUR OR SO LATER

Adrienne lies unconscious on an examination table behind a closed curtain. She is covered with cuts, scratches, and bruises head-to-toe.

Her eyes spring open; look around. Her ears listen to emergency room activity on the other side of the curtain. She sits up and pulls the curtain back.

Doctors and nurses and attendants hustle and bustle back and forth tending to other patients. Adrienne slides off the table.

INT. PRIVATE WAITING AREA - SIMULTANEOUS

Marci and Lane have a heated, whispered argument. Dora and Trent, the only others in the room, watch. None of them see Adrienne in the doorway.

LANE

Tell me again why I didn't already know about this!

MARCI

I wasn't supposed to tell her anything that could upset her! I did my best, Lane.

LANE

No! Your best would've been telling me!

MARCI

You! You! You! You were pouting on the other side of the country. I'm the only person she knew she could trust! Hell, I'm the only person she knew!

LANE

You knew she could trust me! Did you even try convincing her of that before trying to convince her that she was engaged to my brother?

Shoots her shrinking in his chair brother a dirty look as Marci steps back folding her arms.

MARCI

That's not how it went down. And we figured it would be better to wait until you got back to rock her world.

LANE

And I would've come home right away if you'd-

ADRIENNE

Um.--Hi?

Dora and Trent look over as Lane and Marci swing around.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)

Can somebody tell me what I'm doing here?

They all break into big smiles as they run to hug her, all asking if she's okay at once.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)

I'm fine. Really. It looks much worse than it feels.--I think.

LANE

I've told you to get that unit fixed at least a hundred times, Adrienne.

ADRIENNE

(sheepish)

You did? Well--I couldn't help hearing you and Marci discussing my little--memory lapse.

Lane and Marci both look embarrassed. Coco enters with five coffees just as a frantic Dr. Evans and a NURSE rush in.

NURSE

There you are.

DR. EVANS

Adrienne, I'm glad you're conscious, ambulatory and even verbal, but we need to look at your CAT scan, MRI, and X-rays before you overdo it.

ADRIENNE

But I feel fine, sort of. I need to talk to my--

DR. EVANS

There's plenty of time for that later.

INT. PRIVATE WAITING AREA - MANY HOURS LATER

Lane sits alone looking alternately bored, worried, and annoyed with the droning television.

Adrienne, bruised and bandaged, appears with a hand full of paper work. She sits; a few seats away from Lane. They smile at one another like strangers acknowledging each other's presence.

ADRIENNE

Where is everybody?

LANE
I let them go home.

ADRIENNE
Oh.

She looks at the nurse's station.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)
Guess I'd better have someone call me a cab.

LANE
(impatient)
Adrienne, I'm driving you home.

Adrienne looks surprised.

ADRIENNE
Oh. Right.

Then not so surprised.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)
Right.--Okay.

INT. LANE'S CAR - NOT MUCH LATER THAN THAT

They coast along in the luxury of buttery leather and burnished wood.

LANE
How are you feeling?

ADRIENNE
Achy. Kind of like having a flu without the runny nose.

Lane laughs. They come to a red light and a pregnant silence.

LANE
Did you kiss my brother while you were engaged to him?

ADRIENNE
What?!--No!

Green light.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)
I have a question.

LANE
From what I understand, you must have lots of those.

She glances at Adrienne and laughs. Adrienne has to laugh at that one herself.

LANE (CONT'D)

What do you want to know?

ADRIENNE

Why we don't live together.

Lane smiles ruefully.

LANE

We did. Too soon. We broke up. Got back together. Broke up. Got back together. Tried seeing other people. Got back together.

Adrienne looks suspicious.

LANE (CONT'D)

It's what lesbians in love do. You grew to love that part of us.

ADRIENNE

I did?

LANE

Make-up sex is your favorite.

ADRIENNE

(nodding)

This is true.

LANE

Then Trent and I opened our office in Manhattan. I moved.

ADRIENNE

You live in New York?

LANE

And sometimes, so do you. When our schedules allow it, I go where you are and you come where I am.

ADRIENNE

Oh.

Lane turns into the curving driveway in front of the little mansion.

LANE

Although Trent and I recently decided to close the New York office, and a realtor is subletting our co-op as we speak.

ADRIENNE

Why?

LANE

Because our family is here. Our lives are here. Because you asked me to move back after Marci and Trent get married.

She gets out of the car, walks around and opens the passenger door. Extends a hand.

LANE (CONT'D)

Because we'd waited our whole lives for one another, Adrienne. Our whole lives.

Helps Adrienne out of the car. Steps back.

LANE (CONT'D)

You don't remember any of this?

Adrienne shakes her head. Lane wipes her eyes.

LANE (CONT'D)

I don't believe this.

She walks in the front doors ahead of Adrienne, who looks like she wants to go anywhere but through those doors.

INT. NELSON ENTERTAINMENT - DAY

Adrienne and Marci step off of an elevator at the twenty-fifth floor. Adrienne's face, hands and legs are littered with healing cuts, scratches and bruises.

They wear simply tailored dark business suits, pumps and carry briefcases. Their footsteps echo in perfect unison down a long uncarpeted hallway decorated with movie posters.

The end of the hallway opens onto the reception area of executive suites. SUSAN, the receptionist, 20s, looks up and smiles.

SUSAN

Hello, Miss Pepper. Miss Smart.

Three black doors behind Susan's desk are each engraved with a name: E. Bosworth, G. Nelson, and J. Turner.

ADRIENNE & MARCI

Hello, Susan.

Susan picks up her telephone and pushes an intercom button.

SUSAN

Mr. Nelson?

INT. GIDEON NELSON'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

The view of the Pacific Ocean is awesome. Jeffrey and Eban pore over papers on Gideon's desk. Gideon hits the speaker phone button.

GIDEON
Yes, Susan?

SUSAN (O.S.)
Miss Pepper and Miss Smart have arrived.

GIDEON
Thanks, Susan. Show them in.

He hangs up. His office door opens. Adrienne and Marci enter. Everyone is all smiles.

GIDEON (CONT'D)
Miss Pepper. Miss Smart. I hope this is good news.

Adrienne sets her briefcase on the desk, opens it, and takes out the contract that looks as battered as she does. She signs the contract and gives Marci the pen.

GIDEON (CONT'D)
I must admit, Ladies, I like the drama.

Marci signs the contract and gives the pen to Gideon. He signs.

ADRIENNE
There are good people in this town and this business, Gideon. We hope you're three of them.

GIDEON
I'm sure our lawyers will keep us all in check.

ADRIENNE
--Marci.

Marci opens her briefcase and takes out a bottle of champagne and five glasses. Pops the cork and pours.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Adrienne and Marci sit at the head of the table. Troy sits at their immediate right. The rest of the table is filled with the crew for "10 Rainy Days".

Marci leans back in her chair gazing out of the window in a daydreamy state. Her engagement ring sparkles on her left ring finger.

ADRIENNE

Marci will join us in San Francisco As soon as returns from her leisurely ten day honeymoon.

MAN(O.S.)

Hope they ain't rainy.

Everyone but Marci laughs. She stands, closing her folder.

MARCI

Well, I have a busy day ahead.

ADRIENNE

What?

She turns to look out of the window Marci smiles at. Troy turns and looks out of the window. Everyone either turns or leans forward to look out of the window.

MARCI

See you in San Francisco. Let's hope my ten days of honeymoon ain't rainy.

She laughs as she heads for the door.

EXT. BUNGALOW - SIMULTANEOUS

Trent gets out of his car and leans against it. Folds his arms. Looks at his watch. Sighs. Looks towards the bungalow. Breaks into a big smile.

Marci walks up and kisses him square on the lips. Her arms go around his neck as she rests against him. They fade into a moon that is full and high.

The moon fades into a large white paper lantern hanging from a stake in the sand.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Large white paper lanterns hang from stakes. A group of family, friends and a minister surround Marci and Trent. Everyone wears wedding attire.

Adrienne is Maid-of-Honor. Trent and Lane's exceptionally handsome baby brother is Best Man. Trent and Marci exchange rings and a kiss.

EXT. JACUZZI - EVE

Lane lounges in the bubbles sipping champagne and reading the Financial Times. Adrienne walks up behind her and kisses her cheek. Lane looks up. Smiles. Puts the paper down.

LANE

A good session with Dr. Taylor this afternoon?

Adrienne sighs and nods.

LANE (CONT'D)

The first weekend at the cabin?

Adrienne nods. Sits down on the edge of the Jacuzzi.

LANE (CONT'D)

The weekend that sealed our fate. How I've been waiting for that memory to surface.

Adrienne smiles shyly. Takes Lane's hands in hers. Studies them, front and back. Her eyes ease into Lane's.

LANE (CONT'D)

What?

ADRIENNE

Some hotel called this morning. From San Francisco. They wanted to confirm that you wanted to cancel a reservation. I was confused because it was the wrong hotel.

LANE

--It wasn't the wrong hotel.

ADRIENNE

Yet, it isn't where Marci and I are staying.--Where Trent will stay when he visits.

Lane gets out of the Jacuzzi. Belts herself into her bathrobe.

LANE

The world keeps changing its mind.

ADRIENNE

I know that, Lane. I know.

LANE

Every time it seems like it might be safe to relax and come-

ADRIENNE

So let me get this straight-

LANE

Interesting choice of word.

ADRIENNE

Don't change the subject.

LANE

I didn't think I had.

ADRIENNE

--The people who matter--your family--knows how you love--who you love and they accept you. Me.--Us. You and Trent make your clients more money than most of them deser-

LANE

Now who's changing the subject?

ADRIENNE

--But you and I can't stay in the same hotel?

LANE

With the world there watching, Celebrity Girl?--No, we can't. Normal people don't want that in their lives. Normal celebrities don't want it-

ADRIENNE

Okay, so we've cleared that up. You just want me to be a normal celebrity. Now can we clear up why you're not coming at all?

Lane's attempt at a smile is sad. Doesn't stop her from trying, though.

LANE

Adrienne, you forgot me. You forgot I even existed. I doubt you'd even miss me.

ADRIENNE

I think I woul-

Lane puts a finger to Adrienne's lips. Walks away. To the pool. Looks at her rippling self in the water. Looks at the rippling self that comes to stand beside her.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)

Lane, this is a privilege, a rare privilege, that I'm getting to fall for you twice.

Lane looks up.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)
And I hear watching you and I woo
one another is something to behold. I'd
like to behold it for myself.

LANE
Marci has a big mouth.

Her misty eyes aren't so sad anymore, although a tear spills
down her cheek. Adrienne catches it with her fingertip.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)
What's this?

Tastes it.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)
Ummmmm--you should save those and bottle
'em up.

Lane's a running out of breath; swallowing huge gulps of air.

LANE
--Why?

ADRIENNE
'Cause they're sweeter than-

Lane can't wait any longer. She finishes Adrienne's sentence
with a kiss. And Adrienne's kissing her back, looking:
surprised but not at all confused or reluctant.

FADE TO BLACK