

1/4

~~FK~~

STANLEY
How do you feel about these people?
(class)

JIM
Nice people.

EILEEN
I think you're jealous. Poor thing.

STANLEY
Well, let's try something not so nice. I'd like you to ruffle a few feathers around here. Know what I mean -- ?

JIM
You mean do a Hostility Exercise?

EILEEN
It's not my fault you don't have what it takes.

STANLEY
I mean take off your Good Conduct Medal and call it like you see it. No novocaining. Okay -- ?

JIM
But I'm not bugged at anyone, Stanley.

EILEEN
Why take your frustrations out on me? It's not my fault you had to settle for this shit!
(rises; storms OFF)

STANLEY
(undaunted/pokerfaced)
Do not sell yourself short, tiger. Pick your shots and fire-at-will. And you two --
(Pam/Matthew)
-- stay where you are and go to work.

START

EXT. THE WORKSHOP STREET - NIGHT

Eileen crosses street to limo - the rear door opens - the TV can be heard - Isaiah exits limo to street - holds the door open for Eileen. He then enters limo, front door.

INT. LIMO

Eileen sits into SHOT, Mary Ellen turns off the TV,

MARY ELLEN
Is that a wrap?

EILEEN
No.

MARY ELLEN
Did you tell him?

EILEEN

I got pissed-off. Mary Ellen - take a
good look at me - a real good look --
(face-to-face)

-- Can you see me - who I am - what I
am? Can you see me -- ?

(takes her time)

-- I am a skillful, highly-trained acting
instrument. I have the talent and ability
to become an extremely important actress.

MARY ELLEN

Amen, sugar! From your lips to God's ears!

EILEEN

I do not have to keep taking off my bra in
low budget independents. I could have class.

MARY ELLEN

Class??? You are loaded with class.

EILEEN

We are not getting by on my class.

MARY ELLEN

Getting by??? This is our third starring role,
Eileen. Top billing. And on our next one a
piece of the action - DVD's - cable - foreign
distribution. You're a star, sugar! A star!
A bankable, bona fide movie star!

EILEEN

I'm a puppet. A naked puppet, Mary Ellen -
dangling in front of the camera. Don't
you think I'm better than that -- ?

MARY ELLEN

Look, sugar --

EILEEN

Don't you -- ? Don't you -- ?

MARY ELLEN

Eileen, we had to get our foot in the door.

EILEEN

It's not my foot we got in the door. Why
not put my ability in the door?

MARY ELLEN

Ability??? What the hell has ability got
to do with anything? Ya gotta give 'em
something, sugar. Something they can sell
tickets with.

EILEEN

Like these -- ?

(tits)

-- Sell tickets with these -- ? I'm gonna cry.
(does so)

MARY ELLEN

Eileen. You are a very beautiful, young
film star with the world at your feet.
You're a name, sugar. A name,

EILEEN

I'm a name.

(tears streaming down)

MARY ELLEN

And don't you even forget it.

EILEEN

A naked puppet with a name,

(rests her head on

Mary Ellen's shoulder)

See that funky, little place, Mary Ellen -- ?

(looks OFF at Workshop)

-- No strings on me over there,

MARY ELLEN

(aloud to herself)

Stanley. Stanley Constantine.

EILEEN

I'm going back in.

(pulls herself together)

My last class and the son-of-a-bitch
won't even let me on the fucking stage.

MARY ELLEN

(deep in thought)

Stanley. Stanley, Stanley, Stanley.
Bring him out here to me, sugar.

EILEEN

Why? What for -- ?

MARY ELLEN

Mary Ellen wants to talk to him.

EILEEN

She never wanted to talk to him before. Why now -- ?

MARY ELLEN

Do as I say, Eileen, or do you want me to
have Isaiah bring him out?

EILEEN

You're not gonna hurt him are you?

END

MARY ELLEN

Mary Ellen has a idea, Isaiah.

An enormous fist now reaches into SHOT with a lighter - sets fire to Mary Ellen's cigaret - and when the smoke clears - WE are

INT. THE WORKSHOP (WORK IN PROGRESS)

Pam/Matthew (sofa) and Jim (a caged animal) cannot rise to the occasion

STANLEY

What are you doing, Matthew?

MATTHEW

I'm re-creating a smell. Suntan oil smell. And the sandy feeling of a wet beach towel.

STANLEY

That - Pam - is a girl. You - Matthew - are a boy. More academic there is no need to be.

MATTHEW

But I'm trying to re-create stuff to pique a sexual response, Stanley.

STANLEY

Pam - I repeat - is a girl - a luscious, lusty, female animal I have foolishly placed at your ungrateful fingertips so it would be deeply appreciated if you would quit coming on like a wet beach towel. And Jim --

Eileen enters, goes to a seat.

STANLEY

(continuing)

-- I see where you are, tiger, and you're a lot closer than you think.

JIM

It's no use, Stanley, I get right up to the kink and that's it.

IRV (the class mascot) is 18, fuzzy and chunky.

IRV

Attention, sport fans. The mighty warrior from the playing fields of America is about to punt.

STANLEY

Pam, would you come here a minute?

She rises, moves down, snuggles her awesome body atop Stanley. He whispers intimately into her ear, then 'remembers' Jim.