

FF

TAYLOR

What?

CANDICE

Nothing, you're just a great
photographer.

TAYLOR

And a masseur?

CANDICE

You're alright.

TAYLOR

Oh, just alright? Hurt my
feelings.

Before Candice can respond, Tammy reappears.

TAMMY

Don't be late for dinner, I HATE
waiting.

She eyes Candice and walks off.

OFF TAYLOR'S FACE

CUT TO:

Start

INT. RESTAURANT - EARLY EVEING - SAME DAY

Taylor and Tammy are having dinner. They're not saying much
of anything to each other.

TAYLOR

How's your food?

Tammy says nothing. She gives Taylor the silent treatment as
she sips on her wine.

TAYLOR

I can't believe this, you beg me to
have dinner with you, and now you
don't talk to me. What's that all
about?

Tammy clears her throat and fires up her attitude.

TAMMY

Beg? Who do you think you are? No,
who do you think I am?

TAYLOR

You know what, Tammy? I don't know, do you? I mean, you never really let me see who YOU are.

TAMMY

(sarcastic)

Because the fashion community has already established who I am.

Tammy lights a cigarette and she knows Taylor hates it when she smokes.

TAYLOR

What are you doing? Do you know I really loved you? Do you?

TAMMY

See, there you go, turning the word love into a four letter word!

The PEOPLE in the restaurant can't help but look.

Taylor sits there confused.

Tammy is really working herself up.

TAMMY

Who do you think you are talking to me like that in front of that BITCH today?! You don't talk to me like that, nobody talks to me like that-

Taylor takes notice of the PEOPLE staring.

TAYLOR

Can you keep it down?

TAMMY

I don't care about these people!

TAYLOR

You used to be so beautiful to me.

TAMMY

I'm still beautiful. That's what I am, I'm beautiful. I'll be beautiful until they bury me. So if you can't get with this beauty, like everybody else, I don't need you.

TAYLOR

Tammy, you don't need me unless I'm kissing your ass.

TAMMY

Fuck you, Taylor! I have enough people kissing my ass. I don't need you or your lips.

TAYLOR

(lowers her voice)

You're trippin. If just for a moment, just for a moment you were real with me.

Tammy becomes ever more upset.

TAMMY

Don't talk to me about being real. You think miss Candice Montgomery is real? You would think she's real.

TAYLOR

More real than you could ever be.

TAMMY

And it's gone be real funny when she breaks your heart. I saw you goo gooing all up in her face. She's a smart woman, she can see through all that, she can see through it all. You're not good enough for her. As a matter of fact, you're not good enough for me.

These words really hurt Taylor. She can't believe she ever loved this person.

TAYLOR

Thank you. The true spirit of the super model before me.

TAMMY

And the dreamer, who has all of a snow ball's chance in hell of really getting what she wants.

Tammy settles back and takes another sip of wine. She feels she really let Taylor have it.

TAYLOR

You know...You're beautiful...stunning...I'll give you that.

TAMMY

I know this.

TAYLOR

But I hope to GOD you keep it. Cause without it, you ain't got nothing, baby.

END
Pain creeps over Tammy's face. She grabs her things, and storms out of the restaurant. Taylor watches her as she exits. The crowd is watching Taylor.

Taylor is embarrassed by Tammy's performance.

A WAITER gingerly clears up Taylor's table.

TAYLOR

Can you bring me the check, please?

WAITER

(sympathetic)
Right away.

CUT TO:

INT. CANDICE'S CONDO - CHICAGO - SAME EVENING

Candice is sitting on her sofa, looking at Taylor's photo's from the photo shoot. She can't stop thinking about her. The PHONE RINGS.

CANDICE

Hello.
(beat)
(excited)
Taylor, hello.

Candice looks at her watch.

CANDICE

No, it's not too late. Please, stop by. Are you alright?
(beat)
Good. I'll see you shortly.

Candice hangs up the phone, and runs around the apartment, trying to clean it up.