

G I R L 6

by
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INT. CASTING OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE - GIRL 6 VIDEO IMAGE

The sweet but somewhat hard face of our HERO, she looks straight at us. She says nothing. She looks around the room waiting for the DIRECTOR to come in.

CLOSER - GIRL 6

She begins to fidget, the DIRECTOR takes his seat, WE HEAR HIS VOICE. The audition begins for this role she desperately wants, GIRL 6 needs this job.

DIRECTOR (OS)

We're looking for the latest hottest. We're looking for the beauty of a Halle Berry, the sexiness of a Jada Pinkett, the soaring voice of a Whitney, can you sing?

Girl 6 begins to answer.

DIRECTOR (OS, contd)

Don't talk, listen. We're looking for the range of an Angela Bassett. We want the total package, somebody who has total game, if you know what I mean. This film is gonna be big, bigger than big, HUGE. The greatest romantic African-American film ever made told through the eyes of a African-American woman. We've already got Denzel, Lawrence, and Wesley signed for supporting roles. Why are you looking at me so strange?

Girl 6 begins to answer.

DIRECTOR (OS, contd)

Don't talk, listen. We know, I know this person is out there, this talented person exists. Now you can talk.

GIRL 6

Thank you. I've been studying for several years, went to NYU, I've done Off-Broadway, episodic TV. I can sing, dance, act. If I get the chance you won't go wrong. I just need a break. Would you like me to read?

DIRECTOR (OS)
Not now. First ... stand up, face
the camera, turn around, slowly,
slowly. I ... we need someone who
is oozing sensuality. You can sit.

Girl 6 sits.

DIRECTOR (OS, contd)
Unbutton your blouse, let's see
your breasts.

GIRL 6
Is this required of the role?

DIRECTOR (OS)
Yes, didn't your agent tell you?
We're being total professionals
here. There is nudity required in
this role.

Girl 6 stares right into the CAMERA as it TILTS DOWN to
see her now exposed breasts.

DIRECTOR (OS, contd)
That's it. Freeze, don't move.

CAMERA TILTS UP from her breasts to her face. Girl 6 is
visibly shaken.

CUT TO BLACK.

2

INT. CASTING OFFICE - HALLWAY - DAY

2

Girl 6 tries to dry her tears as she moves quickly
through the hallway, which is packed with every African-
American actress in town, all hoping like herself to get
that break, to get this role.

3

EXT. MIDTOWN NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY

3

LONG LENS

Girl 6 walks through the lunch time pedestrian and car
traffic.

4

INT. GIRL 6 AGENT'S OFFICE - DAY

4

GIRL 6
Murray, what the fuck are you
thinking about? Why didn't you
tell me?

MURRAY :

If I told you, you would have never went. How did you do? Knock 'em dead?

GIRL 6

I've never been so humiliated in my life.

MURRAY

Cut the bullshit. You wanna be a star, an actress, so what, you showed 'em your tits. Big fucking deal. He didn't ask you to fuck him. Did you get the part?

GIRL 6

I walked out.

MURRAY

You walked out? The hottest director in Hollywood, I get you seen by him and you bolt. You know, maybe you, we should go in another direction, maybe somebody can do better by you. The money you owe me, keep it. This isn't working, I can't take this aggravation, it's too much work.

GIRL 6

Maybe you're right, but I'll pay you back when I get it.

MURRAY

Whatever. I still think that you're talented. God Bless.

GIRL 6

Why does it always gotta be DRAMA?

5

EXT. MIDTOWN NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY

5

A new day, the next day, a week later. WE SEE Girl 6 pounding the pavement. She is hustling auditions, auditions. QUICK CUTTY MONTAGE.

6

INT. CLUB ZERO - NIGHT

6

WE SEE Girl 6 checking coats at this club. The tips are small and the hours are long. SMOKE, LIQUOR and BULLSHIT.

7 INT. SUBWAY - DAY

7

Girl 6 is stuffing envelopes with her HEADSHOT/RESUME to be mailed.

8 INT. ACTING COACH'S STUDIO - DAY

8

Girl 6 is working with her ACTING COACH: She leads Girl 6 through her warmups, exercises, etc. Girl 6 works on a monologue.

DISSOLVE TO:

9 INT. ACTING COACH'S STUDIO - DAY

Girl 6 is done, putting on her jacket, getting ready to leave.

ACTING COACH
I can't carry you anymore. You're too behind in the fees.

Girl 6 is devastated.

10 EXT. MIDTOWN NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY

10

Girl 6 walks and walks.

11 EXT. MOVIE SET IN BATTERY PARK - DAY

11

Girl 6 sits on a bench, it's freezing and she's just wearing a T-shirt. This is because she and 100 other people are EXTRAS in a HOLLYWOOD FILM.

CLOSE - GIRL 6

She's so cold, she's crying.

CLOSE - 2ND ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

He yells through bullhorn, as he's bundled up like he's in Antartica.

2ND ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
Alright, people, c'mon, it's 90 fuckin' degrees, please don't look cold. My director is not happy with the background action and that means I'm not happy. If I see anybody who looks like they're freezing, I'm sending you home, no check either.

CLOSER - GIRL 6

She bravely tries to perk herself up, she needs this money.

12

INT. CLUB ZERO - NIGHT

12

Girl 6 is checking coats once again, only now she's sick as a dog. That freezing extra work did her in.

13

INT. SUBWAY - EARLY MORNING

13

Girl 6 is riding home from work, she's coughing and sneezing at the same time, she's in pitiful shape. She has no tissues either, next to her is a discarded VILLAGE VOICE.

Girl 6 looks to see if anybody is watching and uses the paper to wipe her runny nose.

CLOSE - GIRL 6

She begins to read the VOICE, she turns to the EMPLOYMENT section.

CLOSE - PAPER

CLOSE - GIRL 6

She turns pages.

CLOSE - PAPER

IT READS: MO'MONEY -- MO'MONEY -- MO'MONEY -- MO'MONEY. The section for PHONE SEX is before us. She rips it out, and tosses the rest of the paper on the seat next to her.

CUT TO BLACK.

14

INT. PHONE SEX OFFICE - SALESROOM - DAY

14

Girl 6, all dressed up, looks through a large glass window. This is Girl 6. She's looking for somebody. We hear the phone sex intro spiel as she continues looking.

GIRL 0 (VO)

"Hey there, sexy! You've just hooked up with the hottest live talk line around. 970-W-O-W-W where the talk is always hot and cheap. The cost of this call is \$1.95 a minute, plus a five dollar connection fee."

She taps gently on the glass.

WE SEE THREE SALESGIRLS in a cramped glassed-in office sitting at computers doing sales. One woman doing bookkeeping.

We hear her tap again.

GIRL 0 (VO contd)
"Specialty calls are priced
accordingly. If you don't want to
play with me or if you're under
eighteen, please hang up now."

The bookkeeper looks up, "recognizes" her and comes to
the door.

GIRL 0 (VO contd)
"But if you're ready willing and
able, stay on the line and get
your hands on the fantasy girl of
your -- "

The bookkeeper opens door and very seriously puts fingers
to lips for absolute silence.

SALESGIRL #1
Hi there! How can we help you this
evening?

Girl 6 smiles conspiratorially and puts finger to her
lips. Bookkeeper ushers her into a small adjoining
office.

Salesgirl #1 sits at her computer terminal ready to hook
him up.

SALESGIRL #1
You've called the right place, sir.
We've got several young and attractive
ladies waiting to talk with you.

Girl 6, unable to take her eyes off the salesroom action,
steals another quick look.

15

INT. PHONE SEX OFFICE - LIL'S OFFICE - DAY.

15

Girl 6 interviews with BOSS #1. Girl 6 is overdressed,
perhaps an auburn wig and some French-tipped fingernails.
The office is completely drab. On the wall is a large
sign: "The greatest problem in communication is the
illusion that there has been any."

Girl 6 wanders around the office and seeing not much of
interest stands near a small glass window that looks out
on the salesroom.

GIRL 6
I hear this is where a girl can
make a little money.

BOSS #1
You're over eighteen.

GIRL 6
Twenty-five.

BOSS #1 does the New York Times crossword puzzle as she talks.

BOSS #1
You got a young voice. That's good. You're not local.

GIRL 6
Queens, born and raised!

BOSS #1
And you're an actress.

GIRL 6
Nice work when I can get it, yes, ma'am.

BOSS #1
Good. You've got a smile in your voice. That's good. That's good. The caller wants an S/M fantasy. You know what that means?

GIRL 6
Yes, I do.

BOSS #1
You're the mistress, he's your slave. Tell me what you're wearing.

GIRL 6
Leather bra and hotpants maybe. Some of those high-heeled boots. You know the kind?

BOSS #1
I know the kind. "That falling feeling."

Boss #1 holds up her crossword puzzle.

GIRL 6
How many letters?

BOSS #1
Seven.

GIRL 6
... "Vertigo."

BOSS #1
Good. You like men?

GIRL 6
Yeah. But my luck's for shit.

Girl 6 jokes.

GIRL 6 (contd)
I'm not getting it in life so I can
get it on the job, right?

BOSS #1
Right. You're a dominatrix.
Finish it.

GIRL 6
Maybe blonde hair, maybe. Maybe
38-C's. Good-size jugs. Big
nipples.

BOSS #1
Good. Good. That's good. Any
other interviews?

GIRL 6
No, this is the first and hopefully
the last.

BOSS #1
I can't promise anything but I'll
put in a good word. Keep your
fingers crossed.

Girl 6 smiles.

16 EXT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING - DAY

16

Girl 6 shields the sun from her eyes with a torn page
from the Village Voice. She looks up at the building,
double checks the address, goes inside.

17 INT. EMPIRE STATE BLDG. - BOSS #2'S OFFICE - DAY

17

Girl 6 at her second job interview. She is again
overdressed but in a different outfit. The office is
very upscale, almost like a law firm. BOSS #2 is a well-
groomed man and strictly business. Lots of pics of naked
women on the walls. Their photos are autographed. Also,
a group picture of ex-Presidents Nixon, Ford, Carter,

Reagan. We can hear the girls "working," i.e. moaning and slapping sounds in the background.

BOSS #2
Talk into this.

He turns on a mini tape recorder.

GIRL 6
What do I say?

BOSS #2
Fantasy chat. Go on. Tape's rolling.

She says this sugar sexy:

GIRL 6
Hey there. I'm so glad you called.
What's your name? ... Mike? Hey,
Mike -- uh --

BOSS #2
That's great. That's great, we'll
give this a listen and letcha know.
Are you interested in peep show
stuff?

ONE OF THE GIRLS walks past the door with a coffee mug.
She catches Girl 6's eye.

GIRL 6
Uh --

BOSS #2
You sex 'em on a phone, they can
see you, they watch you jiggle but
no actual contact whatsoever, some
nudity involved, pay's a lot
better. Nice clean work.

GIRL 6
... Uh, no thanks.

BOSS #2
Ever married?

GIRL 6
Long time ago. It's over.

BOSS #2
I'm sorry.

GIRL 6
I'm not. He was a kleptomaniac.
A real weirdo.

BOSS #2
Let's keep it light, 'kay? No
experience, right?

GIRL 6
Right.

BOSS #2
We have a training session. We'll
teach you the ropes. No problem
there. We're seeing a lot of
ladies, okay?

GIRL 6
That's not what I had in mind.

BOSS #2
Suit yourself. If something comes
up we'll be in touch.

Girl 6 gives a hopeful-hopeless look.

18

INT. UPSCALE TOPLESS BAR - (BOSS #3 INTERVIEW) - NIGHT

18

Girl 6 sits in a slightly upscale bar and talks to BOSS #3. Piano music in background. They sip drinks. Girl 6 is dressed like the girl next door. Pretty and sweet. We should understand by now that she has several different "looks." Boss #3 feeds a cute little dog who sits on the bar and dances for snacks. Her suit is a little too tight. It's a bit too warm in the bar. She talks fast.

BOSS #3
Every girl works a shift. You got
three shifts to choose from, you
choose the one that suits you best.
Some shifts are busier than others.
You get paid by the call. Bonus if
the guy requests you. Sit,
Trigger. Sit. There you go.

She gives the dog a treat.

GIRL 6
What a sweet thing.

BOSS #3
The guys call us up and tell us
what they want. Sometimes they
(MORE)

BOSS #3 (contd)
want a simple suck and fuck,
sometimes they want something a
little more elaborate. A very
dominant girl por ejemplo. You
with me?

GIRL 6

Mmm.

She nods "yes."

BOSS #3
Dildos, chains, toilet training,
enemas, the mistress-slave routine,
comprende?

GIRL 6

I know I can do this job well.

BOSS #3
Shitting's really big right now.
Don't ask me why. Could be the
stock market. Who knows. Guys call
up, they want you to shit on them.
That's about every fifth or sixth
call. They pay by charge card,
they call us, we call you, you call
them and you chat till they cum.

The little dog nuzzles in her arms.

BOSS #3 (contd)
It can get a little freaky
sometimes. For girls at home
anything goes, not like the in-
house office girls. This is the
hot spot.

She wipes her upper lip with a cocktail napkin.

BOSS #3 (contd)
That's basically the scoop. You
interested?

GIRL 6

I call 'em from home?

BOSS #3
Collect. Zat a problem?

GIRL 6

I share a phone. A hall phone.

BOSS #3

Yeah. Problem. Well. Here's my card, sweetheart. Call me when you get a private line. Really. I mean it. You've got good pipes.

Girl 6 sits and sips drink and smiles at the compliment.

19

INT. KOREAN DELI - DAY

19

A very beautiful hand of a BLACK MAN lightly brushes over a row of cantaloupe. All WE SEE is the hand and the melons. The hand moves on to a large watermelon -- gliding lightly along the top. The hand moves on to the pears. It moves lightly over red Bartlett pears, D'Anjou pears, Bosc pears. Then the oranges. Naval oranges.

The hand passes lightly over the oranges and then the hand slows down. The hand stops. With one finger the hand rolls an orange from the shelf. The orange disappears. The hand performs this trick again. And again.

The hand passes on to the apples. Granny Smith apples.

CAMERA RACKS TO SHOW us the KOREAN DELI OWNER watching.

The hand stops moving. WE SEE the face that belongs to the hand. This is the Shoplifter's face.

He and the deli owner have a stare-down.

20

EXT. KOREAN DELI - DAY

20

SHOPLIFTER'S ESCAPE

Shoplifter runs down the street. Oranges fall from his coat as he runs. The deli owner runs after him yelling in Korean.

DELI OWNER

(in Korean with
English subtitles)

Thief! Thief! Black thief! Black
bastard! Black asshole!

21

INT. GIRL 6'S APARTMENT - DAY

21

A very dumpy, very small hotel room style apartment. We hear the phone in the hall ringing. Ringing. WE SEE the apartment. Morning sunlight filtered through dusty old Venetian blinds. The kitchen is a toaster oven, a hot plate and a small icebox. There is a little bed. A television. Some books.

A large old-style vanity table with a beveled glass mirror. This is the emotional center of the room.

On the table there are wigs: a blonde long hair style wig, a long hair wavy brunette style wig, a jet black bob wig and an auburn wavy wig. All the wigs are on dummy heads. Also on the table are lipstick tubes -- reds, browns, purples, pinks -- some tubes are open. Eyeshadows -- blues, greens, browns, golds. Fake eyelashes. Fake fingernails. Fake tits. Some pantyhose. A couple of old-style evening gowns tossed around.

The hall phone is still ringing.

Around the vanity mirror Girl 6 has taped up postcard pictures of famous women: Marian Anderson on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial, Marilyn Monroe, Bette Davis, Billie Holiday, Joan Crawford, Sophia Loren, Josephine Baker, the "Charlie's Angels" trio, Lena Horne, Brigitte Bardot, Nefertiti, Harriet Tubman, Dorothy Dandridge, Leontyne Price, Judy Garland (as Dorothy).

The hall phone is still ringing.

As the CAMERA SEES the postcard photos we hear Girl 6 yelling in the hallway.

GIRL 6 (OS)

I got it! I got it!

22

INT. GIRL 6'S APT. BLDG. - HALLWAY - DAY

22

Girl 6, fresh from grocery shopping, has answered the hall phone and is now knocking softly on someone's door.

GIRL 6

Jimmy? It's for you.

JIMMY (OS)

Tell 'em it's in the mail.

GIRL 6

Tell 'em yerself, man.

CLOSE - DOOR

Jimmy comes out, walks down hallway and picks up phone.

JIMMY

Jimmie no liva here, Jimmie no liva here.

He hangs up phone.

23

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - DAY

23

Girl 6 walks around his small apartment, the walls are

covered with the back cover sports pages of all the local newspapers. He's a sports maniac.

GIRL 6
How's business?

Jimmy has just reentered his apartment.

JIMMY
Kinda slow now!

GIRL 6
What is it that you do exactly, again?

JIMMY
For the last time -- Sports memorabilia. Baseball cards, autographs, bats, gloves, etc.

He walks to a table and picks up a baseball card.

JIMMY (contd)
See this.

GIRL 6
I see it.

JIMMY
In 20 years, this card will be worth 100 times what it goes for now. I bought 2,000 of them, better than stocks.

GIRL 6
So all you gotta do is hold on for the next 20 years.

JIMMY
Right, then I'll be a multi-millionaire.

GIRL 6
In the meantime ...

JIMMY
I'm a broke muthafucker.

GIRL 6
Me and you both.

JIMMY
Any callbacks yet?

24

INT. GIRL 6'S APARTMENT - DAY

24

Girl 6 and JIMMY sit at her vanity table. He has his eyes closed and hands her things as she asks for them.

GIRL 6

Hair.

He hands her a wig.

JIMMY

Hair.

She puts on the wig.

GIRL 6

Everybody's been okay so far. One of 'em's gotta call me, right? I'm not getting laid in real life so I get laid on the phone. It's good money too. I'm gonna get out of here.

JIMMY

I'll tighten you up.

Girl 6 ignores him.

GIRL 6

Good money if you're good. And I'm gonna be good. Eyes.

JIMMY

Eyes ... I's tighten you up.

He hands her false eyelashes. She puts them on, and is paying Jimmy no mind.

JIMMY (contd)

If I were you, girl, I would hook up with yer ex-man and have him rob me a bank.

GIRL 6

Not funny.

JIMMY

Funny to me.

GIRL 6

He stole my heart.

JIMMY

So steal it back.

GIRL 6

Mouth.

He hands the lipstick.

JIMMY

Here. Can I see?

GIRL 6

Not yet.

JIMMY

Can I ask a favor?

GIRL 6

Shoot.

His eyes are still closed.

JIMMY

Hhhh. "You must pay the rent. But
I can't pay the rent."

GIRL 6

Look.

Jimmy opens his eyes.

JIMMY

Lady Day.

Girl 6 smiles.

GIRL 6

Jimmy, I ain't got it, sell some of
your autographs.

JIMMY

You'll get it all back someday, I
swear. Things will turn around.

GIRL 6

A pretty good Billie, huh?

Jimmy hands her the signature gardenia and she puts it in
her hair.

JIMMY

Hollywood's gonna eat you whole,
girl.

GIRL 6

Let's hope so.

25

INT. DOROTHY DANDRIDGE MOVIE FANTASY SCENE #1

25

Girl 6 as Dorothy Dandridge as Carmen Jones. She stands near a large old-fashioned microphone not singing, but talking with HER MAN (played by the Shoplifter): Music plays underneath the scene.

SHOPLIFTER (as HER MAN)
I love you, Carmen. But there's
somebody else. I love you but I'm
not in love with you. I'm sorry.

GIRL 6 (as
Baby, I always dreamed that I was
gonna make it big. Straight to the
top. And you were gonna be right
there by my side. Now you're
telling me you aren't gonna be
there. But I'm gonna make it big
anyway. 'Cause, baby, you not
being there ain't never gonna stop
me from gettin' there.

The misty music swells.

26

INT. PHONE SEX OFFICE - TRAINING ROOM - DAY

26

Girl 6 sits around the office with about SIX OTHER WOMEN. They're in training for their phone sex jobs. Girl 6 wears her auburn wig. The other girls are plain, sorta strange, sorta regular-looking. There are pics of naked women about. Also, several "excellent service" plaques on the walls. It's a strictly business atmosphere.

A phone in front of each trainee. They all have "fantasy girl" handbooks in front of them. The books are a photocopied packet of typed instructions. Hot pink covers with "900-FANTASY GIRL HANDBOOK" written on the cover in a swirl-font. Their "GIRL #'s" are handwritten on the covers in big Magic marker. Boss #1, Lillian (or LIL) stands in front of a Magic marker "blackboard."

On the board Lil has written BIMBO, NYMPHO, T.V., MISTRESS, SUBMISSIVE and GIRL NEXT DOOR. Lil is in the middle of her lecture.

LIL
... because it's not just sex.
You're their friend. They're
lonely, they're divorced, their
wives aren't into what they're
(MORE)

LIL (contd)
into. They may be giants in the corporate world who are cross-dressers. "Crossdresser," Girl 19?

GIRL 19
Man who likes women's clothes. For himself.

GIRL 4
Or vice versa --

LIL
Crossdressers in their private lives, giants in the corporate world. You're the one who listens, you're the one who appreciates them, you're the one who doesn't judge them. You want them to like you. 'Cause if they like you they call back and if they call back a lot --

GIRL 6
You make the moolah.

LIL
Bingo. 19, run down your line-up.

Girl 19 is embarrassed.

LIL (contd)
You are in the wrong business to be shy.

GIRL 19
Bimbo: Stacey, 38-Double-D-25-38. Sandy blonde hair, blue eyes like the deep blue sea. Never finished high school.

LIL
Everyone close your eyes. Let's hear you pick up the phone as Stacey.

Girl 19 in her sexy Stacey voice.

GIRL 19
"Hi, my name's Stacey. What's your name?"

LIL
Whatdoyathink, girls?

The girls are not impressed, it was weak.

LIL (contd)

Try Stacey again. Come on, toss that blonde hair and pinch your Double-D's. If that's what it takes to get you to Stacey-land, do it and let's hear it.

She tries it again.

GIRL 19

"Hi, my name's Stacey. What's yours?"

The girls are impressed.

LIL

Nympho?

GIRL 19

Nympho: Linda --

LIL

Linda's taken.

GIRL 19

"Brenda"?

LIL

Brenda's free.

GIRL 19

Nympho: Brenda, jet black hair, 38-C's, silver dollar nipples. 5'4".
Humps whatever walks.

GIRL 12

Walk the walk, talk the talk.

LIL

She can do anything but animals. That's one of the "NO's." Here's the NO list. Take note: NO violent rapes, NO incest, NO under eighteen's -- either you or the caller, NO mutilation, NO bestiality. Just tell them politely, "Sorry, honey, I'm not allowed to do that with you." If they insist hand them over to a supervisor. Okay? Girl 6, who's your T.V.?

GIRL 6

Esmerelda. Whopper couchie. Ready to please. Jet black hair. Hot green eyes. Pre-Op. My Mistress -- I haven't figured her out yet. Maybe "April" ... My girl next door's name is gonna be "Lovely."

GIRL 12

"Lovely?"

GIRL 6

Yeah.

GIRL 19

That's cute.

LIL

Let's see if it fits.

Girl 6 in her sexy Lovely voice.

GIRL 6

"Ooooooh. Hey there. My name's Lovely. What's yours?"

The girls like it.

LIL

Take her to the bank, 6. What's Lovely like?

GIRL 6

Dark hair, dark eyes. Hot but shy. Kinda freaky.

LIL

Good. Good. Unless they request, all your girls are w-h-i-t-e. That's the deal. Additional characters can include black girls, Asian girls, the whole ethnic gambit, also foreign girls -- English and French accents, et cetera. Read up on your current events. Especially the sports. "How about those Knicks!" Okay? Okay. So far so good. Great, another call's coming in on line 17. The monitor tells us it's a domination fantasy. Plug in, pick up and listen.

The girls scramble for their phones: one hand on their

receivers, the other holds their plugs. They look like well-drilled army recruits.

LIL (contd)

Ready? Now.

27

INT. PHONE SEX OFFICE - BULLPEN AREA - NIGHT

27

Girl 6 on the job. First night of work. She sits in a cubicle, one of twenty, in a plain pre-fab office. She has one hand on her phone receiver, the phone jack in the other hand and she's staring at her computer monitor. She's wearing her jet black bob and her fingernails. She's a bit over-dressed. Her log book is on her desk in front of her. An index card with "Lovely's" attributes, etc. An opened can of soda with a straw in it.

On the walls of her station are the following Xeroxed bulletins: A list of NO's (things the girls don't do); a chart to calculate the age of the caller; a sheet of pointers entitled "How to keep him interested;" a post office box address with instructions on "if he wants to write to you" ... Drawings for "2 AT ONCE" -- showing and telling how to talk to two callers at one time. And "4 AT ONCE." "YOU CAN DO IT!" printed large under each drawing.

One of the salesgirls "calls" her. A red button on her phone flashes -- she reads the line number off the monitor and plugs in and picks up fast.

GIRL 6

Hello!

SALESGIRL #1

It's just me. Something'll come up in a minute. We're gonna start you off slow. Nothing too wild.

GIRL 6

'kay.

SALESGIRL #1

First call is like a first date. We'll send you someone fabulous.

GIRL 6

Okay.

SALESGIRL #1

Nothing too wild. Just be yourself.

Girl 19 walks by Girl 6's station. She's wearing a

corsage. She leans over and gives Girl 6 a kiss on the cheek.

GIRL 19
You're gonna be great.

She walks away.

A call comes in. Girl 6 plugs in and picks up.

CAMERA MOVES IN ON her as she begins to sex.

GIRL 6
Hi there. How are you doing tonight?

CALLER #3 (OS)
Horny.

GIRL 6
Mmm. That's good. Where ya calling from?

CALLER #3 (OS)
Houston.

GIRL 6
It's hot down there, huh?

CALLER #3 (OS)
Hot and sticky ... Whatsyername?

GIRL 6
Lovely. What's yours?

CALLER #3 (OS)
Stephen. Whatdoyoulooklike?

GIRL 6
Uh -- dark eyes, dark hair. A really great figure.

CALLER #3 (OS)
And you got big ones, dontcha?

GIRL 6
38-D -- Double-D's. Nice and big and healthy.

CALLER #3 (OS)
-- love them big teets --

GIRL 6
Silver dollar nipples. Really sensitive.
(MORE)

GIRL 6 (contd)
25-inch waist, 35-inch hips. And
yeah, I'm a deep throat, Stephen.

CALLER #3 (OS)
You're perfect.

CAMERA IS TIGHT ON her face. There's a little sweat on
her lip. She's totally into it.

CALLER #3 (OS contd)
You know what I did today? Today I
made a million dollars.

GIRL 6
Really? Howdja do that?

CALLER #3 (OS)
Bought a little. Sold a lot.

28

INT. PHONE SEX OFFICE - SALESROOM - NIGHT

28

WE SEE Lil in the salesroom listening in on the call.

GIRL 6 (OS)
And you made a million dollars?
Sounds really complicated.

CALLER #3 (OS)
I'll explain it to you.

SALESGIRL #1
How's she doing?

LIL
She's A-Okay.

We continue to hear Girl 6's conversation as WE SEE GIRL
29, a punkster, come into the salesroom.

CALLER #3 (OS)
Company A is a hammer. Company B is
something pricey. A diamond, say.
Say a big hard pricey rock. Get me?

GIRL 6 (OS)
Gotcha.

Girl 29 picks up a telephone, signs it out and signs on
for the night.

LIL
Number?

Girl 29 smiles, juggles phone and log sheet to flash 29 fingers.

CALLER #3 (OS)
I use Company A to smash Company B.
I sell all the little diamond chips
at a jacked-up price.

GIRL 6 (OS)
Oooh.

CALLER #3 (OS)
And voila. A million dineros.

GIRL 6 (OS)
I'm getting excited just thinking
about it.

The security guard, RONNIE, walks some take-out food back to the salesroom. He passes Girl 6 -- still deep in the conversation.

CALLER #3 (OS)
I bet I could hump you anytime I
wanted to, couldn't I?

GIRL 6
Yes. I'm horny all the time so I'd
really like it.

CALLER #3 (OS)
Yeah, I bet you would.

GIRL 6
Are you single?

CALLER #3 (OS)
Married.

GIRL 6
Does she know you're calling me?

CALLER #3 (OS)
Nope. You single?

GIRL 6
Yes.

CALLER #3 (OS)
So you do whatever you want. I'm
jealous.

GIRL 6
I do whatever you want, baby.

CALLER #3 (OS)

Yeah?

GIRL 6

Are you good and hard for me,
Stephen?

CALLER #3 (OS)

Yeah.

The guard reaches the salesroom and pokes his head in.

RONNIE

Chow time!

LIL

Shhhh. Get me a flower.

29

INT. PHONE SEX OFFICE - GIRL 6'S CUBICLE - NIGHT

29

WE SEE her face.

GIRL 6

Are you wet up top?

CALLER #3 (OS)

Yeah. Sit on my lap and jiggle for
me.

GIRL 6

Okay. I'm wearing a light white t-
shirt and a little skirt --

CALLER #3 (OS)

Jiggle for me, Lovely. Bounce 'em
up and down.

GIRL 6

I'm bouncing. I'm on your lap and
my big tits are bouncing up and
down for you, Stevie.

Caller #3 cums.

CALLER #3 (OS)

Ooooh. Yeah -- Hhhhh. Thanks,
honey.

He hangs up. Salesgirl #1 is still on the line.

SALESGIRL #1

Congratulations!

Girl 6 is beside herself.

GIRL 6

Wow.

Lil appears at Girl 6's station with a corsage in a plastic box. The box is cold -- fresh out of the fridge.

LIL

He hung up happy. Good job. How do you feel?

GIRL 6

Okay. My mouth's a little --

LIL

Dry? Drink your soda. Good. This is for you. You broke your cherry.

She pins on the corsage.

GIRL 6

It's cold.

30

INT. PHONE SEX OFFICE - GIRL 6'S CUBICLE - NIGHT

30

Girl 6 has been on the job for about two weeks. She wears an auburn wig. Still a bit too dressed for the job. Her computer screen flashes a request: the caller is requesting a blonde housewife fantasy. She picks up and plugs in.

GIRL 6

Hey there. I'm so glad you called.

CALLER #4 (OS)

I'm calling from my beach house, housewife.

GIRL 6

Ooooooh.

31

EXT. THE SEASHORE - DAY

31

CALLER #4 sits fully dressed in a lawn chair looking out at the ocean. It is a beautiful day. WE ONLY SEE his feet playing in the sand.

GIRL 6 (OS)

Oooh. I've been on my feet all day and now I'm on my hands and knees cleaning the kitchen floor. I'd love to take a break and talk with you.

CALLER #4

You're scrubbing the floor?

GIRL 6 (OS)

Mmm huh.

CALLER #4

Keep scrubbing. If you don't mind.
We can talk while you work.

32

INT. PHONE SEX JOB - LOUNGE - NIGHT

32

Girls on break. GIRL 39, Girl 4, and GIRL 58 are sitting in the office lounge drinking coffee, soda, eating, talking. Girl 19 is on the pay phone with her boyfriend.

GIRL 39

No shit. I made him do the sounds of each and every barnyard animal before he fucked them and he did it too. No shit.

GIRL 58

What was he, like, the Farmer-in-the-Dell?

GIRL 39

The fucking Farmer-in-the-Deli.
"You wanna hump that cow, slave?
Lemme hear the cow-sound and
Mistress Tina will let you hump the
cow, slave." "Mooooooo! Mmmooooo!"
he goes. No shit.

Girl 19 talks to her boyfriend.

GIRL 19

Honey, you don't have to pick me up. I can get home fine. Seven a.m. it's light out, I'll be fine. Subscriptions. For magazines. Yeah.

GIRL 39

And after he finished fucking Bossy --

GIRL 4

He had names for 'em?

GIRL 39

I had names for 'em. He finished with Bossy and he's ready for Freddy. Ladies, Freddy is the pig.

GIRL 4
Arnold is the pig.

GIRL 19
Time -- Newsweek. Jesus. Cosmo.

GIRL 39
OINK! OINK! OINK! OINK!

33 INT. PHONE SEX OFFICE - BULLPEN AREA - NIGHT

33

Back to work. WE PICK UP ON the conversations in progress. Girl 6 talks with Caller #4 (housewife fantasy continued); GIRL 42 talks with CALLER #16 (supermarket fantasy). They are at adjacent stations. Girl 42 does her trigonometry homework as she sexes. Girl 6 stares straight ahead. Concentrating.

GIRL 42
With no bra on. You know, go
grocery shopping at the A&P like
that.

CALLER #16 (OS)
I'd be the stockboy and grab your
melons.

GIRL 42
Yesterday I went grocery shopping --

CALLER #16 (OS)
Whatdidja buy?

GIRL 42
Soup. Asparagus. Oyster crackers,
you know, for the soup.

Girl 6 talks with Caller #4.

GIRL 6
I'm making slow soapy circles on
the linoleum with my scrub brush.

CALLER #4 (OS)
What color's the linoleum.

GIRL 6
Yellow.

34 EXT. THE SEASHORE - DAY

34

BACK TO Caller #4 in his lawn chair at the seashore. In the distance a CHILD builds a sandcastle.

GIRL 6 (OS)
Yellow with little daisies. Slow
soapy circles on my hands and
knees.

CALLER #4
Where are your kids?

GIRL 6 (OS)
Taking their naps.

CALLER #4
I'm pushing your dress up above
your hips. I'm going to mount you
doggie-style.

Girl 6 moans appropriately.

CALLER #4 (contd)
Don't stop scrubbing. I'm mounting
you, housewife. You got so much
work to do. Don't stop scrubbing.
Don't stop scrubbing.

35 EXT. MIDDTOWN NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY 35

Girls getting off work, they walk along the street.

GIRL 39
You doing okay?

GIRL 6
I got my first request tonight!

GIRL 39
Do something when you talk. Read a
magazine or something. Don't just
sit there.

GIRL 6
I'm concentrating.

GIRL 39
Do something. 'kay?

GIRL 6
Yeah.

GIRL 39
You don't cum with 'em, do ya?

GIRL 6
Please.

Girl 39 reaches her street.

GIRL 39

Good. This is me. Later.

She crosses the street. Girl 6 watches her go.

Girl 6 walks along the street. She passes a fruit cart
VENDOR.

As she walks past she sees Shoplifter. He's stealing
from the cart. She stares but tries not to look. She
walks away hurriedly, still looking. He catches her eye
with a smile.

36

INT. GIRL 6'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

36

Dinner time. T.V. still on underneath. Girl 6 takes two
T.V. dinners out of the toaster oven. Jimmy, her dinner
guest, watches.

JIMMY

One month down, only three more to
go, right? How long you gonna do
this phone stuff?

GIRL 6

Who knows. I kinda like it. My
endurance is improving and I'm real
popular. Lil says she's never seen
anything like it. 38 calls last
night. 17 requests. That's like
50%, right?

37

INT. GIRL 6'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

37

They sit on the bed finishing their meals. Girl 6 flips
through her caller log: a bunch of index cards in a
recipe file box. She picks cards and reads from them.

GIRL 6

He needed me real bad. I was
Mistress April. The guy loved
pain. Wanted me to keep count as
he pulled his pubic hair out one by
one with a tweezers.

Jimmy is dying laughing.

JIMMY

I can see that. Ow, one. Ow, two.
Oww, three. Owww, four.

GIRL 6

He got off. And I got good minutes
on him too. Plus three requests
(MORE)

GIRL 6 (contd)
'cause he called back three times.
He needed it bad. He was calling
from his penthouse.

Jimmy throws her a look of disbelief.

GIRL 6 (contd)
They pay with credit cards so we
have their addresses. I had this
pilot call. Cockpit fuck fantasy
at twenty-five thousand feet with
Lovely, the busty blonde. Suck-ah!

JIMMY
A pilot called you?

GIRL 6
Yes.

JIMMY
No wonder those planes been falling
out of the sky left and right.

She offers more wine.

GIRL 6 (contd)
More?

JIMMY
I'm on the wagon.

GIRL 6
Here, have some more. Bobby from
Tucson, my first steady regular,
"fastest cummer in the west." He
was babbling about his mom.

JIMMY
Any good auditions lately?

GIRL 6
Something about her dying or
something and he doesn't wanna
visit 'cause they don't get along
and --

JIMMY
What happened to your acting
career?

GIRL 6
I'm still an actress.

JIMMY

Not the kind I know. This isn't
the move!

GIRL 6

Jimmy baby, you can keep living in
a fantasy world if you want to,
that baseball card shit. I gotta
eat and pay my rent. Phone sex is
harmless.

He gets up to leave, and shakes his head as he closes the
door behind him.

GIRL 6

And don't come back either, and get
a real job while you're at it.

She lies on her bed, turns on T.V. The news is on.

37A

INT. NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT

37A

NEWSCASTER KAY & NEWSCASTER STEVE

In Harlem tonight there is tragedy.
After-school play has turned into a
most deadly game. Nita Hicks is
live at the scene. Nita?

38

EXT. ANGELA'S LENOX AVE. BLDG. - NIGHT

38

REPORTER NITA live on the scene. She stands in front
of a large building.

REPORTER NITA

Kay, it started out as an after-
school game between two little
girls. In the high-rise apartment
building in back of me here on
125th Street and Lenox Avenue, the
game played between two little
girls has played out into a
family's worst nightmare.

39

INT. ANGELA'S LENOX AVE. BLDG. - NIGHT

39

WE SEE A NEWS CAMERA SHOT of the inside of the building,
the hallway and the elevator door.

REPORTER NITA (VO)

It was in this hallway at this door
that the girls' game of tag led to
tragedy.

WE SEE a grade school photograph of ANGELA. She's cute,
bright, and dressed in a Catholic school uniform.

REPORTER NITA (VO contd)
Witnesses say eight-year-old Angela King was running down the 6th floor hallway when she leaned against the elevator door.

WE SEE A NEWS CAMERA SHOT of the hallway and door again.

REPORTER NITA (VO contd)
The elevator was not on the 6th floor but up on the 18th floor and the elevator door should have been secure. The door was not -- it gave way and --

Again, WE SEE the photograph of Angela King.

REPORTER NITA (VO contd)
eight-year-old Angela King fell through the empty elevator shaft, falling six floors and down into the basement.

40

EXT. ANGELA'S LENNOX AVE. BLDG. - NIGHT

40

BACK TO REPORTER NITA. A tearful middle-aged woman, ANGELA'S AUNT, stands beside her.

REPORTER NITA
She was rushed to Harlem Hospital and they tell me she has now been transferred to Mt. Sinai where she suffers from multiple skull fractures and is in intensive care in critical condition.

41

INT. GIRL 6'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

41

We continue to hear the broadcast but WE SEE Girl 6's face.

ANGELA'S AUNT (OS)
I'm the little girl's aunt. Her mama's sister. I dunno. Her mama's up at the hospital with her right now. I just dunno. Her poor daddy's still at work. What's he gonna say when he comes home?

Girl 6's face is calm and relaxed.

42

INT. FALLING DREAM #1 - NIGHT

42

Elevator door opens. CAMERA MOVES IN and there's no

elevator there. CAMERA LOOKS UP, CAMERA LOOKS DOWN.
CAMERA FALLS DOWN elevator shaft.

43

INT. PHONE SEX OFFICE - BULLPEN AREA - DAY

43

Girl 6 and co-workers on the job. WE SEE Girl 6 listening intently to CALLER #7. She sits in her station transfixed. On a wall of her cubicle is a newspaper article about Little Angela's fall.

CALLER #7 (OS)

Bitch. Slut. Fuck-Bitch. You
fucking bitch. Slut-whore. You
fucking whore.

Girl 19 talks with CALLERS #8, a husband and wife.

GIRL 19

Christine, maybe you should take me
off speaker phone and you and me
could talk about Martin. You know,
woman to woman.

CALLER #8 (CHRISTINE) (OS)

I dunno.

CALLER #8 (MARTIN) (OS)

Sheila, why don't you just tell my
ice cold wife what she can do to
please me.

Girl 19 leans over her cubicle partition and makes a
"this is so boring" face at Girl 6. Girl 6 smiles
indulgently.

CALLER #8 (CHRISTINE) (OS)

(to Martin)

I am not ice cold!

44

INT. CALLER #9'S APARTMENT - DAY

44

Girl 39 does a domination fantasy with CALLER #9.

WE SEE his hands. He sits at a table in front of a big
picture window. As he and Girl 39 talk he arranges and
fondles his assortment of "toys" on a table: clothespins,
a tube of Ben Gay; some pantyhose; a neatly coiled
clothesline; a small dildo.

GIRL 39 (OS)

Do you have any restrictions?
Anything you don't like, Tommy?

CALLER #9

Not really.

GIRL 39 (OS)
So tell Mistress Tina your favorite
things.

CALLER #9
I like to be dominated.

GIRL 39 (OS)
We know that, Tommy.

CALLER #9
By colored women.

45 INT. PHONE SEX OFFICE - GIRL 6'S CUBICLE - DAY

45

Girl 39 continues with Caller #9. She writes "colored
women!" on an index card.

GIRL 39
That's why they sent you to me,
honey. What else do you like?

CALLER #9 (OS)
I like to be smothered. I like ass
worship.

46 INT. CALLER #9'S APARTMENT - DAY

46

Girl 39 continues with Caller #9. WE SEE him as he
continues to arrange and fondle his "toys."

GIRL 39 (OS)
Good. I have a really big ass.

CALLER #9
Is it full, Black Mistress Tina?

GIRL 39 (OS)
Yeah, it's full, you dumb slave
fuck.

CALLER #9
I'd like you to toilet train me.

A car passes by the picture window.

GIRL 39 (OS)
We'll see what I'm in the mood for,
sweetheart. Do you have any toys?

CALLER #9
Yes, ma'am, I do.

GIRL 39 (OS)
Good boy. Tell Black Mistress Tina
about your toys.

47 INT. PHONE SEX OFFICE - GIRL 6'S CUBICLE - DAY

47

Girl 6 waits for Caller #1 ("Bob from Tucson"), one of her regular clients. She sits at her station watching the clock on her computer monitor, drinking some soda.

WE SEE Girl 19 finish her conversation with Caller #8 and hang up.

GIRL 19
You two talk with me next week.
Okay. Ciao.

She leans between the station partition to chat with Girl 6.

GIRL 19 (contd)
They say the same old shit every
week. You ever married?

GIRL 6
Two years.

GIRL 19
Yeah?

GIRL 6
To a real loser.

GIRL 19
Yuck.

GIRL 6
What time is it?

GIRL 19
Almost a quarter till.

GIRL 6
Almost time for Bob Regular.

GIRL 19
No kids?

GIRL 6
Nope.

GIRL 19
Was the love good?

GIRL 6
Not bad.

GIRL 19
Miss him?

GIRL 6
Nope.

GIRL 19
Ever see him?

GIRL 6
Last week on "America's Most
Wanted."

They laugh. She sips her soda, flips through her file
and pulls Bob's card.

Her phone flashes. She plugs in and picks up.

GIRL 6 (contd)
Bob.

CALLER #1 (OS)
Lovely.

GIRL 6
I missed you.

48 EXT. THE DESERT - DAY

48

WE SEE Caller #1's hands and his mouth. One is on a
steering wheel, and other holds a phone. He is driving
through the desert and WE SEE the landscape through the
windshield.

CALLER #1
I missed you too. You won't
believe where I'm calling you from.

GIRL 6
Ya car?

CALLER #1
How'd you guess? Sounds different,
huh? Can I talk about my mom?

49 INT. PHONE SEX OFFICE - GIRL 6'S CUBICLE - DAY

49

Girl 6 reads from Caller #1's index card.

GIRL 6
She's still in the hospital, right?

50

EXT. THE DESERT - DAY

50

Caller #1 at the wheel.

CALLER #1

Yeah -- she's not too good. It's not like she and I were ever close. She never had a kind word for me. I dunno why I'm even making an effort.

GIRL 6 (OS)

Relationships change. Look at you and me. When we started it was just for sex.

CALLER #1

And now we're talking about my mother.

GIRL 6 (OS)

The sex is still hot, baby.

CALLER #1

-- yeah. I'm gonna pull over, Okay?

He pulls the car over to the side of the road.

GIRL 6 (OS)

Okay.

51

INT. PHONE SEX OFFICE - LOUNGE - NIGHT

51

The girls at work. WE SEE the lounge. A standard-size worn refrigerator.

A soda machine. A snack machine. Rows and rows of mugs on hooks with the girls' "names" or numbers on them. The coffee machine on a timer begins to make coffee. Rows of grey mini-lockers with multicolored combination locks. The lockers have childishly elaborate name tags on them.

Lil tapes up fresh signs next to the lockers: "TOP GIRLS THIS PAY PERIOD -- Most Calls: Girl 5, Most Minutes: Girl 23, Most Requests: Girl 42, Most Improved Calls: Girl 19; Most Improved Minutes: Girl 42; Most Improved Requests: Girl 39. \$50 Bonus to all! Congratulations!!!"

Girl 6 has her coat on. As Lil tapes the signs up they talk.

LIL

You wanna make money, you'd take it.

GIRL 6
I'm beat as it is.

LIL
It's money. Hold this for me, huh?
She holds a sign in place. Lil tapes it up.

GIRL 6
You like Didi? My redhead? She's new.

LIL
She's fine. I need you to fill this shift. It's a good shift and it could put you in line for a bonus. You still planning on L.A.?

GIRL 6
Yeah.

LIL
You wanna get out? The only way out is in, honey.

GIRL 6
Lemme think about it, okay?

52

INT. PHONE SEX OFFICE - LOUNGE - NIGHT

52

Girl 4 and Girl 39 talk in the lounge. The T.V. is going in the background and we can faintly hear the sappy-romance T.V. dialogue through the earphones around Girl 39's neck. Girl 39 eats ice cream.

GIRL 39
Young guys are the worst. They cum too fast. "Hi there, my name's" -- BANG and then they hang up.

GIRL 4
They call a lot, though.

GIRL 39
It's a trade-off. Wanna watch T.V.?

GIRL 4
I'm back in ten.

GIRL 39
So watch for ten.

She grabs some earphones and throws them to Girl 4.

Girl 4 unwinds the neatly wound cord and plugs in. They sit in "silence" and watch. It's a black and white romantic movie.

Girl 6, wearing a coat, sticks her head in the doorway, whispers.

GIRL 6

It's my turn out. Anything?
Cigarettes.

GIRL 4

Shhhhh, this is the good part.

53

EXT. MAGAZINE SHOP - NIGHT

53

Girl 6, picking up some stuff for her co-workers. The shop is run by an INDIAN MAN. There is a sign: a police drawing picture of Shoplifter, with "Thief, Beware!" in Korean underneath. "Thief, Beware!" in English has been scrawled underneath the Korean characters. There is a big pile of cigarettes on the counter. The shopkeeper adds four packs of another brand to the pile.

GIRL 6

And some matches.

The shopkeeper takes two handfuls of matches and piles them on the counter.

Girl 6 cruises the magazines. Her eyes wander over the beautiful faces and the interesting captions on the covers. She chews on her lip.

SHOPKEEPER

You like skiing? You're a snow-bunny?

GIRL 6

Not really.

SHOPKEEPER

You like to fish?

GIRL 6

It's okay.

She has wandered back to the counter. She eyes the "Thief, Beware!" sign.

GIRL 6 (contd)

Who's he?

SHOPKEEPER

Bad news. Black bastard. No offense. I'll take you fishing. I have a friend with a cabin on a lake. You and I and a rowboat for two.

GIRL 6

How much?

SHOPKEEPER

You work upstairs?

She sneaks another look at the "Thief" sign.

GIRL 6

How much?

SHOPKEEPER

What's your number? Maybe we could talk sometime, I call you Hot Mama.

He reaches over the counter and grabs her arm.

SHOPKEEPER (contd)

Come on, Hot Mama, gimme some sex. I close up for 10 minutes, we go in back, on cot.

She pushes him away.

GIRL 6

Oh, fuck off!

SHOPKEEPER

Forty-three dollars, forty-eight cents.

She pays him.

SHOPKEEPER

I apologize, you got me worked up. You give me number, I call. We have phone sex first.

54 EXT. MAGAZINE SHOP - NIGHT

54

Girl 6 leans against the wall outside the tobacco shop. She looks exhausted. Her eyes are filled with tears.

55 INT. PHONE SEX OFFICE - LIL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

55

Girl 6 visits Lil's desk. A bespectacled Lil is deep in some scheduling paperwork. Girl 6 leans over her shoulder.

GIRL 6
I'll take it, the extra shift.

LIL
Yeah?

GIRL 6
Hey, it's my ticket out, right?

LIL
Good girl.

56 INT. PHONE SEX OFFICE - GIRL 6'S CUBICLE - DAY 56
Girl 6 working her extra eight hours. It's seven a.m.
and most of her co-workers are going home. They whisper
"goodnight" as they pass by her station.

GIRL 6
Howabout them Knicks, huh?

CALLER #12 (OS)
Howabout them Knicks.

57 INT. CALLER #12'S PENTHOUSE - DAY 57
In the early morning light, WE SEE the million-dollar
view. WE SEE his hands: one is holding the phone, the
other is rolling a small nerf-basketball across a desk.
His gorgeous desk is about three feet wide and there's a
toy basketball net attached to the far end.

CALLER #12
I was at the Garden last night. My
usual seats. You oughta join me
sometime, Lovely.

GIRL 6 (OS)
That would be a personal foul.

CALLER #12
(sing-song voice)
We could have fu-unnn ...

GIRL 6 (OS)
I caught the highlights on MSG.
They were hot!

CALLER #12
Shoulda seen it.

He shoots, scores and retrieves the ball.

CALLER #12 (contd)
Starks drained that three-pointer.
What a beauty. Nothing but net.

GIRL 6 (OS)
And at the buzzer.

He shoots, scores, and retrieves.

CALLER #12
Feels like '69-'70 all over again.

58

INT. PHONE SEX OFFICE - GIRL 6'S CUBICLE - DAY

58

Girl 6 at her desk.

GIRL 6
I was thinking the same thing.
Think they'll go all the way?

CALLER #12 (OS)
Think we will? I got a beautiful
hard rod for you, Lovely. And you
need it bad, dontcha, bitch.

Girl 42 passes her station. She whispers "goodnight" and
slips Girl 6 an envelope.

GIRL 6
Yes, I do. Yes, I do. You'd be
watching the game and I'd be
sucking you off right in the
skybox.

CALLER #12 (OS)
Put me in your mouth, girl. And
let me milk them big b-ball tits.

59

INT. PHONE SEX OFFICE - GIRL 6'S CUBICLE - DAY

59

Girl 6 is really tired now. She is glancing at the
contents of Girl 42's envelope. It's an article about
Little Angela. As she reads the article she sexes
CALLER #13.

CALLER #13 (OS)
You know anything about Pilgrims?

GIRL 6
Yes, I do.

CALLER #13 (OS)
My mother's family came over on the
Mayflower.

GIRL 6
That's really hot.

The article says that Little Angela is not doing so well.

CALLER #13 (OS)
They were actually a very sexually
active bunch of people. The
religion thing was just a cover.

She's tired.

GIRL 6
That's really hot. That's really
hot.

CALLER #13 (OS)
You bet. So let's say I'm like,
Miles Standish and you're
Pocahontas. And you want me really
bad.

60

INT. PHONE SEX OFFICE - GIRL 6'S CUBICLE - DAY

60

WE SEE Girl 39 in the station next to Girl 6's. They are
going a two-girl call with CALLER #14.

GIRL 6 (OS)
What if someone catches us?

GIRL 39
No one's gonna catch us.

GIRL 6 (OS)
I'm nervous. Oh, I'm nervous,
Cindy.

WE SEE Girl 6 in her station.

GIRL 39 (OS)
Melissa, we're in the girls'
bathroom and everyone else is in
class. I'm gonna stick my hand up
your skirt.

GIRL 6
Oooh --

CALLER #14 (OS)
That's good.

The girls continue to talk. Salesgirl #2 comes by their
stations. She flashes a pasteboard sign in front of

them. The sign reads, "WE'RE TAPING!" Girl 39 smiles. Girl 6 gives the thumbs up sign.

GIRL 39

Unbutton your blouse, Melissa.
I've been thinking about your tits
all day. All through math class
and history class. Show 'em to me.

CALLER #14 (OS)

Yeah, show 'em to me!

Girl 39 leans through the partition to make a funny face at Girl 6.

GIRL 39

Oh, Missy, your tits are so yummy I
wanna rub my wet hot pink pussy all
over your big nipples.

Girl 39 peruses an Avon catalogue, Girl 6 takes out her minutes sheet and begins to add up her minutes. She taps her fingers on the desk as she counts. She can't count right because she's so into the call. She flips over the sheet of paper and begins to write something which we can't see.

GIRL 6

Cindy, you're such a hot slut. Get
on top of me.

GIRL 39

Missy, your tits are so big. I'm
gonna cum!

CALLER #14 (OS)

What do you two girls think you're
doing?!

GIRL 6

Cindy, it's Mr. Blue, the custodian!

CALLER #14 (OS)

(in his regular voice)
And this is when I take out my huge
cock.

(in the voice of Mr.
Blue, Custodian)
See my big cock?

Girl 39 passes a scrap of paper through the cubicle divider. It reads, "Mr. Blue!?" Girl 6 shrugs her shoulders.

CALLER #14 (OS contd)
Suck me off, the both of you, or
I'm telling the principal. Suck me
off! Suck me off!

WE SEE what Girl 6 has been writing: "MISS CINDY MR. BLUE
MISS CINDY MR. BLUE" over and over and over.

61

INT. PHONE SEX OFFICE- THE LOUNGE - DAY

61

Girl 6 and Girl 39 hang out alone in the lounge. The
place is dead. They're the only two girls working. They
have been working for about fourteen hours straight and
both look completely beat. Girl 39 smokes a butt.

GIRL 39
Borrow it, one week for ten
dollars, study it good and it'll
raise your requests 50% in two
weeks guaranteed.

GIRL 6
Yeah?

GIRL 39
Money back guarantee.

GIRL 6
I could be sorta like Brigitte
Bardot.

GIRL 39
Yep. How close are you?

GIRL 6
I thought I'd be split in a few
months but it doesn't look that
way. I'm beat but it's not so bad.
Bob from Tucson wants to meet me in
person. I gave him my phone
number.

GIRL 39
Don't get hooked on this talking
stuff. It's just talk.

GIRL 6
He's got a great voice.

GIRL 39
I ever tell you about the girl who
got hooked?

The computer monitor-insert on the T.V. screen flashes
Girl 6's number.

GIRL 6

I'm up. "Training Bra Fantasy."
Lucky me.

She leaves the room.

She throws the cassette.

GIRL 39

Think quick!

62

INT. HARLEM WIG SHOP - DAY

62

WE SEE the racks and racks and racks of different styles and colors. There are some that look like 50's, 60's, and 70's relics -- huge afros and pictures of mod "black and proud" 70's sisters. A punk hair section with styles in blue and neon green and pink. A whole grouping under a hand-lettered sign: "Real Hair!" Another grouping under another sign: "Historical."

Girl 6 stands looking at these historical wigs -- 17th, 18th, 19th Century hairstyles. Jimmy checks out the afros.

WE SEE Girl 6 with huge afro wig on.

JIMMY

Style it.

She turns about, "styling" the wig.

JIMMY (contd)

It's you. It's really you.

GIRL 6

He's missed two nights now. What's his fucking problem?

JIMMY

Maybe his mom died.

Girl 6 turns and fidgets restlessly.

GIRL 6

If she'd croaked he woulda called.
He helped her pick out her casket
and who helped him help her?
"Lovely."

JIMMY

Maybe he got married.

63

EXT. HARLEM STREET - DAY

63

Girl 6 and Jimmy walk along a busy street. They're fighting.

GIRL 6

What do you mean, "maybe he got married"?!!!

JIMMY

Just an idea.

GIRL 6

You're always bringing me down. I work like a dog and I wanna talk about it and you bring me down.

JIMMY

I don't want to talk about it.

He switches gears.

JIMMY (contd)

It's just making you kooky, that's all. Yer his main girl, okay? Try talking about something else sometimes, that's all.

GIRL 6

There's nothing else to talk about. Nothing else goes on.

JIMMY

Bullshit.

GIRL 6

No lie.

JIMMY

Then try just quiet for five minutes.

GIRL 6

Let's try talking about how much money you owe me. If you paid me everything I could leave tomorrow.

JIMMY

Wait a minute, I don't owe you that much, besides I care about you, on the up and up.

GIRL 6

Yeah, like a sow loves her slops, man.

She walks off leaving him standing there.

64

INT. KOREAN DELI - DAY

64

A roll of toilet paper high on a shelf. Girl 6 tries to get it down with long deli "tweezers." WE SEE Shoplifter in the background stealing. Canned vegetables. He goes to the frozen food compartment. Loads up on ice cream.

Girl 6 gets one roll and tries for another. She sees Shoplifter stealing. She watches him. She walks up to him. He looks at her as he steals ice cream -- ice pops, one of each kind ripped from their boxes --

GIRL 6

Stealing is wrong, right?

He holds his fingers to his lips. They stand like that for a second. He winks at her. He turns and leaves the store.

65

INT. PHONE SEX OFFICE - LOUNGE - NIGHT

65

Girl 6 and Girl 42 get coffee. Girl 39 is talking with GIRL 17. Girl 4 and GIRL 27 are watching T.V. with earphones.

GIRL 42

I know who steals Chrissie's food.

GIRL 6

Who?

GIRL 39

He was an axe murderer. He was calling me from prison.

GIRL 17

And you talked to him?

GIRL 39

Hottest call I ever had. Gimme a bite.

She takes a bite of the ice cream.

GIRL 39 (contd)

You done with my tape yet?

GIRL 6

I need another week.

GIRL 39

No interest, amiga.

GIRL 42

Guys don't fall for that French
shit.

GIRL 6

You'd be surprised.

GIRL 39

He was into escape fantasies. I'd
be the warden's wife. Come into
the jail to find a real man 'cause
the warden couldn't get it up,
right? And he would have me
through the bars of his cell. I'd
pull down the front of my low-cut
red dress, stick my huge tits
through the bars, then hold on and
he'd do me.

GIRL 17

Wow.

GIRL 39

I would cum with this guy, we had
such hot talk.

GIRL 17

What happened to him?

GIRL 39

Lethal injection.

GIRL 17

Oh.

GIRL 39

Hot rod, lemme tell ya.

GIRL 42

It's my turn to go out. You guys
want?

GIRL 17

No, thanks.

GIRL 39

Smokes. Three packs.

Girl 42 takes money. Leaves.

GIRL 39 (contd)

I got this guy who likes smoke
blown in his face.

Girl 6 stands in front of the T.V. WE HEAR the news through the earphones she's holding.

She stands in the T.V. glow. She watches transfixed. The T.V. is on: An update on the "Little Angela" story. ANGELA'S MOTHER and Angela's Aunt hold hands.

ANGELA'S MOTHER (OS)

... waiting, still hoping, still praying. There iduhn't much we can do but that.

66

INT. BROOKLYN HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

66

REPORTER NITA

Your daughter was making what looked like a miraculous recovery. And we all hoped she'd be released very soon.

ANGELA'S AUNT

It don't look that way now. Don't look like Angie's ever gonna come home now does it.

ANGELA'S MOTHER

We sent it up to Jesus -- it's in the Lord's hands.

ANGELA'S AUNT

We're gonna sue the landlord himself. Personally.

ANGELA'S MOTHER

She used to want, she used to talk about wanting one of them Power Ranger dolls for her birthday.

ANGELA'S AUNT

We're gonna sue the housing authority. We're gonna sue the city. We're gonna sue Giuliani, Pataki, even damn Clinton.

ANGELA'S MOTHER

Regular people one minute, superheroes the next. The pink Ranger's the girl. Angie had her eye on the pink one. But now I dunno.

ANGELA'S AUNT

What my sister is saying is this should not have happened. We're suing the system.

REPORTER NITA
Visiting the mother and aunt of
Little Angela King -- the eight
year old victim of the horrible
elevator shaft accident. Up until
yesterday the child was making a
miraculous recovery, but now Little
Angela King is back on the critical
list here at Manhattan's Mount
Sinai Hospital.

(pause)

We ask our viewers send your
prayers. Back to you, Steve.

67 INT. PHONE SEX OFFICE - NIGHT 67

The pay phone rings.

Girl 6 stands in the T.V. glow.

67A INT. NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT 67A

NEWSCASTER KAY (OS)

Thanks, Nita. We sure will.

The pay phone rings and rings.

68 INT. PHONE SEX OFFICE - GIRL 6'S CUBICLE - NIGHT 68

The place is super-busy.

GIRL 6

What's his name?

CALLER #17 (OS)

King. And he's a Great Dane.

GIRL 6

Okay.

CALLER #17 (OS)

I want you to say hello to King.
And I want you to show him your
pussy.

GIRL 6

I'm nervous.

She switches the phone receiver up, flips through her
caller cards and finds Caller #18's: "David Sarasota.
Scared of girls. Loves baseball." She talks to Caller
#18 as Caller #17 talks to her.

CALLER #17 (OS)

There's nothing to be afraid of.

(MORE)

CALLER #17 (OS, contd)
King is a good boy. Aren't you,
King? King is saying yes. He's
wagging his tail in the "yes"
direction.

GIRL 6
(to Caller #18)
Approaching a girl is like
approaching home plate.

69 EXT. CALLER #18'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

69

Caller #18, with batting gloves on, fondles baseball bat.
WE SEE his cleats, jockstrap.

GIRL 6 (OS)
Sure, you're nervous. But you're
no scrub. Have you got your
hitter's eye on?

CALLER #18
I can see.

GIRL 6 (OS)
I'm winding up with the pitch.

70 INT. PHONE SEX OFFICE - BULLPEN AREA - NIGHT

70

Back to Caller #17. She flips up Caller #18's receiver
and flips down Caller #17's.

GIRL 6
Okay, I'm relaxed now. Hi there,
King. Look, here's my nice wet
pussy.

Girl 19 plays solitaire in her station. Girl 4 sits
beside her watching her play. They do a two-girl call
with Caller #21.

GIRL 19
You were swell to take us out after
the game, Mark.

71 INT. PHONE SEX OFFICE - SALESROOM - NIGHT

71

In the salesroom SALESGIRL #3 cleans the many telephones,
untangles the wires, adds minutes, etc. SALESGIRL #2
waits for a call.

SALESGIRL #2
They're busting their balls out
there and it's quiet in here.

SALESGIRL #3
I'm not complaining.

SALESGIRL #2
The Angela girl's gonna die,
betcha.

SALESGIRL #3
They should sue the building.

SALESGIRL #2
I sent her that pink panther doll
she wanted.

SALESGIRL #3
Pink Power Range --

SALESGIRL #2
Yeah, whatever. Hope she got it.

72 INT. CALLER #9'S APT. - NIGHT

72

WE SEE his chest. It's a bit flabby. He touches
himself. He follows her directions.

CALLER #9
It hurts --

GIRL 39 (OS)
Do it now, slave.

CALLER #9
Oh --

GIRL 39 (OS)
Let's hear you count up to ten,
slave. Opening and closing that
clothespin on your right nipple
good and hard. With each count,
degrade yourself or praise me, you
follow?

CALLER #9
One: "I'm a dumb fuck." Two: "Oh,
Mistress Tina, I wanna clean your
pussy." Three: "No one wants to
fuck me." Four: "I'm just your
little --

73 INT. PHONE SEX OFFICE - BULLPEN AREA - NIGHT

73

Lil and Caller #25.

LIL
I've got eight healthy inches.

CALLER #25 (OS)
And you pass?

LIL
Yes I do.

CALLER #25 (OS)
I've been -- I dunno. Sitting on
the fence you could say about this
for years.

LIL
It's not for everybody. It's
certainly not for me. I've got the
best of both worlds.

Girl 42 is loud.

GIRL 42
Oh, yeah, baby, please fuck me,
fuck me, honey, yeah, do it do it,
ram me please --

Lil snaps fingers in the air for silence. Girl 72 quiets
down.

CALLER #25 (OS)
Could you send me a picture of yourself?

74

INT. PHONE SEX OFFICE - GIRL 6'S CUBICLE - NIGHT

74

Girl 6 and the scary Caller #30.

CALLER #30 (OS)
Tell me you're a little wet slut.

GIRL 6
I'm a little wet slut.

CALLER #30 (OS)
And you need to be put in this
garbage bag.

She's scared.

GIRL 6
-- Let's talk.

CALLER #30 (OS)
Nope. We can't talk cause I've
gagged you. I've gagged you, you
(MORE)

CALLER #30 (OS, contd)
wet slut. Your hands are behind
your back and now I'm mounting you.
Ya silly head's in the big green
baggie --

GIRL 6
Whats ya name, baby? Who is this?

CALLER #30 (OS)
I'm the love of ya life, bitch.

Girl 6 hangs up. This guy was a real sicko. She's
really scared.

75

EXT. PHONE SEX OFFICE - DAY

75

The girls getting off work. They stream out of the
building. Shoplifter hangs out across the street
watching them. Girl 6 comes out last. She walks along.
He catches up to her.

SHOPLIFTER
Working?

GIRL 6
Hey. What a surprise.

SHOPLIFTER
Saw you walk in. Figured you had
to come out sometime.

GIRL 6
Didn't know you had a brain.

She waits for him to go on his way. He has nowhere to
go. An awkward moment.

SHOPLIFTER
Got anybody new?

GIRL 6
Yeah. His name's Bob Regular.
He's great.

SHOPLIFTER
What kinda name is that?

GIRL 6
I gotta run.

SHOPLIFTER
You eat?

GIRL 6

I eat.

SHOPLIFTER

Let's --

GIRL 6

Not today. I've got other plans.
Some other time.

SHOPLIFTER

Tomorrow.

She just looks at him.

SHOPLIFTER (contd)

Friday? Aaah, you like that, huh?
Friday.

GIRL 6

Fine.

He winks at her and walks away backwards. Smiling.

76

INT. DENTIST'S OFFICE - DAY

76

One of Girl 6's more devoted callers, "RICHARD", a dentist from Kansas City, has sent her a fan letter.

He stands in full dentist uniform, in dentist's office. He is completely nerdy. He "reads" his letter aloud.

"RICHARD"

Dear Miss Lovely, maybe you remember me. My name is Richard and we spoke on February 14th. I called you from Kansas City, Missouri where I am gainfully employed as a dentist. It was Valentine's Day. Perhaps you remember. I very much wanted to meet you somehow -- but as it seems meetings are "against the rules." I am enclosing a photograph of my groin area. And a copy of my most recent tax return. Perhaps you will reconsider? In any case please send me your photograph. Loads of Love, Richard.
Enclosures: One cock picture: hard.
One tax return.

77

EXT. THE STREET - DAY

77

FAN #2, a bike messenger, "reads" his letter.

FAN #2

"Brigitte, I gotta tell you that you make me cum fast! This is no small feat as I have had great hardness (ha ha) in cumming at all ever since my lady --

78

EXT. BATTERY PARK STREET - DAY

78

Fan #3, a NYC mounted policeman with his horse in tow, "reads" his letter.

FAN #3

" ... over my cock, Mistress April. Here's fifty bucks which should cover the cost and mailing of your panties. Soiled, please, if you don't mind, please. P.S. wrap 'em in plastic, zip-locked baggie enclosed for said purpose, as to ensure the strength of fragrance upon arrival.

79

INT. GIRL 6'S APT - NIGHT

79

Girl 6 sits at her vanity table practicing her French with the tape recorder. As she practices she's putting the finishing touches on a Cleopatra Jones look: Big afro with a golden head sash, blue eyeliner, colorful mod blouse, gunbelt.

She is in a good mood and stops every once and a while to smile at herself in the mirror. Two pictures of Little Angela have been added to the vanity table collection. One picture of Angela as a happy child, the other of Angela as a head bandaged ward of intensive care (both cut out from newspapers).

GIRL 39 (on the tape)

(French accent)

"My breasts are very large, 42 double D. And I like them sucked. Ooooh. Suck my big breasts, big boy.

Girl 6 repeats with French accent.

GIRL 6

My breasts are very large. 42 double D. And I like them sucked. Ooooh. Suck my big breasts, big boy.

She rewinds tape and plays it again. The hall phone begins ringing.

GIRL 39 (on the tape)
" ... ooh. Suck my big breasts,
big boy.

GIRL 6
Ooo lala suck Brigitte's big
titties, big American boy.

The hall phone still ringing.

80

INT. MOVIE-FANTASY SCENE #2

80

A lone telephone on a mod table rings. Our girl answers it. WE SEE Girl 6 looking like a Cleopatra Jones. She's a super mod soul sister from head to toe.

GIRL 6
Talk to me fast, baby, 'cause I got
five heavy tripping jive turkeys on
my tail.

CO-AGENT (OS)
Chief wants you to join us in
Paris. There's a 4:30 plane.

GIRL 6
I'm there, baby.

CO-AGENT (OS)
Stay beautiful, sister.

GIRL 6
All right, now.

BAD GUY #1 (OS)
Put down the phone, lady. Yer
surrounded!

Mod Sister is surrounded by five bad guys. They're wearing black. They look tough. But no one's a match for Mod Sister! She karate chops them all into submission.

BAD GUY #1
(broken and bruised)
Damn, woman. Who the hell are you?

She stands with her hand on her hip. She flips open her special wallet to reveal her I.D. card. CAMERA MOVES IN. Card has presidential seal and Girl 6's photograph. It reads: "Special Agent to the President: Lovely Brown." WE HEAR the Lovely Brown Theme Song.

81

INT. GIRL 6'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

81

Girl 6 is standing in the hall wearing the Mod Sister ammunition belts, afro wig, high heels etc. She talks on the phone with "Bob from Tucson" (Caller #1).

CALLER #1 (OS)

It's Bob, Lovely.

GIRL 6

I know. How'd you get my home number?

CALLER #1 (OS)

You gave it to me.

GIRL 6

Right. Where ya been?

CALLER #1 (OS)

Busy. I thought you'd be happy.

GIRL 6

I am. It's just funny hearing your voice, that's all. How's yer mom, man.

CALLER #1 (OS)

Guess what? Tomorrow I'm in town for one day only to close a big deal. I've got some free time around two. Let's do something crazy.

GIRL 6

I'm working a double shift tomorrow.

CALLER #1 (OS)

Coney Island for a hot dog. And then we'll make love under the boardwalk. Just like the song.

GIRL 6

I'm working.

CALLER #1 (OS)

Take a vacation. Two p.m. I've missed you, girl. Chance of a lifetime! Say it's a date. Come on --

GIRL 6

One hot dog, that's all, nuthin else.

82 EXT. CONEY ISLAND BOARDWALK - DAY 82

Girl 6 sits on a bench. It's cold out. Kind of dreary. She's all dressed up and has her coat open. On her dress she wears a gold name pin: "Lovely" in swirl script.

83 EXT. CONEY ISLAND BOARDWALK - DAY (1 HOUR LATER) 83

One hour later. Three p.m. She closes her coat and puts name pin on coat lapel. She looks around.

84 EXT. CONEY ISLAND BOARDWALK - DAY (1 HOUR LATER) 84

One hour later. Four p.m. It's getting dark. A MAN walks toward her. She looks. He keeps walking.

GIRL 6

Hey there!

He keeps walking.

85 INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - NIGHT 85

"Bob from Tucson" has stood her up. Dejected, she rides the train to work.

86 INT. PHONE SEX OFFICE - SALESROOM - NIGHT 86

SALESGIRL #2

She get that doll you sent?

SALESGIRL #4

Yeah. Along with like nine thousand seven hundred and something others.

SALESGIRL #2

Little Angie's in the pink.

SALESGIRL #4

I got a thanks note. From her aunt. "Dear Miss, thank you very much, sincerely, Arentha Green her auntie. P.S. Don't believe the hype.

They laugh.

Girl 6 walks in from her aborted Bob date. She picks up her log sheet and phone.

LIL

(not even looking up)

Yer late.

Girl 6 says nothing and walks out of the sales room.

SALESGIRL #2
(watching T.V.)
She's on.

87 INT. ANGELA' HOSPITAL ROOM - (NEWSCAST) - NIGHT

87

On the little T.V., in the operator's room, a MOVIESTAR-LADY, at Little Angela's bedside, is being interviewed by Newscaster Nita.

REPORTER NITA
Too often bringing you a late breaking story means that we have to put what was once an important story on a back burner; and sometimes that story is forgotten altogether. Four months ago from Manhattan's Mount Sinai we brought you Little Angela's Birthday Wish. Tonight we're following up with a visit with Angela and a very, very special guest.

MOVIESTAR-LADY
(passionate)
It's good to be here, Nita. And I'm here because we're all here. Because Little Angela's Birthday Wish moved over eleven thousand people to respond. And in this city, in this day and age, that's a modern miracle. I'm here because something must be done to insure the safety of all this city's children.

88 INT: PHONE SEX OFFICE - GIRL 6'S CUBICLE - NIGHT

88

Girl 6 and Caller #30.

CALLER #30 (OS)
And then, I'd tie you down real good.

GIRL 6
Have we talked before?

CALLER #30 (OS)
Nope.

GIRL 6
What's yer name, sweetheart?

CALLER #30 (OS)
Jack Sprat. What's yours?

GIRL 6
Mrs. Sprat.

CALLER #30 (OS)
Bullshit.

GIRL 6
Lovely Sprat. Really.

CALLER #30 (OS)
Bullshit. Who are you?

GIRL 6
Anybody you want, baby.

CALLER #30 (OS)
You ain't anybody. You ain't even
nobody. You ain't even shit,
bitch.

The line goes dead. Lil's voice comes on. CAMERA RACKS
and WE SEE her talking to Girl 6 through the glass
window.

LIL
I cut him off, okay?

GIRL 6
Yeah.

LIL
You don't have to be polite.

GIRL 6
I wasn't being polite.

LIL
Well, whatever, don't be it. Don't
encourage them.

GIRL 6
Right.

Girl 6's phone flashes and beeps. She plugs in and picks
up.

CALLER #30 (OS)
Why did you do that? Don't be shy,
Girl 6, I just wanna talk. I'll be
good. I'll be nice, 'kay?

Girl 6 listens. She's disgusted and fascinated at the same time.

89

EXT. PHONE SEX OFFICE - NIGHT

89

Shoplifter waits outside the phone sex workplace. A flood of girls come out. Girl 6 is not among them. Some of the girls see him and eye him suspiciously. Girl 6 walks up behind him.

GIRL 6

Hi. Let's go.

SHOPLIFTER

Where were you?

GIRL 6

This way. Come on. I don't wanna be seen.

They walk along. He steals looks at her. She looks straight ahead.

GIRL 6 (contd)

I took the day off. Spent last night throwing up. I feel fine now. I'll pick up some hours tonight.

90

INT. DINER - NIGHT

90

In a diner sort of like Brooklyn's Junior's.

Girl 6 and Shoplifter sit in a booth. They are eating pumpkin pie and drinking coffee. Shoplifter is finishing up his first slice. He's talking a mile a minute. Girl 6 eats slowly and sort of listens.

SHOPLIFTER

Haven't ever used a gun. Don't intend to. And I don't go into people's houses. I only ever took from those who've got more than they needed. That's still my speed. You know: Supermarkets. K-Mart. The Woolworths. Korean Deli's. Only take what I kin use. Food. Yer basic fruits and vegetables. Meats, chickens, beefs, porks, coldcuts. Rice. Cereals. Milk. Yer looking good. We had us some fun, huh? Yeah.

A WAITER comes by with more pie.

SHOPLIFTER (contd)

Thanks, man. I try to eat balanced. I still got my sweet tooth, but you know. I still got my bad habits, too. Basically good with bad habits. It only takes one thing, you know. Could be anything. Any one thing to push me over you know what I'm saying. I gotta watch my step. One thing: push. Smack. Right over into Badland. Into Evil-city. Anything. Could be anything. Then I'd be like, you know, America's Most Wanted.

He laughs. She doesn't.

GIRL 6

How's everybody?

SHOPLIFTER

Moms doesn't like me living at home. I told her I'd seen you, she said an X wife's a sign.

She plays it off.

GIRL 6

Brothers okay?

SHOPLIFTER

So far all right. Still always hungry. I boosted a twenty four pound turkey for moms this last Thanksgiving. She just put it in the oven didn't ask me where it comes from just slides it in the oven no questions asked. The brothers gotta eat.

He laughs. She smiles.

GIRL 6

How's -- uh what'shername? Miss Hot Stuff.

SHOPLIFTER

History. You've always been my only true love, you know that.

GIRL 6

I'm leaving as soon as I'm able. For good. California.

SHOPLIFTER

Oh.

GIRL 6

You ever start something for uh
certain reason then after you got
started kinda forgot why you
started but couldn't quit neither?

SHOPLIFTER

Sometimes. When I'm boosting
something. I always get caught
when that happens.

They laugh.

JUMP CUT:

SHOPLIFTER (contd)

You do that freelance typing thing,
temp, right?

GIRL 6

Wrong. Phone sex.

SHOPLIFTER

No shit.

GIRL 6

Yep.

SHOPLIFTER

You?

GIRL 6

Why not me? You ever called one?

SHOPLIFTER

I like touch.

She puts pretend phone to ear.

GIRL 6

Call me. Ring! Ring! Go on --

He looks around to see if anyone's looking, then picks up
a pretend phone and "calls," nervous.

SHOPLIFTER

Ring! Ring!

She doesn't pick up.

SHOPLIFTER (contd)
Ring, Ring, Ring God damnit.

She answers and does the conversation in her sexiest voice.

GIRL 6
Hello?

SHOPLIFTER
Hey.

GIRL 6
My name's Lovely, what's yours?

SHOPLIFTER
Joe Schbotnick.

GIRL 6
Oooh, Joe, you have a really sexy voice. Where ya calling from?

SHOPLIFTER
Death row.

GIRL 6
Death row. Oooh. You must be a dangerous man.

SHOPLIFTER
That's right.

GIRL 6
Can I tell you what I look like?

SHOPLIFTER
'kay.

GIRL 6
I've got dark hair. Big dark sensuous eyes. I'm 5'6" and my best feature are my big breasts. They're 40 double Ds.

He's getting turned on.

SHOPLIFTER
Huh.

The scene moves forward quickly by way of

91. INT. DINER - NIGHT

91

His empty pie plates pile up. Her "looks" change --

maybe everytime we see her she's actually a different person.

He eats his third slice of pie and she looks like her Billie Holliday character.

GIRL 6

And then you'd ram your nice fat
cock down my sweet little throat.
Ooooooh, I'm a deep throat, Joe.

SHOPLIFTER

Wow.

His fourth piece of pie. She looks like the Mod Sister.

GIRL 6

And I want your cock so bad. You
like that, Mr. Joe Schbotnick?

SHOPLIFTER

Yep.

His fifth piece of pie. She looks like her Sit-Com
blondie-girl character.

Six or seven pie plates in front of him with six or seven
different kinds of pie on them. His mouth is open. He
is leaning back in his chair. He's got an iron-rod hard-
on that we can't see. His right hand is softly in his
lap. The "phone" rests on his chest. He's chewing
slowly and staring at her. She has him transfixed.

GIRL 6

Cum in my mouth, baby. I'm your
little wet slut. Come all over me,
Joe Schbotnick. Cum in my mouth,
baby. Come all over my big horny
tits.

92

EXT. THE DINER - NIGHT

92

They leave the diner and walk along the street.
Shoplifter is turned on.

SHOPLIFTER

You're a freak.

GIRL 6

Always have been. You never gave
me a chance.

They pass an alley. He tugs on her arm.

SHOPLIFTER
I wanna show you something.

GIRL 6
What?

She realizes that he wants to show her his hard on. He holds her close and they struggle.

GIRL 6 (contd)
No thanks. Hey! Are you crazy?
You're crazy!

SHOPLIFTER
I've missed you, girl.

GIRL 6
Leave me alone! Leave me the fuck alone!

She pushes him off of her. He holds his hands in the air and backs off.

SHOPLIFTER
I'm sorry. Hey. Whatever.

GIRL 6
You, you just got the wrong idea, that's all. I'm way over you, 'kay?

SHOPLIFTER
Sorry. What did you expect?

GIRL 6
Jesus. I gotta go.

He moves to help her smooth her clothing, picks up her purse, etc.

SHOPLIFTER
You okay?

She jerks away.

GIRL 6
I'm fine! Fine! I'll pick it up.
I'm fine.

SHOPLIFTER
Lemme make it up to you, huh?

GIRL 6
Whatever.

SHOPLIFTER

I'll take you to my favorite place.

GIRL 6

What, Rikers? Not tonight. I'm working.

She walks off.

SHOPLIFTER

Whenever. Let's keep in touch.
I'll call you, 'kay? Okay?! Not okay.

93

INT. PHONE SEX OFFICE - GIRL 6'S CUBICLE - NIGHT

93

GIRL 6 at her station. She has her head down on her 'desk. She's exhausted.

Her phone flashes and her monitor beeps. She does not respond.

WE HEAR the sounds of a party in the background.

94

INT. PHONE SEX OFFICE-LOUNGE - NIGHT

94

Loud noisemaker blows. There's a party in the lounge.

WE SEE signs in the lounge, among them: "Most Minutes: Girl 6," "Most Requests: Girl 6."

Party Scene: Girl 17 blows on a very, very noisy noisemaker -- the kind that flips out like a snake's tongue. The lounge explodes into a party. There are streamers, balloons, cake, music, punch. LEW, the assistant manager, grabs Girl 17 and dances. Ronnie dances by himself. GIRL 112, new on the job, wears a corsage. They are celebrating Girl 19's engagement to her guy. Lil gives Girl 19 a big hug. Girl 19 looks very happy.

LIL

(embracing her)
Congratulations. We're going to miss you.

GIRL 4

Where's Miss 6?

GIRL 42

(like a carnival barker)
Working-working-working!

Lil takes Girl 19's hand and looks at her ring.

LIL

It's lovely.

GIRL 19

He went all out. Spared no expense.

Girl 17 blows the noisemaker sort of in Girl 19's ear and 19 playfully pushes her away. Girl 17 scampers away and opens the door to the workroom. She blows the noisemaker loudly.

95 INT. PHONE SEX OFFICE-NIGHT

95

Girl 6 is the only person working. As she sexes she completes a porno "connect the dots" puzzle.

CALLER #33 (OS)

I got a special fantasy. Can I tell you?

She finished the "connect the dots." It's a dominatrix butt-fucking her slave. The caption at the bottom of the page reads: "Ride him hard!"

GIRL 6

Tell me.

96 INT. PHONE SEX OFFICE-BATHROOM - NIGHT

96

Her conversation continues but Girl 6 is now in the bathroom. The party is still going on and WE HEAR it a little bit. She splashes her face with water. She stares at herself.

CALLER #33 (OS)

You're this hot co-ed bitch and I'm the principal of the school.

GIRL 6 (VO)

Oh, yeah.

CALLER #33 (OS)

And everyone's complaining 'cause you're too hot and turn everyone on too much.

She puts on some lipstick.

GIRL 6 (VO)

I get 'em hard and that's distracting. Are you hard right now, Tommy?

CALLER #33 (OS)
Sure am. Now, I'm the principal
and I have to discipline you.

GIRL 6 (OS)
Yes, sir.

97 INT. PHONE SEX OFFICE - LOUNGE - NIGHT

97

The party continues. Girl 39 is telling tall tales
again.

GIRL 39
He had the phone in one hand and
his cock in the other. What he was
steering the steering wheel with I
dunno. He came really big. Big
wads of stuff and then kerblammo.
I read about it in the paper the
next day. He'd gone off the road
and into the sea. Highway One.
That's when I was in L.A. That's
the highway out there.

98 INT. PHONE SEX OFFICE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

98

She applies makeup under eyes. Wipes off hands.

CALLER #33 (OS)
Unzip my pants and suck me off.

GIRL (VO)
Okay. You just take my head and
shove it down on your cock.

CALLER #33 (OS)
Suck me off you little slut. You
need to be trained.

99 INT. WALL STREET OFFICE - NIGHT

99

A great view overlooking Central Park. Our Caller #33
reclines in his leather office chair.

GIRL 6 (OS)
I'm such a little fuck slut.
Please, Mr. Principal, cum in my
hot mouth.

CALLER #33
Bend over my desk.

GIRL 6 (VO)
Okay.

CALLER #33
I'm gonna fuck you good.

GIRL 6 (OS)
I'm so wet.

CALLER #33
Tell me how bad you need it. Tell me.

GIRL 6 (VO)
I need it so bad, man.

CALLER #33
That's good. Beg for it, bitch.

GIRL 6 (VO)
Give it to me hard, sir.

CALLER #33
You'd fuck anybody and anything.

GIRL 6 (VO)
'Cause, 'cause, yeah, 'cause I'm so bad.

100

INT. PHONE SEX OFFICE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

100

Girl 6 stares in the mirror.

GIRL 19 (OS)
That's nothing compared to the old door.

GIRL 12 (OS)
What old door?

101

INT. PHONE SEX OFFICE - LOUNGE

The party continues. Some time has passed. It's a little quieter now.

GIRL 19
It's got bullet holes in it. One of Mistress Tina's slaves comes over here to service her in person. Ronnie wouldn't let him in so he shoots the door down.

GIRL 12
Then what?!

GIRL 39
Then he breaks down crying. Lil gave me the door, I got it at home.
(MORE)

GIRL 39 (contd)
Drew a heart around each hole.
It's a collector's item.

Girl 19 leans into the conversation.

GIRL 19
Tomorrow's my last day.

GIRL 39
Lucky you. Damn, that's a rock.

GIRL 19
He went all out. Spared no
expense.

102 EXT. BROOKLYN HOSPITAL - NIGHT 102

Girl 6 looks at building. Counts windows as she looks
for Little Angela's room.

103 INT. BROOKLYN HOSPITAL - INTENSIVE CARE - NIGHT 103

Girl 6 trying to get a glimpse. She's brought flowers.
She's peeking in and we can see the little girl in an
oxygen tent. A NURSE comes down the hall.

NURSE
You family?

GIRL 6
Uh, huhn.

NURSE
Name?

GIRL 6
King. Lovely King.

NURSE
King, Lovely ...

GIRL 6
I'm her dad's youngest sister.

NURSE
I don't see you down here.

GIRL 6
Took the bus up from Virginia, been
ridin' all night.

NURSE
We've had so many imposters.

GIRL 6

Don't I look like family?

NURSE

Why don't you leave the flowers with me? I'll make sure she gets them. Thanks for stopping by, dear. Oh, and if you'd like to help the family out with the bills, make your check out to the Angel Angela Fund and leave the check with me, okay?

104 EXT. GIRL 6'S APT. BLDG. - MAILBOX AREA - DAY 104

Girl 6 in sunglasses at her open mailbox. Junk mail. And a small brown envelope. She looks at the address. Rips open package. There's a cassette tape inside plus a little black instruction book. She smiles.

105 INT. GIRL 6'S APARTMENT - DAY 105

Boss #3's card on bed near unwrapped package and cassette tape. GIRL 6 has a telephone -- her own phone, an old-style heavy dial black phone -- beside her. She listens to tape. Looks through little black manual.

BOSS #3 (on tape)

If you do decide to accept this mission you must realize your own private line is essential. I suggest getting your number unlisted and inaccessible to Caller I.D. Choose a phone with a lightweight receiver. I suggest a headset. That way your hands are kept free.

GIRL 6

Huh.

106 INT. GIRL 6'S APT. - DAY 106

She is further into the tape. Now lying on the bed.

BOSS #3 (on tape)

While office bound fantasy girls are restricted to what they can talk about, a fantasy girl who works out of her home, a "home girl," experiences complete and total freedom. You can invite your caller to fully experience his

(MORE)

BOSS #3 (contd)
deepest, darkest, wildest, strangest
desires! No inhibitions! No restrictions!
Total freedom! No taboos!

107 INT. GIRL 6'S APARTMENT - DAY

107

A few days have passed. She's working at home now.

GIRL 6
We'd be in the hallway and you'd be
moving yer pink tongue in and out
of my hot little pussy.

CALLER #10 (OS)
We'd be in the hall. It would be
really dirty and I'd be all over
you.

GIRL 6
You'd be sucking my tits, man. And
then you'd turn me over and force
yer cock up my ass.

Someone's knocking at the door. She looks through the
spy hole and WE SEE Shoplifter. He's standing there in a
goofy leisure suit and holding some flowers.

CALLER #10 (OS)
I'm completely rock hard, baby.
I wanna cum right up yer ass.

108 INT. GIRL 6'S APT. BLDG. - HALLWAY - DAY

108

Shoplifter puts on a clip-on tie. Girl 6 opens her door
and continues her conversation as she looks Shoplifter
over.

GIRL 6
Oh, shoot it in me, big boy. Cum
all up my ass, cum all in my mouth,
cum all on my slutty tits.

She closes the door and he just stands there.

109 EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - NIGHT

109

Girl and Shoplifter walk along the street. She holds his
flowers. She looks different somehow. Maybe wears a
leather mini skirt and leather jacket. Like she's in the
fast lane now.

GIRL 6
I'm not at the office so much now.
(MORE)

GIRL 6 (contd)

Only Tuesdays. They're so tame.
Tame and lame. I got something
better going at home. Home
cooking, you know? The pay's
really great. I work like all the
time. I cook all night, you know?

110

INT. AT THE WIZ - NIGHT

110

Girl 6 and Shoplifter at the Wiz -- that electronics store. They're having a good time. They play with walkie talkies, computer video games, play music, watch huge T.V. with surround sound: An update of Little Angela is on the news. Girl 6 watches intently and Shoplifter watches her watch. They are two kids in a candy shop. Girl 6 puts a tape in a machine and Shoplifter listens. It's a recording of one of her home calls.

GIRL 6 (on tape)

I'm a black girl. That's what you wanted, right?

CALLER #35 (on tape)

Talk spicy.

GIRL 6 (on tape)

Spicy?

CALLER #35 (on tape)

"Honey chile." You know.

GIRL 6 (on tape)

"Honey chile?"

CALLER #35 (on tape)

"Honey chile," "Yo, mamma," you know.

GIRL 6 (on tape)

Yeah, sugah, I know.

Shoplifter gives her "you've got to be kidding" look. Girl 6 shrugs her shoulders as if to say "it wasn't my fantasy, I just do what they want." They walk from one department to another and a salesclerk follows Shoplifter as he walks off with some headphones. Shoplifter gives the headphones back with a smile -- he forgot he was wearing them.

They walk along an aisle of telephones running their hands along all the different kinds of phones. There are so many kinds. Plain ones, old style ones, ones with neon lighting inside. Mickey Mouse phones, an English

phone booth. Girl 6 plays with a voice changer phone. She tries out a headset and decides to buy it.

Now they're at the cash register. CLERK gives Girl 6 receipt and package. Girl 6 and Shoplifter walk out of the store. The store alarm rings. Girl 6, thinking it's her package, stops. Shoplifter grabs her hand and drags her after him as they run down the street.

111 EXT. STREET - NEAR THE WIZ - NIGHT

111

They run down the street.

GIRL 6
What the fuck--?!

SHOPLIFTER
Run. Just run.

The store guards are chasing them. Cassette tapes are falling from Shoplifter's pockets. They run and run. Finally they lose the guards. They stop on a side street to catch their breath. Shoplifter catches his breath and Girl 6 is still breathing hard. He pulls a cellular phone from his inside pocket. Looks at it with interest. Girl 6 is furious.

SHOPLIFTER
Ring, ring! Ring, ring!

She's furious.

GIRL 6
Jesus.

SHOPLIFTER
Ring, ring!

GIRL 6
Error, error, error!

She's calm now. She walks away from him backwards.

GIRL 6 (contd)
Stay away from me, okay? I don't think it's gonna work out, okay? Don't take it personally. Don't ever call me. Ever. Let's review the facts: yer a criminal, okay? You're a lost cause. Okay? Loser. So, goodbye. End of story.

She yells.

GIRL 6 (contd)

ASSHOLE!!!

She throws the flowers at him and walks out of sight. WE SEE Shoplifter's face. He's angry.

112

INT. GIRL 6'S APT. - NIGHT

112

Girl 6 at home sexing. She wears her new headset!! The feeling of the "phone sex at the office" scenes was hot, erotic, fun, playful and safe. The feel of these "phone sex at home" scenes are hot and erotic but also strange, weird, taboo and dangerous.

She's wearing her headset and sitting at her vanity table with her blonde wig on, ponytails, a plain white blouse. She is the girl next door type. Her head rests in her cupped hands.

CALLER #36 (OS)

Daddy's gonna spank you good and hard 'cause you want it bitch, 'cause you need it.

GIRL 6

I'm such a bad little girl.

CALLER #36 (OS)

You're such a bad little bitch. Pull up your skirt.

GIRL 6

Okay, daddy.

CALLER #36 (OS)

Now pull down your white cotton panties.

She rubs her eyes -- exhausted. She clenches her eyes shut and opens them wide.

GIRL 6

Okay, daddy.

CALLER #36 (OS)

Raise your little hot ass up real high and lemme spank you bitch.

She slaps table with a leather strap.

113

INT. MOVIE-FANTASY SCENE #3

113

An explosion of canned wild laughter. We are in sit-com land. Say "All in the Family" meets "Good Times" meets "What's Happenin'?" meets "The Jeffersons." Girl 6,

wearing her blondie wig is THE DAUGHTER. Jimmy stars as her FATHER. Lil as MOTHER. Daughter is talking on the phone with someone. Father grabs the phone from her.

JIMMY

Gimme that phone! Now look here!
Yer speaking to the man of the
house now, mister! Now, you better
go on and get the help you need and
never call my house again!

He slams down the phone. Wild canned applause.

JIMMY (contd)

Honey, yer mother and I want you to
have an active social life, but
when some sicko calls the house you
don't --

GIRL 6

How was I supposed to know he was a
sicko? All he kept saying was "Can
I come over? Can I come over?"
How was I to know --

She realizes what the caller meant. Big reaction all
around.

GIRL 6 (contd)

Oh --

Wild laughter with canned applause.

114

INT. GIRL 6'S APT. - NIGHT

114

Back in her apartment. She snaps back into reality.
She's exhausted.

CALLER #36 (OS)

Yer a little slut, aren't ya?
Aren'cha?

GIRL 6

Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah, baby.

JUMP CUT:

She talks with the switchboard person who gives her her
next assignment.

Her blonde wig is pushed back on her head so that we can
see her real hair underneath. She gels and sets the
brunette wig.

SWITCHBOARD (OS)
Wojowski. WO-iow-ski. Gregory.
Got it?

She writes it down.

GIRL 6
Yeah.

SWITCHBOARD (OS)
He's living in Pasadena but you
don't know that.

GIRL 6
'kay.

SWITCHBOARD (OS)
You listening?

GIRL 6
Yeah.

SWITCHBOARD (OS)
He wants a fifteen year old. His
neighbor's kid. Skinny as a rail.
He saw her undress for bed. Wants
to relive the experience.

GIRL 6
Got it.

She walks around the room. Her eyes are squeezed shut.
She rubs her temples. She leans against the window frame
and looks out the window. We just see her looking. The
hall phone begins ringing.

SWITCHBOARD (OS)
She's a black girl, this kid.
Heavy accent.

115 INT. MOVIE-FANTASY SCENE #3 (REPRISE) 115

The daughter's reaction shot again. Wild laughter and
applause.

116 INT. GIRL 6'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 116

Back to reality.

SWITCHBOARD (OS)
Hey wake up. You there?

GIRL 6
Yeah. Shoot.

The scene begins to fade out so that we don't hear the whole phone number.

SWITCHBOARD (OS)
His number: area code 818 --

GIRL 6
818 --

Someone is banging on her door.

SWITCHBOARD (OS)
483 -- whassat, yer house caving in?

GIRL 6
It's nothing. 483?

SWITCHBOARD (OS)
9937.

GIRL 6
99. 37.

Someone is still banging on her door.

She turns from the door ignoring the person on the other side.

117

INT. GIRL 6'S APARTMENT - DAY

117

She opens the door and Jimmy walks in.

JIMMY
Are you deaf? I've been banging on that door for an hour.

GIRL 6
I've been busy!

JIMMY
That's what I'm talking about.
Your ex, what did you do to him?
He wants you back.

GIRL 6
I don't go back, only forward.

JIMMY
Now I know I owe you money and I don't have a job but damn you and that damn phone. We don't even talk anymore.

GIRL 6

Jimmy, that's the thing, I get paid
to talk now, I can't be
bullshitting with you.

JIMMY

Me and you, you and me having a
normal conversation, two friends
just talking is bullshit?

He walks over to her vanity mirror and looks at letter
that is Scotch taped to it. He reads it aloud.

JIMMY (contd)

Dear Miss Lovely, I'm such a baby
and it's hard for me to go to sleep
at night, I'm hungry. Mommy,
please squirt some of your warm
breast milk into a bowl of Frosted
Flakes. THEY'RE GREAT. Love, Tony
The Tiger.

They both have to laugh behind that one.

JIMMY (contd)

All jokes aside I wouldn't be
surprised if you cum on some of
these calls, don'tcha, "Miss
Lovely"?

GIRL 6

You're wrong about that. I know
what's real and what isn't. Do
you?

118

INT. MAGAZINE SHOP - NIGHT

118

Girl 6 stares at the "Thief Beware!" photocopied sign.

SHOPKEEPER (OS)

You never come to visit me any
more. I've been missing you.

GIRL 6 (OS)

I quit here. Just came by to get
my check. I got something better
going.

She has bought tons of cigarettes again for co-workers.
The shop owner is piling them on the counter. She is
looking at the "Beware" sign.

SHOPKEEPER

I am a rich man. You won't have to work. You like to go fishing?

He rings up her purchases.

GIRL 6

Matches, too.

SHOPKEEPER

Lucky girl. Beautiful, lucky girl. You could be my wife.

GIRL 6

Right.

119 EXT. PHONE SEX OFFICE - NIGHT

119

Girl 6 walks back to the office carrying bag of cigarettes. She's very sad. In the shadows is Shoplifter. He watches her like a wolf. WE SEE him but she doesn't see him. He looks exhausted and sad.

She buzzes the buzzer to get in.

120 INT. PHONE SEX OFFICE - RONNIE'S STATION - NIGHT

120

WE SEE her from the SECURITY GUARD'S POV -- on the video security monitor.

GIRL 6

6 for sex!

The door buzzes and she goes in. Ronnie gets up out of his chair to let her in. WE SEE Shoplifter on the monitor. He glares into the camera. Then looks off. Hands in pockets. He looks angry and then lost, then sad and hurt and rejected. His face has a hangdog look. He sorta chews his lip and frowns and looks around. He looks as if he could hurt somebody very severely but sort of by "accident."

121 INT. GIRL 6'S NEW APARTMENT - DAY

121

A much nicer apartment. She's moved up in the world. Nicer room. Same building. Hot day but the fan going makes it pleasant. She's looking very non-glamorous. Wearing a tank top and bra and panties. It's the start of her day. Her answering machine is flashing. She turns it on.

MACHINE

"Number of messages received:
nine."

The machine rewinds itself. She goes into the bathroom.
WE SEE her in the bathroom gargling.

(on tape)
Hey, honey, it's Roz calling from
command central -- can you take
three of Niki's regs today? She's
got the flu, call ASAP. Wake up
and call me back. Ciao.

The machine beeps.

MACHINE (OS)
"Friday. Eleven thirteen a.m."

The machine beeps.

JIMMY (on tape)
It's Jimmy, you never call back. I
never see you, whatever.

The machine beeps. She sits on toilet and brushes her
teeth.

MACHINE (OS)
"Friday. Twelve twenty-nine p.m."

Machine beeps.

(on tape)
Roz again. ASAP. Wake up! Call
me. Ciao.

Machine beeps. Still brushing her teeth, she's now in
the shower.

GIRL 39 (on tape)
What's with ya? Weren't we going
to have lunch? I've been here --
an hour plus. All you do is stand
me up these days, Lovely-dovey.
Uncool, kid. Mistress Tina ain't
interested in yer bullshit, baby.

Machine beeps.

MACHINE (OS)
"Friday. Four o'clock p.m."

Machine beeps.

122

INT. GIRL 6'S APT. - NIGHT

122

Around two a.m. She's all dressed up as DOROTHY DANDRIDGE as Carmen Jones. She's got her headset on. She's sexing. She's a real pro.

CALLER #36 (OS)

I just took a piss all over your big tits and I want you to wear it for perfume.

GIRL 6

Yes, master.

CALLER #36 (OS)

You haven't been fucked in so long that you'll do anything for it won't you?

GIRL 6

Yes, master.

CALLER #36 (OS)

Bend over and take me up your ass, bitch.

GIRL 6

Yeah.

123

INT. GRIMY HALLWAY - NIGHT

123

CAMERA WALKS US along the corridor slowly. WE CAN BARELY MAKE OUT the figure of a man.

CALLER #36

I've got the "Big A," bitch. What do you think of that? One foot in the grave. HIV Positive.

GIRL 6 (OS)

Lemme suit you up.

CALLER #36

Bareback, bitch. Up your ass. I got it from a slut, I'm gonna give it to a slut.

124

INT. GIRL 6'S NEW APARTMENT - NIGHT

124

She freezes. She doesn't answer. Silence.

CALLER #36 (OS)

Hello?!?

GIRL 6

Hello?

CALLER #36 (OS)

I said up your ass. And beg me for it.

She's not enthused.

GIRL 6

Oh, please gimme your cock.

CALLER #36 (OS)

Up your ass.

125 INT. GRIMY HALLWAY - NIGHT

125

Back to the hallway. CAMERA CONTINUES TO WALK US along slowly. WE SEE the male figure a bit more clearly. His hand hides his face. He could be anybody.

GIRL 6 (OS)

Up my ass.

CALLER #36

Good and hard.

GIRL 6 (OS)

Good and hard.

126 INT. GIRL 6'S NEW APARTMENT - NIGHT

126

Later that same evening.

She has on a blond wig now. Lying on her bed. Her same dress on and her dress is hiked up revealing her stomach.

GIRL 6

Lucius.

CALLER #38 (OS)

Yer kidding.

GIRL 6

Lucius Thomas. That was his name.

CALLER #38 (OS)

Maybe it was Thomas Lucius.

GIRL 6

He had thick glasses like the bottoms of coke bottles,

CALLER #38 (OS)

And you kissed him?

GIRL 6

He kissed me first. I kissed him back. We were in kindergarten.

CALLER #38 (OS)

Yeah.

GIRL 6

We were in love. It was a milk and cookie break.

CALLER #38 (OS)

Was he a good kisser?

GIRL 6

I taught him a few things.

CALLER #38 (OS)

Yeah. I bet.

GIRL 6

I wonder where Lucius Thomas is now?

127

INT. DINER - DAY

127

In the diner where Shoplifter and Girl 6 ate, Jimmy and he sit at the same booth.

JIMMY

Don't take it personal. She doesn't speak to me neither.

SHOPLIFTER

Guess she's working.

JIMMY

I hear her sometimes through the door but I haven't seen her in weeks. Her phone's unlisted, too. I'll give it to ya, but she screens all calls and she don't call back.

SHOPLIFTER

I miss her, you know? So if she could -- I dunno. Meet me somewhere or something. I dunno.

JIMMY

I'll leave her a message.

128

INT. GIRL 6'S NEW APARTMENT - NIGHT

128

She sits at her mirror putting on a white bandage. Jimmy bangs on the door. She talks to herself.

GIRL 6

You can be a nobody or you can
be a somebody. A something or a
nothing.

She puts on a white bandage headdress a la Little Angela.
Jimmy bangs on the door some more. She feigns "great
head distress."

GIRL 6 (contd)

It's a risky business either way.

WE SEE another message on a white slip of paper being
slipped underneath her door. She continues to feign
"great distress."

129

INT. GIRL 6'S NEW APARTMENT - DAY

129

CALLER #30 (OS)

You don't remember me?

She flips through 3x5 index cards.

GIRL 6

What're you into? That'll remind
me.

We hear breathing sounds underneath.

CALLER #30 (OS)

I like it rough. Snuff. Remember
me, wet bitch? Mr. Snuffy?

She pushes her headset from her ear.

CALLER #30 (OS) (contd)

Hello?!

She decides to take the call. She repositions her
headset. He has hung up and the line is dead.

GIRL 6

Hello?! Hello?!

She calls the switchboard.

GIRL 6 (contd)

Hey, there, it's Lovely. Who'd you
just send me?

SWITCHBOARD (OS)

We didn't. Musta been a wild card.

GIRL 6

Guess so.

130 INT. FALLING DREAM #2 - NIGHT

130

Elevator door opens. CAMERA MOVES IN and there is no elevator there. CAMERA "FALLS" down elevator shaft.

131 INT. PHONE SEX OFFICE - LOUNGE - NIGHT

131

Girl 6 sits near the coffee table talking with Girl 39. As they talk she folds nine twenty dollar bills in a piece of paper, puts the paper in an envelope and addresses the envelope to "Little Angela King, Harlem Hospital." The T.V. goes in the background and Girl 39 has it up full volume -- earphones in -- earphones around her neck so we can hear the sappy romance movie.

GIRL 39

You on tonight?

GIRL 6

Yep. Just came by to say hey.

GIRL 39

Yer working too damn much.

GIRL 6

Maybe.

She addresses her envelope. Licks it shut.

GIRL 39

Sit for a bit. Miss an hour. Have a coffee.

GIRL 6

Okay.

GIRL 39

I bet you cook around the clock.

GIRL 6

Bingo.

Lil comes in with GIRL 18 - a new girl. Lil shows her around. Girl 18 is young and unsophisticated. Looking like Girl 6 did when she started.

LIL

This is the lounge. Coffee machine. We take up a donation once a month. T.V., watch it with the headphones. Monitor on so you
(MORE)

LIL (contd)
know when yer up. Oh, keep a
notebook. A log. You'll remember
yer callers. They like that.

She sees Girl 6.

LIL (contd)
I'm hiring if yer interested.

GIRL 6
I'm not interested.

LIL
Suit yerself. Coffee?

GIRL 18
Sure.
(to Girl 6)
Eighteen. Darleen.

GIRL 6
Lovely.

GIRL 39
They released her today.

GIRL 6
Yeah?

GIRL 39
Released today. She walked out on
her own. Sorta.

GIRL 18
She made the six o'clock.

GIRL 6
Wow.

LIL
Where ya been, 6? In a coma?
Darleen, let's get you yer first
call.

Lil whispers to Girl 39.

LIL (contd)
Get a flower ready, okay?

Lil walks as Girl 18 stays put.

LIL (contd)
Darleen?!

Girl 6 winks at Girl 18 and Girl 18 smiles. Girl 6 goes to get the flower.

GIRL 6

I got it.

She opens fridge. WE SEE the inside. Light comes on. WE SEE some foodstuffs and a tall stack of corsages in their plastic boxes. She reaches in and looks -- the cold air blows out. She takes a boxed corsage out. Closes the door. Black.

132

EXT. STREET - NEAR PHONE SEX OFFICE - NIGHT

132

It's about eleven p.m. Girl 6 leaves the office and walks along the street. She passes a STREET GUY.

STREET GUY

Hey, baby, howyou dointonite?

She hurries down the street.

133

INT. GIRL 6'S NEW APARTMENT - NIGHT

133

GIRL 6 at home phone sexing. It's very hot outside. There's a fan going. Windows open. This is the end of the line. The hall phone is ringing and ringing. This scene is the most erotic/pathetic/strange "sex scene" so far. Girl 6 has bottomed out. She sits in an arm chair. She wears her black bob-wig and it's askew. She has a dress on -- sort of. The top is unzipped and pulled down and the bottom is hiked up. So that she's wearing a bra and panties with a dress bunched up around her waist. She's talking with Caller #30 -- the scary caller.

CALLER #30 (OS)

It's Mr. Snuff.

GIRL 6

I know.

CALLER #30 (OS)

You miss me?

GIRL 6

Kind of.

CALLER #30 (OS)

I've really opened up to you.

GIRL 6

You have?

134

INT. DARK NEW YORK STREET @ W. SIDE HWY. - NIGHT

134

CAMERA MOVES US down a dark street. We start out slowly and pick up speed.

CALLER #30 (OS)

Yes, I have. And now it's time for the good part.

GIRL 6 (OS)

I'm scared.

CALLER #30 (OS)

I'll be quick and you'll be happier when it's over.

GIRL 6 (OS)

Okay.

CALLER #30 (OS)

Yer not happy now, are you?

GIRL 6 (OS)

No.

135

INT. GIRL 6'S NEW APARTMENT - NIGHT

135

Girl 6 in her apartment.

CALLER #30 (OS)

Yer not happy because yer a fuck slut. Go on. Say it.

GIRL 6

I'm a fuck slut.

CALLER #30 (OS)

You'll be happier once I've done this for you. We'll put yer head in a bag and tie it up good and then give you the fuck of your life, and then lights out. Lights completely out.

GIRL 6

Why are you doing this?

CLOSE - HER FACE

136

INT. FALLING DREAM #3 - NIGHT

136

Elevator shaft sans elevator. We're falling.

CALLER #30 (OS)
That's none of your fucking
business.

GIRL 6 (OS)
Okay.

CALLER #30 (OS)
Ready?

GIRL 6
Yes.

WE HIT the bottom of the shaft. WE LOOK around.
Trapped. Man's face appears with hand covering it. Hand
begins to uncover it but instead moves to cover/smother
"our" face.

CALLER #30 (OS)
Let's spice this up some. I'm
gonna come over to your house and
we'll do this for real, how's that
sound?

137

INT. GIRL 6'S NEW APARTMENT - NIGHT

137

She sits up in her chair. Scared.

GIRL 6
It's more fun like this, baby.

CALLER #30 (OS)
Bullshit. I live nearby so I'll
see ya in a sec, okay?

She straightens her clothing and draws the blinds.

CALLER #30 (OS contd)
I'll put the bag around yer head
good and tight. And I'll watch you
struggle.

GIRL 6
You don't know where I live.

CALLER #30 (OS)
Twelve nineteen on the Avenue. See
ya, bitch.

She rips the headset out of the connector-box. She hooks
up the regular phone. She calls the switchboard.

GIRL 6
It's Lovely. Just got another wild
card. Send someone, sweet.

SWITCHBOARD (OS)
Sit tight. I'll call ya right
back.

She hangs up.

Phone rings. She picks up.

CALLER #30 (OS)
I'm on the corner, do you want
anything?

She slams down the phone. Hurriedly closes the windows.
Double locks the doors. Drags the vanity table in front
of the door.

Phone rings. She picks up.

CALLER #30 (OS)
I just picked up some of those blue
baggies -- you know, the see-
through kind?

GIRL 6
Leave me alone.

CALLER #30 (OS)
Don't be shy. I just wanna say
hey.

GIRL 6
My guy's gonna be home any second.

CALLER #30 (OS)
Don't lie. No one wants you but
me. I'll get it around yer head
good and you'll be begging me for
it.

She tries to calm him.

GIRL 6
Oh, yeah, baby. That's really hot.

CALLER #30 (OS)
Then I'll ram my thing in and have
a real wild time, then whoa, lights
out. See ya in a sec, sexy 6.

She slams the phone down.

Phone rings.

She picks it up and slams it down.

The phone ringing sequence above happens over and over and over again with her growing more frightened and hysterical with each ringing.

Then the whole scene FADES TO BLACK.

138 INT. GIRL 6'S NEW APARTMENT - DAY

138

It's just barely dawn. About four a.m. CAMERA PANS apartment. The place is a mess. WE SEE furniture in disarray.

The phone begins ringing.

WE SEE that furniture is barricaded against door.

WE SEE windows. They are open. Window blinds flutter in breeze. Perhaps she jumped?

Nope. WE SEE her face. CLOSE. She's fallen asleep right next to the phone. Phone continues to ring.

She sits up. Awake. She slowly, cleanly, deliberately unplugs the phone.

The ringing stops.

She calmly "empties" the phone out of the window.

139 EXT. GIRL 6'S APT. - STOOP - DAY

139

SLOW-MOTION: The telephone comes falling out of the window to crash on the sidewalk right near the stoop. Other phone paraphernalia follows.

Somewhere a dog begins to bark.

140 INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - DAY

~ 140

Jimmy goes to door and lets Girl 6 in.

GIRL 6

I wanted to say goodbye before I left.

JIMMY

Going to L.A.

GIRL 6

Yep, I'm gonna start all over and seriously pursue my acting.

JIMMY

I'm happy for you. By the way, I broke down and sold a lot of my collection, couldn't wait 20 years anymore, gotta eat today. It's the move.

He goes over to his desk and picks up a card.

JIMMY (contd)

I want you to have this. This is a TOPPS 1964 Baseball Card, mint condition. TOPPS in National League, Willie Mays and Hank Aaron. The card is signed by both. Remember me.

GIRL 6

I will, Jimmy.

She takes the card.

JIMMY

Don't sell it.

They embrace.

141

EXT. GIRL 6'S APT. BLDG. - STOOP - DAY

141

Shoplifter dressed in his suit and tie sits on her stoop, beside him are some wilted flowers. He looks like hell. It's about seven a.m. Girl 6 walks out of her building. She's loaded down with two heavy suitcases, a cosmetics case and a hatbox. She walks past him and down the stoop. She looks very determined, almost grim. She wears high heels. The stuff is heavy but she's managing okay.

SHOPLIFTER

Yer girl Angie got out. Thought we could celebrate.

She doesn't respond. Just keeps walking.

He watches her walk, then jumps up and follows her.

142

EXT. STREET - NEAR GIRL 6'S APT. BLDG. - DAY

142

She's walking to a well trafficked street. He carries the two heavy suitcases for her. He is loaded down. Her pace is swift.

GIRL 6

You ever call me?

SHOPLIFTER

All the time.

She looks at him.

SHOPLIFTER (contd)

But not what you think, a regular
friend to friend conversation. How
you doing, normal stuff like that.

GIRL 6

I'm going to L.A. Where it's safe.

SHOPLIFTER

How is L.A. safe? Earthquakes,
fires, riots and shit.

GIRL 6

Safer than here, plus I want to get
my acting thing happening again.

They reach the street and she hails a cab. The cab stops
and the cabbie puts her stuff in the trunk. They hug.
She gets in the cab.

143

INT. CAB - DAY

143

Shoplifter closes the door for her. Cab drives off. She
settles back in her seat. Breathes a big sigh of relief.

144

INT. MOVIE-FANTASY SCENE #4 - DAY

144

Beautiful Los Angeles offices. A well dressed MALE
ASSISTANT greets our Girl 6, now MISS BROWN, movie star.

ASSISTANT

Miss Brown!

WE SEE our Girl 6 seated calmly in the reception area.
She is very tastefully dressed. She is a star.

ASSISTANT (contd)

He's so sorry to keep you waiting.
He and your agents had to work out
a few minor details.

They walk together down a long beautiful hallway.

ASSISTANT (contd)

This is of course not a "reading,"
he just wants to have a little
"meeting" -- he wants to catch up,
go over specifics --

GIRL 6 (as THE STAR)
Of course.

145

INT. MOVIE-FANTASY SCENE #4 - DAY

145

The director's office. Super plush. Girl 6 as The Star basks in adoration.

DIRECTOR (OS)
Lovely, baby, darling. Howyabeen?
Lets have a look atcha. Mmm-~~mmm~~-
~~mmm~~-I could eat you up. Mmm-~~mmm~~-
mmm.

146

INT. REAL L.A. AUDITION STUDIO - DAY

146

Girl 6 in an audition. She wears a plain white blouse. No wig. WE SEE her face on a video monitor. She turns her head slowly.

DIRECTOR³ (OS)
Mmm-~~mmm~~-mmm. Now, Rob, yer gonna shoot her the line and when you answer him, honey, turn yer head real slow. Kiss. And let yer top open up and drop down like we talked about. Alright? Rob -- shoot. Action.

Rob stands ready. He's dressed like a delivery guy.

ROB (CALLER #1'S VOICE)
Delivery.

GIRL 6
Come on in.

DIRECTOR (OS)
And kiss.

They kiss. Hot.

DIRECTOR (OS contd)
Good. Now let yer top open up. Let's see yer tits, honey. Come on. Keep the kiss going. Rob. Help her. We ain't got all year, sweetheart.

She pushes Rob off her.

CLOSE - GIRL 6 - VIDEO IMAGE

She looks right at us.

GIRL 6

There seems to be a misunderstanding. I didn't come 3,000 miles to let this dude dry hump me or show my tits for a part. I can act, I'm talented. I can do this. I will.

Girl 6 gathers her things.

DIRECTOR (OS)

No offense. We're trying to be free, no restrictions, that's what's required of the role.

Girl 6 leaves.

147

EXT. L.A. STREET - DAY

147

Blinding sunlight reflected on two glass double doors.

Girl 6 pushes the doors open and walks out onto a grimy Hollywood Boulevard. Hollywood Walk of Fame stars in the sidewalks. Palm trees in the background. She walks out into the harsh sunlight. She wears a tough strong determined look. She's going to make it but she's got a rough road ahead. CAMERA pulls back and we lose her in the busy L.A. street.