

MODEL DAUGHTER

By Daniel Waters

Di Novi Pictures
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EXT. A MIDWESTERN FRONT YARD--A VERY COLD DAY

A YOUNG JACOB JACOBS scampers past scattered clumps of snow, accompanied by the voice of his older self. Young Jake prys open a frozen mailbox and pulls out the Sports Illustrated Swimsuit issue of a February long ago.

JAKE (V.O.)

It all goes insane when you actually start looking forward to the Sports Illustrated Swimsuit Issue. I mean, there is a time when you're young and rosy-cheeked and you go out to the mailbox and you get angry...

INT. BEDROOM WALL

Jake's words continue over the image of a mammoth piece of white poster board on a bedroom wall.

JAKE (V.O.)

What are these pointless girls in bathing suits doing on the cover of my favorite sports magazine? How quickly I succumbed...

Young Jake's hand tapes a clipping of a MODEL JUMPING ROPE onto the blank poster board.

EXT. A DESERT IN CALIFORNIA--A VERY HOT DAY

A couple decades older, JACOB JACOBS starkly stands in the middle of a desert now reflecting, through a brutal pair of sunglasses, upon a LIVE-IN-THE-FLESH SWIMSUITED GODDESS JUMPING ROPE (the rope is on fire) between two mighty cactus constructions.

Jake breaks from his reverie to weave through a deliriously monumental supershoot unfolding around him. PHOTOGRAPHERS hatch open their weaponry while their CREWMATES wobble up reflector boards into the dead California air. Detached clusters of POSE-STRIKING WOMEN are the focus of the frenzy. They are MODELS.

The viewer's viewpoint suddenly surfs purposely over the chaos. Out of an "Arabian Nights" set-up of brilliantly colored tents, Models plow forth in outfits insanely ranging from bathing suitage to absurdly layered haute-couture.

A DUNE BUGGY OF MOCK-DELIRIOUS WOMEN cuts across the horizon followed by a camera crew. A surreal Volleyball game is in progress involving a strangely gargantuan beach ball.

The viewer's viewpoint coasts to a halt before a GIGGLING MODEL wearing not much more than strategically placed canteens. With whinnies of "I can't help it," the Giggling Model can not stop giggling. A bearded HE-MAN PHOTOGRAPHER and his CREW are unamused.

Jake softly crosses before them and whispers to the Giggling Model. She immediately sobers up as Jake struts off.

GIGGLING MODEL
 Sorry, people. Let's do it...

INT. MAMMOTH RED TENT --DAY

A champagne sipping MELANGE OF MODELS in various states of undress banter away as they are fitted and measured by DRONES.

WHITE TOPLESS MODEL
 They promised a "closed set" last week,
 right? 98 Teamsters. Client's golfing
 buddies. Horny priest blessing the set--
 And me wearing nothing but banana
 pudding...

BLACK TOPLESS MODEL
 I told you--the only element of sweet
 fantasy left in this business is when
 you're paid in cash--

She cuts off as Jake pops into the tent. The topless models catch themselves mid-squeal.

WHITE TOPLESS MODEL
 Oh hey Jake, it's just you....

JAKE
 "It's just me."....Ouch.

Jake mimes being arrowed in the heart.

DRESSING MODEL
 Jake, you got to call my mother and lie
 to her for me because you're the only
 one she trusts...

JAKE
 Stop worrying, the store's not going to
 prosecute you for shoplifting--you're on
 the cover of their catalog. But what
 did I tell you about that engagement
 ring--lose it before June freaks out...

SEVERE FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
 Jacob! Where are you?

The Model melange titters in recognition.

EXT. THE DESERT--DAY

Jake flaps out the tent to connect up to the path JUNE PIERCE is burning through the burnt fauna. Somewhere in her forties, June has could-still-be-a-model looks, wrapped in a Tigress aura that implies such a facile compliment would violently annoy her.

As June rips off an Omar Sharif-scarf to speak, the pair passes STYLISTS strategically arranging sand on the bottom of a DENTAL FLOSS THONGED BEAUTY, who is firing an absurdly endless stream of liquid into her mouth from a squeezed bottle.

JUNE

This goddamn business... Milan faxed a shot of Brittany in her new haircut. It's worse than we feared. Blue-er than we feared. It's like her head's being raped by a chlorinated porcupine.

(pause to surroundings)

By the way, what is this?

JUNE

Entire calendar in one weekend. An all-media super-shoot. News crews filming other news crews filming photographers filming models. It was in your E-mail...Snake.

The pair casually elude a sidewinder on the parched Earth floor.

JUNE

This goddamn business...

MINDY (O.S.)

Jacob Jacobs? Hey, Jake!

Jake and June turn to a guilelessly perky and wavy-haired wonder, MINDY, waving at them decked out in intricately shredded Mad Max-post-apocalyptic threads (all over a ripped LEAR T-shirt).

JUNE

Don't even think about going near that Judas Whore.

JAKE

(cheerful depart)

Fuck off, June.

JUNE

Ask her why she hasn't got a Vogue cover this year...

PIERCE ASSISTANT

Ms. Pierce, the phone. It's H.

June swipes her Pierce T-shirted assistant's cellular.

EXT. MANHATTAN PENTHOUSE TERRACE--RAINY NIGHT

Plowing through the skyscrapers of the dark and rainy kingdom of Manhattan, a raggedy princess emerges onto a terrace, holding a cordless phone of her own. She is H LEAR, a gangly, thirteen and much more than a half year old girl who would be beautiful, very, if it wasn't for her disturbing coiffure, her Malcom X glasses, and her bizarre princess costume with the big H pin.

H

Hi, Mom.

EXT. JUNE IN THE DESERT--DAY

puts on her best put-upon face into the phone.

4.

JUNE
H. What? That is to say, why..are you
calling me here?

EXT. MANHATTAN PENTHOUSE TERRACE--RAINY NIGHT

Crashed at a Terrace table, H ignores Mom's attitude.

H
I'm fine. And how are you?

JAKE AND LEAR MODEL MINDY

give a glance toward the phone-tortured June.

MINDY
Yow, so Ms. Pierce's still a little
enraged at all of us who signed with
Ward after the break-up, isn't she?

JAKE
So am I, you pre-Raphealite bitch.

MINDY
You haven't said anything about my tits,
Jake. Aren't they great?

JAKE
Devastating. Nature or Nurture?

MINDY
Don't be gross. I'm a growing girl.
Okay, a little nurture. You know, Doctor
West on Park and 25th...

June passes in front with a cross-country groan.\

JUNE
Oh Christ, H, you're above this...

EXT. MANHATTAN PENTHOUSE TERRACE--RAINY NIGHT

H goes into an amusingly eerie voice.

H
N-o, I'-m n-o-t.
(normal voice)
I'm not above this. I'm an almost
fourteen year old who wants her Mom to
see her cruddy little school play.

EXT. JUNE IN THE DESERT--DAY

futilely looks around for an escape from the conversation.

JUNE
How am I supposed to know when you care
what I think, H?
(more)

JUNE (Cont'd)

I ask about your photography and you tell me to go to hell. I ask about...Hey, don't you want to talk to your buddy-ol-pal...Ja-acob--

With a weak wave to Mindy, Jake stumbles toward June who hot-potatoes the phone to him. As he speaks, June gives a slight, but genuine glance of jealousy.

JAKE

So you still collect bad postcards, right? Found a great one for you this morning. Old woman--bending toward a cactus...

EXT. MANHATTAN PENTHOUSE TERRACE--RAINY NIGHT

H unslouches herself with a weary smile.

H

And wha? That's dees-custing. Yet strangely compelling. Thank you, kind sir.

EXT. IN THE DESERT--DAY

Jake smiles in a mock-solemn tone.

JAKE

Everything I do, I do for you. H, you knew she wouldn't be able to come to the play--why are you using it as the big fight of the month?

EXT. MANHATTAN PENTHOUSE TERRACE--RAINY DAY

H

I know, Jake-Jake, you're right. This show sucks anyway, I play a princess before she drinks the magic beauty potion. Then Sally Nelson takes over the part...You're telling me!

H vibrates with genuine laughter. She calms, tentatively contemplating a speck of blood on her raised pinky.

H

Anyway, I didn't call about the play. I called to tell someone that...that..it's that time of the...life. Jake-Jake, I got my...my..you know...

EXT. THE DESERT--DAY

Jake crosses by the sight of Mindy being photographed sinking in quicksand.

JAKE

H, you know I love it when you babble uncontrollably, but could you connect the dots for me. I...

A junker of a car behind Jake suddenly erupts with a loud explosion, causing Jake to drop the phone.

EXT. MANHATTAN PENTHOUSE--RAINY NIGHT

H hunches forward with concern, trying to shake to life her silenced phone.

H

Jake-Jake.....Jake-Jake?

EXT. DESERT AREA BY CAR--DAY

Behind the burning vehicle, the rickety face of a fake building is raised up by some SWEATING WORKERS. A SEVERE GERMAN PHOTOGRAPHER strides away from the the kooky image, bobbing a light meter.

GERMAN PHOTOGRAPHER

Yummy.

The viewer's viewpoint follows the smoke of the car as it drifts toward a black tent that has been commandingly set up upon steel scaffolding.

EXT. THE BLACK TENT ON SCAFFOLDING

With the composure of a monument, LOMBARDI emerges from the tent, onto the scaffolding terrace. He gracefully waves off the coming vapors, looking every inch the spooky, vaguely European Fashion Industry Icon that he is. He looks out over the super-shoot with an effortlessly disdainful snort.

He then turns to a STRIKINGLY ANDROGYNOUS WOMAN in a perfect white dress (except for a bloody bullet hole painted over the heart).

LOMBARDI

It's time.

EXT. JAKE IN THE DESERT--DAY

Jake clings up the phone from the sand. A lizard walks over it.

JAKE

Sorry, H. H--are you there? Shit.

(re Fire)

Photographers...

JUNE

Quit crabbing...the Ego has landed.

June snaps the cellular away from Jake and motions to a Lear-Insigniaed limousine slithering into a hot pink tent.

EXT. OUTSIDE PINK TENT--DAY

Ejaculating from the pink tent is the dashing WARD LEAR along with the Lear agency's bespectacled, black, deadpan, female counterpart to Jake, DOMINIQUE WALKER.

WARD

The brat comes into my office with an I-don't-work-for-the-agency-The-agency-works-for-me soliloquy. Seventeen fucking years old and she wants contact sheet kill rights.

DOMINIQUE

"Contact sheet kill rights"--Where do they learn this shit?

Ward does a kid-in-a-candy-store gallop to the desert constellation of bodies, teeth, dune buggies and endless shutter-clicks.

WARD

Aureole-borealis. Individual looks come and go but the flavor of the month is always pussy. Dominique, if this isn't heaven, I'm an atheist.

EXT. OTHER PART OF THE DESERT--DAY

THREE SUNNING BEAUTIES flail atop the world's largest beach towel which reads FEBRUARY. A PURRING MEISELESQUE PHOTOGRAPHER barks out orders as his OAKLEYED ASSISTANT clinically does the actual snapping from a ladder above.

PURRING PHOTOGRAPHER

Come on girls, let there be life! Or even death! I wanna be traumatized! Thank you! Hold the upper body-- Yes!..Wa-ard!

Ward has sashayed onto the towel with a semi-oblivious grin. The Sunning models giggle up at him.

WARD

Lighten up, Lamar. I'm just making sure it's not a mirage. Ladies, you look succulent with a capital Suck.

SUNNING MODEL .

Oh Ward, be still my heart...

WARD

I love a smartass...and yours is Genius....

A pretty TEENYBOPPER MODEL, changing out of an outfit behind a held-by-Assistant blanket, giddily waves from a distance. Ward immediately snakes off toward her. Ward's MALE SECRETARY in leather pants and a Lear T-shirt painfully moves before him with a cellular phone.

MALE SECRETARY
Mr. Lear. It's H.

EXT. MANHATTAN PENTHOUSE TERRACE--RAINY NIGHT

H paces the ledge of the terrace with her cordless phone.

H
Da-a-d. Dominique says someone will be
"vid-ding" me in the play tonight.

EXT. THE DESERT --DAY

Ward makes Big Bad Wolf gestures toward the bubblingly appreciative Teenybopper Model.

WARD
Yeah, fast-forwarding, rewinding, some
freeze frame action, it's going to be
mighty mighty.

EXT. PENTHOUSE TERRACE--NIGHT

H
It's going to be mighty tacky, Dad.
(a surrendering laugh)
Why can't I get mad at you...

EXT. THE DESERT--DAY

Ward pauses before a buffet table to scarf a little caviar.

WARD
Get mad at me? H, what kind of topic is
that? I'm the hottest patriarch a girl
can possess...
(eyes on teenybopper)
H-sweetie, hold on for a tick-tock...

Ward pockets the phone. The viewer's viewpoint slides down the table to where a cute and nervous model, MARCIE, meticulously arranges a picaresque lunch upon her paper plate. Seeing June Pierce stomp up, she wings her mini-banquet into a nearby trashcan.

MARCIE
Oh, Ms. Pierce, I'm...

JUNE
"Sorry?" No kidding. Do you know the
meaning of the word "oink?"

MARCIE
My diet's not...work-...

JUNE
(touching out)
Neither's the electrolysis, Rasputin. Go
back to the hotel, Marcie. Hide. We'll
talk on the plane.

JAKE

moodily watches Marcie shuffle away. He takes off his sunglasses--
rubs his eyes--puts them back on.

JAKE

Beauty is...not pretty....

With mystic radar, Jake averts himself from the path of the planet-sized beach ball bouncing behind him. TWO PLAYFUL MODELS retrieve it.

THE BUFFET TABLE

Simultaneously rumbling away from different points at the table, June and Ward intersect. Trapped in a burst of It-would-be-immature-to-walk-away maturity, each is amused by the other's anxiety, trying to cover their own.

WARD

June...when did you get in--when do you go back?

JUNE

Ward...glad to see you spending some quantity time with H...It is your week this week, is it not?

WARD

Our daughter happens to be on-line...

Ward reaches for his pocketed cellular.

EXT. PENTHOUSE TERRACE--NIGHT

Tired of holding, H flings her phone off the terrace and sweeps into Ward's apartment.

EXT. MANHATTAN ASPHALT--NIGHT

The falling phone smashes to pieces.

EXT. THE DESERT--DAY

Ward gives a shake to his dead phone.

WARD

Whatever...at least, I'm having her play vid-ded.

JUNE

Video? Pretty unoriginal, even for you. Oh, I heard you opened seven more modeling schools. Way to go, Chief.

WARD

("You're jealous")
If those schools weren't making money...

JUNE

Taking money. Ward. Christ, you know you can't teach "height." You can't teach "genetics." You...

WARD

June, you're not my wife anymore, you're the competition....I....

June and Ward hush to radar that Lombardi's spooky Assistant in the white avec bullethole dress has halted between them.

SPOOKY ASSISTANT

Lombardi. Now. Follow.

Jake spies June and Ward being Pied Pipered away. Ever-observant-through-his-shades, Jake watches Lombardi's assistant lead June and Ward up the scaffolding to the black tent. Jake looks up to make eye contact with Lombardi upon the scaffolding terrace.

Jake's attention swerves to a rumbling Taxi. Hatching out is the sadly charismatic super-model NICOLE KIMBERLY. Atop the taxi is a grand advertisement that has a photo of an infinitely sweeter and sunnier Nicole Kimberly bending a cigarette with the caption: SUPERMODEL NICOLE KIMBERLY SAYS "SMOKING IS UNCOOL." The in-the-flesh Nicole lights one up.

Jake marvels at the juxtaposition and good-naturedly waves. Nicole, not-so-good-naturedly, blows a billow of smoke towards him, scrambling up into a silver-steel UFO-resembling trailer, through a mass of security people. Jake spins back to watch Lombardi saunter into the black tent.

INT. LOMBARDI'S BLACK TENT--DAY

Flapping the tent shut, Lombardi faces his captive audience: June and Ward sitting stiffly side-by-side atop pillows on the floor of the Pasha-set-up.

LOMBARDI

June Pierce...of the Pierce Agency. Ward Lear...of the Lear Agency. Hi.

WARD

Lombardi...I had no idea you were coming out here...

JUNE

Mario gave me a glimpse of the new collection at the rehearsal. Next week is going to be seminal...

WARD

I never see the girls get as excited about anything as much as your shows..

LOMBARDI

Fashion is dead. Forgive me, I know it is absurd and that I say it every year, but...I've run out of decades to cannibalize-- my stern hemline commands are cheerfully ignored--the general public would rather just amble their way into--what is the name of that evil, evil place--"the Gap." I feel the need, I'm sure you do as well--the need to rage against all that is boring, boring, and boring-- I have something. New. Neat.

June and Ward perceptibly lean forward in a mixture of tingling excitement and outright fear. Lombardi puts a blown-up photo of A RAIN FOREST CHILD HOLDING A STRANGE FLOWER upon an easel.

LOMBARDI

June. Ward. Last month, a Trend research team of mine discovered a flower in the Amazonian Rain Forest-- the flower produces a chemical. My perfume chemists in Dallas have put this chemical into a pill that creates seventeen minutes of euphoric clarity-- the ability to remember the first time you tasted ice cream, where you left your car keys, the scent of your mother. Et. Cetera. I will be licensing the product under my name: "The Lombardi."

JUNE

You mean, like one of those Smart drugs...You want to market...

LOMBARDI

You're not listening. This pill is made from herbal and organic rain forest ingredients. Extremely spectacular, completely safe.

WARD

I think I lost you somewhere around "The Gap..."

Lombardi chuckles as another explosion rocks out from outside.

EXT. BEFORE THE FAKE BUILDING FACE--DAY

A Mass of Debris before the Fake Building Face whoomps up in flames while machines strategically churn even more smoke. The German Photographer and a BURLY ASSISTANT study an unseen photograph.

GERMAN PHOTOGRAPHER

Soon we need the Girl...And the Gun.

INT. THE STRANGE TRAILER--DAY

Holding an ultra-tech, super-sleave, silver gun with laser-sighting, Nicole Kimberly melancholically sits on a Trailer stool. Stylishly done up to perfection, she is wearing ornate earrings that also are working mini-clocks.

Nicole flicks on the red beam of the laser sighting. Pointing the gun at herself, she runs its thin laser trajectory across her mouth, her teeth, and into her eye. She then swings the gun toward the mirror-- the red beam bounces off the mirror onto her forehead. She kind of smiles.

A sharp sound knocks her out of her stupor. She scans to the sight of Jake ambling gracefully up steps leading out of a trapdoor before her.

NICOLE

Take off the sunglasses if you want to talk to me...

JAKE

Who says I want to talk to you? Nice pic.

Jake deftly back-kicks the trapdoor shut. He motions to a taped-to-mirror clipping of Nicole Kimberly in an unstylish outfit with the caption NICOLE KIMBERLY FASHIONS. Glasses and a goatee have been drawn on the picture.

NICOLE

Here when I got here. What can I say, everybody hates me.

JAKE

Oh now, just the people who know you. Everybody else in the world loves you. The Elvis of modeling.

NICOLE

I tell people what I miss most is the sex, but you know, it's gotta be your sense of humor.

(to picture)

Nicole Kimberly fashions. Available at a better quasi-discount warehouse near you. Ward doesn't pimp my name for just anyone...I'm getting out of this business, Jake...

JAKE

(yawning)

Why this time?...

NICOLE

Such a jerk. I've been waiting around here since...since...a long time.

Nicole comically tries to catch a glimpse of her attached clock-earrings. After futilely swerving her eyes from side to side, she halts her head with reasonable composure.

Jake touches out to Nicole's eyes and exhales.

JAKE

I can't believe- you're still seeing that guy. Mr. International Drug Dealer. It's so late 70's early 80's...

NICOLE

Do not disparage Drugs. They're the only thing left still worth the hype. Oh, but that's ri-ight, after Jake Jacobs left me, he doesn't even take Advil anymore.

JAKE

There's a lot of things I don't do anymore...

NICOLE

I know. You stated the rules very clearly at our last summit. I didn't give you a disease, did I?

JAKE

Not physical.

A burst of sun cuts off a mock-expression of mirth from Nicole. The Burly Assistant floats into view from the opening front door.

BURLY ASSISTANT

Hurry. Losing the light.

INT. LOMBARDI'S SUITE--DAY

A chuckling Lombardi is the one now (comfortably) atop a pillow as a blown-away June and Ward dance around, juggling a flurry of questions. They pass the blown-up photo of the Rain Forest Child.

JUNE

Is there a concern about threats and boycotts and...

WARD

I mean, Lombardi, all natural ingredients or not, we're talking about some strange chemical...

LOMBARDI

The right campaign, the right girl, any product can become accepted and cherished. I'm thinking...for the campaign...a fresh face...

WARD

Youth is always in, always hot. Youth never gets old. Lear agency motto.

LOMBARDI

But I want more than innocence. I want an innocence with a potential for great social upheaval. A dangerous innocence.

JUNE

Like I've always said at the Pierce Agency, if you want the girl next door, go next door.

Lombardi rises. June and Ward wither back down to the pillows.

LOMBARDI

Before I even remotely announce to the public something as outrageous as a "designer drug," my strategy and my model must be completely in place. I'm calling Elite, Ford, the others, and every photographer I know to give them the same speech, the same proposal. There's only room in my lifeboat for one girl, so needless to say, things are going to get very claws-out. The way I like it.

Lombardi enigmatically twists away, out of the tent. His Spooky Assistant steps before the dazed June and Ward.

SPOOKY ASSISTANT

Over. Leave.

EXT. THE DESERT--APPROACHING DUSK

Hatching from the trailer, Jake and Nicole (twirling her gun) move through a gauntlet made up of all the kooky characters unveiled in this vast opening scene.

NICOLE

Jesus, I don't work for you anymore. I don't fuck you anymore--Remind me, why are we talking?

JAKE

"I still care for you?"

NICOLE

Could you put that in the form of an answer?...

At the end of the lines is a VIETNAMESE MALE MODEL, looking seriously haggard with his hands tied behind his back. Perfectly set up in the background are smoke, debris, the mock-building and the flaming car.

JAKE

I was hoping to talk, Nicole. I really was...I don't what it is we're doing now--but it sure isn't talking.

NICOLE

Ooh, tough truths from the vice-prez of a modeling agency. Look at you, people still think you're the coolest guy in the business and you still think that's a compliment. Sad.

Affected, Jake finally takes off his sunglasses. Nicole raises the imposing laser-sight weapon to the side of the Vietnamese Male Model's head in an immediately, recognizably exact replica of the renowned 1968 Life Magazine photograph of a Vietnamese man being executed in a point blank gunshot.

GERMAN PHOTOGRAPHER

(coldly whimsical)

Say cheese?

NICOLE

(smiling)

Blow me.

SNAP!

INT. JAKE'S NEW YORK APARTMENT--A COUPLE MORNINGS LATER

Wearing shirt-and-tie over boxer shorts, Jake is zonked out, beside an open suitcase, in a comfy chair of his modestly cool apartment. A 5-X-8 of the Nicole Vietnam Fashion Shot bobs on his chest.

A Willow Figure suddenly passes before the viewer's image of Jake. The figure is VETTE, who, wearing only a goofy pajama top, lifts books and papers, looking for something. She signals to her roommate TABITHA in the open doorway, wearing the goofy pajama bottoms and a bra.

Like Sugar Plum Fairies, the young women scamper around the rustling-in-slumber Jake. Is this real? The girls bite their lips in whispered whimpers of laughter. Jake's hand bolts out to grab Vette's arm. She squeals in delight as Jake pulls her into his lap.

JAKE

So it wasn't a dream...

VETTE

We just wanted a corkscrew, Jake.

JAKE

A corkscrew at 7 in the morning? I don't want to know...

TABITHA

We need it to fix my hair dryer. Hey Vette, does he have a boner?

VETTE

Not even. He's so cruel.

JAKE

Isn't it my trust and friendship you most desire?

Jake laughs, standing up, tugging Vette off his lap. Jake casually slaps into air a corkscrew dangling off a stereo speaker and tucks it into Tabitha's pajama bottoms.

TABITHA

Oh Jake, you gotta swing by and talk to Marcie...They brought her all the way out west on that Calendar thing and didn't even fake using her--

JAKE

Tabitha, aren't you supposed to be in Belgium?

TABITHA

Client pushed to next week. What exactly, is Belgium?

JAKE

Valid question. Good morning.

Jake herds the duo out the door with an amused exhale. He presses a button, opening up his curtains. Out his window, across the way, is a BUILDING SIZE MURAL OF NICOLE KIMBERLY. Jake's smile disappears. Phone rings. Jake hits a speaker button...

JUNE (PHONE)

Jacob.

JAKE

June.

INT. JUNE'S OFFICE--DAY

Neck-holding a cordless while tossing photos and comp cards into two boxes both labeled NO, June settles behind the desk of her magazine cover covered office.

JUNE

I haven't slept since we got back.

(perfect Lombardi)

"Claws out--the way I like it"....So have you thought about those two wittle words: "Dangerous" and "Innocence."

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT

As Jake keeps up the conversation, he shakes into another outfit.

JAKE

Dan-ger-ous Innocence--I don't know, June, you got your Lombardi jeans, luggage, perfume, tea, golf balls, and now an herbal pill that gives out "seventeen minutes of pure, mental bliss." Lombardi thinks he's God.

JUNE (PHONE)

He may be right.

JAKE
Well, I've got two wittle words for you.
"Dawn" and "Webster.".....June?

JUNE PHONE
I'm inaudibly going "Hmmm." "Dawn
Webster"--is she ready? Get over here...

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF JAKE'S APARTMENT--STILL MORNING

Tucking in, Jake bolts out of his apartment. He glances to a FIERCE BODYGUARD standing before a set of double doors down the hall. A glass shattering sound is heard from behind the door.

Jake shakes his head, continuing forward. From across the hall, A HURRIED MODEL hops out of her apartment trying to tug on a loafer. Jake, with perfect robot grace, silently stops and holds out his elbow. The Hurried Model balances herself with his limb, gets on the shoe, and spirits away.

Tabitha, out of her pajamas, and into some spritely model-on-the-go-avec-backpack gear bounces from yet another apartment.

TABITHA
Jake. Marcie?

JAKE
(he forgot)
Marcie.

INT. THE TEEN MODELS' APARTMENT--DAY

Jake wades into the sweetly trashy utopia one would expect from four teenage girls living together without direct adult supervision. Dirty laundry and Chinese take-out artfully strewn about beneath bad poster art. Music pumping from a stereo thrown together on the carpet.

Jake zeroes in on California Blonde SABRINA who's crashed on the couch in a flannel nightgown with a horrifying pink facial mask on. She pulls a retainer from her mouth and puts in a cigarette.

SABRINA
Ja-ake, don't look at me...I'm not finished.

JAKE
Sabrina, you're beautiful on the inside
and that's what counts.

VETTE, out of her PJ top and into a casual Black-Jean-Blazer ensemble, chimes in from the kitchen area, scribbling in a Filofax. A blown-up-ad behind her shows a beaming Vette and Marcie holding up computer software, accompanied by Japanese calligraphy.

VETTE
Jake, thank God. Poor Marcie...last
summer in Tokyo, she was Wonder Woman.
I mean, you remember.
(more)

VETTE (Cont'd)

She gets back here and she's going through G.-See hell, right--40 Go-Sees without the taste of a nibble of a real booking, if you don't count some showroom work in Queens, and believe me, no one does.

SABRINA

She's not even getting her share of the obscene phone calls round here anymore...Hey Jake, what movies has Richard Harbor directed?

JAKE

Jesus, he hasn't done anything in a whi-i-why do you wanna know?

SABRINA

Don't look at me like that. Dick's not that ancient. And besides, he did rent a limo for tonight...

VETTE

(sneezing the word)

Slut...slut...

A cracking-up Sabrina hurls a pillow at Vette who counterattacks with a sponge. Jake wryly dodges the crossfire, moving off.

INT. MARCIE'S BEDROOM--DAY

The Living room tunage fades off as Jake curls around a bunk bed to the familiarly troubled Marcie desultorily plopped atop the top bunk, wearing only an over-sized Lombardi sweatshirt. Jake playfully grabs her knees.

JAKE

Hey Marcie, what's so funny?

MARCIE

Agency's going to drop me, aren't they, Jake? They changed bookers on me. You think I don't know what that means?

Jake takes a break from nodding his head to glance at his watch.

MARCIE

It's the Computer, Jake, it put me on the wrong diet, I know...

(catching Jake)

Is there some place you'd rather be?

JAKE

Shit, Marcie, I'm sorry. June is after me and...you're in a tough phase. You deserve more than a mini-pep talk and..

MARCIE

Shut up, Jake. I know you're not an asshole, okay? It's just...am I pretty...still? I'm serious.

JAKE

(genuine, but robotic)
Seriously Yes. Marcie, clients have so many different agendas, that if your look doesn't match up, you can't take it personally--hey, if I wasn't running late, I'd climb up there right now.

MARCIE

(giggling)
Yeah, right, you big tease. Get out..

JAKE

Sure?...sure?...Come on, pull me up. No?--
I'll talk to June. Agency's not going to drop you...

Jake moves off with a compassionate smile. Spirits buoyed in spite of herself, Marcie warmly returns.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT COMPLEX--MORNING

Jake weaves through a gaggle of APARTMENT MODELS and out of the building. A MODEL WITH A POODLE is picking up Fifi's excrement with a plastic gloved hand. She guilelessly waves to Jake with her brown and bagged hand.

MODEL WITH POODLE

Hey, Jake.

Jake waves back with a smile and dashes toward a Subway entrance.

EXT. MADISON AVENUE--FALL MORNING

Versace tie blowing over his shoulder, Jake exits out of another Subway entrance. H, in her rag-tag wardrobe (including a BLACK BY POPULAR DEMAND T-shirt), grins, pushing up her glasses, bounding surreptitiously behind him.

Jake scans to a JOGGING BEAUTY of glistening bandana, magically cutting a path through New York non-glamour. Jake turns to give a parting glance.

H

It's a butt, Jake-Jake. You know, the thing that poop comes out of.

JAKE

(mock-self-defense)
This is my job...

Jake and the revealed H break into a quick flurry of playful mock-pummels and kicks before continuing down the street.

JAKE

Hey--what we're you trying to tell me
out in th desert, before we were so
rudely cut off?

H

Oh nothing, only everything. Let's just
say I'm a woman now.

(beat)

"I'm a woman now." Get it?

Jake puts his hand to H's cheek and kisses her temple. She accepts
the small kiss with feeling.

JAKE

Oh, H...Congratulations. Do I say
"Congratulations?"

H

"Congratulations" is cool. I tried to
tell Mama and Papa, but...

JAKE

Wa-ait, you already got your period,
like last March. You came running out in
the middle of that party and...

H

That...was a lie. You see, all my
friends hit the big time when they were
like twelve and so I panicked.

JAKE

(chuckling)

I get it...

(casual moan)

Oh man, so this girl, this morning, like
twenty minutes ago--it was so sad. She's
pouring her heart to me and I get caught
looking at my watch. Thing is, I knew
what time it was. Isn't that weird, it
was weird, like I was trying not to
care, like...I don't why I'm bothering
you with this...

H

Don't stop, Jake-Jake. I like it when
you're not just being casualesque with
me. It's...it's important. I've got
topics and stuff to discuss myself...

JAKE

"Topics"? Really? Tell me, H. I'm the one
you talk to, remember?

H

Yeah, I remember. I don't
know...actually I do know. It's
just..I'm...We're..

(more)

H (Cont'd)
 (looking ahead)
 We're here.

H swallows her words as the duo come to a set of glass doors reading THE PIERCE AGENCY.

INT. THE PIERCE AGENCY LOBBY--DAY

Jake and H wind through the Pierce agency lobby past a slew of poignantly overdone-up WOULD-BE MODELS nervously clutching portfolios. H is spooked by their vulnerability, they are spooked by her strangeness. Breaking her discomfort, H happily gives the finger to a camera up in the corner of the reception area.

INT. JUNE PIERCE'S OFFICE--DAY

ANNETTE, June's punkette assistant, slaps down a line of photo-age as June, watching the monitor on her massive desk, bellows out to the rude image of H.

JUNE
 Lovely. Why isn't she in school?

INT. THE BOOKER ROOM--DAY

BOOKERS encircle a spinning carousel of clipboards, barking into bleating phones about availability, fees, and measurements, scribbling into yanked out files and calendars. An entering Jake reaches out to give the carousel an anarchic spin. The bookers moan in tickled anger.

BOOKERS
 JA-A-KE!

INT. JUNE'S OFFICE--DAY

Jake comfortably swings into June's pristine lair.

JAKE
 H says Hello.

JUNE
 I noticed. I've sent for dear little Dawn Webster. I don't know, Mr. Vice-President-- "The Lombardi Girl?" Last week I wanted Dawn to do some tests in Lingerie. She got really Farmer's Daughter about it: "I just Ca-an't"

JAKE
 In another couple weeks, her book is going to be all tear sheets anyway. Dawn's celestial and you know it.

JUNE
 We'll discuss it with the crew at the meeting. So what's going down at the Apartments?

Jake sidles upon June's desk to help her toss loose photos into the NO boxes.

JAKE
Not much.

JUNE
"Not much?" An apartment house full of models? Attempt to be real.

JAKE
Yeah, well, there's Marcie, in 717. Can't we get her into that Todd Oldham thing this week? She's a good kid going through a tough phase...

JUNE
That's a polite way of putting it.

JAKE
I--I think the computer put Marcie on a bad diet. She could be getting bulimic...

JUNE
Does she realize that the vomiting comes after the eating? Key...

June stares over to the monitor, full of young lovelies.

JUNE
Jacob, there are many adorable girls who want to be models. We want the adorable girls who are models...
(rising to intercom)
Annette, we're starting. Interrupt when Dawn Webster arrives...

INT. THE CONFERENCE ROOM--LATER

An OBESE MALE EXEC engulfs the last of a croissant....

OBESE MALE EXEC
She's fat.

HOTSHOT FEMALE EXEC
She is not!

Circling a conference table are MALE AND FEMALE AGENTS of various size and function. At the head of the table is June and reclined behind her, within a high tech windowsill, is Jake.

OBESE MALE EXEC
Okay, she's big boned and a good dancer.

OLDER MOTHERLY EXEC
She's Edge-cutting and Click's got her doing Catalog cattle calls. I think we can poach her...She's such a sweetheart...

JAKE

Hey, don't judge a book by its content.

JUNE

(to picture)

A book like this, one--maybe two covers, then what's the point? She'll drown in the mainstream. Could we talk about our girls now?

GAY EXEC LYLE

I think we should send Rebecca back across the water. She never calls in, leaves the set with the clothes, and when it comes to partying, she thinks it's 1977...

JUNE

Europe's a fantastic idea, Lyle. Becca can show Julie Darnell the ropes in Paris.

JAKE

The Virgin Julie? Don't you know in France, Statutory Rape is a sacrament.

JUNE

Hopefully, by the time we bring Julie back, her annoying Texan giggle will be permanently damaged by weird cigarettes, excellent coffee, and the bodily fluids of Zillionaire EuroScum.

JAKE

Ah, a young girl in Pair-ee.

HOTSHOT FEMALE EXEC

On the subject of girls who need their cherries popped, why aren't we Concoriding Dawn Webster, the girl from Iowa...

JAKE

Wisconsin, you New York elitist.

JUNE

Ladies and gentleman, like it or not, we're positioning the little Dairy Queen as the Lombardi Pill Girl.

OLDER MOTHERLY EXEC

Dawn's glorious, but she's so unestablished...

LYLE

Jake, was this your idea?

JUNE

Lombardi wants unestablished. He wants Dewy. He wants Quivering. And he wants it Yesterday. Every agency is going through the same thing. His Almightyness wants to order outside the usual menu.

As June rumbles on, Jake gravely stares out the window...

OUT THE WINDOW TO THE STREET BELOW

The beyond-adorable DAWN WEBSTER herself and her mother, MRS. WEBSTER, come out of a taxi. Dawn gushes up at the buildings around her. She wears a wholesomely unstylish pink monogrammed (DBW) sweater that she probably thinks is swell.

JUNE (O.S.)

All this is not to deny Dawn needs help. Especially in the Lingerie Department. Putting the sex into sexy, if you will...

CONFERENCE ROOM

HOTSHOT FEMALE EXEC

I thought it was for times like these that we have a token, handsome straight male second in command.

LYLE

Yeah, you're from the Midwest, Jake. Strike up a conversation about... "crops"

OBESE EXEC

Or just whip out your magic wand and...

The table moans. Jake hatches out of his place on the sill.

JUNE

Leave the poor boy alone--but someone does have to teach Dawn Webster of Appleton, Wisconsin, that innocence is only useful when it is not genuine.

JAKE

(opening room's door)

Speak of the angel, she's on her way up.

INT. THE PIERCE AGENCY'S HECTIC BOOKER ROOM--DAY

Jake and June swerve into the Booker room to greet Dawn Webster and her overwhelmed Mother.

JUNE

(self-amused lying)

Dawn, what a lovely sweater.

DAWN

My aunt made it.

JUNE

But of course she did. How are you,
Shirley?

MRS. WEBSTER

Mrs...Ms. Pierce...have you found a place
for Dawn to stay. I've...

JUNE

My ex-husband and I bought a place back
when we worked together. Now girls from
both our agencies live there. Outside a
costly chicken pox epidemic in '89, it's
been a good...

DAWN

The Apartments. Mom, it's the
Apartments. Oh nifty, that's where
Nicole Kimberly lives, isn't it? Mom,
that's where Nicole Kimberly lives. I
have all her workout tapes and I...

IRISH FEMALE BOOKER

Diandra, honey, stop crying. I know you
don't know where you are. I
know...Diandra..

The group's attention reorients to the alarmed voice of an IRISH
FEMALE BOOKER, seated nearby. The viewer and an awed Dawn watch as
Jake effortlessly snaps the phone from the booker and takes
control.

JAKE

Diandra, calm. It's okay. Everybody gets
lost in the subway. Just read me a sign.
Okay, you're not exactly in the
right...state--but here's what you do...

Jake looks up to make dramatic-for-her eye-contact with Dawn. He
winks. The film slam-cuts to...

INT. THE CONFERENCE ROOM

Still nervous and unbalanced, Dawn and the viewer find themselves
at the head chair of the empty conference room chair. Jake
comfortably leans into the long table-top before her.

DAWN

"Linger-ie?" But Ms. Pierce told me that
the most important thing is to always be
myself and..

JAKE

You're a model now, Dawn. Being yourself
is not something you do by yourself.

DAWN

I know models aren't supposed to be all
that shy, but Geez Louise...I'm
(more)

DAWN (Cont'd)
not going to take off my clothes just
because it's the trendy thing to do.

JAKE
What other reason is there?

Jake smiles along with a nervous titter from Dawn.

JAKE
You're sweet, Dawn, but I know that you
know things--I run up to a closing store
and say, "Can I come in and buy this one
thing. Please. It'll just take a
minute." Store stays closed. You do it.
The doors magically open.

DAWN
Yeah, our library had this rule that no
one could use the stapler, but I..

INT. JUNE'S OFFICE

In similarly intimidating fashion, leaning against her desk, June
smooths a seated Mrs. Webster.

MRS. WEBSTER
Now what about...

JUNE
There's a new cliché going around, Mrs.
Webster: Models are hard working, health
conscious, and their idea of fun is
sleep. At the Pierce agency, we promote
this cliché.
(real compassion)
You're going to have to trust us with
your child. Best advice, Shirl--just let
it all happen.

INT. THE CONFERENCE ROOM--DAY

Keeping Dawn off-guard, Jake pulls out a picture of a very
adultlike Dawn in a fur coat.

JAKE
Do you know whose test shot this is? It's
the coat's. You're going to become the
Babe in the Bikini on the horse holding
the Diet Cherry Pepsi can, the Camp
Counselor who gets the mute kid to say
"I love you" by giving him Doritos.
Don't confuse your image with your self.
Leave that to everyone else.

DAWN
So you think I'm taking this lingerie
thing too seriously. I know, maybe I am,
but still, I just can't...

JAKE

(to picture)
She can. The designer Lombard' has
dropped a bomb on our little world.
Every agency is in a frenzy over a
single, secret project. I'm not going to
get into it now, but it involves
basically--You.

Annette pokes her head in the door. Jake turns in mock anger.

ANNETTE

Phone call, Jake.

JAKE

Damnit Annette, I told you to hold my
calls! This is important!

Jake winks as Annette, biting her lip to keep from smiling, recoils
out of the room. Shocked and flattered, Dawn straightens up in her
chair with a sweet blush. Jake turns back around...

INT. SOHO LOFT--AFTERNOON

...but now he is in a new location--that of a large but coolly
sparse studio loft. Off-screen flashes beat off his face. The
earlier seen He-Man Photographer crosses before him, working. The
vision both men behold is a sunny Dawn Webster vibrating in
disturbingly stunning lingerie, battered by a powerful fan.

HE-MAN PHOTOGRAPHER

That's it--that's it--chin up--Go
further, Dawn--stop modeling! More sigh,
less smile. That's it--that's it--

A little guilty, Jake breaks out of concentration to soak in
various pockets of activity--LOITERING HAIR AND MAKE-UP PEOPLE
smoking up a storm. TWO LOFT MODELS dangling off a couch.

LOFT MODEL ONE

Did you ever marry that Prince who asked
you to marry him?

LOFT MODEL TWO

(beat)

Yes...No..Yes.

Jake next scopes a lethally casual STUDIO MANAGER ho-humming
through the book of a precious MODEL HOPEFUL. As the rejected Young
Hopeful takes back her book for a sheepish exit, Ward Lear brashly
enters with right hand woman Dominique and an obedient doe named
HARMON KILLIBREW.

WARD

Harmon. Get painted.

JAKE

Mistah Lear...

WARD

Jacobs...How's it hanging, traitor? What brings you to everyone's favorite Svengali....I see. Who's the crumpet?

Ward and Dominique saunter to either side of Jake, up and downing Dawn Webster.

JAKE

Name--Dawn Webster.

DOMINIQUE

I've heard of her. She's cute.

WARD

So she's the X chromosome Pierce is presenting to Lombardi. Not bad, but not Harmon Killibrew...Revel away....

Ward motions over to the wispy Harmon being made up.

WARD

Look at that Look. I know the emaciated jailbait groove is getting tired, but believe you me, with a little lip definition, Harmon is something dangerous.

DOMINIQUE

We got Miss Killibrew into the Lombardi show tomorrow. Had to scratch Chantal Jetson.

JAKE

Really--What about scratching your almighty superstar Nicole Kimberly? She told me out in the desert that she's quitting the business.

WARD

(yawning)

Why this time?

JAKE

God, that's what I said. Same yawn.

WARD

Everyone wants to be Nikki Kim or do Nikki Kim. You got to allow some eccentricity to someone with so much chariz.

JAKE

She's reaching her allotted eccentricity limit, Ward...Nicole needs help.

WARD

Nikki just needs to keep busy. So Jacobs, come to the Store tonight. I'm throwing a party for Harmon...

JAKE

"The Store?" I don't know, Ward...That place gives me the...

WARD

It's Lombardi's club so all the agencies will be parading their girls...Come on, it'll be unpleasant!

A stark black phone lets off a ring of interruption. The barefoot Studio Manager clings it up off the hardwood floor.

INT. JUNE'S OFFICE--DAY

June squints up from a light board of slides. Annette is holding the rest of the phone.

JUNE

Jacob...Ward's there now? Who does he have with him, a 5'5 meter-maid from one of his schools in Tulsa?--Harmon Killibrew, huh? Yeah, yeah, French Glamour cover a while back-- snazzy, nothing revolutionary--Mugler has a thing for her...What? He got her into the Lombardi show!

INT. THE LOFT--DAY

The Studio Manager playfully lights a butane and holds it under Dawn's pink "DBW" sweater. Jake laughingly kicks at him.

JAKE

Oh June, I'm sure you'll find a way to sneak our Miss Webster in... Hey, why did you tell Dawn's mother there was an opening at the Apartments...You know we're booked over there for the next....

INT. JUNE'S OFFICE--DAY

June walks from the light board. Annette keeps pace with the phone.

JUNE

What are you talking about? You gave me the idea. Marcie in 717 is out...Don't worry, I personally cashed out Marcie's existing vouchers before her plane left..

(a jolt)

I'm sorry, did you just tell me "to go fuck myself?"

INT. THE LOFT

Due to his unseen outburst, Jake has gained the deadpan attention of everyone dallying around the studio. Ward and Dominique share a chuckle. Jake curls down upon the couch where the Loft Models are crashed. As he lowers his voice into a socially acceptable snarl, the Loft Models fixate on him like children watching a puppet show.

JAKE

Well, I'm glad we have a clear
 correction. Goddammit June, I swear you
 get off on this. Girl just needed a
 break...

Freaked by the Models' creepily rapt attention, Jake clammers up
 from the couch. The Loft Models break from their trance.

LOFT MODEL ONE

I'm so hungry.

LOFT MODEL TWO

(holding raisin)

Raisin?

LOFT MODEL ONE

(eating it)

I'm so full.

Pacing with the phone, Jake crosses before the models, faking
 outward composure with an icy seethe.

JAKE

You get to be the Mythical Bitch. You
 get the fun job; I have to be something
 resembling human sometimes and I...I
 don't know what I'm saying, she was
 pretty, that's all I'm saying, Marcie
 was a pretty girl...

INT. JUNE'S OFFICE--DAY

June is taken aback by the outburst, wobbling behind her desk.

JUNE

Jacob, there's no need to...Your
 righteous indignation has been duly
 noted. You are officially "a better
 person than I"...listen, Jacob, you
 know this isn't a Morality thing, it's
 a Reality thing. Marcie has to learn
 that...

INT. SOHO LOFT--DAY

Jake is striding back into the light of the Soho loft, clapping the
 receiver (and June's voice) back into the phone. He calmly hands it
 off to the Studio Manager as Ward slithers up.

WARD

Have I mentioned lately what a mistake
 it was going with June after the split?
 We're the men who make love to the women
 other men fantasize about while getting
 handjobs from their generic
 girlfriends...Gives us an understanding
 that June can never have. Am I right,
 Jacobs?

JAKE
(mild disgust)
Ward. See you at the party.

Dawn momentarily averts her gaze from the flashing camera to make bubbly eye contact with Jake, who dredges up a weak smile.

HE-MAN PHOTOGRAPHER (O.S.)
Yes, yes, whatever you're thinking
Dawn...turn it up. Turn it up.

INT. THE APARTMENT HALLWAY--DUSK

Jake carries a big icky-flower-motif suitcase down the Apartment hallway. Dawn trails behind him carrying a duffel bag.

DAWN
So Jake, what floor does Nicole Kimberly live on?

JAKE
You don't want to know.

Jake glances down the hall to where the Fierce Bodyguard is still standing.

INT. THE TEEN MODELS' APARTMENT--DUSK

As a guilty Jake and an oblivious Dawn straggle in, Vette takes a coldly regal standing position behind a couch where Tabitha and a now-blue-facialed Sabrina sadly sits.

JAKE
Ladies...Dawn Webster.

DAWN
Hi, there!

The three girls cross their arms. Dawn fakes a non-frown at the silent non-welcome. A bottle of conditioner spills from her duffel. Tabitha pops off the couch to retrieve the rolling bottle.

TABITHA
Oh man, you shouldn't be using this
poison--it really singes your roots.

SABRINA
I mean we use this shit to clean the
bathtub. Venez...

VETTE
Hell-o...where are..

Sabrina and Dawn flutter into the bedroom as an abandoned Vette seethingly gestures to a lovely white dress hanging behind her in a cleaner's bag, next to the advertisement of Vette and Marcie.

VETTE

I come back from the cleaners and there's Marcie, whimpering, packing. She trusted you, Jake! Man, I trusted you. Jesus, maybe I am just a brain-dead Barbie like they say in Sassy magazine.

JAKE

You're not--Don't take all this out on Dawn. She's going to need your help...

Vette cools a bit, leaning back against the white dress.

VETTE

No kidding. Who made that sweater? Her aunt?

JAKE

Something like that. Listen, it's my duty to show Dawn off at the Store tonight--and well, that sure is a purty dress you got hanging...

VETTE

No fucking way, Skipper....

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CLUB--NIGHT

Dawn wondrously sprouts out of a cab wearing the white dress. Jake, nicely dressed himself, follows Dawn out. She is gaping at a GLITZY CROWD OF WANNA-BEES standing behind velvet ropes before, perversely enough, what seems to be nothing more than an empty, harshly-lit convenience store.

DAWN

Ooh! The Store!

STREET PERSON

Change, Cinderella, some change?

DAWN

I don't really have any change. How 'bout a dollar?

Crashing to reality, Dawn pulls a dollar from her tiny pocketbook and holds it out to the scraggly STREET PERSON before her. Jake pulls Dawn like a bodyguard toward the sterile "Store."

JAKE

Dorothy, you're not in Wisconsin anymore.

DAWN

(cluelessly cocky)

I know, I know. In New York you're not supposed to say Hello to strangers...

JAKE

Oh, well, as long as you're not naive.

An intense DOORMAN breaks character to nod at Jake, who glides through the mundanely whirring open market doors with Dawn.

INT. THE CONVENIENCE STORE LOBBY--NIGHT

Jake and Dawn enter into, no doubt about it now, a blandly corporate all-night mini-grocery, complete with a PIMPLE SPLATTERED CASHIER slackered behind the counter, barely looking up from his Hot Rod magazine.

The viewer may be temporarily perplexed. Jake is not. He purposefully leads Dawn through the usual collection of Pork Rind-esque provision stacks and moaning Slurpee machines (all bathed in typically terrifying fluorescent lighting and dependably gross Muzak). A VERY RECOGNIZABLE MODEL incongruously saunters through this desolate 7-11/AM-PM ambience.

JAKE

Leaving so soon?

VERY RECOGNIZABLE MODEL

Some of us work for a living...

Jake and Dawn reach a stern, thick, and ugly set of double doors in the back. They plow through.

INT. THE STORE

Jake and Dawn emerge into a completely different world. They stop to suck in the awesome vista of Manhattan's hottest club--the endless deco-dant bar, the sunken-in dance floor, the sparkling chandelier.

JAKE

Wow?

DAWN

Wow. Just like Vanity Fair said it would be.

Taking in the panorama, the viewer's viewpoint zeros in on a set of tables where Ward stands, holding court with a sultry seated group of people that include Dominique and a squeaky-image-busting-voiced Harmon Killibrew.

WARD

Don't get me wrong, like any man, I worship the idea of two unbelievably attractive lesbians going at it, but if they keep fooling around, one of them is going to end up bringing the other one to their agency. And let me tell you....

HARMON

Wa-ard...when do I meet Lombardi? You promised...

Harmon's pouty face ignites in a nasty, blinding flash. The abrasive photographer is revealed to be H, in another unattractive hair s yle, wearing a ripped blazer over a t-shirt that says REDRUM. She scampers away as Harmon seethes.

HARMON

Am I just allergic or is your daughter
an actual disease?

ANOTHER AREA OF CLUB

H sneaks up to a table where TWO BABY MODELS are cozying up to their mid-fifties dates.

H

Excuse me, gentlemen, would you like a
picture with your daughters?

She delightedly snaps again and scurrys off into a face-to-face with her on-the-brink-of-getting-uncool father.

WARD

I admire non-conformity just as much as
everyone else, H, but I wanted our last
night together before June's week starts
to be something special.

H

Oh. May I suggest the idea of buying me
a red Honda Scooter...

WARD

You don't want to talk to me...Cool.

H

Yo, I do want "to talk." But excuse me
if I can't be disciplined like one of
your m-a-adels....

WARD

H-honey, I'm not trying to...Hey, we had
fun this week, didn't we? Wait a sec...

Ward's attention panthers to a passing Club Model.

WARD

Crystal, long time, no drool. That Vogue
cover should've been yours. I don't know
what is up at your agency...I can't
believe they're not pushing you for this
Lombardi Girl gig.

The viewer's viewpoint moves up toward a mirrored patch on the back wall of the club and then through it.

INT. THE CLUB OFFICE (CHAMBER)--OTHER SIDE OF THE TWO WAY MIRROR

All noise cuts off. The club bustles outside of the revealed to be two-way mirror. Lombardi stands, watching out, amid a sleek, chamber/office of starkly Starke design.

He robotically scans model-to-model, his breath eerily condensing against the glass. Lombardi's viewpoint zeroes down to Jake and Dawn.

INT. BY THE BAR--NIGHT

The viewer's viewpoint swoops downward as Jake and Dawn slide across the bar, hooking up with a charmingly debauched JAKE-A-LIKE and his BORED MODEL GIRLFRIEND.

JAKE

Some people still come out at night,
after all...

EYEPATCHED AUTHOR

Magazine stories come and go, but I
never stopped having sex, taking drugs,
and going to clubs. Hey, Jake.

JAKE

You scare me. Everyone. Dawn Webster.

DAWN

Hi there!

Dawn is holding a hilariously garish and girlish Kalhua-Colada.

BORED MODEL GIRLFRIEND

I've heard of her...she's cute. I'm
going to the bathroom to pass out from
excitement.

JAKE-A-LIKE

(as she leaves)

Remember the good old days when we used
to make fun of models...Look at them
all. So Lombardi's on the prowl for
fresh meat, huh? For what? I keep hearing
a rumor about some organic superdrug
from the Rain Forest that gives you a
buzz for fourteen minutes?

JAKE

It's seventeen minutes. And No
comment...

Jake's face ignites in a fiercely familiar flash. H snaps his picture and scampers away. Jake impulsively dashes after her, laughing. He weaves through packs of clubhounds, still adjusting his eyes from the flash. Suddenly, he is gleefully yanked down by H, into a seated position with her on the dance floor steps.

JAKE

H! How many Orange Crushes have you had
tonight? You are cuckoo...

H

(being tickled)

Quit it!...

JAKE

You're going to get me in trouble.

Like Tippi Hedren watching the birds pile on the jungle gym, Jake protectively scopes some MALE CLUBHOUNDS actively woo-ing Dawn.

H

Trying to protect this weeks ma-adel,
Jake-Jake? "Get your finger wet"--yet?

JAKE

Hey. Dawn's very sweet and...

H

What do you two talk about? Does this one talk? Has "Dawn" ever read a book that doesn't involve looking for Waldo?

JAKE

Have you heard of this new wonder product-- it's called shampoo. You just put your head in water--

H playfully swats Jake. Jake notices the crowd of LEERING-AT-DAWN MEN around build around the bar.

H

I'm sorry about my babbling--today on the street...

JAKE

What babbling?

H

Today...forget it...I was trying to tell you-- I was trying to tell you that I...that I..Anytime anything happens, not that anything has actually happened to me, you're the one I...

JAKE

Oh H, you're not trying to have a genuine conversation in some club called "The Store"?

H

Yes, I am...I love you, Jake-Jake.

JAKE

What am I supposed to say when you talk like that?

H

"Let's party?"

JAKE

(condescending)

H, you can do a lot better than me.

H
Don't be condescending.

JAKE
(genuine)
H, you can do a lot better than me.
Listen, lately, we've been both going
through some...

H
(looking off)
Oh man, my mother...

JAKE
Sure, she's got something to do with the
way we've been feeling lately, but it's
more than that. This business...

H
Uh, I appreciate the sentiment, but I
was being literal.

Jake twists to the sight of June yanking Dawn from the now awesome
congregation of barside worshippers. H cowers away into the dance-
floor crowd. Jake hustles up to June and Dawn.

JUNE
Get Dawn back to the barn, Jacob. I made
some calls and she's walking the plank
at the Lombardi show tomorrow.

JAKE
(half-hearted)
Live on the runway stage, Lear's girl
against Pierce's girl. Head to Head.
Face to Face.

JUNE
Tits to Tits. Ass to Ass. Dawn, I want
Lombardi to see you perform to the best
of your adorability tomorrow.

DAWN
Lombardi...a Lombardi Fashion Show? The
last live modeling I did was for
Montgomery Ward at the mall...I'm not
ready...I...

JUNE
Bite your lips, sweetie. They need the
color.

Dawn shuts herself up by dutifully biting her lips.

JUNE
Harder...Jacob, about this afternoon--I
can have Marcie back out here by
tomorrow. If that's what you want. I've
been thinking, there's a couple things
she'd be good for...

JAKE
(cheerfully bitter)

Pretending to be human? Give it up, June.
Most important thing about our job is
that we do it well. Am I right? Poor
Marcie. Sometimes an overnight success
can be a failure by lunch. Am I right?

JUNE
Jesus, Jacob, I thought you'd be...

JAKE
Just wave, June. Just wave.

Jake turns June toward Ward's table. She waves with clenched teeth.

JUNE
Oh, howdy, asshole. You call this a
party?

WARD'S TABLE

Ward also beams out a clenched teeth wave.

WARD
That's it, you bitch, pretend you're
having a good time, seeing all the
friends who dropped you after the
divorce.

INT. THE DECADENCE CANDY OFFICE--NIGHT

From out the two-way mirror, in the completely silent, sound-proof
chamber. Lombardi looks from the waving Pierce camp to the waving
Lear camp.

LOMBARDI
The things I do to keep the world from
being bored and being boring. The Age of
Lombardi approaches.

CUSTODIAN CHARLIE
Did you say something, Mr. Lombardi?

Revealed behind Lombardi, in an incongruously "cool" purple
custodial outfit, is CHARLIE, Lombardi's complete opposite. Oozing
Teamsteresque Brooklyn vulgarity, Charlie pushes forth a wheeled
trashcan, lackadaisically cleaning up.

LOMBARDI
Just thinking aloud, Charlie. Club
scene. Fashion scene. Used to mean so
much more. Or did it? I can't remember.
Come Charlie, I need your opinion on
something.

Lombardi crosses to the back wall of the room and slides out a
small, rectangular patch.

INT. THE LADIES ROOM

Oblivious to the equally oblivious swarm of people around her, H speaks into the ladies room mirror...Her REDRUM shirt in the mirror vaguely reads as MURDER.

H
Mirror, mirror, on the wall...I want to
do the eulogy at his funeral and say,
"Dearly Beloved, Jacob Jacobs was the
first, best, and only lover of my life."

In a quietly amazing gunslinger gesture, H twirls up and open a lipstick tube with one hand. She drops it as June angrily clacks through the bathroom crowd. She and H squawk at each other's reflections in the mirror.

JUNE
You thought I didn't see you...Well, I
did. What are you doing here..in a
club?

H
At ease, Sarge. You're not on duty 'til
tomorrow.

JUNE
Oh damnit H, you know you can't rely on
your father for any kind of adult
supervision. Just because he lets you
get away with murder..

H
"doesn't mean murder is a good thing."

JUNE
You're not funny.

H
I'm a little funny.

They both snicker. June takes some hair gel from the counter and does some slight, expert primping. H comically does the same but her intention seems to be to mess up her hair even further.

JUNE
So what do you want to do this week?

H
I dun-no, red Honda Scooter shopping
perhaps? Or maybe just red Honda Scooter
buying?

JUNE
(been through it)
Now H.....

H
I understand. My birthday is coming up
and you want it to be a surprise.

JUNE

Every other week we get together and start over from the exact same point. Same arguments. Same jokes. It's exhausting--isn't it?

H

(burping syllables)

Yes. It. Is.

(serious-ish)

We don't need to do anything this week. You know, like Big Events planned with Military precision. As long as what we do...we do...together at the same time--that's what I want. We'll figure something out.

(burping again)

O. Kay?

JUNE

(smile)

I don't know whether you need a good haircut...or a full lobotomy. I think...H!

H sets off her camera's flash apparatus into the mirror cutting off her blinded mother. H flees.

INT. THE CHAMBER--NIGHT

Lombardi and Custodian Charlie peer together through the open rectangle, which is seen to be a petite window displaying the club entrance below. They watch Jake and Dawn Webster exit.

LOMBARDI

There. There she is. What do you think of her?

CUSTODIAN CHARLIE

She's a very lovely girl, Mr. Lombardi.

LOMBARDI

Tell me Charlie, if you accidentally killed this girl with your car, would you still make love to her?

CUSTODIAN CHARLIE

(deadpan beat)

That's a very unusual question, Mr. Lombardi. I'd have to vote a big "No" on that one.

LOMBARDI

I appreciate your honesty.

Lombardi slams shut the mini-window.

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE THE STORE

The viewer comes outside to see Jake and a gently drunken Dawn, holding a Slurpee, flag down a taxi.

DAWN

Gosh Jake, I know it's been said before,
but I love New York!

As the pair glide into the car, behind them a team of WELL-DRESSED SECURITY MEN can be discerned violently tackling the earlier-seen Street Person to the ground.

INT. OUTSIDE THE YOUNG MODELS APARTMENT--NIGHT

From noisy night-life excitement to silent, hallway intimacy, a whispering Jake keeps a blissed out Dawn gently at bay outside the door of her new home.

JAKE

Dawn. This Lombardi show tomorrow...it's
a test. Can't study for it. All thinking
is useless...just..

DAWN

You know, Jake, I'm not a virgin.

JAKE

Uh-huh. DBW. Listen to me. Go to sleep.
Or don't go to sleep. Stare at your
ceiling and watch your entire life
become something else. Just don't flake
out on me, okay?

DAWN

You're so nifty....

Dawn clings Jake into a sweetly aggressive and messy kiss. She breaks off with a darling trying-to-be-savvy smile. She closes her eyes and trembles up her open lips again.

Jake pauses in silence (all ambient hallway noise disappears). With an ever-brief vampire glance, his head magnets toward Dawn's--- before being stopped cold by the voice of Nicole Kimberly.

NICOLE (O.S.)

"You're so nifty..."

With a rueful snort, Jake redirects a polite kiss to Dawn's forehead. The confused girl wobbles into her apartment. Jake wearys down the hallway looking to the pitch-dark, open doorway of Nicole Kimberly's apartment as the familiar voice wafts out again.

NICOLE (O.S.)

Did I ever kiss like that?

JAKE

Yeah. I guess.

NICOLE (O.S.)

Jake, could you come here for...I'm sorry, you're probably tired...

Determinedly blocking out the siren's call, Jake unlocks his door, opening up to a lit-up view of the Nicole Kimberly mural through his apartment window. Jake turns to the voice in the dark..

NICOLE (O.S.)

You were in my dream last night and you know how I never dream. You were a dolphin-but-not-really...I'm sorry, you're tired...

Jake drifts closer and closer to the black mouth of Nicole's apartment lair. He plunges through...

INT. NICOLE KIMBERLY'S APARTMENT--NIGHT

Jake warys into the darkness. The apartment's only illumination comes from a diffuse, supposed-to-be-hanging lamp that is tangled upon the ground like a python.

JAKE

You've calmed down. Sounds like, at least. I'm glad.

NICOLE (O.S.)

That day in the desert, I was higher than my metabolism and...and I said a lot of things...

Jake focuses upon the lit dot of a cigarette. With a chilly laugh of amusement, the smoking Nicole emanates from the darkness, in a rumpled kimono. She circles the room in a kind of sleepwalk.

NICOLE

I said a lot of things I meant. You know, I'm not going to that Lombardi show tomorrow. Ward thinks I'm bluffing. Dominique thinks I'm bluffing...

JAKE

You're bluffing. What are you still doing in this place, Nicole? The Apartments. You could buy this entire block...

With an effortless, not unchanging moan of surrender, Nicole collapses herself down to a pillow on the floor. Arching back, she puts out her cigarette atop a massive glass coffee table.

NICOLE

You think I'm not trying to get out of here?

(beat)

He made me fire another architect at the Cape Cod place...

JAKE

"HE." There's another dazzling question. You got to get rid of that piece-of-shit "bad boy." That criminal. I can hear the way he...I know that whatever we had together got a little strange, but...

NICOLE

And what did we have together again?

Jake inhales, then begins a melancholy rove toward Nicole, who, distressed by Jake's words, twists her body beneath the glass table.

JAKE

(a beat)

I never pretended it wasn't...something. It was--until we tried to outdo each other, outeverything each other--acting like we were the ever-fascinating subjects of some brilliantly twisted documentary...The way we...

NICOLE

God damnit, you always have to...I don't want to hear it! I was there, remember?

JAKE

You're still there, Nicole.

Jake settles down upon the glass table-top to give a tranquilizing stare down upon the ex-lover encased beneath him. As Nicole speaks, she tentatively raises her hand to the glass. Jake's hand finds itself sliding across the table to "touch" hers.

NICOLE

(sweet melancholy)

I was just some stringbean in some bar with a fake I.D. and you gave me your card. I wanted to make enough money to go to college and ended up making enough money that I didn't have to go to college when all along I just wanted to go to college.

JAKE

What do you want me to tell you? That I still love you? That your once, twice, three-times-a-lady...?

NICOLE

I don't want anybody to tell anybody anything. Nobody wants to hear the problems of a supposedly beautiful woman...including supposedly beautiful women themselves--It just ruins everything for everybody.

(more)

NICOLE (Cont'd)

I can't explain--maybe it's what I like about my new beau--He makes me feel nice--and ugly-- and Pain has this way of making me feel half-human...Does that make sense? I'm sorry, you didn't come here to...but can we...just..

Nicole achingly erects her head, pressing her open mouth to the bottom of the glass table. Jake is spooked by the surreal sight. And involuntarily touched. He brings his face down to hers, tenderly kissing the glass.

Jake opens his eyes and rises up from the kiss. Nicole has vanished from beneath the coffee table. A hand touches out to Jake's shoulder.

NICOLE

So what time is this big-huge show tomorrow...I...

With a quick severe bolt up to his quivering Ex, putting the passion into compassion, Jake fuses into Nicole for a not undramatic kiss.

ON THE COUCH

A starving jump-cut shows a now-shirtless Jake falling upon the couch with Nicole, unraveling her kimono. Slightly breaking from the mutually intense wrestling, Jake half-gasps...

JAKE

Nicole, you have to stop hating yourself. You should be...You're twenty-six, Nikki, and you're still bagging jillion dollar cosmetic contracts. Most women your age are back in Minnesota working the make-up counter telling old ladies, "Well, you know, I used to be a top model."

NICOLE

My God, man, you're not really going to talk through this are you...

JAKE

You have to know you're not your usual model...

NICOLE

No one is. Some are smart, some are caring, some are cruel, some are such idiots that you want to...The main thing about how a model's brain works is the irrelevance of the entire question. Now shut the fuck up...

Nicole claws Jake into a bite.

INT. HALLWAY--OUTSIDE OF NICOLE'S APARTMENT--NIGHT

The viewer's viewpoint inhales from the darkness of the doorway to see Jake zombie out, tugging back on his blazer, more like a plane crash survivor than a post-critical-bliss participant. He drifts to his door and fumbles it open. Blinking to alert, he turns to a sound.

In a superbly endless coat, the Euroscary operator "HE", does an own-the-world strut down the hall, accompanied by the earlier-seen Fierce Bodyguard. "He" gives an almost conspiratorially male nod to Jake as he passes by.

HE

Hey, Jake...

"He" glides through Nicole's open apartment. Then closes the door. The Bodyguard takes his familiarly sturdy sentinel post. Jake retreats into his own domicile, the lit-up Nicole mural looms before him. Door closes.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT--MORNING

Jake is collapsed on his trusty chair in his blazer-over-boxers snoozing ensemble. Again, a willowy figure passes between Jake and the viewer. Jake opens his eyes.

JAKE

Hey....H.

H

Yeah. Not a dream.

H stands, hovering over Jake with a vaguely intense expression.

H

I'm sorry, Jake-Jake, I just let myself...

JAKE

Don't be silly...

Yawning and blase, Jake rises from the chair, hatching out of last night's shirt to put on another one. A moment of sheepish-but-absolute longing flickers across H's face.

H

I think we should talk.

JAKE

Uh-oh. Never a good sentence.

H

It's just...it's just every time lately that we try to have "meaningful interaction" what-have-you...We get some weirdo interruption and...and I thought if I snuck over here early enough, before the show, that may be...

JAKE

You're right. Things have been crazed.
 You're right. So go ahead, hit
 it...what's up?

A moment of mildly awkward silence. Jake snort/smiles.

JAKE

Wow. Silence. Ever since the desert, I
 haven't had time to...

H

What does a guy like you do with
 silence?

JAKE

"A guy like you"--you're not trying to
 have a genuine conversation, here in my
 groovy bachelor pad, are you?

H

Yes, I am. I look at you as this smooth
 observer who finds it harder and harder
 to remain detached to the pretty-on-the-
 outside ugliness around him. Behind the
 sunglasses lurks a man who...

JAKE

(lazily non-serious)

Hey, hey, you really gotta stop thinking
 I'm something great. You think I'm above
 all this shit. Baby, I am this shit. Let
 me show you something...

Jake clings up a tube next to his couch. He joggles out from the
 tube, a humungous rolled-up piece of poster board. He unfolds it
 out upon the couch. It is a dazzling collage hodgepodged with
 70's/80's fashion model magazine clippings. The opening scene's
 Jumping Rope Girl is its familiar centerpiece.

JAKE

My Mom mailed the damn thing out to me
 last week. Can you believe it? Scary
 thing was on my bedroom wall, back in
 Ohio, for as long as I...started it when
 I was about your age. Jake's collage of
 "Foxy" models...

H

"Foxy?" Jake-Jake, are you seriously
 going to reminisce about staring at
 scotch-taped magazine clippings of
 models when you have gone on to have
 actual sex with their living, breathing
 genitalia.

JAKE

It's not the same thing. Be careful what
 you wish for-Dot-Dot-Dot...

(more)

JAKE (Cont'd)

(moody)

Don't try to be my conscience--You're
hardly fourteen--you don't have to have
a life for another ten years at least...

Jake recoils, allowing the collage to roll-wrap itself back up. He casually thwaps the clipping collection back into the tube and kicks it beneath the couch. Jake then sits himself down. H nonchalantly does a cartwheel, then settles herself onto the couch. Jake is warily touched by her would-be seduction mode.

H

Sor-ry. I didn't come over to...to..
(shyly spilling it)
Have you thought about my lame
declaration of love last night at "the
club?"

JAKE

H...it wasn't lame. It...You want me to
be attracted to you, but if I became the
kind of guy who could be attracted to a
not-quite 14 year old girl, you would no
longer find me attractive.

H

Fascinatin' theory, sir. Let's test it
out.

H titters, letting herself cozily slide against Jake's arm.

JAKE

Now--wai--H--I'm not going to sit here
on the couch, getting all vaguely
unplatonic with you...

H

Ooh, talk dirty to me. It's because I
don't meet Pierce Agency standards,
isn't it?

Jake unwinds from the couch with a warm laugh.

JAKE

H, I don't care what you look like, all
right. I love you, and...I may
complain, but I'm glad you're my
conscience sometimes.

H

You say you don't care what I look like--
maybe if you did care what I look like,
it would be capital L Love and not
little l love.

JAKE

What's with you this morning-- passing
thoughts about your personal appearance?
(more)

JAKE (Cont'd)

It's one of the great running gags, the way you un-doll yourself up--your clothes, glasses, hair, especially the fucking hair. You're not saying the brooding outsider act is getting a little stale, are you?

beat

You're farsighted, right?

H

Yeah, but don't...Jake-Jake...don't!

With sudden giddy intrigue, Jake plucks off H's Malcom X glasses. H immediately, fiercely snaps them back. Rustling the specs back on her face, H rumbles up and out the apartment door.

INT. THE BACKSTAGE OF A VERY BIG, UNSEEN FASHION SHOW--DAY

The sound of H slamming Jake's door sends the film into dead silence as the viewer cascades through a mammoth, empty-of-people dressing area. Name tags of both the recognizably real and fictional model elite are slapped beside separated groups of hanging clothes. Beside them are tables of stacked accessories ready to be ravaged.

Revealed to be leaning against the back wall of it all is the rag-tag H. She brings her hand up before her POV and she snaps her fingers. The viewer immediately flashes into the pandemonium of Models going into messy metamorphosis avec last minute fabric surgery and accessory swapping. Jake struts the thoroughfare casually tucking and nipping a SHARP SUPERMODEL.

SHARP SUPERMODEL

God, she screws any asshole who knows what an F-stop is--Did you think she got that pot belly from eating too many Fig Newtons? Face it, it's Roe-V-Wade time...

JAKE

(post-cat-screech)

You have a car to take you to Mizrahi after this--and Revlon put you on hold for Friday..

SHARP SUPERMODEL

Why have you kept the Lombardi Girl thing from me and don't give me the "fresh face" crap you gave Amber.

JAKE

Settle down. Let's not forget I know your real name. You should...

Jake is attacked by an apocalyptic flash. Culprit H whisks off.

Flickering by Jake, a double-sided DRESSING MIRROR ON WHEELS is pushed back and forth to meet Model need. The mirror rolls up to June, STYLIST CLIVE and Dawn Webster, in an adorable dress.

CLIVE

June, his shows are always torture, but his clothes are always...I want to adopt a daughter just to give her this dress...

JUNE

Me, too, Clive.

June's wistful smile dies in a blinding flash. She opens her eyes to the passing reality of her own daughter, the camera toting H.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MIRROR

A HAIRDRESSER does some last-minute surgery to a pouting Harmon. Ward (on cellular) and Dominique circle behind.

HARMON

I think I know my hair a bit better than you do...

HAIRDRESSER

Oh honey, I know that's what you think...

DOMINIQUE

Ward, Nikki Kim still hasn't showed. I know she likes to do her own face, but it's getting...

WARD

What?...Wait...

(into cellular)

Listen, I know what a mole is. That, my friend, is not a mole. Tell her that thing on her neck is not a beauty mark, it's not a birthmark, and we ain't making it a goddamn trademark. Take a match and burn...

Ward slaps shut his phone mid-sentence. He, along with June on the other side of the mirror, watch Lombardi and his Spooky Assistant determinedly cut a path through the Chaos (June and Ward reflexively touch out to Dawn and Harmon). Lombardi bumps into a passing H and wipes himself off as if bombed by a pigeon.

LOMBARDI

When they arrive, have them put in the front row, between Salman Rushdie and that bitch from Bazaar. Commence.

SPOOKY ASSISTANT

(cool megaphone)

Everyone. Position One! Be Brilliant!

Hanging monitors flick on, showing a black and white view of an empty runway (THE VIEWER NEVER LEAVES THE BACKSTAGE AREA). A FAMILIAR MODEL saunters through a last minute gauntlet of Primpers before going through an onimous dark tunnel. Cheers are heard from outside, accompanied by a blast of music.

JUNE

swerves from the sight of the familiar Model on the runway monitor to Dawn bouncing nervously before the Dressing Mirror.

DAWN

Isn't Clive a hoot? I mean, I never knew homosexual people were such wonderful men. Is this what they mean by "hyperventilate"?

JUNE

Don't be nervous, Dawn. That's the most beautiful dress in the collection, and let me tell you a secret, Lombardi only gives the best to the best. Good Luck.

Dawn beams off. The mirror is pushed away to reveal a disgruntled Vette tugging a bizarre mini-mini dress, wobbling forward.

VETTE

Ms. Pierce, this dress is most seriously distorted...I can't.

JUNE

Vette, let me tell you a secret, Lombardi always gives his most experimental pieces to the models he admires the most. Good Luck.

The wide-eyed Dawn goes through the final Toucher-Upper Checkpoint, before disappearing into the black tunnel.

Jake and June come together to squint nervously then assuredly up at the monitor at the beaming Dawn. Harmon Killibrew is next on the runway monitor. Ward and Dominique sidle up to go through the same pattern of nervous evaluation.

Lombardi watches through an open slot in the wall. He smiles and strolls off to make his rounds. June and Ward simultaneously beeline to him. Lombardi approaches an ECCENTRIC MODEL, who has a red AIDS ribbon pierced through her nose. He whips off her belt.

LOMBARDI

Clive. Slinky.

Immediately appearing, Clive hatches out a Slinky and Lombardi accords it around the Model's waist, before turning to June and Ward.

LOMBARDI

She's fabulous.

JUNE

Which she?

LOMBARDI

Both she-s. Your Dawn Webster and your Harmon Killibrew.

(more)

LOMBARDI (Cont'd)

Interesting decision to be made. I must think about all this. Let me Do not make me regret letting you Agency people backstage. If it makes you feel any happier--this morning, I rejected the proposed Lombardi Girls of every other agency in New York...

WARD

(deadpan glee)

That makes us feel a little happier.

LOMBARDI

Well Ward, don't get too giddy...

The trio turns to the same sight. Self-consciously "making an entrance," Nicole Kimberly careens a BACKSTAGE ASSISTANT, sending her clipboard papers flying. Nicole is wearing wire rim glasses and a seedy denim jacket over a SAVE THE MANATEE T-shirt.

JAKE

charmingly watches a blushing Dawn get pried out of her adorable dress, comically holding his spread-out fingers over his eyes.

DAWN

(looking off)

I told you I'd be in a show with Nicole Kimberly! Jake, look!

JAKE

Don't...look...too...closely.

NICOLE

is cut off from burrowing forward by Ward, who rushes up in a sweating, damage control mode.

WARD

Nikki Kim, running a little late today--that's okay...Whaddya say we go back to the Apartments and just...

NICOLE

You didn't think I'd quit, did you, Ward? I'm not modeling anymore!

Jake thrusts before Ward like an overconfident bomb squad leader.

JAKE

You're modeling now, Nicole. The attitude, the outfit, the glasses...You have 20/20 vision. "Save the Manatee"--Did you buy the shirt for the cause or the color?

NICOLE

Oh, just because I'm pretty, I'm not allowed to help preserve the existence of an entire aquatic species? You're sad.

(mock-serious)

But you know, I thought a lot about last night, Jake--and it's funny, I came to an interesting conclusion...Get out of my life, you heroic prick! You've raised the "pity fuck" to an art form. You should be proud, really.

Jake pulls Nicole beside a large pillar. Every head in the area has turned to the beautiful, bubbling volcano with morbid fascination. H fires away with her camera, highly enthralled.

JAKE

You wanna get out--I can help get you anywhere in the world with two phone calls, along with anything you want. You're rich. You can be free. Or is this fun for you?

NICOLE

(scary whisper)

I can't go back, Jake. Do you understand? I've flirted with major world leaders, both male and female. Been to all the great cities of the Earth--mostly the airports, mind you-- I've had this amazing, exciting life I was never really comfortable with and never really even liked but that doesn't mean I want to curl up by the book with a good fireplace. I can't!

Dawn gulps in sadness at her fallen hero as June hauls her past, toward the tunnel. H captures the gloom with a flash.

Jake firmly locks onto Nicole, feigning composed maturity.

JAKE

Nicole, you can't confuse your image...

NICOLE

Oh man, I'm getting Jake's greatest hits package. "Don't confuse your image with yourself"--well, which one did you "bone", Jake? We didn't have sex until I got my first cover, did we? Don't touch me..!

Jake recoils. Nicole spins off, toppling a rack of clothes.

WARD AND DOMINIQUE

watch the clothes crash in total deadpan.

WARD

What can I do? Fire her? Fire Nicole
Kimberly?

DOMINIQUE

(mock-Jewish)
A household name, she is.

NICOLE

weaves through a frightened thoroughfare of Models and Stylists.

NICOLE

Yes, she couldn't handle success! It's
true! I feel bad about selling workout
tapes of myself when I've never worked
out in my life! I have no business sense
and I'm proud of it! Having sex with rock
stars? Overrated! You know there's more to
life than looking good-- I just can't
remember what! Yes, I am a fuck-up! Truly!

The Obese Pierce Agency Exec thuds beside the wounded Jake to
regard her.

OBESE EXEC

Wow, what a cunt, eh?

JAKE

You're fat.

Jake blusters away.

NICOLE

is suddenly tugged by the Sharp Supermodel. The model points up to
a monitor that shows a beaming Dawn gliding down the runway.

SHARP SUPERMODEL

Look Nicole, it's the next you.

NICOLE

Groovy. Does that mean I don't have to
be me anymore?

The Real SuperModel, spooked, lets go of Nicole and watches her
batter out an exit door, into glaring daylight.

ANOTHER BACKSTAGE AREA

Jake circles around himself, vibrating in rage. A laughing H comes
onto his path, lifting her camera to snap a shot.

H

Now that's entertainment! Told off by a
ma-adel! That has got to hurt--Say
Cheese!

Jake savagely bats the camera out of her hand into a shatter and
nightmarishly lowers himself into an eye level snarl.

JAKE

You think this is easy! You're not even in the game! You sit back in your camouflage-- you superior midget, why am I even--go to hell!

H's face and precocious demeanor crumple into tears at this point blank shot. She quivers and bolts off. Instantly ashamed, Jake tries to grasp her back. She quakes from his grasp, disappearing into the awesomely oblivious backstage chaos. The Dressing Mirror rolls before H. She eerily soaks in the sight of her crying self.

HOLY MONTAGE

A drained Jake crash-leans back into a pillar. His viewpoint rises to the monitors. Staccato runway images of OTHER MODELS, in groups and pairs, fill the screens.

A nearby Hairdresser reaches for his comb and scissors, but H's hands dart out to swipe them.

Dawn and Harmon clack to a stop backstage. With Indy 500 pit crew grace, Stylists ninja out to completely de-accessorize and rehouse the girls, peeling them out of streetwise leather bomber jacket outfits and into sober evening-wear ensembles with wigs. June and Ward look on with similar anxiety and exhilaration.

H dumps a vase of roses into a wastebasket, then paddles a counterful of abandoned mascaras, blushes, powders, and lipsticks into the empty vase.

A SMOKING MODEL clacks toward the black tunnel getting in as many desperate sucks of the cigarette as she can. Entering the tunnel, she passes her cig to an exiting-out Model, who resumes smoking.

H's arm launches out to snare the adorable dress Dawn Webster wore from a rolling rack of clothes.

Lombardi rips off a revealed-to-be-fake tatoo off Harmon Killibrew's back and slaps it onto the neck of Dawn Webster.

Like a madwoman, H creates a private space for herself by sliding together racks of clothes and folding-out dressing screens.

The monitors flare with more runway fireworks. The viewer's viewpoint floats down to take in a boisterous squirt gun fight among THREE NUDE MODELS. Jake is sprayed, but does not react.

H's Malcom X glasses go sliding down a counter into an emptied out pile of boxes and tubes. In a nearby sink, H's hands splash and squirt together an incomprehensible stew of make-up goo.

Vette spills a glass of red wine on her white blouse. June hands her a live iguana to place over the stain.

Hunched into a sink, H dumps a richly created, multi-shampoo pudding from a bowl, onto her head.

A LINE OF JEALOUS MODELS soak in this sight of Dawn and Harmon dressing, with folded arms and shaking heads. SUBTITLES beneath the montage music read: "I don't get it. They're so nothing."

Using a freaky constellation of duct-taped hand mirrors, expert self-scissoring of H's hair is being done.

JAKE AND WARD

sit together on a small set of steps.

WARD

She's never forgiven me for pronouncing her name "Kay-ran"--I'm sorry, I like it more than Karan. Why does...

JAKE

Nicole and I, we...we hung out last night. I was sure she'd come through today...

WARD

Forget about it. A good model knows when to act like an outrageous, annoying little flake. A Lombardi show is not one of those times....Lombardi seems to like Harmon though. She's a good kid--gives way too polite a blow job, like I'm taking her temperature-- but she's a good kid.

JAKE

I thought you stopped getting high on your own supply...

WARD

I have a rule. I never date any of my girls. Sure, occasionally I make love to them, but you know, nothing that sticks..

JAKE

Uh-huh...have you seen H?

H

pokes a paintbrush into her sink of goo, mysteriously painting her face with this perversely modulated foundation.

WARD

shrugs.

WARD

H? Don't look at me. We're in a June week now. H, she throws me, I'll be the first to admit it, Jacobs. I love my work and my family suffers...

Jake cringes as the Spooky Assistant swings between the pair and the viewer.

SPOOKY ASSISTANT
Final positions!

THE RATTY CLOTHES OF H

fling disembodied, piece by piece, into a corner.

DAWN AND HARMON

are contorted into identical wedding dresses, back to back, in semi-slow motion. They are watched by an anxious Jake, June, and Ward. The identically wedding dressed Dawn and Harmon clack up to wrap arms around the respective, flapped out elbows of Lombardi. The trio royally disappears through the tunnel to great applause.

A TURBAN

created from a towel is ripped off. The viewer is allowed only a micro-glimpse of the sultry locks beneath.

OUR FAMILIAR BACKSTAGE CHARACTERS

all stare up to Lombardi, Dawn, and Harmon being bombarded by flowers on the runway.

H'S EYES

open into a mirror. Perfectly mascara-ed.

JAKE

diverts his attention from the monitors (his heart no longer in the drama) to the sight of H's camera crackled upon the floor. Jake moves off, in an obvious searching mode, weaving through the area in an intrigued pace.

THE HAND OF H

deftly flicks open a lipstick with earlier-seen supple grace

JAKE

glides faster through the post-show wreckage, eluding exiting models and stylists. He scopes in the distance the strange, makeshift dressing room made from screens and clothing racks. Transfixed, Jake floats toward the piece of construction.

THE FULL RED LIPS OF H

blow a kiss.

BY THE TUNNEL

With cheers booming from the outside and the inside, Lombardi emerges out from the tunnel, still curled around Dawn and Harmon, who hold tossed flowers. He saunters the bedazzled young ladies up to their drenched-in-anticipation guardians June and Ward.

LOMBARDI

No.

JUNE

What "No?"

WARD

What "No?"

LOMBARDI

Harmon Killibrew--I love her flavor, but not her energy. Of course she's beautiful, but what else is new? Harmon has that certain "Je Sais Quoi" that anything cute--be it a model or a poodle--has. That is to say, she's Boring. Bye-bye.

Lombardi coolly pecks a tearing up Harmon on the chin. She whimpers off as Lombardi turns to Dawn.

LOMBARDI

Dawn is going to make millions, June, but she's just too Baseball-Hot Dogs-Apple Pie-Chevrolet to be the Lombardi Girl. Dawn could use a little trauma on her cheeks--a good screw, perhaps. Or maybe just a very bad one. I love her energy, but not her flavor.

Lombardi smooches an ashen Dawn, then breezes off into a swarm of Congratulators. June and Ward are statues of Stunned.

H'S "DRESSING ROOM"

In a fervor, Jake pulls back a dressing screen "wall." The viewer is immediately given H's spinning around POV. Jake is blown-away stunned. He breaks out of a gasp with a disbelieving laugh.

JAKE

H...what have you...How..

H (O.S.)

"How?" Babysit them with Mom; make breakfast for them with Dad--I've been choking on precious Models and their silly-ass beauty tips all my life.

H's POV rises and moves forward into contours of the backstage area. Jake launches into a backing up trot, bobbing and weaving, like a Barkley guarding a Jordan charging down the court.

JAKE

Fine, fuck "How." Why?

H (O.S.)

I don't know, Jake-Jake; sometimes us superior midgets just wake up and say, "Boy, am I tired of the Brooding Outsider" Act.

INT. THE FASHION SHOW SPACE

The viewer is finally allowed into the performance area--which is now a sea of empty white folding chairs and discarded program debris. The last of the spectators are flooding out the exits. Lombardi strolls the side of the desolate runway, with his Spooky Assistant. June and Ward pitter above the pair, on the runway, like pathetic puppies.

LOMBARDI

Very important, now. Listen. Here's what's going to happen. Bergdorf will probably try to...

(looking up)

My God, June-Ward, get out of here. Go to the after-party with everyone else...

BACKSTAGE AREA

H's POV tracks determinedly forward, toward the runway tunnel, giving a swerve to the sight of Jake scrambling to cut her off.

JAKE

I shouldn't have shouted at you, okay?
What do you want me to say?

H

Something more interesting than that.

JAKE

(smile)

Point taken. What do you say, we go back, cool out. We'll re-do your hair. I'll spring for the can of Penzoil myself. Forget this ever happened...

H

Sure Jake-Jake. Just answer me one question. Who would you rather be stranded with on a desert island--Me twenty minutes ago or Me now?

With angry authority, Jake blocks H's POV to a dead halt.

JAKE

You are surrounded by fools. Resist being one. You can't go out there. They're going to take one look at you and...

H (O.S.)

And what? And what? I'd like to know! I need to know! Will this put me in "the game," Coach? I'm nothing if I'm not in "the game," right?

JAKE

(seethe)

You th... I have time to care about every drama in your little life. You wanna be a pretty young thing, go for it. H Lear, welcome...

Jake teeters to the side and grandly rolls out his arm in "Be My Guest" fashion. H's POV quivers past Jake and into the mysterious dark Tunnel. The viewer's viewpoint swerves in the darkness to catch a glimmer of light from the stage area.

INT. THE FASHION SHOW SPACE

Lombardi surrenders into one of the folding chairs at the foot of the runway. June and Ward come off the stage to continue their desperation act.

JUNE

Dawn has some growing up to do, I'll admit. She needs your guidance to...

WARD

What if I made Harmon bald? Hear me out...

LOMBARDI

You've seen my mind do a lot of fascinating things. "Change" is not one of them. I entrusted you with something sacred and you collapsed like salted snails. Now I have to..

Lombardi cuts off like a faucet, mesmerized. H's POV swooshes down the open runway. June and Ward spin. In a grand, classic motion, H comes to a glistening stop at the edge of the runway, her hair and face astonishingly transformed. Her dramatic change of looks intimidates the viewer into thinking exactly what June and Ward are thinking.

JUNE

Dangerous...

WARD

Innocence.

LOMBARDI

Polaroid!

Instantly electrified, Lombardi vividly swings out a fierce finger snap to his Spooky Assistant, who flaps out a Polaroid camera and snaps a single shot of the trembling H. June, Ward, and Lombardi simultaneously buffalo over to a folding chair where the picture has been placed.

Jake laconically drifts upon the runway to take in the bizarre sight of four people huddled over a chair, backs to the stunning beauty of H.

The Polaroid becomes clearer and clearer. The Industry Titans begin to rumble towards jubilation as the truth is revealed: H works. She is photogenic.

LOMBARDI

Yes.

JUNE

What "Yes?"

LOMBARDI

Everything Yes. She's my girl. No question. She's the Lombardi Girl.

June and Ward drift back, reeling in bliss.

WARD

The Polaroid never lies. June, her bones...Her bones are paralyzing.

JUNE

I've even seen her naked, Ward, and I never realized she could be this good. Did you see the expression on Lombardi's...

The word "Lombardi" assassinates their shared joy.

WARD

No way, June! She's Lear material!

JUNE

H and I are much closer, Ward! You know that, much closer!

WARD

That may be true, but she likes me!

JUNE

She likes you the same superfluous way she likes ..Scrabble and..Junior Mints! H and I have an enormously complex primary group relationship!

June and Ward bustle to the edge of the runway, pleading their case up to a disoriented H.

JUNE

H, I fight with you because I love you.

WARD

H, I don't fight with you because I love you.

H

Is this live?

Ward pulls out a checkbook and starts scribbling.

WARD

How's this for live, H? A little advance.

JUNE

I didn't think even you could sink
so... Trying to buy your daughter-- you
sirs are without shame...

over his shoulder!

Ten thousand dollars! H, I can double
that...

Jake insinuates into view to shield H.

JAKE

You people better be drunk on the
backstage champagne. So what, your
daughter finally washed her face and
combed her hair. Do you know how foolish
you...

JUNE

You had something to do with this,
didn't you, Jacob?

H

(firmly)

You better believe he did...

JUNE

I knew it! The way you've been so moody
lately! Should have known you had
something up your sleeve...

June crushes Jake with a very awkward hug. Lombardi hypnotically
coos up to Jake from the side of the runway.

LOMBARDI

Everyone else waited for an angel to
fall from a cloud into their lap. You
created your own truth. I look up to
very few people. Today you are one. Way
to go, Jake Jacobs.

H

(slyly)

Yeah, way to go.

JAKE

(clenched teeth)

You think you know what you're doing,
kid. You don't have a clue...

WARD

(stammering)

All I know is that H has only one last
name. Mine. And if you think I'm going
to just lay down...

JUNE

Well, "all I know" is that it's a Me
Custody week...

June clacks up a set of steps to take H's hand.

WARD

That works to my advantage. H'll
remember what a monster you...

LOMBARDI

This is all mildly entertaining, but
enough. Who gets the commission on this
girl is something that can be answered
later. We have a campaign to commence.
Give me rolls and rolls of H, H, and H.

Jake moodily watches as June excitedly tugs a dazed H back down the
runway. Moving in another direction below Jake, Ward War-Rooms a
racing up Dominique.

WARD

I want a dossier reminding me of
everything my daughter enjoys. I recall
something about Museums. While you're at
it, find out what wonderboy Jacobs
likes. And get the lawyers into this;
I'm not afraid to get a little ugly.
Tora, Tora, Tora...

Jake lastly glances off to Lombardi and his Spooky Assistant
smoking off toward another exit.

LOMBARDI

Set a press conference to announce this,
this H. Make it a luncheon. Thinking
Salmon. The Age of the Lombardi
approaches...

Suddenly very alone, Jake zens into a seated position. The viewer's
viewpoint ethereally arcs heavenward to watch our protagonist splay
upon his back on the long, white runway.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT--THE NEXT MORNING

Maintaining his smoulder from the runway, Jake changes into his
stylish duds-for-the-day, looking out to a hanging team of painters
"whiting out" the Nicole Kimberly mural on a grand scale.

EXT. THE STREET

Coming up from the subway, Jake peripherals a bus stop poster
reading, black letters over white, "THE LOMBARDI IS COMING."

INT. BOOKER ROOM--THE NEXT DAY

Jake launches the carousel of clipboards into a superviolent spin
without a spec of mirth on his face. Oblivious to his bile, the
bookers happily squeal "JA-A-KE!"

THE CONFERENCE ROOM

The Agency Crew is loosely laughing in an aggressively casual atmosphere, each regarding a Polaroid. They swerve and applaud as Jake barely pleasantly takes his place in the window sill.

OLDEST MOTHERLY EXEC

There he is! Genius at work!

LYLE

You know, they're all going to come after this guy now--Ward, Casablanco, Eileen...

JUNE

Just remember, Jacob, any offer those saps make to you, they probably can't afford...not that I can afford you, either.

OBESE EXEC

Oh, H is so original. I never realized how much she looked like you, June...

JUNE

I never realized what she looked like. I used to think H wore her hair the way she did to hide three little sixes.

JAKE

I don't want to pop everyone's parade, but H hates the business. She was reacting to--we had this fight...

JUNE

Stop being so modest, Jacob. This is going to all work out beautifully. I don't know what you said to her, but H has communicated a desire for a change o'pace.

HOTSHOT FEMALE EXEC

And she's going to get one. Pierce and Lear will be simultaneously sending H out on a merciless series of tests for the Lombardi Teaser campaign.

JAKE

Your daughter as a model...the Lombardi Girl...June, this is crazy...

JUNE

Isn't it? I hope you're not still mad about that check writing escapade yesterday. That was Ward and I being obnoxious. You know how he brings out the him in me. Come on Jacob, admit you are intrigued by all this..

JAKE
(simmering surrender)
Let the montage sequence begin.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE--DAY

Surrounded by Lombardi and her parents, H beams from a press conference podium cheerfully being bombarded by Media camera flashes. Jake stands to the side of the picture-popping like a Federal Witness Protection Plan member.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS--AFTERNOON

Jake walks with a casually but definitely fashionably dressed H down a reasonably crowded sidewalk. Both wear sunglasses.

JAKE
Is it everything you ever dreamed?
Jogging and smoking at the same time,
clutching a calorie chart, on your way
to a steam. Using the word "go-see" in
sentences. Having everyone be amused by
everything you say whether it's amusing
or not...

H
You were the one who first ripped off my
glasses. You must have thought it was a
good idea.

JAKE
That was not an "idea." That was a
"joke."

H
Funny how nobody's laughing. What's
their problem?

H gleans a myriad of lingering looks from various passers-by.

JAKE
You're good looking. Deal with it.

H
I will! I am. I'm more than dealing with
it. I'm enjoying it. You deal with it!
I'm-I'm going undercover, Jake-Jake,
okay? I wanna see what it's like to work
for my parents, all right, I wanna see
what it's like to be liked by my
parents. You know they actually make eye
contact with me now and not just because
I cut my bangs.

JAKE
You're what they want. Since when do you
want to be so wanted?

H

Everyone wants to be wanted, sometimes, a little bit. I am not myopic to the kinds of women you are attracted to...Man, you love to bitch about ma-adeling and ma-adeis, but you still turn and look at their rump roasts.

JAKE

I'm sorry my childhood collage is not of Famous Female Inventors and Surgeons throughout history. I suck. We're in agreement. What does me have to do with you?

They come to the building entrance. H presses a button marked MARCO, PHOTOGRAPHER. H speaks softer.

H

A lot. If you were only attracted to clowns, Jake-Jake, I'd be wearing bigger shoes and a lot more rouge. Get it?

JAKE

I hurt your feelings the other day. That was wrong. I was in the middle of a complicated adult situation...

H

Oh, is that what it was?

JAKE

(chilly)

Look at her. She's getting so big. So mature. Go ahead, H, be a model, an actress, and much, much less. I'm not going to be the babysitter who cleans up afterward.

(to buzzer noise)

That's your cue...

H sadly but defiantly thrusts into the door. Jake defiantly but sadly struts off.

INT. TEST SHOT STUDIO SPACE

In Raging Bull Black and White, camera flashes light up a giggling H bouncing around in boxing trunks and gloves.

INT. SMALL, COLORFUL RESTAURANT

Jake and Dominique, mouths full of trendy food, navigate through a table of business papers.

DOMINIQUE

Go to page three. We got some big guns shooting H for free--but there's still major expenses to split here. You know, this business...

JAKE
 "This business." Is there any business
 that has to justify itself as a business
 as much as this business?

DOMINIQUE
 (chiding laugh)
 Will you concentrate? H will be fine.
 What's the worst thing that can happen?

JAKE
 Don't ask that question. Even in irony.

A calmer and cooler, Dawn Webster, decked in quasi-bohemian black,
 does a quick tilt to air-kiss Jake.

DAWN
 Hey, Jake. What movies has Richard
 Harbor directed?

Jake's face turns gently ill.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK--DAY

H trots across Central Park, behind a camera crew truck. She wears
 a sleek jogging outfit and a T-shirt that reads FAMINE:NO
 ENVIRONMENT:YES. She is accompanied by an absurd squadron of
 maniacally grinning MALE MODEL BEEFCAKES, also in jogging gear.

INT. ART MUSEUM--DAY

Ward and H stroll the halls of a modern art museum, filled with
 works depicting tortured women.

WARD
 Improvements have been made. Society
 used to only desire women with super
 hair, super teeth, and super tits. Now
 society desires women who are
 intelligent, motivated, and responsible--
 with super hair, super teeth, and super
 tits.

H
 That's great, Pop.

WARD
 Just being straight with you. You need
 guidance, H. Sign with me. I know you
 have this mystical connection with
 Jacobs, but if you think being June
 Pierce's daughter's tough, can you
 imagine working for her? When you go to
 McDonald's, you'll look to the fry cooks
 with jealous longing. Modeling can be
 pretty severe, but I remember how to
 make glamour feel glamorous, how to
 make beauty feel...

H
Beautiful?

WARD
We're on the same wavelength. But H, it takes more than looks. You've got to..

INT. THE CONVENIENCE STORE SECTION OF THE CLUB--NIGHT

Fluidly continuing Ward's train of thought, June and H clack across the bland tile and beneath the dull fluorescence of the Convenience Store foyer leading to Decadence Candy.

JUNE
...be able to create a specific mood, who cares if you're feeling it. The photographer says Virgin, the Stylist says Tramp; you've got to be both. You're on a beach in a bathing suit. The thermometer says 58, your face has got to say Jamaica.

H
(undetected sarcasm)
So let me get this straight. I may be feeling a certain way, but the way I feel doesn't matter. It's the way I'm told to feel.

JUNE
We're on the same wavelength...You really should be signing with me.

Mother and Daughter thud through the unremarkable double-doors and into the oppressively hip chaos of the club..

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET--DAY

Swathed like Audrey H. in Breakfast at Tiffany's, H is photographed sashaying a Manhattan sidewalk, cigarette holder in one hand and a baby boy in the other. Her mother, her father, and a group of cheering construction workers look on proudly.

INT. ART MUSEUM--DAY

Ward pauses for some museum contemplation.

WARD
Now this, this is a superb piece.
Formal, unpretentious....

Ward is seen to be looking at the Janitor's mop in a large steel, wheeled bucket of water. H shakes her head as Ward hoots.

H
Oh man, Dad, modern art jokes? I need you to be serious. It's like you gave up on me when you found out I wasn't a little doll to spoil and baby.

WARD
Things are different now.

H
Things are different now as in 'you realize how horrible it is to be condescending' or things are different now as in 'I'm a model and you'll do anything to please me'?

WARD
(such a kiddier)
Yes.

H
(can't help laughing)
Da-ad, that wasn't a true or false....Listen, I appreciate the...

INT. THE STORE--NIGHT

Amid the swirling hot-and-happeningness of the Store, H finishes her train of thought after taking an unpleasant sip from her ornate Dawn Webster-style Kalhua drink.

H
...attention you've been giving me, Mom, but I wish everything between us wasn't so, so...

JUNE
Keep going.

H looks over to June, who is clinically scribbling on a notepad.

H
You're not listening. You're doing shorthand.

JUNE
H, I never write down the grievances of a model unless she's very important to me...

H
(smile of disbelief)
I'm your daughter.

JUNE
Of course you are, H...shoot. And try not to smile. Less wrinkles for the set.
(deeply blinks)
I'm sorry. Smile all you want, baby.

June rises up and pulls H for a cold and clinical, but paradoxically heartfelt, hug. H is touched...and spooked.

INT. LOMBARDI'S CHAMBER

From the club's secret soundproof chamber, behind the two-way mirror, Lombardi looks out over the denizens of the club, to soak in the hug of June and H.

LOMBARDI

The daughter Pierce and Ward are fighting for. The last pure, undiseased epiphany of our time. The future begins with one letter: H. What do you think?

The wizened Custodian Charlie squirts some Windex onto the mirror/window and begins wiping. He looks out, truly disappointed.

CUSTODIAN CHARLIE

She's just a kid, Mr. Lombardi. Geez, I remember back in the days when Beauty was something you could fuck.

LOMBARDI

(a smile)

Oh Charlie, you're such a janitor...

Twirling up a remote, Lombardi unmutes a CNN images of H on a TV banked in the chamber wall.

NEWSCASTER (T.V.)

Thousands more are dead in this, the latest tragedy coming out of the continent of Africa. But before we take you out there, let's drop in on the island of Manhattan to visit with H Lear, the new model who is as mysterious-- and as hot--as the Lombardi "mystery product" she promotes...

INT. TEST SHOT CLOSE-UPS OF H'S FACE

In a series of close-up cuts, the face of a naked shouldered H goes from smiling to screaming to giggling to crying, before settling upon an unnervingly placid stare. Her mouth opens. There is a pill on her tongue. The image freezes.

INT. SUBWAY--NIGHT

Posters of the bare shouldered, open-mouth-with-pill H are splashed upon a subway station wall above a sleeping homeless man. The posters are captioned "JUST WHAT IS THE LOMBARDI?"

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE--DAY

Another of the H/Lombardi posters is plastered over an AIDS awareness poster in Washington Square.

INT. MANHATTAN STREET CORNER--DAY

The last of a striking line of H/Lombardi posters (reading "IS AMERICA READY FOR THE LOMBARDI?") is slapped up on the side of a Manhattan edifice. Jake is revealed to be staring at them.

Suddenly, a Lear Insignia-ed limousine squeaks to a stop. In baseball cap and biker jacket, H herself pops out of the car to race toward an opening-up Pierce Insignia-ed limousine at the other corner edge. She awkwardly brakes at the sight of Jake.

H

hey.

JAKE

hey. The other day...

H

Yeah, the other day. I was a brat, I mean, a bitch.

JAKE

I was a jerk.

H

(hurried)

This is nice. I wish--I want to--we should get together. I'm late for this--that photographer--you know him--the big one--he wants to do something with me and fire-or something. I'm sorry I gotta--I'm highly late-- "This business," right?

JAKE

Right.

H bounces forward to give a sheepish semi-hug. She then half-smiles and dashes into the closing and exiting limousine.

INT. GENERIC STUDIO

Dressed in a tuxedo with a little fake moustache and a cigar in her mouth, H strikes a campy male pose. She raises her (gloved) hands in the air. They are on fire. Suddenly, a large sheath of clear film is pulled up between H and the viewer. On the sheath, in Barbara Kruger-esque lettering, is a large red "H" beside a stack of words: OT, OTTER, OTTEST.

INT. THE SMALL, COLORFUL RESTAURANT

Dominique's dark hand waves before Jake's pale, staring face. He blinks at the sight of their finished meals.

DOMINIQUE

Hey. Rainman. Come back. Last page. Little b. "H will make the decision of which agency she works for, Pierce or Lear, at a birthday party held in her honor, next week".

JAKE

(distant)

Sounds sleazy enough for me.

DOMINIQUE

Do I have to remind you that before I went to Ward and you went to June, we were pretty good friends. You can tell me what you're--you're worried if H gets into modeling, she'll come into contact with people like you. Is that it? Honestly Jake, everything's going to be nice...

JAKE

"Nice." That's what I'm afraid of...

INT. SOHO LOFT

As Jake speaks in voice-over, the viewer goes back to the familiar loft of the He-Man Photographer where H is being fussed upon from all angles, including an intense manicure. Assistant Annette rubs H's shoulders and says something in her ear. They both laugh. AN EXTREMELY HANDSOME INTERN holds out to a touched H a cola.

JAKE (V.O.)

You see, there comes a moment in a pretty girl's life when someone hands her a cool glass of Diet Coke without the pretty girl having to say the words, "I'm thirsty." It is a small moment, but it is...intoxicating. Something inside the pretty girl will melt-- and who can blame her? She'll keep getting handed things until one day, she'll forget what it was ever like to be thirsty, hungry, or normal.

The intern tilts the cola to H's lips. She closes her eyes and beatific-ally sips.

INT. THE PIERCE AGENCY CONFERENCE ROOM--NIGHT

It is night and the Pierce Agency Conference Room is bathed in artful, dreamlike light. A beaming H is walking across the table in a long dress and high heels, balancing THE ODYSSEY on her head. She walks past the seated Agency Crew toward an equally beaming June sitting at the end of the table.

JAKE (V.O.)

You know the deal, Dominique. Being your own person has its joys, but becoming what others want you to be is where the real fun begins...

H's eyes quiver up to a solemn Jake in the windowsill. The book drops to the ground.

INT. THE STUDIO OF THE GERMAN PHOTOGRAPHER--DAY

At the crash of the book, the viewer is plunged into the messy preliminaries of a studio session.

The scary German Photographer from the opening scene shakes to life a light meter as STYLIST ONE and TWO roll model H's baggy pants up and bunch up the excess behind her legs with metal clamps and bi-safety pins.

STYLIST THREE callously thrusts up H's breasts into a severe Push mode. He then tries to connect up a necklace around H's neck but it won't click in. Finally he takes a piece of duct tape and tapes it onto the back of her neck. Stylist One gently pulls H's feet out of her mocassins and proceeds to nail the mocassins to the floor. He then slips her feet back in.

The viewer's viewpoint pulls out on a completely finished H being shot by the German Photographer. The viewer continues to recoil to reach the sight of June, Ward, and Lombardi watching in rapture from three director chairs.

LOMBARDI

Response to the Teaser campaign has been predictably phenomenal. 50% of the world is excited and fascinated by my mysterious wonder drug. 50% of the world is angry and confused by my mysterious wonder drug. 100% of the world is talking about it, wondering exactly what it is. That said...who owns the paper on H?

WARD

You'll--we'll all find out next week.
Her birthday.

JUNE

There will be a party...
(toward Ward).
Most of us will have a good time.

WARD

Cocky. I like that in a loser.

JAKE IN THE STUDIO

has a different view of H. Through the blinding strobe umbrellas, all Jake sees is the artifice; the clamps, the pins, and the tape that are literally and figuratively behind H.

LOMBARDI

leans forward to look at the beautiful side of H.

LOMBARDI

Who would have thought--H. Beneath the shell of an unpleasant, ratty little scamp was a more delicious person than ever thought possible...

JAKE

(starkly)
Is it a better person?

The trio on the director chairs give a surprised look to the approaching Jake.

JUNE

Jacob, what kind of question is...

WARD

Jacobs woke up on the wrong side of somebody this morning...

LOMBARDI

"Better Person." I am not sure I know what that means. I do know this, "Jake Jacobs"-- before, H did not, how do you say, register. She did not exist. Does now.

JAKE

It's a big planet, Lombardi. You'd be surprised what goes on behind your back

LOMBARDI

You are an interesting character Jake, but do not bore me by...

JAKE

(enjoying himself)

Yeah, sure. Does it bother you people that the daughter you never had is the daughter you always had?

WARD

Ouch. Dominique warned me he was having his period this week...

JUNE

I don't have to defend the bond I have with my daughter. She knows how much I...

H shouts out to the Peanut Gallery as Jake simmers off.

H

Excuse me, will everyone be a dear and please stop talking so loudly about me in the third person. I'm only ten stupid feet away...

GERMAN PHOTOGRAPHER

Don't speak. Stand completely still...And relax.

H

(to photographer)

Hans, it's getting old...Jake-Jake, wait, where are you, come ba--

H moves after the exiting Jake but, forgetting her shoes are nailed to the floor, instead topples to the ground, ripping a quirky, background sculpture down along with her.

June and Ward frantic to her aid, along with a hysterical pack of stylists and studio Managers, who knock over a huge floodlight in their damage control frenzy. Again, H is half-flattered and half-freaked by the attention.

JUNE

Oh honey, are you okay?

WARD

Do you want paramedics, sweetie?
Paramedics! Somebody boil some water.

H

No, no, I'm, I'm fine. Really, both of you, I'm fine.

(a beat)

Thanks Mom. Thanks Dad.

Jake gives a cool appraising glance to the pandemonium he has caused before huffing out the exit door.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT--DUSK

Now rambling through his own apartment door, Jake remains cooking with coiled snake tension. He wearys himself down for an exhale. Right upon the familiar button that causes his apartment curtains to chug open.

A new, as-yet-unfinished mural is being put up across from him. So far it only has the top of H's head and her open pill-on-tongue mouth. Jake reacts to the sight by falling to his knees in undramatic fashion. He fishes out his rolled-up collage from beneath his apartment couch.

He unfolds it, letting himself be electrocuted by the petty memories the explosion of tacky clippings inspires. The viewer's viewpoint moves in on Jake's face as his arms kick into some quite feverish off-screen movement. Crackling and crumpling noises fill the soundtrack.

Back to the viewer, Jake levitates toward the mural through the window. From a less obscure angle, Jake moves forward, holding the collage, which, it is revealed, has been folded into a rather giant paper airplane. Jake opens the window and hurls it out.

It arcs feebly, but heroically, through the Manhattan air.

INT. JUNE'S OFFICE

Whatever vaguely angelic music accompanied the flight of the paper airplane cuts off to the sounds of June's office. Assistant Annette holds up a brochure to June, showing Honda scooters of various colors. A red one is circled.

JUNE

Terrific...Go ahead and...

June turns gloomy as she sees a pretty scraggly and unshaven Jake come through the agency doors via the video monitor.

INT. THE BOOKER ROOM

Smoking a cigarette, a loose and casual Dawn Webster is playfully combing her earlier-seen wise female Irish Booker's hair.

FEMALE IRISH BOOKER

Uncle Bob's Way Cool Wine Coolers want to talk to you again on Monday.

DAWN

Way no way. The go-see from Hell. I gave that perv Uncle Bob my best "Don't think I'm nifty" look.

FEMALE IRISH BOOKER

Don't let June hear you talk like that. Covers impress the folks back home, but these are the jobs that pay, lass.

DAWN

Okay, okay, but push it back until after Berlin...Hey, Jake!

Jake struts past Dawn. The Bookers, in one giddy "You're-not-going-to-get-us-this-time" reflex, slap their hands on the carousel of clipboards to hold it in place. Jake broods past them in sizzling obliviousness. The bookers are crestfallen.

BOOKER

Jake?

INT. THE HALLWAY--DAY

Jake continues his surly trek into the cleared-out agency hallway. June stands at the end, OK Corral-style.

JUNE

Jacob.

JAKE

June.

INT. JUNE'S OFFICE

The couple brittle-ly swerve into June's office.

JUNE

Glad you could stop by. Quite a performance the other day. You know H almost sprained her ankle running after you...

JAKE

Maybe you shouldn't have nailed her feet to the floor....

JUNE

I didn't nail!....

June stifles a snarl and slams down onto her desk chair. She slaps a multi-page contract down before Jake.

JUNE

The media is going crazy. Lombardi's not coming out and saying his product is a designer drug created from all-natural rain forest ingredients, but the rumor is out there on the street, along with a lot of juicy, controversial smoke involving H and her age and...This is big, Jacob.

JAKE

Is there a gas station between what you're saying and a point?

JUNE

Today's her birthday. Tonight's the party. At the Store.

June slides forward a vivid embossed card proclaiming "H DECADENCE CANDY THE BIG 14." Swinging open the door of the office, Assistant Annette invades the drama.

ANNETTE

Contest finalists.

JUNE

Yeah, yeah, all right.

Without further explanation needed, Jake drearily twists his chair around toward the door, back to June. As an endless cascade of NUBILE MODEL HOPEFULS parade in and out of the room in every possible costume and lack thereof, Jake and a leaning-forward June, though not facing each other, manage to communicate in seething whispers.

JUNE

Listen. H still loves you. Big Time. That's the only detail in all this that is obvious. So get it in print. Tonight at the party, I don't want an awkward "Is she going to walk to her Mommy or her Daddy?" moment. Get her alone. Get her to sign.

JAKE AND JUNE

(toward a certain girl)

Now she's great...

JAKE

H's feelings for me are misguided--but I'm not going to abuse them for the sake of the company.

(toward fashion disaster)

Hello, Cleveland...

JUNE

We are not abusing H's love. We are using it. We all have valid feelings and emotions bubbling around inside us. There's nothing wrong with that--but certain things need to keep happening on the surface of life...

JAKE

Is that what love means to you?

JUNE

"Is that what love means to you?"--what is that? A fucking Whitney Houston song? What is with you?

(toward short beauty)

Honey, you're 5-4, go be a doctor...what happened to Jake Jacobs, the affable hick-loverboy--Huckleberry Finn in a river of Pussy. Lately, you've been so goddamn high and mighty and sentimental, so...

JAKE

I'm quitting. (toward certain girl)

Nice sleeves. I do a lot of heroin...

JUNE

(agreement ala girl)

A lot...So you quit, is that what you said you petulant little...like you can just quit...

JAKE

Like I can. Like I will. Like I just did. We speak really fast, really clever; don't really say a lot, do we? It's a sick job. Play with people's heads as well as their faces.

JUNE

You have a job people would hurt puppies for. You should be so happy..

Bullshit-smiling to the incoming phillies, Jake swiftly rises, clinging his chair around the desk. He sits himself down next to June, Last Supper-style, launching into acidic whisper.

JAKE

You're right. I should be happy. Ecstatic. I was--then one day you find yourself walking around thinking of Bosnia and concentration camps so that constant erection of yours will go back down in your pants; but then you see, your brain gets used to the old concentration camp trick and your happy-happy boner won't go away.

(more)

JAKE (Cont'd)

And let me tell you, when that happens, when nothing means anything, it's time to make a move, make a break; something.

(cringing to unseen girl)

It's customary in this country that if you're going to get them done, get them done the same size...

JUNE

(cringing as well)

They're not even the same color. Hope she kept her receipt....That was a lovely speech back there. God Bless America. Now it's my turn. I can make sure you never work in the fashion...

JAKE

Give me attitude and I'll walk H down to Ward or some other shop just to see the color of your vomit. Stop me if I'm being too sentimental here..June, this isn't a Morality thing, this is a Reality thing...Goodbye.

The last girl sashays by, almost comically trying to get the attention of shocked zombie June. Defeated, the girl closes the office door behind her. Jake blossoms up, not looking back to June. Just as he millimeters forward, June breaks from her trance and claws his arm.

JUNE

Jacob. Please. I'm not speaking very fast. I'm speaking very slow. Whether you intended it or not, somehow something you said or did got H to admit she is physically attractive. The secret is out--for better, for worse, her life will never be the same. Jacob, if H is a part of this world, and Jacob, H is part of this world. Is it not better to have H here at Pierce where you can protect her? Don't walk away from her.

JAKE

(extremely quiet)

I don't know whether you're being Concerned Mom or Shrewd Agent...

JUNE

(human)

For what it's worth, neither do I. Please Jacob, think about it. Our friendship has to mean something...think..

With an ever-so-slight tremble, June wavers up the contract and the invitation card. Jake pauses, letting them hang there. Then, with a severe swipe, he takes the goods and smokes out of the room.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT--DUSK

Mind reeling almost as much as the camera, Jake, back in his apartment, rambles round and round a table atop which is the party invitation and the contract. Montage music pumps up.

INT. DECADENCE CANDY LOMBARDI'S CHAMBER--DUSK

Lombardi glides across his chamber to put the figurine of a princess into a model (non-human kind) set up on a table. The model is of a vast expanse of sand and cactus, high-lighted by five strategically placed prototypes of five purple pills. A black and white image of H in a commercial flows from his TV.

Behind Lombardi, down through the mirror, into the club, WORKERS are carrying in the five actual-size pills (six feet long) and putting them various places in the club. Custodian Charlie stands upon a mammoth ladder to shine up the club's sparkling chandelier centerpiece.

Watching it all, Lombardi pulls out a small purple pill and dreamily puts it in his mouth.

INT. WARD'S CONFERENCE ROOM--LATE AFTERNOON

Ward, headset around neck, is addressing the troops crammed into his conference room (which, boy, looks a lot like June's conference room, except for some effectively deft set dressing). Atop the table, Dominique and others make the Herculean effort of wrapping a red Honda scooter. Ward gives a glance to a framed picture before him which is--pretty perversely--a very unwholesomely high fashion shot of his daughter.

WARD

Compliment H. Cajole H. Sign H. I'm not going to lie--Pierce is coming in tonight with advantages--main one being that H has an open crush on the vice-president of the company...But worry not, I have a plan.

(to buzzing)

I've got to take this. Good luck; let's get my daughter on the dotted Lear line...

(into headset)

Hey babe, I had to get tough with Nicole Kimberly. She's going to spend some time raking leaves for Ex-President Ford's wife...Yeah, laughing all the way to the tank. So you coming to this Orgy we're having for my daughter at D.C. tonight...?

Sluttied up beyond belief, Harmon Killibrew comes into the conference room, fanning herself with a Decadence Candy Invitation.

INT. NICOLE KIMBERLY'S APARTMENT--DUSK

Teary and bleary with strenuously unwashed hair, Nicole Kimberly straggles through her music blaring apartment. She looks down to a glass coffee table, where, next to a scribbled note reading SORRY ABOUT LAST NIGHT, BABY, is a sizable Happy Face made out of cocaine.

Next to the Face, is an overwhelmingly shiny and silver and coke-tinged razor blade. Nicole picks up the blade and contemplatively holds it up to her wrist. She then yawns. Like a cougar, she scans to a Decadence Candy Invite being slid under her door. Pocketing the blade, she pounces upon it and reads it. She then descends to snort off the smile from the cocaine Happy Face.

INT. THE APARTMENT OF THE YOUNG MODELS--DUSK

Our four Young Models are huddled in their kitchen, giddy and celebratory (Robed Sabrina is in a rainbow facial mask. The other three are wearing tight T-shirts that read individually from left to right, "Bud" "Ser" and "Wei.") Splayed across the counter are numerous copies of Harper's Bazaar with Dawn Webster on the cover.

Sabrina tries to detonate a bottle of champagne. Vette sets out decidedly unchampagne glasses as the montage music (bellowing from Nicole's apartment) seeps through.

TABITHA

Oh Dawn, you look so pre-cise.

DAWN

I wasn't even going in on a Cover
Try...Marco just shot off an extra roll
for fun...

VETTE

Lombardi's lame for not picking you,
instead of that child...

(to music)

Oh man, that freak is giving herself
another Woodstock 2. I can hear that
music all the...Oh I'm sorry Dawn, I
forgot Nikki Kim is still your Buddha.

SABRINA

(Dawn imitation)

"Nicole Kimberly has just so much
niftiness--I love her!"

DAWN

(tentatively sly)

Give me a break, you Ho-s. Hey, where's
the bubbly? You sure bragged enough about
swiping it from the shoot, Sabrina.

SABRINA

(struggling)

I'm a good thief, I didn't say anything
about o-o-pen-ing it.....Ah, somebody
get Jake.

VETTE

Such a chick. Come on, we're going to miss the The Store thing by the time....

Giggling, the girls swarm around the bottle and try to pop it. In the chaos, the bottle lowers itself before Sabrina's crotch as an absurd surrogate penis. She is hip to the image and begins roaring with a male voice.

SABRINA

Oh babe, oh God, oh babe...Don't stop...I always wanted a model..

TABITHA

Girl, you are sick! Sick!

The champagne explodes open and the spasmodically wailing girls grab for their childhoodish glasses.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT--DUSK

Montage music cuts off. Completely spent, still dirty and unshaven, Jake is crashed down upon his chair, gazing down to the contract, bathed in the final rays of the sun.

INT. CLOSE-UP OF H IN THE MIRROR

H wipes a post-shower patch of condensation off a bathroom mirror--just enough to reveal her eyes.

H

Mirror, mirror, on the wall, I stand at the verge of a threshold of a Dawn of a new beginning. Is Jake testing me? Or is me testing he? Is this a good dream or a bad coma? Shit, the limo's waiting. Happy birthday, babe.

INT. THE THE STORE ENTRANCE--NIGHT

From H's POV, the viewer's viewpoint emerges out of an opening limousine...then breezes past the exploding paparazzi and the considerable clamoring-to-get-in crowd behind the velvet ropes.

DOORMAN

Happy Birthday, H.

INT. THE BUILDING LOBBY--H'S POV--NIGHT

H's viewpoint glides into the convenience store lobby. The Pimply Cashier breaks from his lethargy to give her a thumbs-up. Wearing a head-set, Dominique is mock-casually pumping herself up a Slurpee.

DOMINIQUE

Happy Birthday, H.
(into head-set)
She's here.

INT. THE STOPE--NIGHT

The shabby double doors flap open and the viewer's viewpoint charges into the vastness of The Store. The immediate crowd, in artfully cool party hats, turn and cheer. Previously seen Modeling Agents and LIC SMITHESQUE N.Y. CELEBS eek out birthday wishes.

Ward Lear thrusts into view to put his arm around the camera (H). As he speaks, he walks H and the viewer around in a circle.

WARD

Tonight's your night. Crushes will come and go, H, but your father is a man who will always be there for you. Join the Lear Team. I love you.

Ward lets go of the camera. The POV scans to a table of SCARY ADULT MALES shouting birthday wishes and then up to a DJ in a booth.

DJ

The birthday girl is. in. the. House!

Assistant Annette pulls the camera down into a seated position across a table from June Pierce. Between viewer and June is a big birthday cake with a Candy model of H going down an ice cream runway.

JUNE

Happy birthday, honey.

MALE HEAD BOBBING IN

You look very beautiful...

JUNE

Out! H, I just want to say whatever decision you make tonight, I'll be...who are we kidding, you're going to sign with Pierce. It's where you'll feel the most yourself. With me and Jacob.

H (O.S.)

Where is Jake-Jake?

JUNE

Ugh--well--I'm--I'm sure he's coming any minute, I'm sure...hold on, I'll...

June whips out her pocket phone and begins banging numbers.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT--NIGHT

The phone rings in Jake's dead-silent apartment. The figure of Jake rises in the darkness. Ignoring the phone, the shadowy figure gives a last look out the window to the lit-up, eerie and unfinished mural of H. He presses the button, closing the curtains.

INT. THE THE STORE OFFICE CHAMBER--NIGHT

Sitting in his silent chamber, before his ubiquitous two-way mirror, Lombardi, wearing nothing but black leather briefs, sits upon a stool softly singing down to an unseen target. On his chest is a pierced nipple and a tatoo of his name and logo. His Spooky Assistant stands behind him, drilling his back with a whirring tatoo device.

LOMBARDI

"Happy Birthday, dear H-H, Happy
 Birthday to you...How old are you...How
 old.."

The Spooky Assistant shuts off the device. The tatoo on Lombardi's bare back reads "H."

BACK DOWN INTO THE CLUB--BELOW THE MIRROR

Back in the world of music and sound, June and Ward come to a stop before a perversely grand stack of wrapped gifts on a cordoned-off table. Bookending the gifts are the obviously wrapped Honda scooters. June and Ward look back and forth to the two scooters with an identical snort-laugh-head-shake.

JUNE

Scooter?

WARD

Red?

They look to a crush of people camouflaging H.

WARD

She seems to be having an okay time with
 all this. Too bad somebody's getting an
 unhappy ending tonight.

JUNE

Don't be too rough on yourself. You did
 the best you could...

WARD

(peevy)

Excuse me...

JUNE

Oh Ward, you do understand, with Jacob
 on my side...

WARD

(smooth taunt)

Really. And just where is your resident
 cool guy? Heard he's brooding about town
 with a barely socially acceptable growth
 on his face...

JUNE

Jacob is...we all have our crises of
 conscience in this business...

WARD

Speak for yourself. Oh, but I wouldn't worry-- I'm sure you'll be able to sign H on the strength of your own "extraordinarily complex primary group relationship"-- I wouldn't worry.

JUNE

(sudden smile)

I won't.

Through the ex-couple's POV, a completely shaven and impeccably groomed Jake makes a traditionally magnificent entrance into the club, the contract surgically tucked under his arm.

Jake moves through the crowd with woozy determination. He weaves beside the bubbling table of Vette, Tabitha, and an unfamiliarly unmasked Sabrina.

SABRINA

Hey, Jake.

JAKE

Sabrina...I didn't recognize you with your face on.

Jake's attention is severely distracted by a shocking naked spine in a backless dress--poking out from the crowd. The nude back turns around. It is H, laughing with adorable abandon. She swerves for some dramatic eye contact.

They immediately float toward each other. H is glowing. Jake half-nervously half-smiles, a little freaked by the undeniable magnetism of it all. An AUTOGRAPH HOUND cuts off H. Not losing sight of Jake, H scribbles her name, conspiratorially rolling her eyes to her beloved.

As the princess graces ineffably closer, Ward blockades Jake. The vision of H is swallowed by an incoming tide of well-wishers.

WARD

Jacobs, I know I don't have many more seconds left on the shot clock. No matter what I do for H, no matter how many presents I bring H, H is going to sign with you and June because of you. The key letter in all this is "U", how much do you want to come over to me?

JAKE

Ward. You're in my way. Move.

A nearby June smiles to the sight of Ward and the antsy Jake. She scans to her daughter being besieged by an OBNOXIOUS REPORTER. June gives off a flicker of concern as a fully-dressed Lombardi creeps behind her.

LOMBARDI

What is the phrase-- "Everyone is beautiful in their own special way." That may be true, but our way is the one that matters...It's next week, you know that? The official all-media unveiling of the Lombardi pill...

JUNE

I know this sounds absurd, but H has tests next week in school and I promised her...

LOMBARDI

You are right. It sounds absurd. Every minute of your blessed child's life has a distinct dollar value now...Don't be mundane.

June gulps as she and Lombardi wing past Jake and the depressingly full-court pressing Ward.

WARD

You want your own shop--is that it?-- I'll float you the money. You'd be Lear's sister agency.

JAKE

You're a mind-reader.

WARD

You're going through a phase, Jacobs-- thinking your penis is a weapon that has hurt too many women so you keep it in your holster-- I went through the same thing at your age. I can snap you out of it. Get you back your halo cockring. I..

The Club's music violently cuts off with a nasty needle-against-vinyl screech. Jake and Ward and everyone else pivot around to see a cackling Nicole Kimberly shoving the DJ from his area.

WARD

Is there anything more terrifying than a girl who's been told all her life that she's cute when she's drunk?

Jake uses Ward's discomfiture as an opportunity to escape. Jake 360's about trying to scope H. On his second spinning pass, she effortlessly materializes before him.

H

Come here often...

JAKE

H. Happy Birthday.

H

I hope so.

NICOLE

shoves an expaserated, I-don't-get-paid-enough SECURITY GUARD backward. She clings up a record and deftly slaps it upon the turntable.

JAKE

is pushed into H by the club thoroughfare. They stay close.

JAKE

I think we should talk.

H

Uh-oh. Never a good sentence.

JAKE

Any time anything happened, we talked.
Now everything's happened and we...

The club pumps to full volume with Nicole's new platter. It is a hypnotically hyperactive Mambo instrumental. Wincing at the incoming decibel-age, Jake glances to the familiar mirrored patch above. He tugs H's thrilled hand.

NICOLE

felines from the DJ area, percolating into a sultry syncopated groove to the music. The crowd can't help but be mesmerized by the one-woman show.

INT. THE CHAMBER--NIGHT

Jake kicks open the chamber door to pace the unsettling quiet of the den of stylishly sterile iniquity. Infinitely less tense, H pirouettes in behind him.

H

Wow. Silence. Amazing. I mean, you gotta admit. The way we looked over at each other. The way we were separated by people we didn't want to talk to. Classic.

JAKE

(reality check)

H, I needed a quiet place. I..

H

Now what? I've missed you. These past weeks, they've been pretty incredible-- but without my best friend to share them with...

H drifts to Jake with longing. Her fingertips shyly but determinedly extend out to Jake's hand.

INT. THE CLUB--NIGHT

Approaching the outskirts of the dance floor, slave to the rhythm, Nicole latches out to a BENEFIC PRETTYBOY who helplessly connects with unmasked Sabrina who in turn locks hands with roommates Vette and Tabitha. A HUNGRY MALE locks on. Very quickly, a human chain of more and more clubgoers is formed, locomotiving forward, undulating to the beat.

INT. THE CHAMBER--NIGHT

Jake matadors out of H's amorous path. She calms herself with a sheepish smile. She then slowly slides on her stomach upon the couch to profile her astonishing bare-back. She kicks off her shoes with childish would-be magnetism.

H

I don't think Lombardi will be coming back up here for a while. If that's what you're worried...

JAKE

What do you think is--I'm not going to kill a friendship that's practically as old as you are just because you put on some warpaint and brought yourself up to code...

H

Grant me that I'm not your usual jailbait here. Malls depress me and Melrose Place is an enigma I have no intention of unraveling. My God, an actual smile from you...

H arcs from the couch. A sobering Jake recoils, the contract slides from his armpit, thudding to the floor. Spell broken, H clumps up the document.

H

Oh, goody gumdrops, the Holy contract. Guess we better put this baby to bed. Evening's getting way too tense...

INT. THE CLUB--NIGHT

The Mambo music building to perverse levels, Nicole continues to Pied the staggering collection of gallivanting hand-holders. Dawn Webster bangs through the ugly doors of the Convenience section to marvel at the strange, quasi-Conga line and its insane leader.

HANDSOME JERK

Hi, you're Dawn Webster, right? Tell me, would you find it sexist if I called you an extremely desirable young woman?

DAWN

No.

HANDSOME JERK

That's so great to hear, I find that so many girls....

DAWN

"You don't get it"
No...I won't fuck you.

The Handsome Jerk is left in flames as Dawn is tugged by Harmon Killibrew into the ever-growing macrame of revelers.

INT. THE CHAMBER--NIGHT

Oblivious to the mambo-mania through the mirror behind her, H re-
plots herself upon the couch, thwaping the contract on a quirky
mini-table before her. Jake twirls down a pen atop the contract.

H

Let's see here. Blah-Blah. Blah-blah.
Oh, and Blah-blah. You know I'm only
signing this cause I--I fancy you. Don't
chime in all at once.

(scribbling)

Hey, this doesn't write...

JAKE

I know. Your mother thinks I'm here to
get you to sign. I'm not. I tried to
quit the Pierce agency today, can you
believe it? Then I realized I had
unfinished business. Like getting you
out. Some people can just smile and take
a paycheck, H, but you...

H

"Getting me out." What is this, Beirut?
It's modeling, Jake-Jake. Who cares?

(would-be sexy)

Just let me sign the damn thing, so we
don't have to talk about it anymore. So
we can...

Jake violently unwinds from the couch, away from H, savagely
shredding the contract with his own paws. His burst of anger is
quickly subdued as he takes his first good look at the wildness
going down through the two-way mirror.

INT. THE CLUB--NIGHT

As the mambo reaches malevolent heights, the chain of people
circles into itself on the dance floor. June and Ward exchange
looks of worry to where this could be leading.

The viewer's viewpoint floats to the leader of the pack, Nicole
Kimberly....and more specifically, to the opening scene's super-
suave, silver, ultra-tech gun, which ever-so-slightly pokes from
her beltline.

INT. THE CHAMBER--NIGHT

Jake sucks in the astonishing, eerily silent view of the swirling-into-itself-hand-holding crowd on the dance floor. He thinks it a visualization of the churning of his brain.

JAKE

This isn't about modeling. Not just.
Don't you see, when it comes to things
like "ex-plo-i-tat-ion," modeling
agencies are nothing--nothing next to
parents...

(down toward Nicole)
and to lovers.

H

(carefully)

These sermons. They're not you. You're--
You told me you had no desire to be my
babysitter. I couldn't agree more...

Drained, Jake collapses next to H with a good-natured sigh.

JAKE

H, listen, you're an extraordinary young
girl...

H

Stop it! I don't want to be any of those
things anymore--"Extraordinary" "Young"
or "Girl!"

(softening)

"Extraordinary" is worthless. It's
lonely. So lonely...

Seemingly exhausted, H gently crushes her skull against Jake's chest. In a lithe ballet move, she swings herself around into a complete straddle of the intimidated Jake.

INT. THE DANCE FLOOR--NIGHT

At the peak moment of Congaesque giddiness, Nicole tears out her gun. With stoneface elegance, and with the help of pinpoint laser-sighting, she fires to the DJ's turntable, completely killing the Mambo.

The instantly traumatized Partiers unlock arms to hit the deck, squealing. With robotic swiftness, Nicole swirls the gun and its red beam trajectory toward a news camera. She blows it away.

INT. THE CHAMBER--NIGHT

From bang-bang to kiss-kiss. Breathlessly oblivious to the inaudible fireworks going on below, H lightnings forward her face for a jarring French kiss. No, he does not break off the kiss yet. Now he breaks off the kiss.

He forcefully but not violently twists H's body off him. He bolts up, spinning his back against the two-way mirror so only the viewer can take in the ensuing frenzy below.

Going completely zen, Jake murmurs down to H, who is skulking on the couch, suddenly feeling very naked and uncomfortable in her sexy dress.

JAKE

"The Fuck stops here." That's the last clever thing I'm going to say for a while, so I hoped you enjoyed it. I'm not your boyfriend, H. I'm not your gigolo. I'm not your date to the prom. I'm your Family. There's no way you can tell me I'm not your family, because, with your parents, there's no way for you to know what a family is...

H

Stop...will you stop it! Don't talk like this! You're spoiling everything! Last thing I need is more fucking family...

JAKE

You have no idea what you need, where you are, who you are--your parents run modeling agencies; not the best people for an identity crisis. You have to let me help you, H. I love you so much...

(sad laugh)

All my life I used "I love you" as a strategic lie to have sex, now it's a truth I'm using not to have it. Sorry, guess you caught me at a bad time...

H

(angrily rising)

I am so happy I've given you this..this...breakthrough. That I'm this life lesson you've learned. I'm some anecdote...

JAKE

You're angry that I care for you? That I fight for you? That I want to protect you..?

H

I can hire people to do that shit! You know what I want! I'm real, Jake-Jake, so real. You can touch--I don't want to be pro-tec-ted! Come on, protect me! Protect me!

H begins pounding her own fists against her face. Jake rushes into a messy tangle with her.

INT. THE CLUB--NIGHT

Wildly and sadly pumping adrenaline like a battered oil tanker, Nicole pants in the middle of the dance floor, waving her laser-sight weapon in all directions without purpose.

ON THE GROUND

With trench-warfare expertise, June crawls past the bodies of the quivering and crying ex-pool. She reaches Ward and Dominique who are flattened on their stomachs in dazed deadpan.

JUNE

What is she doing? Do Something! How can you just lie there?

WARD

You want her? She's yours. Dominique, send Pierce over the paperwork--Oh Jesus, we woke her up again...

Next to Ward, a formerly just-catatonic Harmon Killibrew goes into an epileptic fit. Nearby, our familiar Young Apartment Models are huddled together beneath a table.

TABITHA

I'll never touch another drug again. For a while.

VETTE

When we get home, Webster, you Nikki Kim posters are coming off the fucking wall...

SABRINA

No doubt. Please God, don't ever make me that "quirky and offbeat."

Touched by something primal, Dawn shimmys determinedly forward across the floor, away from her friends. She passes a bored Lombardi, who is ascending into a chair. Still crouched down, his Spooky Assistant slides him a rotary phone. He drones to her as he dials.

LOMBARDI

Models...why can't they all be mannequins. Get the police on your cellular. Better throw in some ambulanci-- who knows where this evening's going...

(into phone)

Hello, channel 7, I have a tip...

NICOLE

stops panting, zeroing in on another attractive target: herself. She beholds the mirror on the wall ahead of her. She hoists up her mini-cannon and its laser wobbles up to Nicole's reflection. As it did with the opening scene's trailer mirror, the red beam bounces all the way back to Nicole's face creating a neat light show. Nicole creaks up a smile.

INT. THE CHAMBER

Sweating, hissing, and tearing up, Jake and H break from each other, grasping for calm. Their backs are turned to the craziness.

H
Please, please Jake, without you inside me, my feelings don't count. They're a crush. They're an infatuation. They're words on a talk show...

JAKE
I hate hurting you...but I know what's right and what's insane. I can't fake that I don't. You're not getting laid tonight, H. You're getting loved, whether you like it or not...

H
(back to anger)
You..you think that having sex will ruin our friendship, well..well what makes you think not having sex is not ruining our friendship? Get it!

Winching away from H, Jake finally gazes through the glass and connects with the brutal image of Nicole leveling up her bizarre weapon, a Phoenix Huntress towering above a sea of trembling bodies. The red dot shooting-stars against the mirrored glass. Jake is hypnotized, deaf to H's ever fierce soul-screaming.

H
Don't you see? You have no excuse anymore! I am beautiful! I am desired! I'm the Lombardi girl! I'm the one! I'm...

Jake breaks from shock and bolts at H.

INT. THE CLUB

Beam still reflected into her face, Nicole shoots her mirror image, devastatingly detonating the glass to a chorus of howls.

INT. THE CHAMBER

Jake and H's bodies slam down to the ground in a thunderstorm of exploding glass shards.

INT. THE CLUB

The club crowd has lost its residual glibness, openly losing it. Dawn Webster starkly stands, commanding everyone's attention, including Nicole who immediately speeds her gun and its laser-sight into a trajectory toward Dawn's pristine forehead.

DAWN
Please, Nicole Kimberly, ma'am..You shouldn't..

NICOLE
Whee. It's the new me.

INT. THE CHAMBER

Jake rustles up to make an the queasy confrontation below. He bobs back down to H, who is face-down, whimpering.

JAKE

H, it's bad. Nicole. I have to...Are you going to be...

H

(snarling

Like you care! Get out! Go down to your adult! I...I don't like you anymore! Leave!

Jake sighs, staring back down to the dance floor. He storms out...

INT. DANCE FLOOR--NIGHT

Dawn steps closer and closer to Nicole, voice quavering. Nicole lowers the gun and its beam.

DAWN

I care about you so much. Back home, you were like the Sun to me...every time I saw you in a magazine or on TV, you'd make me so happy because you're so beautiful and I wanted to feel that beautiful...

Dawn reaches her hand out to the melting Nicole. June and Ward exchange glances of "Is this for real? mirth.

INT. ANOTHER SECTION OF THE CLUB--NIGHT

In an almost mystical visual image, Jake crushes from out of a perfectly-blended-into-the-wall door. Feeling a chilling vibe, he forcefully weaves through the loosening-up Clubgoers, toward the dance floor.

INT. THE DANCE FLOOR

Nicole speaks.

NICOLE

What's your name, kid?

DAWN

Dawn--Dawn Webster.

NICOLE

Dawn Webster...I could really use a hug..and a kiss..

Nicole and Dawn grab tender hold of each other.

Jake heaves closer.

JAKE

Nikki!

The viewer's viewpoint moves in on Nicole's lips. Slithering from her mouth into a firm lock between her teeth is the overwhelmingly shiny and silver razor blade. Grasping Dawn's neck, her back to the thankful viewer, Nicole plants a savage kiss on the Wisconsinian's cheek.

With a wail from Hell, Dawn reverberates into a crumple on the dance floor. She slaps a hand to the crimson geyser of her ex-adorable visage.

Nicole spits out her razor blade, then with wickedly casual grace, twists and shoots an oncoming Jake in the leg. The glancing blow sends him slamming to the ground. The crowd re-hits the deck, back in screeching panic mode.

NICOLE

Hero. Relax. I'm sorry, are you okay,
Jake? How many fingers am I holding up?

Highly self-amused, Nicole gives Jake "the finger" before somberly addressing the flopping around Dawn Webster.

NICOLE

You can do a lot more interesting things
with your life, Dawn. And now you have
to. Some day you'll thank me.

Nicole exuberantly aims her weapon to the dazzling chandelier above her. The crimson light of the laser-sighting bounces about the chandelier crystal. Nicole maneuvers below. The red beam flickers to a dead-on trajectory to the cord mooring holding the gargantuan lamp up.

Jake doggedly aches up toward Nicole. Nicole steadys the aim of her outstretched arm. She shifts her head toward Jake and the crowd. She puts her free hand on her hip in an obvious "pose." She contorts her face into a vast cheesecake smile.

NICOLE

Famous last words.

She pulls the trigger. The chandelier is brilliantly blasted from its mooring. It unforgettably Phantoms down upon the at-peace figure of Nicole Kimberly in a spectacular crash that sends Jake flying backward.

The destructed lights of the chandelier crackle and wheeze. Lazy sparks of flame waft from the crash. The table of presents gently ignites. The paltry fire doubles the already high existing level of hysteria. The Clubgoers bound up from their cowering-on-the-floor positions into a wailing exodus out of the familiar double doors.

INT. THE CLUB'S CONVENIENCE STORE LOBBY--NIGHT

The New York Elite jarringly bulldoze the bland environs of the club's convenience store foyer, whamming over shelves and stacks. Their screeches of panic barely overcome the din of the store's Muzak. The front door amusingly sounds a pinging bell noise to signal the departure of each Clubber.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BUILDING--NIGHT

The deranged Partygoers tsunami out of the building. The clamoring-to-get-in Wannabees behind the velvet ropes completely cut off their clamor to get in.

INT. THE CLUB

The viewer's viewpoint floats down through the chaos to Jake, smashed upon his spine in a wide-eyed trance. He teeters his head to the images exploding around him. Revelers callously hopping over Dawn Webster. The flaming birthday presents. Nicole's legs jutting out from crumpled chandelier, Wizard of Oz-style.

INT. THE CLUB'S CONVENIENCE STORE LOBBY--NIGHT

An oddly motherly June leads the shellshocked Apartment Girls down a store aisle. Ward hands a shivering Harmon off to the Acne'd Cashier, who takes her out to an arriving ambulance. June and Ward speak while being buffeted by the last of the fleeing Partiers.

JUNE

Where is she? Did you see her?

WARD

Who?

(clarified concern)

H...

June and Ward plunge against the tide of the crowd, back toward the club's double-doors.

INT. THE CHAMBER

H remains in a heap, amid a sparkling puddle of glass, on the chandelier floor. Her naked spine tremors with racking sobs. The viewer's viewpoint exhales down to her. A hand descends upon H's hair for a soft caress. Watering eyes closed, H aches her neck back to receive sweet neck kisses from a pair of lips.

H

Oh, Jake...

The viewer's viewpoint inhales back ever slightly to reveal that H is not being comforted by Jake, but by a reptillian Lombardi. They twist for a real kiss.

INT. THE CLUB

Jake resurrects into working consciousness. He scans out to Lombardi's Spooky Assistant cruelly snapping a Polaroid of the destroyed Dawn Webster. Jake crawls toward Dawn.

Custodian Charlie effortlessly kills the birthday present fire with an extinguisher. He turns and pushes his wheeled trashcan, shaking his head.

CUSTODIAN CHARLIE

Shit, I'm moving to Phoenix.

Hungry packs of Reporters and Camera People replenish the emptying-out club. They pounce upon the ground zero of the chandelier and the crushed doll beneath...

Enveloping his arms around Dawn Webster, Jake involuntarily shudders at the lightning-storm of popping flashbulbs. Comforted by Jake, a beyond-traumatized Dawn quakes up a vertical line of cocktail napkins across the perfectly delineated slash upon her face, while zombie-staring into an open compact. June and Ward careen past them, searching all about.

WARD

You're sure you didn't see H come out...

JUNE

I'm sure! What a night, Ward, what a night. Nicole Kimberly--the face that sunk a thousand ships. Why didn't you cage her when you had the...

WARD

I know...I know...I don't understand why everything can't be...sexy...

June vibrates in anger and helplessness. The candy model of H does a deadman's float in the melted ice-cream runway of the abandoned birthday cake.

JUNE

Damnit, where is she? Why did we get H involved in this bullshit...I was going to be a different mother. She was going to be a different daughter. She was...there just came a time--"What do you think you're getting away with, H?" "Why don't you have to sit up straight like a good little girl, H?" "Why don't you have to look like a Lady and Act like a..."

WARD

Don't torture yourself. We...

JUNE

We named our daughter, "H." What a dumb name...

WARD

Come on, it's a cool name.

JUNE

Dumb name. What does it stand for?

WARD

I don't know...Hydrogen?

June involuntarily laughs out loud, marveling at the absurdity of the man next to her.

JUNE
We were married...

WARD
(smiling)
Sure was. Come on...

June and Ward charge forward.

INT. THE CHAMBER

H opens her eyes to see she's kissing Richard III instead of Romeo. In gagging shock, she twists and squirms from the ever-suave Lombardi with a panting glare.

H
What are you--you sick--creepy--why..

LOMBARDI
I apologize. It seemed as if you wanted a friend. Is there something in the air tonight? Or is it just me?

H
It's just you.

LOMBARDI
(shockingly uncool)
Don't
(typically cool)
be glib. It does not suit you. I expect nothing more of you, and nothing less, than perfection. It's a big responsibility, I know. I understand you being intimidated by my affection. I must say I surprised myself just now...

Lombardi smoothly pythons closer to H, leaning against a wall, with comfortable prom date demeanor.

LOMBARDI
You want your first time to be something special. It will be--but I think we've had enough excitement for tonight...

A single tear makes a pronounced trek down H's cheek. Lombardi pokes out to it with his pinky. Maintaining intense proximity, he then puts the tear-clinging pinky in his mouth for a spooky suck.

June thrusts into the chamber as Lombardi ghoulishly withdraws his pinky from his mouth. June radars the tension between Lombardi and her daughter, ever-briefly turning it into a moment of tension between all three of them. With a sharp shout, H breaks the tension--she has stepped back upon a shoe puncturing sliver of glass. Ward rushes in...

WARD
H! Baby, I heard a scream...

Lombardi's Spooky Assistant and a PAIR OF SECURITY MEN trot in next. Lombardi immediately takes over the room.

LOMBARDI

There's been a slight foot injury. Do not bring the paramedics to H. Bring H to the paramedics--and make sure to do it in front of the downstairs Media. The Age of Lombardi approaches...

The two Security Men tactlessly hoist up H and hustle her out of the chamber. Ward and the Spooky Assistant quickly follow. Last ones to leave, June and Lombardi exchange moody glances. June opens and closes her mouth. The moment for curiosity and confrontation has passed, but June's gander is elevated.

INT. THE DANCE FLOOR--NIGHT

A woozy Jake watches Dawn being carted into the harsh light of the convenience store on a stretcher as he is planted on one himself.

The Media Vultures around the chandelier screechingly skid toward the fresh meat of the Lombardi Girl being violently carried out by the Security Duo. June, Ward, and Lombardi convoy behind. Jake stares out to H with fear and concern. He rasps from the stretcher.

JAKE

H...

H gives Jake a look of helpless melancholy. She opens her mouth to speak when her POV is cut off by a multi-layered bombardment of flashbulbs. H's POV begins harshly, endlessly blinking.

INT. A FAMILIAR DRESSING ROOM TRAILER--A WEEK LATER

H's POV briefly continues to blink, but then opens wide and focused, in entirely new place and time. June and Ward criss-cross each other, speaking to this stationary H POV (H gives occasional glances to a pristine white contract on a dressing table beside her). The viewer is back in the exact same dressing room trailer Nicole Kimberly was in at the opening.

WARD

So your birthday got a little out-of-hand--it won you a lot of sympathy. Your life is right where you want it to be, H. We have several wonderful offers already in place, not just our friend Lombardi...

JUNE

(heart not into it)

Surely H, you will be delighted to know that we have worked out the new contract there to the contours of our custody plan. The week that you are our daughter is the week you are our highly-paid supermodel...Do you want time to think? You should have time to think...

June gives a fraught glance to a blue envelope in her hand. She shoves the envelope in her pocket.

WARD

What's to think about? Everybody's waiting...

JUNE

They can wait some more. Take your time, H. No pressure, honey.

June draws away a befuddled Ward out of the trailer. A burst of sun from the opening door hits the revealed H. She is crumpled on Nicole's dressing room chair in a lush, romantic, high fashion variation of her princess costume from the opening. H aches up from the chair and opens a porthole at the side of the trailer.

H

Yeah, Mom, no pressure...

The viewer's viewpoint micros through the porthole through which she peers...to the familiar madness of The Desert.

EXT. THE DESERT--DAY

NEWS CREWS, PHOTOGRAPHERS, SECURITY PEOPLE, and INVITED GUESTS are crowded together on the desert floor, outside the familiar strange trailer. They buzz with a similar frenetic ambience to the film's opening (The vividly colored tents are back as well as the giant beach ball). Everyone wears Nuclear-Testing-type goggles around their necks.

Today there is only one shoot taking place. The earlier-seen five massive purple pills are set up in the sand the same way they were set up in Lombardi's model. Lombardi is leading the ubiquitous German Photographer and army of TECHNICIANS through the quirky set-up.

LOMBARDI

Very important. The red flag is the signal to begin rolling cameras. The black flag means I am now pressing the button...

From out of his jacket pocket, Lombardi holds up a white, minimalist remote control with a single black button.

LOMBARDI

When I press the button, the pills will detonate one by one behind the princess, who will be racing toward the camera. Princess will stop, pills smoking just-so in the background, and she will announce to the world this message:...

JUNE

It still sounds very dangerous...

June and Ward have straggle through the parting team of workers toward Lombardi.

LOMBARDI

My God, June, we've timed it out again and again. Unless dear H stops to tie her shoes, everything will be perfect. Gentleman, we begin bombing in fifteen minutes...

INT. THE TRAILER--DAY

H closes the porthole and huffs over to give the clean contract a sad beat of contemplation. She reaches to a phone and dials.

H

Yes, Jacob Jacobs's room, please...He was discharged when? Really...

H clicks off and punches some numbers, anxiously twitching about.

H

Oh, Jake-Jake...pick-up...please..

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT--DAY

Jake's apartment has been completely and dramatically emptied out except for two objects on the bare floor--the hopelessly ringing phone and the Nicole Kimberly Vietnam Execution Fashion Photo. The viewer's viewpoint teeters upward out the window to the mural of H across the street. Everything is finished on the mural except for a blank rectangle where H's eyes should be.

INT. THE DRESSING ROOM TRAILER--DAY

From the mural's unfinished eyes, the viewer goes to a glimpse of the actual tearing-up eyes of H as she strains to hear a pick-up. She hangs up in despair. She raises back up the contract, clicking a pen in defeat. She pauses to glance in the mirror.

H

Mirror, mirror, on the wall...I'm pretty...

Suddenly, the phone rings. Dropping the contract, H rips up the receiver. The viewer draws in to hear Jake's voice on the line.

JAKE'S VOICE

hey.

H

(bliss)

hey....

EXT./INT. LOMBARDI'S ELEVATED BLACK TENT--DAY

Conducting June and Ward, Lombardi winds through the debauched tent in which he first presented the idea of the Lombardi pill. As the fashion icon oozes on, he passes the earlier-seen picture of the Rain Forest child holding a flower.

LOMBARDI

What do you mean she hasn't signed the contract? Why do you people insist on boring me...Regard.

Lombardi gestures to a silent TV News broadcast that is cross-cutting images of H with footage of picketers.

LOMBARDI

Protests in New York and L.A. Anti-drug people. Anti-fashion exploitation people. Rain Forest people. Everybody but the N.R.A. All over a little pill. What a mess. What a wonderful mess.

WARD

What's so wonderful about it?

The trio strides out onto the scaffolding to overlook the other tents and the surreal constellation of purple pills.

LOMBARDI

Please, please, Ward, do not reduce all this to something tangible. This is about creating and maintaining an atmosphere. Fashion is about bringing the entire world to that five seconds before you come and leaving it there.

(looking out)

What's that blue tent doing out there? I hate blue.

June flickers a sharp stare to the blue envelope poking out of her blazer pocket.

JUNE

Lombardi. I don't want to lose momentum, or god forbid, bore you, but there's a small story going around. People--experts--medical experts--are saying this whole queasy "all natural" designer drug campaign is a lie, that there is no such product.

LOMBARDI

June. That is just hearsay.

(a beat of glee)

It also happens to be true. I know nothing about the "rain forest." And I never said publicly that there ever was a "designer drug"...

WARD

Wha-All this top-secret hoopla...for nothing...If it's not a 17 minute mind-enhancing chemical made from rain forest herbs, what the hell is "the Lombardi," Lombardi?

The Spooky Assistant promenades upon the scaffolding terrace holding a tray upon which is two purple pills on two doilies.

LOMBARDI
Find out for yourselves...

June and Ward let a quiver pass through them.

INT. THE DRESSING ROOM TRAILER--DAY

H hyperventilates into the phone, walking it around the trailer.

H
No, it's safe, it's safe, I mean, that's what Lombardi tells me--but Lombardi--he's awful--he's--he's--I'm telling you, this goddamn...

JAKE'S VOICE
Don't. Don't say "this goddamn business." Stop pretending you're not conscious. You're not a model, H. You're the real thing. Now listen to me...

EXT. THE TERRACE--DAY

June and Ward each warily plant a purple pill in their mouth. Amusing expressions of confusion and freaked familiarity pass across their faces--followed by the sight of each of them blowing a bubblegum bubble. Cackling, charmed with himself, Lombardi tosses another pill in his mouth and begins chewing, blowing, and popping.

LOMBARDI
The Lombardi is a Diet Bubblegum Breath Mint and it will be hitting stores late next week. Let me explain. You see, for the Lombardi, I wanted to create an atmosphere of controversial significance and dangerous innocence. The rumor of a notorious drug and the use of a mysterious under-underage SpokesNymph seem to have created the desired mood, do you not agree?

The crowd below is being guided in a drill where, seeing a black flag raised, they all yank on their Nuclear Chic goggles. Lombardi gives them a mocking look:

LOMBARDI
Lull the people into thinking they are getting something revolutionary, something that will change their lives, then turn around and give them...whatever. Jeans, perfume...gum. It's a living...Shall we descend for the grand finale?

Lombardi whisks back into the tent. A sickened June looks to her grin-and-bear-it ex-husband.

JUNE
Can you believe--all this...for this?

WARD
(popping bubble)
For the money he's shelling out, I believe. I like gum. Gum is good.

June rages off, pulling at the blue envelope.

INT. THE HOTEL ROOM

Casually bumping the Rain Forest Child Photo off its easel, Lombardi barks into a walkie-talkie.

LOMBARDI
I'm going for the girl now. Before the real thing, I want the test...

EXT. ON THE BEACH--DAY

Wearing goggles, the German Photographer lowers his walkie-talkie and shouts. He raises a black flag.

GERMAN PHOTOGRAPHER
Pill drill!

His familiar Burly Assistant holds a remote control similar to Lombardi's. He looks to a smaller-than-the-others purple pill on a pedestal in the distance and presses a button...

INT. THE DRESSING ROOM

The sound of an explosion rocks the trailer, causing H to (in the same way it caused Jake in the opening) to drop the phone. She clings it back up in a panic.

H
Jake-Jake...please..no...answer me!

JAKE
Sh-h-h, sh-h-h...

H spins. Revealing himself in the flesh, Jake snaps shut a cellular phone, deftly kicking closed the familiar trap door. Jake and H melt into each other's arms, then pull back.

JAKE
Came on pretty strong the other night.
Tried to take over your life without involving you in the process. Knight-in-shining armor mode. Pretty frightening

H
You said a lot of straight-on things.
You-- Guess I don't know everything about everything, even though hey, I am fourteen...

JAKE

I don't know everything either. Guess what I'm saying is that it's hard to save a damsel-in-distress tied to the tracks, when you're one of the people driving the train. I can't rescue you, H, I can't save you--Just ask Nicole. I can help you, though. Got some ideas if you're interested...

H

I's interested. I figure I'd make a pretty good tragic heroine, but hey, it's been done.

JAKE

It sure has. Okay, idea-time. It's a little stranger than you might think...

Jake kicks back open the trapdoor.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE TRAILER--DAY

Jake and H (in street clothes) bob out from beneath the unique trailer. Jake nods to the blue tent in the distance. Their mischievous smiles are immediately destroyed as Lombardi not-a-little smugly cuts before them.

LOMBARDI

Hey, Jake. How's the leg?

JAKE

How did you know...

LOMBARDI

Everything? It's what I do. Know everything. Took into account your Dudley Do-Right behavior patterns lately, noticed you checked out of Mt. Sinai. Knew you'd try something today. Everything according to plan. Now may we shake hands and have young H put back on the motherfucking dress, please?

JAKE

Sorry, Lombardi, you...

LOMBARDI

H is...
(shockingly uncool)

my

(typically cool)
current feminine ideal. Bought and paid for. I determine how she is utilized--
H, why would you go along with this nonsense? You think this little of me...

H

I think...this is what I think...

Lombardi lizards to the very quiet and moody H. She body-languages a beckon for an ear-whisper. Lombardi obliges, dipping to a very intimate distance. H viciously lets fly a killer scream point-blank into his ear. Lombardi recoils back.

H
Did you plan that?

LOMBARDI
(controlling himself)
Oh H, you're so much more interesting as an image. What makes you think you have the right...

JAKE
Lombardi, I've been meaning to tell you this for a while now...You're boring.

Completely unintimidated, Jake and H traipse past Lombardi. They wield around the odd, UFO-ish trailer, purposefully marching into the thoroughfare of curiosity seekers, reporters, and workers. Still convincingly clinging to his last shreds of Almighty Cool, Lombardi hastens behind Jake and H with a grit-teeth smile.

LOMBARDI
Is this a money thing? I can respect that...Now...stop please.

JAKE
(sotto voce)
Did you get it?

H
I got it?

JAKE
May I?

H
All right, but you owe me.

H hands Lombardi's pilfered remote control to Jake. They both put on goggles. And smile.

LOMBARDI
Very important, now. Listen. Here's what's going to happen...

Jake presses the remote control button.

One by one, in adorably syncopated fashion, the purple pills magnificently erupt in the sand swirling into sultry mushroom clouds. The crowd lurches around to belatedly take in the view, thrusting on their cool goggles. Buffeted by explosion winds, the giant beach ball goes spinning into oblivion behind them.

LOMBARDI
No, please, not now, it can't...

Lombardi gasps, rocketing his hand into his emptied blazer pocket. He helplessly thunders out to the area of the prematurely ejaculating props. The German Photographer is frozen in deadpan embarrassment, holding a canister of film up to an open camera.

Lombardi falls to his knees, his back to the goggled masses of Oohing and Aahing Reporters and Guests. Comical to the end, Ward sidles up to Lombardi.

WARD

I guess I'm confused. Was it Black Flag means roll cameras or was it Green Flag means--no, no, it was Red flag means the button will be pressed...

LOMBARDI

Please stop talking.

Lombardi placidly rages up and painfully smashes his fist into the German Photographer's film camera lens.

ANOTHER SECTION OF THE DESERT

Limping Jake and H go into a light jog toward the blue tent, marveling at the mushroom smoke wafting to the side of them.

JAKE

Snake.

The pair giddily elude a sidewinder and bound into the blue tent.

INT. THE BLUE TENT--DAY

Jake and H flap inside. The tent is empty, except for June Pierce leaning against a Pierce Insignia-ed limousine.

JUNE

Jacob.

JAKE

June.

Flustered, June moodily wings the familiar black envelope in Jake's direction.

JUNE

So I did it. I did what you wrote me, god-damnit. The blue tent. The limousine. Driver will take you where you want to go. Hurry, before I change my mind...Before Lombardi..

JAKE

H, get in the car.

H does.

JAKE

You're doing a good thing, June.

JUNE

Yeah, well, H needs to be who she actually is for a while...I know that. I'm not...I'm not...horrible.

JAKE

H is a tough one to figure out. Never been the kind of kid to catch frisbees.

JUNE

Maybe I should have thrown her one. You don't have to tell how I've screwed up...how I've overcomplicated..Why is it that the squirreles in Central Park are better parents then the men and women who rule the world..?

(embarassed)

Go on...get out of here. Please...

JAKE

I'm not getting in that car. You are.

JUNE

Christ Jake...what are you trying to..what are..Oh Jake, I'm fucking June Pierce. I've got a responsiblity to the agency, I...

JAKE

I'm extremely confident that whatever the client H Lear decides to do with her life...her mother will understand.

H

I hate to interrupt this conversation about my existence, but I never said anything about quitting modeling altogether.

H's head is propped out of the open backseat window.

H

Have my eye on this offer from Clark's macaroni and cheese. You see, I love Clark's macaroni and cheese. Love. You can make it yourself, takes like ten minutes--I could eat a bathtub of it--it tastes that good. Besides they're going to give me twenty grand and a lifetime supply of the stuff. One good meaningful gig and I'm out of the business..

Jake and June imbibe the sudden outburst with dazed love.

JAKE

She's great, isn't she?

JUNE

Yeah, she's okay...What about you, Jake?
You had a career dreams are made of--you
destroyed it.

JAKE

June, I think I can do better.

JUNE

I believe you. Millions wouldn't. But I
believe you.

Jake and June shake hands with dignity. June heads around to the
other open door of the limo and gets in. Jake crouches to H.

H

Me and my own mother--together. Sure
about this?

JAKE

Doesn't work out, you got a lot of
macaroni to fall back on.

H

Stop being all jokey-Please-I
can't...it's so hard. How can you get
away with leaving me--I need
you...You've helped me so...

JAKE

Hey. You've done as much for me as I've
done for you...I finally realize...

H

(a smile)

Oh Jake-Jake, you're not trying to have
a genuine conversation, here in the
middle of the desert?

JAKE

Yes, I am. H, you know that no matter
where I am, I'll always be there for
you.

H

I guess I was shooting for something a
little more intimate than the
information superhighway...

Jake chuckles. And gives H a warm kiss.

H

So that's it, eh? That's the kiss we're
going out on?

JAKE

Love you, H.

Jake reaches into the car, pressing a button. The tinted window
begins to rumble over H.

H
Yeah, I know you love me. I love you,
too. But come on, that kiss--you got to
be kidding...

INT. THE LIMOUSINE

As the window squeaks shut, H and June are very alone in the backseat.

H
Hi, Mom.

JUNE
Hi.

H
"Squirrelied?"

The limousine revs up.

EXT. THE DESERT--DAY

Ward glumly watches the Pierce limousine plow out of the blue tent into the horizon, sadly intuiting its cargo. He turns and plops himself down upon the desert brush, next to Lombardi, who sandily sits, tragically contemplating the smoking purple pills.

WARD
Lombardi, we lost the Lombardi girl.
Lombardi, how can we sell the Lombardi
without the Lombardi girl?
(wistful look)
Nicole Kimberly...I never fucked her.
(shaking head)
Man, sometimes this business really gets
to you. You feel as if--Hello..

Ward scans to a JEEP FULL OF YOUNG LOVELIES looking very lost, holding up a road map to some technicians. Ward rises off toward them like a charmed cobra.

INT. THE BLUE TENT--DAY

Jake stands completely alone in the blue tent. His body quakes an exhausted, but very tranquil sigh. He tosses his dark goggles to the ground, before drifting back out of the tent.

EXT. THE DESERT--DAY

Lombardi blinks to the sight of Jake emerging from the tent to to walk into the horizon. Lombardi then stares down to the line of blood that has crusted across his knuckles. He forms a grin.

EXT./INT. OUTSIDE AND INSIDE OF JAKE'S APARTMENT--DAY

As the cackle cuts off, Jake's curtains magically open to reveal New York's new building-size mural. It is of Dawn Webster with a pink bubble in her mouth, with an artful red neon slash on her cheek.

LOMBARDI--THE GUM OF THE NINETIES is printed towards the bottom. Jake's voice comes over the image. The viewer's viewpoint exhales closer and closer to the mural as Jake narrates.

JAKE (V.O.)

As you can see Dawn Webster turned out to be at the right place at the right time after all. The Lombardi Diet Bubble Gum breath mint set a new sales record...

The image dissolves into a view of...

EXT. THE OPEN ROAD--DAY

...a Mustang chugging down a lonely, geographically unspecific, but damn gorgeous road. During the course of Jake's laconic voiceover musings, the viewer sees that Jake is, of course, the driver of the car. In the passenger seat is an UNEXPLAINED MONKEY, fastened beneath a shoulder-length seat belt.

JAKE (V.O.)

But then I try not to think about that stuff now. Wow. Silence. I don't have to tell you where I am going. I don't have to tell you what I am doing. Maybe I'm going off to Save the Manatee--all because I saw it on a dead friend's T-shirt. Maybe, just maybe, I'm going to do something that's never been the subject of a magazine cover. My new goal in life is to have a goal in life. I know it doesn't sound like much--but it's better than wanting to committ sex with every beautiful woman in the world with my sunglasses on.

The Mustang is revealed to be thundering by a line of billboards--that all have ARTFULLY FACIALLY DISFIGURED MODELS peddling their products. The last billboard though is an endearingly goofy and childlike ad of a naturally beautiful-but-not-too-beautiful H with a mouth overflowing with macaroni. Jake smiles.

The familiar, gargantuan Beach Ball bounces across the road, in and out of the frame, behind the fleeting Mustang.

EXT. STREET BEFORE THE MURAL--DAY.

In slight slow motion, H motors her red Honda scooter past the Dawn Webster mural, giving the mural a soulful look.

JAKE

H and I won a game, but someone else owns the board. Maybe Lombardi. Maybe somebody bigger. When fantasy becomes reality something always gets lost in the translation. But that's the problem with Fantasies--they just keep coming...

Jake's narration cuts off as H brakes the scooter to a vivid stop to avoid hitting THE MOST BEAUTIFUL LITTLE GIRL IN THE WORLD, who is being lead across the street by the hand of HER MOTHER. An unsmiling H trades glances with the smiling girl. The viewer stays with the latter, heading into a door which is marked DOCTOR HERBERT WEST.

INT. THE DOCTOR'S WAITING ROOM--DAY

The most beautiful little Girl in the world and her mother enter into a crowded waiting room. A MYRIAD OF YOUNG MODELS OF DIFFERING RACE AND HAIR COLOR drift by holding a big pieces of bloodied gauze to their faces.

On the waiting room table are various familiar fashion magazines. All the cover girls have a quirky form of facial disfigurement. A Time magazine cover captioned THE LOOK OF THE NOW shows Dawn Webster in her giddy scarred glory. The most beautiful little Girl in the world and her mother pass through.

INT. THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE--DAY

A door swings open to reveal a POV of a starkly lit doctor's office with a luxurious chair in the middle of it. The most beautiful little Girl in the world pops herself into the chair with a beaming expression.

A DOCTOR moves behind and opens out a straight razor. He delicately holds back the head of the Girl and raises the razor to her cheek. The Most Beautiful Little Girl in the World smiles as the film fades to black.