

UnREAL

Episode #101

"Return"

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PRODUCTION DRAFT

July 16, 2014

Full BLUE Production Draft	07/24/14
Full PINK Production Draft	08/03/14
YELLOW Pages	08/04/14 (2, 4, 9A, 10, 41, ALL other pages reflect name change)
GREEN Pages	08/05/14 (8, 31, 40A)
GOLDENROD Pages	11/14/14 (1, 1A, 16, 16A)
2ND WHITE Pages	11/16/14 (1, 1A)

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Un-Real
Episode #101

CAST LIST

UN-REAL:

RACHEL
QUINN
CHET
ADAM
JEREMY
ANNA
FAITH
GRACE
MARY
JAY
SHIA
LIZZIE

HOST (GRAHAM)
DR. WAGERSTEIN
PA MADISON
AD SAM / 2nd AD
AD DAN
CREW CHICK
CAMERA OPERATOR
OFFICER

BRITNEY
SHAMIQUA
SUITOR

MAYA (Non-Speaking)
PEPPER (Non-Speaking)
ATHENA (Non-Speaking)
CRYSTAL (Non-Speaking)
TANYA (Non-Speaking)
RITA (Non-Speaking)
VIOLET (Non-Speaking)
ROSE (Non-Speaking)
RITA (Non-Speaking)
JOY (Non-Speaking)
CLAIRE (Non-Speaking)

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SET LIST

INTERIORS

Control Room
Mansion
 Adam's Bedroom
 Great Room
 Hallway
Quinn's Office
Pool House Bathroom
Grip Truck
Limo

EXTERIORS

Mansion
 Amphitheatre
 Backyard
 Catering
 Driveway
 Entry
 Gazebo
 Interview Area
 Patio Area
 Pool Area
 Pool House
Beach
Coastal Highway
Tropical Location
Limo

ACT ONE

A1 **INT. CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT**

A1

Quinn watches the monitors...

QUINN

Okay, here we go! Opening night,
Everlasting, season 13. 26 gorgeous
girls, one handsome guy. And
another year of helping narcissists
find love (while we die a slow
death.) Kidding, kidding. True
romance -- it's what we're
selling, people. Let's do it!

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ALT #1:

QUINN

Okay, here we go! Opening night,
Everlasting, season 13. Romance!
Ponies! Princesses! True Love!
Barf. Let's do it, people!

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*

ALT #2

QUINN

Okay, opening night! 26 gorgeous
girls, one handsome guy. Season 13
of *Everlasting* -- a show for people
who think Cinderella is non-
fiction. Let's do it, people!

*
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*

1 **EXT. EVERLASTING MANSION -- MAGIC HOUR/NIGHT**

1

Establishing HIGH AND WIDE OVER the Mansion -- rest of the
scene plays at Night.

A sprawling estate in Marin County, beautifully lit in jewel
tones that only deepen as the sun lowers. Cherry blossoms and
flowering plants everywhere. Fountains, statues...

A unicorn would not be out of place here.

WE SWOOP DOWN - and land at the front entrance of the mansion
where ADAM (THE SUITOR) and THE HOST stand. Both dressed in
smart suits.

HOST

So Adam, the girls are about to
arrive. Are you nervous?

*

(CONTINUED)

ADAM
I wouldn't say so, no.

HOST
Excited, then?

ADAM
Absolutely. I'm ready.

HOST
Well, good. Because here they come.

The Host smiles and steps away as a HORSE-DRAWN CARRIAGE pulls up the long drive.

The FOOTMAN opens the door and a gorgeous, statuesque BLACK WOMAN in an evening gown, SHAMIQUA, emerges holding a VIOLIN.

SHAMIQUA
Hello there, I'm Shamiqua.

ADAM
Sham--ika?

SHAMIQUA
(smiles)
It's tricky. Shamik-wua.

But before she can finish, the moment is completely broken as we hear a WOMAN'S LOUD VOICE over a speaker system:

QUINN (O.C.)
Cut! Cut. Damn it.

And suddenly we're out of the "Everlasting" fantasy world. We pull back to see CREW AND EQUIPMENT everywhere.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

QUINN, super-sexy Executive Producer, fires a look to JAY (20s, black), one of her field producers. SHIA stands nearby.

QUINN
That's your girl? The one you said had wife potential?! She's *black*.

JAY
She's gorgeous, went to Spelman--

QUINN
First girl out of the carriage is always a wifey. *That* is not a wifey.

JAY
There's a black man in the White House.

QUINN
Right. Adam at Buckingham Palace: "Father, this is my fiancé *SHAMIQUA*."

Quinn talks *into walkie*.

QUINN
Dan -- go again -- get a wifey with a name the dumbass can pronounce out first.

ON THE MONITORS

FIRST AD DAN approaches a confused Shamiqua, pushes her off to the side...

Jay shoots Quinn a nasty look.

QUINN
What? -- we can keep her around for a water date, watch her freak out when her weave gets wet. It's not my fault America's racist.
(then into walkie)
Dan! Let's move. Hustle!

3 **EXT. EVERLASTING MANSION -- NIGHT** 3

Adam sags. The cherry blossoms we've seen are screwed onto C-stands. A WIND MACHINE that made the perfect breeze shuts off.

AD DAN

Okay, everybody! Back to one.
Hustle! Hustle!

Everybody scrambles.

4 **INT. CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT** 4

QUINN

And where the hell is Limo Three!?
(into walkie)
Limo Three? I hope you're breaking the damn sound barrier because we need you here *right now*.

SHIA

(to Jay/pleased)
Quinn's "mystery freelancer" is off to a bad start. Late for the first night?

JAY

Hell yeah. I would not want to be that person right now.

5 **EXT. COASTAL HIGHWAY -- NIGHT** 5

Establishing AERIAL SHOT of a limo racing down a gorgeous road.

The camera cranes down through the open moonroof of the limo, where we LAND ON "THAT PERSON" -- field producer RACHEL, 20s.

She's lying on the floor, cramped and slightly dead-eyed. She hears:

QUINN (O.C.)

Where are you? What part of "we are rolling" do you not understand!?

The camera tilts up -- revealing five "smoking hot" girls in EVENING GOWNS, all frantically doing their hair and makeup.

BRITNEY, 20s and a real bitch, says:

(CONTINUED)

BRITNEY
(to Rachel)
Hey you, weird girl! I'm about to
piss my pants here.

5

CONTINUED: (2)

5

Meanwhile, they pass a BOTTLE OF CHEAP CHAMPAGNE around, taking long pulls on it. They're all freaking out, anxious.

RACHEL
(into walkie)
We're almost there--

QUINN (O.C.)
Not good enough!

RACHEL
(into walkie)
Our flight was delayed! I can do a lot, but I can't control the weather, Qui--

6

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

6

Quinn clicks off before Rachel can finish. Looks at the monitors again. Sees that ADAM is meeting MAYA, a Caucasian "WIFEY" type. She moves off. Adam spaces out.

QUINN
(into walkie)
Oh my God. Someone take a cattle prod to that guy! Wake him up! He looks like he'd rather be munching cud than meeting hot girls...

INTERCUT WITH:

7

EXT. MANSION -- NIGHT

7

AD DAN runs up to ADAM, speaks to him and runs off. A beat.

BACK TO CONTROL ROOM -- ON THE MONITORS

Adam looks DIRECTLY INTO CAMERA, looking to QUINN. He smiles. And then FLIPS HER OFF.

QUINN
(flipping him back)
Whatever. Just be a good meat puppet and do as I say.

8

INT. LIMO -- NIGHT

8

Rachel drags herself off the floor -- shouts up to the girls.

RACHEL
Okay, we're a minute out! You guys ready to know who the Suitor is?

(CONTINUED)

GIRLS

(ad libs)

Yes! Oh my God! Finally!

She holds A HEADSHOT of ADAM up to the girls.

RACHEL

Adam Cromwell -- British heir to
the Cromwell Hotel fortune.

The girls FLIP OUT: screams and giggles. Rachel tries to
smile, but really -- she could give a shit.

Quinn squawking in her ear:

QUINN (OVER WALKIE)

Get your butt in here, Three!

Rachel clicks off and gives final instructions to her girls
as the limo pulls up and parks near the top of the driveway.

RACHEL

Turn over your phones ladies.

She opens her backpack, girls reluctantly toss cells into it.

BRITNEY

Oh no, you don't want to see *me*
without a phone for *eight weeks*--

Rachel has had it with Britney. Snaps:

RACHEL

Eight weeks if you're lucky. One
night if you're not. And do not
MOVE from this limo until I call
you.

Rachel takes a deep breath. Steadying shaky nerves -- she
opens the door and steps out into light that circles the
ladies as they're filmed being loaded into horse-drawn
carriages. Immediate REACTIONS from crew. Shock. Disbelief.

ON JEREMY, HOT camera man, lowers camera, stunned. NOT HAPPY:

JEREMY

(to himself)

Oh, crap.

ON LIZZIE, cute makeup girl/Jeremy's fiancé, with CREW CHICK.

LIZZIE

(alarmed)

Is that--

CREW CHICK

Yep. Man, what do you have to do to
stay fired around here?

9

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

9

Quinn grins. Shia and Jay react to Rachel on the monitor.
Shia can't hide her disgust.

(CONTINUED)

9

9

SHIA
Rachel's the mystery freelancer?

QUINN
(deadpan)
Surprise.

JAY
Unbelievable.

10

EXT. MANSION -- DRIVEWAY -- NIGHT

10

Rachel stands awkwardly, offers a feeble wave to the crew.

RACHEL
(trying for funny)
Yep. Be afraid. The crazy's back.
(ALT)
Yeah, it's me. Crazy Rachel is
back... Don't everybody hug me at
once.

Crickets. Nobody moves.

SMASH TO TITLE CARD

11

INT. MANSION -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

11

Rachel, backpack over her shoulder, races down a hallway to
THE CONTROL ROOM. But just before she enters, she stops.
Another deep breath. Then she moves inside.

12

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

12

Rachel steps inside. All eyes turn to her. Jay approaches
first and gives her a hug. Obvious affection between these
two.

JAY
My, my, my. Look what the cat
dragged home.

Shia, still shocked, manages to fake-hug Rachel.

SHIA
I thought -- weren't you in...

RACHEL
I'm on parole. Community service...
(with a look to Quinn)
Still waiting on the trial for the
civil charges, though.

(CONTINUED)

SHIA

And *you* did the pick-ups on the
last of my girls?

Rachel digs in her bag, then offers her hard drive and
headshots to Shia:

RACHEL

Nobody told me they were--

QUINN

(cuts her off/to Rachel)

They're not Shia's. They're yours.
Shia, you still have other girls--

SHIA

But she gets the best ones? At
least two stayers!

QUINN

Who you couldn't close. I had
Rachel fly out and convince the
lawyer *and* the MILF to sign their
contracts. Tonight I want you
floating, and maybe you can turn
one of your dogs into a dark horse.

Shia fumes, but holds her tongue. Quinn turns to Rachel:

QUINN

Your gals better be ready for their
entrances. All the others are done.

RACHEL

Give them a minute to freshen up.
They had to do hair and makeup in
the car. I wouldn't even let them
stop at the bathroom in the
airport.

JAY

Smart. These girls get *stuck* in
front of mirrors. It's like
hypnotizing chickens.

QUINN

Time's up! I don't care if your
girls look pretty, we have to go.
(into walkie)
Limo Three Girls to the carriage!
Now!

Silence. Finally, a nervous AD DAN answers:

AD DAN (OVER WALKIE)

*Uh. We need you to come up here. We
have kind of a situation.*

QUINN

Oh crap. What now?
(nods to Rachel)
Walk with me.

13 INT. LIMO -- NIGHT

13

Britney, FAITH, MARY, ANNA and GRACE are in the limo, looking miserable. They are all DYING to pee now.

ANNA

Why aren't we getting in the carriages? Aren't we supposed to meet him now?

BRITNEY

Whatever. I'm going to piss my freaking Spanx and don't care what twatty little helper I have to kill to get out of here.
(opens a window, yells)
You stupid bitch, let us out!

We see that she's talking to MADISON. A brand new Asian PA who knows her ONLY JOB is to keep the girls inside that car.

MADISON

I'm totally sorry but--

The girls push past Madison, almost knocking her down.

They hoot and holler on the side of the road, near the staging area for the horses, and pull down Spanx and pantyhose to pee, nether regions covered by gowns.

But Faith is thwarted by her one-piece. She realizes she has no choice, it has to come all the way down. Revealing her whole naked body. She shyly covers her breasts with one arm.

Britney catches a glimpse of Faith's pubic hair, which is less manicured than the other ladies'. Laughs.

BRITNEY

Wow. Do they not let rodeo gals wax or something? That thing's not a bush it's damn *shrub*.

Most of the girls laugh despite themselves -- Faith tries to laugh with the group -- but is obviously humiliated.

14 EXT. MANSION -- POOL AREA -- NIGHT

14

Rachel follows Quinn through the POOL AREA, where the crew dresses the outdoor space with floating candles, velvet pillows, fake bougainvillea etc. Quinn looks everything over as they talk.

QUINN

So, you okay? How you doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL

Better. It's a little surreal but--

QUINN
(cutting Rachel off)
But, you're ready to get back in
there?

RACHEL
I think so... but my therapist says
I can't travel any more than I
already have. I've got to stay put,
make it to my appointments, have a
routine. Seriously--

QUINN
(cutting her off)
Okay. Fine, no travel.
(to passing crew)
I want about ten times more pillar
candles in here. *Ten times.*

The petrified crew members hop to it.

RACHEL
I also wanted to thank you--

QUINN
Screw thanking me, repay me. You
owe me big time after the mess you
made.

Quinn, with Rachel on her heels, approaches the entry. First
AD Dan and the 2ND AD/AD SAM await her, both freaking out.

QUINN
I can not believe I'm asking this.
Again. Where's Limo Three?

AD DAN
Holding on that. The thing is --
Adam. We can't find him.

QUINN
What?

Just then Quinn spots Show Creator CHET (55), smoking a joint
as he pulls up in a golf cart, driven by a PA.

QUINN
(Shit)
Great.

Chet's in pajama pants, but looks pretty good for his age. He
ambles toward Quinn and the others, passing LIZZIE and Shia.

LIZZIE
(whispers to Shia)
Is that...?

SHIA

Yup. Chet Wilton. Creator of
Everlasting. Big Kahuna.

LIZZIE

Oh. Not how I pictured him.

Chet nears Quinn, gives Rachel a sideways glance.

CHET

So. Hear we have a situation.

QUINN

I didn't even know you were here--

CHET

Yeah, I was hanging with my
homeboys on the grip truck. So
where'd our royalty run off to?

FIRST AD DAN (44) exhausted/pack-a-day Assistant Director:

AD DAN

We stopped rolling, I took my eyes
off him for a minute. He was gone.

Chet nods, sagely. Then looks at the young 2ND AD.

CHET

What's your name, kid?

2ND AD/AD SAM

Sam. Sir.

Chet's tone remains amiable throughout the following:

CHET

Congratulations, Sammy. Now you're
the First AD.

(to AD Dan)

Get your crap and get out of here.

AD DAN

What? Chet--

CHET

You're fired. Now go or I'll make
sure that the only job you can get
in town is crack whore. *Assistant*
crack whore.

Dan, appalled, starts to speak. Then thinks better of it and
skulks off. Quinn, freaking out, whispers to Chet.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

(panicked)

Chet, you can *not* come in here and
just replace my experienced AD with-

CHET

(nonchalant/over her)

Relax Quinn. You got this.

QUINN

(whisper/yell)

Relax? Unlike some people, I didn't create a billion-dollar franchise. I *work* for a living and I'm about to get fired.

CHET

You're not. I won't let them.

QUINN

I'm *serious*. No Adam, no show. Even you can't bail me out of that.

(then, to Rachel)

Rachel, you go find him--

RACHEL

(hushed/to Quinn)

Me? I've never even met him--

QUINN

You read the tabloids, you know what he looks like. Except now he's wearing clothes.

CHET

(re: Rachel)

Really. You're letting this one handle it?

QUINN

Don't you think? She's the best.

Chet takes this in. Moves to Rachel, puts an arm around her.

CHET

Welcome back, little weirdo-- you're lucky your stunt ended up getting me boo-ya ratings last season.

RACHEL

(nervous)

That was... lucky.

Chet leans in close and whispers.

CHET

You're not hot enough to be crazy -- so keep your brain together -- K?

(to Quinn/firm)

You, meet me in your office. Now.

(CONTINUED)

Chet wanders past them into the mansion. Everyone breathes a bit easier. They survived. Quinn grabs Rachel by the arm and walks her away from the others:

QUINN

Stay on walkie. Let me know the minute you find him.

(trying for casual)

Also, he wouldn't sign his contract.

RACHEL
(appalled)
What? You rolled film on Adam
without a contract?

QUINN
He wants his lawyers in London to
look it over or something.
(off Rachel's look)
What was I supposed to do? We have
seven and a half hours before
sunrise, can only shoot in hard
night and we need a friggin' show!

RACHEL
Great. So I have no leverage.

QUINN
Then make something up! Do your
job.
(off Rachel's look)
You do not want to piss me off on
your first day back. Go get our
show pony back. Now.

Quinn turns, disappears back into the house.

OFF RACHEL, at a total loss. How did this become her problem?

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

16

EXT. BEACH -- NIGHT

16

A few minutes later. Rachel, shoes in hand, WADES around a rocky point to a little hidden cove.

And there's ADAM, 28, suit jacket off. Sleeves rolled up. He's seriously handsome, intelligent in a way not usually associated with reality TV stars. A genuine catch.

RACHEL
(whisper into walkie)
I have eyes on Adam. Going off
walkie.

He's texting on his phone as Rachel approaches.

RACHEL
Adam? Hi. Rachel. Listen--

ADAM
(looks up/furious)
No. I've got a friend coming to
pick me up. And I'm not changing my
mind. This whole thing is *not* the
way Quinn told me it would be.

RACHEL
I'm sure. Thing is, my ass is on
the line with her and...

ADAM
Quinn? No kidding. That lady's a
piece of work.

RACHEL
You have no idea. Can I just kill
ten minutes down here while I
figure out what to do when I get
fired?

Adam looks at her long and hard. Finally nods:

ADAM
Ten minutes. In *silence*.

Rachel nods. Sits on a rock. They sit in silence.

17

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

17

Quinn scans various LIVE FEED MONITORS with views around the mansion, looking for a glimpse of Adam. Shia enters.

(CONTINUED)

SHIA

Hey. Can I have a word?

QUINN

Go. Quick.

Quinn pours herself a Patron shot. Doesn't offer Shia one.

SHIA

I just -- I think it's great that
you let Rachel come back. Really.

(off Quinn's silence)

I guess I'm just confused. Did I do
something wrong? I mean, you gave
all my best girls to Rachel--

QUINN

Rachel gets the best sound bites.
And she's a *closer*.

SHIA

Yeah, she makes people cry ... I
know, I know--

QUINN

Is that really what you see when
you look at her footage? She has
killer instincts for drama.

SHIA

It's just after she... bombed out,
I cleaned up her mess--

QUINN

I know. But the thing is, Shia,
people trust Rachel, believe her
schtick... And *like* her. That stuff
can't be taught--

Shia looks stung. Before she can react:

CHET (OVER WALKIE)

Chet to Quinn. I'm waiting.

QUINN

Crap. *I'm Coming!*

(then yells)

Who gave Chet a walkie?!

With that, Quinn stomps off. Leaving Shia without a word.

18

EXT. BEACH -- NIGHT

18

Rachel paces, checks her watch, glances at Adam. Breaks the silence.

RACHEL

Just out of curiosity -- what was so offensive to your refined sensibilities that you had to flee?

ADAM

Did you see that circus? The way they introduced those, um, *common* girls? The stupid stunts?

(then)

Not to mention, Quinn wants to shoot me -- shirt off, oiled up, riding a horse down the beach shouting--

(forced American accent)

"I'm gonna meet my wife tonight."

RACHEL

And? You've seen the show, right?

ADAM

Barely. But Quinn promised me this season was going to be different.

RACHEL

Okay... You don't come off as naive. But I guess with Napa...

ADAM

Napa, I was trying to open a new hotel and... My own, without my father. I lost my investors. It was and *is*, complicated--

RACHEL

Royal hottie drops trou with three, or was it four, hookers? And tweets selfies? That's not complicated.

ADAM

(stands/hot)

Screw you. I don't know you--

RACHEL

Well, I know you -- or at least your agenda. You don't need a matchmaker. You need damage control. Nobody's going bet money on your hotel until you rehab your image. (then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Couple of weeks on the cover of US
Weekly could do the trick.

Adam's irritated at being called out. But she's right.

ADAM
I just didn't expect my life to
turn out like this.

RACHEL
Join the club.

ADAM
Yeah? So, why are you here?

RACHEL
I made some... bad mistakes. I'm
paying for them now. Literally and
figuratively.

Adam eyes her, intrigued...

ADAM
So you're a bad girl.

RACHEL
No, I'm a good girl who had some
very strong feelings at an
inopportune moment. But I'm gonna
keep it together this time. Get my
life back on track.

ADAM
You sure this is the place to do
it? A reality TV show?

RACHEL
My curse is I happen to be good at
this, and like all humans, I have a
weakness for being wanted.

END OF SCENE

PER THE CURRENT CUT OF 101, WE CUT OUT OF THIS SCENE HERE, GO
TO A QUICK POP OF QUINN/CHET SEX IN QUINN'S OFFICE, THEN COME
BACK TO THE BEACH FOR THE REMAINDER OF THIS SCENE...

RACHEL
So cut the crap. What do you need
to sign the contract? Straight up.

ADAM
Well... I'd need to think about it.

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

So your strategy is to hold us up
with a crew on the clock. Because
that way we'll give you anything.
Won't work. We've got a backup guy.
Enjoy your night.

As she walks off, Adam shouts after her --

ADAM

Oh -- there's a backup guy?

RACHEL

Yeah -- some Doctors Without
Borders guy who found a cure for
malaria or something.

ADAM

Oh wow, malaria is one of my
causes. I'd love to meet him.

Adam thinks he just called her bluff. But she holds steady.

RACHEL

No problem. You can probably find
him in makeup in about ten minutes.
(then)
Cheers.

Touché. Rachel exits, leaving Adam questioning his next move.

INT. QUINN'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

CLOSE ON QUINN -- Elbows on desk, walkie in hand. She barks:

QUINN

Who's on channel three?! Hello!?

CHET (O.C.)

You need to calm down, babe...

We WIDEN: QUINN'S skirt hiked up, CHET doing her from behind.

QUINN

I hate when Rachel goes off-walkie.

(CONTINUED)

CHET

I know you do. I'm trying to help you relax... C'mon, you got this. You'll figure it out. You're my queen--

QUINN

Oh. God. There... So your wife is Queen of the castle, I'm Queen of the show. But *I* don't get profit share or back-end. *Eight years--*

CHET

Oh, so you want it in the back-end?

QUINN

You know the deal. No back door until I'm the queen of *everything*.

CHET

Why... So angry... When I'm about to...

QUINN

Because *I am* and it gets you off--

MADISON (OVER WALKIE)

Quinn? Rachel's looking for you.

QUINN

Agggh!

Quinn shoves Chet and bolts. He implodes with frustration.

CHET

Agggh! Dammit!

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

20

EXT. MANSION -- PATIO AREA/CRAFTY -- NIGHT

20

Rachel exits the house, looking for Quinn. No go. She turns, runs smack dab into Jeremy (the hot camera man.) She's startled and nervous.

JEREMY

Rachel. What the hell were you thinking, coming back here?

RACHEL

Jeremy, I'm sorry that I--

JEREMY

What? Disappeared without saying a word?

QUINN (OVER WALKIE)

Rachel where the hell are you?

RACHEL

I... I have to get back up there. Quinn's freaking--

JEREMY

I know, same walkie channel. But what the hell Rachel, I called you. A lot.

RACHEL

I didn't have my phone.

JEREMY

You shower with your phone in a Ziploc bag.

Rachel launches into an obviously rehearsed speech.

RACHEL

Jeremy. We weren't supposed to get stuck in Mexico. And I was, like, profoundly exhausted and sunburned and practically bathing in white wine by the end...

JEREMY

Wait, did you just use being *sunburned* as an excuse for-- Unbelievable.

(regroups)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Just -- obviously we have to work
together...

JEREMY

So, just stay away from me when we're not.

RACHEL

Yeah. Okay. I'm not travelling, so...

JEREMY

Good.

He starts off. Rachel can't help herself:

RACHEL

I saw you and Lizzie are back together and you got her a job on the show?

JEREMY

Yeah she's been wanting to leave that salon forever.

RACHEL

(teasing/familiar)
Super cute, having your girlfriend at work... Trailers be rockin...

JEREMY

Fiancé.

RACHEL

(gut-punched)
What?

JEREMY

I tried to call you.

He exits, fighting back his own feelings. Rachel's stunned.

QUINN (OVER WALKIE)

Rachel! Pool! Now!

RACHEL

Flying in.

But she can't move.

Rachel, still sort of stunned, heads toward Quinn when Adam appears and pulls Rachel aside.

ADAM

There is no backup "malaria
doctor," is there?

RACHEL

(firm)

Try me.

She moves off to Quinn. Quinn says, hushed and urgent:

QUINN

What the hell is happening?! Every
minute we don't shoot costs us--

RACHEL

Calm down, okay? I told him about
the back-up guy.

QUINN

Back-up? We don't--
(gets it)
Nice. Think he bought it?

RACHEL

I think we walk away right now --
and we'll find out.

Quinn nods and both she and Rachel move to leave the pool
area -- Adam finally breaks. He stops them:

ADAM

I'll do it. But one of the dates
has to be at my hotel site in Napa.
I want guaranteed shots of the
signs and a verbal mention of the
hotel name.

RACHEL

Ah ha. New demands.

Quinn and Rachel exchange looks.

QUINN

Done.

ADAM

And I won't sign anything until I
have that all in my contract.

Annoyed, Quinn turns on her heel and walks away.

21 CONTINUED: (2) 21

QUINN

Deal. Now get back to work, you limey prick.

22 **INT./EXT. LIMO/MANSION -- NIGHT** 22

Grace, Anna, Mary, Faith -- all looking wilted -- react suddenly as the MANSION LIGHTS UP again and crew members race all over the place. Then Rachel opens the door.

RACHEL

Okay guys! Your carriage awaits.

OFF RACHEL'S BIG FORCED SMILE:

23 **EXT. MANSION -- DRIVEWAY -- NIGHT** 23

SAM, the newly promoted 1st AD, yells into a walkie that pipes into a loud speaker.

AD SAM (LOUD SPEAKER)

Everyone settle and to their marks.
Hold the work!

24 **INT. CONTROL ROOM/HALLWAY -- NIGHT** 24

Quinn directs cameras in the Control Room, which opens onto a hallway. Rachel's at her side, with Jay and Shia close by.

QUINN

Okay. Here we go. *Again.*

AD Sam stands in the hallway so that he has an eyeline to Quinn and the entire CREW on the floor of the mansion.

RACHEL and Quinn run the show, AD Sam is their mouthpiece to the crew via loud speaker.

AD SAM (LOUD SPEAKER)

Sound speed! Camera Speed!
(to Quinn)
On your call, madam.

QUINN

AND ACTION!

Another HORSE-DRAWN CARRIAGE pulls up.

Britney exits, marches up, french kisses Adam, caressing his ass -- he's visibly disgusted, struggles to even say hello.

25 **INT. CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT** 25

Quinn and the others laugh. Quinn turns to Rachel, grinning.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN
You tell her to do that?

RACHEL
(small smile)
I just said that he was very sexual
and she should "go for it."

QUINN
Nice. People are going to *hate* her.

Quinn turns to her magnetic WAR BOARD and we see that BRITNEY
has already been labeled the VILLAIN for the season.

EXT. MANSION -- DRIVEWAY -- NIGHT

MARY approaches Adam with MR. BOBO -- A Teddy Bear in a suit.

MARY ADAM
Hi. I'm Mary. Adam.

MARY
And -- this is Mr. Bobo-

ADAM
It -- what?

INT. CONTROL ROOM --NIGHT

Quinn, Rachel and the others watch embarrassed Mary hide the
teddy bear behind her back. Adam looks freaked out.

QUINN
Oh -- sad, dried-up, single-mother
Mary. I want her giving that stupid
bear to Adam and saying "my baby
daddy done did me wrong" -- blah
blah blah.

RACHEL
That's going to be tough. She's
guarded, smart. Her last
relationship was... *rough*.
(looks to Dr. Wagerstein)
Right, Doctor?

DR. WAGERSTEIN, the network-mandated, unethical SHOW
PSYCHOLOGIST, provides info from "Confidential Psych Eval."

DR. WAGERSTEIN
She does show some signs of PTSD,
it's true. And--

27

27

QUINN
(cuts her off)
And that's why we cast her. For the
crazy. Besides, she knew what she
was signing up for. They all do.
(then - looking at Adam)
Adam -- now *he's* about as charming
as a corpse.

28

EXT. MANSION -- DRIVEWAY -- NIGHT

28

Now FAITH, tall and slightly awkward, approaches Adam, who
looks a little intimidated.

FAITH
Hey. I'm Faith.

ADAM
Okay.

INTERCUT WITH:

29

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

29

QUINN
Okay? We just sprung a linebacker
in sequins on him and he's like
"okay"?
(to Rachel)
She's our horse-faced tear-jerker,
and a virgin right?

RACHEL
(protective)
Nah. She's shy about that. But we
have other great angles on her.
Rodeo girl, Jesus freak, boob job--

Shia loses her cool, points at Faith on the monitors.

SHIA
Those are my boobs!

They all look at Shia questioningly.

SHIA
I convinced her to get them, *I* got
Grandma's *church* to take a
collection and pay for them--

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

Whatever. A dog like that's not staying past tonight, I need the sound bite before she goes -- "Adam I want you to be my first." And then she gets dumped. It's perfect.

SHIA

But it was my idea. They never would have thought of it--

QUINN

That's why you and Rachel make a good team. You find the prey -- Rachel kills it.

Shia nods. Quietly furious.

ON THE MONITORS

We see Grace emerge. Gorgeous.

QUINN (O.C.)

Brazilian swimsuit model. This oughta wake him up.

Adam finally smiles, impressed. Grace exits to the pool area.

Then ANNA emerges from the limo. She's radiant. Elegant.

Quinn lights up.

QUINN

Okay. Come on boy. Here comes a perfect wifey. He's got to give us something for her.

SHIA

(resentful)

She's a stayer. For sure. Final four.

JAY

(to Rachel)

You're one lucky bitch.

ON THE MONITORS

Anna comes up to Adam, who is at the end of his rope

ANNA

Hi. I'm Anna. Are you having fun?

Adam, caught off guard by her genuine manner, blurts:

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

Actually, no. You?

Anna laughs uncomfortably and then:

ANNA

No sir. Not even a little.

They laugh.

ON CONTROL ROOM

Quinn is NOT laughing.

QUINN

Are you kidding me?! That asshole puts us through the ringer and now he gives us this? I can edit almost anything into TV -- but not that garbage.

(then)

Rachel! *Fix him. Go!*

Rachel, bolts off to find Adam. God help her.

END ACT THREE

ADAM

Just give me a number so I know who to focus on.

RACHEL

No, God. These women aren't your hookers.

ADAM

How do I remember their names? How many do I have to cut?

RACHEL

(frustrated)

Just find me or the host -- Now please, go find one you actually like. And *smile*.

She pushes him towards the party, he stops and turns.

ADAM

Can we at least get some music or something?

RACHEL

Nope. It screws up the editing.

ADAM

Then how the hell are we supposed to have a party?

She gives him the international sign language for DRINK.

He grabs two champagnes off a passing tray. Downs them both.

EXT. MANSION -- POOL AREA -- CONTINUOUS

Adam enters the pool area -- girls are salivating over him.

HOST

Hello! Welcome to Everlasting. I see you all received a diamond bracelet as an invitation to embark on this fairy tale journey with Adam.

All the women looks down at their bracelets and each others.

HOST

At the end of the evening Adam will reclaim bracelets. But *only* from the girls he's decided to send home.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HOST (CONT'D)

Every week's elimination will be different, so keep your eyes and ears peeled. And with that, your Suitor, Adam Cromwell.

Adam raises a glass, and flashes a heart-stopping smile. We instantly see how this guy charms his way through life.

ADAM

Ladies. I look forward to getting to know each and every one of you.

A chorus of "Cheers!" and a cringe-worthy "**Tallyho!**" from Britney kicks off the "party." We hear Quinn over the walkie as Adam and the girls start to awkwardly mingle.

QUINN (OVER WALKIE)
*Okay people! Let's go. Protect the
wifey's Anna and Grace, starve our
villain Britney 'til she's mean
like a pit bull.*

ON MONITORS

*A shot of Britney sneering as she cattily talks shit with
some new minions.*

INTERCUT WITH:

33 **INT. CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT** 33

Quinn looks up at the headshots on the War Board. Rachel,
Jay, Shia and Madison stand by, ready to work.

QUINN
Pickle the rest of them. Cash
bonuses for nudity, cat fights, 911
calls. Good show everyone -- and
ACTION!

33A **MONTAGE OF LIQUOR BEING POURED AT THE DRUNK/BORING PARTY** 33A

MANY, MANY drinks are poured and consumed. Tequila shots
taken. Adam looks annoyed as he stands with Britney while she
raves about herself. Anna and Grace are refused liquor,
Britney is denied food and snaps at the waiter.

TIME CUT TO:

34 **INT. CONTROL ROOM -- HOURS LATER -- NIGHT** 34

Quinn looks up at the War Board with the episode broken into
acts. Act One has a card that says "ARRIVALS." The rest are
blank. Not good.

QUINN
(into walkie)
We've been rolling for hours and I
have *nothing*. Start one-on-one time
-- give me good TV!

35 **EXT. MANSION -- POOL AREA -- NIGHT** 35

Shia is standing very near Faith. Sees an opportunity.

SHIA
(into walkie)
I see Faith, I'll prep her.

CONTINUED:

RACHEL
(into walkie)
No, I got it. Shia stand down.

But Shia has already started a beeline for Faith.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON

Faith standing by the bar. Shia manages to get to her and pull her aside before Rachel can get to her.

SHIA

Hi Faith! Shia... from the phone...

FAITH

Oh. You're a waiter? I thought...

SHIA

Oh no, it's like a disguise. They picked me to manage you guys tonight. Since I'm on camera, got to blend in.

FAITH

That's clever, huh? Nice to finally meet you.

Shia gestures to Faith's huge fake boobs.

SHIA

They look great by the way.
(then)

Anyway, I wanted to say that for the one-on-one, you really need to make an impression. And you don't have much time. It's important that you get right to the point.

FAITH

Which point?

SHIA

About yourself. About everything. I mean is there anything you feel like you really want to tell him?

FAITH

No. I mean I was just planning to chat, like how dee doo deee stuff.

Shia sees Rachel approaching and rushes to close the deal.

SHIA

Okay -- well what we need you to do is talk about being a virgin.

FAITH

(freezes/mortified)
What?

SHIA

We think it's really great and we know he's going to love it. It's hot you know? Guys are so into it.

FAITH

Who told you that?

SHIA

It was just... Rachel.

Faith starts crying, truly panicked now, and runs off. Rachel hustles after her, throwing a sharp look to Shia as she goes.

Britney and some of the other girls laugh a little at Faith. The evil queen has found her minions. JAY catches it, motions for a camera to go in on them:

BRITNEY

Aww -- why's she crying? Maybe he spotted her super-shrub through her ugly ass jumpsuit.

36

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

36

Quinn turns to Jay, beaming.

QUINN

Now that's a *good bitch*.

37

EXT. MANSION -- POOL AREA -- CONTINUOUS

37

Rachel chases after Faith, stops her.

ON JEREMY, who -- on instinct -- follows with his steadicam.

RACHEL

Faith. Please. I'm so--

FAITH

(heartbroken)

I thought you were my *friend*. You met my Grammy... And this was your plan? To make me...

RACHEL

No, Faith--

But Faith bolts. Rachel sees Adam, gestures to him -- "GO AFTER HER." He gets it, follows, with Jeremy and the camera on his heels. Adam catches up with Faith before the camera.

ADAM

(genuinely kind)

Faith, right? You okay?

(CONTINUED)

37

37

Rachel and Jeremy meet eyes and he moves in, filming at a respectful distance. We see a sweet, protective side of Adam as he guides Faith towards the gazebo, unaware of the camera.

FAITH

I'm fine. These lashes... I just got a little something in my...

ADAM

Can I steal you for a minute?

Faith looks panicked, but knows she has no choice.

38

EXT. MANSION -- GAZEBO/INTERVIEW AREA -- NIGHT

38

CREW working - they scatter as Faith and Adam sit. Faith's eyes are still red -- she's embarrassed. A long beat. Then:

FAITH

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry -- this is not how I planned it to go...

ADAM

It's fine. Not what I had in mind either. You okay?

FAITH

These other girls, I'm just, I'm sorry, I think I'm just a little out of my league.

ADAM

Are you kidding? I've been talking about gluten and CrossFit for two hours. You're the most attractive person in the room right now.

FAITH

Me? Why?

ADAM

Do you think Britney could ride the rodeo?

FAITH

I think the clown might kill her first.

ADAM

Agreed. She is... awful.

They both laugh, sit back and sigh, relieved.

39

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

39

Quinn starts writing something on the board but erases it.

(CONTINUED)

39

CONTINUED:

39

QUINN
(into walkie)
This is two dudes in a locker room.
Get me something else.

40

EXT. MANSION -- POOL HOUSE -- NIGHT

40

Rachel's at the back door of the pool house, looking for a bathroom. Then she spots:

RACHEL
Mary!

She races down and pulls Mary towards the PATIO AREA.

41

EXT. MANSION -- PATIO AREA -- NIGHT

41

RACHEL
(catching her breath)
Hey, how's it going? How are you...
Are you feeling good?

Rachel hands Mary a glass of champagne.

MARY
No thanks.

RACHEL
Don't mind if I do?

She DOWNS ONE HERSELF. Liquid courage for the task at hand.

RACHEL
So how's everything going with
Adam?

MARY
Um. Adam. I've seen him across the
room twice and he looks young
enough to be my stepson, so
needless to say I'm madly in love.
Nobody will tell me -- how the hell
old is he?

Rachel considers whether to be honest. Decides yes.

RACHEL
He's twenty-nine.

MARY
Oh, God. Twenty-nine...
(getting it)
Okay so this *is* a set-up then. And
I'm the Old Desperate One--

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL
Are you kidding me? He thinks
you're a MILF.

MARY
Milf? Nice.

RACHEL
He's completely open to you. He
told me.

Mary's not buying it. Rachel hears over her walkie:

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

Dr. Wagerstein at her desk. She opens a folder marked
CONFIDENTIAL. Quinn hovers over her. They're both on their
walkies. Wagerstein is clearly hesitant but:

DR. WAGERSTEIN
Rachel, Quinn says to tell you that
her husband was physically abusive,
hit the kid too. Broke her arm.

Rachel shudders at this is new information.

DR. WAGERSTEIN
(guilty/ashamed)
... and she says, you know, use it.

QUINN
What's the holdup, Rach? Huh? She's
getting older by the minute.

BACK ON RACHEL, stalling:

QUINN (OVER WALKIE)
Take her down. You air-balled the
virgin. You owe me this one.

Rachel stares into space (listening to Quinn), unable to
respond. Mary can't hear walkie -- why is Rachel spacing out?

MARY
Um, Rachel?

QUINN (OVER WALKIE)
Tick tock tick tock.

Rachel really doesn't want to do this. But she does.

RACHEL

And Adam. He would never -- ever --
hurt you. He's a good man. I know.
I promise.

MARY

Why should I believe you?

She takes Mary's hands, sincere:

RACHEL

Because I looked into Lily Belle's
eyes and I swore I'd protect you.
And I'd have to be a sociopath to
lie to a four-year-old.

This statement lands. Mary can't argue with that.

MARY

Give me the damn bear.

Mary grabs the bear and walks up the stairs to Adam.

QUINN (OVER WALKIE)

Nicely done, Rachel.

OFF RACHEL, awash in self-loathing.

EXT. MANSION -- GAZEBO/INTERVIEW AREA -- NIGHT -- LATER 43

Mary looks at Adam, a little too intense, hands him the bear.

MARY

My daughter is the most precious
thing in my life. And this is her
most precious possession.
(almost tearing up)
And she wanted you to have it. So
you'd know how excited she is to
have a new daddy.

Adam takes the bear, looking completely freaked out.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT 44

Quinn, looking at Mary still ON MONITOR, throws a "DESPERATE
MILF" tile up on the white board:

QUINN

That's what I'm talking about.

The magnetic tile hits the board with a satisfying thwarp!

45 **EXT. MANSION -- NEAR THE GAZEBO -- NIGHT** 45

Rachel stares off into space, feeling terrible about Mary.

JEREMY

Nice. First night back and you throw the single mom to the wolves. Classy.

RACHEL

You know what? Seriously, screw you. There are reasons I have to get through tonight, reasons I had to come back.

JEREMY

Always are with you.

(then)

Hey, remember when you used to be a Women's Studies major?

RACHEL

I still am! For life.

JEREMY

Yeah but this -- it gets to you. It makes you sick.

QUINN (OVER WALKIE)

Mary scene has gone as dry as her old, shriveled pussy (ALT: hoo-ha). Get me some chemistry!

JEREMY

God. She even offends me.

Rachel rolls her eyes and runs off.

46 **EXT. MANSION -- GAZEBO/INTERVIEW AREA -- NIGHT** 46

A while later. Adam and Grace both drink -- pretty smashed. They glow -- their attraction is obvious. Rachel gives thumbs up from sidelines, neither of them even notice.

Adam's snobby reserve melts for Grace. He's Prince Charming.

ADAM

I think I heard you like to ride.
We should do that while we're here.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ADAM (CONT'D)

GRACE

Oh, yeah. There's nothing like the feeling of a powerful animal between your legs.

(laughs)

God. That's not a line. I swear!

They have a moment of intense connection, then:

ADAM

I don't care if it's a line. As long as it's true... Come here.

Adam weaves his hand through her hair, pulls her in for a kiss, slides his other hand onto her tit, she moans.

ADAM

Want to take a tour of my bedroom?

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

Quinn is alarmed, walkies Rachel.

QUINN

(into walkie)

Rachel! Too much. It's Episode One. She's supposed to be marriage material, not his Mexican hooker!

EXT. MANSION -- NEAR GAZEBO -- NIGHT

But Rachel doesn't need to be told, she's already on it.

INT. POOL HOUSE BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Rachel pulls Adam into the pool house bathroom, reaches under his shirt, struggling with his microphone pack. Drunk Adam is confused but likes the attention. Says, flirty:

ADAM

If you want to cop a feel, just ask.

She rolls her eyes, holds up his mic pack, and switches it off.

RACHEL

I'm turning off your mic so we can talk -- they can hear everything otherwise FYI.

ADAM

Good. I wanted to say, when we get to Napa I think-

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ADAM (CONT'D)

-

RACHEL

I'm not going. Save it for Quinn.

ADAM

What? Why not?

RACHEL

I can't travel after today. It's personal. I -- just can't.

Adam wants to ask more, but Rachel gets back on track:

RACHEL

And *you* can't do that.

ADAM

Do what?

RACHEL

The first time we get anything resembling chemistry off you -- it's only for Grace? You can't just bang her on night one!

ADAM

You wanted me to like one.

RACHEL

Yeah, Episode Five, Six. But you still have to get into some of the others. It has to be a horse race!

ADAM

She's the hottest girl here and you're saying I can't be into her?

RACHEL

Not yet!

Adam gets angry, really second-guessing this thing.

ADAM

This is ridiculous. What's stopping me from getting Grace's number and walking out right now?

RACHEL

Have you never had to play by anybody's rules?! You're such a spoiled brat, you know that?

Adam stops. Can't help it -- *he laughs*.

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

What?

ADAM

Women don't usually talk to me like that.

RACHEL

Oh, because you're so devastatingly attractive?

There's an actual spark here between them. Unexpected.

ADAM

And the accent... I kind of like it. You busting my balls that way.

RACHEL

Whatever. Can we stay on topic?

ADAM

The topic. Sure. I have no contract. I can still walk--

RACHEL

We have footage on you, and you better believe Quinn will use it too. No contract means no contract for *both* of us. You're not protected against slander. We can edit any way we want.

ADAM

To your question -- no. I've never followed the rules. And I won't play by these either. It's a *farce*. Like the rodeo rider... Faith, right? She's only here to be the butt of some mean joke--

RACHEL

Right. But thing is Adam, you're the star -- you *have to* play.

This hits Adam. She gets an idea and continues.

RACHEL

But you can play your own game too.

He cocks his head -- *huh?*

RACHEL

We could do something that'll fully flip Quinn out. Something big.

Adam's interested.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

50 **EXT. MANSION -- AMPHITHEATRE - CEREMONY -- NIGHT** 50

4:32 AM

The Art Department puts finishing touches on the ELIMINATION CEREMONY, placing TWENTY GLASSES OF CHAMPAGNE on a table in the SAFE ZONE as the GAFFER adjusts the SPECIAL LIGHT that makes them sparkle.

Everyone's exhausted. The crew is yawning.

AD SAM

Last looks! Thirty-two minutes to sunrise.

The girls are milling. Taking off their shoes and rubbing their feet. Doing touch-ups, etc.

AD SAM

Everyone back to their marks!

Everyone moves back into position.

AD SAM

Sound speed! Camera speed! On your call, madam.

QUINN (OVER WALKIE)

ACTION!

The camera pushes in on the Host, who addresses the girls.

HOST

Ladies, as you know, six of you will be going home tonight. When Adam calls your name, you may have a moment with him, then cross to the "safe zone" and enjoy a glass of champagne.

The Host gestures to THE SAFE ZONE - A BEAUTIFUL CIRCLE OF LIGHT WITH TWENTY FULL GLASSES OF CHAMPAGNE ON A TABLE.

HOST

If your name is not called, sadly, your fairy tale ends tonight. You'll return your bracelet and say your good byes.
(the girls all nod)
Adam. Are you ready?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As soon as the Host walks off camera, he's cursing.

ADAM

Yes. This decision has been very
difficult. You're all exceptional.

Adam and Rachel exchange a tiny smile.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

Jay, Shia and Quinn watch -- all a little punchy. MADISON,
the new PA, carelessly stands in Quinn's eyeline.

QUINN
You! New girl! Move!

Embarrassed, Madison scurries away as Quinn rolls her eyes.

ON THE MONITORS

ADAM
Shamiqua.

BACK ON CONTROL ROOM

JAY
Yes! Brown sugar! Boom!

SHIA
Whatever, gone in three episodes
tops.

ON THE MONITORS

-- Shamiqua approaches Adam.

ADAM
Shamiqua, will you stay please?

SHAMIQUA
I would be honored to. Thank you.

Shamiqua crosses to the SAFE ZONE, picks up a glass of champagne.

QUINN
Camera Eight push in on MILFY, hold
it there.

ON THE MONITORS

A camera pushes in on Mary.

ADAM (O.C.)
Mary.

We see quick cuts of OTHER GIRLS crossing into the safe zone and retrieving their champagne, including VIOLET, ROSE, RITA, Maya, Crystal, JOY, Pepper, TANYA, ATHENA, Grace and Anna.

Adam stares down at the podium, SEVEN GIRLS and ONE GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE LEFT IN THE SAFE ZONE. Camera catches FAITH, defeated, about-to-get-dumped. BRITNEY smiles, confident and flirty.

Adam takes a deep breath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTROL ROOM--

QUINN

Okay. Here we go. Last one.

*ON MONITOR -- Adam looks over at the LAST GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE.
Looks up, smiles at Rachel, who is standing near camera.*

QUINN(CONT'D)

Loser Cam get on Tranny Rodeo Queen
and Camera Nine, repo to evil bitch
Britney. She's about to win this.

(MORE)

QUINN(CONT'D)

Faith looks ill, humiliated tears welling up. Adam says:

ADAM

Faith.

BRITNEY

What?

Faith looks around to make sure she heard right.

FAITH

Really?

Quinn flips.

QUINN

No!

FAITH

Oh my God.

QUINN

No. No. No!

Quinn storms out of the control room.

BACK TO THE CEREMONY

Adam smiles at Faith, nods. Genuinely moved, she approaches.

FAITH

Thank you. Oh my gosh.

Adam shoots a triumphant glance at Rachel, who returns his smile. Gives him a subtle thumbs up. BRITNEY FREAKS OUT. As she rips off her bracelet --

BRITNEY

Oh, screw this.

Britney throws her bracelet at Adam and takes off. AD Sam signals the camera guy urgently:

AD SAM

Repo cam. She's gonna blow, people.
Camera A follow Britney.

HOST

Ladies. Now is the time to say your
farewells--

Quinn, FURIOUS, bursts into the ceremony, cuts off the Host.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

Hold the ROLL!

(to Rachel)

You! Follow me. Now.

Quinn pulls Rachel aside. Adam follows them

QUINN

Hi. Yeah. You just cut my villain!
And I can't make a television show
without a *villain*--
(to Rachel)
Did you know about this?

ADAM

(playing the hero)
It's not her fault. I just did what
I felt. In my heart...

QUINN

Your heart? *Please*.

Rachel spots Britney fleeing across the vast night lawn
pursued by cameras and lights -- gets an idea.

RACHEL

Don't worry. I got this. It's going
to be good TV.

EXT. MANSION -- BACKYARD -- NIGHT

GIRLS cut are packing in background. Britney is furious,
refusing to go on camera and ICE COLD.

BRITNEY

Are you kidding me? Hello. Goodbye.

Rachel shoos cameras and lights away from Britney.

RACHEL

Stand down. Stand down.
(then)
Britney listen to me. If you walk
off right now, they're going to get
the last word. Is that what you
want?
(off Britney's look)
You just gotta go in there. You
just gotta go and tell your story.
(still coaxing)
One last interview, come on.

Rachel wraps her arms around a freezing Britney and--

EXT. MANSION -- GAZEBO/INTERVIEW AREA -- DAWN

Rachel gently pushes Britney into the interview set-up.

RACHEL
You feel better?

BRITNEY
Whatever.

RACHEL
Well, you look great. You ready to roll?

BRITNEY
(sarcastic/pissed)
Oh yeah sure.

RACHEL
Okay. So, um, why don't you just tell me about what happened here tonight?

BRITNEY
I dunno Rachel, why don't you tell me. Because I'm pretty shocked.

RACHEL
I know it's weird because when I talked to him he said that you came on kinda strong, like all night, which is weird because I know that you're not like that.

BRITNEY
Sorry, what?

RACHEL
I don't know. Do you think that you drank too much or?

BRITNEY
What?

Britney feels the set up and knows how to beat it. She plasters on a fake smile and spits every word at Rachel:

BRITNEY
(ice cold/vindictive)
He's such a great guy and I've had a lovely time on the show.
(then/dropping the smile)
And I'm going to spew that on a loop until you let me go home, Rachel.

They are at a temporary impasse. OFF the silence, Dr. Wagerstein pipes in, fumbling with her walkie as she does.

(CONTINUED)

DR. WAGERSTEIN (OVER WALKIE)
Rachel. Hello?

RACHEL
Sorry -- one sec. Go for Rachel.

Rachel steps away to listen to Wagerstein.

DR. WAGERSTEIN (OVER WALKIE)
*I don't know if this will be
helpful but -- Subject Twenty-One
was...
(reading from file)
Adopted, after years in foster
care. Got emancipated at 16.
(then)
She ended up in the psych ward.
Twice.*

The walkie clicks off.

RACHEL (INTO WALKIE)
(pointed/pissed)
And yet -- you let her on the show.

DR. WAGERSTEIN
*I'm sorry what was that? I don't
copy.*

RACHEL
(disgusted)
Never mind.

A long beat. We see Rachel decide something. She turns back to Britney.

RACHEL
You know what?

BRITNEY
(bitchy)
What?

RACHEL
(sincere)
I don't want to be doing this crap
any more than you do.

What? Jeremy and Britney both turn, surprised. It really seems like Rachel means it.

RACHEL
Jeremy, stop filming, turn it off.
I'm serious.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN (OVER WALKIE)

Rachel. What are you doin--

Click. Rachel turns her walkie off, and TAKES OUT HER EARBUD before Quinn can start a tirade. Her entire body relaxes.

RACHEL

Ugh -- that feels amazing.
(shouts to the world)
Somebody get me a drink!

Madison walks in with a tray of tequila shots. Rachel grabs Britney, a bounce in her step --

RACHEL

Come on.

Rachel leads Britney over to the pool. They both take tequila shots and collapse on pool chairs.

RACHEL

Ugh. It's sooo unfair. Everyone judges you.

BRITNEY

Me? No. I judge everyone.

RACHEL

Oh come on. You're a total softie, I can tell. You probably love puppies and rainbows--

BRITNEY

(laughing)

Uh -- you are the only person on the *planet* who thinks that.

As Britney takes a shot of tequila, Rachel clicks her walkie back on and makes quick eye contact with Jeremy -- WHO WE NOW SEE IS FILMING THEM THROUGH THE BUSHES.

RACHEL

I mean come on, at least your mom and dad must see your tender little heart.

BRITNEY

What?

RACHEL

Nothing. Never mind. Anyways --

Rachel raises another shot glass.

RACHEL

From one slut to another. Cheers!

BRITNEY

(offended)

Did you just call me a slut?

QUINN (OVER WALKIE)

I can use that.

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL
(laughing)
No, I just called myself one.

BRITNEY
(concerned)
Did he say something to you?

RACHEL
Adam? I mean not super-specifically
but... you did come on pretty
strong.

BRITNEY
You *told* me to.

RACHEL
Honey, I *did not* tell you to french
him and grab his ass.

A tense moment passes between them. Rachel changes tactics:

RACHEL
Do you think you're... forward
because of, you know, like
something that happened... with
your upbringing...

BRITNEY
What?

RACHEL
I'm just saying that sometimes, if
bad things go down -- your kid
brain just computes that as, I
don't know, I must be unloveable...

Britney takes this in, caught off-guard. Pained. Rachel hit a nerve. Britney looks away -- and finally notices the red blinking light of the camera -- Jeremy.

She looks at Rachel, blinks -- then holds her gaze. Eyes filled with betrayal and disgust. Britney turns directly towards the camera, looks right down the barrel of the lens.

BRITNEY
(quiet/almost whisper)
I am completely loveable.

A single tear runs down Britney's face -- it's clear she feels anything but -- Then she RIPS the mic off and stands over Rachel. Rachel looks up, and Britney SPITS at her.

BRITNEY
Burn in hell, you witch.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (6) 53

Rachel sits there. A long beat before she wipes her face.

54 **INT. CONTROL ROOM -- DAWN** 54

Britney is up on the monitors. Everyone is watching. But it's silent. No sense of victory. Just finality.

CHEW walks up to Quinn, drapes his arm around her.

CHEW

Told you. You always make it work.

QUINN

(into walkie/simply)

That's a wrap.

55 **INT. CONTROL ROOM -- LATER -- MORNING** 55

Shia checks in walkies -- sees Lizzie packing up her kit. Lizzie is sweet, but tough underneath. She's fought hard to get to the place she's at in life.

SHIA

So. How was your first night?

LIZZIE

Fun! Crazy. I mean, I am so tired. I don't think I peed or sat down once all night.

SHIA

Yeah that's how it goes. Adrenaline. Makes some people *crazy*.

LIZZIE

Yeah. I kind of heard some talk today. About Rachel.

SHIA

Jeremy never told you what happened?

Lizzie shakes her head "no." Shia gets what's going on, sees an opportunity to make trouble for Rachel.

SHIA

Really? Check this out. It's epic.

Shia finds and loads up some contraband footage.

INTERCUT WITH:

56

EXT. TROPICAL LOCATION -- GOLDEN HOUR -- PLAYBACK

56

A gorgeous couple in a very intimate moment stands atop a cliff, surrounded by tropical flowers and pillar candles.

The SUITOR takes the LADY'S hands:

SUITOR

*Claire, the last eight weeks have
been the best of my life...*

Everything is romantic and perfect. We know he's about to propose when RACHEL crashes violently into the scene.

She wears saggy jeans, looks sunburned and OUT OF HER MIND.

She charges the couple -- kicks over a pedestal holding a giant diamond ring, growls --

RACHEL

This is all crap. Love is bullshit!

The couple is flabbergasted, the crew stunned into silence. Rachel grabs bottle of champagne from the bucket, holds it high, turns to camera, roars:

RACHEL

And this job is SATAN'S ASSHOLE!!

Now Rachel turns to the couple and grabs CLAIRE's face -- Turning suddenly emotional:

RACHEL

You are somebody's child.

QUINN AND CHET run into frame. THE CAMERA VIEW is now capturing the entire world, whipping from the crew, to the COUPLE, etc. The operator now just documenting the meltdown.

QUINN

Rachel! NO! If you do this...

RACHEL

*(to the girl/deadpan)
He's about to dump you.*

All the air goes out of the universe. The crew falls dead silent. The girl's face goes blank with humiliation.

And then ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE. The dumped girl is screaming, attacking the suitor. Quinn and the crew race over.

(CONTINUED)

BACK TO CONTROL ROOM

Lizzie reacts. Stunned.

LIZZIE

Oh my God. They didn't air this?
How did I miss it?

SHIA

(a bit resentful)

No. They cut Crazy Pants and made
it look like the dumped girl goes
mental. Huge finale ratings. I
swear, Rachel slips in shit and
lands on money.

ON THE MONITORS

RACHEL

(to crew/deadpans)

I quit.

*She downs more champagne -- and runs to a \$1m Ferrari
convertible -- jumps in.*

*Behind her, Jeremy chases after Rachel, grabs at the car
keys. But she yanks them away. Starts the car --*

JEREMY

Rachel, you are way too drunk--

*But she just peels out, leaves Jeremy in the dust, fishtails
onto the highway in front of the house.*

CAMERA OPERATOR (O.C.)

*Crazy in the head, crazy in bed huh
Jeremy?*

*Jeremy turns, punches him in the face. The camera FALLS, and
leaves us looking at SKY.*

BACK TO THE CONTROL ROOM

While the footage played, a small crowd gathered around the
monitors. Including, Lizzie -- who's gone pale. A whole new
understanding of Jeremy and Rachel's "friendship" dawning on
her.

She turns and sees that RACHEL entered while the footage
played. She stands at the back of the room, staring blankly.

Rachel and Lizzie lock eyes. Lizzie, upset, pushes past her.

RACHEL

Lizzie, hey--

(CONTINUED)

LIZZIE

Don't.

Lizzie bolts. Rachel deflates, mortified.

END ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

56A INT. CONTROL ROOM -- MORNING

56A

Back in the control room, where we left off. Now Quinn enters. Barks at the lingering crew members:

QUINN

What? None of you ever had a bad day? Get out.

Everyone scurries guiltily away. After they're gone, Rachel collects herself and turns to Quinn:

RACHEL

You didn't have to do that.

QUINN

Yes, I did. I need your head in the game.

RACHEL

Okay, well... Can you just sign this paperwork saying I reported to work on time, sober. And then I have to catch a bus to community and therapy.

(lamely jokes)

It hurts to be this fabulous.

QUINN

You actually don't. I handled it.

RACHEL

What? The sentencing for my DUI? Grand Theft Auto? That stuff can't be "handled."

QUINN

And yet -- it's handled.

RACHEL

(cautious)

Quinn. The therapy, is actually kind of... helping...

QUINN

One -- you're fine. And two -- I got the courts to transfer your "psychiatric care" to Wagerstein.

RACHEL

Wagerstein? But she's crazy--

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

She's *here*. So you can check in whenever. I need my dragon well rested.

RACHEL

(a bit sheepish)

If you really want me well rested... you could get the show to drop the civil charges. I mean, you got the car back, I'm paying off the damages -- and the threat of jail time doesn't exactly help me sleep at night...

QUINN

I know. But before I can do that I
need to see that you've learned
from this, that you can change.
Believe it or not, I care about
you.

RACHEL

That's funny, because right now it
feels a little like blackmail.

Rachel and Quinn face off -- both hurt. Adam knocks on the
control room door.

ADAM

Sorry. Can I have a word?

CUT TO:

57

INT. MANSION -- GREAT ROOM -- MORNING

57

Adam, contract in hand, leads Quinn and Rachel into the great room to finalize things.

ADAM

London's on board with everything--

QUINN

Then we're going to Napa. Love it.

ADAM

But I have one last condition.

QUINN

Of course you do.

ADAM

This one --

(motions to Rachel)

-- is my only handler or whatever -- she travels everywhere with me, same hotels, conducts all my interviews.

RACHEL

(aghast)

Quinn. Please. I was serious. I can't travel. I need--

At this point, Quinn could give a shit about Rachel's needs.

QUINN

Done. Rachel's your 'Producer'.

She initials deal, Adam signs, Quinn exits gleeful with contract in hand. Leaves Rachel staring daggers at Adam.

RACHEL

I told you I couldn't travel.

A twisted heat underneath it all. Has Rachel met her match?

ADAM

I know. But if you want me to play the game "your way," I need you there to coach me.

RACHEL

Nice. Okay, I get it -- nobody tells you what to do.

(CONTINUED)

57

CONTINUED:

57

ADAM

Aw. Don't be that way. *I just did
what was in my heart.*

Adam smiles a little smugly -- satisfied.

As Adam goes, Rachel spots Jeremy, who's seen all of this. They make quick eye contact, Jeremy looks away -- disgusted.

58

EXT. MANSION -- CATERING -- MORNING

58

Rachel, dazed, walks out into the early morning light -- birds chirp, crew packs up... She grabs an entire TRAY OF MAC AND CHEESE, a FORK, SALTSHAKER and ROLL OF PAPER TOWELS. Starts to stuff her face right there.

59

INT. MANSION -- MORNING

59

Exhausted, bedraggled and still drunk -- barefoot girls in evening gowns drag their ENORMOUS BAGS into bedrooms.

60

EXT. COASTAL HIGHWAY -- MORNING

60

WE MOVE ACROSS A ROW OF COMMUNITY SERVICE WORKERS on the side of the highway, collecting trash. Finally we come to rest on MADISON the PA, ALSO IN A VEST. Shows her FAKE ID to OFFICER - Rachel Goldberg. B crew. He hands her bag and gloves.

60A

INT. GRIP TRUCK -- MORNING

60A

-- Chet smokes A BONG with FOUR of his GRIP HOMEBOYS. Quinn enters. Chet 'clears the room'. Quinn sits down next to Chet and, exhausted, puts her head in his lap. He strokes her hair with real tenderness.

61

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- MORNING

61

Rachel shovels more mac and cheese into her mouth while toggling through the different security cameras, sees:

61A

INT. MANSION -- ANNA'S BATHROOM -- MORNING

61A

-- Anna makes herself throw up.

61B

INT. MANSION -- BALCONY -- MORNING

61B

-- Faith prays.

61C

INT. MANSION -- GRACE'S ROOM -- MORNING

61C

-- Grace smokes weed, then throws her bathrobe over the security camera, blacking out her monitor.

61D **INT. MANSION -- ADAM'S BEDROOM** 61D

-- Adam throws his towel over his security camera, blacking out *his* monitor.

62 **INT. MANSION -- ADAM'S BEDROOM -- MORNING** 62

Bird's-eye view of Adam lying flat on his back on his bed, hands behind his head -- Camera pulls up to reveal Grace -- giving him head.

63 **INT. CONTROL ROOM -- MORNING** 63

PUSH IN ON RACHEL -- As she stares at the towering monolith of FLICKERING MONITORS, drawn in despite herself. She can't look away.

END OF SHOW