

Showbiz Baby
(working title)

Written by

Rachel Westra

Based on, the nepo babies, ancient agents, and dashed Hollywood expectations.

Address: 5555 Melrose Ave, Los Angeles, CA, 90038

INT. BLACK SUV - MORNING

MARGOT CLEMONS (20's, dull brunette, white, awkward in a pencil skirt) sits in the back seat, picking at her nail polish.

She peers out the window. She's arrived at her destination.

MARGOT

Uh, George would you mind pulling up behind the parking garage? I just don't want to draw attention to myself.

A hand appears and gives a big thumbs up.

EXT. BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

The car jumps the curb, tires squealing as it takes a U-turn to the other side of the street into the parking garage alley.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Pedestrians rush to see who could possibly have such an escort. A TOURIST, a MOMMY BLOGGER, and a GYM RAT place guesses.

TOURIST

I bet it's Margot Robbie. I knew if I stood outside her agency long enough-

MOMMY BLOGGER

No, definitely Tom Cruise. It's a shorter SUV to compensate for ya know -

The car stops. The pedestrians crane their necks. Margot opens the door her leg visible first. The three hold their breath.

Margot's foot slips and she stumbles out the door.

GYM RAT

Well, that's disappointing. Nothing to see here folks.

So much for not drawing attention.

CUT TO:

INT. HR OFFICES - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Margot walks quickly down the hallway but gets cut off when-

An assistant whips open the door of HR's office, huffs into the hallway, and punches a hole in the hall wall. Margot stands frozen.

SUSAN, 70s, white, bleached blonde and botoxed out of her mind. On her door a plaque reads "HEAD OF HUMAN RESOURCES." peaks out of her office, looks briefly at the hole, unfazed.

SUSAN
(smiling)
Margot?

Margot snaps out of it and attempts to compose herself. She looks away from the wall hold and walks into the office.

INT. HR OFFICE - DAY

Susan sits across from Margot, straightening her very distressed stress toys on her desk. Margot looks out the open door at the hole in the wall.

NOTE: There should be no personal touches of Susan's in the office. A cat picture maybe but nothing signifying she has a life outside these walls.

SUSAN
So Margot, big three month mark!

Susan notices Margot looking out the office door. She stands and closes it without breaking eye contact. It's unsettling.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
(cheeky, over the top)
How are things going on Howard's desk?

MARGOT
(distracted)
Oh, um, it's good.
(then)
I'm sorry, but was that guy okay?

SUSAN
He'll be fine. You, my dear, do not have to worry about that kind of thing.

Susan winks obnoxiously, mouth open and everything.

MARGOT

I feel like I'm missing something here.

SUSAN

Do I have to spell it out for you?
Success is in your DNA!

Margot shifts, uncomfortable.

MARGOT

(self-conscious)

Ah ha, believe me no one is a bigger fan of my dad. Hopefully one day I can crawl out of his shadow.

Margot laughs awkwardly.

SUSAN

(nodding)

Yes, absolutely. I'm sure your dad has been a great help.

(then)

Use it, abuse it, get used to it.

Another obnoxious wink. Susan doesn't get it.

MARGOT

Right so, I actually wanted talk about the steps to becoming a comedy writer.

Susan nods and scribbles on her notepad.

SUSAN

And you're coming to me when your father could have just said "Here's my kid. Hire her."

Oof.

MARGOT

Guess I'm trying to "pave my own way?"

Susan burst out laughing.

SUSAN

You are funny! But being funny and writing funny are not the same thing my dear.

MARGOT

I write funny.

SUSAN

As in you're left handed.

MARGOT

No-

Just then, someone bangs on the door, bursting in.

CARL

Susan, we got a situation. I accidentally sent my wife's nudes to the wrong email chain.

SUSAN

Again, Carl!? My apologies, Margot, I'll need to reschedule.

Susan hustles out the door.

Margot sinks into her chair, disappointed like all the rest. Her phone **pings**. She look at her phone email notification, recoiling.

She was on the wrong email chain.

END OF COLD OPEN

EXT. PICTURESQUE DOCK ON A LAKE - DAY

A dramatic sweep of the gorgeous landscape lands on a close up of ALICE NGUYEN (30, looks 17, Vietnamese, beautiful) pleading with JACE RUTT (20s, hunky, bad boy archetype).

It's cringey, but Alice sells it.

JACE

Why? Don't you see that I'm bad for you?

Alice grabs his shoulders turning him to her. He won't look at her. She pushes his chin, finally getting some eye contact.

ALICE

(teary eyed)

Don't YOU see? You're the only one that sees me for me. Who talked to me when nobody wanted to associate with the brainy, four-eyed new kid? You saw me for more than that. You *made* me more than that.

(then)

I need you. I-

Close up on Alice as she sheds a single tear, looking away. Jace wipes it away, turning her face back to his. The drama.

ALICE (CONT'D)

I love you.
 (then, breaking)
 Fuck!

The camera loses focus, zooming out to reveal a full set and crew. MIKEY, (68, washed up director, Danny DeVito build), walks up to Alice and Jace.

MIKEY

Cut!
 (to Alice)
 Alice, what's going on? That take was near perfect. Jace remembered all his cues.

ALICE

Sorry, I just got in my head.
 (to the crew)
 Didn't anyone notice I messed up the line?

The entire crew looks half dead, no one answers her.

MIKEY

(to Alice)
 Nope. Not even a little. Take five and when we come back this is your last take. I'll ADR you myself if I have to.
 (to the crew)
 TAKE 5 EVERYONE!

The crew **grumbles** in response. A gaffer tosses back a monster energy drink, crushes it with his forehead, and immediately crashes.

Alice sits down on the dock, frustrated. Jace sits next to her. Pulls out a rather glossy lip balm and begins applying.

We're about to see how good of an actor he just was.

JACE

(bro-y)
 Dude, I have never seen you so tense. I double glossed for this. Is it me? Does my breath stink?

ALICE

No, wintergreen fresh as always, Jace.

JACE

A new cologne sponsored me, is that it? Is it total chick repellent?

ALICE

No, Jace you smell fine.

JACE

Well if it's not my rank stank that's got you down, then what is it?

ALICE

I'm just- okay, you can't tell anyone this.

JACE

Fuuuuuck -- you're pregnant.

ALICE

God, no. Yesterday, I had this audition for a lead part in Leon Walker's new film, about a girl with body dysmorphia whose parents died in a suicide pact and I freaking nailed it. I mean even the casting director gave me THE nod.

JACE

Shiit. Wait, you mean like...?

Jace nods normally. Alice nods back.

JACE (CONT'D)

Woah, the real stuff.

ALICE

(daydreaming)

This could be the last YA rom-com I ever do. Just beyond the horizon, real, gritty acting roles, magazine covers, award shows. And not like teen choice either. You might be sitting with the Oscar winner for best actress.

JACE

I mean it's an honor just to be nominated.

ALICE

(slight disgust)

God, I can't even imagine losing.

(then)

(MORE)

ALICE (CONT'D)

Ugh, I need to stop building it up.
My agent hasn't even called me.

JACE

Well, you could do what I do and
just focus on the present. Can't
change their decision now.

He places a hand on her knee, seemingly friendly, but Alice tenses. Jace's pep talk turns to walla for a moment.

Alice grounds herself, tuning Jace back in.

JACE (CONT'D)

Roll with the punches, life's not
written page for page. In fact, I
like to think acting and life is
more improv than anything else.

She takes his hand, gives canned chuckle, and puts it back on his side of the dock.

ALICE

(faux nice)
You know, I get that in your
performances?

Jace, proud to have saved the day with his sage wisdom, smiles. Mikey walks back on set with a Mega-phone.

MIKEY

Alright, places people. Last take
before soup's on! Someone grab some
more lip gloss for Jace, please!

Murmurs and **grunts** from the crew as they attempt one final take.

INT. ARTISTS' ALLIANCE, ASSISTANT BULLPIN - DAY

Margot braces herself she walks up to her boss, HOWARD RASCAL's (80's, ancient, grumpy, millionaire) door and knocks lightly.

HOWARD (O.S.)

If you want to come in, act like
it. Knock louder!

Margot's small amount of confidence shot, she **bangs** on the door.

HOWARD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Jesus! Come in!

Margot enters, legal pad and pen in hand.

INT. ARTISTS' ALLIANCE, HOWARD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Reveal Howard, Hollywood's very own antique agent, a pioneer of cinema and quite possibly the United States. His office is adorned in dark wood with photos of famous run-ins, Oscar winning scripts, and movie memorabilia from the most notable sets.

MARGOT

Hey Howard, I just had a couple of questions for you, if that's cool?

HOWARD

I'll give you two and you've already used one. What?

Margot looks down her long list of questions, trying to make the best use of her single wish.

MARGOT

In that case, I just wanted to see if you had taken a look at that script I sent you.

HOWARD

Script? Reading is a young man's game, kid. Who wrote it?

MARGOT

Um, I did? You said you would read it last week after the Liza Cherry call?

Howard chuckles to himself. An evil smirk crawls across his face.

HOWARD

I wasn't asking to read "your" script, sweetheart. I was asking to read Eyore's script. Angelica Eyore?

MARGOT

Oh, I-

HOWARD

Send me Eyore's script. Did you get the reservation at George's for me and the wife.

MARGOT
Yes, it took three hours-

HOWARD
Cancel it. Didn't you see I have dinner with Raul Basil tonight?

MARGOT
(biting her tongue)
Right. Sorry I'll get on it.

Resigned, Margot goes to close the door.

HOWARD
Oh, before I forget, I want Alice on the phone.

MARGOT
(slightly starstruck)
Alice Nguyen?

Howard's cell rings. He answers, ignoring Margot.

HOWARD
Don! How the hell are ya?

Margot nods, and exits. A new excitement invigorates her.

INT. ALICE'S STAR WAGON DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alice's cell rings. She hold her breath, exhales. Picking up:

ALICE
This is Alice.

INT. MARGOT'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

Margot tries to hide her excitement, but fails.

MARGOT
Alice! Hi! I have Howard Rascal for you.

ALICE
Great.

INT. HOWARD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Howard stares lovingly at a picture of his wife. She's had quite a bit of work done.

HOWARD

Good silicon is an investment,
you're right.

(beat)

HA! Don, you bastard.

MARGOT (O.S.)

Alice is on line one!

HOWARD

I gotta go, Don. Say "hi" to the
wife and Donnie Jr. for me.

He hangs up his cell and picks up the office phone.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION:

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Alice! How's the shoot going?

ALICE

About as good as your wife's last
lip injection.

A silence. Margot squirms. Then, Howard *cackles*.

HOWARD

Ha! Always busting my balls.

(then)

Listen, I'm calling cause the team
wants to talk your next movie. We
got some big stuff coming down the
pipeline.

Alice tries not to sound too enthusiastic. She catches
herself in the mirror.

ALICE

Oh, really?

HOWARD

Big. Huge. Mega movie star moves.
We're thinking some time this week.
Sooner rather than later. Sound
good?

ALICE

I should be able to sneak away from
set.

HOWARD

Great. Big stuff, Alice. BIG Stuff.
Margot here will organize. Talk
soon.

Margot drops the line. Alice sets her phone down seemingly calm.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALICE'S DRESSING ROOM TRAILER - DAY

A static wide of the trailer. A script coordinator walks cautiously past with a stack of newly printed pages piled high.

Suddenly, abrupt celebratory **SHRIEKING** shakes the star wagon as the script coordinator jumps, losing all their papers to the wind.

END OF ACT ONE