

I Want To Be, Marilyn Monroe

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1 INT. MODELING AGENCY - DAY

Marilyn, white girl in her 20s, is sitting inside of the Lobby of a modeling agency. While waiting, her foot is tapping the floor in a nervous matter. She's scared. The ticking of a clock becomes more prevalent, sounding more and more harsh. Suddenly, across the room at a desk, a black man in his 20s, Joden, speaks to calm her nerves.

JODEN

The tapping is annoying.

MARILYN

Sorry.

JODEN

Nervous, huh?

MARILYN

Think it's that obvious?

JODEN

Don't be. You'll be great.

A door to the left of Marilyn opens, and a short stocky white man walks out, in about his 40s.

MR. RICHMOND

Next!

CUT TO:

2 INT. MODELING AGENCY DRESSING ROOM- DAY

Marilyn is in a nude tight fit outfit. She's being sized by a lady, while Mr. Richmond watches from the other side of the room, standing there smoking a cigarette. He's reading a paper in his binder.

MR. RICHMOND

You've modeled for Kraymon Shaft before?

MARILYN

It was a small project.

MR. RICHMOND

(not looking up from the paper)
So that's a yes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARILYN

Yes sir.

Mr. Richmond puts down the binder, and walks over to Marilyn who's still being sized by the woman. Mr. Richmond waves the woman away, and she takes her leave out of the room. Mr. Richmond begins walking around Marilyn, looking at her figure.

MR. RICHMOND

Shaft has a different view for fashion than I do.

MARILYN

Yes he does. He's very, bold, with his colors. You're more subtle.

MR. RICHMOND

You mustn't be modest. He's a gay. They're all too flashy for a good cause.

MARILYN

I think it's perfectly fine.

MR. RICHMOND

of course you do.

Mr. Richmond stops walking, and stops in front of Marilyn. He takes a pull from his cigarette before tossing it on the ground to put it out.

MR. RICHMOND (CONT'D)

You're very much my type. However, the stage name is a bit pretentious.

MARILYN

It's not a stage name.

MR. RICHMOND

Marilyn?

MARILYN

My mother adored Miss. Monroe.

MR. RICHMOND

So leave it up to you to try and become the next plastic baby face doll, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARILYN
(Offended)
Hardly.

Mr. Richmond walks over to where he set the binder down, and picks it up beginning to read.

MR. RICHMOND
You're almost perfect. You're weight is over by 10 pounds, your hair is the wrong color, your skin is too pale, and your lips. Well, look at them.

MARILYN
I don't understand. I thought you said I was your type.

MR. RICHMOND
Well you are. You're my type for a mistress if I wanted to have a play thing. Young, vibrant, a bit shy and passive. But not as a model.

MARILYN
I don't understand-

MR. RICHMOND
Come back when you fix those notes. Then we'll talk.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. THE STREET - AFTERNOON

Marilyn and Rodney, black in his 20s, are walking down the street, eating pastries.

RODNEY
He really said a play thing?

MARILYN
Those exact words.

RODNEY
See, this is what I mean. Men think that something is owed to them in order for people to get anywhere. Correction, it's white men.

MARILYN
It is what it is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RODNEY

(Annoyed)

How are you so calm about this?

MARILYN

I mean it's not like it's the first time this has happened. I'm use to it.

Rodney, as he speaks, begins yelling, and starts drawing attention from the people around them.

RODNEY

(Yelling)

That's why you should be more upset! I mean the fact it happens so often should make your blood boil.

MARILYN

And let my skin turn red and I'm already pale? No thanks.

RODNEY

Don't listen to him. I think you're the perfect shade of white.

MARILYN

Leave it to someone like him if I were as dark as you they'd just reject me.

RODNEY

They wouldn't say that to your face though.

(Silence, a beat)

How about we stop sulking, and get to shopping.

CUT TO:

4 INT. SHOPPING MALL - AFTERNOON

Rodney is looking through clothes his size.

Marilyn is merely walking through, looking at all the clothing. She doesn't touch anything, instead gazing intently at the display. After a moment, she sees a model on a poster, and begins staring at it. She sees the model is also white, but skinner, and has bronzed skin.

Rodney walks over to Marilyn, showing off two outfits to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RODNEY

Ok so I don't know which I like more.
Pick for me.

MARILYN

If I pick for you you're gonna return
it.

RODNEY

That is not true.

MARILYN

Remember the night gown I showed you
and you said you loved it and I got it
for you for Christmas and you returned
it before the year was out?

RODNEY

That was only because it wasn't my
color.

MARILYN

You look great in green.

RODNEY

Well not that shade of green.

CUT TO:

5 INT. MARILYNS HOME - AFTERNOON

Inside of Marilyn's home, Lincoln is looking through fabrics.
He's giving an approving gaze to one and picks it out,
measuring the seams and lining.

Rodney and Marilyn walk into the home, putting down their
bags at the front door. Rodney begins walking up to Lincoln
with a smaller bag.

LINCOLN

Did you get it?

Rodney gives the bag to Lincoln, who snatches it, and takes
out a package of sequence.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Stunning.

Lincoln walks back over to the table with the fabric,
admiring the sequence with the colors.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RODNEY

You're welcome by the way.

LINCOLN

Yeah whatever. How'd the interview go Lynn?

MARILYN

I thought it went well.

RODNEY

Until she got commented.

LINCOLN

Again? My god when are the straights gonna learn they can't do that.

MARILYN

I'm pretty sure that's just everyone.

LINCOLN

Well yeah but the fags don't do it when it comes to careers. At least as far as I know.

MARILYN

It's fine. I'll just start over somewhere else.

RODNEY

Do you really think you should?

MARILYN

What do you mean?

RODNEY

I mean why start over somewhere when you don't know how they're going to act.

LINCOLN

What you could do, is take one of us with you and tell them we're your agent.

MARILYN

The last time we did that the woman made a comment about my roots and you nearly ripped her head off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LINCOLN

She shouldn't have been a bitch then.

MARILYN

You should not be so sensitive.

RODNEY

Lynn, you've got six months for the agreement left.

MARILYN

I know, I know.

RODNEY

So what are you gonna do? Honestly I think the agent thing could work. We just have to find the right place.

MARILYN

And bring the sassy chihuahua with me? No thanks.

LINCOLN

Did this bitch just call me annoying?

MARILYN

Yes I did.

LINCOLN

(shrugs it off)

RODNEY

Or....you could bring me?

LINCOLN

You're a push over.

RODNEY

I could push you over off a cliff.

LINCOLN

Only if you come with me.

Lincoln blows a kiss and a wink at Rodney, but Rodney just rolls his eyes.

MARILYN

No wait, that could work.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LINCOLN

Seriously?

MARILYN

It's better than nothing. I don't
wanna go back home.

RODNEY

Honey no one wants to go to fucking
Montana. You're just asking to be
crowned the wheat princess.

MARILYN

(excited)

So will you do it?

RODNEY

Yes I'll do it. But this time I pick
the agency.

CUT TO:

6 INT. MODELING AGENCY 2 - DAY

There is a room full of different people. They are all
chatting amongst themselves, some walking some standing.

Marilyn and Rodney are standing on a wall, looking at
everyone.

RODNEY

She's one you want to be friends with.

MARILYN

Why her?

RODNEY

Posture. Anyone with good posture is
gold.

MARILYN

Are you saying I don't have good
posture?

RODNEY

(avoiding the question)

Or check him out. He's straight of
course so he'll be useful for
fighting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARILYN

Do gay people not fight?

RODNEY

We do but it's just annoying.

MARILYN

Or just lazy.

RODNEY

Well I don't want to mess up my clothes. And Lincoln works hard on the outfits he makes for me.

MARILYN

Some of which you don't even wear.

RODNEY

Because he tries to dress me in drag.

MARILYN

You'd look good in drag.

RODNEY

I know I would but I don't want him to dress me.

Standing on the wall about 10 feet away, Honey, a black woman in her 20s, is listening to Rodney and Marilyn's conversation.

HONEY

You do realize that posture is not what's going to get you anywhere, right?

RODNEY

Excuse me?

HONEY

Just 'cause your posture is good doesn't mean anything. Good posture can just mean they've had enough transactions to make a living. Not taking into account people that don't model or act.

MARILYN

(Holding her hand out for a handshake)

I'm Lynn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RODNEY

(Pushing Marilyn's hand down to
her side.)

That is, Marilyn.

MARILYN

I don't need a co-signer.

RODNEY

And yet you need an agent.

HONEY

He's about as much as your agent as
God is walking in front of us.

Rodney moves his eyes to crowd at first, then his whole head
looking for "god"

HONEY (CONT'D)

(Rolling her eyes)

I wasn't being serious.

RODNEY

Sorry force of habit.

MARILYN

He's a Catholic boy.

RODNEY

Christian.

MARILYN

Same thing.

HONEY

Don't let a Spaniard hear you say
that. I'm Honey. You're Marilyn or
Lynn.

(To Rodney)

And you? Or should I just call you
agent?

RODNEY

Make it seem like I'm a spy. I'm
Rodney.

HONEY

No nickname?

RODNEY

You can make one for me. She's too
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

RODNEY (CONT'D)

lazy.

MARILYN

Your name isn't one I could make one out of.

RODNEY

How about Rod?

MARILYN

That makes you sound like a fisherman.

HONEY

Are you guys sibilings or something?

MARILYN

No just best friends.

RODNEY

Until she replaces me.

MARILYN

So what are you going out for? Or is modeling your only gig?

HONEY

Modeling and acting, actually. You?

MARILYN

Same. I was thinking maybe modeling would be better to get a leg in and earn some money.

HONEY

Have you shot yet?

MARILYN

A few times. You know Shaft?

HONEY

The colorful one? Yeah I worked with him twice but never got called back.

MARILYN

How come?

HONEY

His daughter didn't approve. Said I was too flirtious and wanted some money.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MARILYN

But....Shaft is gay.

HONEY

Oh no I wasn't talking about Shaft. I mean his daughter.

MARILYN

You were sleeping with Shaft's daughter?

RODNEY

Brownie points.

HONEY

I guess. She kinda fucked me over but it's cool.

MARILYN

Well, for what it's worth, I would assume you're a great fuck.

HONEY

(playfully crying)

Thank you so much.

CUT TO:

7 INT. MODELING AGENCY 2 - AFTERNOON

Marilyn is walking slowly to three judges who are sitting at a table in the front of the room, in a new outfit. One, a white man, is looking at her headshot, the other, a white woman, at their phone, and the last, Mr. Malory white man in his 50s, looking at Marilyn herself. She's visibly nervous, scared as she walks slowly to the judges. She stops about ten feet from the front of the table. The room falls silent at first.

MARILYN

Hello. My name is-

JUDGE 1

(looking at his binder)

Marilyn Evergreen. I can read I'm not blind.

MARILYN

Ok.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JUDGE 1

Why do you want to model?

MARILYN

I'm sorry?

JUDGE 1

(looking up from his binder)

Why do you want to model? Is it for money, fame, fortune, to be the next big thing?

MARILYN

I want to do it because I love it.

JUDGE 1

You love it? You've only got 6 credits under your name. All with different designers and brands. Never in a single space.

MARILYN

Sometimes things work. Sometimes they don't.

JUDGE 1

And sometimes you're just not a right fit. That dress makes you look fat I can see your rolls.

MR. MALORY

Ben...

JUDGE 1

I'm just being honest. Look, my brand is all about fit women looking their best in skin tights. I see girls like you everyday. You see the exact type of women on tv, or online, or whatever it is you do, take a few diet pills, lose some weight, and think you're some type of big shot. So then you leave your shitty home with shitty friends, and doubtful parents who don't want to support you. Then you get here, and eventually you'll try getting an online presence by showing off your "body positivity", and your regular day job isn't enough to scrape you by for your bills. But yet, you still think that you have what it

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JUDGE 1 (CONT'D)

takes to make it in this industry. So, tell me, how on the money was that?

Marilyn says nothing. Instead, she looks down at her feet, defeated. But, as she speaks, her words are low, and hollow of all feeling.

MARILYN

Almost half of it.

JUDGE 1

We don't want pick me girls. We don't want girls who want to be everyone else. We don't want girls who we can carbon copy, and make into little dummies. Your portfolio is shitty at best, and laughable at worst. So, and I'll ask you this again, why do you want to be a model? Why do you want to be in this industry?

At first, Marilyn doesn't say anything. The room falls silent with judgement, as she continues looking at her feet.

MARILYN

(looking down at the ground)

I wasn't allowed to watch tv until I was thirteen. I didn't even know where my namesake came from. I use to dream of seeing what would play on the screen. My parents would void me from even watching anything at school whenever we had a free day. I would be sent to the principal office to read books. I would read about the world, I would read about people, their rise and fall, I would just, read. Then one day, my mom just told me that it was time I stopped reading, and actually saw the images I dreamt of in my head. She showed me so much that I just fell in love. It wasn't the social media that made me want this. It wasn't the looks of other girls.

(looking up at the judges)

It wasn't the diet pills, or trying to be a carbon copy. It wasn't just the shitty friends I would leave behind to get a new life for myself. It wasn't my doubtful parents who doesn't

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MARILYN (CONT'D)

support me in what I want to do with my life. When I read those books, there was always a common theme; women are not mens equal. And then I thought to myself about who would change that. It certainly wouldn't be me, more women more powerful than me have tried. But you know what all those women have that I want to have? Influence. I want to change the lives of little girls. I want to be their voice. I want to be their soul. I want them to look at me and know I tried to do everything right. I want people to see me not just as a tool or a sex object. I want to be seen on a catwalk flaunting.

(walking to the judges table,
slowly)

I want to be a force that could help the world. I want to be an icon, in living color. I want to be heard and seen. I want to live beautifully, and have people envy me. I want those who looked down on me in the past to fall at my feet and plead for help, and I actually will. I want the camera to love me. I want people to love me. I want to be perfect in my own eyes and not change anything for anyone. I want to be my namesake. I want to see the lights flash behind a camera. I want to walk on the red carpet. I want the gowns that I could sleep in, and feel the breeze flow through me on a balcony 80 stories high. I want to run to my next shoot just to save face in front of an audience. I want times magazine to beg for me to be on their cover. I want to be, Marilyn Monroe. And I think that's good enough.

The room falls silent. The first judge looks at Marilyn in awe, while the other judge beside him looks at her binder, seeing Marilyn's portfolio.

JUDGE 1

That's cool kid....but we don't want someone who's already made.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JUDGE 2

Marilyn.

MARILYN

Yes ma'am.

JUDGE 2

You've got a spark kid.

MR. MALORY

Indeed she does.

MARILYN

I just don't like being told I'm not good enough.

MR. MALORY

Well, he didn't say you weren't good enough. He mainly called you-

JUDGE 2

Basic. In a blunt term.

CUT TO:

8 INT. DINER - AFTERNOON

Marilyn is drinking a milkshake, and Rodney has a cup of coffee in front of him.

RODNEY

Was it really that bad?

MARILYN

They called me basic.

RODNEY

I mean....you are a white girl.

MARILYN

Rodney. Seriously dude you're not helping.

RODNEY

I know I know I'm sorry but look....who cares what they think? Why should you care if you know you're not what they say you are?

MARILYN

Well...technically...only one said it.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARILYN (CONT'D)

The others just, didn't say anything.

RODNEY

And that's just as bad.

They both sit in a silence, taking slow sips of their drinks.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

You know that girl Honey?

MARILYN

Yeah.

RODNEY

Well, she's really good at what she does. We were talking about all the spots she's been able to have, and dude she knows how to trick the system.

MARILYN

Can we...please not talk about modeling. Just for a bit. I swear if we keep going my brain might just fry out.

RODNEY

Fair enough. Have you talked to your parents lately?

MARILYN

Have you talked to yours?

RODNEY

Of course not.

MARILYN

Well there's your answer.

RODNEY

That's different. Yours didn't kick you out for being a fag.

MARILYN

You're right. They just look down on me for everything that I do and want to accomplish.

RODNEY

At least yours don't call you a
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RODNEY (CONT'D)

traitor.

MARILYN

At least yours doesn't dangle money
over your head and threaten to leave
you high and dry.

RODNEY

At least yours, and I say again,
didn't kick you out.

MARILYN

At least yours want the best for you.

RODNEY

They only want the best to make sure
they keep up appearance. lve

MARILYN

Coming from a person who has to rely
on appearance-

RODNEY

Thought we weren't going back to
modeling.

MARILYN

(distressed)

We're not suppose to be oh my god what
am I gonna do??

RODNEY

There she goes.

MARILYN

I'm sorry I'm not trying to just talk
about myself.

RODNEY

You're only human, Lynn. If you get
annoying I'll tell you.

Mr. Malory walks into the diner, at first going to the register. But, when he spots Marilyn, he walks over. She doesn't notice him at first, but when he hovers over the table, she chokes on her milkshake.

MARILYN

Mr. Malory.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MR. MALORY

(To Marilyn)

Marilyn.

(To Rodney)

Friend.

RODNEY

Who's he?

MARILYN

One of the judges from today.

RODNEY

I'm her agent.

MR. MALORY

Ah, well Mr. Agent, do you have a card?

RODNEY

Not with me off duty.

MR. MALORY

Pity. I would've thought a good agent always kept one on their person.

Rodney looks at Marilyn with a side eye.

MR.

So, I will keep this short simple

MALORY

and to the point because I do have other obligations to attend to. However, Marilyn, I do say that I loved your, performance, today.

MARILYN

I didn't perform anything.

MR. MALORY

Actually, you did. At first I thought you were going to choke like the rest of the wanna be's we see constantly say in and day out however you proved different. Our predictions for people often fall on the eighty-percent readable rating and about ninety-five percent choke and well, they move back home. You're our rare five percent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MARILYN

I don't think I'm understanding right.

RODNEY

No you are. You just don't want to understand but it's absolutely ridiculous.

MR. MALORY

In an industry like this, models aren't just for show. They have to be able to show strength. Or at least the potential to. They have to be quick on the feet and quicker with their words, but know when to hold back. You're a diamond in the rough, but it would be easy to mannerise you.

MARILYN

Wait - are you saying you want to take me on?

MR MALORY

Well, don't get too excited just yet. You passed the screening. That doesn't mean we're taking you on.

MARILYN

We? Mr. Malory takes out a card from his pocket, and gives it to Marilyn.

MR MALORY

Send me a text when you're ready to get started.

As Mr. Malory starts to walk away, he turns back to face Rodney.

MR. MALORY

That, is how you network.

CUT TO:

9 INT. MARILYNS HOME LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marilyn is popping open a bottle of champagne with Rodney, both talking hysterically to each other.

MARILYN

I can't believe this!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RODNEY

A fucking test, a fucking test! What fucking morons!

MARILYN

Well guess who passed that fucking test!

RODNEY

You're damn right bitch!

As Marilyn begins pouring drinks, Lincoln walks into the home from the front door with a a stack of outfits. He sees them pouring drinks, and walks over to the couch, setting down the clothes.

LINCOLN

Drink without me why don't you.

MARILYN

We're celebrating.

LINCOLN

Wait....is that champagne?

MARILYN

Uh huh!

LINCOLN

Oh my god what did Rodney do right.

MARILYN

Oh please Rodney couldn't even pass as my agent. No, I got an internship with a modeling agency today.

LINCOLN

Are you fucking serious!??

MARILYN

So fucking serious.

LINCOLN

Marilyn don't fuck with me.

MARILYN

I'm not fucking.

RODNEY

Back up I'm a great agent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LINCOLN

Oh my god that's fucking amazing!!!

Lincoln walks over to hug Marilyn, and they dance together while embracing.

RODNEY

Are we also gonna skip over she said she's not fucking?

CUT TO:

10 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Marilyn is looking over the city on a rooftop. She's smoking a cigarette, enjoying her time alone, and the fresh breeze.

Lincoln enters the rooftop, walking over to Marilyn.

LINCOLN

I thought you were gonna stop those.

MARILYN

Was. They make me skinner.

LINCOLN

Nice joke.

MARILYN

Thankfully it's not one.

Lincoln sits next to Marilyn, taking the cigarette from her hand, and takes a pull from it.

LINCOLN

I guess it's better than vaping.

MARILYN

You would think so.

LINCOLN

You don't actually buy into the bullshit of being skinner, do you?

MARILYN

I try not to let it gain any amusement.

LINCOLN

What happens if you let it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARILYN

Then I get doubts.

LINCOLN

I don't think that's fair. Honestly.

MARILYN

What do you mean.

LINCOLN

You're not the main story to everyone's life. But you're good portion of ours. And it hurts to see when you fall for that bullshit.

Lincoln takes a pull from the cigarette. A moment of silence, and Marilyn take the cigarette from him, taking a pull for herself, then blowing it out in front of her.

MARILYN

I don't want you guys worrying about me. I do what I need to. But I'll never do it to fit anyone else's image of me.

LINCOLN

You better not. You'll have to deal with your agent.

MARILYN

My agent didn't network like he was suppose to.

LINCOLN

We'll send him back for a warranty replacement.

They share a light laugh together.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Thanks for being here, Lynn.

MARILYN

Of course I'm here.

LINCOLN

I know. But...if it weren't for you, we'd both be stuck in wheat country.

MARILYN

Well, that won't happen anymore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LINCOLN
(holding up his pinkie finger)
Promise?

MARILYN
(locking her pinkie ia finger to
make a pinkie promise)
Pinkies on ice.

CUT TO:

11 INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - DAY

Lincoln and Rodney are setting up lights and getting the camera setup ready.

RODNEY
Are you sure this is going to help her
with her confidence?

LINCOLN
if there's one thing Lynn loves, it's
a photoshoot.

RODNEY
Yeah but she's too critical of
herself.

LINCOLN
When was the last time you heard her
say anything negative about herself?

RODNEY
Point but you know what I mean. It's
all unspoken words.

LINCOLN
Rodney, trust me. It's fine.

They continue working in an awkward silence. Rodney looks back at Lincoln a few times, but doesn't say too much.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
I can feel you looking at me.

RODNEY
I'm not looking at you.

LINCOLN
Fine you're stealing a gaze then.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RODNEY

How was your date?

LINCOLN

My what?

RODNEY

Your date. Yesterday when you came in with those clothes I know you didn't make them all yourself.

Lincoln stops his progress, and turns his attention to Rodney.

LINCOLN

Are you doubting my talent?

RODNEY

I would never. I'm doubting your timing.

LINCOLN

So you're stalking me?

RODNEY

I'm making sure you're being careful. This is the city of snakes. I don't want you getting hurt.

LINCOLN

(looking around to make sure Marilyn didn't walk in, walks closer to Rodney, whispering)
Getting hurt, and being betrayed are not the same.

RODNEY

I wonder who betrayed who.

LINCOLN

You wanted to keep everything under lock and key. You wanted to be closed. You wanted to see other people in the end. So don't talk to me about betrayal.

RODNEY

Yet you still don't know your facts.

LINCOLN

I know enough, Rodney. Whatever,
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
what's done is done. Can we please
just be civil for Marilyn. Please.

RODNEY
I thought we already were.

LINCOLN
I thought so.

Lincoln walks away back to his station. Marilyn walks in in a beautiful golden dress. Her face is more defined in bronze, not showing her pale complexion.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
Someone is looking mighty fine!

RODNEY
I would have to co-sign with the Queen
here. You look gorgeous. But....

MARILYN
What?

RODNEY
Your skin.

MARILYN
What about it?

RODNEY
It's....darker.

LINCOLN
(looking closer)
You're right. You didn't moon tan did
you?

RODNEY
That is not an actual thing.

LINCOLN
Could be for white people.

MARILYN
Guys, it's just bronzer.

RODNEY
And a hell of a lot more than that.
That is not ok.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MARILYN

What- why not?

RODNEY

Honey I'm pretty sure that's black fishing.

LINCOLN

At least borderline.

MARILYN

What is that?

RODNEY

Oh my god.

LINCOLN

Honey....Lynn...sweetie..black fishing is when you change your skin tone to match another race.

MARILYN

lve

(nonchalant)

Oh.

(sudden realization, and panic)

Oh! Oh my god! Oh my god oh my god what the hell get this shit off! Si

LINCOLN

Ok, first you need to breath. Nothings been captured and we can still fix it. Rodney can you get her makeup kit?

RODNEY

Yep.

Rodney walks out of the studio. Lincoln is consoling Marilyn, who started rubbing her makeup off. Lincoln grabs her hands, forcing her to stop.

LINCOLN

Ok Marilyn the last thing we wanna do is rub makeup into our pores, alright. Are you trying to get pimples and black heads?

MARILYN

Well I might as well since I'm black fishing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

LINCOLN

Girl, breath. You didn't even know what it was. Just...don't do that shit again. There's a difference darkening between contour and shade

MARILYN

Ok ok.

Joden walks into the room with a backpack. Lincoln sees him, and walks over to him. Marilyn turns to face Joden, and she sees familiar features about him.

Lincoln and Joden hug shortly.

LINCOLN

Thank you so much for coming.

JODEN

Of course man.

Joden and Lincoln walk closer to Marilyn, and the recognition falls on Joden face.

JODEN (CONT'D)

I know you.

MARILYN

I know you.

LINCOLN

And I know both of you. What is this? A game of guess who?

JODEN

She's the girl I was telling you about with Richmond.

LINCOLN

Oh my god you're the victim.

MARILYN

The victim?

LINCOLN

It's what we call anyone who gets a Virgin cat call from Richmond.

JODEN

Honestly I got sick of it and just quit. I'm all freelance now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

MARILYN

Wait, so I'm not the only one he's done that to?

JODEN

Oh god no. But all the girls wanna be famous. So they play by the rules.

MARILYN

I'm sorry how do you two know each other?

Rodney walks back into the room with a makeup bag, and sees Joden. His face grows unnerved and disgusted. He walks over to the group.

LINCOLN V.O.

We're in the same designing class.

LINCOLN

Oh Rodney finally. Rodney, this is Joden, my straight clothing designer.

JODEN

Did that need to be specified?

LINCOLN

In todays world yes honey keep up.

RODNEY

Oh! Hi, I'm Rodney. The gay agent.

JODEN

Like a secret agent?

RODNEY

Maybe one day.

MARILYN

He's my wanna be modeling agent who does a bad job at networking and doesn't carry business cards.

RODNEY

I'm going to get some don't worry.

MARILYN

And while you're getting them all my opportunities are going out the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

LINCOLN

Jeez. Someone's a drama Queen.

JODEN

(motioning to Marilyn's face)

What's up with your face? Going for a scary goth look or something?

LINCOLN

No we just had a makeup malfunction but we're about to get the fixed now. Isn't that right, Lynn?

MARILYN

Yes we are so excuse us while I go freshen up.

Marilyn hurriedly walks to Lincoln, grabbing his arm and pulling him with her. They walk past Rodney, but she takes the makeup bag from him and kisses his cheek.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

Be right back!

Marilyn and Lincoln exit.

JODEN

I don't understand women.

RODNEY

Trust me. I don't know if there is anything to understand.

CUT TO:

12 INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - DAY

Rodney and Joden are sitting backwards in the chairs talking. Lincoln walks out first, in a over the top grand scheme.

ios

LINCOLN

May I present to you, Lady Marilyn.

Marilyn walks into the room, and she's wearing a new outfit. Simple but comfortable jeans, a green top, and green hair extensions. Joden and Rodney both stand. Joden is in awe of Marilyn and the simplicity of her style, and mesmerized by her beauty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JODEN

You look....gorgeous.

LINCOLN

Don't think anyone asked but thanks. I had to work my magic.

RODNEY

Why'd you change her outfit? It was just the makeup that was ruined.

LINCOLN

The dress and shit wasn't a good suit. This is way better. Especially because this is who she actually is.

JODEN

I think it's brilliant.

LINCOLN

Again, no one asked for your opinion. Alright people let's get this show on the road.

CUT TO:

13 INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - DAY

Rodney is coaching Marilyn through her photoshoot as he takes pictures. She switches positions, changes her facial expression, and relaxing herself. There is motivational music playing in the background.

Joden and Lincoln are standing behind the flashing lights.

JODEN

She's a natural.

LINCOLN

She perfects anything she wants.

JODEN

How did you not know that she was the one I was talking about? Didn't she tell you what happened?

LINCOLN

Of course she did but if I thought too much about everything she'd told me then I'd be suspecting every major fashion designer in the county.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JODEN

I don't think he regrets it. What he said to her.

LINCOLN

Of course he doesn't regret it. They never do. But I thought you would've been better. You're suppose to be my ears and you still let shit like that happen. And then you left. Who does that?

JODEN

Look I'm sorry. But you haven't seen the things I've seen with this guy.

LINCOLN

Well you're going to have to get some more things. You need to get back into his good graces, I don't care what you have to do.

JODEN

That's a lot to ask.

LINCOLN

Doing your job is not that much to ask for. With him it's just a side job. A gig.

JODEN

You're not really good with intimidation.

LINCOLN

If I wanted to intimidate you, do you really think you would be here right now? Meeting her, again? Do your job. Or I'll find someone else to do it.

14 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Marilyn, alone, is sitting on the rooftop in the clothes she modeled in during the day. She smoking a cigarette, and watching the horizon in front of her. Lincoln appears, holding an envelope, and walks over to sit next to her.

LINCOLN

Yet another night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARILYN
Helps me clear my mind.

LINCOLN
Yes, clearing your mind with toxins?

MARILYN
If that's how it has to be.

At first, Lincoln doesn't say anything, looking in front of him, collecting his thoughts.

LINCOLN
You did good today.

MARILYN
Minus the whole black fishing.

LINCOLN
It was an honest mistake.

MARILYN
One I should've known about?

LINCOLN
You're too innocent for things like that.

MARILYN
But you knew about it?

LINCOLN
I'm also not innocent.

MARILYN
So you've done the same thing before?

LINCOLN
Oh god no I've just had my fair share of dating Black people. Maybe that's what you need.

MARILYN
I don't even know what that means.

LINCOLN
Stay innocent, Marilyn.

MARILYN
How did the pictures turn out?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Lincoln reaches to give Marilyn the envelope. When she opens it, she sees the multiple pictures she took, admiring them silently.

LINCOLN

They came out really nice.

MARILYN

They did. I don't like the way my nose looks in this one.

LINCOLN

We're not photoshopping.

MARILYN

Just a suggestion.

LINCOLN

Well you don't need it.

Rodney comes on the roof with alcohol in his hand, shouting 'woos'.

RODNEY

I would say that this first shoot with all of us was a success. And I would also say that I am a damn good photographer.

MARILYN

Better at that than my agent.

RODNEY

I'm working on it.

MARILYN

Well Mr. Working-on-it, when's my next shoot with an agency?

Rodney doesn't speak, instead sipping from the bottle, muttering as he drinks.

RODNEY

I'm working on it.

Marilyn and Lincoln both laugh at him, and Marilyn opting to take the bottle from Rodney's hand, and drink from it herself.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

In an alley with surrounding noise, Joden is sitting on the wall, on his phone. For a moment, he does nothing but scroll through, nothing happening around him. On the other side of the alley, a man, face not visible, walks through the alley, Joden not looking up. The man stands next to Joden, but Joden still doesn't look up.

JODEN

Took you long enough.

MR MALORY

I had another obligation. Who do you have?

Joden takes a white envelope from his back pocket, and gives it to the man.

JODEN

Her name is Marilyn Evergreen. Lincoln has me keeping tabs.

MR MALORY

(reading the papers inside the envelope)

Has he done anything else?

JODEN

No. Not yet.

The man doesn't say anything at first, instead reading the papers. After a moment, he puts the papers back in the envelope, and hands it back to Joden.

MR MALORY

I'll handle it.

The man starts to walk away, but Joden calls at him.

JODEN

No thank you?

MR MALORY

When we catch him, then I can thank you.

JODEN

You know he won't stop.

The man stops walking. He turns around, revealing his face,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

and it is Malory.

MALORY

I know he won't. Titan is a predatory.
If one of his lackies aren't good
enough, he'll do it himself. That's
what we watch for.

Malory walks away.

CUT TO:

16 INT. MARILYNS LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Lincoln and Rodney are in the living room/Kitchen area.
Lincoln is cooking, and Rodney is sitting at the table.

RODNEY

Don't overdue my eggs.

LINCOLN

I can overdue what I want, and you'll
still love it.

RODNEY

You sound pretty cocky there.

LINCOLN

I am. You don't like cooking so you
can't be the pilot or the copilot.

RODNEY

I think it's safe to say I'm the best
passenger.

Lincoln walks over with a plate, and sets it down in front of
Rodney.

LINCOLN

No you're not.

RODNEY

(sucking his teeth)
Why don't you just tell me how you
really feel. Instead of beating around
the bush.

LINCOLN

Because unlike you I actually shave my
bush.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Marilyn enters the room, going for a banana from the fruit bowl.

MARILYN
What about a bush?

LINCOLN
Nothing your innocent ears need to hear.

Lincoln walks over and gives Marilyn a kiss on the cheek, and goes back to cooking.

MARILYN
Why do you insist on sheltering me?

RODNEY
Because if we don't, who will?

MARILYN
(splitting the banana with her fingers and eating it)
Exactly. No one. For gods sakes we have social media. I could always go online, and just look at things.

LINCOLN
We're on the same phone plan. I'll just restrict you.

MARILYN
(speaking through eating the banana)
I don't think that's fair.

LINCOLN
No, what's not fair is it's almost ten o'clock and you're going to be late to your first meeting.

MARILYN
I'm not going to be late.

RODNEY
She doesn't take an entire day to get ready.... unlike you.

LINCOLN
(pointing a spatula at Rodney)
Watch it bitch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARILYN

(walking out of the room)

Alright, I'll go get ready. I don't think my agent is much help anyway besides defending my honor.

RODNEY

(shouting back)

I take that as a compliment.

MARILYN

(shouting off screen)

You were meant to.

The door off screen closes. Lincoln is finishing up cooking. Rodney stands, hovering a few feet behind Lincoln.

RODNEY

You know, she's really oblivious to this.

LINCOLN

My girl is smart but she's not the brightest stack when it comes to relationships.

RODNEY

Think she should get one?

LINCOLN

Hell no.

RODNEY

Why not?

LINCOLN

She's too focused on her career. Let her live. For now. When she's ready she's ready.

RODNEY

And you?

LINCOLN

What about me?

RODNEY

Do you think you are? Ready?

LINCOLN

I'm ready for my career to take off.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

That's all.

RODNEY

I mean about us.

Rodney walks next to Lincoln, and lets his finger tips trace over Lincolns hand. At first Lincoln doesn't move, but eventually pulls back after a moment of reflection.

LINCOLN

(walking into the full living room area)

Stop that.

RODNEY

(following Lincoln)

Stop pulling away.

LINCOLN

No because I'm not falling for that sweet talking trap shit again.

RODNEY

Nothing is sweet talking trap shit.

LINCOLN

Tell that to your grind-man profile.

RODNEY

(shocked)

How do you know I have that?

LINCOLN

(stunned he told on himself)

I have my sources.

RODNEY

You're a blank profile.

LINCOLN

And so what if I am?

RODNEY

Who've you been hooking up with?

LINCOLN

I do not hookup.

RODNEY

Liar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

LINCOLN

The only thing I lied about was not having a page. Every time I think I can have meaningless sex with some horned out bottom, I think about you and I block them.

RODNEY

(a beat)

Did you just call me a bottom.

LINCOLN

(letting out a frustrated grunt, and walking away.)

Marilyn walks back into the kitchen with a spiffy outfit on, twirling. However, her hair is a bit erratic.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

(bluntly)

Cute clothes, bad hair.

Rodney and Marilyn both look at Lincoln, shocked.

RODNEY

That was rude.

LINCOLN

(walking over to Marilyn)

I'm sorry. Let's go and fix this.

CUT TO:

17 INT. MARILYNS ROOM - MORNING

Marilyn is sitting on the chair in front of her mirror, and Lincoln is brushing her hair into a ponytail.

MARILYN

Are you alright?

LINCOLN

(cold)

I'm always alright.

MARILYN

Liar.

LINCOLN

Look, I don't need a therapist right
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

now.

MARILYN

Sounds like you need a man.

LINCOLN

(disgruntled)

You and me both.

MARILYN

(assuring)

I'm not bitter.

LINCOLN

(a beat)

Neither am I.

Marilyn looks at Lincoln in the mirror, giving him a hard glance.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Shut up.

Marilyn laughs.

MARILYN

(a beat)

You think I'll be alright?

LINCOLN

(jokingly)

And back to you. What a self centered bitch.

MARILYN

(laughing)

I'm serious.

LINCOLN

I know I know. I think you'll be fine. With everything. I don't really know what you're talking about so I'll just be a comfort pad.

MARILYN

I mean at this meeting. With this new designer.

LINCOLN

Woo him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARILYN

Woo him?

LINCOLN

Yeah. Show some shine, throw your hands up, smile, laugh at any stupid jokes he may have. But if he has a bad outfit, never comment on it. It's not your job to be the critic, you just model it.

MARILYN

But what if it's ugly? Or offensive?

LINCOLN

Call me. I'll tell him. If it's offensive, tell him.

MARILYN

I shouldn't tell my agent?

LINCOLN

Your agent is going to be as helpful as a doormat when it comes to things like this.

Lincoln finishes Marilyn's hair, and bends down at her eye level to see both of their reflections in the mirror.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Better.

CUT TO:

18 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Marilyn walks into the restaurant. She eyes the establishment, and walks over to Malory, who's sitting in a booth with red seats, alongside Titan, a tall fair skin bald man.

Marilyn hovers over the booth.

MARILYN

May I sit?

MR. MALORY

Please. Where's your agent?

MARILYN

Going to find me another gig.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MR. MALORY

Probably for the best. He needs more practice than you do. This is Titan.

MARILYN

(shyly)

Hello.

TITAN

Hello.

MR. MALORY

Are you excited?

MARILYN

I am. I assume you're the designer?

TITAN

That would be me. Did Malory ever tell you what I was looking for?

MARILYN

Hopefully not the same thing Richmond was looking for.

TITAN

I'm actually professional.

MARILYN

That's a relief.

TITAN

I don't like non-sense, Marilyn. Think you can handle that?

MARILYN

I've handled a lot in my life, what's more of getting down to business.

TITAN

Marilyn is your actual name?

MARILYN

Yes.

TITAN

Good. We can capitalize on that. No need for you to be a Norma. How confident are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARILYN

Very-

TITAN

I'll stop you right there because you're already giving me a wrong answer. I don't need confident girls. I need girls who are insecure about their body, and want to shift that insecurity for something good. It's not always about the money but about the branding, if I have a girl that's so gifted that wakes up in the morning looking like Beyonce at coachella, then I don't need her. I need someone women can relate to.

MARILYN

I think I can get behind that.

TITAN

And another thing; be happy when you need to be. Be serious all the time. And always watch your back.

MARILYN

Watch my back for what?

TITAN

The snakes. The sharks. The women who will use you to get where they need to go without regard for you.

MARILYN

Very bluntly put.

TITAN

I have blunt conversations. Although I don't make money the personality of my models, my time is money and I have no intention wasting it. I've already seen your videos, headshots and all so i'm ahead of you. I have a shoot tomorrow in downtown LA. Think you can make it?

MARILYN

(excitedly)

Yes, oh my goodness yes!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

TITAN

Never do that. Never get that excited again. Yes is a simple answer.

MARILYN

I'm sorry. Yes, I can make it.

TITAN

What's your inspiration? what motivates you?

MARILYN

I motivate me.

TITAN

I've seen your speech. The entire thing, it was actually really dramatic. So, again, what's your inspiration?

MARILYN

If you've seen my speech, then you know more about me than I can ever tell. If you've seen me talk, with my emotions on my sleeve, you can read me like a book.

TITAN

You're right. I can read you.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. PARK - DAY

Joden is sitting on a park bench, watching over the people. The people are playing with their pets, having picnic, flying kites. Lincoln, at first, off screen now on screen, sits next to Joden on the bench.

JODEN

How's your day?

LINCOLN

You know I hate small talk.

JODEN

Fair enough. What do you have for me?

LINCOLN

Mr. Malory is her new mentor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JODEN

I know. I saw him yesterday.

LINCOLN

Is he reliable?

JODEN

As reliable as he can be. He's been working with the FED's longer than i've been alive.

LINCOLN

Who knew someone could be a consultant for over twenty years?

JODEN

Well when you produce results like he does locking pervs away, it makes it worth it.

LINCOLN

They're like roaches; one dies and two more pop up.

(pause)

And Richmond?

JODEN

Took some work. Some I regret.

LINCOLN

But you're hired again.

JODEN

(annoyed)

Yes.

A beat. They don't speak to each other at first, having an awkward silence between them.

LINCOLN

I'm sorry you have to do this.

JODEN

It's whatever.

Another moment of silence.

JODEN (CONT'D)

Do you know what me made you do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LINCOLN

No.

JODEN

He made me bring him a girl.

Lincoln looks over at Joden, scared.

LINCOLN

What?

JODEN

Yep.

LINCOLN

And you did it?

JODEN

I had to. You told me too.

LINCOLN

Not to do that.

JODEN

(defensive)

Well I had to do something.

(a beat)

It doesn't matter anyway...he tried
and she ran. I got everything on tape.

LINCOLN

Good.

Lincoln relaxes sitting back in the bench.

CUT TO:

20 INT. COFFEE SHOP

Rodney, still in his suit, is sitting at a coffee table. His phone in one hand, his drink in another. Honey walks into the shop, at first going to the counter, but seeing Rodney she walks over to him instead.

HONEY

Hello secret agent.

RODNEY

Hey there. You know, you're not
suppose to say that in public.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HONEY

I couldn't help it. You're just so good at your job. Can I sit?

RODNEY

Of course.

Honey sits in the chair across from Rodney.

HONEY

Where's your bestie?

RODNEY

Out with two designers. One of which she's interning with.

HONEY

From the one we met at?

RODNEY

Yep. Turns out, they love running test.

HONEY

They're like doctors. But they're also right.

RODNEY

Did the same thing to you?

HONEY

Did the same thing to all of us. Only difference is I never gave a fuck.

RODNEY

How's that different?

HONEY

Means I can keep secrets. I can keep my mouth shut.

RODNEY

Can you really?

HONEY

When it's important.

RODNEY

(a beat)

Can you be honest with me about something then?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HONEY

Depends on what it is?

RODNEY

Being Black, and a woman....that
doesn't intimidate you? I mean in this
field?

Honey doesn't respond at first. She looks down at Rodney's
drink and takes it from him, looking inside the cup.

HONEY

Black coffee.

RODNEY

I don't like sweetener.

HONEY

Neither do I. I'm kinda like this
coffee. Bitter, harsh, Black....the
only thing missing is the coochie.

RODNEY

I think if it had that I wouldn't
drink it.

HONEY

Oh yes I know. I'm not sweet. I'm not
a pushover. I'm not some girl that's
just going to take a beating and run
home crying. Black and a woman? You
might as well hang me now. We already
don't have ton of makeup to match our
skin, let alone trying to be the next
face of vogue. But I do it anyway.

RODNEY

Why?

HONEY

Because I love it. And I'm not gonna
let some pompous bitch take what I
love away from me. Act like you don't
care....and you can get anywhere.
You've gotta control your emotions.

CUT TO:

21 INT. MARILYNS LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Rodney is sitting on the couch, watching tv. His once done

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

suit a jungled mess on his body.

Marilyn walks into the home, setting her bag down by the door, and walking over to Rodney sitting on the couch.

MARILYN

Hey.

RODNEY

Hey.

MARILYN

How was your day?

RODNEY

Good. Remember Honey? We ran into each other at the coffee shop.

MARILYN

Oh that's cool.

RODNEY

What about you?

MARILYN

It was good. I have a photoshoot tomorrow.

RODNEY

(excitedly)

Are you serious? Marilyn that's amazing!

MARILYN

(deflated)

Yeah. It is.

RODNEY

What's wrong? You should be happy.

MARILYN

You're right. I should be.

RODNEY

(concerned)

Then why aren't you?

MARILYN

Because it's real.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RODNEY

Well is that a bad thing?

MARILYN

It's not suppose to be.

RODNEY

Then, why are you sad about it?

MARILYN

(a beat)

I'm worried. What if....what if when i go there, and I see the other models, and I compare myself....and I'm really just not that good.

RODNEY

(calmly, and comforting)

Well, first of all, you can't compare yourself.

MARILYN

I can't help it.

They don't talk. Rodney adjust himself in a formal upright manner next to Marilyn, looking straight forward towards the tv.

RODNEY

I'm not Lincoln.

MARILYN

Well I mean you do have different body sizes.

RODNEY

I mean, I'm not him mentally. Lincoln is soft spoken when it comes to this. To picking you up. Helping you be a better version of yourself than you already are. I'm the one that makes sure you stay up. And I don't know how to pick you up when you're falling. But what I do know, is that I love you so much. And every time you get commented, every time someone says your body isn't right, every time I look at you and see you crying from the first week you were here....I get chills. Because you're not the same person you were when you first came. I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

RODNEY (CONT'D)
 think about just how bad it was
 before, and how bad it could always
 get. But I can't think of a better
 past that you couldn't grow from.

Marilyn doesn't say anything. Instead, she grabs Rodney's arm,
 laying under him, and he embraces her.

MARILYN
 Thanks Rod.

RODNEY
 Yeah....never call me that again.

MARILYN
 Sounds like a fisherman right?

RODNEY
 Oh those men are fishing for
 something.

They both share a light laugh.

MARILYN
 Where is Lincoln?

CUT TO:

22 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Lincoln is sitting on the rooftop on the phone.

LINCOLN
 When does she leave?

MR. MALORY (ON THE PHONE)
 After the photoshoot is over.

LINCOLN
 Is it going to happen there?

MR. MALORY (ON THE PHONE)
 It may. We're not sure.

LINCOLN
 Then what are you sure of?

MR. MALORY (ON THE PHONE)
 That she can't be left alone. Men prey
 on people like Marilyn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LINCOLN

Why do you think I trust you to handle this?

MR. MALORY(ON THE PHONE)

I can only do so much. The cops are on my ass right now. I just need you to make sure you tell her -

The rooftop door opens, and Marilyn walks on the roof. Lincoln looks back at her.

LINCOLN

(on the phone)

I have to go.

(hanging up)

Hey you.

MARILYN

Who was that?

LINCOLN

Just my dad. He said congrats on your shoot.

MARILYN

You're talking to your dad again?

LINCOLN

I think he's trying to make up.

(diverting)

You excited?

MARILYN

I think so.

LINCOLN

Think so? What's there to think about? Titans big.

MARILYN

You're right. I should be excited.

(a beat)

Rodney isn't that good at a motivational speech.

LINCOLN

He doesn't have the Lincoln touch.

MARILYN

No he does not.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LINCOLN

Look. It's late. You need to be resting. Not thinking about if you're going to fail. If you fail you fail. You learn from it. And stop trying to be the center of the world. We all have our problems.

MARILYN

I'm sorry. I don't mean to make everything about me.

LINCOLN

I know you don't. Just stay aware of it.

MARILYN

Are you at least going to be there in the morning when I go to the shoot?

LINCOLN

I'll be gone by the time you get up. I have school. That doesn't mean I'm not supporting you all the way.

MARILYN

I believe that.

Lincoln hugs Marilyn, and they stay in an embrace.

LINCOLN

What's bugging your brain?

MARILYN

Now you want to talk about me?

LINCOLN

I've got about thirty seconds.

MARILYN

I don't think thirty seconds is enough to drain an ocean.

(a beat)

I just....feel weird. I don't know why.

LINCOLN

Just came on?

MARILYN

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LINCOLN

Do you know what triggered it?

MARILYN

I think the meeting. And now it's the shoot.

LINCOLN

You won't fail.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. PARK - DAY

In a hidden valley in a park, Joden is sitting on the wall with Lincoln. They are standing in silence. Honey walks around the corner.

HONEY

Can y'all stop calling me?

JODEN

We still need your help.

HONEY

I really don't care. I already told you I'm done with this entire thing.

LINCOLN

You can't just be done.

HONEY

It's not a gang. I can say no whenever I want.

LINCOLN

You can.

(walking closer to Honey)

But if you do, more girls get trafficked. More of them get drugged. More of them die.

JODEN

And their blood is on your hands.

HONEY

The only blood that's on my hands is Palis. And that was literal, not figurative.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JODEN

Then think of how many more Palis'
need to die.

HONEY

That's not comparable.

JODEN

I think it is.

LINCOLN

Will you...please, just look after
someone for me.

HONEY

Goodbye, Lincoln.

Honey begins walking away.

LINCOLN

Marilyn Evergreen.

Honey stops walking, and turns her head around to Lincoln.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

I know you have the same mentor. Just
make sure nothing happens. Please.

Honey's silence screams, as she turns back around to walk
away.

HONEY

Stop calling me.

CUT TO:

24 INT. SHOWROOM - AFTERNOON

Marilyn and Rodney walk into the photoshoot room. Marilyn's
eyes pop open in amazement.

MARILYN

This is so fucking-

RODNEY

Sick. It's fucking sick.

MARILYN

I love it.

Titan walks over to Marilyn and Rodney away from his

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

assistant.

TITAN

Marilyn. So good to see you again.

MARILYN

You as well. Titan, this is my agent
Rodney.

TITAN

Ah, I've heard a lot about you.

RODNEY

All good things I hope.

TITAN

Well you don't carry business cards.

RODNEY

It was a one time thing.

TITAN

And now?

Rodney digs in his pocket, and takes out a single card,
giving it to Titan.

TITAN (CONT'D)

Wow. It's laminated.

RODNEY

Professional.

TITAN

Nice kid. Hey Marilyn, walk with me.

Titan and Marilyn walk together away from Rodney.

TITAN (CONT'D)

I have a job in San Fransisco tomorrow
morning, and my lead dropped out. Bad
gas station sushi.

MARILYN

That's not fun.

TITAN

How would you like to take over?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARILYN

(shocked)

Me? You haven't seen me work yet.

TITAN

Actually I have. Shaft sent me your video of your last performance.

MARILYN

But I-

TITAN

Just be at LAX tonight. Bring your agent.

CUT TO:

25 INT. SHOWROOM - AFTERNOON

Marilyn is taking pictures in the room with her outfit, with over laying bursting music.

In a sudden flash, honey comes into the room, and the photographer begins taking pictures of them both. Titan, standing in the background, is clapping.

the sound of a jet engine goes over the music in a final few picture takes.

CUT TO:

26 INT. PRIVATE JET - SUNSET

Mr. Titan and Marilyn are sitting down across from each other. Rodney, being excited, is walking around the cabin exploring.

RODNEY

Dude this is so fucking cool. How much was this thing?

TITAN

You know the apartment you live in?

RODNEY

Yeah?

TITAN

More than the whole building.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RODNEY

(Geeking out)

That's so fucking cool! Marilyn,
please can I go walk around?

MARILYN

That's not up to me.

TITAN

Knock yourself out. I have some things
I need to talk with Marilyn about.

Rodney rushes out of view.

RODNEY (OS)

Don't kill each other!

Titan and Marilyn have light laugh.

TITAN

Quite the agent huh?

MARILYN

He's still in training.

TITAN

Does that mean I can get one over on
him?

MARILYN

He may be new but not new to math.
That boy has the brain of Einstein.

TITAN

Noted. You did really good on the
shoot today.

MARILYN

Thank you. I kinda thought I was too
stiff.

TITAN

Do you dabble in weed?

MARILYN

I don't. But I don't judge people that
do.

TITAN

What a relief. I can't have my star
hating me for that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARILYN

I could never.

TITAN

You wanna know the thing that helps me relax?

MARILYN

Is it anything besides weed?

TITAN

Actually it is. It's an exercise I like doing. Do you mind?
(Pointing to the seat next to her)

MARILYN

Oh yes please.

Titan moves to the seat next to Marilyn. He holds his hands out to her and she grabs them.

TITAN

Now the first thing you'll want to do, is focus on your breathing.

MARILYN

I've tried that before. Breathing helps make sure I'm getting air but not to calm down my anxiety.

TITAN

So are you stiff or are you anxious?

MARILYN

Both.

TITAN

Well that's an easy fix. So what you wanna do is just roll your neck.

MARILYN

Roll it?

TITAN

Yeah. You can have a lot of stress and tension build up there.

MARILYN

(Begins rolling her neck)
Like this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

TITAN

Yep. You wanna make sure you're stretching the neck while you do it so you can stretch your muscles.

Marilyn rolls her neck around for a moment. She stops, and Titan smiles.

TITAN (CONT'D)

You seem calm.

MARILYN

Actually I am. That kinda did help.

TITAN

Well that's role number one. Role number two is your legs.

MARILYN

My legs?

TITAN

Yeah. Since you stand for a lot of the shoots, and wear heels, you're gonna want to stretch those muscles the same as your neck.

MARILYN

I don't know how to do that. I'm sorry I'm not athletic.

TITAN

Oh, darling, it has nothing to do with being athletic.

Titan places his hands on Marilyn's thighs, and begins rubbing them. Marilyn becomes instantly uncomfortable, and tenses up.

MARILYN

I'm sorry I don't really like that.

TITAN

Oh don't worry, this is the best way to do it.

MARILYN

I get that, but I don't - I don't really like it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

TITAN

Relax baby. Just let me do the work.

MARILYN

(Cracking voice)

Can you please stop.

TITAN

Don't worry everything is fine.

Titan moves his hand from her thigh to her crotch, gripping her. She flinches and backs up closer to the window but Titan moves in closer.

MARILYN

(Repeating hysterically)

Can you please stop.

TITAN

Don't worry you're safe. You're safe.
Baby you're safe.

MARILYN

Titan please stop.

They both fall silent. Marilyn is not looking at Titan, who still has his hands resting on her.

TITAN

(Amusingly)

You're a fucking tease.

MARILYN

I don't know what you mean.

TITAN

No you know what I mean. You sit there and smile and laugh at my jokes, and talk all cute and innocent-

MARILYN

I was just being polite. Can I not be polite.

TITAN

Well it just seems like you want something.

MARILYN

I just want a career.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

TITAN

Well then you gotta work for it.

MARILYN

You're right I do. Why do you think I'm here?

TITAN

Exactly. Why do you think you're here? That first shoot was, let's put it this way, a test. To see how bad you really want it. And, stiff or not, I can tell you want this.

MARILYN

(Repeating again, getting louder)
Can you please stop.

Titan starts to climb on top of Marilyn, and she begins to cry still saying Please Stop.

TITAN

Just fucking relax and stop talking.

Rodney, off screen, bashes Titan in the head with a gas tank. Titans blood splatters on Marilyn's face. Titans body falls to the ground. The room is silent. Marilyn, in shock looks at Titans body, shaking. Rodney, now on screen, is also looking at the body.

MARILYN

(Hysterical)
He's dead.

RODNEY

(Walking and sitting next to Marilyn)
Lynn-

MARILYN

He's dead.

RODNEY

Marilyn, baby, listen to me-

MARILYN

He's fucking dead he's fucking dead
he's fucking dead.

Rodney moves his hand over Marilyn's lips, forcing her to stop talking. She looks at him, but you can hear her

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

breathing through his hand.

RODNEY

Marilyn, I need you not to scream. I'm going to take my hand from your mouth, but you can not scream. There are two other people on this plane both of who are behind a locked door. I really need you to be sane. Alright?

Marilyn nods yes.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

Are you going to be calm?

She nods yes.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

Are you going to scream?

She shakes her head no.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna let go now.

Rodney slowly let's her mouth go, and she looks over to the body. Titan isn't moving.

CUT TO: