UN-REAL

Written
by
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THIRD DRAFT
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NOTE: Behind the scenes footage on THE CONTROL ROOM is shot hand-held but cinematically, very fast and loose. Everything should feel like moments caught in the middle of a frenetic, stressful day of production.

INT. LIMO -- LATE AFTERNOON

Bird's eye view of RACHEL (29) lying on the floor of a moving vehicle in a dirty down jacket and black jeggings.

She clasps a notebook to her chest, wears two walkie talkies with an earpiece in each ear. We hear only the rhythmic thump and rattle of the road as reflections of street-lights pass over her face.

She closes her eyes, nauseous and miserable. The camera pulls up to reveal sparkling pedicured toes ringing her head like a crown of thorns. Still only road-noise.

The camera continues up, now we see she's lying on the floor of a moving limo with 5 "smoking hot" girls in evening gowns getting drunk on champagne. The sound of the world fades in: chattering girls, champagne glasses clinking.

Rachel shouts up from the floor while staying out of view of the camera-man, who is sitting backwards to shoot the girls:

RACHEL
OK! You guys wanna know who he is?

Inside the limo are:

COURTNEY (25), stunning but calculating brunette "MODEL" Phoenix, AZ;

ANNA (30), beautiful blonde, ATTORNEY, type A control freak; Savannah, GA

GRACE (24) half Costa Rican hippie/SURF GODDESS, Eco-swimwear designer/model who went to boarding school;

MARY (36) gorgeous *SINGLE MOM*, overbearing Real Estate Agent - Dallas, TX;

FAITH (29), a Southern Pentacostal Holy Roller FIREFIGHTER, 6'2" and too manly in a bright red, sequined pantsuit, fake eye-lashes and brand new, very large fake tits. Shreveport, LA

One of these things is not like the other.

WOMEN ALL TOGETHER
Yes, please! Duh!a Hell yes, please!

RACHEL (YELLING)
His name is.... Adam Conrad!

The ladies SQUEAL.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
And no WikiLeaking his identity. We've got google alerts on your asses.

They google Adam on their smartphones and find images.

COURTNEY
Yummy.

GRACE
Que Guapo... he surfs?

MARY
Oh. How old is he?

Weirdly, Mary is HOLDING A TEDDY BEAR.

ANNA (CHARMING SOUTHERN DRAWL)
Ohhhh... what a cutie!

They look to Faith, but she doesn't know how to play this game. Finally....

FAITH (HARD SOUTHERN ACCENT)
He has great...teeth, strong teeth.

Courtney shoots a look to Grace at this. Whispers to her as she waits for her phone to load the intel on Adam:

COURTNEY
(re: Faith)
Oh my God. What are we even doing in the same limo with <u>that</u>? It's like an insult.

Before Grace can reply, Anna comes to Faith's rescue:

ANNA
He does have really nice teeth...

Courtney stops. Sees the HUGE number of hits on the CONRAD FAMILY.

COURTNEY
Wait, Adam Conrad as in Conrad Hotels?

Courtney lets out a terrifying guttural yelp - a Lioness caught scent of hot blood dripping from her prey.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)
He's a F'ing...C-O-N-R-A-D.

Courtney blushes from bow to stern and can barely breathe.

FAITH
What's "A Conrad?"

ANNA
Like the Hiltons before Paris, or if the Kennedys had hotels.

COURTNEY
Game on, Ladies. His ass is MINE.

The others all react. Courtney already wins most hated.

EXT. "FOREVER" MANSION -- MALIBU -- DAY

Nearing DUSK. The Limo arrives at GIGANTIC MC MANSION off the PCH and the camera swoops up to a HUGE HIGH AND WIDE shot of the THREE LIMOS pulling into the stone driveway of the mansion, which sits on a cliff overlooking the ocean.

The mansion is lit by GIANT BALLOON LIGHTS and covered in FAKE ROSES and TWINKLE LIGHTS. Crew hustles everywhere, making last minute tweaks to this huge location/set.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO/ DRIVEWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

RACHEL
OK, 60 seconds left with phones.

Frantic phone calls while Rachel awkwardly drags herself over a mountain of sparkling girls, lugging all her crap.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Phones ladies! Now.

Anna is frantically attempting to wrap up with work.

ANNA
No if you are standing *inside* my office, the left filing cabinet...
No, if you have your back against my desk, facing the door.

RACHEL
Anna!

Rachel puts out her hand demanding Anna's phone.

ANNA
(incredulous)
They weren't serious about no phones for 8 weeks--

RACHEL
8 weeks if you're *lucky*, 1 night if you are not. No books, magazine, music. No anything. Deadly serious.

FAITH
But I can have my Bible--

Courtney rolls her eyes at this.

RACHEL
Yes, you can have an actual bible--

A loud speaker/open walkie belts out:

LOUD SPEAKER
All Field Producer to control room. All Field Producers report to the control room.

RACHEL
That's me -- I gotta go. I need you to wait here. *Do not* leave this limo, got it?

COURTNEY
And we don't get real hair and make-up? At all?

RACHEL
Not unless you make it to the final two. But you all look great...

Rachel tries to complete her graceless exist. But Faith grabs her hand as she's gawks at the enormity of the production.

FAITH
I can't believe I am actually here.

RACHEL
You and me both, kiddo.

INT. PORTA POTTY -- DAY

Rachel ducks in, closes the door holding her nose searching for a pee-free surface to set down all her crap.

She tries to make herself pretty but it's a losing battle.

She unzips her hoodie, attempts cleavage in a sports bra, puts tinted chapstick on her cheeks for blush, scrubs her pits with hand sanitizer and spritzes with air freshner etc.

After a beat she stops. Looks at herself long and hard in the mirror. She notices the T-SHIRT she's wearing. It's worn paper thin with age - black ALL CAPS letters: THIS IS WHAT A FEMINIST LOOKS LIKE.

Exhausted anxiety swirls across her face, barely able to look herself in the eye. She zips the hoodie back up.

LOUD SPEAKER (O.C.)
Field Producers. Control Room.
With footage! On the double!

Suddenly vulnerable.

RACHEL
Oh god.

EXT. "FOREVER" MANSION -- MALIBU -- DAY

Rachel makes her way through the bustling production area, Art Department PA's run to and fro with FAKE CHERRY BLOSSOMS, Grips carry LIGHTS and CABLES. She tries to keep her head up and eyes forward as crew people gasp and whisper, obviously shocked to see her.

And then JEREMY (28) a confoundingly handsome CAMERA MAN; (good ol' boy who has no idea he looks like an underwear model who could kill things with his hands) sees her and freezes in his tracks. She looks away, keeps walking.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - AFTERNOON

ALICIA, (36) super sexy, Executive Producer in skin tight YSL skirt-suit and Louboutin pumps, instructs INEZ (26) gorgeous Latina lesbian, as she works on the giant white "WAR BOARD": the visual production map for the entire show.

CHARLES (45) BIG STRAPPING GAY MAN, enters the room bedraggled, carrying a heavy backpack, orange hard-drives.

INEZ
Limo one.

Charles gets a whiff of his armpits as he dumps the drives with Inez.

CHARLES
(mildly bitchy)
Yes, I totally came to Hollywood so I could end up smelling like I'm still in the Marines.
(sings/broadway style)
Dare to dream people!

INEZ
Oh wahhh!

Charles hands over his drives and headshots to Inez.

Next comes JAY (29) African American, drop dead gorgeous, lazy but brilliant, charming stoner, irresistible swagger.

INEZ (CONT'D)
Limo two.

Jay hands his goods to Inez, kisses Alicia on the cheek.

JAY
Helllllooo gorgeous.

Despite the fact that the producers are all in competition for Alicia's favor and the best contestants, there's also a sense of family among them. Albeit a dysfunctional one.

INEZ
Odelay Cabron -- what did you bring us from the road? A new STD?

JAY
Now now. You know I keep it double wrapped.

ALICIA
Where's limo three?

JAY
It pulled in behind me.

INEZ
(to Alicia)
Your "mystery freelancer" in three?

ALICIA
Yup.

As Inez pins up photos of the first 11 girls on the War Board, Jay and Charles collapse.

EXT. MANSION - LATE AFTERNOON

Rachel stands outside a door marked “CONTROL ROOM”, hesitates, takes a deep breath and grabs the door knob.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Rachel walks in. The room falls silent in utter shock. Alicia smiles slyly, deadpans:

ALICIA
Surprise.

Inez is slack-jawed. Charles and Jay can’t speak. After a long beat:

CHARLES
Holy crap.

Another beat. Jay tries to make light of it.

JAY
The whack is back!

Inez still hasn’t caught her breath. But somehow manages to cross frame and give Rachel a big, fake hug.

INEZ
You're the mystery freelancer?

RACHEL
I guess so -- ?

Rachel offers up her hard-drive and headshots to Inez.

INEZ
So *you* did “pick-ups” on my girls?

RACHEL
I didn’t know they were yours...

Rachel shoots a look at Alicia that says: “thanks for setting me up for insta-drama.”

ALICIA
You two can mud wrestle later,
let’s look at footage.

EDDIE (28) - sweet, nerdy Editor loads the footage up as Rachel takes some paperwork out of her backpack. Charles approaches her cautiously.

CHARLES
(whispering)
You look a hot mess. You sure you ready to be back here, honey?

RACHEL
(dry)
Nope. No, I am not.

Eddie plays footage back on monitors. Each Field Producer introduces the girls in their limos. Quick cuts, just light impressions, not meant to be memorized.

FOOTAGE PLAYS ON MONITORS

CHARLES INTRODUCES LIMO ONE

PEPPER (22) - Mormon pre-school teacher praying in Utah.

ROSE (26) - obnoxiously singing opera in Boston.

TANYA (27) - sommelier pretentiously swilling wine around her mouth and smelling wine at her wine bar in San Francisco.

AMRITA (27) - a chubby, frumpy Indian girl with glasses.

JAY (O.C)
Whoa! Who let the dog out?

NOW JAY NARRATES LIMO TWO

CRYSTAL (24) - giving topless tours in Hawaii.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

INEZ
Of course *you* found a topless, Hawaiian tour guide.

JAY
Hey, they find *me*. And now my token black girls.

He and Inez, the only two brown people in the room, meet eyes. Neither one super proud about this part of the job.

BACK TO FOOTAGE ON MONITORS

SHEMIKA (29) -Court Reporter, Atlanta. Looking hot, working.

ATHENA (24) -Hair Dresser doing corn rows, hair salon in L.A.

RACHEL NARRATES LIMO THREE

COURTNEY 'modeling' in Phoenix.

COURTNEY
I don't believe in women being 'friends.' That's something girls say when they want to get close enough to take a body shot.

JAY (O.C.)
Ice Cold!

ANNA in court in Savannah and then in her apartment.

ANNA
I love being a lawyer, but I love marriage and babies and I love baking and...curtains.

She smiles at her pretty curtains. Something is a little off.

GRACE - surfing in Costa Rica and then designing swimwear.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

ALICIA (O.C.)
Yeah yeah, we already know she's perfect. Moving on.

Eddie fast forwards the footage.

BACK TO FOOTAGE ON MONITORS

Mary - Real Estate, agent in Dallas in her perfect white picket home. She's talking to her 4 year old daughter:

MARY
Mommy's going on a big adventure and she might come home wearing a beautiful white dress...

Mary models a wedding dress for her daughter who's set up an audience of teddy bears. Rachel enters and whisper something to the toddler and then gets back off camera.

The 4 year old carries one of the TEDDY BEARS to Mommy.

4 YEAR OLD
Mommy, will you give 'Mr. Whip Cream' to my new daddy?

Mary starts crying.

MARY
Yes baby. Yes I will.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Rachel cringes watching herself work her evil magic on a kid.

CHARLES
(IMPRESSED/to Rachel)
Wow. Manipulating a toddler. You really *are* back.

RACHEL
I swear it was all them. They tee'd the whole thing up... and I just...couldn't not....

Her SELF-LOATHING mingles with TEACHER'S PET, over-achiever PRIDE in a job well done. It's very confusing for her.

The monitors: footage from Faith's hometown, Shreveport LA.

ON TV MONITORS

Footage of Rachel convincing Faith's sweet Southern Baptist grandmother to get her own antique lace wedding dress down and hold it up from her wheelchair while saying:

GRANDMA
We asked the good lord to bring us a blessing for our little Faith. So we took up collection and got her the bosom God saw fit. Praise the Holy Spirit! In Jesus name!

Grandma holds up a "BEFORE" AND "AFTER" PHOTO of Faith - BEFORE: Flat chested tom boy in a fire-fighter uniform AFTER:DD freak show (very boob job) hideous sequin pant-suit.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)
Amen!

BACK IN CONTROL ROOM

Applause. Rachel's footage was the best by far. It always is.

ALICIA
Okay. *That's* what I'm talking about. *Producing*.
(MORE)

ALICIA (CONT'D)
Tricking dull-ass people into discovering their inner television divas.
(with a nod to Rachel)
If you bozos were better at it I wouldn't have to bring this lunatic back.

INEZ
(blurts)
Those tits were my idea.

Everyone looks at Inez questioningly.

INEZ (CONT'D)
I found her, I cast her, I've been talking to them for months. They *never* would have thought of it.

ALICIA
That's why you two make a good team. You find the prey. Rachel here goes in for the kill.

Alicia rumples Rachel's hair like a pet. Rachel closes her eyes and cringes. Inez is green with envy.

ALICIA (CONT'D)
OK, so let's do character breakdowns. Obviously, Faith is our "homely tear-jerker." And our virgin, right?

RACHEL
I don't know. Dr. Wagerstien, you sure about that?

DR. WAGERSTIEN (58), the network mandated SHOW PSYCHOLOGIST/NEW AGE QUACK, basically lets them do anything and provides info from 'Confidential Psych Evaluations.'

She's also perpetually flustered, on the edge of a nervous breakdown.

DR. WAGERSTIEN
Marked "zero" for sexual partners.

RACHEL
Do we really need it? She's shy about that stuff. And we have so many other angles on her. Firefighter, boob job, Jesus Freak--

ALICIA
You getting soft there soldier? There's no chance a dog like that stays past tonight. I want my sound byte before she goes.
(pushing her/gleeful)
Oh my God, she should say it to Adam! "The minute I saw you, I knew you were gonna be my first." And then she gets dumped. It's perfect. Make it happen.

Inez laughs like the kiss-ass she is. Rachel looks horrified.

ALICIA (CONT'D)
(to Rachel)
If you won't do it, maybe Inez--

Inez looks eager. But Rachel dives in:

RACHEL
No, no, it's fine. I got it.

ALICIA
Good.
(then)
And on to Mary. "Miss Old, Hot and Desperate." I want her giving that stupid bear to Adam and, you know, all that "I'm looking for a father for my sweet child, blah, blah..."

RACHEL
That's tough. She's guarded, smart. She's not going to parrot some line I feed her.
(off Alicia's cold look)
I didn't cast her, okay? Dr. Wagerstien, back me up on this.

DR. WAGERSTIEN
Ex husband was abusive... She does show some signs of PTSD, it's true. But her totem animal is...
(rifles through file)
Water-buffalo. Resilient.

ALICIA
See? She's resilient. And she knew what she was signing up for.

Alicia stares at Rachel. Sick of her bleeding heart. Rachel knows she has to let it go. Pained, she says:

RACHEL
I'll work on it. I'll get you something.

ALICIA
(to Jay)
And how are our sistahs?

Jay cringes at that horrible S word but shakes it off.

JAY
Uh, I convinced them he's got a legit taste for brown sugar.

ALICIA
Good, we're still getting spanked for the 'racism' thing. We gotta keep one of them around.

JAY
I think Shamika can do it, she went to Spellman, educated...classy.

ALICIA
(laughs)
Yeah, Adam on the family compound in Maine? "Hi dad, this is SHAMIKA."

Inez shoots Jay another look. Ouch.

ALICIA (CONT'D)
Well let's just keep her until she has a water date, watch her freak out when her weave gets wet.

Jay laughs. He knows 'being cool' with racism is mandatory.

ALICIA (CONT'D)
(moving on)
Charles. Hate to break it to you but you have a limo full of duds.

CHARLES
Oh bitch, please. I'm telling you there's a shitload of crazy hiding in that cluster of bland.

INEZ
What about me?

ALICIA
On the floor. Trouble shooting. Spying, sneaky Inez.

There's an edge to this. Inez is humiliated and upset.

ALICIA (CONT'D)
Okay, so let's just finalize your assignments and the date schedule.
(then)
We're keeping it simple. For the rest of the season you field producers are assigned to the girls you brought in the limos. If all your girls get booted, so do you.

JAY
(quietly resentful)
The beauty of freelancing.
(looks at board)
Wait. It's Rachel's first night back -- and she already has the winning hand?

RACHEL
You don't know that--

Jay overrides her, pointing at photos as he references them.

JAY
Yeah you do. Look.
(re: Faith's photo)
You got the crier.
(re: Courtney's photo)
The evil bitch for the season.
(re: Anna and Mary)
Two stayers.
(re: Grace)
And one of the wifeys. Screw you. You'll be here through post-game roundup--

ALICIA
Enough handicapping. We finally locked down the first group date. Arizona. Adam as hot cowboy. I'm already wet.
(then)
Rachel, you'll fly the lucky girls down tomorrow.

Rachel and Inez are equally alarmed.

RACHEL
I thought we agreed I wouldn't be traveling. You said--

ALICIA
I said you're not on *private jet crew* this year. You misunderstood.

This is a blow to Rachel. But she holds her tongue.

INEZ
If Rachel's traveling, what am I doing?

ALICIA
House duty, watching the girls. Travel when needed.

The final insult for Inez, she's about to blow. But Alicia just looks up at the huge WAR BOARD and considers the very big picture of the show.

ALICIA (CONT'D)
So tonight. We need to protect the girls who could be in the final three. Keep Courtney sober and hungry so she's mean like a pitbull, keep Mary, Anna and Grace decently dry. Pickle the rest of them. Vomit. Nudity. Cat-fights. I'd love to call 911--

LOUDSPEAKER
T-minus 58 minutes!!

ALICIA
Here we go. Everyone get out there Prep limos. Prep entrances. Rachel, walk with me.

INT. FOREVER MANSION -- GREAT ROOM -- DAY

Rachel follows Alicia into the GREAT ROOM, where the crew dresses the room with candles, velvet pillows, etc. Alicia looks everything over as they talk.

ALICIA
So... How you doing?

RACHEL
I'm okay. It's a little surreal but--

CHET (38) show Creator who looks like the Big Lebowsky, BOB (45) and STACY (45) both suits from The Network approach. Rachel retreats, giving Alicia privacy to talk with them.

CHET
I'm gonna take our suits over to the bar at MoonShaddow's. Do shots.

Bob rolls his eyes at Chet, and then says quietly to Alicia:

BOB
You sure about this whole Rachel thing?

ALICIA
I've got it handled.

BOB
She cost us *a lot* of money.

Alicia puts her hand on Bob's shoulder.

ALICIA
And she's about to make you some more. And it's not like you haven't helped bail our *host* out of a few under-age situations.

BOB
(nervously concedes)
Well, you have outdone yourself with *Adam Conrad*- the whole network's talking about it.

STACY
Yeah, we're starting to wonder why we even need this guy.

Stacy points awkwardly to Chet. Alicia laughs politely but Chet just laughs. Who cares! He's THE BOSS.

Chet leads the suits off with a look to Alicia, as they go:

CHET
Hey! Creator, here. Everyone knows it takes a genius to come up with ideas this stupid.

STACY
Please don't ever say that to the press.

Alicia rejoins Rachel and they continue the walk-through.

ALICIA
I just need to know you're ready to get back in there.

RACHEL
I think so... And, look, I know I haven't thanked you--

ALICIA
Thank me? This isn't camp Beth-Torah Rachel, it's *Hollywood*.
(jazz hands)
You owe me, repay me. After the shit you pulled I basically had to kidnap an American Prince to keep the show from getting cancelled.
(to passing crew)
I want about ten times more pillar candles in here. *Ten times*.

The petrified crew members hop to it.

RACHEL
Alicia, I'm sorry, I just...

ALICIA
Just prove it was worth bailing your ass out, and that your dragon powers still work.

Just then a walkie call comes in.

MADISON (OVER WALKIE)
This is Madison, the new Production Assistant for Alicia Rosenberg, Executive Producer, over-and-out.

Rachel and Alicia look at each other like WTF?

ALICIA
Who?

MADISON (O.C.)
Madison Chesterfield, I'm the new Production Assistant from Tuscaloosa. Alabama?
(radio silence)
The blonde one.

Alicia and Rachel both laugh.

ALICIA
Go for Alicia.

MADISON (O.C.)
Uhm I am the P.A. watching Adam Conrad, The Groom, and he asked me to go get him some shaving cream from somewhere and so I did and--

ALICIA
(cuts her off)
Jesus. Get to the point, rookie.

MADISON
He's gone.

ALICIA
Excuse me*?*

MADISON (O.C.)
I think he kinda -- took off.

Off Rachel and Alicia's stunned looks.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. MANSION HALLWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

Rachel walks frantically with Alicia as they race toward another part of the house. Alicia's on a tear:

ALICIA
You better find this guy and talk him off the ledge or I'm seriously going to question my decision to bring you back--

RACHEL
What? How is this my fault?
(then)
I can't do this, give me something else. You know I suck at guys. Remember the Christmas Party?

Alicia stops outside Adam's door. Turns to Rachel:

ALICIA
We're putting the past behind us, remember? Now -- if you don't get my Groom back, we're all shit-canned. Understand?

Off Rachel, anxious but resigned.

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM- LATE AFTERNOON

ON MADISON (19), cute-as-a-button, a super eager PA just off the bus from Alabama, is freaking out. Rachel, in crisis control mode, grills her as Alicia stares daggers at the poor kid.

MADISON
...I figured his personal care is important so shaving cream is--

ALICIA
You're not paid to "figure", Tuscaloosa. Your *one* job was not to let Adam out of your sight.

RACHEL
(assessing)
Okay. One thing about runners... There's only so many places they can go.

MADISON
(relieved)
This has happened before?

ALICIA
Never with a *Groom*.

Madison shrinks. Rachel gets on the walkie, says:

RACHEL
All PAs to channel 4. Channel 4.
(some PAs get on the channel)
Anybody have eyes on The Groom?

Rachel's walkie squawks. A terrified PA answers:

MIKE THE PA (O.S.)
(19 yr old whisper)
Yeah, I saw him walk toward the beach.

Alicia and Rachel meet eyes. Thank God.

EXT. BEACH - LATE AFTERNOON / SUNSET

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

And there's ADAM, 28, still in jeans and a t-shirt. He's seriously handsome, intelligent in a way not usually associated with reality TV stars. A genuine catch.

He's texting on his phone as Rachel approaches.

RACHEL
Adam? Hi. Rachel. Listen--

ADAM
(looks up/cool)
Hey Rachel. I've got a friend coming to pick me up. And I'm not changing my mind, so...

RACHEL
Okay. Okay. I hear you.
(thinks/then)
Thing is, my ass is on the line with my boss and...

ADAM
Alicia? She's a piece of work.

RACHEL
You have no idea. Can I just kill 10 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.

Rachel nods. Sits on a rock. They sit in silence, looking out at the ocean.

INT. MANSION -- CONTROL ROOM -- LATE AFTERNOON

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

INEZ
Hey. Can I have a word?

ALICIA
People say that but it's never just a word.

Alicia pours herself a Patron shot. Doesn't offer Inez one.

INEZ
I just -- I think it's great that you let Rachel come back.
(off Alicia's silence)
I mean, everybody makes...mistakes.

ALICIA
That's why I believe in second chances.
(pointed)
For people who deserve it.

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

ALICIA
Rachel's the best closer I've ever had.

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

ALICIA
Is that all you see when you look at her footage? Rachel has great instincts for drama, emotion... and people believe her bullshit. That stuff that can't be taught.

INEZ
No. I see that. I do.

Then Inez gets a look, she can't stop herself from saying:

INEZ (CONT'D)
But you know what else you can't teach? Mental Stability.

ALICIA
Thin ice, Inez.

INEZ
I'm sorry. It's just, after she bombed out I cleaned up her mess, I did everything you asked me to. A heads-up would have been nice.

ALICIA
I tried to tell you. I looked for you the other night but you and Chet had already gone out. For drinks.

INEZ
(beat/then)
Wait, Alicia, you think I am trying to *get with* Chet?

Alicia raises and eyebrow. Inez points at her ring.

INEZ (CO NT'D) (CONT'D)
I am *gay married.* I'm about as interested in dick as you are in sponge-bathing the homeless.

ALICIA
Okay, so then what was your little meeting about?

INEZ
It wasn't even a meeting. We just shot the shit. You know, about the show, creative stuff. How to make the season better...

ALICIA
See, that's actually my job, but you didn't ask me before you did it. You don't pull a baller move like that unless your position's secure.
(then)
Sunset is in 43 minutes. I want everybody ready to go, understand?

As Inez takes this in, shaken. Alicia walks off.

EXT. BEACH COVE - LATE AFTERNOON / SUNSET

Rachel and Adam still stare at water. Rachel looks at watch.

RACHEL
Just 8 more minutes. Of me.

Adam considers her. She's weirdly silent. He breaks.

ADAM
Look, there's no way I can do what they're asking me to.
(off her look)
They wanted to shoot me with my shirt off, all oiled up *lifting weights*. It's exactly what I promised my family I wouldn't do.

RACHEL
Hmm.

ADAM
And then they tried to get me to say "*I think my wife could be here tonight*" and rave about this pre-fab McMansion, I mean no offense--

RACHEL
It's fine. But, seriously, have you not watched the show?

ADAM
Barely. But it was weird, when I did, I couldn't turn it off.

RACHEL
It happens to everyone. We make TV crack.

ADAM
(smiles/then)
Do you make the girls talk like that too?

RACHEL
Well, we don't technically *make* anyone do anything, but after 9 years on the air, I guess they just know what we want.

ADAM
After 9 years, who still watches? It doesn't work. The Groom and the Bride never stay married.

RACHEL
Only two of the 27. I guess America likes those odds.

He laughs. Liking her despite himself.

INT. LIMO ONE

Courtney is doing Faith's makeup. She's gluing crazy long fake eyelashes on her and Anna shakes her head at Courtney:

ANNA
That looks a little extreme.

COURTNEY
Oh, shoot. I used the super stick glue. But I think it's nice.

Anna rolls her eyes. Mary silently scolds Courtney.

EXT. BEACH COVE - DUSK

Adam is now talking more openly with Rachel.

ADAM
...I was building this Eco-hotel in Tulum, but then my dad saw the property. Suddenly it was going to be a 1200 room resort. I stood up to him, told him -- no way. So he cut me off, then my fiance left...
(then)
And then Alicia found me. And for one drunken moment, it just seemed like doing the show could at least... change something.

RACHEL
For you? It actually can. It's just that most contestants don't play it smart enough.

ADAM
(defensive)
What's that supposed to mean?

RACHEL
Dude. It's okay. You need to make a name for yourself, separate from your father, if you want to save your hotel. A few months on the cover of US weekly could do it.

Adam looks sheepishly guilty. Caught.

ADAM
You don't beat around the bush do you?

RACHEL
It's OK. We all have agendas here.

ADAM
Oh yeah, what's yours?

Rachel hesitates, uncharacteristically caught off guard.

RACHEL
It's...personal.

Adam looks at her questioningly but she's silent.

ADAM
I'm still going home.

Rachel nods, accepting it.

RACHEL
Okay. Can't say I blame you. I probably would too if I had *your* life to go back to.

Adam considers this. Then, Rachel stands:

RACHEL (CONT'D)
I gotta go face the music and find the backup guy.

ADAM
Who is the backup?

RACHEL
I dunno, some Doctors Without Borders guy who found a cure for Malaria or something.
(very genuine)
It was nice talking to you. Good luck with the hotel.

She heads back toward base camp.

ADAM looks lost in thought. Considering what Rachel said.

Rachel jogs, puts her earbud back in, clicks her walkie on.

ALICIA
Rachel where the hell are you?! We are t-minus 21! My office. Now!

RACHEL
Coming!

She starts to jog, but runs smack dab into Jeremy who is obviously looking for her.

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

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. BEACH PATHWAY -- SUNSET

RACHEL
(nervous)
Jeremy, I'm sorry that I--

JEREMY
What? Disappeared without saying a Goddamn word?

RACHEL
I... I have to get back up there. Alicia's freaking.

JEREMY
Yeah, I know, we're on the same walkie channel. But what the hell Rachel, I called you. A lot.

RACHEL
I didn't have my phone.

JEREMY
I've seen you shower with your phone in a zip lock bag.

RACHEL
(shrugs guiltily)
We weren't supposed to get stuck in Hawaii. 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--

RACHEL
We made out. It's no big deal--

JEREMY
No big deal. Jesus, you're worse than Jay--

RACHEL
I really have to go.

Jeremy looks pissed, then breaks, grabs her, pulls her into a hug, gives her a half noogie and kisses the top of her head.

JEREMY
I'm glad *you're alive,* you little shit.

Rachel melts completely for a spilt second. But then she pulls back, upset:

RACHEL
Why do you do this to me? Your life is all laid out...engaged to a perfect 10...

JEREMY
I'm not. Not since that trip. Which you would know if you ever returned my calls--

Rachel looks at him. Kind of stunned.

RACHEL
What?

But then:

ALICIA (OVER WALKIE)
Rachel! I am counting to ten!

INT. GARDEN SHED -- CONT.

Alicia paces, looking at her watch and yelling at some PA's over the walkie for good measure:

ALICIA
Who's on channel 3?! Hello!?

Chet takes a huge bong rip, tries to offer her one:

CHET
You need to calm down, babe.

Alicia pushes the bong away with disgust.

ALICIA
I hate when Rachel goes off walkie.

CHET
Let me help you relax.

He starts to kiss her neck and tries to go down on her.

ALICIA
Stop. The frigging empire is about the *implode* and you want to screw*?* Unlike some people, I didn't create a billion dollar franchise. I *work* for a living. And I'm about to get fired.

CHET
(smiles proudly)
No you won't. You work for me.

ALICIA
I'm serious. If Adam walks, we literally don't have a show.

CHET
C'mon, you got this. You'll figure it out. You always do.

He kisses her. She softens. Puts her head on his chest. For two cheating assholes, there's actual affection here.

EXT. GARDEN SHED -- CONT.

Rachel knocks on the shed door.

RACHEL
He's on the fence. It could go either way. But *everyone* needs to back off. Any more prodding and he'll walk.

Rachel goes to leave. Alicia yells after her.

ALICIA
What are our chances? Give me a number.

RACHEL
70/30

ALICIA
Which way!

RACHEL
30!

EXT. CATERING TENT/TABLES - SUNSET

Rachel loads up an ENORMOUS PLATES of fried chicken, mac & cheese, corn on the cob. Madison walks by with a mini plate of celery and salsa.

RACHEL
Eat while you can, these are the only nights we get catering.

MADISON
Oh, I'm good. Thank you. My mama always says - "nothing tastes as good as skinny feels."

RACHEL
In LA, you just say, "I'm on a cleanse."

Now ANNA, the Type-A lawyer from Rachel's pack, sneaks up. She's got a plate loaded with food.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Anna, you can't be here. Your catering is over by parking.
(looking around)
Who's watching you guys, anyway?

ANNA
I know, I just smelled this and got a little homesick. I'm obsessed with food, I cook *all the time*...

RACHEL
OK. A healthy eater. I like it.
(relents)
Just this once, okay? Now get your ass back to holding. And don't let the other girls see you.

Anna scoots off with her platter of food. Rachel turns to Madison, says sharply:

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Tell those PA's that the next time somebody gets away, they're all fired.

Madison, deer in the head-lights, nods and bolts. JAY tastes the mac & cheese, rolls his eyes with pleasure. Interjects:

JAY (TO CLARA)
Clara, baby. Marry me.

CLARA
(smiling)
Hell no. You good-looking boys, you're so full of crap.

JAY
Only because no girl I know can cook like you. We're simple creatures, Clara. All we want is a warm woman and a full belly.

They laugh. It's all bullshit. But:

CLOSE ON RACHEL -- she gets an IDEA.

EXT. DRIVEWAY/LIMO AREA -- SUNSET

Rachel walks to the limo area where the girls are being held, with TWO plates full of food in hand. She looks at the girls for a long beat. Debating. Finally, she motions to Grace:

RACHEL
Can I talk to you for a minute?

EXT. PATH TO BEACH -- SUNSET

Rachel walks naturally stunning Grace to the beach, hands her TWO PLATES of food and points around the bend to the cove.

RACHEL
Tell anyone about this and we're both in breech of contract, okay?

GRACE
Got it.

The tide has gone out enough now, that Rachel has an eye-line to Adam. She sees his face light up as Grace rounds the bend, Cupid's arrow straight through the heart. It's golden hour, she's backlit and barefoot in the crashing surf...

He's floored by her caramel colored skin, green eyes and the little freckles on her nose. He looks around for the source of this goddess, sees Rachel. He shakes his head and gives her a covert bird. "Fuck you." But he's a goner.

EXT. CATERING TENT -- NIGHT

Rachel finally tries to get something to eat for herself. But a walkie call interrupts:

WALKIE CALL (O.C.)
Adam en route to driveway for Rachel. Adam is looking for Rachel.

Chet and Alicia hear the walkie -- practically fall out of the garden shed, running to Rachel.

Adam comes up the lawn with Grace. Rachel desperately signals for them to separate. Adam approaches Rachel, who is now flanked by expectant Chet and Alicia.

ADAM
I'll do it on one condition. One of the dates has to be at my hotel site. I want shots of the signs and a verbal mention of the hotel name.

Alicia and Rachel's minds reel with rearranging everything on The War Board.

ADAM (CONT'D)
And I'm not signing a contract. And I'm not saying those stupid lines or whatever they are.

Rachel pulls Alicia aside.

RACHEL
It's too much. Legal won't let us shoot him without a contract. And we've already committed to locations for the all dates--

ALICIA
I'm sure you'll work it out.

RACHEL
What?

ALICIA
(shrugs)
He's a Conrad.
(turns back to Adam)
Deal.

Rachel reacts, quietly horrified.

EXT. FOREVER MANSION -- MAGIC HOUR

The mansion is LIT UP, the fading sunset in the background. There are cameras everywhere, a techno crane and the entire crew wears SET BLACKS. Looks like a BIG TIME HOLLYWOOD SET.

CLOSE ON RACHEL

Stressed and pacing, phone in one hand, WALKIE in the other. Having an intense conversation on her cell:

RACHEL
...I know. We will absolutely *not* put Adam on film until he signs--

ALICIA (O.C.)
(over the WALKIE)
Okay people. It's 8:13. We have 9 hours to get *everything*.

Rachel slaps her hand over the walkie, turns the volume down.

DAN (44) an exhausted stress and pack-a-day haggard Assistant Director teetering on the edge of an early heart attack, screams into a walkie that pipes into a loud speaker.

LOUD SPEAKER/ ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
Everyone settle and to their marks. Hold the work!

RACHEL
(on phone/hushed)
Sorry, what? She did? She meant we're filming everything *we can*. Hey. We're shooting. Gotta go.

She abruptly hangs up.

INT. HALLWAY BETWEEN CONTROL ROOM AND MANSION FLOOR

ALICIA is directing cameras in The Control room which opens to a hallway.

DAN, (A.D.) stands in the hallway so that he has an eye line to ALICIA and the entire CREW on the floor of the mansion.

RACHEL is on the floor and can SEE Dan and HEAR Alicia, as well as JEREMY, who oversees the camera crew.

RACHEL and ALICIA run the show, DAN is their mouthpiece to the crew via loudspeaker.

Dan (A.D) makes eye contact with the SOUND SUPERVISOR, who gives him a thumbs up.

LOUD SPEAKER/ DAN A.D.
Sound Speed!

INT. LIMO ONE -- MAGIC HOUR

ROSE warms up her opera voice, getting ready for her big entrance. PEPPER prays. AMRITA hands her glasses to Charles, while trying to ignore Rose's obnoxious singing.

EXT. FOREVER MANSION -- CONT.

The A.D. makes eye contact with the DP - thumbs up.

LOUD SPEAKER/ DAN A.D
Camera speed!

INT. LIMO TWO -- CONT.

Jay's pouring MORE CHAMPAGNE for Crystal while Shamika helps Athena with her extensions.

EXT. FOREVER MANSION -- MAGIC HOUR -- CONT.

The A.D. turns to Alicia.

LOUD SPEAKER/ DAN A.D
On your call, madame.

INT. LIMO THREE -- CONT.

ANNA
(to herself)
Radiant. Beautiful. Breathing.
Radiant.

FAITH
Lord! I'm sweating. Am I
sweating?

Indeed, her pantsuit has rings of sweat under the arms.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONT.

ALICIA
AND ACTION!

INT. LIMO ONE - CONT.

COURTNEY
They told me I should get out first.

Courtney muscles her way out of the limo into the light.

EXT. FOREVER MANSION -- MAGIC HOUR

Adam stands and greets the women as they exit the limo and come up come up one by one, fighting to make a first impression. We see ALL THE GIRLS but focus on:

* Courtney kisses his cheek passionately, he barely responds.

* Anna is sweet and demure, he offers her a stiff handshake.

* Mary's teddy bear clearly puzzles Adam, so she hides it behind her back as she passes him. Embarrassed.

* Crystal, dressed like a stripper at a prom, grabs Adam and plants a DEEP, SENSUAL kiss on him. He's completely turned off.

He is cold as ice and we can't tell if he's shy or aloof.

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- MAGIC HOUR

ALICIA
(annoyed/into walkie)
God. All the crap he put us through and the guy's a stiff?

EXT. FOREVER MANSION -- MAGIC HOUR

ALICIA
(over walkie/shouts)
He's sleepwalking! Rachel, Fix him!

Rachel, on the floor, hangs her head. God help her.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. MANSION -- DRIVEWAY -- NIGHT

Rachel pulls Crystal (the stripper) aside and quietly gives her some “advice” while pointing her towards Adam.

Crystal approaches Adam, whispers something, Adam looks alarmed. Charles watched Rachel work her magic. Whispers:

CHARLES
What did you get her to say to him?

RACHEL
That he’s coming off like a serial killer. Which really gets her hot.

CHARLES
And that’s supposed to warm him up?

RACHEL
Did you see his expression after she tried to eat his face? Making Crystal “hot” is the last thing he wants to do.

CHARLES
Genius.

INT. MANSION LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

They’re rolling as Adam walks in, raises a glass of champagne to the women milling about and semi charmingly:

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

ON RACHEL

Standing near camera again. Says half to herself:

RACHEL
Still not great. But I’d do him.

She realizes that the closest person to her was Jeremy. He shakes his head -- walks away.

Rachel winces, embarrassed. Then stops him. Awkward.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
That was work talk. I wouldn't. Do him.

JEREMY
(half teasing)
But if you did, it would be "no big deal."

He walks off. Rachel watches him, feeling something again despite herself.

EXT. MANSION PATIO -- POOL AREA -- NIGHT

Cameras rolling. The cocktail party is getting going, but Adam still wanders around a little awkwardly.

ADAM
Rachel, can we at least get some music or something?

RACHEL
Nope. It screws up the editing.

ADAM
How the hell are we supposed to have a party?

She gives him the international sign language for DRINK.

MONTAGE OF LIQUOR BEING POURED AND DRUNK.

MANY, MANY drinks are poured and consumed. Tequila shots taken, but Courtney and Anna are repeatedly refused service and drinks actually taken out of their hands.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

ALICIA
(into Walkie)
BORING! Let's start one-on-one time and get some action here. Rachel, gimme the money.

EXT. MANSION PATIO -- POOL AREA -- NIGHT

Inez is standing very near Faith. Sees an opportunity.

INEZ (OVER WALKIE)
I see Faith, I'll prep her.

RACHEL (INTO WALKIE)
No, I got it. Inez stand down.

But Inez has already started a B-line for Faith.

ANGLE ON

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

INEZ
Hi Faith! Inez...from the phone...

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

INEZ
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.

Inez gestures to Faith's huge fake boobs.

INEZ
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?

INEZ
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.

Inez sees Rachel approaching and rushes to close the deal.

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

FAITH
(freezes/mortified)
What?

INEZ
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?

INEZ
It was just.....

Faith starts crying, truly panicked now. Rachel hustles to get to her.

COURTNEY 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:

COURTNEY
It's like watching Bigfoot cry...

ON JEREMY, who sees Rachel and Faith. On instinct, he follows her with his steadicam. Adam has also noticed, and comes over too.

ADAM
Faith right? You okay?

Rachel and Jeremy meet eyes and he moves in, filming the exchange but also keeping a respectful distance.

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

Rachel shoots Adam a 'get the poor kid out of here' look.

ADAM
Can I steal you for a minute?

Faith looks at Rachel desperately.

RACHEL
Just relax, *no pressure*, you're fine. No pressure.

Faith nods, follows Adam off -- Jeremy right behind them. Rachel turn to Inez and whispers:

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Good going. Real smooth.

Rachel angrily moves off.

ON FAITH AND ADAM AT A GAZEBO ON THE PATIO

Faith sits into frame. Looks like a linebacker in lipstick. Her eyes are still red -- she's embarrassed.

FAITH
You know they changed it. CPR is compression only now. No mouth to mouth.

ADAM
No way. I didn't know that....

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

ALICIA
This is garbage! She's Godzilla in Sequins! Will somebody please get me something I can use!?

EXT. MANSION - GAZEBO - NIGHT

Quick cuts as Adam basically stays in the same place as Rachel, Charles and Jay rotate girls through, interrupting each other etc.

We also see that JEREMY AND RACHEL work seamlessly together. She barely signals him and he shoots what she wants... And there's a lot of close contact as they huddle behind the camera, lots of touching, etc. The heat between them is right there, ready to be stoked.

* Rose sings Opera, Adam's mortified. Charles loves it.

* Crystal strip dances, Adam stops her. Jay's bummed.

* Amrita, awkward silence finally says: "I went to Harvard."

* Courtney reads Adam's palm, working it something serious. She's both sexy and seemingly genuine. Adam finally smiles.

ON RACHEL

RACHEL
(into her walkie)
That last one wasn't so bad.

ALICIA
(over walkie)
It wasn't promo material. Rachel, where's my promo moment?! Don't tell me you lost your mojo.

INT. MANSION HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rachel finds Mary and pulls her aside.

RACHEL
Mary, how's it going?

Mary looks around nervously with a huge fake smile.

MARY
Are we on camera right now?

RACHEL
No.

MARY
No one can see or hear us at all?

RACHEL
Nope.

Mary's fake smile collapses into a frown and she FARTS LOUDLY, tugging at her Spanx as she does.

MARY
OMG, I'm sorry. My stomach's been killing me.

RACHEL
(laughs/genuine)
It's totally fine. Better?

Mary nods relieved. Rachel hands Mary a glass of champagne and DOWNS ONE HERSELF. LIQUID COURAGE for the task at hand.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
So how are you feeling about Adam so far?

MARY
(sarcastic)
Well, 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. No one will tell me -- how the hell old is he?

Rachel considers whether to be honest. Decides yes.

RACHEL
He's 29.

MARY
Oh my God. This is a set up. I'm the Old Desperate One--

RACHEL
Not at all! You're a total catch--

MARY
Please--

RACHEL
And he's completely open to you. He told me you made a real impression.

MARY
(stops/more vulnerable)
You really think Adam Conrad, 29 years old, is "open" to a perimenopausal woman and a kid.

Rachel takes a deep breath. Eye contact. Grabs Mary's hands. Achingly real.

RACHEL
I *know* so.

MARY
(suspicious)
And why should I believe *you*?

Rachel steels her nerves, holds Mary's gaze.

RACHEL
Because I looked into Lily Belle's eyes and swore I'd protect you.
(then)
And I'd have to be a sociopath to lie to a 4 year old.

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

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Listen, I know being a mom means the world to you and I'm telling you, it also makes you the most beautiful woman in the room.

Rachel hands Mary Mr. Whip Cream.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Go show him your heart. I'm serious. He's ready.

Mary takes this in. Considers:

MARY
(calculating)
And even if he's not -- how many of your viewers are my age? They'll love me. And with a kid? I'm a shoe-in to be the next bachelorette.

Rachel takes this in. Disappointed, despite herself.

Mary moves off, her whole demeanor different now. As soon as she's out of earshot, Rachel whispers into her walkie:

RACHEL (WALKIE)
I'm sending Mary in for one-on-one - Jeremy, pick her up when she crosses - NOW. She's perfectly primed! No-one stop her or speak a single word to her. Do not TOUCH her state of mind!

ANGLE ON ADAM WITH FAITH

As Mary comes over and interrupts:

MARY
I'm sorry to barge in like this, Faith. But could I borrow Adam?

FAITH
Sure, honey.

Mary makes deep eye contact with Adam. Says softly:

MARY
Hello handsome.

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

Alicia watches MARY on the monitor. She's crying a little, seeming way too intense for a first date.

MARY
...being a mother is the best thing in my life. And I want to share that with a man... My daughter, she asked me to give you this.

She hands Adam the bear. Adam takes it, looks a little freaked out. Alicia BANGS the table. Says into the walkie:

ALICIA
That's what I'm talking about.

EXT. FOREVER MANSION -- NEAR THE GAZEBO -- DAY

Rachel stares off into space, vaguely in the direction of Adam and Mary, chewing on her thumb cuticles viciously. Jeremy sees her. Hands off to another camera.

JEREMY
How you doing?

She just looks at him. Shakes her head. He takes her hands in his. Holds them up so she can see the damage she's doing to herself. Says gently:

JEREMY (CONT'D)
Seriously. Why are you back? I think it's safe to say this gig isn't good for you.

Then Rachel notices that HIS knuckles are scabbed and bruised. She takes his hand, exams it.

RACHEL
Says the guy who's been hitting walls.

JEREMY
Boxing. Which doesn't cause stress, it relieves it.

RACHEL
Bare-fisted boxing?

JEREMY
(caught/admits)
There may have been a slight altercation with some wannabe skinheads at Zuma beach.

RACHEL
(teasing)
See? I eat my stress. You go all He-Man. We could never work.

JEREMY
The only reason we didn't work is 'cause you're an idiot.

They stand there like that for a moment. Touching hands. Totally back where they left off, hot for each other and connected. But she can't. She pulls her hands away.

RACHEL
I can't do this right now. I so don't have time to cry.

She moves off and Jeremy hoists a huge camera onto his shoulder and shakes his head.

EXT. FOREVER MANSION -- GAZEBO -- NIGHT

Now Adam sits across from Anna. She's very beautiful and elegant -- but smiling way too hard. Super nervous.

ANNA
So after I graduated from law school I--

She notices that Adam has a tiny piece of CORN in his teeth.

ANNA (CONT'D)
(indicates teeth)
Corn or something. Sorry if that's gross. But you are the Groom and you might kiss a lot of girls tonight. Hahahahahahahaha....

Way too much of a laugh. Very weird. He's clearly put off.

EXT. MANSION -- GAZEBO -- NIGHT

Now GRACE is sitting across from Adam. They both glow -- the attraction is obvious. Even though they've "never met."

Suddenly all of Adam's reserve melts away and he is Fucking *Prince Charming*.

ADAM
I think I heard you like to surf.
We should do that while we're here.

GRACE
Oh, yeah. That's how I got into designing swim wear. My bikini kept falling off--
(laughs)
God. That's not a line. I swear!

ADAM
Okay. Wow.
(smooth)
I'm kind of stiff from all the sitting. Want to take a walk?

INT. CONTROL BOOTH -- NIGHT

Alicia is alarmed, walkies Rachel.

ALICIA
Rachel!

EXT. NEAR GAZEBO NIGHT

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

INT. ADAM'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Rachel pulls him inside, shuts the door.

She's close to hitting a wall. Looks haggard and exhausted. She turns on all the sinks and a hair dryer.

Adam is profoundly confused, a little nervous. He jokes:

ADAM
If you're coming on to me now I'm seriously going to be weirded out.

RACHEL
There are hot mics all over this place. Just so you know.
(then)
You can't do that.

ADAM
What?

RACHEL
The first time we get *anything* resembling charisma off you -- it's only for Grace?

ADAM
You wanted me to like her!

RACHEL
Yeah, Episode 5, 6. But you still have to get into some of the others. It has to be a horse race!

ADAM
You're saying I can't be attracted to the girl I'm attracted to?

RACHEL
Not yet! Jesus... You're not stupid, don't pretend like you are.

Adam paces. Frustrated. Upset.

ADAM
This is exactly what I was talking about, but it's even worse than I thought. I can't be that fake, I don't have it in me. What's stopping me from getting Grace's number and walking out right now?

RACHEL
(hard)
We have footage on you, and you better believe Alicia will find a way to use it. If you walk now you'll be that snobby douche who thought he was too good for all the girls. The tabloids will eat it up.

Adam takes this in. Fuck. Then:

ADAM
I can't just play their game. I'll go nuts.

RACHEL
Yeah. I know.
(thinks/then)
(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Thing is, you *have to* play their game. But you can play *your* own game too.

ADAM
I don’t get you.

RACHEL
Wanna do something that will flip Alicia the fuck out?

EXT. MANSION -- GREAT ROOM -- NIGHT

The Art Department puts finishing touches on the JEWEL CEREMONY, placing all the pins on the podium as the GAFFER adjusts the SPECIAL LIGHT that makes them sparkle.

Everyone’s exhausted. The crew is yawning.

LOUD SPEAKER/ ASSITANT DIRECTOR
Last looks!

ALICIA (O.C.)
Looks good. Let's do this!

LOUD SPEAKER/ DAN ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
32 minutes to sunrise.

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

LOUD SPEAKER/ ASSITANT DIRECTOR
Everyone back to their marks!

Everyone moves back into position.

LOUD SPEAKER
Sound speed! Camera speed! On your call madame.

ALICIA (O.C.)
(over walkie)
ACTION!

The camera pushes in on the host who addresses the girls.

HOST
Ladies, as you know, five of you will be going home tonight. Adam. Are you ready?

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

Adam and Rachel exchange a tiny smile.

INT. CONTROL BOOTH -- NIGHT

Jay, Inez and Alicia watch -- all a little punchy.

ADAM (O.C.)
Crystal... Will you wear this jewel?

JAY
Yes! My stripper! Boom!

INEZ
Whatever, she's gone in 3 episodes.

ADAM (O.C.)
Mary, will you wear this jewel?

Madison enters the control room. Chet intercepts her.

CHET
Hey cutie, why aren't you out there waiting for a pin?

MADISON
(gets it/nervous)
Oh, I'm not a contestant, I work here.

CHET
Then relax.....

Chet puts his arm around Madison's shoulders

CHET (CONT'D)
You work for me!

Alicia notices this flirtation and is not amused.

ALICIA
Can I help you?

MADISON
(sheepish)
I'm guessing y'all aren't the people I ask about a glue gun?

ALICIA
(stone cold)
We are not.

Chet and Jay check out Madison's ass as she leaves, shaking their heads with pleasure. Alicia's eyes narrow to slits.

INT. MANSION -- GREAT ROOM -- NIGHT

The ceremony has progressed. Five of the girls have pins. Our four -- ANNA, FAITH, COURTNEY AND GRACE -- are still waiting. Getting a nervous. Then:

ADAM
Grace. Will you wear this jewel?

Grace beams. Moves to Adam.

GRACE
I will. Thank you.

He smiles, PINS it on her dress. Grace comes back into line. She's standing near ANNA. Smiling. Then her smile falls. She whispers to Anna:

GRACE (CONT'D)
Oh. God. I have corn in my teeth.
Could they see it on camera?

ANNA
No. You're fine. He's into you.
I totally blew it--

Anna suddenly stops. A LIGHT BULB GOES OFF.

ANNA (CONT'D)
You had corn for dinner?

Grace just nods. Then:

ANNA (CONT'D)
Stop! Cut!
(shrill)
Rachel! Where's Rachel!

Everyone reacts. HIGHLY unorthodox.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

Anna and Rachel are huddled in a corner. Talking in urgent, hushed tones:

ANNA (CONT'D)
Adam and Grace ate dinner together, right? No wonder they're so cozy.

RACHEL
What?

ANNA
Only the crew had corn. But somehow -- Adam and Grace both have it in their teeth. And Grace disappeared for half an hour. I'm a *lawyer*, okay?

RACHEL
Okay Clarence Darrow. Calm down--

ANNA
That's against the rules. That's *breach of contract*--

RACHEL
What do you want, Anna?

Anna calculates. Thinks... Then:

ANNA
If she got to have dinner with him, I want to bring him a pie.

Rachel takes this in. Then deadpans:

RACHEL
A pie.

ANNA
A Goddamn *pie*.

Inez moves in, pulls Rachel aside. Beside herself.

INEZ
What the hell?! You can't just stop the ceremony. Not *tonight*. We're 20 minutes until sunrise.

A beat. Rachel considers. Then calls out:

RACHEL
Somebody get me a pie!

EXT. OUTDOOR COUCH NEAR OUTDOOR FIREPLACE -- NIGHT

Anna carries the pie, Adam leads her to outdoor couch/ fireplace. Rachel HIDES IN A BUSH directing them where to go.

ANNA
I'm sorry, I know this is a little weird, I just felt like you hadn't gotten a clear sense of me... I was pretty nervous...

Adam is confused but trying to be polite.

ADAM
It's OK, this whole situation is a little weird.

The other women watch them like sucker-fish in an aquarium.

ADAM (CONT'D)
It's kind of ridiculous that they have you guys compete over me like this.

ANNA
(laughs)
You signed up for the show.

ADAM
I know. But, honestly, it was kind of on a whim. I mean I'd seen it here and there but...

Anna looks perplexed and then embarrassed. She blurts:

ANNA
Oh my God, I've seen every episode. Twice.
(off his look)
I'm sorry. This was stupid I'll just go back in...

Adam see's she's genuinely humiliated. He grabs her hand.

ADAM
No wait.
(nods to the pie)
Now that we're here....

He motions to the couch. She sits, settles, feeds him a fork full of pie. They both laugh, genuine. A nice moment.

ON RACHEL

Who smiles to herself.

INT. GREAT ROOM - CEREMONY NIGHT -- NIGHT

Later. Adam stares down at the podium, only THREE GIRLS and two JEWELS left. The camera shoots ANNA's tense face and FAITH's defeated, bracing-herself-to-get-dumped, face. COURTNEY looks calmer.

Adam takes a deep breath.

ADAM
Anna.

Anna blushes and comes forward.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Anna Esquire, will you accept this pin?

ANNA
Yes, your honor, I will.

Adam looks down at the last remaining diamond pin. Faith looks ill, humiliated tears welling up in her big, false eye-lashed eyes. Adam takes another deep breath, sighs.

ADAM
Faith.

She looks around to make sure she heard right.

FAITH
Really?

He smiles at her, nods. Faith, giggling and grinning, lumbers up struggling against pant-suit and spanx.

ADAM
Faith. Will you accept my pin?

FAITH
(almost whoooping)
Yes! Yes I will!

Adam shoots a triumphant glance at Rachel who returns his smile. Gives him a subtle thumbs up. COURTNEY FREAKS OUT.

Charles signals to a camera guy, says urgently:

CHARLES
Loser cam! Get in on Courtney! She's going to blow.

But Alicia, FURIOUS, bursts into the ceremony.

ALICIA
Hold on. Hold on!

Alicia pulls Rachel aside. Adam follows them.

ALICIA (CONT'D)
You *will* undo this! Who's going to open Act 5? Who's our drama queen? I'm playing ball and he's screwing me--

ADAM
I just did what I felt. In my heart.

Adam and Alicia face off like two rams locking horns. Rachel gets between them, pulls Alicia back.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERVIEW SETUP -- NIGHT

Rachel is doing tequila shots with Courtney on the grass. Courtney is trying to get to her feet, almost falls.

RACHEL
Listen, if you walk off now THEY get the last word. Is that what you want?

Rachel helps the very drunk Courtney up, escorts her to an interview setup.

FOOTAGE WITH TIMECODE ON MONITORS

COURTNEY
That girl is FUGLY so if he wants to keep her then I don't even want to stay because I am so far out of these bitches leagues that I can't even see them.

RACHEL (OFF CAMERA)
But... Who wants YOU?

COURTNEY
What do you mean?

Rachel tortures Courtney with silence. A long beat, then:

COURTNEY (CONT'D)
Nobody wants me.

Courtney burst into tears mascara spurting down her cheeks.

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- MORNING

The FOOTAGE we just saw is frozen on a monitor in the background as Alicia talks to Eddie, the editor.

ALICIA
Okay fine. That's our new Act Five opener. The dragon's baaaack.

Alicia is happy to be proved wrong. The footage is great.

FADE TO:

EXT. "FOREVER" MANSION -- MALIBU -- DAY

The exhausted but proud crew packs up their equipment as THE SUN RISES.

RACHEL wanders toward catering. Passes a bunch of people drinking, smoking weed, celebrating wrap. They still react a bit strangely to her, avoiding eye contact, etc. Day is night, night is day. Everything is upside down but, still, there's an air of camaraderie and begrudging joy in a job well done. People pat each other on the back and bro hug.

Madison sits on a stone wall flirting with Chet, and Alicia can see them.

When Inez walks by, Chet playfully tries to grab her too but Inez pushes him off and pulls Madison away, making sure Alicia notices what she's doing.

INEZ
Come learn walkie check-ins.

MADISON
OK! Can I ask you a question?

INEZ
(semi-annoyed)
Sure.

MADISON
Rachel seems really good at her job. Why is everyone so weirded out by her?

INEZ
(laughs)
You really haven't seen it?

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- MORNING

FOOTAGE PLAYS ON MONITORS:

EXT. BLUFFS AT THE MANSION- SUNSET.

A couple in formal attire stands on an elaborately decorated platform drinking champagne, talking intensely. The lighting is perfect, the camera moves are perfect. This is the moment the entire show's been leading up to. Both are very nervous. He's about to either dump her or propose.

THE GUY
The last 8 weeks have been the best of my life.....

THE GIRL
Me too.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, a sunburned, drunk Rachel stumbles into the scene, hiking up her stretched out jeggings and grannie panties.

RACHEL
I'm done. I'm done.

Alicia is chasing Rachel but Chet holds her back, bemused.

CHET
Wait, wait... This is gonna be good.

Rachel addresses the couple.

RACHEL
Sorry, sorry you guys ...

They laugh nervously and look around. The whole crew is laughing nervously. Rachel addresses the crew at large.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Hey, you guys, can I tell you guys something?

She is fumbling around with her walkie mic, trying to talk into it while simultaneously ripping the wires off her body.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Check check? OK, so you guys... you guys.. you guys... ?? I just found my first grey hair.

CREW CROWD
Booo! Boring! Show us your tits!

RACHEL
And it wasn't on my head.

Rachel triumphantly thrust her hand up, holding ONE GREY PUBIC HAIR, like a trophy.

CREW CROWD
Ewwwww! Gross!!

RACHEL
(battle cry)
I am a WRITER!!!

Charles runs up and pulls her off the platform. She wrestles out of his grasp, stumbling backwards, popping and locking into an disastrously epileptic version of the HARLEM SHAKE.

She sings/raps/claps the refrain from Lil Mama's 'Lipgloss.':

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Whatcu know bout me, whatchu whatchu know bout me!!?

People film on iPhones and laugh. Now Rachel turns to the couple and grabs The Girl. Turning suddenly emotional:

RACHEL (CONT'D)
You are somebody's child.

Alicia wrestles away from Chet and runs towards them.

ALICIA
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.

Rachel yells at the crowd.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
This job is Satan's Asshole! I quit!

The Girl shoves The Guy and runs towards the beach. People are scrambling everywhere.

Rachel runs towards the driveway to a $1m Aston Martin Convertible waiting with keys in ignition.

Jeremy chases after her, grabs for the keys.

JEREMY
Rachel, you are way too drunk--

She stops, momentarily lucid and vulnerable. Looks into Jeremy's eyes.

RACHEL
My life wasn't supposed to be like this.

Jeremy stops, very vulnerable too.

JEREMY
Listen to me. I want to get you out of here.

(In the far-far-away, never-let-anything-hurt you kinda way.)

Off camera some crew guy yells mockingly.

CREW GUY (O.C)
Whatchu want us to know Rachel!?

The crazy lava boils back up inside her, she grabs the keys from Jeremy, flips everyone the bird screaming:

RACHEL
GOOOOGLE ME!!

She peels out, leaves Jeremy in the dust, fishtails onto the PCH.

BACK TO THE CONTROL ROOM

A crowd has gathered around the monitors.

None of them see that RACHEL has entered. She stands back of the room, staring blankly, disassociated from her body.

Then Alicia enters. Sees what's going on. Gets angry:

ALICIA
Shut it down, Eddie.

Eddie abruptly stops the footage.

ALICIA (CONT'D)
What? None of you ever had a bad day? Get the hell out.

Everyone scurries guiltily away. After they're gone, Rachel turns to Alicia:

RACHEL
You didn't have to do that.

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

RACHEL
OK, 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 service and therapy.
(playfully flips her hair)
Hurts to be *this* fabulous.

ALICIA
You actually don't. I handled it.

RACHEL
What? The DUI? Reckless endangerment... That stuff can't be "handled."

Alicia holds up her hand like the Pope, shaking her head.

ALICIA
And yet -- it's handled.

RACHEL
(cautious)
Alicia. The therapy, is actually kind of... helping...

ALICIA
You're *fine*. And besides, you have therapy here.

Dr. Wagerstien waves from the corner, where she's meditating. Rachel looks worried.

ALICIA (CONT'D)
I need my dragon well rested.

RACHEL
(a bit sheepish)
If you *really* want me well-rested... What about dropping the charges? I mean, you're the one pressing grand theft auto. Knowing I won't be going to jail would definitely help me sleep.

ALICIA
(with exaggerated concern)
Look, I care about you. How can I drop the charges until I know you can show up and be responsible? That you've learned from all this?

RACHEL
So it's concern. Because sometimes it seems a little like blackmail.

ALICIA
No. Blackmail would be threatening to call your mother, Chairman of -- what is it again?

RACHEL
Stanford school of Psychiatry.

ALICIA
Right...and tell her your whole sordid story. I'm sure she'd be impressed.

Rachel's eyes widen at the thought of telling her very intimidating and accomplished mother what she's done.

RACHEL
Thank you. I see the difference. You're just trying to help.

ALICIA
(case closed/moving on)
So. Since you also appear to be the only human alive who can control Adam Conrad -- you just got yourself a promoted.

RACHEL
What?

Alicia hands her a folder.

ALICIA
Private jet crew. With me and Chet and Jeremy. We fly in 8 hours. Get some sleep.

RACHEL
What about Inez? She wants to travel.

ALICIA
What do *you* care about Inez?

Rachel shrugs. Alicia grabs her shoulders.

ALICIA (CONT'D)
That bleeding heart is going to kill you, but let's see if we can't make some use of it before it does.

Rachel stares at her blankly.

ALICIA (CONT'D)
You're welcome.

EXT. FOREVER MANSION -- EARLY MORNING

Rachel, dazed, walks out into the early morning light- she recognizes TOMMY (60) a haggard old grip, ex-Hells Angel, wearing a back brace as he loads heavy cable into a truck. He looks her up and down, says sarcastically:

TOMMY
Tough night?

RACHEL
I don't know Tommy....

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Still beats a desk job any day.

TOMMY *
Still beats a desk job any day. *

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Right?

Tommy gives her a bear hug and a pat on the back, they both smile wryly and roll their eyes. This is obviously something people say around her, but neither of them are convinced.

MONTAGE/SONG BEGINS

EXT. FOREVER MANSION -- NIGHT

The exhausted, bedraggled, still drunk, mascara-smeared, barefoot (but still wearing evening gowns) girls drag their enormous roller bags out of minivans and move into “The Ladies Mansion” as Inez instructs them where to go. Faith looks around bedazzled while Anna inspects the fridge.

EXT. BEACH IN FRONT OF MANSION - EARLY MORNING

Wide shot of Adam carrying a surfboard, his phone rings, he throws it down on his towel, runs into the surf. Rack focus to phone in foreground - incoming call - “Dad”

INT. JAY’S APARTMENT -- EARLY MORNING

Jay sneaks CRYSTAL (the stripper) into his bedroom.

EXT. CHET’S HOUSE -- EARLY MORNING

Chet's personal assistant/driver pulls Chet's Mercedes C Class into the drive way of his 'North of Montana' home. Chet takes the last drag off a blunt, extinguishes it in a wheatgrass shot just as his wife and kids come out the front door on their way to school. Daddy!

EXT. JEREMY’S HOUSE -- EARLY MORNING

The garage door is open to Jeremy’s small valley home. The inside is a make-shift gym. And Jeremy, shirtless, goes at it on the PUNCHING BAG. Has a lot of pent up...stuff.

EXT. PCH - EARLY MORNING.

A hot young male PA drives Alicia’s Volvo SUV along the PCH. They pass a group of community service workers

EXT. PCH - EARLY MORNING

WE MOVE ACROSS A ROW of “community service” workers on the side of the highway, all in their orange vests.

Finally we come to rest on MADISON. Also in a vest. She shows her ID to the CORRECTIONS OFFICER

CORRECTIONS OFFICER
Rachel Goldberg. B crew.

He hands her a plastic bag and gloves - she picks up trash.

We see Alicia pass by in her SUV and put her sunglasses on.

INT. MANSION -- HALL/BEDROOM -- EARLY MORNING

Rachel carries AN ENTIRE TRAY of cold mac and cheese, a plastic fork, salt shaker and roll of paper towels as she heads down the hall.

She enters a bedroom filled with all kinds of equipment and plops on a foam 'bed' on the floor and proceeds to gorge herself, her eyes glazing over with a soothing carb rush more and more with every bite.

Camera dollies to reveal, that she's eating while staring up at a wall of personal monitors playing live surveillance footage of the girls moving into "The Ladies Mansion."

ON MONITORS:

We see Anna go into one of the bathrooms sticks a FINGER DOWN HER THROAT and make herself barf.

ON ANOTHER MONITOR

We see GRACE sneaking out a side door.

A South American girl pulls up in a Jeep, gets out, hands Grace a duffle bag and a cell phone kisses her cheek and pulls away.

Rachel swallows hard. Wishing she hadn't seen it.

END OF SHOW *