

MIRROR, MIRROR

FADE IN:

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - NIGHT

JOHN VINCENT, early forties, works late. The glow of the Los Angeles skyline behind him. He types, focused on his work. Impossibly handsome. Intense good looks under messy pepper hair.

EMMA (O.S.)

I think your midnight oil needs a refill.

Silhouetted in the doorway, EMMA MARSHALL, early thirties, has curves in all the right places. She leans against the door frame like a stripper pole.

JOHN

Jessica...

EMMA

Don't say my name... unless you're planning to moan it later.

She enters, LOCKS the door behind her. Her hair cascades down in a sexy plunge of auburn. Beyond gorgeous. Sex personified.

She pops open a button on her blouse, giving John a tease of cleavage.

JOHN

What's this?

EMMA

A private meeting. Thought you could pencil me in.

JOHN

You know we can't do this. I'm married. You're married.

EMMA

Don't let a little old ring get in the way of what Mother Nature intended.

She hops on the desk. Pushes papers aside.

John rolls his chair back. Unsure.

JOHN

But Jessica... my wife...

She grabs his tie. Pulls him toward her waiting mouth.

JOHN (cont'd)
Jessica... I...

She yanks him in for a kiss. Then stops. Her eyes open.

EMMA
(annoyed)
Yeah?

JOHN
I... line?

Emma pushes him away. Her accent returns to normal: working-class British.

EMMA
Bloody hell.

GEOFF (O.S.)
And cut! What the fuck, John? Five times?

Lights come on. Cameras stop rolling. The fourth wall of the office is revealed--

INT. MOVIE SET - DAY

CREW MEMBERS groan with frustration and prepare another take.

GEOFF, a young director with a pretentious goatee, storms over, script in hand.

GEOFF
It's the goddamn title of the movie.
(reads)
"Jessica... we're talking blatant infidelity!"

JOHN
Blatant infidelity. Right.

GEOFF
(to the crew)
Alright, people. Take five. Someone get John a fucking Red Bull.

EMMA
Any feedback for me, love?

GEOFF

Perfect as always. The screen smolders, baby.

EMMA

It feels like my wig is shifting.

GEOFF

Can someone fix Miss Marshall's wig? Today, people!

Emma struts across the set. Sits in a canvas chair with gold lettering that spells "Emma Marshall." It's clear she's the star attraction.

A cute, perky hair stylist, JENNY, bounces over. Adjusts Emma's hair. She talks a mile a minute, hands moving as quick as her mouth.

JENNY

You were great, Miss Marshall. Of course, you're always great. My daughter loves you.

EMMA

Please, call me Emma.

JENNY

(star-struck)

Okay... Emma.

AT THE EDGE OF THE SET

In darkness, a WOMAN watches Emma. Only her eyes visible from the shadows.

BACK WITH EMMA

Jenny locks hair in place.

JENNY (cont'd)

There, that should do it.

EMMA

Don't go far. We're about to shag like bunnies... if Romeo can ever remember his bloody lines.

Emma walks back on set. Converses with Geoff.

Jenny watches her go. Puts brushes away.

The woman in darkness steps from behind. Face out of focus. But the red hair and clothing make her Emma's twin.

LAUREN (O.S.)

Got a moment?

Jenny spins around, startled.

At first glance, it's Emma. But something is slightly off. The eyes are darker. Face not quite as beautiful. But she could be Emma's twin with a little work.

LAUREN WATERS, early thirties, smiles with far too many teeth.

JENNY

Shit, you scared me.

LAUREN

I thought you could fix my wig if you're not too busy with her royal highness.

JENNY

Of course. Lauren, right?

Lauren turns on the Southern charm. Little Miss Innocent. Like she stepped from a classic TV sitcom.

LAUREN

You remembered. Ain't you the sweetest?

JENNY

I better remember your name. You're Emma's new stand-in. Kind of an important job.

LAUREN

Ah, so it's Emma now? What happened to Miss Marshall?

JENNY

She told me to call her--

LAUREN

--Whatever. If you think it's a blast and a half to call her by her first name, knock yourself out.

JENNY

Take a seat.

Lauren tries to sit in Emma's chair. Jenny grabs her arm.

JENNY (cont'd)
Not there. What are you, crazy?

Lauren freezes. Her forehead vein looks ready to pop. The corners of her mouth begin to quiver.

She forces a smile, charm returning.

LAUREN
Silly me.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT (O.S.)
Emma's stand-in to set, please. We need to set the lights.

LAUREN
(sweet as pie)
Just a minute, hon.

Jenny leads her to an empty chair. She goes to work with expert technique.

Lauren watches Emma on set. Doesn't blink.

JENNY
Must be glamorous getting all the same costumes, make-up, hair.

Lauren smiles as big as an old-time movie star.

LAUREN
It's a dream.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE

Lauren stands amidst a sea of crew. Light placement checked. Microphones tested.

The PRODUCTION ASSISTANT, a spunky girl in her twenties, grabs Lauren's arm. She always speaks through a wad of gum.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
Two inches left, please.

Lauren complies. Stage-light in her eyes. Sparkling.

LAUREN
How do I look?

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
 (too busy to care)
 One inch right.

LAUREN
 Do I look pretty?

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
 You look like Emma Marshall. It's
 your job to look pretty.

The film set melts away. VOICES of the crew fade to nothing.

EXT. RED CARPET - NIGHT - DREAM SEQUENCE

Lauren poses on the red carpet. Smiles as a hundred
 flashbulbs blind her. Paparazzi SCREAM for her attention.

VARIOUS PAPARAZZI (O.S.)
 Lauren! Over here! You look
 gorgeous, Lauren! This way!

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - NIGHT - END DREAM SEQUENCE

The Production Assistant grabs her arm. Pulls her back to
 reality.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
 I said this way. Three inches
 right. You've got a job, now do it.

LAUREN
 Oh. Of course.

EXT. MOVIE SET - DAY

The CREW exits. The Hollywood Sign in the distance.

Emma exits, arm-in-arm with Geoff. Red wig gone, her hair
 back to its trendy blond bob. They exchange light, European
 kisses on each cheek.

GEOFF
 You were fabulous, Emma. Truly
 fabulous. Do it again tomorrow?

EMMA
 You know it, love.

A VALET DRIVER climbs out of Emma's sporty Aston Martin.

EMMA (cont'd)
Thanks, Jimmy. You're the best.

VALET DRIVER
My pleasure, Miss Marshall.

INT. EMMA'S ASTON MARTIN - DAY

Emma climbs in. Fastens her seat belt.

She puts the car in drive. Presses on the gas... then BRAKES.

Lauren stands in front of the car, knees kissing the front bumper. Red wig gone, too. Brown hair up in a messy, librarian bun.

She smiles at Emma. Emma SIGHS, rolls down her window.

EMMA
Hello, Lauren.

Lauren skips around. Leans in the window.

LAUREN
Hi, Emma. Headed home?

EMMA
Thought I might. It's a lovely destination, this being the end of the day.

Lauren LAUGHS. Way too loud.

LAUREN
Dang, you're funny. Guess what? I got an audition tomorrow night.

EMMA
Really? That's wonderful.

LAUREN
"Guiding Light". It's not a big part, but it's something.

EMMA
Best of luck. Honestly.

LAUREN
You probably know a lot of people. Heck, you probably know everyone in this town. Do you think you could put in a good word for me?

EMMA

I could... but I want you to think of what it would mean if you got the part all on your own. Wouldn't that be best?

LAUREN

I guess.

EMMA

Besides, I'm not too keen on losing the best stand-in I've ever had. It's not everyday we find someone that looks just like me... brilliant odds, those are.

Lauren hangs her head. Dejected, but the smile remains.

Emma impatiently taps the steering wheel. Seeing no other way out...

EMMA (cont'd)

Any plans tonight?

LAUREN

That's mighty sweet of you to ask. But no, Steve and I are boring. Another night at the homestead.

EMMA

Nothing better than an evening with the bloke you love.

LAUREN

I guess you're right.

EMMA

Well... have a nice evening.

LAUREN

See you tomorrow!

EXT. MOVIE SET - DAY

Emma speeds away.

Lauren watches her go. Smile as big as the moon.

INT. EMMA'S ASTON MARTIN - DAY

As she drives, Emma glances in the rear-view mirror.

Sees Lauren watching her, grinning like an idiot.

Emma SIGHS.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - EVENING

Emma's car climbs into the Hollywood Hills. Huge houses cling to the hillside.

The sun sets on Los Angeles.

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Emma pulls past iron gates and curves up a giant driveway. Her mansion looms ahead.

Modern. Classy. Surrounded by trees offering privacy for the super rich. Two Venus statues flank the huge entry door.

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Emma enters. A gorgeous marble staircase before her. To her left, an archway leads to a classic sitting room with an enormous fireplace. Two Oscars stand on the mantle.

Framed movie posters adorn the walls. All with Emma as the main focus. In one, she stands defiant at the edge of a desert. The title reads: "Emma Marshall in African Storm".

EMMA

I'm home!

No answer. Her voice echoes off the crown-molding.

INT. CHLOE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A little girl's bedroom, with every toy she could possibly want. Ponies and princesses from floor to ceiling.

Emma goes to the bed. Sits next to her daughter, CHLOE, 8. Cute as a ladybug, sleeping soundly. In her arm, an orange KITTEN purrs softly.

Emma brushes the girl's hair from her face. Kisses her forehead.

EMMA

Sleep tight, my little princess.

INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emma steps in the bedroom entrance. Looks around. Faint light invades from the hallway.

On the vanity, a framed PHOTO of a little blond girl. Out of focus, and slightly faded with time.

On a wall, a baseball card blown up as big as a poster. The picture captures a handsome baseball player, mid-swing. Block lettering reads: BRIAN MARSHALL.

INT. EMMA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

BRIAN MARSHALL, late thirties, pours wine into matching glasses. As handsome as his baseball picture. A real man with all the muscle from his ball-playing days.

EMMA (O.S.)

You put Chloe to bed early.

Brian looks up. Emma leans against the kitchen entrance like a stripper pole. A move she's used before.

BRIAN

I put some sleeping pills in her pudding. A jack-hammer couldn't wake her.

EMMA

Planning some late-night construction, are you?

BRIAN

Maybe. Depends what I can get my hands on.

EMMA

Gentle wood-working... or industrial pounding?

BRIAN

Little of both.

EMMA

(intrigued)
Really?

BRIAN
She's a bitch of a project. Gotta
do things just right to achieve
completion.

She saunters over, unbuttoning her blouse as she goes. He
hands her a wine glass. They CLINK. Drink.

BRIAN (cont'd)
So, your love scene... will it make
me insanely jealous?

EMMA
Didn't happen.

BRIAN
Couldn't get his courage up?

EMMA
More like he couldn't remember the
right words to get my knickers off.

BRIAN
Ah. The Da Vinci Code of panty
removal.

EMMA
Shouldn't be a problem for you. You
know the word.

She puts the glass down. Approaches him with effortless
sensuality.

BRIAN
Do I?

EMMA
Take a guess.

Brian puts his glass down. Approaches her.

BRIAN
Now.

EMMA
Good enough.

They fall into each other's lips.

LATER

They make love on the kitchen table. The sweaty, passionate
love of a married couple with all the right moves.

INT. METRO BUS - NIGHT

A bus heads into the LA suburbs. Passengers packed in like sardines.

Lauren bounces along with a pleasant smile. She sits next to an OLD LADY. Probably homeless, with three too many coats.

The old lady COUGHS. As if pulling phlegm from the deepest corners of her lungs. A truly disgusting display.

Lauren cringes. Her smile cracks for a moment. Her eye begins to twinge.

The smile returns. Lauren's eyes glaze over... as she retreats back inside her mind.

EXT. LAUREN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The bus pulls away in a cloud of exhaust. Lauren looks at her house, a quaint single-family home on a pleasant tree-lined street.

She walks toward the front door. A gentle path cuts through a perfectly-manicured lawn. Fresh tulips grow along the path and in wooden window boxes.

At the bright red front door, Lauren glances at the house numbers: 2925. The first 2 is slightly askew.

Lauren straightens it. Smiles.

INT. LAUREN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

As cute as a house from the 1950's. Furniture covered in plastic. Dozens of angel curios inside a glass cabinet. Paintings of cats throughout.

On the fireplace mantle, a framed photo of Lauren and Emma on the set of Blatant Infidelity. Lauren has her arm around the star, all smiles. Emma looks less than enthused.

Lauren sits at the dinner table. A balanced meal of meatloaf, mashed potatoes, and peas in front of her. Back perfectly straight, she digs into the meal. The CLINK CLANK of silverware on China echoes around the quiet home.

LAUREN

Yummy. Adding Velveeta was the right idea.

Her husband, STEVE, mumbles agreement from the end of the table. His face in shadows. Only the top of his head visible.

LAUREN (cont'd)

A great day, thank you for asking.
Spoke to Emma at least a dozen
times. She even asked how we were
doing! Imagine that. Woman's richer
than God but she clearly cares
about the little people.

Lauren swallows a perfectly-sized portion of potatoes.

LAUREN (cont'd)

I've got an audition tomorrow. It's
only a soap, but it could lead to
something better. Mary had that
guest spot on "Guiding Light"...
next thing you know, she's a corpse
on "CSI". I'd kill to be on a show
like that... even if it's just as a
dead body.

Two peas, skewered on the end of her fork.

LAUREN (cont'd)

Can't be a star if I'm doubling
Emma Marshall for the rest of my
life. Right, hon?

More mumbled agreement from the other end.

Lauren puts her knife and fork on her plate. She's hardly
eaten a thing.

LAUREN (cont'd)

Well, that's it for me. Gal's gotta
watch her figure.

Lauren stands. Takes her plate toward the kitchen.

She pauses next to Steve.

LAUREN (cont'd)

You done?

No answer. Lauren leans down, kisses the top of his head.

LAUREN (cont'd)

Of course you are.

She removes his plate.

LATER

Lauren curls up on the couch. Flips through TV channels.

She stops on an entertainment news show. Emma Marshall's smiling face stares back.

ANNOUNCER (FROM TV)

...Marshall. Two-time Oscar winner. Her last seven films combined have earned over a billion dollars. Simply put, there is no bigger star anywhere in the world.

Young photos of Emma. On stage in college. Posing with friends as a teenager.

ANNOUNCER (FROM TV) (cont'd)

Born and raised in Avebury, England, Emma Neilson conquered the British box office by the age of eighteen. Her break-out American role was in "Little Lies" for which she earned her first Oscar nomination. More hits followed, an eclectic mix of period pieces, action blockbusters, and hard-hitting thrillers.

Clips from Emma's best-known films play. Lauren leans forward, clutching her remote with excited hands.

ANNOUNCER (FROM TV) (cont'd)

After marrying former Braves Left Fielder Brian Marshall, and raising their daughter, Chloe, Emma has cut back her schedule to focus more on family. Still, her box office streak continues, and I'm sure we'll see her ruling the red carpet at this week's National Arts Awards.

Shaky footage of a red carpet, with Emma and Brian walking, arm-in-arm.

Lauren gets so excited, her eyes fill with tears. She holds the remote close to her heart.

EXT. MOVIE SET - DAY

Morning. Assistants rush in with fresh coffee.

INT. MOVIE SET - DAY

John sits at a mirror ringed with light-bulbs. MAKE-UP ARTISTS touch him up.

Geoff looms over his shoulder.

GEOFF
How's my stud? You get a good
night's sleep?

JOHN
The best.

GEOFF
And the scene today? You--

JOHN
--have the lines down to
perfection. No more delays.

GEOFF
You promise?

John holds up Spock's Vulcan salute.

JOHN
Scout's honor.

GEOFF
(rolls his eyes)
Jesus Fuck-me Christ.

WITH EMMA

Like John, Emma endures the make-up session. An effeminate make-up artist, FABIAN, carefully applies mascara.

FABIAN
Touch-ups all done, Miss Emma.

Emma looks at herself in the mirror. Likes what she sees.

EMMA
Magic, Fabian. Pure magic.

FABIAN
I am the best.

EMMA
You certainly are. Now, where's the
hair girl? Jenny?

Fabian prances away. Emma looks around. Jenny nowhere to be found.

Suddenly, female hands touch her hair.

Emma jumps. Looks up. Lauren, with a big smile, works her hair.

LAUREN
Let me do it.

EMMA
Lauren. Hi. Have you seen--

LAUREN
--Sit back, you silly nit. Let me help. Mobile's finest beauty school must've taught me sumthing.

EMMA
(unsure)
Okay... just be careful.

Lauren gently brushes Emma's wig. Moves hair behind her ear.

LAUREN
Look at us in these wigs. We could be sisters.

EMMA
I have a sister...

Lauren looks wounded.

EMMA (cont'd)
...but, yes, we really do. Thank you for your help, love.

LAUREN
No problem! Maybe I could do your hair before an awards show or sumthing.

EMMA
Maybe.

LAUREN
Really? What about this weekend?

EMMA
That's... not going to work, I'm afraid. Jenny already agreed to come to the house. Maybe next time.

LAUREN
It's a date!

Lauren brushes the wig. Soft... then hard. She pulls it back, stretching the pins against Emma's scalp. Emma cries out.

LAUREN (cont'd)
Sorry.

EMMA
Careful! You're pulling too hard.
Now it's off balance.

LAUREN
Let me fix it.

Lauren pulls from the front, tries to balance it out. Her efforts make it worse. Again, she pulls hard. Emma flinches.

EMMA
Stop! Just stop!

LAUREN
Hang on... I can fix it!

Emma flies out of the chair.

EMMA
Dammit, I said STOP!

The set falls silent. The crew stares.

EMMA (cont'd)
Get your hands off me.

LAUREN
I'm only trying to help.

EMMA
I don't need your help. I need
someone who knows what the bloody
hell they're doing!

Lauren breaks. TEARS flow as she runs off set.

Emma SIGHS.

EMMA (cont'd)
Goddammit.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND MOVIE SET - DAY

Lauren bursts through the door into the abandoned alley. She WAILS, tears flowing like rain.

LAUREN

No crying! Shut up, you big baby!

She stops. Wipes the tears. Stands up straight.

At the alley's entrance, a SECURITY GUARD approaches.

SECURITY GUARD

Ma'am? You alright?

Lauren forces a smile and turns on the charm.

LAUREN

I'm fine.

SECURITY GUARD

I thought I heard you--

LAUREN

--I said I was fine.

The Guard peers forward. Squints.

SECURITY GUARD

Are you... Emma Marshall?

Lauren looks away. Her lip quivers.

SECURITY GUARD (cont'd)

You are. I know I'm not supposed to approach the talent like this, ma'am, but the wife and I love your movies. Specially that last one. The one with you and that Army guy?

LAUREN

"The Guns of Padshah."

SECURITY GUARD

That's the one! Hot damn. That scene with you and Rick Grafton, in that tent, during the rainstorm... wooweee! I never seen anything so romantic.

Her lip won't stop shaking.

LAUREN
 (small)
 I'm not Emma Marshall.

SECURITY GUARD
 (not listening)
 If I could get your autograph it
 would give her the thrill of a
 lifetime.

LAUREN
 I'm not her.

SECURITY GUARD
 Just make it out to Helen.

Lauren faces him. Eyes wide.

LAUREN
 I'm not her!

SECURITY GUARD
 Whoa. Sorry. I just thought...

LAUREN
 I'm not Emma Marshall! I'm not Emma
 Marshall!

She comes at him like a freight train.

SECURITY GUARD
 Okay, lady. I didn't mean anything--

LAUREN
 --I'M NOT EMMA FUCKING MARSHALL!

He nearly trips over himself jogging out of the alley.

She stares daggers. Fists clenched. Breathing heavy.

INT. MOVIE SET - DAY

Lauren steps onto the office set. Takes her position with a
 smile. The Production Assistant gives her a perturbed look.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
 Don't go running off like that.
 Time costs money.

LAUREN
 My sincere apologies.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
Your mascara's all fucked...
whatever. We just need the angle.

Lauren poses like Miss America.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT (cont'd)
Relax. This ain't a beauty pageant.

LAUREN
Sorry. I ever tell you how I was
almost Miss Alabama?

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
(points at her face)
This is me not caring. Stand
still... try not to act like
yourself.

Emma comes to the edge of the set. Her wig fixed now, looking
beautiful and ready for the camera.

She looks at Lauren, apology in her eyes.

EMMA
Lauren... are you alright, love?

LAUREN
How's the hair?

EMMA
It's fine. Jenny fixed it.

Tentative smiles between them.

EMMA (cont'd)
I am sorry. Truly. I should not
have snapped at you like that.

LAUREN
No. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have
over-stepped my bounds.

EMMA
You were just trying to help.

LAUREN
That's all I ever want. To help.

EMMA
I know. So, are we good?

LAUREN

Of course.

Pleasant smiles. Emma winks at her. Walks away.

Lauren makes a fist. Squeezes her fingernails against her palm so hard that BLOOD drips from her hand.

But her smile never wavers.

GEOFF (O.S.)

Okay, people! Let's film this before I shit gold.

INT. AUDITION WAITING ROOM - DAY

Lauren sits in a row of chairs. Out of her "Blatant Infidelity" costume, wearing a sundress that would look perfect on Donna Reed.

Attractive ACTRESSES on either side. All looking at pages from a screenplay. The room is oppressive. The girls glance around, nervously. Water DRIPS loudly from a dispenser in one corner.

A plump Casting Director, JOAN, pops her head out of an office door.

JOAN

Lauren Waters?

Lauren looks up, smile as big as the sun.

INT. AUDITION ROOM - DAY

Lauren reads from the script pages. She acts her heart out, but can't hope to match Emma's talent.

Joan and a thin Producer, PETER, watch from behind a table.

LAUREN

(reading)

"I don't care what you say, Max. I love you! Convention be damned... we'll be together if it kills me!"

Peter whispers to his partner.

JOAN

That was good... but the character's supposed to be English. Can you do an accent?

LAUREN

I'll try.

(British accent)

"I don't care what you say, Max. I love you! Convention be damned... we'll be together if it kills me!"

The imitation is uncanny. With the British accent... Lauren IS Emma. Peter raises an eyebrow.

PETER

Jesus. Anyone tell you who you look like?

LAUREN

(small)

Emma Marshall?

JOAN

Oh my God. Yes! It's eerie. You should be her stunt double, or something.

LAUREN

About the part?

PETER

You're not right for this, honey. One look at you, and viewers are gonna think Emma Marshall is guest-starring on their favorite soap.

LAUREN

And that's a bad thing?

PETER

It could be. The American public are basically stupid. I'm sorry, babe... Hanna is her own character. Looking like Emma Marshall ruins the illusion. Plus, you don't exactly have her acting skills. Know what I mean?

LAUREN

Sure.

Lauren grabs the doorknob to let herself out.

PETER
Seriously, though. Try Vegas.
There's gotta be a market for an
Emma Marshall look-a-like.

The statement causes Lauren pause. Her hand hovers over the door-knob. But she keeps it together... and exits.

JOAN
Wow. Uncanny.

INT. OUTSIDE AUDITION WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Peter exits. Script in hand. He yells over his shoulder.

PETER
See you tomorrow.

JOAN (O.S.)
You know it, Pete.

PETER
We find the perfect Hanna, I'm
taking us out for sushi.

JOAN (O.S.)
(sarcastic)
Ooh, big spender.

Peter walks to the elevator. Presses the down button.

He WHISTLES as he waits.

At the end of the hall, a fire exit door suddenly SLAMS shut.
He looks, startled.

Nothing. Hallway empty.

DING. The elevator opens. He steps in.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The Peter watches the different floors light up as the elevator descends.

Six. Five. Four.

Suddenly, the elevator stops with a SCREECH. Stuck.

PETER
Dammit.

He presses the emergency button. Nothing.

He takes out his cell phone. The display reads: "No signal."

He tries the door. Straining against them, they slide open.

Suddenly, the elevator SHAKES. It drops, sending Peter to the floor.

Then, silence. The elevator freezes.

He pushes against the doors. They slide further. The hallway now visible, the elevator itself 3/4 above the third floor.

One final push. The doors open two feet wide.

He backs up... and throws himself through the opening!

INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Peter tumbles through. Rolls to a stop.

He climbs to his feet. Looks back at the broken elevator, just sitting there.

He flips the elevator his middle finger. Heads for the exit stairs at the end of the hallway.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Peter hustles down the stairs to the second floor.

OTHER FOOTSTEPS cause him to stop. He listens. Footsteps from above, like someone descending.

Peter looks up. Doesn't see anyone.

PETER

Hello?

The footsteps stop.

PETER (cont'd)

Hey, anyone there?

His voice echoes in the stark stairwell.

Another STEP. Whoever it is, they're coming down.

PETER (cont'd)

Fuck this.

Peter runs down. Two steps at a time. Doesn't look back.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Peter jogs across the nearly empty parking garage. He glances back. Nothing.

Heads for his luxurious SUV parked before a sign that reads: "Reserved, Peter Richardson, Producer." He unlocks the door with his remote. One last look over his shoulder and he climbs in. SLAMS the door. Locks it.

With SCREECHING tires, the SUV backs up, zooms away. He hauls ass up the ramp and onto the street.

The parking garage is silent once again.

Lauren steps from the shadows. Calm as the eye of a hurricane.

She looks down... at a fresh sheen of liquid on the ground, leaked from Peter's SUV.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The SUV zooms down the street with little regard for the speed limit.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Peter drives. No seat-belt. Glances over his shoulder one last time. LAUGHS.

PETER
Jesus H. Christ!

He takes out his cell phone. Dials.

PETER (cont'd)
Hey, Joan. Yeah, I'm gone. Don't bother with the elevator. Fucking thing tried to kill me.
(laughs)
Yeah, I'm serious! Listen, do me a favor. Call security, have them escort you to your car.
(beat)
No idea. Because if you die before me there'll be no one at my funeral. Just do it, alright?
(MORE)

PETER(cont'd)
(with a smile)
Yeah, see you in the morning.

He hangs up. Rubs the bridge of his nose.

PETER (cont'd)
Need a fucking drink.

Ahead, the light is red. Several cars stopped at the intersection.

Peter applies the brake. The SUV keeps going.

PETER (cont'd)
What the--

Again. His foot slams the brake. Nothing!

The intersection comes up at sixty miles an hour.

PETER (cont'd)
SHIT!

EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT

CRUNCH! The SUV hits the waiting cars.

Peter flies through the windshield in a hail of broken glass. He tumbles into the intersection, a bloody heap.

EXT. LAUREN'S HOUSE - DAY

SNIP! Metal blades sever a flower's head.

Lauren kneels on the stone path. She wears an apron, gloves, and gardening clippers... all as perfect as her house. The sun shines down like a Disney cartoon.

HUMMING a happy tune, Lauren uses the clippers and prunes the few dead tulips lining the path.

MRS. MOORE waddles up the sidewalk. Lauren's elderly neighbor, she carries joy in her jiggly chin.

MRS. MOORE
Good morning, my dear.

Lauren smiles as she SNIPS another tulip head.

LAUREN
Mrs. Moore. A pleasure to see you.

MRS. MOORE
Doing some gardening?

LAUREN
Mama always said, prune the sick ones or they'll infest the rest. Can't have an imperfect garden. Just wouldn't be right.

MRS. MOORE
Your flowers are so beautiful. I have a right mind to be jealous of you.

SNIP. Another tulip head for the mulch pile.

LAUREN
Come now, Mrs. Moore.
(with a wink)
You get jealous and I'm gonna have to snip your little head off.

Mrs. Moore looks terrified for a fleeting second, then laughs. Lauren joins in.

Birds TWEET in the trees, laughing with them.

INT. EMMA'S KITCHEN - DAY

Emma, Brian and Chloe gather for breakfast. Chloe scoops Captain Crunch from a bowl as big as her head. Her orange kitten sits on the table.

Emma cuts grapefruit at the counter. Brian walks by, coffee in hand, and gives her a playful swat on the ass.

Emma shoots him a come-hither smile. They kiss.

EMMA
Yuck. Coffee breath.

No matter. She goes in for another.

CHLOE
Ew.

EMMA
Focus, young lady. Where were we?

CHLOE
 (rolls her eyes)
 Nineteen sixty-nine. Neil Armstrong
 lands on the Moon.

BRIAN
 Armstrong.

CHLOE
 That's what I said. When he landed,
 he said, "that was one small step
 for man... one giant leap for
 mankind."

Emma sits next to her daughter. Swallows a spoonful of juicy
 grapefruit.

She scoots the cat off the table.

CHLOE (cont'd)
 Aw, Mom!

EMMA
 You know your cat's not allowed on
 the table. Have you thought of a
 name yet?

CHLOE
 Justin Beiber.

EMMA
 Keep thinking.

Chloe looks at the ceiling, deep in thought.

CHLOE
 "One small step for man... one
 small step for man..."

EMMA
 You'll be fabulous. I see an A-plus
 in your future.

CHLOE
 I hate history. It's stupid.

EMMA
 It's not stupid. Remember to sit up
 straight.
 (demonstrates)
 Enunciate. Like a lady.

CHLOE
Jeez, okay.

Emma caresses her cheek.

EMMA
I love you, my princess.

CHLOE
Can we go to the zoo?

EMMA
Earn good marks on your
presentation... then we'll talk
about the zoo.

CHLOE
(pouting)
I wanna see the lions.

Brian turns on the small television on the kitchen counter. A local LA news report.

EMMA
(annoyed)
Brian...

BRIAN
I just wanna see the scores.

Chloe makes a finger-in-her-mouth gagging motion. Emma
LAUGHS.

ON TV, the Male Anchor looks solemnly into the camera. Over his shoulder, a picture of Peter, all smiles.

MALE ANCHOR (FROM TV)
...stunning news from the world of
television last night. Peter
Richardson, Executive Producer on
"The Guiding Light", has died. The
victim of a horrific car accident.

Emma GASPS. Hand over her mouth.

MALE ANCHOR (FROM TV) (cont'd)
Witnesses reported Richardson's SUV
speeding toward a North Hollywood
intersection, apparently out of
control. Mr. Richardson was not
wearing his seat-belt and was
thrown from the vehicle.
(MORE)

MALE ANCHOR(cont'd)

Three other drivers sustained serious injuries but are expected to recover.

Brian mutes the TV.

CHLOE

What's "sustained"?

Emma stands. Goes to Brian. He puts a tender arm around her.

EMMA

Bloody awful.

BRIAN

Did you know him?

EMMA

We met in London. He was producing a play.

Emma stares at the television. Lost in thought.

BRIAN

What is it?

EMMA

"The Guiding Light." Lauren, my new stand-in, was auditioning for the show. God, how tragic. I wonder if she met him.

INT. MOVIE SET - DAY

A somber day on set. Emma stands with Geoff and the Production Assistant. Deep in conversation. Wrinkled brows. Looks of disbelief.

Lauren enters. Sunny as ever.

Jenny walks by. She, too, with the solemn look.

LAUREN

Hi, Jenny. Why the long face?

JENNY

Didn't you see the news?

LAUREN

I never watch the news. Far too much violence.

JENNY

One of "The Guiding Light"
producers was killed in a car
crash. Did a triple gainer into the
asphalt.

LAUREN

Silly goose should have worn his
seat-belt.

Lauren shrugs. Jenny gives her a weird look.

Lauren spots Emma from across the room. Makes a bee-line,
spring in her step.

She hears Emma's voice as she gets closer.

EMMA

...I spoke with the director, and
they are going on with it. Of
course, they'll have to throw
together a tribute.

LAUREN

Tribute?

Emma steps back, welcomes Lauren into the group.

EMMA

For Peter Richardson. At tonight's
National Arts Awards. I suppose you
heard about the car crash.

Lauren turns up the grief.

LAUREN

I know. Ain't it just horrible? And
to think...

(here come the tears)

...I auditioned for him just last
night.

EMMA

Oh, love. You must be devastated.

Lauren buries her face in Emma's shoulder. Sobbing like a
well-trained Soap actress.

EMMA (cont'd)

Come now. Dry your eyes. Fabian
will have to re-do your make-up.

LAUREN
The whole thing fills me with such
sadness. They offered me the part,
but now... I just couldn't see
myself...

(over-the-top tears)
...I had to say no.

Emma rubs her back with a confused look as Lauren CRIES
harder than anyone.

INT. MAKE-UP TRAILER - DAY

Lauren enters. Black mascara in rivers down her face.
She nearly runs smack-dab into Fabian, heading out.

FABIAN
Ooh, girl, watch yo'self.

LAUREN
Sorry.

FABIAN
Look at you! Did a black bird crap
on your face?

Lauren LAUGHS, but quickly maintains her sad face.

LAUREN
Think you could clean me up?

FABIAN
Fabian can work his magic, girl.
But first, my palate is calling for
a Diet Sunkist. 'Scuse me.

Fabian shuffles past.

LAUREN
Can I stay here?

FABIAN
Suit yourself. Be back in two
shakes of Matt Damon's tooshie.

Fabian exits.

Lauren closes the trailer door. LOCKS it.

She looks around. Several chairs in front of large mirrors. Endless make-up supplies scattered about. Polaroids of Emma and John in various scenes of the film.

Lauren finds her target on the wall: a Medical Kit.

She opens it. Looks inside. Takes out a vial of clear liquid. Reads the label.

INT. CASTING DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Joan sits at her desk, phone to her ear, head-shots spread out in front. She dries her eyes. Mascara smudged from crying.

JOAN

Thank you. I appreciate the call.
Peter was... he'll be missed.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MOVIE SET - DAY

Emma stands at the edge of the set, on the phone. She chews a fingernail something fierce.

EMMA

Listen, this is going to sound
frightfully stupid, but I was
hoping you could help me with
something.

JOAN

Anything, Miss Marshall.

EMMA

There was a woman who auditioned
with you. Would have been
yesterday.

JOAN

We saw over a hundred--

EMMA

--You would have remembered her.
She... looks like me.

JOAN

Yeah! Wow... Peter and I couldn't
stop talking about the resemblance.
You know her?

EMMA

She's my new stand-in. She's new in town... from Alabama, I think.

JOAN

Stand-in. Yeah. That's the perfect gig for her. We told her she should find work as your Vegas look-a-like.

EMMA

Vegas? So she didn't get the part?

JOAN

God, no.

Emma looks around. Makes sure no one is listening. Lowers her voice.

EMMA

Do you mind telling me why? I'm acting as her mentor, and I'm trying to nurture her career.

JOAN

Besides her acting chops, which left a lot to be desired, we couldn't hire her for the obvious reason.

EMMA

Which was?

JOAN

She looked like you, Miss Marshall. It would confuse the audience.

EMMA

Did she say anything weird? Anything... threatening?

JOAN

(with a laugh)

No. Why?

BACK TO SET

Lauren enters. Face returned to beautiful.

Emma hangs up.

They spot each other from across the set. Big smiles. Emma goes to her. Hugs her tight.

EMMA
Honey, I'm so sorry.

LAUREN
For what?

EMMA
The whole thing with Peter. So
tragic.

LAUREN
Uh huh.

EMMA
We're friends, okay? You can talk
to me.

Lauren beams.

LAUREN
We're friends? Really?

EMMA
And friends are honest with each
other, love.

LAUREN
Can I tell my husband we're
friends?

EMMA
Listen to me, Lauren. The part on
the Soap... they didn't offer it to
you, did they?

Lauren glances around. Looks for a way out.

Emma stares her down.

Lauren breaks. TEARS fall.

LAUREN
I didn't want you to know I failed.

EMMA
Oh, honey...

LAUREN
I only want to be a movie star,
like you, and I want you to think
I'm talented. I didn't mean to lie,
honest, but I didn't know what else
to say.

Emma pulls her in for a hug.

Lauren's face is a statue.

EMMA

It's okay. It's okay. Dry your eyes
or Fabian will have to fix you
again.

GEOFF (O.S.)

One more take, people! While I'm
young and beautiful!

Emma breaks the hug. Lauren smiles back, wipes the tears.

EMMA

I've got a scene. We'll talk later,
promise?

LAUREN

Okay.

Emma rushes onto set where Geoff and John prepare another
take. The room buzzes with activity.

Lauren stares daggers at Emma. She looks at Emma's chair. No
one around. Below it, a tall latte cup.

Lauren saunters over. Casual. Glances around.

GEOFF (O.S.)

And... action!

All eyes on the scene. Emma and John rush at each other.
Embrace. A passionate kiss as wind machines go to work on her
hair.

Now's her chance. Lauren kneels, removes the plastic top, and
pours half of the clear liquid into Emma's drink.

She pushes the lid back down. Rushes away.

Across the set, Jenny watches Lauren make her escape.

LATER

Emma walks off set.

JOHN

Sorry that took six takes!

EMMA
Apologize to my husband. Right now,
I just need some bloody chapstick.

GEOFF (O.S.)
Someone get Miss Marshall some
fucking lip balm!

Emma LAUGHS. Goes to her chair. She grabs the cup. Drinks.

Lauren watches from the shadows.

LATER

The set has been transformed into a modern, high-rise condo. John and Emma meet in the middle. His arms around her waist. Looking into each other's eyes.

JOHN
Jessica... this is it. Our final
moment. Leave your husband, and
we'll run away.

EMMA
You know I can't. I love you... but
I still love him.

JOHN
My heart breaks when you say those
words.

Emma breaks character. Back with the British accent.

EMMA
(to Geoff)
Sorry. Christ. That line's a bit on-
the-nose don't you think? Couldn't
he just turn away? Cry or
something?

JOHN
My bad. I ordered the rewrite.

EMMA
You like that line?

GEOFF
The son of a bitch can't cry. He
can look mildly solemn, like George
Clooney, but real tears would take
skills our boy doesn't possess.

JOHN
You're a fountain of support,
Geoff.

Suddenly, Emma doubles over. Clutches her stomach.

EMMA
Whoa, bloody hell.

JOHN
Emma?

GEOFF
What's wrong?

Other crew members rush over. Geoff helps her to a chair.

EMMA
I don't know. Major tummy-ache.

More pain. Emma winces.

GEOFF
Someone call a doctor!

EMMA
I'm fine. Really.

Her face goes pale. She begins to sweat. Her eyes roll back.
Passes out.

GEOFF
Call 9-1-1! Fucking now!

INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Emma rests in bed. Brian and Geoff at her bedside. She's
awake. Smiling even. Face still pale.

GEOFF
Doctor said it wasn't appendicitis,
thank God. But he's running some
blood-work to be safe.

EMMA
Probably just something I ate.

GEOFF
I'll fucking kill Craft Service.

Emma LAUGHS. Then holds her stomach.

EMMA

Don't make me laugh. He says I'll be fine. Just need time to let it pass. Isn't that a lovely thought?

BRIAN

And thanks for the heart attack. I needed one.

Emma looks across her enormous bedroom. A gorgeous DRESS hangs on the door to her walk-in closet, still wrapped in plastic.

EMMA

Christ.

BRIAN

What?

EMMA

The Award Show.

BRIAN

I think they'll understand if you no-show.

EMMA

Damn sure the Paparazzi won't.
(to Geoff)
Tell him how Hollywood works.

Brian looks at Geoff. Confused.

GEOFF

She's right. Cancelling at the last minute'll send the tabloids into a fucking frenzy. The fact that you two have been married for almost a decade is the strangest goddamn thing Hollywood's ever seen. You don't walk that red carpet tonight, it's one of two things: you're pregnant--

EMMA

--Hope not.

Brian gives her a smile.

GEOFF

Or, you went Chris Brown on her face.

BRIAN

Excuse me?

GEOFF

Realize it, Derek Jeter... you'd better show. BOTH of you.

EMMA

He's right. The tabloids give us loads of room because we're so bloody boring.

BRIAN

(with a wink)

Speak for yourself.

EMMA

They smell a problem in our marriage, they'll be all over the place. Pointing cameras over the walls, snapping us on vacation. Even Chloe would be fair game.

BRIAN

Hell no. What do we do?

INT. LAUREN'S HOUSE - DAY

Lauren dances from the back room, phone in hand. She spins like a princess going to the ball.

She dances behind Steve in his chair. Face hidden.

LAUREN

Do you believe it? Me! Going to an awards show! This is the best night of my life!

Steve MUMBLES something.

LAUREN (cont'd)

Don't worry, sweetie. I'm sure Brian Marshall will be the perfect gentleman. You turn any greener with envy and I'll have to snip your little head off.

EXT. LAUREN'S HOUSE - DAY

Lauren runs from her house. Skips down the path.

A stretch limo awaits.

INT. LIMO - DAY

The limo cruises past Rodeo Drive. Expensive stores filled with the world's finest. The Hollywood Sign shines like a beacon to fame and fortune.

As the limo climbs into the hills, Lauren looks out. Star-struck. Living a dream.

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE - DAY

The DRIVER opens the limo's rear door. Lauren emerges. Looks at the grand house before her.

LAUREN
Oh. My. God.

Geoff opens the front door.

GEOFF
Hurry. Come on up. Fabian and Jenny are ready to work their magic.

INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Emma watches the transformation from bed. Fabian and Jenny put the finishing touches on Lauren. Jenny gives her a suspicious look, but bites her lip.

Brian sits on the bed with Emma. Geoff paces, chewing his fingernails.

Lauren stares at the framed PHOTO of young Emma sitting on the vanity. She can't stop staring until--

--Jenny spins the chair.

LAUREN
Well?

Emma GASPS. It's her. The make-up. The hair. Emma looks at herself in another body.

EMMA
I'd say you look gorgeous, but I don't want to come off like a bloody narcissist.

BRIAN
Amazing job, guys. Honestly. I
can't tell the difference.

Emma smacks him on the arm.

BRIAN (cont'd)
(with a laugh)
You know what I mean.

LAUREN
Really? You think it'll work?

Chloe enters, skipping. She looks right at Lauren, not
noticing her mom in bed.

CHLOE
Mommy, you look pretty.

GEOFF
There's your proof.

Chloe looks around. Confused and scared.

LAUREN
Aw, honey. I ain't your mom.

Lauren nods to the bed. Chloe spots Emma, runs to her.

CHLOE
What's going on? Who's that?

EMMA
Mommy doesn't feel well. That's
Lauren. She helps me make movies.
She's going with Daddy tonight.

BRIAN
We'll play pretend so Mommy can
stay home and get better.

FABIAN
Have you ever played dress-up?

CHLOE
Yeah...

FABIAN
This is like that... only with
dresses that cost more than my
yearly salary.

Chloe stares as they return to work on Lauren. Unsure.
Nervous.

Emma kisses her head.

LATER

Lauren rocks the dress. Does a spin. Brian is next to her,
drop-dead handsome in his tuxedo.

Emma smiles, nods approval.

EMMA

The bloody Papparazzi won't know
what hit them.

LAUREN

I've been working on your accent.
For interviews, and in case you
win. Of course you'll win... you
know what I mean.

EMMA

Impress me, Southern girl.

Lauren clears her throat. Everyone stares.

LAUREN

(flawless British accent)
Of course, it is an honor simply to
be nominated. My new film is a
romantic thriller. Working with
John Vincent is an absolute
pleasure. An amazing experience...
what a professional.

Everyone picks their jaws off the floor.

All eyes turn to Emma. She's too stunned to show emotion.
Suddenly, she smiles. APPLAUDS.

EMMA

Bravo! That was amazing!

GEOFF

That was crazy good.

LAUREN

(back to her Southern
drawl)
Thanks. Sometimes I surprise
myself.
(Mary Poppins)
(MORE)

LAUREN(cont'd)

Pardon me... wonderfully kind of
you.

Everyone LAUGHS.

Except Chloe. She huddles close to Emma, face buried.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

The limo fights traffic as it drives toward the Kodak
Theatre. Spotlights dissect the night sky.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Brian and Lauren sit in the back of the limo. Brian looks
bored, but Lauren can't sit still. She stares out, the
Theatre getting closer. Mesmerized by the Hollywood lights.

BRIAN

Keep smiling. Keep your answers
short. If you get stumped, pretend
like you have a cough, and I'll
cover for you.

LAUREN

I don't think I could stop smiling
if I tried.

BRIAN

You have her speech?

Lauren clutches her chest.

LAUREN

Next to my heart.

BRIAN

I... we appreciate this. Emma and
I. It means a lot.

Lauren beams. Holds his hand.

LAUREN

Stop now, silly. I'm the one that
should thank you. This is a dream
come true.

Brian attempts to pull his hand away. Lauren keeps hold.

LAUREN (cont'd)

Do I really look like her? Like
Emma?

BRIAN
You could be her twin.

LAUREN
Who would you rather fuck?

Brian pries his hand free. Her face inches closer.

BRIAN
Excuse me?

LAUREN
We're here!

EXT. RED CARPET - NIGHT

PAPARAZZI and hundreds of FANS clamor with excitement. The Driver opens the door. Brian steps out. Waves to the crowd as flashbulbs POP.

Grasping her hand, he helps Lauren step out.

LAUREN
Oh, my.

Lauren stands before a tsunami of reporters, flashbulbs, and screaming fans. Brian loops her arm into his. Leans in.

BRIAN
You ready for this?

LAUREN
I was born for this.

REPORTERS
(crowd ad lib)
Emma! Miss Marshall! Over here! Can I get a shot? Emma!

FANS
(crowd ad lib)
Emma! I love you!

They proceed down the red carpet. Lauren waves to a group of younger fans. They SCREAM with excitement.

BRIAN
Don't wave. Emma is more reserved. Think British Royalty on the Red Carpet. Simple smiles and nods.

Lauren complies. Enthusiastic waves turn to reserved nods.

INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emma and Chloe curl up in bed. They watch Red Carpet footage on the TV.

CHLOE
Look! It's Daddy!

They watch Brian and Emma walk along the line of reporters. They approach the camera. An overly-friendly Entertainment Reporter, ANNE AVONLEE, waves Lauren over.

Emma bites her nails.

EMMA
We've met before. Come on Lauren,
remember her name.

EXT. RED CARPET - NIGHT

Anne sticks her arm out, literally blocking Lauren from moving forward. The motion stuns Lauren... if looks could kill.

ANNE AVONLEE
Emma Marshall, do you have time for
a question?

Lauren recovers. Turns on the charm, and the British accent.

LAUREN
Of course. How are you, Anne?

ANNE AVONLEE
Fantastic! You look stunning.

LAUREN
So do you. That dress is lovely.

ANNE AVONLEE
Thank you. You must be excited,
Emma, being the front-runner for
Best Actress.

LAUREN
It's an honor to be nominated. I
wish the other four ladies in my
category the best of luck.

ANNE AVONLEE

I must say, you couldn't wear a better accessory than the six foot guy on your arm tonight.

Lauren looks at Brian. All the love in the world.

LAUREN

The love of my life.

BRIAN

I'm just happy to be here with the most beautiful woman on the Red Carpet.

LAUREN

Flattery will get you everywhere.

ANNE AVONLEE

So much love after years of marriage. You are truly unique in this town. Come on. Let's have a kiss for the cameras.

LAUREN

No, my lipstick--

ANNE AVONLEE

--Just one?

Lauren SIGHS. Brian shrugs and gives her a look like "we better."

They lean in. Kiss. Awkward, like that first kiss in middle school.

INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chloe sticks her tongue out.

CHLOE

Gross. Daddy kissed her.

EMMA

They're pretending, Chloe. Like Mommy does in the movies.

Chloe climbs out of bed.

CHLOE

I don't like her. She's weird.

Chloe leaves.

Emma watches the TV. Envy rears its ugly head. She picks up a pillow and hugs it tight to her chest.

INT. KODAK THEATRE - NIGHT

Lauren and Brian sit in the dark, crowded theatre. Premiere seats in the front row. They watch a frantic dance performance on stage.

As the performance winds down, a CAMERAMAN gets reaction shots from celebrities. Lauren quickly grabs Brian's hand. Interlocks fingers. Brian looks annoyed but goes along with it.

The camera swings by. Lauren smiles.

LATER

An attractive young ACTRESS stands on stage, face illuminated by spotlight.

ACTRESS

...Emma Marshall for "Hearts
A'Plenty."

Enthusiastic APPLAUSE. Lauren does her best "aw, shucks" smile.

ACTRESS (cont'd)

Mary Williams for "The Road Home."

Polite APPLAUSE. MARY WILLIAMS, a butch wall-of-woman, smiles from the second row.

ACTRESS (cont'd)

And the Award goes to...

INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emma watches TV. Eyes wide open with nervous anticipation.

ACTRESS

(from TV)

...Emma Marshall! "Hearts
A'Plenty."

EMMA

Yes!
(in pain)
Ow!

INT. KODAK THEATRE - NIGHT

Crazy APPLAUSE. All eyes and cameras on Lauren. Brian smiles with excitement, kisses her on the cheek.

She stands. Walks to the stage. The crowd gives her a STANDING OVATION. Emotion overwhelms her. Tears fall.

She takes the stage. Takes the crystal award from the Actress. The standing ovation continues.

INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emma is equally affected. She wipes away tears.

EMMA

Come on, Lauren... keep it together.

INT. KODAK THEATRE - NIGHT

APPLAUSE finally slows. Lauren unfolds the speech. Begins reading.

LAUREN

Thank you for this gracious gift. Truly it is an honor to be mentioned in the same breath as my fellow nominees. Especially you, Mary, whose steel-toed boots could be filled by neither woman nor man.

Polite APPLAUSE. Some laughter.

LAUREN (cont'd)

To my agent, Harry... you keep me grounded. My director, Miguel, whose steady hand guided my every word. My daughter, Chloe... you remind me to dream. My husband... my darling husband, Brian... love of my life, I owe you everything and more.

Brian smiles from the crowd, filled with pride.

INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emma sits up. Leans forward.

EMMA

That's it. Wrap it up, love.

ON TV, Lauren folds up the paper. Looks into the camera. Doesn't move. Several awkward seconds of silence.

EMMA (cont'd)

Come on. Come on.

LAUREN

(from TV)

Last, but certainly not least, I'd like to thank my best friend... Lauren Waters. Most of you don't know her, but she's my new stand-in. She toils under hot lights and terrible Craft Service... all to make me look good when I step on set. Without her, I'm nothing. Less than nothing. I love her dearly. More than anything in the world.

She holds the award high over her head.

LAUREN (cont'd)

(from TV)

Lauren, this is for you!

Orchestral MUSIC plays. The Actress escorts Lauren off stage as the theatre ERUPTS in applause.

Emma SLAMS the pillow with her fist.

EMMA

What the bloody hell was that?

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Lauren watches the lights of Hollywood fade as the limo retreats into the hills. Holds onto the crystal award like a life preserver.

Brian is clearly agitated. Not wanting to look at her.

BRIAN
You shouldn't have improvised. Emma worked on that speech so no one would know.

Lauren playfully swats him on the leg.

LAUREN
(back to her Southern drawl)
Don't be silly. I'm an actress. A little improv never hurt no one. I'm sure Emma would agree.

BRIAN
Still... you shouldn't have done it.

The limo cruises along in silence.

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brian and Lauren climb out of the limo.

BRIAN
Well...

Lauren puts on the British accent. Curtsies like a princess.

LAUREN
A fine evening, good sir.

BRIAN
We pulled it off. That's the important thing.

Lauren beams like a freshman returning from Prom. Brian puts his hand out.

BRIAN (cont'd)
Do you think I can have--

LAUREN
--If you insist!

Lauren throws herself at him. Big kiss on the lips!

INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emma stands at the window. Looks down at the kiss.

Her eyes narrow.

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lauren pulls back. A confused look on Brian's face.

LAUREN

What?

BRIAN

(pointing)

I meant that. Can I have Emma's award?

LAUREN

Oh, shit. Gosh. Yeah, here. You must think I'm dumber than a box of rocks.

Lauren hands him the crystal statue.

BRIAN

No harm done.

Lauren curtsies again, faster this time.

LAUREN

Till next time, good sir.

BRIAN

Next time. Right.

Lauren GIGGLES. Climbs back in the limo.

INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brian climbs into bed. Emma pretends to be sleeping. He cuddles up behind her. Kisses her ear.

BRIAN

You won.

EMMA

(annoyed)

I know.

BRIAN

And no one had a clue what we were doing.

Emma sits up. Folds her arms. Scowls at him.

EMMA
Including me.

BRIAN
Aw, babe. You sore about the
speech?

EMMA
Among other things.

BRIAN
Come on. She's harmless. A little
dense--

EMMA
--Evidently, she's quite kissable
too.

BRIAN
What are you--?

Emma nods to the window. Brian rolls his eyes.

BRIAN (cont'd)
Are you serious? She kissed me! And
I'd hardly call it that. A peck, if
anything. Besides, I thought she
was married.

EMMA
Like you're supposed to be.

Brian puts his arm on her leg.

BRIAN
Baby...

Emma pushes his hand away. Scrunches under the cover, turns
away from him.

EMMA
No baby. Not tonight. Leave me
alone, I'm sick.

Brian pouts. Listens to the TICKING clock.

BRIAN
Can you take care of yourself
tomorrow? I've got a meeting in San
Diego.

EMMA
I hope you crash.

BRIAN
You say the sweetest things.

INT. MOVIE SET - DAY

John flips through script pages. Lauren sashays toward him. In wig and costume for the scene.

LAUREN
(British accent)
Morning, love.

JOHN
Morning, Emma.

Lauren punches him on the arm. Smile as big as pie.

LAUREN
(Southern drawl)
Gotcha! It's me... Lauren.

JOHN
Oh, right. Emma's stand-in. Wow...
you sure nailed the accent.

LAUREN
I've been practicing.

An awkward moment. John glances around.

JOHN
So... is she here?

LAUREN
Who?

JOHN
Emma.

LAUREN
Oh. Her. No, haven't seen her.
Think she's still sick?

JOHN
No idea. I hope she's alright.

Lauren notices the script in his hand.

LAUREN
Going over your lines?

JOHN

For a highly-paid actor, I sure have a bitch of a time remembering this stuff. Action movies are easier. Punch this. Drive through that explosion.

LAUREN

I'm not much of an actress, but I find if I'm in the moment, then the lines come naturally.

(with wide, eager eyes)

I'm free... if you wanna go over the scene. Till Emma gets here, you know?

JOHN

You know the lines?

LAUREN

I know the entire script by heart. I know all Emma's scripts by heart. Part of a stand-in's job.

JOHN

That's not a stand-in's job--

LAUREN

--Do you want my help or not, silly goose?

Geoff at the edge of the set, phone to his ear. Behind him, John and Lauren practice the scene.

GEOFF

I hear you, babe. The studio understands. You rest up, come back when you're ready.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Emma paces, on the phone, her face deathly pale. Each step makes her wince.

EMMA

I appreciate it. Best to play it safe.

JOHN (O.S.)
Jessica, only the taste of your
lips can make me feel again.

LAUREN (O.S.)
Then kiss me! So you can feel
something!

Emma furrows her brow.

EMMA
What was that?

GEOFF
John... and must be Lauren.

EMMA
Are they running lines?

GEOFF
Seems so.

EMMA
Why is she running lines? A stand-
in doesn't run lines!

GEOFF
I don't know. John must have asked
her for help--

EMMA
--You hear me, Geoff? A BLOODY
STAND-IN IS JUST SUPPOSED TO STAND
THERE!

GEOFF
I know, babe, but--

EMMA
--First she lies about getting the
part on the Soap, then she cocks up
my speech, kisses my husband, and
now she's taking over my movie? Get
her out of there! John can practice
the damn scene with me, tomorrow!

GEOFF
Of course. Whatever you want. We'll
resume filming tomorrow.

EMMA
BLOODY RIGHT WE WILL!

Emma SLAMS the phone down.

Her hand flies to her mouth. Runs to the bathroom.

INT. MOVIE SET - DAY

Geoff flinches, pulls the phone away from his ear.

GEOFF

Jesus.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

What?

GEOFF

The Queen Bitch has reared her ugly head.

Geoff walks toward the set.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

Where are you going?

GEOFF

Calling it a day. Emma will be back tomorrow.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

Hold up.

He stops. The PA joins him. They watch the rehearsal for a few moments.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT (cont'd)

The stand-in's already made-up. And she's doing an awesome job with the scene. What's the harm in filming John's angles today? We could even get a few long shots of Emma... I mean, Lauren. Then we won't be so behind tomorrow.

GEOFF

This is Emma's movie.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

No. It's the studio's movie. And you know they don't like delays.

Geoff looks at Lauren and John rehearsing. With a SIGH:

GEOFF
Prep the cameras.

INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Emma returns from the bathroom, wiping vomit from her mouth.
The phone RINGS. She answers.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DR. BARNES' OFFICE - DAY

DR. BARNES, a kind, grandfatherly type, pours over an open
medical file. Phone to his ear.

EMMA
Hello?

DR. BARNES
Mrs. Marshall, this is Dr. Barnes.

EMMA
Yes, hello Doctor.

DR. BARNES
How are you feeling today?

EMMA
I'm still having trouble keeping
any food down.

DR. BARNES
That's not surprising. Your blood-
work came back.

Emma sits on the bed, nervous.

EMMA
What is it?

DR. BARNES
Mrs. Marshall--

EMMA
--Emma, please.

DR. BARNES
Emma. There were traces of
Amoxycodine in your system.

EMMA

Amoxy-what?... I don't understand.

DR. BARNES

Amoxycodine is a tasteless chemical. A little like rubbing alcohol. It's most commonly used in hospitals to sterilize cuts.

EMMA

That doesn't sound too bad.

DR. BARNES

In small doses, on the skin, it's not. But swallowing a large dose can reek havoc on a person's digestive system. It's not fatal... but you'll certainly feel it for the next few days.

Emma pauses. Stares ahead, thinking.

DR. BARNES (cont'd)

Do you have any idea how you might have swallowed such a chemical?

EMMA

I have to go, Dr. Barnes.

DR. BARNES

Emma, I want you to think about what you ate and drank in the last few--

CLICK. She hangs up.

INT. MOVIE SET - DAY

Jenny cleans up her station. On the set behind her, Lauren and John run through lines.

Jenny pauses at Lauren's purse. She looks over, sees Lauren occupied. Cautiously, she opens the purse.

LAUREN

LAUGHS as John cocks up another line. She glances across the set and stares as--

--Jenny rifles through her purse.

Lauren's mood blackens.

JENNY

Fumbles through the purse. Behind her, Lauren approaches. Slowly.

LAUREN
Can I help you, darlin'?

Jenny SCREAMS. Spins around.

JENNY
Holy shit! Sorry!

Lauren waits for an answer with a smile that could scare children.

JENNY (cont'd)
I didn't mean to go through your purse.

LAUREN
Says the gal with her hand in the cookie jar.

JENNY
It's my time of the month. I forgot... you know.

LAUREN
I don't have any napkins at the present time. But I bet you'd find one in the women's bathroom... darling.

Jenny hustles away.

JENNY
Right. Sorry.

Lauren watches her go. SNAPS her purse closed.

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE - DAY

Emma limps out the front door. Car keys in one hand, other hand clutched over her stomach in pain.

She heads for her Porsche.

INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM - DAY

Jenny washes her hands. Cups some water, washes her face. Rubs her eyes.

LAUREN (O.S.)
Did you find what you needed?

Jenny jumps.

Lauren leans casually against the restroom door. If looks could kill...

JENNY
All set. Thanks.

LAUREN
You make it a habit to go through other people's things?

JENNY
Again, big with the sorry. I thought you might have had one.

Lauren LOCKS the restroom door.

LAUREN
Now that you got one... let me see it.

Jenny dries her face with a paper towel. Looks at Lauren, all manner of confused.

JENNY
Excuse me?

LAUREN
I want to see it. Unzip your jeans, bend over... and show me your pad.

Lauren steps toward her.

JENNY
You're crazy.

LAUREN
Show me your pad, cutie-pie.

Jenny heads for the exit. Lauren blocks her way.

JENNY
Get the fuck out of my way.

Lauren grabs her shoulders. Whispers seductively in her ear.

LAUREN
Show it to me.

JENNY
I know it was you! I know you put
something in Emma's drink. I'm
calling the police, you crazy
bitch.

Lauren squeezes. Fingernails dig into Jenny's shoulders.

JENNY (cont'd)
Ow, you're hurting me--

LAUREN
SHOW ME YOUR FUCKING PAD!

JENNY
Let go!

Lauren tosses Jenny aside. CRACK! Her head hits the bathroom mirror. Shatters it like a bullet.

Jenny falls, blood pouring from her forehead.

Lauren stands over her. Smirking.

LAUREN
Why'd you have to be so nosy, huh?

Lauren reaches in her pocket. Pulls out the vial with the Amoxycodine, nearly empty.

LAUREN (cont'd)
Is this what you were looking for?
You could've just asked.

Jenny GROANS as blood pools on the tile floor.

Lauren unbuttons Jenny's jeans. Unzips the zipper. Yanks them down to her knees.

Jenny struggles to remain conscious.

Lauren looks at Jenny's panties.

LAUREN (cont'd)
Just as I thought... no pad. Tsk
tsk, honey.

SMASH! Lauren breaks the glass vial against the sink. She holds the top half, broken glass reflecting in her eyes.

She holds the broken vial over Jenny's crotch.

LAUREN (cont'd)
You're gonna want to scream... but
don't, 'kay?

Jenny GROANS... as Lauren stabs.

EXT. LOS ANGELES FREEWAY - DAY

Traffic doesn't move. Exhaust rises into the air like a sickly mirage.

Up ahead, EMERGENCY VEHICLES block every lane.

EMMA'S PORSCHE

Emma taps her hands impatiently on the steering wheel.

INT. OUTSIDE WOMEN'S RESTROOM - DAY

Lauren exits. Wipes her hand with a paper towel.

To her left, a janitor's cart. On it, a magnetic sign which reads: CLOSED FOR CLEANING.

She grabs the sign. SMACKS it on the restroom door.

INT. EMMA'S PORSCHE - DAY

Emma holds her cell phone. Dials with frustration.

EMMA
Come on, come on.

INT. MOVIE SET - DAY

Geoff looks at his BUZZING cell phone. Sees Emma's name on the display. Shakes his head.

He puts it back in his pocket.

GEOFF

Lauren. Welcome back. Let's do another take, but toss your hair this time. You're making love, not teaching Sunday School.

INT. EMMA'S PORSCHE - DAY

Emma listens to the end of Geoff's message. BEEEEEP.

EMMA

Geoff, it's me. I'm driving to you now.

(winces in pain)

We need to talk. About Lauren. There's... something wrong with her. I'm not sure. I don't have any proof, and maybe I'm just bloody paranoid. I think... she might have made me sick, on purpose. I don't know how. It's insane to think like that. Anyway, I'm stuck in traffic but I'll see you soon.

Emma hangs up. Looks ahead. SLAMS her fist on the steering wheel.

EMMA (cont'd)

Move, Goddammit!

INT. JOHN'S TRAILER - DAY

John enters. Bottled water in hand.

KEY GRIP (O.S.)

Great job today, Mr. Vincent!

JOHN

(calls out the door)

Thanks! You too... Sport.

He closes the door. Takes a drink.

JOHN (cont'd)

Jim? Tom?

(ah-ha moment)

Dave.

LAUREN (O.S.)

You owe me.

John jumps. Lauren steps out from the back of the trailer. She smiles at him, big with the sultry.

JOHN
How'd you get in my trailer?

LAUREN
You did some damn fine acting...
Mr. Vincent. You seemed more
relaxed.

JOHN
I guess I was.

LAUREN
It's hard to be relaxed sometimes.
I understand. Emma Marshall can be--

JOHN
--A little intimidating.

LAUREN
When you relax, you perform better.
You remember your lines. You're
just... sexier.

He takes another drink.

JOHN
Thanks to you.

LAUREN
You're welcome.

JOHN
So... how'd you get in my trailer?

Lauren advances on him, oozing sexuality.

LAUREN
You don't need her. I can help you
relax, darlin'. I can bring out a
performance that will get you the
critical praise you deserve. Praise
equals awards. Awards equal a
bigger paycheck.

JOHN
But, this is Emma's movie--

LAUREN
--Forget her. Focus on me. Focus on
us.

JOHN
What are you...?

Lauren drops to her knees. UNZIPS his pants.

John drops the water bottle.

JOHN (cont'd)
Whoa, hey, Jesus.

As she works:

LAUREN
Promise me.

John grips the wall, tries to steady himself.

JOHN
Promise you what?

LAUREN
That you'll forget about her. That
you'll film the rest of the movie
with me. That you'll make me... a
star.

He snaps out of it. Grabs her shoulders and pulls her up.

JOHN
Wait, stop! What the hell are you
talking about?

LAUREN
(glances down)
It's pretty HARD to avoid the
obvious: you want me.

JOHN
Yeah, sure. You're hot. I'm single.
Whatever. But I can't just replace
Emma on the film.

Her hand explores his crotch. His mouth hangs open.

LAUREN
You can... and you will.

She squeezes. He cringes.

LAUREN (cont'd)
Otherwise I'll spin a little story
about our liaison in your trailer.
(MORE)

LAUREN(cont'd)

The press will hear all about your... short-comings. How you seduced a poor, innocent, Southern girl.

JOHN

What the hell? Stop! Are you crazy?

John pushes her away. She flies back, bumping a table.

LAUREN

(small)

I'm not crazy.

John quickly buttons his pants.

JOHN

Listen, bitch. You crossed the line. Get the fuck out of here before I call security.

Lauren stares daggers.

JOHN (cont'd)

And I don't care if you're Emma's stand-in. I'm going to the studio and getting you off this film. You're fucking done. You hear me? FUCKING DONE!

On the table, a script. Next to the script, a PEN. Lauren grabs the pen.

STAB! Right in his eye!

Lauren SCREAMS with anger. John falls. She pounces on him. Pulls the pen out. STAB! STAB! STAB! Over and over, all over his body. Blood splashes her face, but she persists. Overwhelmed with rage.

Lauren stares at the corpse with a look of deep satisfaction. Drops the pen.

She looks on the counter: John's car keys.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MOVIE STUDIO - DAY

Lauren exits the studio in John's convertible. Top down. Sunglasses on. Looking every bit the movie star.

She PEELS out and ROARS off down the street. The Security Guard gives her a disapproving look.

A moment later, Emma comes around the corner and enters the studio in her Porsche. Same haircut. Similar sunglasses.

The Security Guard gives her a double take.

INT. PRODUCTION TRAILER - DAY

Geoff and the Production Assistant watch footage from the day's filming. ON SCREEN, John and Lauren exchange lines. Geoff makes notes.

GEOFF

This is fucking gold.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

Think an audience will know the difference?

GEOFF

I sure can't.

EMMA (O.S.)

I can.

They leap to their feet. Geoff blocks the monitor.

Emma stands in the doorway. Pissed. Arms crossed.

EMMA (cont'd)

I've lost roles to Sandra Bullock.
Angelina Jolie. Never myself.

GEOFF

I can explain...

EMMA

(to the P.A.)

Leave. Now.

The Production Assistant slips by. Scoots away at a speed two steps beyond terrified.

EMMA (cont'd)

Did you get my message?

GEOFF

I didn't want to fall behind. The studio...

If looks could kill.

GEOFF (cont'd)

She was there. You weren't. She looks like you. It would be stupid of me not to take advantage of that.

Emma flinches. Hands to her stomach. She steadies herself against the doorway.

EMMA

Shut up! Just, shut up!

GEOFF

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. What can I do to make it right?

EMMA

You've got access to Human Resources, don't you?

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - DAY

Lauren rockets down the road. Rich homes and palm trees on either side.

She SLAMS on the brakes. Slows down, inches from a double-decker TOUR BUS. A dozen TOURISTS sit on the upper deck with their youthful TOUR GUIDE.

Lauren pulls the car alongside. She can hear the Guide's narration.

TOUR GUIDE (O.S.)

And if you look to your right,
we're passing by the home of
Nicholas Cage. Everyone wave hello!

Lauren HONKS. The tourists turn around, look down.

She waves. Gives them a big smile.

MURMURS of excitement from the tourists.

TOURISTS

(ad lib)

Oh my God, is that...? Emma
Marshall? I can't believe it!

Lauren blows them a kiss.

TOUR GUIDE

Ladies and gentlemen, what a rare treat! Look to our left... it's the biggest star in the world, Emma Marshall!

Lauren laughs. Flips them off.

Tourists GASP in shock. SNAP pictures.

Lauren GUNS the engine. Shoots past the tour bus, her middle finger the last thing they see.

INT. EMMA'S PORSCHE - DAY

Emma drives, pedal to the metal. Geoff hangs on in the passenger seat. He glances at an open file folder.

GEOFF

Take a left here.

Emma SCREECHES round the corner on two wheels.

GEOFF (cont'd)

Please don't kill me. Please don't kill me.

EMMA

Relax. I need you with me when we fire her. Girl's unstable enough as it is.

GEOFF

Don't you think you're overreacting?

Emma blasts through a Stop Sign.

EMMA

No.

INT. SCHOOL OFFICE - DAY

A plump, red-faced SECRETARY looks up from her desk. Lauren stands before her, all smiles.

SECRETARY

Mrs. Marshall?

A quick glance at the Secretary's desk. Lauren turns on the British accent.

LAUREN
 Good afternoon... Mary. I came to
 collect Chloe.

SECRETARY
 Mr. Marshall not picking her up
 today?

LAUREN
 I'm afraid not. Be a dear... call
 her for me?

EXT. LAUREN'S HOUSE - DAY

Emma's Porsche SQUEALS to a stop. Emma and Geoff get out.

EMMA
 You're sure this is it?

Geoff looks at the file.

GEOFF
 Two nine two five. This is it.

REVEAL Lauren's house. Her REAL house. Run-down and
 dilapidated. A pile of shit. Missing years of care. The front
 yard overgrown with weeds. The path to the front door cracked
 and aged.

It takes us a moment to realize we've only seen the house
 through Lauren's eyes... in reality it looks like hell.

EMMA
 Jesus...

GEOFF
 She needs more than Jesus to fix
 this shit-hole. Come on.

Emma takes his hand. He helps her up the path.

MANIACAL LAUGHTER distracts Emma. An old homeless woman
 waddles up the sidewalk. She gives Emma the stink-eye, but
 keeps walking.

It's Mrs. Moore... but different than we remember. Dirty,
 insane, a disgusting shell of a human being. As if nothing in
 this world is real.

INT. OUTSIDE SCHOOL OFFICE - DAY

Lauren kneels. Arms wide open.

Chloe runs down the hallway toward her. Arms open.

LAUREN
My darling...

They embrace. A nice mother/daughter moment.

CHLOE
Where's Daddy?

LAUREN
Your father couldn't make it.

CHLOE
Are we going home?

Lauren picks her up. She carries the girl to the exit.

The Secretary peeks out from the office. Watches them go, loving smile on her face.

LAUREN
Not just yet. I thought I'd take
you someplace special.

CHLOE
(big with excitement)
Where?

LAUREN
Anywhere. Your choice.

CHLOE
The Zoo?

Lauren kisses her on the cheek.

LAUREN
Of course, my dear. The Zoo it is.

CHLOE
I love you, Mommy!

LAUREN
I love you too.

INT. LAUREN'S HOUSE - DAY

Geoff steps through the front door. Emma at his heels. She KNOCKS on the door frame.

EMMA
Lauren? Hello?

They glance around. As their eyes adjust to the darkness, they take in the horrific sight all around. Dirty walls. Decayed furniture. Simply the most disgusting, vile "home" anyone could live in.

GEOFF
Emma... holy fuck...

Geoff directs her attention to the living room walls. Floor to ceiling, one end to the other, nothing but PHOTOS of Emma and her family.

Emma stares in horror.

GEOFF (cont'd)
Obsess much?

EMMA
This isn't funny.
(calls out)
Hello? Anyone home?

They hear a MUFFLED VOICE from the

DINING ROOM

Emma enters. Hand to mouth, stifling her own scream.

It's STEVE. Duct-taped to a chair at one end of the dining room table. Tape over his mouth, he looks at them, pleading with his eyes.

EMMA (cont'd)
My God... are you alri--

She goes to him, then freezes. Emma gets a full view of Steve in the chair. Tourniquets around his arms and legs... right above the bloody stumps where his limbs have been SEVERED.

Emma SCREAMS.

Geoff pulls out his cell phone. Dials like a madman.

GEOFF
Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck.

Emma notices a CURIO CABINET in one corner. Shelves filled with framed PHOTOS of Chloe.

INT. JOHN'S CAR - DAY

Chloe squirms against her seat-belt.

CHLOE
I don't like your new car.

LAUREN
Take off the belt, then. Get comfy.

Chloe gives her a puzzled look.

CHLOE
You always make me wear my seat-belt.

LAUREN
It's girl's day out. Have a little fun!

Lauren unbuckles her own seat-belt. Chloe does the same.

Lauren takes her hands off the wheel. Raises her arms in the air. SCREAMS like a roller-coaster.

Chloe does the same.

Back on the wheel, Lauren steers the car around a truck. Misses the bumper by inches.

LAUREN (cont'd)
Woo-hoo!

CHLOE
Woo-hoo!

LAUREN
Live a little. You're only young once.

EXT. LAUREN'S HOUSE - DAY

EMT'S and POLICE rush up the path, into the house. Geoff directs traffic.

Emma paces on the sidewalk, cell phone to her ear.

EMMA
Hi, Mary. It's Emma Marshall.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SCHOOL OFFICE - SAME

The Secretary cradles the phone between her ear and shoulder.

SECRETARY
Well, hi Mrs. Marshall. What can I do for you?

EMMA
Could you pull Chloe out of class? I need to speak with her.

SECRETARY
I'm not sure I understand.

EMMA
What do you mean?

SECRETARY
You picked her up half an hour ago.

That's all she needs to hear. Emma bolts for the car.

EMMA
Where did they go?

A DETECTIVE watches her go.

DETECTIVE
Mrs. Marshall, we need a statement.
Mrs. Marshall?!

SLAM! Too late. Emma peels out.

EXT. ZOO ENTRANCE - DAY

Lauren and Chloe walk toward the Main Gate, hand in hand. Lauren pulls a hat low on her head. Pair of sunglasses. Good enough to slip through the crowd unnoticed.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - DAY

Emma blazes through traffic. HONKS.

EMMA
Move, dammit!

She GUNS the engine. Pulls alongside the double-decker TOUR BUS.

As she speeds past, she glances up. A dozen tourists lean over the side and give her the middle finger.

EXT. LOS ANGELES ZOO - DAY

Lauren stops at a forking path. Signs point different directions for various animal exhibits.

LAUREN
What would you like to see first,
love?

CHLOE
The lions!

LAUREN
Roar! Lions it is.

EXT. ZOO ENTRANCE - DAY

Emma tears up pavement as she speeds through the parking lot. She comes to a SCREECHING stop at the Main Gate.

She leaps out of the car. ZOO SECURITY rushes over.

ZOO SECURITY
Ma'am, you can't park there!

Emma tosses him the keys.

EMMA
Keep it.

She rushes away.

ZOO SECURITY
Lady really wants to see some
animals.

EXT. THE LION'S DEN - DAY

The Zoo is crowded today. A hundred people crowd around the Lion's Den, hoping to catch a glimpse of the big cats.

A metal fence surrounds a deep moat. Beyond the moat, six lions roam their pen.

Lauren and Chloe stand at the fence. Chloe has to peak her head through the bars.

LAUREN
Are you having fun, my darling?

CHLOE
Lions rule! Look at that one.

Lauren caresses her hair.

LAUREN
You deserve whatever you want. I would give you the world if I could.

CHLOE
I did good on my presentation.

LAUREN
That's nice, dear.

CHLOE
Miss Barnes said I did perfect talking about Nick Armstrong.

Lauren smiles down at her.

LAUREN
Of course you did. You're always perfect.

Chloe shivers. Looks away. Something's not right.

LAUREN (cont'd)
Come on! Up you go... so you can see better.

Lauren lifts Chloe. Sits her on the top of the fence. The dirty moat water far below.

Chloe perches, nervous, as Lauren wraps her arms around the little girl's waist.

AT THE FORKED PATH

Emma spins in a panic. Grabs any person she can find.

EMMA

Have you seen my daughter? Eight years old. Blond hair. She's with a woman that looks just like me.

People give her strange looks. A few recognize her. SNAP pictures.

CROWD

(ad lib)

Is that Emma Marshall? Oh my God.

EMMA

Please... won't anyone help me? I'm looking for my daughter.

CROWD

(ad lib)

Why is she acting so weird? Is this for a movie?

Emma bursts into tears.

EMMA

Please! I HAVE TO FIND MY DAUGHTER!

The crowd quiets. Emma notices the sign pointing toward the Lion's Den.

AT THE LION'S DEN

Chloe tries to enjoy the lions. But her eyes keep going to Lauren.

LAUREN

(points)

Look at that one. He's so big!

Chloe squirms.

LAUREN (cont'd)

Careful, honey. You don't want to fall in.

CHLOE

I wanna get down.

LAUREN

The view's better from up here.

(accent slips)

Now stop it. You're fidgeting like a june bug.

A look between them. The jig is up.

Lauren tightens her hand around Chloe's wrist.

THROUGH THE CROWD

Emma approaches. Scans each face. Every child. The actions of a panicked mother bear.

The crowd splits just enough...

Emma spots them at the fence.

EMMA

Chloe!

Lauren whips her head around. Her and Emma lock eyes.

Chloe sees Emma through the crowd.

CHLOE

(tears in her eyes)

Mommy!

Lauren steps back. In one swift motion she PUSHES Chloe! The little girl falls.

Emma GASPS.

Chloe falls... and manages to grab the bottom of the fence at the last moment. She SCREAMS. Dangles over the moat.

Lauren disappears into the crowd.

Emma runs to her. Helpful BYSTANDERS pull Chloe to safety. Emma grabs her from their arms. They collapse, both in tears.

CHLOE (cont'd)

I thought she was you. I'm sorry...

EMMA

My baby, I love you, you're safe now. I won't let her hurt you.

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE - DAY

Brian enters the front door. Puts his briefcase down.

BRIAN

Hello? Emma? Chloe? Anyone home?

EXT. POOL - DAY

Emma and Brian's outdoor pool. A gorgeous space, with a romantic waterfall at one end, a slide for Chloe at the other.

Brian swims in silence. The determined strokes of an athlete.

FOOTSTEPS on the tile. Brian stops swimming. Looks.

BRIAN
Hello... I thought you were out.
Your car was gone.

Lauren steps forward. Wearing nothing but a bathrobe. She smiles at him and turns on the British accent.

LAUREN
Went for a drive.

BRIAN
How're you feeling?

LAUREN
Loads better, love. I think it's
passed.

She teases the edges of her robe.

BRIAN
Feeling naughty are we?

LAUREN
You've been so good to me while
I've been under the weather.
Thought I might... re-pay you.

BRIAN
Hmm. I take cash. Check.

Lauren drops the robe.

BRIAN (cont'd)
Or that.

She enters the water. Swims to him. They meet in the middle.

BRIAN (cont'd)
The neighbors--

LAUREN
--won't hear. Feel free to scream
as loud as you want.

They fall into each other's lips. Passionate kissing on an epic scale.

His tongue on her neck. Down her chest.

She arches back... in ecstasy.

BRIAN
Oh, God... Emma...

LAUREN
No words. Just fuck me.

One swift motion and he's inside her. They thrash in the water, her legs wrapped around him like a vice, tongues exploring each other's mouths.

INT. PATROL CAR - EVENING

The police car speeds up the Hollywood Hills. Emma and Chloe in the back, the girl on her mother's lap. Trees whip by the window. Neither says a word.

Behind them, four more POLICE CARS form a convoy.

INT. EMMA'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Brian wears a bathrobe. He pours himself a glass of water. Gulps it down.

He looks out the window. Lauren swims lazy laps in the pool. He waves to her. She waves back. Blows him a kiss.

THE FRONT DOOR

A POLICE OFFICER enters. Emma carries Chloe right behind. In the driveway, officers set up a perimeter.

POLICE OFFICER
Mr. Marshall?

EMMA
Brian?

THE KITCHEN

Brian stops drinking, mid-gulp. He glances out the window...

The water ripples, but Lauren is gone.

BRIAN

What the--

THE FRONT DOOR

Brian rushes in. A fast, hard embrace for wife and child. Chloe bursts into tears.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Chloe... baby... what happened?
Where were you?

EMMA

Never mind that. Are you okay?

BRIAN

I'm fine. What's going on?

POLICE OFFICER

We're setting up the perimeter now,
Mrs. Marshall. Her picture is out
to every law enforcement agency in
the city.

EMMA

My picture.

BRIAN

Emma, please. Tell me what's going
on.

POLICE OFFICER

Mr. Marshall, have you had any
visitors in the past few hours? Any
strange phone calls?

EMMA

It's Lauren, she...

(chokes up)

...tried to hurt Chloe. I think she
poisoned me. And the man in her
house... my God, Brian... it was
horrible.

Everyone looks at Brian. He backs up. Tightens his bathrobe.

BRIAN

I've been alone since I got back. I
haven't seen or heard anyone.

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

One patrol car sits in the driveway. Two OFFICERS sip cups of coffee.

INT. CHLOE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emma pulls the covers over her daughter. She winces in pain. Grabs her stomach.

CHLOE
Are you okay, Mommy?

EMMA
I'll be fine. You go to sleep.
Mummy and Daddy will be right
nearby.

CHLOE
Why would she want to hurt me?

EMMA
She's just... sick.

CHLOE
Can we help sick people?

EMMA
We try, but sometimes there's no
medicine that will help.

The orange cat hops up on the bed. Snuggles in next to Chloe.

EMMA (cont'd)
There you go. Kitty will protect
you.

CHLOE
Justin Bieber.

EMMA
(with a smile)
Fine. Justin Bieber will protect
you.

Emma kisses her forehead.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Brian stares at himself in the mirror. Runs water in the sink. Washes his face, trying to wipe away his thoughts.

He loses control. Throws up.

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The two officers try to keep themselves awake.

A frantic hand KNOCKS on the driver's window. The COPS startle, then roll it down.

Lauren leans in. Big with a smile, wearing a bathrobe, and pulling off the perfect British accent.

LAUREN
Evening, officers.

COP
Ms. Marshall. Sorry, you scared us.
What can we do for you?

LAUREN
Look, I hate to be a bloody pain,
but you sitting out here is scaring
my daughter. Not to mention the
paparazzi that will descend on my
front gate like a pack of dogs.

COP
Oh, I'm sorry 'bout that. We're
here for your safety, Ma'am.

LAUREN
I called the studio. They're going
to send over some private security.
You two might as well scoot till
then.

COP
Are you sure?

LAUREN
I'll lock the gate to be sure.
Being a big movie star does have
its privileges.

COP

Whatever you say, Ma'am. Have a nice night.

LAUREN

You too.

The police car pulls away. Lauren watches it go.

Like a ghost, she slips back into the shadows.

INT. EMMA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Brian staggers to the sink. Wipes his mouth.

He runs the water. Cleans a glass. Looks out the window to the dark pool area beyond.

EMMA'S BEDROOM

Emma sits on the bed. Nurses her sore stomach. Cell phone to her ear.

EMMA

You saw what she's capable of. You saw what she did to that man in her house... God knows if that was even her husband. Probably not. Fuck... how horrible. Be safe, Geoff... Of course, love. We'll talk in the morning.

Emma hangs up. Looks at her dresser. Jenny's hair-styling tools are still there. Scissors, curlers, hair spray.

EMMA (cont'd)

(with a smile)

Nice one, Jenny...

Behind the pile of junk, Emma notices an empty picture frame. Emma's childhood photo is missing.

CHLOE'S BEDROOM

The little girl sleeps soundly. The kitten PURRS next to her. Light filters in from the hallway. Eerily quiet.

EMMA'S KITCHEN

Brian dries up. He puts the towel away and exits the kitchen.

Something catches his eye: the glass door to the pool area. It's open.

He shuts it. Looks upstairs.

BRIAN

Emma?

EMMA'S BEDROOM

Emma places her cell phone on the dresser. Picks up the empty picture frame. Looks at it, puzzled.

CHLOE'S BEDROOM

Chloe sleeps. A shadow looms over her.

Lauren watches her sleep from the foot of the bed. The kitten stirs awake.

AT THE STAIRS

Brian climbs. One cautious step after another.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Emma?

EMMA'S BATHROOM

Emma rushes in. Flies to the toilet. Throws up.

EMMA

Bloody hell.

SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Brian reaches the top of the stairs. Heads for his bedroom.

Behind him, a FEMALE FIGURE steps from the darkness.

EMMA'S BATHROOM

Emma runs water. Washes her face. Exits into

EMMA'S BEDROOM

She pulls the covers back. Fluffs the pillow.

EMMA (cont'd)

(calls out)

Brian? I'm headed for bed.

Something on the dresser mirror catches her eye. She freezes. Written in blood-red lipstick in giant letters: I AM EMMA MARSHALL

Emma SCREAMS.

She flies out of bed.

EMMA (cont'd)
Brian! BRIAN!

She crosses to the dresser. Rifles through Jenny's stuff.

EMMA (cont'd)
My phone... my phone...
(realizing)
Shit!

Near the bed, a land-line phone. Emma runs for it. She picks it up... then SLAMS it down. No line.

She runs for the bedroom door.

EMMA (cont'd)
Brian! She's in the house!

She takes one step into the hallway... as a baseball bat levels her flat. She drops like a sack of potatoes.

Lauren stands over her, smirking. Brian and Chloe sit in the hallway; mouths, hands, and feet bound with duct tape.

LAUREN
How was my swing, Mr. Baseball?

Brian looks away. Whimpers, helpless.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Chloe and Brian sit at opposite ends of a glass dining room table. An immaculate spread of food laid out before them. They struggle in their chairs, but layers of duct tape hold them in place.

CHLOE
Daddy...

BRIAN
It's okay, baby. I won't let anything happen to you.

High-heeled shoes on tile... here comes Lauren. She plays the movie star role to twisted perfection. She wears the same dress from the Awards Show. Hair and make-up done. She strolls in with a smile.

She carries a large casserole dish. Gray meat mixed with veggies. The British accent is in full effect.

LAUREN
Dinner is served.

PLOP down in the center of the table. Lauren begins dishing out the meat.

BRIAN
Please. Let us go.

LAUREN
Shh, darling. We're family now. You belong here... just like me.

BRIAN
You'll NEVER be welcome here.

Brian strains against his chair. The duct tape starts to RIP.

LAUREN
I was afraid you'd be too strong. I suppose this is the only way... until you can learn.

Lauren picks up a carving knife. Walks around behind Brian.

LAUREN (cont'd)
Now, hush hush my love. Try not to scream. You'll scare our daughter.

Lauren kneels down.

BRIAN
No, what are you--?

CHLOE
Daddy? No!

Lauren SLICES Brian's Achille's tendon. Chloe cries. Brian SCREAMS.

EMMA'S BEDROOM

Emma fights for consciousness. Her eyes open. Dried blood stains her forehead. She finds herself duct taped to a chair in the center of the room.

She hears Brian SCREAMING.

DINING ROOM

Lauren removes the duct tape around Chloe's arms and chest.
Brian, face sweaty with pain, tries not to pass out.

LAUREN

Now that your hands are free, I
expect you to eat your dinner.
Every growing girl needs her
vitamins.

CHLOE

I'm not eating. You're bad!

Lauren stabs a forkful of meat. Holds it up for Chloe.

BRIAN

Chloe... just do what she wants.

LAUREN

Yes, Chloe. Listen to your mother.

CHLOE

YOU'RE NOT MY MOTHER!

Lauren shoves the meat in her mouth. Chloe spits it out.

Lauren's forehead vein is ready to pop.

LAUREN

You will eat your dinner or I will
kill your father.

Chloe starts to cry. Brian nods his head.

Chloe takes the fork. Puts the meat in her mouth.

LAUREN (cont'd)

That's a good girl.

Lauren sits. Digs into her own plate of food.

LAUREN (cont'd)

I'm your new mommy. A short time
ago, your daddy and I made love.
That's what grown-ups do when they
care for each other.

BRIAN
 (through clenched teeth)
 I thought you were Emma, you
 psychopathic bitch.

LAUREN
 Quiet, honey, or I'll ask you why
 you didn't tell your wife what
 happened.

Brian hangs his head in shame.

LAUREN (cont'd)
 You see, Chloe, I'm hoping that
 we'll have a baby soon. You'd like
 a little brother or sister,
 wouldn't you?

Chloe doesn't answer. Just keeps chewing.

LAUREN (cont'd)
 One big happy family. Brian, Chloe,
 and me... Emma.

CHLOE
 (under her breath)
 I'll never call you Mommy.

LAUREN
 Quiet, dear. Eat your kitty cat.

Chloe drops her fork. Looks down at the pile of gray meat on
 her plate.

Lauren smiles. Takes another bite.

EMMA'S BEDROOM

Emma hears Chloe's SCREAM. That does it! She looks over at
 the dresser, spots the pair of scissors.

Emma scoots the chair across the carpet. Little by little.

DINING ROOM

Chloe cries. Brian looks on, helpless. Lauren happily takes
 another bite.

At the glass door to the pool, something TAPS against the
 glass. Chloe looks.

It's her kitten! Pawing at the door.

CHLOE

He's alive!

LAUREN

That was lesson number one. Please call me mummy. I really would hate to kill your cat.

BRIAN

You monster... you fucking monster.

LAUREN

Language, honey. Be civilized.

Something DROPS. Hits the floor upstairs.

Lauren looks up.

LAUREN (cont'd)

Ah... she's awake.

EMMA'S BEDROOM

Emma stands, still duct taped to the chair. She has the scissors in one hand and is frantically cutting the tape.

Suddenly, FOOTSTEPS on the stairs. Emma continues cutting.

FOOTSTEPS in the hall. Getting closer.

Emma does one final cut. Throws the scissors back on the dresser. Hops across the room and sits back down.

Lauren enters. Looks around. Everything seems normal. Emma stares daggers.

LAUREN (cont'd)

Hi, love.

EMMA

Let them go, Lauren. It's me you want.

LAUREN

No no no. It's Emma now. We're downstairs enjoying a nice family meal, and you're up here...

Lauren runs at her like a freight train. SLAPS her, hard.

LAUREN (cont'd)
 ...making all sorts of frightful racket. It's not polite to make noise in another person's home!

EMMA
 I can help you. Please... I'll pay for your treatment. Whatever you need.

LAUREN
 You're not paying for anything because I DON'T NEED ANY BLOODY HELP!

EMMA
 Jesus Christ, stop with the accent. You're a fucking redneck.

LAUREN
 You don't think this is me? You think I'm some stupid girl from dumb-shit Alabama?

Lauren pulls out the childhood photo of Emma. Now out of the frame, we can see one edge is tattered. From another pocket, she pulls out a photo of an identical little girl. The other edge is tattered. Together, they form a single photo of two young twin girls.

LAUREN (cont'd)
 This is me! THIS IS ME!

Emma stares at the photo.

EMMA
 Oh my God.

DINING ROOM

Brian keeps his voice low.

BRIAN
 Chloe, your hands are free. Can you grab that knife and cut yourself out?

CHLOE
 I'll try.

Chloe stretches, arms out. A knife is on the table... but just out of reach.

CHLOE (cont'd)
I can't get it!

BRIAN
Keep trying, baby. Come on.

EMMA'S BEDROOM

Lauren leans against the dresser. Her hands on the scissors.

LAUREN
Adopted by different families.
Didn't you ever wonder why you look
nothing like your older sister...
or your parents?

EMMA
Why should I believe anything you
say?

LAUREN
Come on, sis! Look at me! I'm you.
You're me. We have the same blood.

EMMA
Who are you? Really?

LAUREN
Well, I'm sure as hell not the
innocent Southern Belle you think I
am.
(with a smirk)
You're not the only good actress in
the family.

Behind the chair, Emma breaks her hands free.

EMMA
I never even knew you existed.

LAUREN
And what if you had? Would you have
come running? Would you have saved
your twin sister?

EMMA
Saved you? I don't understand.

LAUREN
You got a warm, loving family. My
parents, well... let's just say my
father loved me a little too much.

Lauren touches her chest in a seductive, disturbing gesture.

EMMA

Lauren... I'm so sorry...

Lauren tosses the scissors from one hand to the other.

LAUREN

Don't worry about that. I killed them both when I was twelve.

Emma looks away, horrified.

LAUREN (cont'd)

Six years in Youth Detention. Got out... right about the time you won your first acting award. I researched you. Figured out that we were connected. And followed you... all so that one day we could become one.

EMMA

We're sisters. That's amazing. And wonderful. Let's go away, Lauren. I promise I'll help you.

Lauren carries the scissors over. Straddles Emma in the chair.

LAUREN

You can help me... by going away. I'm never going to be a star, unless you're gone. Forever.

Lauren holds the scissors up to Emma's cheek.

LAUREN (cont'd)

Hold still. This might sting.

Lauren digs in. A deep cut in Emma's cheek. She SCREAMS.

Hands free, Emma lashes out. One good PUNCH to Lauren's side. CRACK! Emma breaks a few ribs with her fist.

Lauren SCREAMS, falls back.

Emma rips free of the duct tape. Bolts for the door. Hands on her sore stomach.

Lauren throws the scissors. STAB! Right in the door frame, missing Emma by inches.

TOP OF THE STAIRS

Emma reaches a balcony that looks out over the dining room. She sees Brian and Chloe, still tied to their chairs.

EMMA
Brian! Chloe!

BRIAN
Emma!

CHLOE
Mommy!

A horrific SCREAM! Emma spins, just in time, to see Lauren flying at her like a defensive tackle. The momentum sends both women crashing through the balcony.

They fall! SMASH! Right through the glass table.

Brian and Chloe are knocked back.

Through the pile of broken glass, Lauren and Emma struggle to their feet. Lauren is up first. Grabs Emma by the hair. It's on now!

LAUREN
Let's dance, Sis.

Punches fly. Emma is knocked into the

LIVING ROOM

Lauren limps after her. The assault never lets up. One fist after another, making violent work of Emma's body.

Emma ducks one, manages to land another fist in Lauren's ribs. That's the opening she needed! A flurry of punches and kicks, and Lauren gets a little taste of a pissed mother bear.

DINING ROOM

Chloe grabs a piece of broken glass. Begins cutting the tape around her waist and feet.

BRIAN
That's it. Careful, honey.

LIVING ROOM

Lauren fights back with a thumb in Emma's eye. She grabs hair and drags Emma across the room. The Rocky of girl-fights.

Emma helpless on the ground. Writhes in pain.

Lauren grabs the baseball bat. Sets up like Babe Ruth.

LAUREN

A twist of fate. That's all it was.
You could have gone with them...
and you'd be in my shoes.

EMMA

(with spit)
You're the crazy bitch, not me.

WHAM! Lauren swings the bat into Emma's leg. Emma SCREAMS.

DINING ROOM

Chloe gets herself free. She runs to her father.

BRIAN

No, I can't walk. You go. Run out
the door.

CHLOE

I can save you, Daddy.

BRIAN

No! Go get help. Please.

Chloe stands. Runs to the patio door.

She stops. Looks back into the living room where Lauren goes buck wild with the baseball bat. Emma screams in pain. Brian whimpers, helpless on the ground.

Chloe steps toward the living room.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Chloe, no! What are you doing?

Chloe ignores him. Walks into the

LIVING ROOM

Lauren readies the killing blow. The bat high over her head. Emma can barely move.

Lauren swings!

CHLOE

Mommy?

Lauren freezes, mid-swing.

CHLOE (cont'd)
Mommy, don't.

Lauren looks at Chloe. The little girl is looking right at her. Lauren's rage subsides, replaced with an awkward, psychotic smile.

LAUREN
What did you call me?

CHLOE
Put it down, Mommy.

Lauren drops the bat.

LAUREN
My darling girl...

CHLOE
I love you.

Lauren holds her arms out wide.

LAUREN
Can I have a hug?

CHLOE
Do you promise not to hurt them?

LAUREN
Of course. Anything for you, my child.

Emma struggles to her feet. Lauren doesn't see. Emma and Chloe lock eyes.

Chloe opens her arms.

CHLOE
Give me a hug... Mommy.

Lauren takes a happy step toward the little girl.

That's the opening Emma was looking for. She launches at Lauren in the same defensive tackle move from before.

Lauren is caught off guard. They stumble forward. Chloe barely moves out of the way.

EMMA
Get away from her!

Emma plants her feet. Gives Lauren one final push.

She flies toward the patio door. Too much momentum. CRASH!
Glass shatters. Lauren falls.

Broken glass IMPALES Lauren at her stomach. She comes to
rest, face down, nearly sliced in half by the broken door.
Her foot twitches... then stops. All silent.

Chloe collapses into Emma's arms. Tears fall.

EMMA (cont'd)

I love you. I love you I love you I
love you.

A GROAN from Brian in the

DINING ROOM

Emma and Chloe go to him. They embrace. Hugs and tears and "I
love you's" all around.

A mournful MEOW. Chloe's kitten jumps over Lauren's body and
comes inside. Chloe picks him up. The cat can't stop licking
Chloe's face.

LAUREN (V.O.)

Everybody in this town... we all
have the same dream: to be a star.

Blood drips from Lauren's mouth. Her eyes look down.
Lifeless.

INT. AUDITION ROOM - DAY

Shaky washed-out footage. Like someone is recording with an
old home video camera.

Lauren looks like Donna Reed. Big with the Southern accent
once again.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

And what makes you think you're the
next big movie star?

LAUREN

Determination. Passion. Good ole-
fashioned Southern grit. I got it
all. And nothing's gonna stand in
my way.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Can you act?

LAUREN
I ain't much of an actress... but
I'm learning all the time.

Lauren looks right at us with that creepy smile with too many
teeth.

LAUREN (cont'd)
Practice makes perfect. Give me
time. I'll make my mark, sooner or
later.

FADE OUT.