

PUBLICITY WHORE

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - STREET - DAY

Footsteps. Moving quickly. Running.

It's CHARLIE BARTON (49), smartly dressed with a head full of grey hair. He moves quickly through the lively crowds.

CHARLIE

Excuse me.

Charlie bumps into a PASSER-BY. He doesn't even turn to apologize.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Comin' through.

Charlie quickens his pace, nudges his way through the bustling crowds towards a building. A flashy restaurant.

Sapori D' Italia.

LORENZO (40), a small Italian man, waits impatiently outside. He spots Charlie approaching.

LORENZO

Charlie! What the fuck?

CHARLIE

Sorry!

Me and Joey do all the work and you just come in whatever time you like, huh?

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

My bad. Problem with the alarm is all.

Charlie tries to laugh it off but Lorenzo looks deadly serious. He storms inside, clearly furious.

Charlie sighs, follows him in.

A large LIMOUSINE passes by behind him as he enters.

INT. LIMO - DAY

In the back sit JULIA WATSON (22), bleached blonde hair, massive boob job, and JAMES PITT (25), a hunky man girls would queue up around the block for.

Julia reads a newspaper. James' expression is blank.

JULIA

Oh! Look! They're calling us JJ now. How cool is that?

James is in another world.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Just like Brangelina and Speidi. We're a cool couple too!

Julia sets the newspaper down and picks up another. She flicks through the pages, then stops.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Wow! Look at this. They've actually printed a picture of me shopping in Beverly Hills. How sad.

James moves his mouth to talk but is cut off by Julia.

JULIA (CONT'D)

I mean, do these guys like, follow me around and take pictures of me all day? God, what creeps!

Agitated, James takes a deep breath. Julia takes no notice.

JULIA (CONT'D)

I feel so violated.

She picks up another newspaper, proceeds to flick through the pages.

James moves his mouth to speak but Julia bursts into a fit of laughter. Probably the most annoying laugh in America.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Look at my face in this picture! Oh my God! I'm like, totally embarrassed right now.

James doesn't care. He can't make that any more obvious.

Julia sets the newspaper down, picks up a glossy magazine.

JULIA (CONT'D)

God, why are they even printing pictures of this cow? She was fat long before she was pregnant. Who cares if she's engaged? I mean, who watches MTV anyway?

James bites his nails, trying his hardest not to snap.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Oh, on the subject of engagement. My agent says we've been offered two million dollars for our wedding photos in a magazine deal but we should probably hold out for two and a half.

James opens his mouth but he's interrupted again.

JULIA (CONT'D)

I know you haven't actually proposed to me yet but he said it's inevitable or something, whatever that means.

James takes another deep breath, looks at her like she's stupid. She doesn't notice.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Do you have a new suit for tonight?

James looks straight ahead. A beat of silence.

JAMES

You... you want me to speak?

JULIA

Well, yeah.

JAMES

I'm not going with you tonight, Julia.

Julia panics.

JULIA

Are you sick? Do you need to see a doctor? Oh my God, what's your temperature?

Julia places her hand on James' forehead but he brushes it away, raises his voice.

JAMES

No, you need to see a doctor. We've been in this limo for what, twenty minutes? What have I said in that time?

Julia is too shocked by James' tone to answer.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Exactly! Nothing. I can't take this anymore. I'm sorry. Actually, I'm not sorry. You've only got yourself to blame.

James knocks on the front window to the limo driver. The vehicle rolls to a stop.

Julia's eyes fill up.

JULIA

You're breaking up with me?

JAMES

Are you completely stupid or do the retarded genes run in the family? Yes, I am breaking up with you. I never want to see you ever again. Is that clear enough for you?

Julia breaks down into floods of tears. James exits.

JULIA

James!

He SLAMS the door shut.

INT. SAPORI D' ITALIA - KITCHEN - DAY

Lorenzo closes the fridge freezer door.

Glass SHATTERS O.S.

LORENZO

Jesus! Charlie, what the fuck?

Charlie stands above a broken plate, looks down at it in a panic.

CHARLIE

Sorry 'bout that. Little case of the old butter fingers today.

Charlie laughs nervously but Lorenzo returns a stern stare.

LORENZO

I'll fix this. You go. Our best customer is here with pretty girl.

Charlie turns to walk away. Lorenzo grabs his arm.

LORENZO (CONT'D)

Cover up your silly tattoo. We are a classy joint, yeah?

Lorenzo pulls Charlie's shirt sleeves down so they cover a small tattoo on his right arm then straightens his bow tie.

LORENZO (CONT'D)

Go.

Lorenzo pats Charlie on the back of the head, Charlie walks towards the door.

LORENZO (CONT'D)  
Oh, Charlie?

Charlie looks back.

LORENZO (CONT'D)  
One more screw up, you know what happens.

Lorenzo makes a 'shooting gun' gesture.

Charlie shoots a smile but is returned with that same deadly stare as before.

DINING AREA

LLOYD SAUNDERS (27), intelligent-looking with an expensive suit and a Bluetooth headset on, looks at a menu.

Across from him is VIOLET SANDERSON (19), very attractive but stick thin skinny. She looks bored already.

LLOYD  
Anyway, what I'm trying to say, Violet, is that I can make you a bigger star than you can even imagine. Winning that show was just the beginning.

Violet tries to show a little interest.

VIOLET  
You can?

LLOYD  
Any idiot can have their fifteen minutes of fame nowadays. If you sign with me, I can give you fifteen years and then some. I don't like to brag, but I'm the best at what I do. I promise you that.

Violet's still not impressed.

VIOLET  
How long does it take to get your order taken in here?

LLOYD  
That's an excellent question.  
(shouts)  
Waiter!

Lloyd scans the room for a waiter. Charlie walks towards them.

CHARLIE  
No sweat. I'm coming.

Charlie stumbles into a chair of a WOMAN CUSTOMER. She spits the food out of her mouth onto the table in shock as he hits her.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Oops!

Charlie picks up the chewed bit of food and puts it back on the Woman Customer's plate. He gives her a smile like he's just done her a favor. She's too disgusted to even speak.

Charlie approaches Lloyd and Violet. Lloyd looks him up and down as Charlie takes out his pad of paper.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Can I take your order, sir?

LLOYD  
We'll be having a bottle of your finest champagne. Ice-cold.

Charlie writes in his notebook. He scribbles furiously. His pen isn't working.

CHARLIE  
Oh shoot.

Charlie looks at Lloyd, who has an expensive looking pen in the pocket of his suit.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
May I?

LLOYD  
Surely you can remember--

Not waiting around, Charlie reaches into Lloyd's pocket and takes the pen.

LLOYD (CONT'D)  
Excuse me. That's a limited edition, diamond-encrusted--

CHARLIE  
Relax. I'm not going to lose it.

On cue, Charlie drops the pen. His eyes widen. Lloyd and Violet stare on in silence. He scampers to the floor.

LLOYD  
You better pray to God that you find that.

A beat of silence.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Got it.

Charlie rises into view, pen in hand. He places it back into Lloyd's suit pocket.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Bottle of wine coming up.

Charlie walks away.

LLOYD

Champagne!

CHARLIE

Oh, right.

LLOYD

Ice-cold!

Charlie disappears to the kitchen. Lloyd inspects his pen.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

Idiot.

One of the many diamonds on the pen has broken off. He turns to Violet.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

Sorry about that. Now, where was I?

VIOLET

You were gonna make me a star or something.

Lloyd senses Violet has lost all interest.

LLOYD

Here, let me show you something. This is why Lloyd Saunders is the name on everyone's lips in this town.

Lloyd goes into the pocket on the inside of his suit, pulls out a fancy BlackBerry phone.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

Feast your eyes on this wonderful piece of technology. On here are the details for every major star in Hollywood. When they have a problem, they come to me for help.

Now Violet's curious.

VIOLET  
What kind of stars?

LLOYD  
Al Pacino, Bobby De Niro, Meryl  
Streep, James Caan, Miley  
Cyrus... All of them and more--

VIOLET  
Miley Cyrus! I'm in! Where do I  
sign?

Violet looks excited. Lloyd smiles smugly. Charlie approaches with a large bucket of ice and a bottle of champagne.

LLOYD  
Then I guess this calls for a  
celebration.

CHARLIE  
Sorry about the delay. You know  
what these Italians are like--

Charlie drops the bucket of ice as he tries to place it on the table. The ice falls everywhere.

Violet SHRIEKS as the ice drops all over her lap. Customers look around to see what the fuss is about.

VIOLET  
Hey!

CHARLIE  
Sorry. I got this.

Charlie sits the bottle of champagne on the table, tries to pick the ice up and place it all back in the bucket.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Please don't tell my boss.

Charlie picks the ice up from Violet's lap. She looks horrified.

LLOYD  
Don't touch her. Do you have any  
idea who she is?

Lloyd stands, pushes Charlie away from Violet. Charlie bumps into the bottle of champagne on the table, knocks it over. It SMASHES on the floor.

Lloyd takes a step back. He slips on a piece of ice and falls flat on his back.

Lorenzo appears from the kitchen, takes in the destructive scene.

LORENZO  
CHARLIE!

CHARLIE  
Uh-oh.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - STREET - DAY

SUPER: TWO WEEKS LATER...

Julia walks down the street, huge sunglasses cover her face. She stops, looks ahead.

JULIA  
Crap.

Up ahead, a hoard of PAPARAZZI stand outside a shopping mall, cameras at the ready. Julia takes a deep breath, walks towards them.

As she approaches, one of the paparazzi makes eye contact with her.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
(under her breath)  
No no no.

Julia breathes heavily, walks faster. Then faster again.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
Leave me alone!

She runs.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
I said why don't you leave me  
alone?!

She glances behind her... then stops.

The paparazzi stand in the same spot, take no notice of her. Julia looks bewildered.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
Huh?

Then, the cameras FLASH... but not in Julia's direction. Violet exits the mall. The paparazzi go crazy.

Julia walks away. Still curious, she takes occasional glances behind her as she walks.

INT. AGENT'S OFFICE - DAY

A tearful Julia shuts the door behind her. She dries her eyes with a tissue.

VINCENT SIMMONS (46), bulges out of his over-priced suit, frantically packs papers into a briefcase behind his desk.

VINCENT

Julia! I thought you were dead!  
Come in. Take a seat.

Julia takes a seat across from Vincent, who continues to pack things into the briefcase.

JULIA

It's only been like, two weeks.

VINCENT

Two weeks is the new two years in  
celebrity life, honey.

Julia watches as Vincent throws more papers into his briefcase.

JULIA

Are you moving to a new office?

VINCENT

Something like that. Call it a  
minor disagreement with the tax  
man.

JULIA

I'm sure you could just make a  
call and sort it out.

VINCENT

Minor disagreement to the tune of  
a few million, if you get what I  
mean.

Vincent winks at Julia, continues to pack things away.

JULIA

Oh, right. So they're giving you  
a new office that's cheaper. I  
totally get it.

Vincent stops packing, gives Julia a look like she's stupid. A beat of silence.

VINCENT

Enough about me, let's talk about  
you. Have you heard from John?

Julia breaks down into tears in an over-dramatic fashion.

JULIA

His name's James!

VINCENT

Right, James. Are you two young lovers getting back together or what?

Julia shakes her head.

JULIA

He hasn't returned any of my calls... and there's been like, a hundred of them.

Vincent points to the large wall-mounted plasma TV.

VINCENT

That explains this then.

Julia turns, looks at the TV.

ON THE TV, is a news report of James. He holds hands with Violet. Both smile and pose for the cameras like a happy couple.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

He's not wasted any time, has he?

Julia stares open-mouthed at the TV, tears roll down her cheeks.

JULIA

Oh my God. Who's that... that bitch?

VINCENT

That bitch is Violet Sanderson.

JULIA

I've never heard of her. She's not famous. How can she be? Look at her. I can totally see her bones from here.

VINCENT

You'll be hearing a lot more of her. She won some reality TV show a few days ago. I can't for the life of me remember which one.

Julia rolls her eyes.

JULIA

(sarcastic)

Whoopy doo! That doesn't mean anyone will like her.

VINCENT

Millions of people voted for her. You only finished in fourth place and enough people bought your books and read your stories. And John seems to like her--

JULIA

James!

More tears stream down Julia's cheeks.

VINCENT

All I know is that I would have loved her on my books. There's a lot of money to be made on that girl. Sadly, I'm not exactly in a position to take on new clients.

Julia rubs her eyes.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Anyway, we have a problem. I don't have any work for you.

She doesn't look happy.

JULIA

Are you kidding me?

VINCENT

A British reality show made an offer but withdrew a few hours later when they signed Pauly Shore.

This doesn't help Julia one bit.

JULIA

Pauly Shore?

VINCENT

You heard right. If you think he's obscure in America, they have no fucking idea who he is over there.

JULIA

This can't be right.

VINCENT

You were dumped by the finest quarterback in the country, you're not exactly flavor of the month right now.

JULIA

What's that supposed to mean?

Vincent thinks for a moment.

VINCENT

I take it you are familiar with David Beckham?

JULIA

Who?

Vincent sighs.

VINCENT

David Beckham is a world brand. In his spare time, he's also a soccer player. He's married to the anorexic member of The Spice Girls, a terrible group who single-handedly murdered pop music during the Nineties.

JULIA

What's your point, Vincent?

VINCENT

I'm getting to that. Nobody would even know who she was nowadays if she wasn't married to the soccer player. You're now in the same boat. Without John--

JULIA

James!

VINCENT

Without James, nobody wants to read about you.

Julia takes this in.

JULIA

But there must be something else, something to get me back out there again.

VINCENT

No one is exactly kicking down my door. Sure, maybe Playboy will be desperate for some star of yesteryear with fake boobies to fill pages one month, but until then...

Julia doesn't know whether to be offended or not.

JULIA

You're my agent, there must be something you can do.

VINCENT

I'm an agent, not a magician.

Julia looks to the floor, defeated.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

It's not that people hate you,  
they just don't care about you  
anymore.

She stares Vincent in the eye, defiant.

JULIA

You're wrong. I'll make people  
like me again.

Vincent grabs his briefcase in a hurry.

VINCENT

That's great, you do that.  
Listen, I'll be going underground  
for a while but give me a call  
when you make things right. You  
could solve both our problems.

Vincent heads for the door, turns back.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Oh, and if anybody with a badge  
asks about me, tell them I died  
in a fire or something.

Vincent exits.

Julia weeps, looks towards the TV again.

ON THE TV, is James and Violet, hand in hand. They pose for  
the cameras.

INT. BARTON HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - DAY

ON THE MUCH SMALLER TV, still James and Violet.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Reality TV star Violet Sanderson  
confirmed that she is indeed in a  
relationship with football star  
James Pitt. Both were spotted--

The channel is changed to a black-and-white movie.

TAYLOR (O.S.)

Hey. I was watching that.

TAYLOR BARTON (8), sits in front of the television, legs  
crossed and arms folded.

She looks angrily at Charlie, who lies sprawled on the sofa, unshaven, still in his tea-stained T-shirt and dirty underwear.

CHARLIE  
But this is a classic picture--

TAYLOR  
The Hills is coming on!

CHARLIE  
But--

TAYLOR  
(screams)  
Mom!

Charlie holds his hands over his ears at the sheer volume of Taylor's scream.

NIKKI BARTON (25), bags under her eyes, rushes into the room.

NIKKI  
Taylor, what?

TAYLOR  
He changed the channel.

Taylor points accusingly at Charlie.

CHARLIE  
But this movie won four Academy Awards...

NIKKI  
Charlie.

Nikki gives him the eyes.

CHARLIE  
You win.

Charlie reluctantly hands Taylor the remote. She smirks at Charlie when Nikki's back is turned.

Taylor changes the channel back to the celebrity news.

NIKKI  
Why don't you go and try to find a new job instead of watching crummy overrated movies?

CHARLIE  
Overrated? Excuse me?

Charlie sits himself upright on the sofa.

NIKKI

A job isn't going to find you. I don't want my own father permanently living on my sofa.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry, I've already said I'll have something sorted soon. You know what it's like being on your own.

NIKKI

Are you actually looking for sympathy? I have a daughter to raise on my own. You've only got yourself to look after, and you're not doing a very job at it.

CHARLIE

What's that supposed to mean?

TAYLOR

Your old job was awesome. You should go back.

Charlie looks at Taylor, who's eyes are fixed on the television.

CHARLIE

What was that, sweetie?  
(to Nikki)  
Did she say awesome?

Nikki turns to Taylor.

NIKKI

He can't go back to his old job, Taylor. He was fired.

CHARLIE

I wasn't fired. I walked out.

NIKKI

You were fired. You were chased out.

Charlie shrugs his shoulders.

CHARLIE

That's only your interpretation.

NIKKI

Taylor likes your old job because famous people eat there. Not that you would have paid any attention to that.

CHARLIE  
I pay attention... Who was eating  
there?

NIKKI  
One of the Jonas Brothers signed  
her napkin.

Taylor smiles proudly.

TAYLOR  
It's in a frame above my bed.

CHARLIE  
Sweetie, Grandpa doesn't need to  
meet famous people to be cool,  
right?

TAYLOR  
Yes you do.

Taylor turns her attention back to the television. Charlie  
looks stunned.

CHARLIE  
What?

NIKKI  
I guess you better go down and  
beg for your old job back.

CHARLIE  
Never. I can't work for them.

NIKKI  
You can't work for people,  
period.

CHARLIE  
That's it!

NIKKI  
What?

Charlie points towards the television.

ON THE TV, is a video of Vincent in the back of a police  
cruiser. The headline reads: "BREAKING NEWS! TOP CELEBRITY  
AGENT ARRESTED ON TAX EVASION CHARGES."

NIKKI (CONT'D)  
I'm lost. An agent?

CHARLIE  
I could work with famous people.  
I would be my own boss. I  
couldn't get fired!

Nikki laughs.

NIKKI

Have you completely lost the plot? You need contacts for something like that. I don't mean eye contacts.

CHARLIE

Or a publicist. I saw this documentary once, they have easiest job ever. They just need to feed stories to the press.

NIKKI

Again... contacts.

CHARLIE

I could shoot down to the mall now, get some cards made up. That's a start. Come on, Nikki. Admit it, it's genius.

Nikki giggles again but Charlie's serious.

NIKKI

Wow, you're not kidding. How would you be paying for these cards?

CHARLIE

I have some money lying around--

Nikki raises her voice.

NIKKI

Some money! You have been living off my minimum wage for two weeks!

CHARLIE

It's not much... I was trying to save for, you know...

Charlie points to the oblivious Taylor, whispers.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

...her birthday.

NIKKI

And this is your master plan? How many jobs have you had in the past year alone.

CHARLIE

In my defense, I don't work well under an employer.

Nikki fakes a look of shock.

NIKKI

Really? You learn something new every day.

CHARLIE

Everyone has a path in life--

Nikki sighs.

NIKKI

Here we go.

CHARLIE

This is my path. I was born to work with celebrities. Don't ask me why. I just know it.

Nikki can barely contain her laughter.

NIKKI

You're forty-nine years old and only now have you found your path? Go you.

CHARLIE

Are you mocking me?

NIKKI

You couldn't even name one celebrity right now if your life depended on it.

Charlie thinks for a moment. His face lights up.

CHARLIE

Sure I could. Jonas... ah, what's his surname again?

Nikki laughs, shakes her head.

NIKKI

Fine. Whatever makes you happy. I'll tell you this, though. These people, they will use you then kick you aside like a stray dog.

Charlie rolls his eyes.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

They don't care about you, me, or anyone that's not them. And Charlie, don't come crying to me when they do.

CHARLIE

Since when did you become all  
clued up on this matter?

NIKKI

Look around you. You're right in  
the middle of Beverly Hills.  
There are people like you with  
big dreams everywhere you look.  
They cry in the coffee I serve  
them. Trust me, I've heard a lot  
of hard luck stories.

CHARLIE

I'll prove you wrong. Watch me.

NIKKI

We'll see. My shift starts in a  
half hour. Can you drop Taylor  
off at school before you start  
with all this insanity?

Charlie nods his head. Nikki leaves the room. Charlie taps  
Taylor on the shoulder.

CHARLIE

Guess who's going to mingle with  
the biggest stars in Hollywood?

Charlie smiles. Taylor turns towards Charlie, gives him the  
serious eyes.

TAYLOR

Sssh!

That wipes the smile from Charlie's face. Taylor turns her  
attention back towards the TV.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - STREET - DAY - DREAM

Julia walks down the street.

The pack of paparazzi stand ahead.

IN SLOW MOTION...

She stops, puts her huge sunglasses on her face.

One of the paparazzi spots her, points in her direction.  
They rush after her.

Julia smiles, runs in the opposite direction.

The paparazzi nudge and elbow each other as they run, each  
trying to get to the front of the pack for the best  
picture.

Julia brushes her hair away from her face with her hand as she runs.

The paparazzi raise their cameras, point them towards Julia as they run.

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

EXT. BEACH BAR - DAY

Julia sits at the bar. Her head rests on her arms, unconscious.

The BARMAN (30) watches her from the other side of the bar.

BARMAN  
Lady! Hey, lady!

Julia jolts awake.

JULIA  
What? Is it my hair?

BARMAN  
What?

Julia rubs her eyes, looks around. No paparazzi.

JULIA  
Never mind.

BARMAN  
Do you need a refill?

Bleary-eyed, Julia looks at her glass. It's empty.

JULIA  
I guess I do.

Barman nods 'okay'. He prepares her drink.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
Hey, do you like me?

BARMAN  
Huh?

JULIA  
Do you like me? Do you think I'm like, interesting and stuff?

Barman doesn't know how to answer.

BARMAN  
Maybe you've had too much to drink.

Julia playfully punches Barman on the arm.

JULIA  
Don't be like that!

THREE PAPARAZZI approach the bar. They are JOE PAPARAZZI (30), MIKE PAPARAZZI (35) and TOM PAPARAZZI (28).

Julia sees them coming. She fixes her hair with her hand

JOE PAPARAZZI  
(to Barman)  
Hi--

Julia interrupts.

JULIA  
Hi, beautiful. I knew you would  
all come running back sooner or  
later.

All three paparazzi look at each other, confused.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
There's still some milk left in  
this cash cow!

Julia laughs at her own attempt at a joke.

MIKE PAPARAZZI  
Do I know you?

JULIA  
I'm famous.

The three paparazzi laugh.

JOE PAPARAZZI  
Really? So am I!

JULIA  
Ha! Good one!

JOE PAPARAZZI  
No, really. Britney attacked me  
with an umbrella. Nearly took my  
eye out. Crazy bitch.

Tom and Joe Paparazzi laugh.

TOM PAPARAZZI  
I made LiLo crash her car.

Beat of silence.

MIKE PAPARAZZI

That's because you're a retard,  
Tom. Nobody cares about whatever  
you did.

TOM PAPARAZZI

Hey! Remember who gave you two  
the tip to come here.

MIKE PAPARAZZI

And look how useful it's been so  
far, dipshit.

That shuts Tom up.

JULIA

Aw! You got a tip that I was  
here? That's like, so cool.

JOE PAPARAZZI

Who are you again?

Julia turns away, a little humiliated.

BARMAN

Can I help you guys?

JOE PAPARAZZI

We got a tip that Violet  
Sanderson is in the area. We were  
wondering if you could help us  
out?

BARMAN

Sorry guys. I wish I could help.

The three paparazzi turn to walk away.

JULIA

Why do you want to find that  
whore?

They turn back towards Julia.

MIKE PAPARAZZI

Because she sells magazines...

TOM PAPARAZZI

And she's hot--

MIKE/JOE

Shut up!

Tom looks sorry he said anything.

JULIA

Do you not think it's kinda  
freaky how skinny she is? Is she  
like, a vegaterrier or something?

Tom and Mike look ready to walk away but Joe stares at  
Julia. A wide grin spreads across his face.

JOE PAPARAZZI

You. You're Julia Watson, right?

JULIA

See! I told you I'm famous. Do  
you want to take my picture now?

MIKE PAPARAZZI

Over there! There she is!

Violet, in a skimpy bikini, walks down towards the sea with  
CANDICE (19) and CARLY (19), two identical sisters who  
laugh at every joke as Violet talks.

The three paparazzi run towards them. Violet notices.

VIOLET

Run!

Violet, Candice and Carly run into the sea.

The paparazzi take pictures as Violet and her friends  
splash around in the water. They act like the cameras don't  
exist.

Julia watches on in envy.

JULIA

Bitch.

INT. MALL - PRINT STORE - DAY

Charlie stands at the counter. The SALESPERSON (40)  
approaches, unshaven with a depressed look about him.

SALESPERSON

There you go, sir. Five hundred  
personalized business cards.

He hands Charlie a small box.

SALESPERSON (CONT'D)

So, a celebrity publicist, huh?  
That's big, man. So big.

CHARLIE

Thanks.

SALESPERSON

I do a bit of acting in my spare time, actually.

CHARLIE

Oh, you do?

SALESPERSON

Yeah, just small parts here and there, you know? I did a commercial as a body double seven years ago.

Salesperson smiles proudly.

SALESPERSON (CONT'D)

I've been out for a while though. Too much competition.

CHARLIE

I'm a believer that competition brings the best out in you.

SALESPERSON

Not like this, man. I went for an audition to play a dead guy on CSI... just so I wouldn't need to learn any lines or shit. Two hundred people applied. Two hundred people! To play a dead fucking body!

CHARLIE

Two hundred?

SALESPERSON

It just gets on my nerves sometimes, you know? It's like me against the world.

Salesperson BANGS his fist on the counter in anger. A moment of awkward silence follows.

CHARLIE

How much do I owe you for the cards?

SALESPERSON

On the house, my man. Our little secret. There's actually only four hundred and ninety-nine there. I hope you don't mind, I kept one for myself.

Salesperson waves one of Charlie's small business cards in front of him.

CHARLIE

I'm not sure I could help your situation. You see, I'm a publicist, not an agent--

SALESPERSON

That's peachy, I understand, dude. I'm not asking you to get me work. Just whenever I make it big, I'll be giving you a call. You know what it's like, actors, dead prostitutes. A guy like you could get me out of a hole someday.

Salesperson laughs.

SALESPERSON (CONT'D)

See what I did there? A hole! Ha!

Charlie laughs nervously.

SALESPERSON (CONT'D)

I don't need any help, man. I will make it by myself. I will. I know I will.

(screams)

Fuck the competition!

Charlie jumps, startled.

SALESPERSON (CONT'D)

Sorry 'bout that. They just get me so mad, you know? It's like, any more rejections, I'll need to move onto my legs.

CHARLIE

What's that?

Salesperson rolls up his sleeves, studies his wrists.

SALESPERSON

The biggest one was for CSI. I was so pissed after that. Wanna see it?

Salesperson thrusts both his wrists in front of Charlie's face. Both have multiple slash marks.

Charlie covers his eyes, turns towards the exit.

CHARLIE

I've gotta be somewhere.

He heads for the exit as quick as he can.

SALESPERSON  
I'll call ya when I make it,  
buddy!

Charlie doesn't even look back. He exits.

Salesperson looks around the empty shop. He BANGS on the counter again.

SALESPERSON (CONT'D)  
Fuck the competition! YEAH!

EXT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

Charlie hurries towards his van, an old battered transit which is covered in dirt.

ACROSS THE STREET,

Julia walks past, dressed in one of the shortest miniskirts on the market.

Further down the street, the same, now familiar, pack of paparazzi stand, cameras in hand.

Julia stops, draws a deep breath. She hikes up her skirt even further. It now barley covers her bum. She walks towards the paparazzi.

Some of the paparazzi continue to talk but take no notice of her as she passes.

TOM PAPARAZZI  
My feet are numb. I can't stand here much longer.

MIKE PAPARAZZI  
No one's asking you to stand here. Go and take pictures of the ugly chick from Twilight if that makes you happy.

JOE PAPARAZZI  
Will the two of you shut your traps!

Julia sighs, turns back and approaches the paparazzi.

JULIA  
Hey, what do you want me to do for a picture? Wear a shorter top?

The paparazzi don't even look at her, instead keep their attention focused on the building ahead.

JOE PAPARAZZI

You can wear a shorter top if you like, there's not going to be a picture. Not today.

JULIA

What?

MIKE PAPARAZZI

Do you know who's in that building?

(off her look)

Violet Sanderson. Violet Sanderson shopping for an engagement ring.

JULIA

And?

MIKE PAPARAZZI

And? What if I stop to take a picture of you while Violet is rushed from that store?

Julia says nothing.

MIKE PAPARAZZI (CONT'D)

If I miss that picture, my kids don't eat tonight.

Julia rolls her eyes.

JULIA

Why do your kids eat pictures? Are they vegaterriers too?

Mike Paparazzi shakes his head in disbelief.

MIKE PAPARAZZI

I will not even dignify that with an answer.

Julia walks away but stops, turns back again.

JULIA

I've got a story to help you sell papers.

The paparazzi continue to stare at the store, don't even look at Julia as she talks.

JOE PAPARAZZI

I'm listening.

JULIA

I'm going to adopt.

JOE PAPARAZZI

Good for you.

JULIA

A baby... A black one... from one of those small poor countries like Asia or something.

TOM PAPARAZZI

I do hope it's a little smarter than you so it has half a chance in this great country of ours.

Hushed laughter from the pack of paparazzi.

Julia blushes, turns to walk away. She stops, turns back.

JULIA

Well... I... I was raped.

Mike Paparazzi raises his eyebrows.

MIKE PAPARAZZI

By whom?

Julia takes time to find an answer.

JULIA

Uh... a celebrity.

MIKE PAPARAZZI

Which celebrity?

Julia shifts uncomfortably.

JULIA

I'm not sure I should say.

Mike Paparazzi shrugs his shoulders.

MIKE PAPARAZZI

I'm not a journalist anyway. I need pictures, not stories. I was just curious.

Joe Paparazzi whispers to the rest of them.

JOE PAPARAZZI

How can you rape someone who's legs are open all hours?

Hushed laughter from the paparazzi again.

JULIA

You must have journalist friends?

TOM PAPARAZZI

He works for the New York Post.  
He has no friends.

Mike Paparazzi looks insulted.

MIKE PAPARAZZI

No wonder no one likes you, Tom.  
And for your information, they're  
better than those assholes you  
work for.

TOM PAPARAZZI

I'm freelance. Dick.

Then suddenly -- Violet exits the store. She wears stylish sunglasses that are even bigger than Julia's. All the paparazzi burst forward.

Mike Paparazzi knocks Tom's camera out of his hand just as he is about to take a picture.

TOM PAPARAZZI (CONT'D)

Hey!

Candice and Carly follow closely behind Violet. They all laugh and joke like the paparazzi aren't even there.

Julia storms away as Violet milks the attention.

JULIA

Bitch.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS - STREET - DAY

Charlie walks past several shop windows. He stops, stares into one window in particular.

IN THE WINDOW, is a flashy bright orange suit that wouldn't look out of place on a pimp.

He smiles, walks into the store.

EXT. REAR ENDERS - NIGHT

A large night club. The flashing neon sign above the entrance reads: "REAR ENDERS GAY CLUB".

A queue forms at the entrance. Two MEN make out. Two WOMEN who look like men hold hands.

Charlie strolls up, dressed in his ridiculously bright orange suit, with a huge smile plastered across his face.

People watch him as he passes by. He's oblivious to all the attention.

He reaches into his pocket, pulls out a small stack of business cards.

Charlie starts to hand out the cards to any passer-by.

CHARLIE  
Charlie Barton, Celebrity  
Publicist. If you're famous, give  
me a call.

A MAN throws the card away without even looking at it.

INT. REAR ENDERS - NIGHT

Julia walks up towards the area marked VIP. A burly BOUNCER awaits.

JULIA  
Hey.

The Bouncer holds out his arm, stops Julia passing.

BOUNCER  
Sorry ma'am, I can't let you  
through.

Julia blushes.

JULIA  
What? It's me...

The Bouncer stares through her.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
Julia. Julia Watson.

BOUNCER  
This area is reserved for VIP's  
only.

JULIA  
But I'm a VIP. I always sit  
there. Every week!

BOUNCER  
Manager's orders. I'm sorry.  
Regular bar's that way.

Bouncer points towards the bar. Her feelings hurt, Julia walks towards the bar.

AT THE BAR, a woman BARTENDER (40) with arms like tree trunks greets her.

BARTENDER  
What can I get ya?

Julia sits on the bar stool, holds her head in her hands.

JULIA  
Vodka. All of it.

EXT. REAR ENDERS - NIGHT

Charlie continues to hand out the business cards.

CHARLIE  
Calling all famous people.  
Charlie Barton. Celebrity  
Publicist.

A BUSTY WOMAN approaches. Charlie hands her a card.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
I'm sure I could find something  
for you with assets like those.  
Give me a call.

Charlie can't take his eyes off her boobs. She huffs,  
storms off.

A LIMO pulls up. The DRIVER opens the door. Violet,  
Candice, Carly and Lloyd get out, walk towards the entrance  
to the club.

Lloyd talks on his Bluetooth headset as he walks. He spots  
Charlie, takes a second look to make sure. He approaches.

LLOYD  
You... You're that idiot.

Charlie doesn't look pleased to see him. He moves his mouth  
to talk, but Lloyd raises a finger to his lips, motions for  
silence.

LLOYD (CONT'D)  
(into headset)  
Okay... I'll call you back.

Lloyd turns off the headset, looks Charlie up and down.

LLOYD (CONT'D)  
Did I not get you fired?

CHARLIE  
No, I walked--

LLOYD  
What's this?

Lloyd snatches one of Charlie's business cards, reads it.

LLOYD (CONT'D)  
Celebrity Publicist? Ha! Are you kidding me? Is that your home number on here?

CHARLIE  
It's actually my daughter's home number. I'm staying there--

LLOYD  
I can't believe this.

CHARLIE  
Why? Are you scared I might put you out of business?

Lloyd holds in a laugh.

LLOYD  
Ha! God no. Who are your contacts?

Charlie struggles to find an answer.

Lloyd goes into his suit pocket, brings out his BlackBerry.

LLOYD (CONT'D)  
I thought so. You see, to survive in this business, you need the two C's. Contacts and clients. On this very expensive device, I have both in abundance. Hilary Duff, Brooke Hogan, Shia Labeouf, they're all on here, plus many more.

Lloyd puts his arm around Violet.

LLOYD (CONT'D)  
I haven't got time for idiots.  
(to Violet)  
Shall we?

Violet smirks. They walk on into the club. Charlie watches them go.

Candice and Carly laugh at Charlie.

CANDICE  
In who's trash did you find your suit?

CARLY  
You look like a retarded astronaut.

Candice and Carly laugh again. They follow Violet and Lloyd.

A huge GAY MAN (45), nearly seven feet tall, dressed in a pink shirt, approaches Charlie, grabs a card from his hand.

GAY MAN  
Publicist, huh. I was famous back  
in the day.

CHARLIE  
You were?

GAY MAN  
Sure. I probably still have a  
huge fan base. Trying to get back  
in the game.

Charlie smiles, pulls out his notebook and pen.

CHARLIE  
You might be exactly what I'm  
looking for. Wait and I'll get  
your details--

GAY MAN  
Oh, handsome, you are exactly  
what I'm looking for.

The Gay Man strokes Charlie's face. He looks more than uncomfortable.

GAY MAN (CONT'D)  
This suit. It turns me on!

Charlie tries to pull away but Gay Man leans in closer.

GAY MAN (CONT'D)  
Putting up any sort of fight only  
makes me more determined.

Gay Man leans in, tries to lick Charlie's face but he pulls away. They both fall over.

Charlie's business cards fly everywhere. He struggles to free himself from the Gay Man on the ground.

COP (O.S.)  
Right! That's enough.

A COP pulls the Gay Man off Charlie. The Busty Woman stands next to the cop, a disgusted look plastered across her face.

Gay Man holds his hands up in innocence, backs away.

The Cop points to Charlie, looks at the Busty Woman.

COP (CONT'D)  
Is this him?

Busty Woman nods her head 'yes'.

The Cop picks up one of the business cards, reads it. He stares through Charlie.

COP (CONT'D)

Go home. Go on, get outta here. I don't want to see ya around here again, understand?

Charlie quickly agrees. Traumatized, he runs away as quick as he can.

COP (CONT'D)

He won't be bothering you again, ma-am.

Busty Woman smiles at the Cop, who secretly pockets Charlie's business card while she's not looking.

INT. REAR ENDERS - NIGHT

Julia knocks back another drink. Her eyes are all over the place, already clearly drunk.

The Bartender listens intently as Julia rambles.

JULIA

-- all they're interested in is that skinny little skank.

Julia breaks down into tears. Bartender pats her on the back.

BARTENDER

Here here.

Heads turn as Violet and her posse walk in.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Uh-oh.

Julia turns, spots Violet.

JULIA

Oh my God! Are you serious?

Julia holds her head in her hands, cries some more.

BARTENDER

It's okay. Don't let her get to you.

Candice and Carly approach the bar. Violet talks to Lloyd in the background.

CANDICE

Hi bar person, our friend's reserved the VIP area. Her name's Violet Sanderson.

CARLY

Yeah, so we'll be needing some alcohol whenever your ready. Like now.

CANDICE

Yeah, and make it the expensive stuff.

Carly looks at Candice in confusion.

CANDICE (CONT'D)

It's cool, Carly babe. She's paying.

CARLY

Oh yeah. Lots of expensive alcohol.

BARTENDER

No problem. It's coming right up.

Candice and Carly turn to walk away.

JULIA

(under her breath)

I hope she chokes on it.

They turn back, stare at Julia, each wondering if they heard right.

CANDICE

What's that?

Julia looks up at them both. Carly's eyes light up.

CARLY

Oh my God! I know you! You're Julia, right?

Julia smiles, nods her head.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Wow, what a pathetic loser you are!

(to Candice)

She's the slut James dumped.

Candice looks at her, realizes. She bursts into a fit of laughter.

CANDICE

Oh yeah. What did he say again?  
That she was an egotistical cow  
who would only look better if a  
truck ran over the top of her  
plastic face.

CARLY

And you're a waste of two  
perfectly good implants.

Carly and Candice laugh. Julia's hurt. Her eyes water.

CANDICE

Hey Violet! Come over here and  
look at this failure.

Violet approaches, looks Julia up and down.

VIOLET

Who the hell is she?

Julia rises from her seat, eyeballs Violet.

JULIA

You stole my boyfriend!

A moment of silence. Violet laughs.

VIOLET

Are you frickin' serious? This is  
you? Julia, right?

Julia nods 'yes'. She puffs her chest out, tries to look  
big.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

You're so stupid, you make Carly  
look smart.

Candice laughs. Carly opens her mouth to say something but  
Candice discreetly elbows her, gives her the eyes.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

What did he even see in you? Is  
that wrinkles on your face?

Julia touches her face selfconsciously.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

I've seen fifty year-old hookers  
that are in better shape.

Candice and Carly laugh at Violet's remark.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
I'm releasing my own branded  
beauty cream next week. You  
should totally get it.

Violet turns to walk away.

JULIA  
Size-zero bitch.

Candice and Carly let out a laugh. Violet stops, turns  
back. She draws the eyes off Candice and Carly.

VIOLET  
What the hell are you two  
laughing at?

Candice and Carly shut up on command. Violet turns her  
attention to Julia.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
Oh my God, why are you still  
here? Go away before I burst  
those two badly done implants in  
your chest.

Violet looks Julia up and down in a disapproving manner.  
Lloyd gets the Bouncer's attention, points towards Julia.

LLOYD  
Get that crazy drunk lady out of  
here, please.

The Bouncer approaches, grabs Julia's arm.

BOUNCER  
I think you've had too much to  
drink. Let's go.

Julia points to Violet, turns to face the Bouncer.

JULIA  
You better hope you don't have a  
boyfriend or that skank might  
steal him too.

The Bouncer says nothing. They all mockingly wave goodbye.

EXT. REAR ENDERS - NIGHT

Julia is pushed out the exit. She staggers, falls to the  
ground.

On the ground in front of her, is a small business card.  
She picks it up, squints her eyes, reads it.

It reads: "CALLING ALL CELEBRITIES! CHARLIE BARTON  
CELEBRITY PUBLICIST"

Julia forces a smile, lets out a laugh.

INT. BARTON HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - DAY

Still dressed in his orange suit, Charlie sits upright on the sofa, stares intently at something on the table in front of him.

It's the phone. His eyes pierce through it. Several seconds pass.

Nikki appears by the doorway.

NIKKI

Staring at it is not gonna make  
it ring.

RING! RING! Charlie jumps, startled. He lets it ring for a few seconds.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Well?

Charlie picks up the phone.

CHARLIE

(into phone)

Hello... Yes this is Charlie  
Barton.

He smiles at Nikki. A few seconds pass. The smile disappears from his face.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Actually, you must have the wrong  
number. Bye.

Charlie slams the phone down in a hurry. Nikki awaits his explanation.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

False alarm. Debt collector.

Nikki sniggers, shakes her head in disbelief. She exits the room.

RING! RING! Charlie picks the phone up slowly.

INT. JULIA'S HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - DAY

Julia, tears in her eyes, holds the phone to her ear with one hand and Charlie's business card in the other.

JULIA  
Hi, is this Charlie Barton?

INTERCUT WITH CHARLIE IN THE BARTON HOUSE.

CHARLIE  
That depends. Are you a debt collector?

JULIA  
Excuse me? I'm Julia Watson.

CHARLIE  
Who?

JULIA  
I'm a celebrity. I need a good publicist.

CHARLIE  
Oh right. I can help.

Charlie frantically searches the table for his pad of paper and pen.

Julia sounds surprised, breaks into tears again.

JULIA  
You can? Thank you so much!

CHARLIE  
Sure. Let me get your details and I'll give you the address of my offices.

END INTERCUT.

INT. BARTON HOUSE - DAY

BANG! BANG! On the door. Charlie rushes towards it, opens it to reveal Julia, dressed in more skimpy clothes that leave little to the imagination.

CHARLIE  
Charlie Barton. Nice to meet you.

Charlie extends his hand for a handshake.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Please, come on in.

Julia smiles, walks in, looks at the surroundings.

JULIA  
I think you need to find some new offices. I've seen prettier houses in Slumdog Millionaire.

CHARLIE

This is really only temporary.

NIKKI (O.S.)

That's what I told him when he moved in.

Charlie and Julia turn to Nikki and Taylor, who stand by the doorway to the kitchen.

JULIA

(re: Nikki)

Oh, is this your secretary?

Julia approaches Nikki, shakes her hand. Insulted, Nikki opens her mouth to speak but Charlie cuts her off quickly.

CHARLIE

Ah! Taylor. Look who's here.

Charlie points to Julia. Nikki storms away.

TAYLOR

Is she your girlfriend?

Charlie blushes, laughs.

CHARLIE

No silly. It's a celebrity.  
(whispers to Julia)  
What's your name again?

Julia smiles at Taylor.

JULIA

Hi, I'm Julia Watson.

Taylor stands in silence, not impressed.

TAYLOR

Who?

Charlie lets out a nervous laugh again, pats Taylor on the back of the head.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Where are the rest of your clothes?

Charlie panics.

CHARLIE

Okay! Taylor, maybe you should go and help Mommy do secretary things. Okay?

Taylor exits the room. Charlie turns to Julia, forces a smile.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Come on, no time to waste.

They walk through the door into the...

SITTING ROOM

CHARLIE  
Take a seat.

Julia looks at the battered old sofa. A huge Charlie ass-shaped dent in one side.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Sorry 'bout that. Out of work for a while.

Charlie laughs. Julia sits down with care, appalled by the state of the sofa.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Let's get started, shall we?

Charlie pulls out his pen and pad of paper.

Julia stares at a massive pile of celebrity magazines stacked up on the table in front of her.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
So, why are you here? What's your story?

JULIA  
Well, one year ago, I placed fourth in a reality TV show. I started dating a footballer. A famous footballer. The journalists and paparazzi, they couldn't get enough of us. Then a few weeks ago...

Tears stream from Julia's eyes. She struggles to compose herself.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
He dumped me! He called me stupid!

Charlie writes furiously in his notebook, unaware of the deteriorating emotional state of Julia.

CHARLIE  
Go on.

JULIA  
(choking back tears)  
Now no one is interested in me.  
And, he's dating this mega-bitch  
called Violet. She's rubbing my  
face in it!

Charlie looks up, notices the tearful Julia.

CHARLIE  
I can work with this.

JULIA  
That life is all I know. I can't  
go back to having a normal job. I  
just can't! I've got to have it  
back.

A beat of silence as Charlie thinks this over.

CHARLIE  
In my many years experience,  
there are several ways to solve a  
problem like yours.

Charlie pushes the pile of celebrity magazines out of sight  
while Julia's not looking.

JULIA  
Like?

Charlie flicks through his notebook. He stops at a page,  
studies it.

CHARLIE  
The easiest way? A sex tape--

JULIA  
Done that.

CHARLIE  
I know it's a great idea...  
Wait... what?

JULIA  
Me and James did that last year.  
Twelve million hits on Assbook.  
Rated Number One.

CHARLIE  
What website would this be?

JULIA  
Assbook. It's like Facebook, only  
it's all homemade pornos. There's  
some real sick stuff on there.

Charlie is too stunned to speak.

JULIA (CONT'D)

It's mainly ass-orientated.  
Hardcore anal, ass to mouth,  
things like that. That's why it's  
called Assbook. I was totally  
Spider-manned. I was picking his  
white stuff out of my hair for  
weeks.

Charlie scribbles "ASSBOOK" down in his notebook.

CHARLIE

That sounds... interesting.

JULIA

Oh, it was. I'd like to think I  
know a lot, you know, sexually. I  
learned so much more that night.

Charlie shifts a little uncomfortably. He grabs his  
notebook and double underlines "ASSBOOK". He sits back,  
satisfied.

CHARLIE

I think we should try to reinvent  
you. Give you a new image. The  
public have obviously tired of  
you so this seems like a sensible  
option.

JULIA

Does this mean I get new clothes?

CHARLIE

I think it does.

JULIA

Awesome!

CHARLIE

Then why are we still sitting  
here?

Julia flashes a smile. Charlie returns the favor.

EXT. CHARITY SHOP - DAY

Julia's jaw drops as Charlie leads her up to a grubby  
charity shop.

CHARLIE

I forgot to mention that we're on  
a budget.

Julia can't hide her disappointment. Charlie enters the  
store.

Julia turns, walks away. She stops, thinks for a moment.

JULIA  
What am I doing?

She turns back, follows Charlie into the store.

INT. CHARITY SHOP - FITTING ROOM - DAY

Julia tries on an old dress that looks a century old.

A KNOCK on the door.

JULIA  
Come in.

The door opens. It's Charlie with a basket-full of clothes in his hand.

CHARLIE  
Here's some more. Try these.

He hands her the basket.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- Julia pulls different poses in various ugly dresses in front of the mirror.

- Her eyes light up as she finds a few low-cut dresses that any hooker would love.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. BARTON HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - DAY

Charlie stands behind Julia, his hands placed over her eyes.

CHARLIE  
Hey! No peeking.

Julia laughs.

JULIA  
Just tell me. I hate surprises.

CHARLIE  
Okay. On three. One... two...  
three.

Charlie takes his hands away. Julia stares in shock.

JULIA  
Oh my God! I love surprises!

In front of her, is a small CHIHUAHUA. A very ugly Chihuahua with large patches of hair missing.

She picks it up, pets it lovingly.

CHARLIE

It's nothing fancy. I got it from an animal shelter.

JULIA

Aw, that's so cute!

Julia opens her handbag, places the Chihuahua inside.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Look! It fits perfectly!

The Chihuahua WHINES.

CHARLIE

What are you going to call her?

Julia thinks for a moment, then smiles brightly.

JULIA

Paris! I'm gonna call her Paris!

Charlie laughs but Julia's serious.

CHARLIE

Then I think we're ready.

JULIA

We are?

CHARLIE

Here's to the new you.

Charlie raises his hand, gives Julia a high-five.

EXT. MTV AFTER PARTY HALL - NIGHT

The red carpet is rolled out towards the entrance which is guarded by a DOORMAN. Packs of paparazzi and SCREAMING FANS stand behind the red velvet rope.

A STRETCH LIMO pulls up. The driver gets out, opens the back door. It's a POPULAR TV STAR (25).

He walks down the red carpet, stops for photographs. The noise of the screaming fans is deafening.

He walks on, the Doorman let him through.

Charlie's battered transit van pulls up.

The paparazzi and fans go silent in anticipation. Charlie gets out, rushes around to the passenger door, opens it.

It's Julia, dressed in the shortest dress in her wardrobe. She spins around in the seat to exit, her legs apart. It's the most obvious panty flash you'll ever see...

The crowd "Oohs" and "Aahs". Some photographers drop their cameras in astonishment. Judging by their faces, she's not wearing any panties!

CAMERAS FLASH! Julia smiles, gets out of the van, takes her bag with the Chihuahua inside with her.

She pulls a few poses for the cameras. No more pictures are taken. She walks down towards the Doorman.

DOORMAN

Name?

JULIA

Julia Watson.

Doorman holds up his clipboard, scans it up and down.

DOORMAN

You're not on the guest list.

JULIA

There must be some mistake.

DOORMAN

Sorry, miss. I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

Julia sighs, turns and walks back up the red carpet, humiliated.

A Limousine pulls up. Julia stops, watches on.

Violet, Lloyd, Candice and Carly step out. Lloyd catches a glimpse of Charlie, who stands by his transit van not so far away.

Violet acts like a professional as she poses for pictures for the hungry paparazzi. Julia watches on.

CANDICE (O.S.)

What an ugly dog.

Julia turns. Candice and Carly look right at her. Candice stares at the Chihuahua.

CANDICE (CONT'D)

This one's not much better.

CARLY

If I had a face like hers, I  
would totally never forgive my  
parents.

They both laugh, walk on before Julia can even open her  
mouth.

Lloyd approaches Julia, takes a glance back at Charlie. He  
whispers in her ear.

LLOYD

Seems you've found your level.  
Good luck.

Lloyd walks on. Julia looks stunned. Things can't get any  
worse. She walks on.

Violet winks at Julia as they pass. Violet sticks her leg  
out. Julia trips, falls to the ground. She sticks her arms  
out to break her fall.

RIP! Julia's face tells us everything. Her dress has torn  
from the back. She looks at the crowds. Everyone howls with  
laughter.

The Chihuahua BARKS, escapes from of the bag and runs up  
the red carpet.

JULIA

Paris!

The dog's out of sight. Julia looks around. The crowd  
continue to laugh hysterically.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Stop laughing! Stop it!

She breaks down into tears, runs up the red carpet towards  
Charlie's van, holding what's left of her dress around her.

EXT. NEWSSTAND - DAY

Julia runs as fast as she can. Charlie struggles to keep  
up.

She stops at the newsstand, grabs a newspaper, proceeds to  
flick through the pages.

CHARLIE

I've already had one hip  
replacement. I can't run like I  
used to.

Julia throws the newspaper down, picks up another. She  
flicks through the pages in a hurry.

JULIA

Nothing... there's nothing.

Julia throws the newspaper down, picks up another.

The frail OLD SALESMAN (70) watches on in stunned silence.

CHARLIE

Nonsense. There must be something.

JULIA

There's nothing! Not one picture. I've never been so humiliated in my whole life and for what?

CHARLIE

It was a good idea on paper.

JULIA

If those pictures aren't here. Where are they? On their bedroom wall?

The Old Salesman interrupts.

OLD SALESMAN

Excuse me, are you going to pay for those?

JULIA

No... sorry, I was just seeing if my picture was in any of them.

Old Salesman looks puzzled.

OLD SALESMAN

Who are you?

JULIA

Never mind.

Julia storms away, Charlie follows.

JULIA (CONT'D)

I can't believe I did that! Oh my God.

The pass a HOMELESS MAN, who sits with a cup in front of him.

HOMELESS MAN

Can you spare a dollar?

Julia ignores him, walks on.

CHARLIE

That's it!

JULIA

I mean, the red carpet could just have swallowed me up right there.

CHARLIE

Julia! He's our answer.

Charlie points to the Homeless Man, who looks behind him to make sure he's not pointing at anyone else.

JULIA

You want me to beg for money?

CHARLIE

No... I want you to beg for charity! It's a great idea.

Julia's not convinced.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Think about it. The only reason people buy U2 records is because the guy with the funny glasses who looks like a child molester raises a bit for charity from time to time.

JULIA

You're right.

CHARLIE

Yeah I am. This could be it.

The Homeless Man stares at both of them.

HOMELESS MAN

Do I get a dollar now?

Charlie pulls a crumpled dollar from his pocket.

EXT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

A dollar bill is dropped into a small cup-shaped container. Written on the side: "4 CHARITY".

Julia holds the container, paces back and forth on the sidewalk.

JULIA

(shouts)

Give me your money! Collection for charity!

Charlie stands at the other side of the road. He smiles, gives her the thumbs up.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
Come on, people! Kid's are dying  
right now!

Another passerby drops some coins into the container.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
It will make you feel good!

An ELDERLY WOMAN approaches.

ELDERLY WOMAN  
Which charity are you collecting  
for, dear?

JULIA  
Uh... I dunno. All of them, I  
guess.

Elderly Woman shakes her head in disgust, walks away. Julia  
shouts after her.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
Hey! Get back here. Charity needs  
you.

Charlie looks up the street. He spots the paparazzi in the  
distance.

He waves his hands, gets Julia's attention. He gives her  
the thumbs up again.

He looks up again, The paparazzi are closer. But he spots  
someone else. Violet.

CHARLIE  
Oh shoot.

Charlie waves his hands in the air, tries to get Julia's  
attention.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Julia! Look!

Julia shouts towards the Elderly Woman, doesn't notice  
Charlie.

JULIA  
How can you live with yourself?

Julia turns, looks on in shock.

Violet, Candice and Carly walk towards her. The pack of  
paparazzi just behind them.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
Here we go.

Carly spots Julia, points towards her. Violet and Candice burst into laughter as they walk towards her.

VIOLET  
Julia, wow.

Julia says nothing, stares through Violet.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
It's nice to see that you got  
some work eventually.

Candice and Carly laugh again. Julia's not impressed.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
All this walking back and forth,  
it should burn some of that fat.

More laughter from Violet's crew. Julia touches her stomach selfconsciously.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
Dropping a dress size would  
really do you a world of good.

Violet goes to walk away but Julia speaks up.

JULIA  
FYI, it's not a job. It's for  
charity. Not that you would know  
anything about that.

A beat of silence.

VIOLET  
I hear giving for charity makes  
you feel good.

Violet takes a large chewed up piece of chewing gum from her mouth, drops it in the charity container.

Julia looks on, absolutely stunned.

Across the street, Charlie watches on, head in his hands.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
Ah! I feel better already.

JULIA  
You can't--

Violet stares right in Julia's face.

VIOLET  
I'm the queen bitch in this  
jungle now. The sooner you  
realize that, the easier it will  
be for both of us.

Violet, Candice and Carly walk away. Julia can't think of a thing to say.

INT. BARTON HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - DAY

Charlie and Julia sit on the sofa. They both stare at a laptop on the table in front of them.

CHARLIE  
Where's our little technical wizard? Taylor!

Taylor enters the room, approaches.

JULIA  
Can you make this go to the TMZ website?

TAYLOR  
Sure.

Taylor presses a few buttons on the laptop.

JULIA  
Thanks, sweetie.

CHARLIE  
The young ones are great at all this technology business, huh? Taylor's showing me how to work one of those fancy cell phones. She says my notebook and pen make me look old fashioned.

Julia giggles. Nikki appears by the doorway.

NIKKI  
Charlie. A word?

Charlie turns to Julia.

CHARLIE  
Have a check. I'll be back in a tick.

Charlie approaches Nikki at the other side of the room. She holds up a small card with a phone number written on it.

NIKKI  
That woman gave Taylor this. What the hell?

Charlie looks at the card.

CHARLIE

She gave Taylor her phone number?  
So? What's with all the  
hostility?

NIKKI

Try again. She gave Taylor her  
plastic surgeon's phone number.

CHARLIE

Oh.

NIKKI

She told my eight-year-old  
daughter that her nose could use  
a little work and she should give  
this guy a call.

Charlie is lost for words.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Get that bitch out of my house.

Charlie turns back towards Julia. She stares at the laptop,  
slightly depressed.

CHARLIE

Anything?

Julia shakes her head.

JULIA

What's next on your list?

Charlie takes out his notebook, flicks through the pages.

CHARLIE

How good are you with kids?

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Camera crews are set up opposite dozens of SICK CHILDREN  
(aged 4-8). Many of them with oxygen masks and hospital  
drips still attached to their arms.

Violet poses for a picture with a one of the sick children.  
They both smile for the cameras. Lloyd watches on.

Charlie and Julia stand at the other side of the room.

CHARLIE

You may hate her but she knows  
what she's doing when the cameras  
are around.

Violet talks to a SHY BOY.

VIOLET

Aw, you're star-stuck. It's okay.

Violet smiles, poses for a picture with the shy youngster.

CHARLIE

I know you're gonna hate me saying this, but be like her and you'll do just fine.

Violet approaches Lloyd, whispers to him.

VIOLET

Is that enough? Get me outta here already.

Lloyd nods 'okay'. They approach Charlie and Julia.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Julia! You fit right in.

JULIA

Hey, these are sick--

VIOLET

Don't feel bad. Lots of people like you have no talent. Look around you. You could make some friends here.

Violet smirks. She exits with Lloyd.

CHARLIE

Ignore her. Go.

Julia puts on these huge sunglasses that are even bigger than Violet's. They look like they came free with a comic book. She draws a deep breath, approaches the kids.

JULIA

Hi, I'm Julia Watson.

All the children are silent.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Does anyone want a picture with me?

A SICK BOY (6) raises his hand.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Come on then.

He walks towards her. Julia kneels down, puts her hand on his shoulder.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
 You're star-struck. I totally get  
 it. Just remember, it's not my  
 fault that I'm better than you.  
 God makes us all different.

Julia turns the Sick Boy towards the cameras.

The Sick Boy COUGHS. Julia backs away.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
 Wow. You're not contagious or  
 anything, are you?

The Sick Boy bursts into tears.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
 Hang on a sec.

Julia runs off screen. Charlie watches on, confused.

JULIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Okay. Ready.

Julia returns, with a hospital face mask on. Sick Boy  
 SCREAMS and WAILS!

JULIA (CONT'D)  
 Say cheese!

CANDICE (O.S.)  
 That crazy lady is trying to  
 steal that little boy!

Julia turns, Candice, Carly and Violet stand by the  
 doorway.

A NURSE approaches, takes the Sick Boy's hand and leads him  
 away from Julia. The Nurse gives Julia a disapproving  
 stare.

Violet, Candice and Carly laugh.

VIOLET  
 Later, loser.

They exit. Julia looks at Charlie, tears in her eyes. She  
 rips off the face mask, throws it to the floor.

JULIA  
 What do I have to do for a story!  
 Rob a bank?

Charlie flashes a smile.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
 What?

INT. SALON - DAY

A pretty ATTENDANT (21), scared look on her face, stands with her hands above her head.

ATTENDANT  
Please. You don't have to do  
this.

JULIA (O.S.)  
I do.

Tears form in the Attendant's eyes.

ATTENDANT  
There's no going back. Your life  
will be ruined.

JULIA (O.S.)  
(shouts)  
Shut up!

ATTENDANT  
You're crazy!

A DOOR OPENS. It's Charlie. He points excitedly up the street.

CHARLIE  
I phoned with the tip! They're  
coming!

ON JULIA, as she stands with an electric clipper, holds it close to her hair.

ATTENDANT  
Don't! You have beautiful hair!

Overdramatizing, the Attendant breaks down into tears.

Charlie sticks his head out of the door, shouts...

CHARLIE  
In here! Major celebrity doing a  
Britney!

Charlie runs back in, a smile on his face.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Wait for it, wait for it!

The paparazzi rush towards the large window of the salon, raise their cameras.

Julia's face lights up. She takes a deep breath, moves the clipper closer to her head. THEN...

MIKE PAPARAZZI  
James! Violet!

Mike Paparazzi rushes away. After a split second, the rest of the paparazzi run like a stampede after him.

JULIA  
Oh... Come on!

Julia throws the clipper to the floor. The Attendant breathes a sigh of relief.

INT. REAR ENDERS - NIGHT

Julia sits at a table, stares straight ahead.

Charlie approaches, two glasses in his hand. He sits them on the table, sits opposite Julia.

CHARLIE  
You might as well tell me why.

JULIA  
Why what?

CHARLIE  
Why you come to this place?

Julia continues to stare straight ahead. Charlie turns his head to see what she's looking at. It's the VIP area.

JULIA  
I dunno... It's just different, I guess. The paparazzi just don't come in here. They'll wait outside, but never enter. It's just too risky for them, I guess.

CHARLIE  
You have no idea.

Charlie looks around cautiously. He's catching the attention of several GAY MEN.

JULIA  
It's just normal, you know? I could just come in here with my friends. We would drink and have a good time without a camera being pushed in our faces.

Charlie looks puzzled.

CHARLIE  
Where are all your friends now?

JULIA

They're only interested in being your friend when you have a good thing going, you know? Vincent always told me to watch out for people like that. I should have listened.

Julia looks like she's ready to break down again.

CHARLIE

Why do you chase it then? The fame. Why do you chase it when you sound like you hate everything about it?

JULIA

I don't hate it. I love it. All the chasing. The bright flashes. People recognizing me in the street. That's my life now.

Julia takes out a tissue, wipes tears from her eyes.

JULIA (CONT'D)

There are just times when you need a break from it all. Even if it's just for one hour. This place gave me that. That area gave me that.

Julia breaks down into tears. Charlie gives her a hug.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Now they've taken that away from me too.

CHARLIE

I'll fix this... no worries.

JULIA

You can't fix this. Nobody cares anymore! It's over.

CHARLIE

Don't throw in the towel yet, we still have a few options left.

JULIA

What kind of options are you talking about?

CHARLIE

Have a drink. I'll tell you more.

Charlie takes out his notebook, looks through it.

JULIA

Why?

CHARLIE

You'll need a drink before I tell  
ya. Trust me.

EXT. REAR ENDERS - NIGHT

Julia stumbles out of the exit, Charlie follows.

CHARLIE

Wow, steady.

Charlie catches her as she staggers sideways.

Charlie looks across the street. TWO POLICE OFFICERS stand  
next to their cruiser.

A pack of paparazzi stand at the entrance, eagerly awaiting  
someone.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Perfect. They're all here.

Julia takes a deep breath.

JULIA

Wish me luck.

CHARLIE

You won't even need it. Trust me.

Julia smiles, walks on. She stops, turns back.

JULIA

What color's your ride again?

Charlie points to his white van nearby.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Oh right.

Julia staggers towards the white van. She shouts towards  
the two cops.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Hey boys!

They eye her suspiciously as she passes, barely able to  
walk in a straight line.

Julia gives them a wave. She stumbles but regains balance  
just in time.

The two cops look at each other in disbelief. They approach  
Julia.

Julia opens the van, climbs in the driver's seat.

COP #1  
Please step out of the vehicle,  
ma'am.

Julia huffs.

JULIA  
But I just got in.

COP #2  
Have you been drinking?

JULIA  
Why are you asking stupid  
questions?

The two cops give Julia a stern look.

COP #2  
Don't get smart. How much alcohol  
have you had today?

JULIA  
I dunno, not enough I guess.

Julia turns the keys in the ignition.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
Hey. Here's a stupid question.  
Which pedal is the gas?

COP #1  
Ma'am, I won't tell you again.  
Step out of the--

Julia floors the gas pedal. The van CRASHES into the car in front. The two cops jump back.

The sound of the crash is enough to alert the paparazzi. They run towards Julia, raise their cameras...

Julia sees this, smiles... Cop #1 stands in front of her, pulls out his TASER.

COP #1 (CONT'D)  
Get out of the vehicle now!

JULIA  
Hey! You're in their way!

Julia raises her arm, tries to brush Cop #1 aside. He fires his Taser.

JOE PAPARAZZI  
There she is! Violet!

Julia's entire body convulses. Her eyes fixed on the paparazzi as they now run away from her.

Charlie watches from across the street, shell-shocked. Violet and Lloyd walk past him, the crowd of paparazzi gaining on them.

ON JULIA, as she is pulled out of the van and forcibly restrained by the two cops.

JULIA

No!

Nobody notices. All attention is on Violet. She poses for pictures outside the gay club. Her eyes catch the commotion across the road.

She smiles as Julia is placed in the police cruiser.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

Julia lies on her back on the hard bed. A door opens O.S. She jolts up.

A OFFICER WILLIAMS (30), a huge scary looking female officer, approaches her cell.

JULIA

Oh thank God, I've been awake for hours.

Officer Williams stares through Julia, her face devoid of emotion.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Hey, do you have a newspaper I can sneak a look at? Any one will do... but preferably the--

OFFICER WILLIAMS

(blunt)

No.

JULIA

Okay then. Can you take a look--

OFFICER WILLIAMS

No.

Julia sighs. She talks slowly to Officer Williams like she's a child.

JULIA

You see, I'm a celebrity. I just want to see if my story is in the newspaper. Do. You. Understand?

Officer Williams stares her in the eye for a few seconds. Her face reddens in anger.

OFFICER WILLIAMS

Everyone thinks they're a celebrity around here. Let me tell you this. I've worked here four years. Not met one celebrity yet.

She speaks with a lisp and spits all over Julia's face as she talks.

JULIA

But I am. I'm Julia.

Officer Williams moves closer to the bars, looks right at Julia.

OFFICER WILLIAMS

You have a lovely nose.

Julia blushes.

JULIA

Thanks. It was the work of this great surgeon in--

Officer Williams whips out her baton.

OFFICER WILLIAMS

It would be a shame if it was broken!

Shocked, Julia takes a step away from the bars.

OFFICER WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

All these wannabe celebs, I hate them all. I hate them more than illegal aliens and negros.

JULIA

But--

OFFICER WILLIAMS

This guy was brought in a few months back. Said he was a big shot in a some shitty sitcom, banging on about how he had more money than me. Do you know what he got? A black eye and ruptured testicle. That's what.

Julia wipes the spit from her face.

JULIA

I'm sorry.

OFFICER WILLIAMS  
 (threatening)  
 Do you think you're better than  
 me? Huh, do you?

JULIA  
 What?

Julia takes another step back from the bars, intimidated.

OFFICER WILLIAMS  
 Because you get your face in the  
 papers, that makes you queen now,  
 does it?

JULIA  
 No--

OFFICER WILLIAMS  
 Let me tell you something, lady,  
 I'm in the newspapers every  
 single day. You want to know why?  
 I arrest criminals, that's why.  
 Next time you read about a drug  
 bust, or a shoot-out, you  
 remember me. DO. YOU. UNDERSTAND?

Julia nods 'yes', clearly frightened.

OFFICER WILLIAMS (CONT'D)  
 Do you still think you're better  
 than me? Still think you're a  
 "celebrity"?

Officer Williams taps the baton against the bars as she  
 waits for an answer.

JULIA  
 No.

OFFICER WILLIAMS  
 Good.

Officer Williams turns away.

JULIA  
 But I am a celebrity--

OFFICER WILLIAMS  
 Fucking bitch.

Officer Williams turns back, pulls out her keys, unlocks  
 the cell door.

JULIA  
 Please!

Julia runs and cowers in the corner, her hands shielding her head. She SCREAMS!

THE SOUND OF A DOOR OPENING. Julia opens her eyes.

Officer Williams puts her keys and baton away, acts innocent.

The SERGEANT (45) appears.

SERGEANT  
Julia Watson?

Julia lifts her head, still clearly frightened.

JULIA  
Yes...

SERGEANT  
Congratulations. You've made bail.

Julia breathes a sigh of relief. The Sergeant unlocks the cell, slides the door open.

Julia walks past Officer Williams, who gives Julia the crazy eyes look as she passes.

JULIA  
(to the Sergeant)  
Thank you so much.

Julia takes one final look back at Officer Williams, who makes the slit-throat gesture back at her.

Julia can't get away fast enough.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Julia and Charlie exit the station.

JULIA  
How do you think it went?

Charlie looks nervous.

CHARLIE  
I think it went great.

He doesn't sound convincing but Julia buys it.

JULIA  
Good, cause I can't remember anything. Talk about too much to drink!

CHARLIE  
I'm sure at least one of them  
took the bait.

Julia looks at Charlie but he avoids eye contact.

EXT. NEWSSTAND - DAY

Julia holds the newspaper out in front of her. The headline reads: "VIOLET'S STALKER TERROR"

JULIA  
She has a stalker? Bitch!

Julia proceeds to flick through the pages of the newspaper.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
No no no...

She throws the newspaper down. The Old Salesman looks on.

OLD SALESMAN  
Are you going to pay--

Julia turns to Charlie.

JULIA  
I can't believe it. What  
happened, Charlie? This wasn't  
supposed to work out this way.

CHARLIE  
Things got complicated.

JULIA  
Complicated?

CHARLIE  
Violet Sanderson complicated.

JULIA  
She's haunting me and she's not  
even dead yet.

CHARLIE  
Calm down, you're probably still  
feeling the effects of the Taser.

Julia looks enraged.

JULIA  
Taser? I was shocked by a  
freakin' Taser? Are you kidding?

Charlie nods 'no'.

CHARLIE

It should have worked. It worked for Lindsey Lohan, Nicole Ritchie, Paris...

Julia raises her voice again.

JULIA

Nicole made the news for DUI but I didn't? What's the world coming too?

CHARLIE

Calm down. Look at this, I live by this saying.

Charlie rolls the sleeve to his right arm up, reveals his tattoo to Julia.

The tattoo reads: "NOTHING GOOD COMES EASY, ALL GOOD THINGS TAKE SOME TIME"

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I've had more crappy jobs than you can imagine. When I was having a bad time and felt like you do now, I looked at this. I knew that sometime down the line, I'd be doing something that I love. I'm nearly fifty now but here I am. I've finally found something that I look forward to when I get up in the morning.

Julia's not impressed.

JULIA

What's your point?

CHARLIE

My point is that you should live by this saying too. You might not be in the papers today, or tomorrow, but if it's meant to be, it will happen eventually, no matter how long it takes. Everyone has a path.

A beat of silence as Julia considers this.

JULIA

You really are crazy! I want fame now, not tomorrow. You're the publicist, work it out.

CHARLIE

It's not my fault... it was just bad timing.

Passers-by stare at the enraged Julia as they pass.

JULIA

That's the excuse? You're supposed to help me get my ass back in those newspapers. Do you see me in any of those?

Julia throws some newspapers at him. Charlie snaps.

CHARLIE

You think you're the only one losing out here? I stay with my daughter. I'm broke... I spent all the money I saved for my granddaughter's birthday present on bailing you out. I have nothing, you should think yourself lucky.

JULIA

Who are you to talk to me like that? I don't have to answer to you. You work for me. Remember?

Charlie stares through Julia, who is now in full-on bitch mode.

CHARLIE

I don't work for you. I'm my own boss.

JULIA

Like hell you are. You're fired.

Charlie is taken aback.

CHARLIE

No I'm not.

JULIA

Uh, yes you are.

CHARLIE

I quit first.

JULIA

No you didn't.

CHARLIE

Yes I did.

Julia sighs.

JULIA

I'm not doing this. It's not working out, Charlie. I'll pay your money back when I get it. That's all.

Julia walks away.

Charlie stands on the spot, feels sorry for himself. Old Salesman continues to watch him.

OLD SALESMAN

(re: newspaper)

Are you going to pay for that?

Charlie stares through him.

INT. BARTON HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - DAY

Charlie enters, slumps down on the sofa.

Taylor and Nikki watch him in silence. They look at each other, confused.

NIKKI

What's up?

CHARLIE

Don't wanna talk about it.

NIKKI

All is not well in celebrity land, I presume.

CHARLIE

Don't wanna talk about it.

Nikki smiles. She knows she's right.

NIKKI

Taylor wants to know if you've met a real celebrity who needs your help.

Taylor whispers in Nikki's ear. Nikki laughs.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Like Shane in Camp Rock?

CHARLIE

Don't wanna talk about it.

Nikki laughs again.

NIKKI

Don't say I never told ya so.  
Hollywood. The land of broken  
dreams and Botox. You've gotta  
love it.

(to Taylor)

Come on, Taylor. Let's leave  
granddaddy to cry in peace.

Taylor holds Nikki's hand. They leave the room.

Charlie doesn't move, stares straight ahead. Lost in his  
own thoughts.

EXT. REHAB CENTER - DAY

Julia, with her huge sunglasses covering half her face,  
looks ahead.

Julia eyes the massive sign outside. It reads: "BEVERLY  
HILLS REHABILITATION CENTER"

TWO PHOTOGRAPHERS (both 22) stand directly opposite it.  
Julia smiles.

She walks on, slows down as she passes the massive sign.  
She looks across the road. The photographers have taken no  
notice.

JULIA

Damn.

She takes a few steps back, takes her sunglasses off. She  
walks towards the sign again.

She passes the sign almost in slow motion, glances at the  
two photographers as she walks.

Julia stands with her hands on her hips, watches as the two  
photographers talk between themselves. She takes a few  
steps back again, pulls out her cell phone, holds it to her  
ear.

She walks forward towards the sign again, talks loudly into  
her mobile phone.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Yes, this is Julia Watson. I'm  
checking myself into rehab right  
now actually.

She glances at the photographers as she passes the sign.  
They both look right at her.

PHOTOGRAPHER #1

Excuse me, miss?

Julia smiles, puts her phone away. She turns to face the photographers.

JULIA

Yes, you can take my picture next to the sign! I agree, it would make for a great front page!

The two photographers look at each other, confused.

PHOTOGRAPHER #1

We were just going to ask if you were lost. You've walked past that sign three times.

JULIA

So you have noticed! I'm Julia Watson, you know, from the TV?

Julia looks proud of herself.

PHOTOGRAPHER #1

Yeah... And?

JULIA

I have a drinking problem. I'm just about to check myself into rehab.

PHOTOGRAPHER #1

Good luck with that.

PHOTOGRAPHER #2

For the record, everyone has a drinking problem in this town.

The two photographers turn away, stare at the rehab building once again.

JULIA

Wait. Don't you wanna take my picture next to the sign?

PHOTOGRAPHER #1

Why? Are you going to take all your clothes off?

The other Photographer laughs at the remark.

JULIA

What? No! Isn't it your job to take pictures of famous people like me?

PHOTOGRAPHER #1

Job! We don't have jobs!

The two photographers laugh. Julia looks baffled.

JULIA

Then why are you here?

PHOTOGRAPHER #1

Dude! Steve Tyler is in that building. Been there over a month now. He's due out any day now and we'll be here to greet him. The guy's a fucking legend.

JULIA

Oh.

PHOTOGRAPHER #2

You are looking at the cofounders of the "We Heart Aerosmith" Facebook page!

PHOTOGRAPHER #1

Two hundred and twenty-five thousand fans and counting!

The two photographers give each other a high five.

Julia can't hide her embarrassment.

PHOTOGRAPHER #1 (CONT'D)

You should stay. It's not everyday you get to meet someone as awesome as this guy.

PHOTOGRAPHER #2

He's even cool when he's sober.

Julia walks away, deflated.

INT. BARTON HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - DAY

Charlie sits on the exact same spot on the sofa. He looks like all the life has been sucked out of him.

Taylor runs up, grabs the remote. She changes the channel. Charlie says nothing.

Taylor sits in front of the television, listens intently.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Shooting has started on Violet Sanderson's own fly-on-the-wall reality show. Camera crews have been shadowing the star's every move. Her publicist, Lloyd Saunders, says the show could go live as soon as next week.

TAYLOR

Yes!

Charlie looks at the excited Taylor, shakes his head.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

This will follow hot on the heels of her new autobiography, "My Totally Wicked Life So Far", which has topped the New York Times Best Seller List after only one week of sales, all without the help of Oprah.

Charlie sighs, leans back and closes his eyes.

EXT. STADIUM - CAR PARK - DAY

A huge football stadium is in the distance.

Julia, in a very short skirt and low cut top, waits impatiently, surrounded by all kinds of flashy sports cars.

A FOOTBALL PLAYER (23), tall and good-looking in his suit, walks towards his fancy Porsche. Julia runs towards him.

JULIA

Hey, honey. How you doing today?

FOOTBALL PLAYER

I'm fine, thanks.

JULIA

Oh, is this your car?

Football Player looks uncomfortable.

FOOTBALL PLAYER

Do you want an autograph or something?

JULIA

(seductively)

How about you give me a ride?

Football Player hurries into his car.

JULIA (CONT'D)

I guess a date's out of the question?

Football Player ROARS off in his Porsche. Julia looks around anxiously.

Another ATTRACTIVE PLAYER (25) approaches his car. Julia runs towards him.

JULIA (CONT'D)

What position do you play, handsome?

The attractive player looks at Julia like she's a crazy person and rushes into his car.

Julia bangs on the window as he starts the car.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
It's okay, I'm famous too!

He speeds away in his car. Julia shouts after him.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
I just want a boyfriend! A famous one!

Julia breaks down into tears.

INT. BARTON HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - DAY

Taylor SCREAMS at the top of her lungs.

TAYLOR  
Give me the remote! The Entertainment News is on!

A beat of silence.

CHARLIE (O.S.)  
Sometime today would be great!

Nikki holds the remote, looks at Taylor and Charlie, who both sit on the sofa.

NIKKI  
Okay, jeez, no need to shout.

Nikki surrenders the remote, gives Charlie the eyes.

NIKKI (CONT'D)  
How many days do you two plan to waste watching this crap?

CHARLIE  
You're blocking my view.

NIKKI  
You lead a sad life.

Nikki shakes her head in disgust. She leaves the room.

Charlie and Taylor watch the TV in silence.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)  
Coming up on The Entertainment News.  
(MORE)

## NEWSCASTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Billy Ray Cyrus speaks about his daughter's mental breakdown, Joe Jonas talks exclusively to us on being a single man again and we bring you the results of our viewers poll on which celebrity you would most like to send to the moon. All coming up after the break.

Taylor turns to Charlie, excited.

TAYLOR

Joe Jonas!

CHARLIE

I'll be sure to tell him you're available.

Taylor smiles, gives Charlie a high-five.

## SERIES OF SHOTS

- Julia drinks at the beach bar, watches as Violet and her friends make fun of her not so far away.

- Empty soda cans surround Taylor and Charlie as they sit on the sofa, eyes glued to the television.

- Julia walks down the street. She stops. In the distance, a big crowd form around Violet. Lloyd tries to protect her from the over-excited fans.

- Charlie's eyes are still fixed on the television. Taylor struggles to keep her eyes open.

- Julia breaks down into tears as she watches the television. ON THE TV, Violet shows off a sparkler of an engagement ring.

- Charlie continues to watch the TV. Taylor is out cold.

## INT. BARTON HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - DAY

Charlie's unconscious. His head titled to the side. He snores loudly. Taylor lies next to him, also asleep.

Nikki enters.

NIKKI

Charlie! What the hell?

Charlie jolts awake.

CHARLIE

What?

NIKKI

An all-nighter? Seriously?

Charlie looks at the unresponsive Taylor next to him.

CHARLIE

Maybe we got a little carried away.

NIKKI

A little? You do know it's her birthday tomorrow, right?

CHARLIE

I thought that was on Friday.

Nikki raises her voice.

NIKKI

Tomorrow is Friday!

Charlie looks surprised.

CHARLIE

That's not good at all.

NIKKI

Do you want to know what's not good at all? Taylor said to me she wants to go on a crash diet so she can look like some girl called Violet from the TV.

CHARLIE

Why would she want to look like her?

NIKKI

I think it's time you started looking for a job again. All this TV is doing no one any good.

CHARLIE

I don't need a new job. I'm self-employed.

NIKKI

If that was working out the way you wanted, you wouldn't have been surgically stitched to my sofa for forty-eight hours now, would you?

CHARLIE

I can fix it. It's all up here, trust me.

Charlie taps his head with his finger. Nikki walks away.

NIKKI  
Fix yourself first, take that  
stupid suit off.

Charlie looks down at his stained orange suit.

CHARLIE  
There's nothing wrong with my  
suit.

INT. BARTON HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - LATER

Charlie holds the cell phone in his hand.

CHARLIE  
How do you work this again?

Taylor takes the mobile, presses a few buttons, hands it  
back.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Thanks.

Charlie holds the phone to his ear, waits patiently.

VOICEMAIL (V.O.)  
Hi, this is Julia Watson. If  
you're mega important, like  
magazine editor mega important,  
I'll call you back right away. If  
you're just a friend or whatever,  
leave a message.

CHARLIE  
(into phone)  
Hi Julia, it's Charlie. Call me  
back as soon as you get this. I  
know how to fix your situation.

Charlie hands Taylor the phone.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Thanks for that.

Taylor nods her head, happy to help.

INT. REAR ENDERS - NIGHT

Julia sits at the bar, several empty glasses in front of  
her.

CHARLIE (O.S.)  
Julia!

Julia puts her head in her hands. Charlie approaches.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I've been looking everywhere for you. You never returned my calls.

JULIA

Yeah, I don't have any friends anymore so I didn't see the point in keeping my phone. Sorry.

A beat of awkward silence.

JULIA (CONT'D)

I thought you quit on me?

CHARLIE

I did, but I'd like to return as your publicist if that's okay with you?

Julia nods 'yes'.

JULIA

It's not like I'm swimming in options right now.

CHARLIE

Great. I had to find you. You see, I've been watching TV. A lot of TV.

Julia finishes off another of her drinks, signals to the Bartender for another.

JULIA

Your point?

CHARLIE

Violet Sanderson is a bitch.

Julia lets out a small laugh.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

She's useless with no talent whatsoever and is not likeable in any way.

JULIA

Her latest tweets on Twitter will only reinforce your opinion. Trust me. She's such a bitch.

CHARLIE

You see, that's exactly what I'm getting at.

JULIA

What?

CHARLIE

You. You're completely obsessed with her.

Julia looks annoyed at Charlie's remark.

JULIA

I hate that bitch more than Kanye West hates white girls.

CHARLIE

That's the thing. There was this poll on which celebrity you would most like to send to the moon. Guess who came first?

JULIA

Kanye West?

CHARLIE

No. Violet! They hate her but they're fascinated by her! Everyone is obsessed!

Julia doesn't believe him.

JULIA

I'm so not.

CHARLIE

Violet is like any other reality TV star, no offence. Her star is fading. Soon, nobody will care about her as another person will become even more famous because of some other stupid show!

JULIA

Should this make me feel better? Cause it's really not.

CHARLIE

You're not listening. Right now, people can't get enough of her. That doesn't mean they like her. Do you get it now?

Julia's still doesn't know what Charlie's getting at.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Use her!

Julia's face is blank.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I could explain everything, or I could just tell you this.

Charlie watches as Violet, Carly, Candice, Lloyd and a camera crew walk towards the VIP area.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Violet called you a dumb blonde slut with fake boobs that are not even the same size as each other.

JULIA

She what?

Julia's mad. Charlie knows it.

CHARLIE

Yeah, she was mocking you in front of the cameras for her new reality show.

Julia rises from her seat, enraged.

JULIA

She has her own reality show? Bitch!

Julia looks across at Violet and her crew.

LLOYD

Excuse us. Real celebrity coming through.

The Bouncer lets Lloyd, Violet, her friends and the camera crew into the VIP area.

Charlie senses Julia's increasing anger.

CHARLIE

She also said you've got more sexually transmitted diseases than a Thai prostitute.

JULIA

That's it! I've had it with this skinny freak!

Julia storms towards the VIP area. Charlie smirks, follows.

The Bouncer holds his hand out as Julia approaches.

BOUNCER

This area is for VIP--

BANG! Julia knees the Bouncer in the crotch. He crumbles to the floor in a heap.

Julia makes her way into the VIP area. Charlie leans down towards the Bouncer.

CHARLIE  
Sorry about this...

Charlie follows Julia into the...

VIP AREA

Violet, Candice, Carly and Lloyd sit at the table. The camera crew film a few feet away.

VIOLET  
Erm, I ordered white wine. Not red. Waiter!

Julia approaches.

JULIA  
No... I'm pretty sure you ordered red.

Julia picks up the bottle of red wine, pours it over Violet's head. Everyone stares in shock. Violet can't believe it.

LLOYD  
Excuse me, that cost a lot of money.

Julia ignores Lloyd.

JULIA  
How do you like that, you ugly size-zero slutbag?

Violet pounces up from her seat, grabs Julia by the hair.

VIOLET  
You cow!

Violet pushes Julia into the table, knocks several glasses to the floor. The camera crew film every moment.

JULIA  
I hate you!

Julia pulls at Violet's hair.

VIOLET  
Everyone hates you!

Julia scratches at Violet's eyes. Lloyd rises from his seat.

LLOYD  
Hey. No touching the face. We can't afford to airbrush--

Charlie rips the Bluetooth headset from Lloyd's head, throws it on the floor.

CHARLIE

I've always wanted to do this.

Charlie hovers his foot over the headset on the floor.

LLOYD

You wouldn't.

SMASH! Charlie's foot smashes the headset into several pieces.

Lloyd looks like he's going to burst into tears. He runs out of the VIP area.

ON JULIA, as she forces Violet against the wall.

JULIA

Man-eater.

VIOLET

Skank.

AT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CLUB, The paparazzi burst through the entrance.

MIKE PAPARAZZI

I don't get paid enough to come into places like this.

JOE PAPARAZZI

We're gonna regret it.

TOM PAPARAZZI

The VIP area is over there!

Tom Paparazzi points towards the VIP area.

MIKE PAPARAZZI

You would know that, you faggot-loving douchebag!

The huge Gay Man from earlier appears from nowhere and grabs Mike.

GAY MAN

A photographer, huh? I bet you have quick fingers.

MIKE PAPARAZZI

No!

Joe and Tom Paparazzi run on.

BACK ON JULIA, as she pins Violet against the wall.

JULIA

Eww! Is that your skeleton?

In a rage, Violet spins Julia around and throws her towards the opposite wall.

IN SLOW MOTION...

A stunned CREW MEMBER watches as Julia's momentum carries her right towards him. He takes a deep breath, closes his eyes, prepares for impact.

BANG! Julia pins the crew member against the wall. He opens his eyes, Julia's over-inflated breasts right in his face. He rests his head on them like a pillow, draws a sigh of relief.

END OF SLOW MOTION

Julia pulls away, the crew member stumbles over.

Violet runs at Julia, but she sidesteps, sends Violet crashing into the wall, face first.

JULIA (CONT'D)

You want more, bitch?

Violet nods 'yes', SLAPS Julia full force across the face.

Julia looks shocked by the attack. She hits back with one of her own. Violet cheek reddens with the attack.

VIOLET

Is that all you got?

Julia grabs a handful of Violet's dress, rips a small part off completely. She smiles, proud of herself.

Violet grabs Julia's top, rips it off completely. Now, only her bra covers her chest.

JULIA

You whore!

Julia grabs Violet by the hair, spins her around several times then lets her go. Violet crashes into the table.

More PAPARAZZI burst into the VIP area, their cameras flashing like crazy. MEN and WOMEN hold their phones out, recording everything.

ON VIOLET, as she stirs on the floor, unable to get up. Julia sits down on top of her chest.

JULIA (CONT'D)

I'm gonna tear those beady little eyes so far outta your head, no photographer in the world will ever take your picture again.

Julia raises her hand, ready to pound. Violet shields her face.

COP (O.S.)

That's enough!

TWO COPS make their way through the crowd. One of them pulls Julia off Violet. She struggles fiercely.

JULIA

No!

Violet pulls her hands away from her face. She smirks at Julia as the Cop holds her back.

Julia lashes out with her foot, kicks Violet in the eye, knocks her flat on her back.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Try to cover that up with your make-up, bitch!

CAMERAS FLASH!

At the back of the crowd, Charlie pumps his fist in the air in delight.

EXT. REAR ENDERS - NIGHT

More paparazzi than normal wait with the usual suspects outside.

JOE PAPARAZZI

Never again. Never.

Tom smiles, checks the pictures on the LCD screen of his camera.

TOM PAPARAZZI

Chill. It was totally worth it.

Mike Paparazzi approaches, walking like a cowboy.

MIKE PAPARAZZI

You can talk.

Everyone's attention turns towards the club exit.

CAMERAS FLASH. A cop escorts Violet to a nearby cruiser. Then...

Julia appears, two cops pull her towards a waiting cruiser. The paparazzi go crazy.

ALL PAPARAZZI  
Julia! Julia! Over here!

Julia smiles proudly. A triumphant smile.

Charlie watches from a distance with a grin from ear to ear.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

Julia sits upright on the hard bed. A door opens O.S. She rushes towards the bars.

JULIA  
Hello? Can someone get me a newspaper? Pretty please?

Officer Williams comes into view. Julia takes a step back.

OFFICER WILLIAMS  
Hey, look who it is. The "celebrity".

Officer Williams unlocks the cell door, slides it open.

Julia backs off, cowers in the corner.

JULIA  
Please! I'm not better than you!  
I'm not a celebrity.

Officer Williams walks towards Julia.

Julia closes her eyes, shields her face. Officer Williams stands over her. Julia SCREAMS!

Silence. Julia opens her eyes.

OFFICER WILLIAMS  
Can you sign this for my daughter?

Officer Williams holds out a pen and a piece of paper in front of Julia's face. She looks surprised.

JULIA  
Sure.

With caution, Julia takes the paper from Officer Williams and signs it.

OFFICER WILLIAMS

Don't think that because of this,  
you're better than me. Cause  
you're not.

Julia nods, quickly agrees. Again, Officer Williams spits as she talks. Julia tries to move her head out of the way but can't as she is backed against the wall.

Officer Williams leans in closer to her face. It's impossible to get out of the way now.

OFFICER WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

There's this skinny little freak  
of nature in the cell next door.  
She's banging on about how famous  
she is. She's lying in a heap on  
the floor, it's not a pretty  
sight. I'm still the real  
celebrity here. Understand?

Julia nods in agreement.

OFFICER WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Good.

Officer Williams snatches the piece of paper and pen back from Julia, who wipes the spit from her face while Officer Williams isn't looking.

OFFICER WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

There's some old guy in a stupid  
orange suit here to pay your  
bail.

Julia's face lights up.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Julia and Charlie exit. Julia with more of a spring in her step.

JULIA

You're a genius. I can't believe  
it!

CHARLIE

I know.

JULIA

Thanks for bailing me out...  
again.

CHARLIE

It was a lot more expensive this  
time.

JULIA

Yeah, sorry about that. Maybe I shouldn't have kicked her in the eye. How did you pay?

CHARLIE

I signed a few magazine deals on your behalf. They paid in full up front.

A pack of paparazzi rush down the street.

ALL PAPARAZZI

Julia! Julia!

Julia looks behind her, a huge smile from ear to ear.

JULIA

Here we go!

Julia runs as fast as her awkward footwear allows. Charlie rushes to catch up.

CHARLIE

Seriously?

JULIA

Get used to it.

They run away up the street away from the paparazzi.

EXT. NEWSSTAND - DAY

Julia and Charlie approach the newsstand. Charlie gasps for breath while Julia grabs a newspaper.

The Old Salesman watches on.

JULIA

Yes, front page!

CHARLIE

You did?

Charlie looks at the newspaper.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Boy I'm good.

JULIA

We make a good team, don't you think?

Charlie smiles, nods his head. The Old Salesman looks on.

OLD SALESMAN

Are you going to pay for that?

JULIA

Yes, I will pay for that. In fact, I'll pay for three. No, ten! Yes, give me ten!

Julia throws some dollar bills to the Old Salesman.

CAMERAS FLASH! The crowd of paparazzi run towards them.

OLD SALESMAN

Hey. I know you. You're that girl from the news--

JULIA

I am. Julia Watson. Remember the name!

Julia scoops up the newspapers, runs in the opposite direction from the paparazzi.

CHARLIE

Not again.

Charlie struggles to keep up with Julia's pace.

EXT. BARTON HOUSE - GARDEN - NIGHT

EIGHT KIDS sit in a circle. Taylor sits in the middle. They sing in unison.

EVERYONE

*Happy Birthday to you,  
Happy Birthday to you,  
Happy Birthday dear Taylor,  
Happy Birthday to you.*

Nikki holds a large birthday cake with nine lit candles.

Charlie watches on, wears a huge smile on his face.

Taylor blows out the candles. Everyone applauds.

NIKKI

Okay, why doesn't everyone go and play for a few minutes and me and Grandpa Charlie will cut the cake.

The kids oblige. Nikki approaches Charlie with the cake.

CHARLIE

Jeez, you make me feel old.

NIKKI

She hasn't stopped talking about you, you know?

CHARLIE

Aw, really?

NIKKI

She's telling all her friends  
you're friends with all the major  
celebs.

CHARLIE

That's my girl.

NIKKI

I guess you've been like a father  
figure to her the past few weeks.  
You've did a good job with her.

CHARLIE

I did a good job with you too.

Nikki laughs.

NIKKI

I'm being serious! It's been hard  
for her for a few years now. It's  
not her fault her real father is  
such a douchebag, you know? I  
can't be with her twenty-four-  
seven, I've got to work too.  
That's where you've come in.  
You've helped a lot. I appreciate  
that.

They both look at Taylor as she plays with her friends.

CHARLIE

I couldn't have done it without  
her. She's played just as big a  
part as anyone.

Nikki smiles.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You too. All your encouragement.

NIKKI

Oh, is that a bit of sarcasm?

Charlie laughs.

CHARLIE

I've actually just realized  
something. I know why you're so  
bitter with celebrities.

NIKKI

I'm not bitter!

CHARLIE

Sure you are. You never moved to Beverly Hills to work in a coffee shop, did you? You wanted to work in the business. You never even told me!

Nikki doesn't even try to deny it.

NIKKI

What if I did? That doesn't make me bitter.

Charlie says nothing. Nikki gives in.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Okay, maybe I shouldn't have been so negative towards you because my dreams crashed and burned.

CHARLIE

That means a lot.

They both smile. Taylor and the rest of the kids SCREAM!

Nikki and Charlie turn, alarmed. A MAN with a top hat and moustache stands next to the kids, a massive wrapped up gift in his hands.

NIKKI

Hey... Get away from my kid you creep!

The Man takes off his hat... then the moustache. It's not a man. It's Julia.

TAYLOR

Julia!

(to other kids)

See, I told you she was my friend!

Charlie and Nikki approach.

CHARLIE

Fancy dress this is not but I must say... wicked disguise!

She hands the wrapped-up gift to a grateful Taylor.

JULIA

Thanks. I couldn't risk turning Taylor's big day into a media circus now, could I?

CHARLIE

I think you pulled it off.

JULIA

I hope you don't mind, I brought Taylor a little something. Just to say thanks for, you know... You took a lot of chances on me--

CHARLIE

I would take them every time if I had to again.

Julia flashes her warm smile.

JULIA

You're so sweet. Anyway, I guess I should get going...

CHARLIE

No, stay for a bit.

JULIA

I dunno--

CHARLIE

For Taylor.

Julia looks towards Taylor, who's eyes are pleading.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Nobody know's you're here. Enjoy your last hour as a normal person.

Julia thinks this over. She looks at Nikki, who nods in agreement.

JULIA

Okay... I'll do it.

TAYLOR

Yes!

Taylor's friends cheer at Julia's decision.

CHARLIE

Come, have a drink.

Julia follows Charlie into the house.

INT. BARTON HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Charlie rises from his bed with a smile on his face.

Taylor bursts into the room.

TAYLOR

Will you see Julia today? Huh, will you?

Charlie tries to calm Taylor down.

CHARLIE  
 Maybe, I'll give her a call if  
 that's what you want?

Taylor jumps up and down on the spot as Charlie picks up his mobile phone.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 Oh look, a message. This might be  
 her now.

Charlie holds the phone to his ear. Julia's voicemail message plays.

JULIA (V.O.)  
 Hi Charlie. It's Julia. We need  
 to talk about my next move. I'm  
 so excited! Meet me at the usual  
 place tonight. Bye.

Charlie puts the phone down.

TAYLOR  
 So... Was it her?

CHARLIE  
 It sure was.

Taylor jumps for joy.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 I'll be seeing her later. I'll  
 tell her you said hi.

Charlie pats Taylor on the head.

INT. REAR ENDERS - BAR - NIGHT

Charlie approaches the bar. Candice and Carly talk to the Bartender.

CANDICE  
 Make sure it's the expensive  
 stuff.

CARLY  
 But we can't afford--

CANDICE  
 Relax, Carly babe. She's paying.

CARLY  
 Oh yeah.

Charlie interrupts, get the Bartender's attention.

CHARLIE  
I'm looking for Julia Watson.

Candice and Carly look him up and down. Bartender signals towards the VIP area.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Thanks.

Charlie approaches the VIP area. Violet stands outside, talks with the Bouncer.

VIOLET  
But that's my area!

BOUNCER  
Sorry. Manager's orders.

The Bouncer turns his attention to Charlie.

CHARLIE  
I'm with Julia Watson.

The Bouncer waves him through. He takes one last look at Violet, almost unrecognizable with no make-up, lots of bruising around the eye and scratches on her face. She avoids eye contact.

Charlie enters the...

VIP AREA

He stops, looks ahead.

Lloyd sits opposite a blonde girl, who's back faces Charlie. He sits his BlackBerry on the table.

LLOYD  
-- Will Smith, Johnny Depp,  
Lindsey Lohan and many more. All  
of them on here. You could join  
them.

Charlie catches a glimpse of the blonde woman's face. It's Julia.

JULIA  
LiLo's there? I'll do it!

LLOYD  
Great--

CHARLIE  
Julia?

Julia spins around in her seat, stunned.

JULIA

Charlie... we need to talk.

CHARLIE

You're damn right we do. You're going with him?

JULIA

I'm sorry, Charlie. I'm only trying to do what's best for my career. This is Hollywood, you know, things move so fast.

CHARLIE

Your career? What about my career?

JULIA

Hey, we're talking about me here. I'm sorry, okay, I'm sure you'll work something out.

Candice and Carly enter.

CANDICE

Julia, the bartender says the alcohol is on it's way.

A beat of silence. Charlie stares at Candice and Carly, a million questions running through his mind.

CHARLIE

What the heck are those two doing here?

JULIA

They're my friends, leave them alone.

Charlie looks shell-shocked.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Come on, let's go.

Julia rises from her seat.

CARLY

But the alcohol...

Candice nudges Carly. Candice flashes her best fake smile as Julia turns towards them.

Lloyd stands, looks Charlie in the eye.

LLOYD

Looks like the best man won in the end.

Lloyd walks away smugly.

JULIA  
I'm sorry, Charlie. Nothing  
personal.

Julia, Candice and Carly follow Lloyd to the exit as  
Charlie stands in shock.

Charlie sits down, deflated. He tries to take it all in.

He pulls the sleeve of his suit up, stares at his small  
tattoo for a few seconds.

CHARLIE  
Like hell it does.

Disgusted, Charlie pulls his sleeve back down.

He takes his mobile phone from his pocket, presses a few  
buttons, holds it to his ear. He looks ready for tears.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Hello, Nikki... Tell Taylor I'm  
sorry. You were right. She used  
me... She used me and threw me  
aside like you said.

Then... Charlie SMILES, looks at something on the table.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
But maybe they're not all like  
that.

Charlie puts his phone away, doesn't take his eyes off the  
table.

ON THE TABLE, is Lloyd's BlackBerry.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Hello there.

Charlie picks it up, inspects it.

He presses a few buttons, holds it to his ear.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Hello, Angelina? Yeah, Lloyd  
Saunders is in the process of  
handing over all his clients...  
I'm Charlie Barton, Celebrity  
Publicist.

FADE OUT: