

"The Hollywood Cowgirl"
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FADE IN:

EXT. BETA SIGMA'S FRONT LAWN - DAY.

It is a sunny day in Los Angeles.

Prepared and in costume, ALANA escorts 2 USC FRAT BOYS out of their own house, the outside porch dirtied by empty red cups and trash. Her cowboy boots clack loudly on the concrete.

Standing to the side on the grass lawn is SABRINA, a college student who is visibly responsible for booking this event. She takes pictures on her polaroid, trying but with little effort to stifle her laughter.

ALANA opens the front gate, and motions for USC FRAT BOYS to make their exit.

They gives her a look—almost like, “fair enough”—and walk out.

ALANA and SABRINA wave them off as they walk into the distance, never to be heard of again.

SABRINA approaches ALANA with appreciation and excitement.

SABRINA

How can I ever repay you?

ALANA says nothing, just smiles mysteriously.

ALANA walks to her convertible and gets inside. When she flips the engine on, music plays softly from the radio.

Cut to:

TITLE CARDS.

“THE HOLLYWOOD COWGIRL.”

INT. ALANA'S BEDROOM - DAY.

ALANA'S room is opulent and well-decorated, yet quite cluttered. Clothes and shoes are sprawled across the floor, sort of as

decoration. A tiara hangs from the lamp on her nightstand, and a Dolly Parton poster is pinned up above her bed.

ALANA's phone rings, and she shoots up from bed startled.

ALANA answers on the second ring.

ALANA

Hello?

(beat)

What?

(beat)

Are you fucking serious?

(beat)

With what evidence?

(beat)

Oh my god, The Daily Mail? That's not even real journalism.

(beat)

Okay. Okay, yeah. Thanks, I'll talk to you soon.

Cut to:

Blackout. The title card reads:

"Act I."

INT. ALANA'S BEDROOM - DAY. Cont.

ALANA hangs up the phone and throws it onto her bed aggressively. She rips her comforter off and marches out into the living room.

Sitting at the kitchen table is RACHEL, dressed in formal business attire and eating a piece of toast.

ALANA

There is no justice in this world.

RACHEL

Wow, good morning to you.

ALANA

I'm being accused of nepotism.

RACHEL

By who?

ALANA

I don't know, Twitter film critics.

ALANA sits in the chair across from RACHEL, who tears off a piece of her toast and offers it up.

ALANA

Here's the craziest part. They're claiming I'm benefiting from my *dad's* nepotism.

RACHEL

He's literally dead.

ALANA gestures around as she speaks.

ALANA

I know! And it's not like he gave me anything when he was alive anyway. He was a plastic surgeon, for God's sake.

RACHEL

Yeah, that's pretty suspicious. Maybe you're being smear-campaigned.

RACHEL gets up, placing her dish in the sink and smoothing down her blouse. She walks toward the living room and begins packing up her leather briefcase.

RACHEL

Well, I hate to leave you in your time of need, but I have to go to court. If you end up needing a defamation lawyer, text me.

ALANA salutes RACHEL.

EXT. THE WARNER BROTHER LOT'S FRONT GATE - DAY.

ALANA sits in her cherry red convertible with a pair of sunglasses on.

Standing outside the car beside her is the sweet older gate attendant, SUSAN, who ALANA has come to know well.

SUSAN

Morning, Ms. Adams. Long day today?

ALANA

Yeah, I think we're shooting until 8. I'll try to bring you something from craft services on my way out.

The gorgeous golden gate opens up for ALANA to drive through.

SUSAN

That's sweet of you, honey. Take care of yourself and remember not to let what people are saying online bother you too much.

SUSAN waves ALANA off, providing no further explanation.

ALANA pulls into her designated parking spot, and dramatically slams her head onto the steering wheel. The horn honks.

INT. THE HOLLYWOOD COWGIRL SET - DAY.

The set for ALANA's latest film, "The Hollywood Cowgirl," is bustling with energy: Clothing racks roll down the room, the PA balances two coffee carts on their arm, and a horse is being doted on in front of a Wild Wild West themed background.

ALANA sits patiently at her vanity in hair and makeup, barely flinching as products are put onto her face and hair.

Sitting in the chair beside her is her co-star DEAN, who seems to be perpetually smirking. Without a care in the world, he

lights a cigarette, blowing smoke everywhere and into THE MAKEUP ARTIST's face.

THE MAKEUP ARTIST coughs a little at the fumes.

ALANA yanks the cigarette out of his mouth and puts it out on the table's ashtray.

ALANA

What is wrong with you?

DEAN

Aw, not even a hello, honey?

ALANA ignores him, instead turning back to face the mirror. THE MAKEUP ARTIST cups her hand to whisper:

THE MAKEUP ARTIST

I don't know how he gets cast in anything.

ALANA snorts in laughter a little.

INT. THE NICEST BATHROOM ON SET - DAY.

ALANA sits in the corner of the bathroom, close to the window, smoking a joint.

As she blows smoke out of the window, there is a timid knock on the door.

THE DIRECTOR

(O.S.)

Alana, are you ready to shoot honey? I want to talk to you about that scene with the horse.

ALANA quickly puts out the joint and tosses it out the window. Before opening the door, she pulls a tester perfume out of her pocket and quickly spritzes herself a few times.

ALANA swings the door open and smiles.

THE DIRECTOR and ALANA walk side-by-side around set.

THE DIRECTOR

So, before we start for the day I wanted to check in and see how you're doing. You know, with the allegations and everything.

ALANA

The *allegations*?

THE DIRECTOR

You know, of your family history. Your public persona.

THE DIRECTOR guides ALANA into an office. It sort of resembles a boardroom, but looks like it's been rearranged for many purposes.

Sitting at the table inside are RACHEL, DEAN, and REBECCA ROCKWELL, LA's most ruthless, high profile publicist.

ALANA pinches between the bridge of her nose and sighs.

ALANA

(quietly)

What the f—

THE DIRECTOR

Why don't you have a seat, dear?

ALANA sits in the empty seat next to RACHEL, making a slightly confused expression. Her eyes are a little red.

RACHEL

(whispers)

I swear, I'm literally here as your lawyer—Oh my god, Alana, are you high?!—They called me 20 minutes ago with an "emergency." But I think we both know what this is about.

ALANA

I guess, but what's he doing here?

ALANA points to DEAN, who is wearing sunglasses and chewing gum loudly while taking selfies on his phone.

RACHEL and ALANA attempt to be discreet as they laugh.

THE DIRECTOR

Alright, how about we get started?

ALANA

I'm sorry to be rude, but get started with *what*, exactly?

REBECCA ROCKWELL

Alana, my name is Rebecca Rockwell, I'm a publicist. I've seen some of those *unflattering* stories coming out about you.

REBECCA pauses, waiting for ALANA to respond. ALANA looks at her skeptically.

REBECCA ROCKWELL

Well, anyway, I would love to represent you. I think we could get the public more in your favor pretty easily.

ALANA

Thanks, but I'm definitely not interested.

RACHEL swats ALANA on the arm but laughs.

REBECCA ROCKWELL

Yes, I've heard that you chose not to work with a publicist.

THE DIRECTOR

How about you hear her out, Alana? It might mutually benefit us all.

ALANA shrugs and shakes her head.

ALANA

I can listen, but my answer won't change. I mean, no offense Rebecca, but you did PR for Johnny Depp. Aren't you a little embarrassed?

REBECCA straightens her suit.

REBECCA

Well, I can sense your hesitation, but my plan would be very simple and very ethical. Dean here is well-loved by the public.

DEAN smiles like an idiot.

REBECCA

(cont.)

They think of him as...working class. Relatable.

RACHEL shoots a glare at DEAN.

RACHEL

He literally wore head-to-toe Gucci to his DUI trial.

REBECCA gives a tight-lipped smile, like, "I know, but what can you do?"

REBECCA

I think that if you two spent some time together, had a few paparazzi set-ups, you'd become a lot more likeable. And it would spark more interest in the movie.

ALANA

Likeable?!

ALANA smooths down her shirt, standing up. RACHEL grabs her briefcase and rises as well, supportive but not completely clued-in.

ALANA

I don't know how to say this politely. Everyone seated in this room right now has serious psychological issues.

RACHEL

And this random intervention style meeting is an HR violation.

ALANA and RACHEL storm out.

EXT. "THE HOLLYWOOD COWGIRL" SET - DAY.

The following day, around sunset, DEAN and ALANA are in costume, prepared to shoot. The outdoor set is a re-creation of the Wild West, so on-the-nose it sort of looks like a tourist attraction.

ALANA is standing with a PRODUCTION ASSISTANT, who applies some last minute powder onto her face.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

I've been waiting to shoot this scene since I got the script.

ALANA

And I've been waiting since we got the cast list.

THE DIRECTOR stands with a megaphone in one hand and the other on her hip.

THE DIRECTOR

Okay, everyone! This is a big day.

ALANA and DEAN take their places, across from each other but still with lots of distance between them.

THE DIRECTOR pulls an Ipod out of her back pocket and starts playing some classic western soundtrack - like "The Trio."

THE DIRECTOR

This is the last scene of our shoot. Go big or
literally go home. We can find a replacement.

ALANA narrows her eyes at DEAN, sort of like cats when they're
about to jump at you.

DEAN makes a smouldering face, a little too exaggerated to be
charming.

The PRODUCTION ASSISTANT stands within the frame with the slate
in her hand.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
(O.S.)

Action!

ALANA walks slowly towards DEAN, her red boots clicking loudly
on the dusty ground.

It's a bit windy outside.

DEAN struts down the road and meets ALANA in the middle. ALANA
reaches for the holster on her belt.

DEAN
Are you sure there isn't another way we can work
this out, partner?

ALANA raises her gun, closing one eye in concentration.

ALANA
I'm sure.

ALANA "shoots" DEAN, and he falls to the floor theatrically.

THE DIRECTOR
Cut!

DEAN stands to his feet.

The cast and crew of The Hollywood Cowgirl all clap and cheer, giving each other hugs and congratulations.

Someone pops open a bottle of champagne.

INT. ALANA AND RACHEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT.

ALANA and RACHEL sit on the couch in their pajamas, eating pizza and watching the end of a reality TV episode.

RACHEL

Oh, god, no.

ALANA

They needed to send him home a week ago.

RACHEL

I can't bear witness to this anymore. I need to sleep.

RACHEL turns off the TV and tosses the remote to the side.

ALANA stands up, grabbing their dishes from the counter and walking towards the kitchen.

RACHEL starts folding up a blanket.

RACHEL

I'm jealous you're about to have so much free time.

ALANA

Don't be jealous. I'm really just unemployed, at least until I can book something else.

RACHEL

What about the press tour?

RACHEL starts heading to her bedroom.

ALANA

I guess. But those are so boring.

RACHEL leans on the door frame, facing ALANA, before closing it.

RACHEL

Depends on what kind of press you do. I'll see you in the morning.

RACHEL closes her bedroom door.

INT. THE HOLLYWOOD COWGIRL PRESS ROOM - DAY.

ALANA, THE DIRECTOR, and DEAN, in that order, sit on uncomfortable looking chairs.

Surrounding them, the movie's PR team prepares for the interviews ahead: camera lenses are cleaned off, powder is applied to everyone's forehead, and THE INTERVIEWER sits down with their notes.

THE INTERVIEWER

Everyone ready to get started?

ALANA and THE DIRECTOR smile and nod politely.

DEAN

For you, doll, the world.

ALANA leans over THE DIRECTOR to shove DEAN.

THE DIRECTOR throws her hands up and laughs.

THE DIRECTOR

Sorry about these two. Yes, we're ready.

THE INTERVIEWER asks some basic questions at first, awkwardly facing closer to THE DIRECTOR and DEAN than ALANA.

Twenty minutes pass.

ALANA sits slumped in her seat, both bored and irritated by what is transpiring.

DEAN and THE DIRECTOR are sitting up, confident as ever, laughing and smiling at each other's comments.

THE DIRECTOR

Dean is the kind of actor you want on any set. Really, he's a director's dream.

DEAN

And I loved the script. The movie may be called The Hollywood Cowgirl, but really, for me, it had this much deeper meaning of male vulnerability. Even in costume I was able to...

ALANA glares, dangerously calm.

ALANA

So sorry to interrupt, but I really need to use the restroom.

INT. DEAN'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY.

Begin montage:

ALANA is in a bit of a rage.

ALANA pulls DEAN's clothes off their rack and throws them to the ground.

With her shoes on, ALANA stomps all over the expensive items to get them dirty.

ALANA spits into DEAN's water bottle.

ALANA grabs a glossy signed headshot of DEAN and tosses it onto the ground.

After briefly making a contemplative expression, ALANA shrugs.

ALANA pees on the headshot.

ALANA writes on the mirror: BOTOX ADDICT.

End montage.

ALANA walks back from the dressing room, collecting herself.

INT. THE HOLLYWOOD COWGIRL PRESS ROOM - DAY.

ALANA makes a concerned, horrified expression at THE DIRECTOR and DEAN.

ALANA

Dean, I don't know how to say this, but I think someone broke into your dressing room. They took stuff from mine too.

INT. THE CLUB - NIGHT.

The club is bumping.

Strobes of color shine around the room, but otherwise it is quite dark.

ALANA and RACHEL dance, energetic and needing to blow off some steam.

ALANA

(shouting over the music)
I'm really glad we did this.

RACHEL

Me too. Let's go get another drink.

ALANA nods enthusiastically.

ALANA and RACHEL link arms, snaking through the crowd and up to the bar. They smile, with intoxicated enthusiasm, at the bartender.

ALANA

Hiiiiii! Could we get two margaritas please?

THE BARTENDER smiles and nods in agreement.

While RACHEL and ALANA wait patiently, two girls (early 20s) approach them from behind.

GIRL 1

We're so sorry to bother you.

GIRL 2

You're Alana Adams, right?

ALANA makes a hesitant expression before replying politely:

ALANA

Yeah, that's me.

GIRL 1 and GIRL 2 widen their eyes and smile.

GIRL 1

Oh my god, we love you so much.

ALANA is confused by the enthusiastic reaction, tilting her head to the side.

RACHEL gives her a stern look - like "be polite."

ALANA

That's really nice of you guys, but I'm really not...

GIRL 1

Don't be modest!

GIRL 2

You were our fave in the Gossip Girl reboot.

RACHEL

Mine too.

ALANA raises her eyebrow at RACHEL.

ALANA

You watched that?

GIRL 1 pulls out her phone.

GIRL 1

Do you think we could take a picture?

ALANA

Oh. Yeah, of course. You guys are really sweet.

RACHEL takes the phone from GIRL 1.

GIRL 1 and GIRL 2 stand on either side of ALANA.

RACHEL

Okay everyone, say "I met Alana Adams at the club!"

ALANA starts laughing.

Click!

RACHEL takes the photo.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CLUB - NIGHT.

ALANA and RACHEL sit outside on the curb, waiting for their Uber to arrive.

RACHEL is scrolling on her phone while they talk.

ALANA

I feel bad that I didn't ask those girls to hang out with us. Makes me feel like a snobby actress.

RACHEL

It's probably for the best. I bet they used a fake ID to get in here.

ALANA

You think?

RACHEL

What grown adult is watching a Gossip Girl
reboot?

(beat)

Holy shit Alana, you need to see this.

RACHEL and ALANA bring their heads close and look at the glow of
her phone.

On the screen is DEAN, in an Instagram Reel from his account:
@Deantheevil.

The video is in black and white with a rain drop effect.

DEAN is sitting by the pool in his mansion's backyard.

He's holding back fake tears.

DEAN

What's up everyone, it's Dean. I try not to be
online too much, but I really felt like I needed to come on here
and tell my story. Today, during a press event for my beloved
new film, someone defaced my dressing room. Security thinks
someone must have broken in through a side entrance. And this is
the reality of being an actor these days. No privacy, no
respect. My own headshot was pissed on.

(starting to "choke up")

I just don't think people out there understand
how hard it is being famous.

RACHEL swipes out of the video, laughing.

RACHEL

God, defacing Dean's dressing room. Who had the
honor of doing that?

ALANA pretends to think pensively, tapping her index finger on her chin.

A car pulls up in front of them.

RACHEL

Alana, I genuinely want whatever you're on.

ALANA stands up from the curb and offers RACHEL a hand.

ALANA

I think our Uber's here.

EXT. ALANA AND RACHEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT.

ALANA and RACHEL get out of their Uber, slightly sobered up. They thank the driver before closing the door.

Outside the front of their building is ALANA and RACHEL's neighbor, KATE.

KATE and her BOYFRIEND are in a heated argument. KATE gestures her arms up in frustration as she talks.

The BOYFRIEND is shouting, pointing his finger in her face.

KATE

Why is it so difficult for you to get that I don't want you to come in tonight?

BOYFRIEND

Why? Got another guy up there?

ALANA and RACHEL walk up to them, glancing at each other with a skeptical side eye.

RACHEL

Everything okay over here?

KATE looks relieved to see them, but the BOYFRIEND rolls his eyes and says:

BOYFRIEND

We're fine.

The BOYFRIEND attempts to usher KATE inside, grabbing her elbow tightly and pulling her along.

RACHEL and ALANA immediately follow them into the lobby.

ALANA takes off her earrings, and hands her purse to RACHEL. Without a plan, she says:

ALANA

I don't think so, motherfucker.

The BOYFRIEND snaps his head around, narrowing his eyes. KATE looks at ALANA, tilting her head a bit in surprise. Still, she relaxes her shoulders.

BOYFRIEND

I'm sorry, who are you?

RACHEL

We live in this building. And as far as I'm aware, you don't.

BOYFRIEND

I'm Kate's guest.

KATE widens her eyes at ALANA and RACHEL, gesturing subtly back and forth with her hand, like "not anymore."

ALANA

And guests aren't supposed to overstay their welcome, are they?

The BOYFRIEND grabs KATE's arm again and tries to walk off.

BOYFRIEND

Okay, lady. Why don't you mind your own business?

KATE wiggles her arm free and stands back a few steps, emboldened a little by the support.

KATE

Maybe you should go home. It's getting late, and-

The BOYFRIEND moves forward to crowd her space and lowers his voice.

BOYFRIEND

Come on, Kate. I'll just come up for a few minutes for a drink, and then..

ALANA and RACHEL compose themselves, knowing it's time to act fast.

ALANA walks up behind the BOYFRIEND and grabs both of his arms, sort of like he's about to be arrested. She is scarily calm.

ALANA

If you don't pay rent in this building, you need to get the fuck out.

The BOYFRIEND tries to pull free, but at this point he's surrounded on all sides.

BOYFRIEND

And what are you gonna do if I don't? Report me?

RACHEL, ALANA, and KATE give each other a knowing look.

The three girls use their force to, kind of literally, push the BOYFRIEND out of the building.

Before they can slam the door in his face, he says:

BOYFRIEND

One day, you three are gonna realize that feminism is ruining your lives.

ALANA shoves him hard.

The BOYFRIEND stumbles back, tripping right where the stairs begin.

ALANA

Get home safe!

When she realizes he's still standing, RACHEL pushes him one last time, so he's tumbling down the rest of the stairs. Kind of politely, like an afterthought.

KATE

And one day you'll realize that no woman on Earth wants to be gifted tickets to a Charlie Kirk debate.

The door slams shut.

EXT. ALANA AND RACHEL'S APARTMENT HALL - NIGHT.

ALANA and RACHEL stand by their front door, KATE lingering close behind.

The apartments are situated outdoors, orientated around a swimming pool right in the center.

RACHEL

Do you want to spend the night at ours?

KATE

Oh, that's okay, I should just head to mine. You guys have done enough for me, seriously. I'm sorry to drag you into that.

ALANA scoffs.

ALANA

Don't even. He got what he deserved.

RACHEL and KATE say at the same time:

RACHEL/KATE

Agreed.

ALANA touches KATE's shoulder lightly and smiles sympathetically.

ALANA

Would it change your mind if I said we're ordering Taco Bell?

KATE laughs and ultimately nods.

The three girls shuffle inside the apartment.

INT. WARNER BROTHER'S LOT - DAY.

A camera centers in on ALANA, who is posed in front of a white backdrop.

Although she is in costume, her hair is held back by a cloth headband, like the ones you use in the shower.

ALANA

Even cowgirls need to moisturize.

ALANA lifts her hand up to show the fancy glass tube of face cream. She smiles awkwardly.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

(O.S.)

Cut!

ALANA's expression immediately drops.

The MARKETING EXEC approaches ALANA a little timidly.

MARKETING EXEC

That was great, Alana. Let's try one more time, maybe a little bit more like you aren't being held at gunpoint.

DEAN is off in the corner snickering, until a PRODUCTION ASSISTANT hands him the moisturizer.

He immediately locks in, making smoldering faces at the nearest camera.

ALANA gives the MARKETING EXEC a tight, sympathetic smile.

ALANA

I'll try.

EXT. WARNER BROTHER'S LOT - NIGHT.

ALANA walks to her car alone after a long day of shooting promotional material for "The Hollywood Cowgirl." She is still in costume, wearing a matching denim set and some cowboy boots.

When she gets inside and turns on the engine, music plays from the car speakers.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD - NIGHT.

ALANA speeds down Hollywood Boulevard, her convertible top fully removed. She's still in costume from the shoot, and her cowboy hat flies away as she coasts down the street.

It is dark, but Los Angeles is lit with neon signs and street lights.

At the next red light, ALANA looks toward the sidewalk.

Coming in one direction is a GIRL, around Alana's age, walking towards the right side of the street.

Walking towards her in the other direction is a GROUP OF FOUR GUYS in suits, talking rambunctiously. They take up the entire sidewalk, not bothering to move over in even slightly for the GIRL to pass.

ALANA watches as the GIRL is forced onto the side of a stucco wall. Once the GROUP OF GUYS pass, one of them looks back to check out the GIRL.

ALANA pinches the bridge of her nose. This is her final straw tonight.

ALANA

What the fuck is your problem!

ALANA points at the GIRL with a quick smile.

ALANA

Not you.

THE FOUR GUYS look at each other, caught off guard by the shouting coming in their direction from ALANA's car.

GUY 1

Bad day at the ranch, cowgirl?

ALANA

I'm actually a cop. Badge number 47592. Did you know public intoxication is a crime?

The light turns green, and ALANA pulls over to the side of the road. She hops out of the car without opening the door.

The GUYS are laughing at this point, and GUY 1 pulls out his phone to record.

ALANA stands with her hands on her hips. She wears a belt with a shiny gold metal star in the center. Attached is a holster, with her fake gun from set.

ALANA

Why are you harassing a woman in the street?

GUY 1

Are you kidding me? You're harassing us.

GIRL furrows her eyebrows and laughs sarcastically.

GIRL

No, I'm pretty sure you were the one who basically shoved me into a wall.

Kind of like kids when someone is trouble, the other GUYS say:

GUYS
Ooooooh...

GUY 1 flushes in embarrassment.

GUY 1
This is my problem with the world today. You aren't even willing to have a conversation, just resorting to violence.

ALANA and the GIRL laugh out loud.

ALANA
Violence?! I think you're fine.

GUY 1 looks at ALANA bitterly.

GUY 1
Well, now I've got this all on video. And I think you know that no one likes a bitch.

GUY 1 flips the phone for ALANA to see, making an expectant expression. Everything is being recorded on Tik Tok Live.

Comments pile in:

@igaccountname: "wait omg isn't that alana adams?"

@igaccountname: "i already know the man is wrong"

@Deanthedevil: "alana dw i'll come save you send me the addy"

ALANA
Sorry, do you mind if I just...

ALANA takes the phone out of GUY 1's hand. She smiles and waves at the stream, which now has thousands of viewers and live comments.

ALANA hands the phone to the GIRL, who nods in understanding.

The GIRL holds the phone still, and the live stream now shows ALANA standing very close to GUY 1.

ALANA

Okay, all set?

GIRL gives her a thumbs up.

ALANA punches GUY 1 in the face.

The rest of the GUYS all loudly react, but not really out of fear or anger. They're booing and cheering like it's a professional boxing match.

GUY 1 trips back and falls to the ground.

GUY 1

You're a psycho.

Laughing at him, the GIRL sets his phone beside him on the ground.

ALANA pulls out the "gun" from her holster, which is clearly made of plastic.

ALANA

Okay, now everyone get out of my face.

GUY 1 skittishly gets up, and the group of guys scurry off.

ALANA looks at the GIRL, who is a little stunned at this point and slightly starstruck.

ALANA

Do you need a ride somewhere?

The GIRL nods noncommittally.

GIRL
Honestly, that would be nice.

The GIRL gets in the front seat while saying:

GIRL
Do you do that a lot?

EXT. GIRL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT.

ALANA pulls up to the GIRL's apartment. As she comes to a stop, the GIRL gives her a hug.

GIRL
I have a feeling you're more famous than you're leading on. Can we take a pic?

ALANA and the GIRL take a selfie.

She hops out of the convertible without opening the door, waving goodbye.

GIRL
Thanks for everything!

ALANA waits for her to enter the apartment before lighting a cigarette and driving off.

At a stop light, ALANA's phone rings in her back pocket.

She tosses the phone in the backseat, not looking at the caller ID.

ALANA speeds down the street with music playing loudly from the car speakers.

INT. ALANA'S BEDROOM - DAY.

ALANA is fast asleep under her comforter. RACHEL stands at the side of her bed, looking down at her. She holds a mug of coffee.

RACHEL

Alana.

No response.

RACHEL shakes her shoulder a little.

RACHEL

Alana, wake up.

ALANA doesn't respond, but groans incoherently. RACHEL shakes her shoulder with a little more aggression.

RACHEL

Alana, wake up right now. Dean was just blacklisted from any future A24 movies.

ALANA opens her eyes immediately and sits up in bed. RACHEL smiles mischievously.

ALANA

Ugh, I knew you were lying.

RACHEL sits on the end of ALANA's bed, and hands her the mug.

RACHEL

Are you aware that you're super famous right now?

ALANA puts her hair up with a clip.

ALANA

Don't you mean aggressively hated by the chronically online?

RACHEL shakes her head and hands ALANA her phone. On the screen is a video from ALANA's altercation the night before.

RACHEL

No, famous. People love you. Well, at least women ages 16-30.

ALANA grins in amusement at this. With RACHEL's phone in hand, she continuously plays back the clip of her punching GUY 1.

ALANA

I mean, it was a good punch.

RACHEL pulls ALANA's phone from her nightstand and hands it to her.

RACHEL

This is serious! You should call your agent. I read an article saying you're going to "method act your way to an Oscar nomination."

ALANA

Really?!

(beat)

Wait. What outlet?

RACHEL

Vanity Fair.

EXT. HERMOSA BEACH - DAY.

ALANA lays on her back at the beach, arms splayed out with the sun shining brightly on her face. She wears corded headphones, listening to something endless upbeat, like ABBA. The breeze is perfectly calm. She smiles lightly, like nothing could get her down.

BLACK OUT.

A title card reads:

"Act II."

EXT. HERMOSA BEACH - DAY.

ALANA walks along the strand, drinking a Slurpee.

When she approaches the main road, ALANA looks up at a billboard:

She is the star!

The billboard is a promotional poster for The Hollywood Cowgirl. Front and center is ALANA, smoking a cigar and looking very serious.

The supporting cast poses in the background behind her, including DEAN.

ALANA laughs with excitement, putting her hands up to her mouth in surprise.

She takes a photo of the billboard.

EXT. THE 101. - DAY.

ALANA speeds down the highway with her sunglasses on.

Music blasts from her car speakers.

INT. HIPSTER OFFICE LOFT - Day.

ALANA sits on a leather couch in her agent's office.

She has her knees tucked close together, and holds a hot cup of coffee with two hands.

THE AGENT swings the door open. She is wearing a very smart suit set.

THE AGENT

Alana, honey! Just who I wanted to see. Please, don't get up.

ALANA quietly laughs to herself and sets down her cup of coffee.

ALANA

I don't think I've been in this office since you signed me.

THE AGENT sits at her desk, setting her coffee cup down.

THE AGENT

Ah, dear, it's because you never disappoint me.

THE AGENT pulls a tiny baggie of cocaine from her pocket and sprinkles some into her coffee cup.

She gestures the bag to ALANA, who shakes her head politely.

THE AGENT

Well, Alana Adams. You are currently my best client. I don't think I've ever had an actor produce this much good PR for themselves.

ALANA

I wasn't exactly *trying*—

THE AGENT puts a hand up philosophically, then pulls out several glossy printed pages of article headlines.

THE AGENT

Never, ever deny yourself press. Good or bad.

ALANA reacts to each one.

"Hollywood Cowgirl gone rogue."

"Alana Adams' Rise to the Top."

"Sorry, Jared Leto: This B-Lister might be Hollywood's next best method actor."

ALANA

Oh my god, Jared Leto?! That's insulting.

THE AGENT stacks up the papers and tucks them into her drawer.

THE AGENT

I'm going to hang these up in the office. Let me know if you want some prints.

ALANA

So, is this what you had me drive to the valley for?

THE AGENT purses her lips sheepishly and takes another sip from her cup.

THE AGENT

Well, not exactly. I thought I might have an easier time convincing you in person.

ALANA narrows her eyes.

ALANA

I'm already scared.

THE AGENT

Alana, how do you feel about doing an actor's on actor's interview for Vanity Fair?

ALANA's eyes widen with excitement.

ALANA

Seriously?!?

INT. ACTORS ON ACTORS STUDIO - Day.

ALANA's expression is twisted up in annoyance as she bites her lip anxiously.

She stares at DEAN, who sits in an identical seat around 5 feet across from her. The hair and makeup crew are swarmed around him with brushes and creams.

EXT. STUDIO LOT - Sunset.

ALANA forcefully pushes the studio door open, revealing the blood orange sunset and RACHEL, who stands in her work clothes with both hands on her hip.

When ALANA approaches her aggressively, RACHEL stifles back laughter.

ALANA
This isn't even a little bit funny.

RACHEL tucks a strand of loose hair from ALANA's face.

RACHEL
Oh my god, yes it is. Don't be a diva.

RACHEL and ALANA walk to the car.

They get in, closing the front door from either side at the same time.

ALANA
(O.S.)
Okay, you will not believe his pre-audition ritual.

INT. ALANA and RACHEL's apartment - Night.

ALANA and RACHEL lay next to each other on the couch. They are fast asleep with their legs entangled.

A reality TV episode plays softly in the background.

Clean dishes rest on the drying rack.

RACHEL's work outfit hangs on a clothing rack in the living room.

ALANA's first ever headshot is in a frame on the coffee table.

The sound of cicadas hum softly.

INT. ALANA and RACHEL'S APARTMENT - morning.

Off-screen, ALANA screams at the top of her lungs into her pillow.

ALANA comes racing into the kitchen in her robe.

RACHEL is sitting at the table, drinking coffee and reading The New Yorker. She raises an eyebrow.

RACHEL

I'm having deja vu.

ALANA puts her computer in front of RACHEL.

RACHEL lifts both hands up toward her mouth in shock.

RACHEL

Oh my god, no way.

The computer screen reads:

"Hollywood's Next It Couple?"

The photo underneath is ALANA and DEAN's faces collaged into a heart.

Off-screen, RACHEL snorts with laughter.

EXT. SUNSET BLVD. - Evening.

ALANA speeds down Sunset Blvd, with her music blasting once again.

INT. MUSSO & FRANK'S - Evening.

ALANA is dressed in all-black, wearing sunglasses and a scarf over her head. She walks sneakily into the restaurant, keeping her head down except to thank the host.

ALANA slides into a booth, cautiously removing her sunglasses. Seated across from her with a Martini is REBECCA ROCKWELL.

REBECCA gives a small smile to ALANA.

REBECCA

Well, well, well...

ALANA rolls her eyes.

ALANA

(whispering)

Don't be so smug. I don't exactly want to be seen in public with you.

A server walks up to their table, and sets a Margarita glass down in front of ALANA.

ALANA

Thank you.

As the server walks away, REBECCA leans in.

REBECCA

I'm sorry, I don't mean to be smug. I think you are a very smart girl for meeting with me.

ALANA gestures toward the Margarita.

REBECCA

Oh, I just guessed. Your usual?

ALANA nods shyly, almost embarrassed.

REBECCA

Ah, I'm good at my job, then.

(beat)

So, what made you call me? Don't get me wrong, I'm glad to add you as a client, but...

ALANA pinches the bridge of her nose.

ALANA

No, no, I'm not going to be your *client*, I just...

REBECCA waits patiently for her to continue.

ALANA downs her drink.

ALANA

I need that story dead. Like, yesterday.

REBECCA

Which one?

ALANA

Don't pretend you don't know.

REBECCA pulls a pen and paper from her purse, and puts on her reading glasses.

After a minute or so, she passes the paper to ALANA, who raises a brow.

REBECCA

I think this would squash things pretty quick. It's not very clean, but...

ALANA shakes her head and crumples up the piece of paper.

ALANA

Just do it, and send the invoice to my agent. I don't want to hear anything else about it.

INT. THE CLUB - Night.

ALANA and RACHEL are back at their club of choice, and this time live jazz music is playing.

Montage:

ALANA and RACHEL dance to blow off some steam.

As ALANA dances, she smokes a cigarette.

Several cocktails are set down at the bar, sloshing around a little.

RACHEL and ALANA drunkenly ballroom dance together.

RACHEL puts her work blazer on ALANA.

The band's pianist plays dexterously.

ALANA signs a few random autographs.

RACHEL and ALANA are leaning at a table, smoking and playing pool.

ALANA almost knocks over her glass while signing the check, and RACHEL just barely catches it before tipping over.

End Montage.

EXT. A BUS STOP in WEST HOLLYWOOD. - Night.

RACHEL and ALANA sit next to each other at the bus stop, waiting patiently in hopes of catching the last bus of the night.

RACHEL's head is resting on ALANA's shoulder, and her eyes are fighting to stay open.

ALANA shakes her shoulder, light as a feather.

ALANA
(whispering)

Rachel.

RACHEL's flutter open.

RACHEL
I'm not asleep.

ALANA

How do you clock into work every morning after going out like this?

RACHEL

Adderall, like the rest of America.

RACHEL sits up straighter, shivering a little.

RACHEL

I don't think this bus is coming.

ALANA returns RACHEL's blazer and slips it onto her shoulders.

ALANA

Let's give it...10 more minutes.

Almost like a magic trick, ALANA pulls a joint out of her back pocket.

RACHEL gets a lighter from her purse.

Five minutes pass...

RACHEL and ALANA are playing a card game at the same bus stop.

It's unusually windy out.

RACHEL

Go Fish.

ALANA throws her hands up and tosses her cards down.

The bus pulls up, only adding to the wind's forcefulness.

ALANA stands up.

ALANA

Good timing.

ALANA reaches for RACHEL's hand and helps her up.

A leaf blows onto RACHEL's face from the wind.

ALANA gently brushes it off, tucking RACHEL's hair back into place.

INT. THE BUS - Night.

ALANA and RACHEL both share corded headphones, listening to music and scrolling on their phones.

ALANA pensively reads a message on her phone.

@sabrinasmith
(DIRECT MESSAGE)

hiiii i hear from one of my sorority girls (and the internet lol) that u r a badass. do u take house calls? the sigma phi guys have been really pmo lately.

ALANA smiles slightly at the message in deliberation, then shrugs her shoulders and replies:

@alanaadams
(DIRECT MESSAGE)

girl send me the address.

Meanwhile, RACHEL makes a confused and irritated expression.

RACHEL
Have you seen this?

ALANA looks over at RACHEL's phone, and then looks at RACHEL, whose lips are pressed together irritably.

ALANA's eyes widen. She was obviously not expecting this reaction.

The article on RACHEL'S phone reads:

"Alana Adams DUMPS Dean Dilaura: plus a sneak peak of her new lesbian lover."

The "lesbian lover" in question is Rachel, whose candid photographs from trials are included in the article.

ALANA

Wow, that came out quicker than I thought.

RACHEL

So, you were in on this?

ALANA smiles sheepishly and shrugs her shoulders.

RACHEL

Oh my god, don't even talk to me.

ALANA

But -

EXT. ALANA and RACHEL's street - Night.

ALANA and RACHEL walk home, and RACHEL briskly speeds about five feet in front of her. ALANA is almost out of breath trying to keep up.

They have been arguing through the entire walk from the bus stop.

RACHEL

Do you think I'm your personal fucking assistant or something?

ALANA

Of course not! That's the last thing-

RACHEL

I'm an *attorney*, Alana. I can't have my name and my face plastered around the internet for some PR shit that's all a fucking joke to you anyway.

ALANA picks up her pace and steps in front of RACHEL.

They are now stopped on the sidewalk, facing each other.

ALANA

It's not a joke.

RACHEL

What's not?

ALANA says nothing.

RACHEL shoves ALANA's shoulder.

RACHEL

I'm really, genuinely pissed off, okay?! How did this even come to be?

ALANA, still, says nothing, but her face looks guiltier and guiltier with every sentence RACHEL says.

RACHEL

Please tell me you did not...

But she's already slowly walking away.

ALANA

I didn't sign any paperwork, she just...

RACHEL scoffs and turns away from ALANA, speed walking down the street once again.

RACHEL

Don't even try to talk to me for another 24 hours.

INT. RACHEL's room - Morning.

The clock strikes 11 AM.

RACHEL lays sleeping in bed. She wears her hair in overnight curlers and has an eye mask on.

There is a picture of Simone de Beauvoir above her bed.

ALANA slides quietly into the bed and taps RACHEL on the shoulder.

RACHEL groggily pulls off her eye mask and she yawns.

ALANA does not wait for her to fully wake up.

ALANA

Please forgive me. I'll file all your casework for a month.

RACHEL sits up and puts on her glasses.

RACHEL

I'm honestly just concerned. I think Rebecca Rockwell has blood oathed you into something you can't get out of.

ALANA's phone rings.

The caller ID: Rebecca Rockwell.

ALANA and RACHEL start laughing.

RACHEL

She's listening.

ALANA picks up the phone and gently shushes RACHEL's laughter.

ALANA

Uh, hello?

REBECCA ROCKWELL

Alana, honey, I hear you have a birthday coming up.

ALANA

Oh, you did? How?

REBECCA ROCKWELL

I don't think you need to ask how I know things at this point. Got any plans for the big 25?

ALANA furrows her brows cautiously.

ALANA

No...why?

INT. A MANSION IN BEL AIR - Night.

ALANA and RACHEL stand at the front door of a giant, opulent house.

Inside, there are at least 200 people, drinking, laughing, snorting coke, and arguing.

ALANA and RACHEL walk through the home, observing many celebrities and wealthy looking executives. They remain very close to each other, linking arms as they file through the crowd.

ALANA

I think I just saw Patrick Schwarzenegger.

RACHEL

Oh, ew.

A server walks up to the girls with a tray of cocktails. There is a little placard that reads "Alana's special cowgirl cocktail."

ALANA and RACHEL take one hesitantly, thanking the server and continuing on.

ALANA

Is this for real right now?

RACHEL

I told you, this is your cult initiation.

The girls continue through the room, going almost unnoticed because of the crowd.

Finally, REBECCA ROCKWELL approaches them.

REBECCA ROCKWELL

Oh, honey, I'm so glad you both are here! What do you think?

REBECCA begins to take off their coats, passing it off to someone on staff without making eye contact.

ALANA

Um, yeah this is, um...

REBECCA ROCKWELL

There are sooo many people I want to introduce you to.

INT. & EXT. BEL AIR MANSION - night.

Montage begins as we follow the party:

Someone snorts a line of coke.

Someone jumps into a huge pool.

Inside, a dance floor has formed.

A group of rowdy poker players yell at each other while smoking cigars.

REBECCA ROCKWELL lights a cigarette.

RACHEL sits on a couch awkwardly between a couple, who are yelling at each other.

RACHEL

So, I'm actually not a divorce lawyer...

They beg her to stay.

In the kitchen, ALANA's ear is being talked off by an executive producer.

EXECUTIVE

I know how you feel about him, but I think if you gave Mr. Von Trier a chance to direct you...

ALANA's eyes search the room for an escape, landing on DEAN, who she was not expecting to see.

ALANA

Dean! Sorry, I see someone I know, we'll have to pick this up later.

EXECUTIVE

But -

ALANA is already walking away.

ALANA approaches DEAN with a grin on her face.

DEAN gives a confused look in reply.

DEAN

Are you good?

ALANA

What do you mean?

DEAN

I don't think you've smiled at me since we've met. Are you finally realizing we're meant to be -

ALANA groans and walks away.

Back on the dancefloor, ALANA and RACHEL dance together.

Montage ends.

INT. The only quiet room in the Bel Air house - night.

ALANA and RACHEL sit next to each other in a circle, surrounded by some hippie-looking-rich-people.

A SPIRITUAL WOMAN in the center of the circle puts one pink pill in front of each person in the circle, blessing it each time she sets one down.

SPIRITUAL WOMAN

These are going to open up our consciousness. Whatever is plaguing you, keeping you up at night, we are going to release ourselves from the constraints of daily life.

RACHEL and ALANA give each other a look, like - we'll talk about this later.

SPIRITUAL WOMAN

Now, I want you to bring the pill to your mouth and say: "I am a star, bright and shiny."

The group does as they are told.

ALL

I am a star, bright and shiny.

ALANA shrugs at RACHEL, and pops the pill in her mouth. RACHEL then does the same.

The SPIRITUAL WOMAN turns to ALANA and holds her hands.

SPIRITUAL WOMAN

I sense that you are destined for great fame and fortune.

ALANA smiles awkwardly.

SPIRITUAL WOMAN

But it may come at a price.

RACHEL giggles ever-so-slightly.

ALANA

Oh...like what?

The SPIRITUAL WOMAN shakes her head, and does a Catholic Holy Trinity onto ALANA.

INT. A bedroom in the Bel Air house - Night.

ALANA and RACHEL lay on their backs on a bed. They are staring up at the ceiling.

RACHEL

I think your hair is breathing.

EXT. The Bel Air Mansion Pool - Morning.

ALANA and RACHEL lay asleep on a couch by the pool.

There are other party guests lingering around, some asleep and others slowly gathering their things.

EXT. Hollywood Boulevard - Morning.

ALANA and RACHEL walk home side by side. They look tired and hungover, hair awry and coats in hand.

A few beats pass, and then ALANA's phone rings.

ALANA

God, no. Too loud.

The caller ID reads:

"THE AGENT."

ALANA picks up the phone.

ALANA

Hello?

THE AGENT

Oh, honey, I wanted to be the first to congratulate you.

ALANA

Oh, um. Yeah, 25, big year. Thanks for calling.

THE AGENT laughs.

THE AGENT

Very funny. Be honest, have you started writing your speech?

ALANA gestures to RACHEL with her shoulders shrugged, like - "I have no idea what she's talking about."

ALANA

Speech? I'm sorry, I'm confused.

THE AGENT

Oh my god, Alana, if one of my clients would be the last to know about their own Oscar nomination, it would be you.

ALANA

I'm sorry, did you say -

ALANA hangs up the phone.

A few beats pass, and then ALANA barfs into a nearby bush.

Title cards read:

"Act III."

EXT. BETA SIGMA FRAT HOUSE - Day.

Revisiting Scene 1.

ALANA pulls her convertible up to the frat house, music playing from her speakers.

ALANA puts her car in park, and jumps out of the car without opening the passenger door.

She is completely decked out in her "Hollywood Cowgirl" costume: red boots, cowboy hat, fringe belt, and all denim.

Waiting for her at the front lawn is SABRINA. She looks dressed up and ready for the beach.

When she sees ALANA, SABRINA takes off her sunglasses and waves to her cheerfully.

SABRINA

Oh my god, I wasn't sure if you'd show. I'm honestly, like, starstruck right now.

ALANA walks up to SABRINA while attempting to light a cigarette. She laughs genuinely to ease SABRINA's nerves.

ALANA

I got you. I'm honored you thought of me for something like this.

When she struggles to light the cigarette due to wind, SABRINA cups her acrylic nail around the cigarette to help.

ALANA

Thanks.

(beat)

So, what exactly do you want me to say to these guys? Am I pretending to be university police?

SABRINA

Honestly, they're really not the brightest. And they're under investigation for, like, three different hazing rituals. You could say you're anyone and they would accept it.

ALANA reaches for her fringe belt, making sure that her lasso rope and knife are both intact.

ALANA

Okay, thanks for the creative freedom. I'll do my best.

ALANA gives her purse to SABRINA, who gladly puts it over her shoulder.

SABRINA pulls out her phone to record.

ALANA walks up to the frat's front door, boots crunching over plastic red solo cups and broken beer bottles.

ALANA knocks on the front door, which has a fancy gold plaque that reads:

"BROTHERS - AND THEIR LOVERS - ONLY."

The front door swings open, and a frat guy in his pajamas answers the door.

FRAT GUY

Ayeee. Aren't you that actress?

ALANA feigns an expression of confusion, tilting her head to the side.

ALANA

I think you have the wrong person. I'm with the dean's office.

FRAT GUY widens his eyes, and turns his head to shout into the house.

FRAT GUY

Uhh...yo, Conrad, could you come out here for a sec?

FRAT GUY 2 walks out to the front door groggily. He holds a beer in his hand.

FRAT GUY 2

What's up?

FRAT GUY 1

She's with the school.

FRAT GUY 1 and FRAT GUY 2 give each other nervous looks, widening their eyes and motioning to each other, like - "say nothing."

SABRINA starts laughing from the lawn.

ALANA puts both hands on her hips.

ALANA

I'm going to have to do a search of the house. We have reports of you keeping meth in the kitchen.

FRAT GUY 1

Oh, wait - we're not guilty of *that*.

FRAT GUY 2 clears his throat loudly and shoves FRAT GUY 1 with his shoulder.

FRAT GUY 2

We're not guilty of *anything*, officer.

FRAT GUY 1 whispers through the side of his mouth.

FRAT GUY 1

She's not a cop.

ALANA fakes sympathy, shrugging her shoulders and sighing.

ALANA

Sorry, guys. Nothing I can do. I'll have to escort all your brothers out of the house for a few hours.

FRAT GUY 1

We're the only ones home, can you just..

ALANA shrugs once again.

EXT. DELTA SIGMA LAWN - Day.

FRAT GUY 1 and FRAT GUY 2 walk down the lawn with their wrists tied up with rope. They aren't really angry or putting up a fight, just looking at each other with twisted-up confused expressions.

SABRINA stands on the sides, laughing and cheering, recording everything on her phone.

FRAT GUY 2

Sab, my Alpha Phi angel, don't tell me you're the snitch.

FRAT GUY 1

Nah, man, it's chill. We're just like mob bosses getting caught.

ALANA opens the front gate, and motions for USC FRAT BOYS to make their exit.

They gives her a look—almost like, “fair enough”—and walk out.

ALANA and SABRINA wave them off as he walks into the distance, never to be heard of again.

SABRINA approaches ALANA, smiling and giggling with excitement.

SABRINA

That was soooo amaze. Can I tell some of my other friends about you?

EXT. MANHATTAN BEACH - Day.

ALANA and RACHEL walk along the strand, heading towards the sand.

ALANA is talking on the phone.

ALANA

Rebecca, I'm sorry, but I don't want your services anymore!

(beat)

It has nothing to do with..

(beat)

Well don't you worry. I'll find you another fucking client. You ever heard of my friend Dean Dilaura?

(beat)

Publish whatever you want about me. I really couldn't care less.

(beat)

Oh my god, *contractual obligation?*

RACHEL gestures for ALANA to hand her the phone. When she speaks, her voice is sardonically sweet.

RACHELL

Ms. Rockwell! This is Rachel O'Brien, Alana's attorney. I can assure you that no contract was signed between you or my client.

(beat)

Yeah, well, fuck you too.

RACHEL hangs up the phone.

ALANA

That was weirdly attractive.

RACHEL

Weirdly?

Before ALANA can reply, KATE - their neighbor with the shitty date - jumps up and down, waving at them from the beach.

KATE

Alana! Rachel!

RACHEL and ALANA wave back and approach her on the sand.

KATE is in a full wet suit, holding her surfboard which is propped up in the sand.

KATE

I'm so glad you guys are here. Honestly, I think I'm going to kick everyone's ass.

The three girls laugh amongst each other, walking closer to the shore.

Right by the water, a group of other surfers congregate.

KATE

Okay, I should head down. Make yourselves comfy.

ALANA and RACHEL sit on the sand.

RACHEL lights a joint.

A few feet away from them, a few dude surfers - not involved in the competition - are talking.

GUY 1

Wait, that one's hot.

GUY 2

No, not that one.

GUY 3

Wait, hang on, I'm gonna take a picture.

ALANA looks at RACHEL, and her lips purse into a thin line - like, "I'm about to crash out."

RACHEL puts her finger up to her lips in a "shhhh" motion - and gestures towards the guys' surfboards.

EXT. HEREMOSA BEACH - Day.

RACHEL is surfing.

She paddles past the break and sighs with contentment. She observes the ocean around her, and waves to KATE, who is about to stand up and ride a wave.

On the sand, ALANA is talking to one of the GUYS from earlier.

ALANA

So, remind me how it works one more time?

GUY 1 begins the most rudimentary explanation of surfing ever - talking to ALANA like she is seven years old.

GUY 1

Okay honey, so, you get on the surfboard. Paddle it out.

All of GUY 1's friends are snickering to themselves.

ALANA puts a hand on his shoulder.

ALANA

How about you show me?

GUY 1 looks very proud of himself, puffing his chest up.

GUY 1

The board I use might be a little advanced for you, but...

ALANA furrows her eyebrows, tilting her head to the side in fake confusion.

ALANA

Where do you store it?

GUY 1 looks around him, widening his eyes, throwing his arms up in the air.

GUY 1

Dude, did you take my board?

GUY 1's friends look around the sand like idiots, grunting in confusion.

ALANA points out to the water.

ALANA

Could that be it?

RACHEL catches a wave just as the GUYS look over. She is graceful and looks at peace. She waves at them.

EXT. HERMOSA BEACH PIER - Sunset.

ALANA and RACHEL walk along the Hermosa Beach pier eating ice cream cones.

RACHEL

That was classic.

ALANA smiles at RACHEL.

When RACHEL turns to look at her, she looks away.

RACHEL

What?

ALANA makes a brushing off motion with her hand.

ALANA

Nothing.

As they walk along the pier, a few girls around their eyes look at them, whispering to each other.

GIRL 1

That's definitely them.

GIRL 2

Wait, we have to say hi.

GIRL 1

No, no, leave them be. We have to be *chill*, not obsessed fans.

GIRL 2

Aren't we, though?

ALANA and RACHEL near the end of the pier.

They look down at the ocean, and RACHEL shivers.

ALANA

Cold?

RACHEL

Nah.

ALANA takes off her jacket, and puts it over RACHEL's shoulders.

INT. THE AGENT'S HOUSE - night.

THE AGENT's house is all set up in celebration of ALANA's Oscar nomination.

The house is as crowded as the last, but this time filled with some more familiar faces - ALANA, RACHEL, KATE, THE DIRECTOR, SUSAN the gate attendant, and various other crew members from set of "THE HOLLYWOOD COWGIRL."

ALANA sits at the long, marble dining table, and wears a tiara on her head. The lights are dim.

RACHEL brings out a cake with sparkler candles.

It is a classic vintage cake with a cherry on top, and the text reads in cursive:

"Congrats on Oscar, Alana."

RACHEL sets it down on the table.

RACHEL

(off-screen)

Sorry, I think the decorator thought Oscar was a person.

ALANA laughs.

Montage:

ALANA and RACHEL sing karaoke together holding cigarettes and a bottle of liquor.

RACHEL

God save the queeeeen, the fascist regimeeeee.

ALANA

Nooooo future, nooo future for you.

THE AGENT talks to a group of colleagues.

THE AGENT

You snooze, you lose. Ms. Adams is *my* client.

RACHEL stands in the kitchen with THE DIRECTOR, pouring her a drink.

THE DIRECTOR downs it in one go.

THE DIRECTOR

I'm telling you, Tarantino ripped me off so fucking hard.

RACHEL

Have you thought about filing an intellectual property lawsuit?

THE DIRECTOR squints her eyes in thought.

THE DIRECTOR

I like how you think. Know anyone who could represent me?

RACHEL nods knowingly, and pours her another glass of champagne.

ALANA sits on the couch with a few A-List actors.

ACTOR 1

Alana, you've got a good head on your shoulders. But fame can be a bitch.

ACTOR 2

The public is vicious. Honestly, we are victims of these people.

ALANA nods slowly and skeptically.

ACTOR 1

If I could trade all the money I had for a normal life, I would.

ALANA

You'd trade your \$5 million house in Marina Del Rey?

ACTOR 1

Well, nooooo, but -

The dance floor in the living room is on and popping.

The whole party is dancing and singing along to the music.

The room is full of action and commotion, but RACHEL and ALANA are only looking at each other.

As confetti falls from upstairs, kind of like at a school dance, RACHEL and ALANA kiss.

End Montage.

EXT. WARNER BROTHER'S STUDIO LOT - Day.

ALANA pulls her red convertible through the beautiful golden gate once more.

SUSAN lets her in.

SUSAN

Big day, Ms. Adams! Get a picture with Pedro Pascal for me, will you?

ALANA

Oh my god, of course.

ALANA pulls her car into her usual spot.

INT. "THE HOLLYWOOD COWGIRL" costume room - Day.

ALANA stands next to the COSTUME DESIGNER, setting down at least 10 pieces of clothing one at a time.

ALANA

Sorry, I stole these.

THE COSTUME DESIGNER just laughs.

COSTUME DESIGNER

I'm more amazed that I didn't even notice.

ALANA

I...may have come in after hours.

The COSTUME DESIGNER begins hanging up the clothing items.

COSTUME DESIGNER

Well, thanks for returning the hangars. Need anything to wear for the show tonight?

The COSTUME DESIGNER pulls out a vintage, sparkly dress.

COSTUME DESIGNER

This one is a classic. Take it with you.

The COSTUME DESIGNER holds the dress up on ALANA, giving her a better look in the mirror.

ALANA smiles sympathetically, but it doesn't meet her eyes.

EXT. WARNER BROTHER'S LOT - Day.

ALANA drives her convertible out of the lot, music blaring from her speakers as always.

At a stop light, she opens an email from Rebecca Rockwell. It reads:

"Alana,

See you tonight. A lot of directors want to meet you.

Office of RR."

EXT. ALANA and RACHEL's apartment - Day.

ALANA pulls up in front of her apartment.

RACHEL is waiting on the steps, eating an In-In Out Burger.

ALANA

Want to ditch like we did in college?

RACHEL raises an eyebrow, then hops in the car.

RACHEL

Ditch the *Oscars*?

ALANA shrugs.

RACHEL

You mean ditch like *you* did in college, by the way.

ALANA

Is that a yes?

EXT. SUNSET BLVD. - Sunset.

ALANA and RACHEL drive down Sunset Boulevard one last time.

As they make their way down the road, The Chateau Marmont's sign shines in neon red.

ALANA pulls the car into the hotel, winding up the long driveway.

MONTAGE:

At OSCAR NIGHT, the red carpet is bustling, but ALANA is nowhere to be found.

REPORTER 1

This may be one of the most disappointing no-shows ever. Any idea where your co-star might be?

DEAN is smouldering as usual.

DEAN

You know, Alana and I really grew close over filming. I'll always have so much love for her.

DEAN then begins to subtly make various poses towards the camera.

REPORTER 1

What are -

DEAN

Someone might make an edit of me! I'm just giving them options.

Back at the CHATEAU MARMONT, ALANA and RACHEL stand at the check-in desk wearing sunglasses.

ALANA removes hers to talk to the front desk agent.

ALANA

Would you happen to have a room for the night?

The FRONT DESK AGENT looks starstruck.

FRONT DESK AGENT

Aren't you supposed to be on TV right now?

ALANA

Eh.

Back to OSCAR NIGHT.

A presenter reads:

PRESENTER

And the Oscar goes to...Alana Adams!

Back to the Chateau.

ALANA and RACHEL jump in the hotel pool.

Back to Oscar Night.

SABRINA, from USC sorority row, walks up on stage in the glittery dress the costume designer gave Alana.

SABRINA

Alana asked me to come up and accept this award on her behalf.

Back to the Chateau.

ALANA and RACHEL pass a joint back and forth.

ALANA's phone is blowing up with notifications.

RACHEL

Think you're going to get invited back?

Back to the Oscars:

SABRINA

She wanted me to say this. And I must say me and my sisters at the USC chapter of Alpha Phi wholeheartedly endorse this message, although this is a direct quote from her.

Back at the Chateau.

ALANA makes a skeptical expression, twisting up her face a little.

Back at Oscar Night.

SABRINA

Fuck all of you misogynistic pieces of shit and fuck this award show.

Back at the Chateau.

ALANA

I highly doubt it.

End montage.

INT. THE CHATEAU MARMONT - Morning.

RACHEL and ALANA lay in bed together in their hotel room.

Soft jazz plays from a record player, and the California breeze dances lightly.

CUT TO CREDITS.

FIN!