

BEAUTY CLUB

Young Adult drama

Written by

Gina Gotsill

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Concord, CA
Ginagotsill@gmail.com

FADE IN

INT: GLASSBLOWING STUDIO - SAN FRANCISCO - AFTERNOON

Sprawling, cement-floor studio with glass furnace, glory hole, kiln, and wooden benches where glassblowers sit and work molten glass. Outside, it's a San Francisco winter, but in the hot shop, it's always summer -- HOT. There's a roaring din from the energy that runs a 1200-degree glass furnace 24/7. We pan through the space and stop at ROSE REED, age 17, Mexican-American, beautiful, dark-eyed head-turner, sweaty in tank top and jeans, hair pulled back in a red bandana. She pulls glass bowls, cups, vases and other glass work from a large kiln and lines them up on a table. She hears her boss, DALE, a glassblower in his late 50s, Caucasian, yelling anxiously from one of the benches.

DALE

Jack? Where the hell are you?

(a beat)

Rose?

(a beat)

Anyone? SHIT!

ROSE

(urgent)

Dale! What do you need?

DALE

Where the hell's your Dad?

(pause)

Shit, this glass is getting cold.

ROSE

You need a punty?

DALE

Yeah. Big one. Hurry, Rose!

Rose moves quickly to the pipewarmer and grabs a long rod. She opens the door of the glass furnace and dips the rod into the white-hot crucible, drawing a small blob of glass onto the end of the rod. She moves to the steel marver, quickly shaping the molten glass ball into a round mushroom at the tip of the rod. She moves towards Dale and presses her bit of glass to the bottom of the object he is turning at the bench.

DALE (CONT'D)

(sarcastic praise)

Saved by a teenage girl!

Dale drips water on the glass object and breaks it off the pipe, leaving Rose holding the object at the end of her pipe. She admires it.

ROSE
Nice. What's it gonna be?

DALE
An urn. Got a big order from the funeral parlor.

Rose's expression changes.

ROSE
Where my mom was?

DALE
Yeah.

Rose looks at the glass object for a moment, then hands the rod to Dale.

ROSE
You good?

DALE
Yeah, I'm good.
(a beat)
Get your Dad, will ya?

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE GLASSBLOWING STUDIO

Rose finds her dad, JACK REED, a scruffy, sweaty, 45-year-old Caucasian glassblower, leaning against the wall in the alley, smoking.

ROSE
Hey. Dad. Dale needs you.

JACK
He can go screw himself. Let 'im get his own goddamn punty.

ROSE
(incredulous)
Dad, you can't just leave him in there!

JACK
Yeah? He can leave my ass out to dry!

ROSE
What are you talking about?

Jack drags on his cigarette.

JACK
He's closing the shop for a whole month. So he can take a "staycation." What the hell is that anyway?

ROSE
(processes the news)
So... no work for a month?

JACK
Yeah. No work for a month. No money for a month.
(kicks at nothing)
Shit.

ROSE
So... what are we gonna do?

JACK
I don't know.
(a beat)
We were short on the rent last month...
(rubs face)
Landlord's pissed.
(looks at Rose)
Can you kick in some more?

ROSE
Yeah, but Dad... I've been trying to save too... for my own stuff...

JACK
(hostile, incredulous)
And what's that?

ROSE
(shamed, tries to downplay)
Me and Gigi's video channel.

JACK
(incredulous)
What?

ROSE
We do, like... make-up tutorials from the 1980s and 90s, and...

(MORE)

ROSE (CONT'D)
(seeing her Dad is both
clueless and annoyed)
Whatever, Dad. We're trying to get
influencer status and score some
modeling jobs.

JACK
(hostile)
What the hell you wastin' time with
that shit for? The freaking 80s?
Are you kidding me? You could be
pickin' up hours here or somewhere
else!

ROSE
Dad, we have like 1,000 followers!

JACK
Well no one's gonna take your "80s
make up tutorial" when you're
living outta the truck, ok? You got
two little sisters to think about.
Priorities, Rose.

ROSE
(defensive)
I gave you all my money last month!
Gigi's been buying pretty much all
our make up and props! I mean...
there's stuff I want! I can't give
you everything!
(searching, long beat,
desperate tone)
Can you ask Casey if he has
something? So we can make rent?

JACK
Yeah, I guess.
(looks over at Rose,
stern)
What 'er you gonna do?

ROSE
I dunno know, maybe you can ask
Casey if he has any work for me...

JACK
Look, we can't both hit up Casey!
OK? If it's a choice between you
and me, who you think he's gonna
take? You're cheaper.

ROSE
(annoyed)
Whatever Dad! I'm not gonna be able
to do the same stuff as you...

JACK
Look, lemme work Casey, ok?

ROSE
Well what am I supposed to do for
money for a whole month?

JACK
(exhausted)
I dunno, Rosie. But...
(stamps out cigarette)
You're gonna have to get creative,
honey. And not on the internet!

Jack walks back into the studio, leaving Rose alone in the
alley, staring at nothing.

INT. GLASS BLOWING STUDIO - CLOSING TIME - EVENING

Rose is sweeping the studio at the end of the work day. Dale
approaches her, cash in hand.

DALE
Payday, Rose.

ROSE
(brightens, counts the
bills eagerly)
Thanks.

DALE
Paid Jack too. I know he's behind.

ROSE
Yeah.

DALE
Your Dad tell you I'm closing for a
month?

ROSE
Yeah. Sucks...

DALE
Well, I'm sorry. I need a break,
Rose.
(exasperated)
(MORE)

DALE (CONT'D)

Do you think it's easy running a
business like this, and the store?
And then switching to the other
side of my brain to make the art?

(ups the stress ante)

And then... with all due respect, I
love your Dad but...

(shakes his head)

You don't understand...

ROSE

(questioning the logic)

So, you're gonna power down the
furnaces and the crucible for a
whole month? How's that gonna work?

DALE

Goddamit, Rose!

ROSE

What?! I'm just saying... all the
glass in the crucible? Are you
gonna use it all up before you
power down?

DALE

(sighs)

No I'm not gonna freeze the
crucible for f-sake! I'm takin'
time away but I'm gonna be working,
ok?

(a beat)

I got a commission.

ROSE

Yeah? That's great!

DALE

Yeah, it is great.

(looks Rose up and down)

You wanna assist?

ROSE

(eyes bright)

Yeah!

DALE

Shit... Your Dad's gonna be pissed.

ROSE

(excited)

What kind of commission?

DALE

Underwater scene for the new aquarium. Lotsa color, shaping, drips. I'd need you for, like, two hours after school a coupla days a week and five or six hours on the weekends.

ROSE

Oh my god, thank you Dale!

DALE

You're welcome.

ROSE

So... how you gonna pay me?

DALE

What the hell kinda question is that? The same way I always pay you. Fifteen bucks an hour cash.
(a confused beat)
What?

ROSE

Nothing. I just thought maybe I could get, I don't know... the money, like, ahead of time.

DALE

No. That's not how this works.
(suspicious)
Why do you need the money before you work for it?

ROSE

(looks down, embarrassed)
I need to help with rent. And I want some things for myself... you know?

DALE

(looks intently at Rose)
Look Rosie... I wanna help... you know that. Me and your Dad... and your Mom... we all go way back. And I know shit has kinda hit the fan. But honey...
(a beat)
Don't get caught up doin' stuff that's gonna hurt you later.

ROSE

What do you mean?

DALE

You asking for money before you work for it. It's ok ya ask ol' Dale, I mean, I'm gonna tell you no and that'll be the end of it. But you ask the wrong people...

(a beat)

Look. You set yourself up for a life you don't want when you ask the wrong people for loans an' shit. Ok? Trust me. Don't do that. You gotta earn it.

(a beat)

Ok?

ROSE

(shrugs, nods)

K.

DALE

Here's the shop key. Saturday, get here early, get everything set up for me? Ok? I'll figure out what to say to your dad.

ROSE

Yeah. Thanks Dale.

DALE

Yep, I'll see ya.

Dale walks away, leaving Rose alone in the studio. Her phone pings with a text from her friend GIGI HAMLIN.

GIGI

(TEXT)

Helooooo? Where r u? Our fans are waiting!

ROSE

(TEXT)

Leaving now.

Rose picks up the pace, puts away the broom and dustpan, grabs her backpack.

INT. SHOP BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rose ducks into the shop's dingy, bathroom. Wild graffiti paintings covers the walls, toilet seat's up, and there's a giant utility sink and faucet in the corner. A cracked mirror hangs on the wall.

Rose pulls a washcloth from her bag, drenches it in the sink, wrings it out and sponges off the hours of sweat from her body. She changes her t-shirt and jeans, dusts powder all over her face, then dabs lipstick on her full lips. She stuffs everything into her backpack and exits the bathroom.

INT. STUDIO DOORWAY - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

ROSE
Bye, Dale!
(a beat)
Thank you!

Rose pushes open the heavy studio door and walks out into the San Francisco night, walking towards the train that will take her to Gigi's pricey neighborhood in Noe Valley.

INT. MUNI TRAIN - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

Rose settles into the rigid train seat; her eyes travel through the space. She observes a Black businesswoman dressed to the nines; she admires her boots, her slacks, her coat, her leather bag, her make-up and her hair. She stops next on two Hispanic girls, dressed in their waitress uniforms, gossiping in Spanish, plastic bags stuffed with groceries on their laps. Her eyes move to a homeless man, filthy, sleeping across two seats, a stream of urine gathering on the floor below him. Her face twists in disgust, and then softens with pity and concern. The train announces her stop and she stands and exits.

EXT. URBAN SAN FRANCISCO STREET, MIX OF APARTMENTS AND BUSINESSES - CONTINUOUS

Rose walks towards Gigi's, but is distracted by a chic boutique's shop window. She walks in.

INT. BOUTIQUE - CONTINUOUS

Rose meanders through the shop, checking out the clothes and glancing at the price tags. She walks casually to the cosmetics counter. A CLERK, about 50 and Caucasian, approaches Rose as she peruses the lipstick section.

CLERK
Hi there.

ROSE
Hey...

CLERK
How can I help you?

ROSE
(Holding lipstick)
Um... How much are these?

CLERK
The Ravage Me line is all \$30 a
color. A little goes a long way,
though. It's just an amazing
line... all natural.

Clerk searches the counter, finds a color and holds it up for
Rose to see.

This would be beautiful on you.

ROSE
(disinterested)
Do you have something more vamp?

CLERK
Of course.

Clerk finds Rose a shade and hands her a single-use sample.
Rose applies the deep, dark color to her lips.

CLERK (CONT'D)
Wow. You need parental supervision
to wear that one!

ROSE
(delighted)
Really?

CUSTOMER, about 30-years old, Caucasian and very fashionable,
approaches and distracts the CLERK.

CUSTOMER
I need a room.

CLERK
Absolutely.

CUSTOMER
(Smirks at Rose)
Sorry, I've been waiting.

CLERK
(To Rose)
I'll be right back.

Rose is left alone. She reaches over the display like a
lightning bolt and picks up a new, sealed Vamp lipstick.

Her expression changes from soft and relaxed to focused. She slides the lipstick into her sleeve and walks casually out of the store.

INT. UPSCALE SAN FRANCISCO APARTMENT WHERE GIGI LIVES WITH HER PARENTS.

GIGI, 17, Caucasian, blond blue eyed, opens the front door.

GIGI
Finally.

ROSE
Sorry, I had to stay a little late.

GIGI
I have everything set up. Wifi was being hella slow earlier, but I think it's ok now.

The girls walk through the house. Gigi's mother, ANNA, a graphic designer age 45 and Caucasian, who is also an old-friend of Rose's deceased Mom, greets her.

ANNA
Hey Rose. How are you honey?
(gives Rose a little hug)

ROSE
(automatic)
Good. Just getting off work.

ANNA
How's your Dad?

ROSE
(automatic)
He's fine.

ANNA
(nods)
You had dinner, honey?

GIGI
Um, Mom. We have stuff to do.
(pulls Rose away)

ANNA
(terse)
Jeanette, you're being rude.

GIGI
Later, Mom!

ANNA
Don't forget school tomorrow!

INT. GIGI'S BEDROOM

GIGI
(under her breath)
So annoying...

Rose and Gigi walk over to Gigi's Beauty Club staging area where they film their make-up video tutorials. The camera is on a tri-pod on a table near an array of make-up.

ROSE
(brightening)
We're doing 90s, tonight?
(pulls the vamp lipstick
from her pocket)
Light eyes, vampy lips?

GIGI
Yes, but!
(grabs a magazine from the
night table and flips to
a picture straight out of
1980-something.)
Look at this!
(gleeful)
I freaking love these bushy 80s
eyebrows! And the under-eye color
and these crazy bright lips! Can we
do 80s night, please please please?

ROSE
Oh my god where did you get this?

GIGI
My Mom was throwing out her old
magazines.

Rose flips the pages and a newspaper article falls out. It features Rose's mom with Anna when they were teenagers. They are arm and arm, smiling, accepting an award.

ROSE
My Mom. And your Mom... They won
that sewing contest for those crazy
charmeuse dresses.
(looks closely)
She's so young...
(looks at Gigi)
Can I keep this?

GIGI
(softly, sympathetic)
Totally.

ROSE
(Looks up, tears welling
in her eyes)
Uh oh. It's happening again.

GIGI
(hugs her)
No tears. You're eyes are gonna get
all swelly. Bad for the camera.

ROSE
Yeah...

GIGI
I'm sorry I reminded you.

ROSE
You didn't remind me...
(wipes tears)
I mean... I didn't forget. So...

Gigi is visibly antsy, but wants to be sympathetic. Then she has an idea.

GIGI
Hey. Let's dedicate 80s night to
your Mama, ok?

ROSE
(nods, tearful)
Ok.

GIGI
(hugs Rose again)
It's gonna be ok.

ROSE
Is it?

GIGI
(pushes away, holding Rose
by the shoulders)
Yes!
(antsy, jogging in place)
Can we...

Rose, a little blue, pulls off her backpack and the girls settle in, turn on the camera and get started.

GIGI (CONT'D)

(to the camera)

What's up, Beauty Clubbers? It's Gigi and Rose here, and tonight we're gonna give it up for Rose's Mommy. She died a few months ago and we are thinking of her tonight.

ROSE

Her name was Dandelion.

GIGI

(smiling)

In honor of Dandy, we're gonna take you back to the late 80s when she was walkin' the Earth, making badass fashions.

ROSE

She was a fabric artist, but she started out as a dressmaker.

GIGI

Yeah! And we think she would have loved this look...

(presses the magazine image to the camera lens)

I mean, of course, who wouldn't? We're gonna show you how to do it tonight.

MONTAGE OF GIGI
AND ROSE
SPEAKING INTO
THE CAMERA AND
DEMONSTRATING
THE MAKEUP LOOK.

ROSE

(angling her made-up face for the camera, pushing her brows the wrong way.)

Tweezers suck, right? I mean, how many times have you plucked too much... and looked all freakish.

(pushing brows with finger)

You can leave 'em all messy and bushy when you're going old school. Nobody plucked in the 80s.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Now for the lips...

GIGI
(excited)
Oh! Use this one.
(hands her a bright pink
lipstick)

Rose sweeps the color onto her lips.

ROSE
Want some?

GIGI
Yes, please.

Rose laughs, kissing Gigi, transferring the color from her lips to Gigi's.

GIGI (CONT'D)
(looks at the camera)
Thanks, bae. Beauties, so me and
Rosie just kissed, but it was, like
a best friend kiss. DO NOT wear
this brand if you're gonna be, you
know... like really kissing. K?

ROSE
You mean like, backa the alley
kissing?

GIGI
Yeah, this brand that we're using
tonight, it's called OKAY HOT, it's
just way to thick. Your mate. Will
hate. This brand sucks.
(throws it over her
shoulder onto the floor)

ROSE
Tell us, Geeg, what should clubbers
wear if they're gonna be kissing
for real?

GIGI
Lemme see...
(searching her collection)

Audible sound of a stomach grumbling.

GIGI (CONT'D)
Dude, is that your stomach?

ROSE
Sorry.

GIGI
(laughing, to camera,
rushes to finish)
Food break! Gotta go, beauties.
Next week we're gonna do mocha eyes
a la 1990!

ROSE
(pipes in)
Love you, Mom!

Gigi and Rose laugh, turn off the camera. Once the camera is off, Rose falls back onto the bed, clutching her belly.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Oh my god, I'm so hungry...

GIGI
Help yourself.

ROSE
Will you get me something? I don't
wanna talk to your mom.

GIGI
What do you want?

ROSE
Doesn't matter. Anything.

GIGI
(leaves for the kitchen)
Whatever.

Rose is alone in Gigi's room. She eyes a jar on Gigi's desk that is packed with fives, tens, twenties -- pocket money. She focuses on the jar, her wheels are turning. Then she sees a flyer on Gigi's desk. It reads: BEAUTY INFLUENCER CONFERENCE SAN FRANCISCO. Gigi enters with a plate of food.

ROSE
(grateful, takes plate)
Thanks.

Rose sits on the bed and starts eating hungrily.

ROSE (CONT'D)
(gestures to the flyer)
What's this?

GIGI
Oh. Um. Remember that guy Jeff we
met at that Emerging Influencer
meeting last month?

ROSE

Yeah.

GIGI

(apprehensive)

He got me a guest pass to this Beauty Influencer Conference downtown. I guess there's gonna be a bunch of companies there talking about, like content and building your channel.

ROSE

Are you going with him?

GIGI

Yeah, I mean... he asked me to be his guest.

(a beat)

If you wanna go, you totally can! I think it's like 75 bucks for a student. Can you get 75 bucks?

ROSE

Can you see if he has another guest pass?

GIGI

I already asked him... he said he only got one extra. Sorry Rosie.

Rose looks down, picks at the food on the plate.

GIGI (CONT'D)

And I gotta tell you something.

ROSE

What.

GIGI

Jeff got me this weird modeling job at Nordstrom.

ROSE

(trying to tamp down her jealousy)

Yeah? What's weird about it?

GIGI

You walk around the department in a new fashion line, and you, like, talk to the customers and get them interested in buying it.

ROSE
Are they going to pay you?

GIGI
Of course.

ROSE
How much?

GIGI
I don't know, like twenty bucks an hour. I don't care about that... it's a start! Kinda my first modeling job.

ROSE
(disappointed, envy rising)
But... We always do everything together. And now you're going to this conference without me! And the modeling thing without me!

GIGI
I know! I'm sorry! I asked him if he needed another model... and he met you and everything... but he said you weren't the right profile for this clothing line. You know, for this. But maybe for something else?

ROSE
Not the right profile?

GIGI
I don't know Rosie! I just... can you just be happy for me? I mean, if I hear they need more models, I'll tell them about you!

ROSE
(picking at food)
Sorry. It's just that... first Dale, now you, and I mean, I'm happy but...

GIGI
What about Dale?

ROSE
He got this big new commission. And you just got all this new stuff with Jeff.

(MORE)

ROSE (CONT'D)

I totally wanna go to that conference! And meet people and be an influencer! And get modeling jobs! I mean... I'm probably gonna be living out of my dad's truck next month. I feel like I'm always gonna be that poor kid whose mom died... and now she's living on the street.

GIGI

Hey, you're dad's gonna figure it out. He always does! And let's keep Beauty Clubbing! Jeff said it's awesome that we're doing this influencer stuff together. He says our fan base is growing really fast because we're not just one boring person talking to the camera. We're doing something different!

(encouraging)

I know something is gonna happen for both of us. Either, like more modeling jobs, or sponsorships for our channel, or, I don't know, something! We just have to keep trying!

ROSE

(half-hearted smile)

Yeah. Whatever.

(pulls out phone)

I gotta go. My dad's texting me.

Rose stands, puts on her jacket, backpack.

GIGI

(trying to be positive)

Ok. I'll edit everything and get it posted. Can I start planning next week's show?

ROSE

(half hearted)

Sure. Whatever. See you at school.

Rose leaves briskly.

GIGI

Rosie! Don't be mad!

EXT. ACCENTUATE BUILDING - DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO - EVENING

PAN UP TO 5TH FLOOR OF THE BUILDING TO ACCENTUATE OFFICE

INT. JARED PENDLETON'S OFFICE - ACCENTUATE OFFICES - 5TH FLOOR

JARED PENDLETON, junior associate at Accentuate, mid-thirties, Caucasian, handsome in a kicked-around-by-life sort of way, is wrapping up work in his private office. Outside his door are cubicles and bean bags where his 20-something coworkers sit when they're here. The office is empty, except for Jared. His cellphone buzzes with a call from his sister, CHARLOTTE. He slides his finger across the screen and answers.

JARED

Yeah.

INT. LINCOLN CONVALESCENT HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

Charlotte, late thirties, Caucasian, dressed in a sweatshirt, jeans and UGGS, with her hair in a loose knot on top of her head, stands in the hall of the convalescent hospital where she and Jared's father, Vincent, is dying. Charlotte looks like she hasn't slept in a few days.

CHARLOTTE

Hey.

JARED

Hey Char.

CHARLOTTE

(tearful)

I'm with Dad. And. It's not looking good.

JARED

(concerned, but stoic)

Yeah?

CHARLOTTE

He's not breathing well. They've upped the morphine. Like, a lot.

(hand to mouth)

I think he's going, Jared.

JARED

How long you gonna be there?

CHARLOTTE

I'm not leaving.

JARED

Ok. I'm finishing up at work... be there in a couple hours.

CHARLOTTE

A coupla hours?

(a beat, teary, sniffly)

He's your Dad, Jared. I know you guys didn't always get along, but...

JARED

(interrupts gently)

Hey Char? I'll see you in a couple hours.

CHARLOTTE

(a beat)

K. Bye.

Jared shuts down his computer, stands, puts on his jacket. Gathers his keys and phone and walks down the long hall of the office.

INT. HALLWAY

He exits the office into another long hall way.

INT. MEN'S RESTROOM

He stops in the bathroom and takes a piss in a urinal. He walks to the sink, washing his hands and gazes up at himself in the long mirror. He studies his tired eyes, his skin that's changing the closer he gets to 35. After a long moment, he stands straight, smooths his dark hair back with his hands, and exits the bathroom.

EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF ACCENTURE - EVENING

DEVONNE CLARK, Black, 35, is peering in the window. Jared pushes open the door to leave, startling her.

DEVONNE

Oh! Hey... I was just... seeing where this place is!

JARED

Are you looking for someone?

DEVONNE

(self deprecating)

Um, no, I'm pitching here in a coupla days and I'm one of those folks... scopes out the place first. Never been here, ya know? I get lost easy.

JARED

(making the connection)

Are you... Devonne Clark? From Ravage Me Cosmetics?

DEVONNE

The one and only.

JARED

(puts down briefcase)

Hey, nice to meet you. I'm Jared Pendleton. We've been talking.

DEVONNE

(delighted, takes his hand)

Well hi, Jared! Nice to finally put a name with the face before I ask you for money!

Devonne's phone starts ringing. She ignores it.

JARED

Yeah, for sure!

(points to ringing sound)

You need to get that?

DEVONNE

Oh no, it can wait. Hey, while I have you... I was gonna bring some samples for the office. What do you think people might like?

JARED

(distracted by ringing)

Oh just whatever you think, it's your show. Hey, I'm on my way to another meeting, so, I'm sorry... very nice to meet you.

(starts walking away)

Glad you found the place!

DEVONNE

Jared?

JARED
See you tomorrow!

DEVONNE
You want me to hang on to your
briefcase?

Jared stops, mildly embarrassed. Walks back and picks up his briefcase. He nods at Devonne and quickly walks off. Devonne walks back to her car. Her phone rings again.

DEVONNE (CONT'D)
This is Devonne.
(cheerful, yet aloof)
Hi Otto. I'm fine how are you. Yes,
your assistant calls me every day
to remind me.
(a beat)
I have all the cosmetics on order
for the show. Yeah... I know I'm
late in getting everything to you.
(a beat)
I'm... I'm actually just waiting on
one of my bigger contacts to come
through and then I should be able
to ship everything to you.
(professional pleading)
Otto. Otto. Please don't pull me
from the show. It's the biggest
show of the year! Hey. That's not
necessary. I just need a little
more time, Otto.
(incredulous)
Otto?

Looks at phone.
(under breath)
Sonofabitch hung up on me.

INT. JARED'S CAR

Jared's driving; his phone rings. He answers.

JARED
I'm on my way, Char.

CHARLOTTE
He's gone Jared.

JARED
(long pause)
Ok. I'm... on my way...

Jared hangs up, drives in silence, tears welling in his eyes.

EXT. ROSE'S HOUSE - SUBURBS OUTSIDE SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

Rose arrives to her family's rundown rental. The house is dark, no porch light, no light inside. She looks puzzled as she digs for her key. Jack opens the door. He looks grave and very much at his wits end.

INT. ROSE'S HOME DOORWAY AND HALL - CONTINUOUS

JACK
Lights are out.

ROSE
Huh?

JACK
No lights. Electric company turned 'em off.

ROSE
(indignant)
Why?

JACK
Well, Rose, they don't give you electricity for free.

ROSE
Ok, so how are we supposed to...

Jack hands Rose a flashlight, a candle and a book of matches.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Seriously?

MAGGIE REED, age 4, Mexican-American, Rose's youngest sister, shuffles into the dark room, rubbing her dark eyes and reaching for her dad. Her curly black hair is tousled.

MAGGIE
(arms up, as if "someone hold me.")
Daddy?
(switches to Rose)
Rosie?

ROSE
(loving, charmed)
What's up, *mamas*?

Maggie jumps up, coaxing Rose to pick her up. She obliges.

MAGGIE
What's for dinner?

JACK
Worms.

MAGGIE
Daddy!

JACK
You think I'm kidding? Go dig up
some worms and fry 'em up with a
bird's egg.

MAGGIE
(Whining, near tears)
No, Daddy, really!
(Throws her arms around
Rose's neck, crying)
I'm hungry!

ROSE
I know honey. We're gonna get
something right now.

JACK
(taking Maggie in his
arms)
If you could have anything you
wanted, what would it be?

MAGGIE
McDonalds.

JACK
Go find your sister and ask her
what she wants for dinner. Come
back and tell me what she says. Go
get the votes!
(puts Maggie down)

MAGGIE
Ok!

Maggie runs out, yelling for JAMIE, Rose's middle sister, age
14 who is in another room. Jack turns to Rose.

JACK
Dale pay you?

ROSE
Yeah.

JACK
Give it to me for food?

ROSE
(whining)
Dad, I need some of it! I want to go to a beauty conference with Gigi!

Jack grabs Rose by the arm.

JACK
(through his teeth)
You still thinkin' about that bullshit?

ROSE
(squirming)
Let... go... of me!

JACK
(releases her)
Jesus, Rose! I just paid the water bill so we can have a fuckin shower, and now we have no goddamn lights! I just... I really need you right now. Please.

ROSE
(overwhelmed)
I hate this! I hate... everything!

JACK
(exasperated)
Look, I don't have to worry about you. Ok? I know you're gonna eat at Gigi's. But are you gonna look a four-year-old and a fourteen-year-old in the face and tell them to go hungry? What, so you can go watch some asshole hawkin' lipstick? You got bigger balls than I do!

Maggie comes back in the room, runs to her dad.

MAGGIE
Jamie wants McDonald's too.

Jack lifts Maggie into his arms, turns to Rose, expectantly. Rose pulls her wages out of her pocket and keeps one bill, gives Jack the rest. Jack counts it, starts to walk away.

ROSE
(raises voice, annoyed)
You're welcome!

MAGGIE
(mimicking Rose)
You're welcome!

JACK
Thank you, Rosie. I'm sorry, honey.
(turns to leave)
Jamie, you coming? Let's go!

Rose is alone in the kitchen. She walks through the dark house to her room. She finds a business card in a clutter of papers. She picks up her phone and starts a text to Jeff, the executive that is helping Gigi.

ROSE
(TEXT)
Hey Jeff, it's Rose Reed, we met at the influencer meeting at Instagram. Gigi told me you're taking her to the Beauty Influencer Conference and you found her a modeling job. Are there extra guest passes? And other modeling jobs that I could do?

Rose's eyes well with tears, and she deletes the message, puts her phone down in her lap, head in hands.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO - ACCENTUATE CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY

Devonne sits in the waiting room, impeccably dressed in business attire. She's fiddling with her bag in a nervous way, but her eyes are full of intent.

RECEPTIONIST

Devonne?

DEVONNE

(sits up straight)

Yes?

RECEPTIONIST

(stands)

Follow me, please.

Devonne follows the receptionist through the office. As they walk by, employees take notice of her. The admiring glances from younger men and women give Devonne a little boost.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The receptionist opens the conference room door and Devonne and steps in. The room has a long table with plush, black leather chairs all around it. There is a giant screen on one wall and a sprawling abstract painting on the other.

RECEPTIONIST

Have a seat. They'll be with you shortly.

Devonne gets acclimated to the sleek and contemporary space, sets up her laptop to project on the big screen.

DEVONNE

(smiling, to herself)

I am gonna make a deal today...

INT. ACCENTUATE VENTURES - HALLWAY AND RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

Jared struts, all business, through the office, looking for his boss, Craig Fox, Partner at Accentuate Ventures. Jared approaches Craig's admin, AMBER, 22, Caucasian, dressed business casual.

JARED
Hey Amber. You seen Craig?

AMBER
Yes, he's in his office with
Samantha.

JARED
Do you know if they're wrapping up
soon? We have a meeting with Ravage
Me Cosmetics.

AMBER
(puzzled)
I don't really know. His door is
closed, so... I don't usually
bother him when his door is closed.

JARED
Ask him to come to the conference
room when he's done?

AMBER
Will do.

Jared walks away, puzzled, mildly annoyed.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jared pushes open the conference room door where Devonne is
waiting. He's happy to see her but maintains an all-business
indifference. Devonne stands as he enters.

JARED
Hey Devonne. Good to see you again.

Devonne is smiling and energized. Game on.

DEVONNE
Hi Jared. Am I your first pitch of
the day?

JARED
Yeah, we have two others this
afternoon. A lot of innovation out
there. And, we got the money, so...
everyone's our best friend.

DEVONNE
(laughs, then looks
around)
Will Craig be joining us?
(MORE)

DEVONNE (CONT'D)

Today was gonna be my big day to present to y'all!

JARED

Craig is in a meeting that is running long. Let's get started and we can brief him later.

DEVONNE

Well ok. You'd asked to see our marketing plan and... we were also going to discuss securing the first round of funding?

Jared is professional, but he's a guy after all and his eyes wander just below Devonne's chin to her neckline.

JARED

I'm listening.

Devonne is in sales mode, totally in her element. She notices Jared's glance and picks up on his energy.

DEVONNE

You see all kinds of businesses every day, so I'm going to take a minute to refresh your memory about Ravage Me and then at the end... I have a little proposition for you.

JARED

Can I have the proposition first?

Devonne laughs.

DEVONNE

You know, I was gonna give you dessert first. But no. I'm gonna make you wait. Just a little.

Jared shifts in his chair.

JARED

Ok...

DEVONNE

So my mom was a hairdresser and she worked seven days a week. Five days in the salon, and two days at old folks homes. Used to do hair for the residents. I would tag along on the weekends. And there was this one lady who was an animal lover... Peggy!

(MORE)

DEVONNE (CONT'D)

She wouldn't let my mom come near her with any products that were tested on animals. My mom was like, huh?

JARED

Wow. So your mom had to research all that?

DEVONNE

Actually I did. And I learned a lot about animal testing and how screwed up it is. A lotta animals suffer for vanity. I dint like that. So I started my own company. And I made it cruelty-free. I called it Ravage Me. 'Cuz that's what Peggy used to say when my mom was done with her. She'd say, "Girl, he gonna ravage me!"

Jared snickers.

I wanted to give hairdressers like my mom and customers like Peggy a place to buy their beauty products online.

JARED

Who are your competitors?

DEVONNE

There's a coupla aggregators, but no one that is 100% cruelty free. And no one who caters to hairdressers and regular folks and gives everyone a really good deal on products. Usually it's one or the other -- a company either discounts for beauty professionals or they cater to consumers.

Devonne slams her palms together and rubs them fast. She lets out a little grunt.

I got 'em both!

JARED

Tell me about demographics.

DEVONNE

Well, obviously Ravage Me customers are educated. They read labels. They care.

(MORE)

DEVONNE (CONT'D)

They're about 26 to 55 years old, they have expendable income, and, the best part of all of this Jared... they are all over the United States. Not just in California, which is the only state where we're selling volume... for now.

Devonne reaches into her case and pulls out a small pot of balm. She taps her laptop and an image of a very real guy, who is also very handsome, but not a super model by any stretch, fills the screen. Devonne opens the container and gestures to Jared to give her his hand. He slowly extends his hand and Devonne takes it and rubs moisturizer all over his hand. The human touch is totally unexpected, but Jared keeps his cool.

DEVONNE (CONT'D)

This is a moisturizer for guys.
Like that?

JARED

Sure.

DEVONNE

I make a lotta money on this moisturizer. A lot. Of money. Barbers love it. And regular dudes love it.

(gestures to the screen)

Guys like him are the face of our marketing plan. Because they are the people who use it.

Devonne slowly releases Jared's hand. She reaches into her case again and pulls out a small bottle of perfume. She taps her laptop and a woman, very natural and real, not airbrushed or adulterated, fills the screen. Devonne opens the perfume and dabs some on her wrist.

DEVONNE (CONT'D)

And it's not just salon products I'm pickin' up, either. I'm doin' perfumes too. This is my favorite. I like it because it's sweet and citrusy. Like those summer days when there's nothin' to do but lie by the pool, you know?

She moves closer to Jared and extends her wrist. He moves toward her, inhaling the scent.

JARED

I like that, too. How much you make on that one?

DEVONNE

I buy this perfume for \$15 a bottle and I sell it for \$45. I made fifty grand in profit on this product alone the year I launched Ravage Me.

(a beat)

This isn't even my biggest seller. I just wanted to share something that I like. With you. It's one of the products that gave me my start.

Devonne gestures to the woman on the screen.

DEVONNE (CONT'D)

This is the face of our women's line. She expresses everything about this perfume in one look. Life. Dreams. Promise.

JARED

I'm not feelin' the girl. Or the guy, honestly.

DEVONNE

(surprised)

Really? Why not?

JARED

(thinks a moment)

I don't know... She's too wholesome looking. I realize your product is about being nice to animals, but it's called Ravage Me. I want a face that's daring, interesting. More diverse.

(gestures to the screen,
disparaging)

I don't want to ravage her. Do you?

DEVONNE

Well.

JARED

Look, Devonne. We've been on email for the last few months and you know I'm totally into your business and... I want some of whatever this stuff is.

(MORE)

JARED (CONT'D)
(gestures to the
moisturizer)
But the faces of your company...

DEVONNE
(interrupts)
These are the people who inspire me
to do what I do.

JARED
(blunt)
That's crap.

DEVONNE
Excuse me?

JARED
"Real" people don't sell cosmetics.
Everyone wants fantasy when it
comes to how they look. Or smell.
They want something to aspire to.

DEVONNE
(confident)
I did a lot of research before I
put this plan together.

JARED
Ever look over someone's shoulder
when they're cruising Tinder?
(a beat)
Look, your story and business model
are compelling me to buy. Your
marketing is not. Why should I? I'm
just gonna keep being pretty
regular lookin' like her. Or the
guy you had earlier.
(nods toward model on the
screen, sits back)
What else you got?

DEVONNE
Um...

JARED
Hey, I gotta be honest with you,
right? I mean, if we pull the
trigger on this, you're asking for
\$200k, and I have to know that
there's some hope for your
marketing.

Devonne recovers.

DEVONNE

Of course, Jared! I hear you. This is a collaborative process, right?

JARED

I guess you could say that.
(expectant look)
And? My proposition?

Devonne pushes a news article across the table toward Jared.

DEVONNE

I heard your boss wants to expand into the global beauty industry.
(a beat)
Not a bad idea. It's a \$3.4 trillion industry.

DEVONNE (CONT'D)

I negotiated a spot in one of the hottest pop up markets on the East Coast, exactly the market I want to get into. It's like a giant springboard to go international. I want to take you and Accentuate with me. Your funding will help me get there, and will net probably another 500k that we weren't expecting... this year!
(a beat)
It's our entre into the East Coast market. And it could be yours too, if you decide to fund Ravage Me. They are just waiting for me to ship the products. I need to make a move now, with your backing.

JARED

I like the initiative, growth potential... you're saying all the right things.
(a beat)
And... you know where I stand. You need a new face for your product. So... what's today? Monday? Let's talk next week.

DEVONNE

(off balance)
Ok...

JARED

Give me somethin' else to look at.

Jared stands and Devonne follows suit.

DEVONNE

Thanks for your time, Jared. I'll have a new marketing concept for you Monday.

(a beat)

If you like it, you think I'll get the funding.

JARED

(Coy)

It's a definite maybe.

DEVONNE

(narrows her eyes)

I'm gonna get this right. I want to work with you.

(a beat, hands him the moisturizer)

This is for you.

JARED

Thanks. Talk to you later.

Jared leaves. Devonne stands, silent, her tension and disappointment hangs heavy in the air. She starts packing up her items.

INT. HALLWAY, ACCENTUATE INVESTMENTS - MOMENTS LATER

Jared bumps into CRAIG FOX, Caucasian, paunchy, age 35, who is walking down the hall with SAMANTHA PARSONS, Caucasian, age 30, an ambitious and competitive Associate. Jared has always considered her a threat, for good reason.

JARED

Hey, Craig. What happened? I just met with Devonne from Ravage Me Cosmetics. You were gonna do your drill down today... See if we could close this deal.

CRAIG

Oh crap. Thought that was tomorrow.

JARED

No, it was today... but, that's ok. She's gonna work on some new marketing and we're touching base next week.

CRAIG
Cool. I'll be there.

SAMANTHA
(interrupts)
We should get together on that,
Jared. Craig and I were just
meeting about building the health &
beauty book of business.

CRAIG
Yeah, it's a great space for
Samantha to be in.

JARED
Yeah? I'll have to show you the
ropes sometime.

SAMANTHA
Well, um, I already know the ropes.
Have you seen the cash flow on the
new makeup and fashion apps I'm
backing?

CRAIG
(to Jared)
Pretty impressive stuff.

SAMANTHA
I should be on the team that
socializes your prospects. Starting
now, right? That's the logical next
step.

JARED
(tense, questioning)
Logical for whom?

CRAIG
(interrupting, breaking
the tension)
Hey, Samantha? Why don't you set up
a meeting for the three of us
sometime next week? Will you do
that? We can talk more.

SAMANTHA
(aloof)
Your admin can set that up.
See you at lunch, Craig.

Samantha avoids eye contact with Jared and walks off. Craig
looks mildly cowed.

JARED

You mind telling me what's going on?

CRAIG

Um, nothing?

JARED

Craig... you...

(trying to respect the hierarchy)

You missed a meeting and now I'm going to be Samantha's training buddy?

CRAIG

Yeah, I'm sorry... get Amber to knock on my door next time. I don't know why she lets me miss meetings.

JARED

Ok, but Samantha...

CRAIG

Samantha knows the major players in an industry that we are trying to grow in. She was on a freaking cereal box as a kid.

JARED

That's great, but... I'm not bringing her in to "socialize" Ravage Me this late in the game. No way.

CRAIG

Why not?

JARED

Number one rule of making a deal: If it's working, don't change the negotiator. It's working. Why start from square one?

(using manly charm)

I work better alone. And I don't want to share my cut of this deal with someone who hasn't done the work.

Craig considers Jared's viewpoint.

CRAIG

Ok.

(a beat)

(MORE)

CRAIG (CONT'D)

But I want Samantha to shadow you.
She needs a mentor and I don't have
the time.

JARED

I'll take that on. But not this
time.

(a beat)

I'll get you on the invite for next
week with Devonne. She's gotta do
some work on her marketing plan,
but this girl can probably go
anywhere.

(pauses)

I want to move on this.

CRAIG

Let's talk later.

(a beat, steps back)

Have another meeting in five.

Craig walks off, leaving Jared in the hall. He looks down and
notices his fists are clenched.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO PARKING LOT - NEAR ACCENTUATE - DAY

Outside, Devonne finds her car and tosses her bags inside.

INT. DEVONNE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

DEVONNE

Shit.

(looks at phone, dials)

Hey Otto. Fine thanks. Yeah... I
need just a little more time. I
I'll send you the product that I
have, and if I can't get the rest
for the New York show... just keep
what I send at a discount. It'll be
a huge hit for me, but... I know
you're tryin' to put the show
together.

(a beat)

Give me a week?

(a beat)

Ok thanks. Bye.

INT. HALLWAY, ACCENTUATE INVESTMENTS - DAY

Jared is walking back to his office when SAMANTHA stops him
in the hall.

JARED

Hey.

SAMANTHA

Hey. You want to talk over lunch
sometime? Ravage Me?

(laughs)

Wait. That came out wrong.

JARED

(indifferent, but polite)

Actually, I'm booked for lunch this
week.

SAMANTHA

Ok, so when do you want to brief me
on this prospect?

JARED

I've got this one, ok? We'll work
together on another prospect. We'll
take it from the beginning. That's
what Craig wants.

SAMANTHA

Hmmm. That's not how I understand
it. I'm working directly with Craig
to build the health and beauty
portfolio, effective immediately. I
mean... I'm a millennial making six
figures, right? Statistically
speaking, I'm the target audience.

JARED

Yeah?

SAMANTHA

Yeah.

(sneers)

We won't even get into my pedigree
in this industry...

JARED

Wow. I'm so not worthy.

(starts walking away)

SAMANTHA

(stops him)

Jared! So... I need to be in on
these conversations.

JARED

(looks in her eyes)

No.

SAMANTHA

(stops him again)
Jared. What's up with all this hostility?

JARED

(smiles, ironic)
That what you call it when someone doesn't bow down to you?
(a beat)
Look, I've been working this prospect for three months. A lot of time and learning has gone into this. Ten minutes ago I hear you want that dynamic to change. I can't have that. I'm happy to work with you, but you can't fly in at the end. I wouldn't do it to you. Don't do it to me.

Samantha searches for words.

SAMANTHA

Craig's wants me to be a part of ALL deals with ALL prospects that could build our health and beauty portfolio. Immediately.

JARED

And I assume... you'll get a cut of the commission?

SAMANTHA

We're still negotiating that.
(a beat)
Look, you can't continue working in this singular way, Jared. It's not good for your career.

JARED

You're worried about my career now?
(a beat)
Wait a sec. Are you harassing me?

SAMANTHA

(shocked)
Oh my god! Is that what you think?

JARED

It's starting to feel like that. I mean, you won't take no for an answer.
(pauses)
You know what?

(MORE)

JARED (CONT'D)

Let's get all this in writing. Set up a meeting with you and me and Craig and we'll hash this out. K? Until then, keep beating the bushes, kiddo. There's steak on the plate for everyone who wants to work for it.

Jared leaves Samantha, arms crossed, in the hallway.

INT. JARED'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jared's phone is ringing and buzzing on his desk when he returns to his office. He's still hot when he grabs his phone and squints at the caller ID.

JARED

Hey Char.

(a beat)

I'm at work, yeah. What? The funeral parlor wants ME to... pick up the urn?

(listens)

Sorry, Char, I can't. Just ask the glass place to drop it off, ok?

(listens)

Yeah. I'll see you at the service.

(hangs up)

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - NORDSTROM SAN FRANCISCO

Gigi arrives at the juniors department and seeks out the manager, Barbara. She walks up to a CLERK, Black, age 22 who's texting at a register.

GIGI

Hey, I'm Gigi Hamlin... I'm supposed to meet with Barbara... she's gonna set me up for some informal work?

CLERK

Oh yea. They told me you were gonna be walkin' around.

(snickers, points)

See that door over there, just turn left and that's her office.

GIGI

Thanks.

INT. BARBARA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Gigi knocks on the door. BARBARA, Asian, 45, stylishly dressed, is working inside her office.

BARBARA

Can I help you?

GIGI

Yeah, I'm Gigi... I'm here for the informal work? Jeff Barnes sent me?

BARBARA

Oh yeah! Hi! I'm Barbara. Nice to meet you. Let me get you set up. Jeff told me you have a video channel? 80s or something?

GIGI

(brightens)

Yeah... Beauty Club. My friend and I do make-up tutorials, looks from the 80s and 90s.

BARBARA

(wistful)

Those were great years!

(MORE)

BARBARA (CONT'D)

We went from blazers and pegged jeans to lace dresses and we're sort of back to that, aren't we?

BARBARA (CONT'D)

(rushing around, grabs a stack of clothes and pushes them into Gigi's arms)

Jeff told me you were super creative so I just pulled a bunch of things and you can pair them up yourself. Just walk around, say hi to the customers and talk to them about what you're wearing, try to get them interested. I'll pay you at the end of the shift.

GIGI

Yeah, that's fine.

BARBARA

Great. Just get settled in a dressing room and do your thing.

GIGI

Thanks.

Gigi finds a large dressing room and starts going through the clothes. She pairs a few things together, undresses and puts them on.

JUNIOR'S DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Gigi mills around, nodding hellos to shoppers. She's awkward. It's not easy to talk to people she doesn't know. She sees two Caucasian late-teen girls her own age and walks up to them.

GIGI

Hey. Seeing anything you like?

GIRL 1

Not really.

(looks at her friend)

Um, who are you?

GIGI

I'm working here today. I'm showing people some new styles. Like this dress and the jacket just came in... I think this would look super cute on you.

GIRL 2
We're good thanks.

The girls walk off... giggling about how weird Gigi is. Gigi turns and sees a Black woman in her thirties (DEVONNE) picking clothes out and eyeing them up and down. Probably for her daughter, Gigi assumes. Gigi approaches her.

GIGI
Hey. Seeing anything you like?

DEVONNE
(looks up, smiles)
Hey there! Yes, I am! I need the extra large when I shop in juniors, but what the hell!

GIGI
Oh.
(laughs)
I thought you were shopping for your daughter or something.

DEVONNE
(laughs)
Nah, I got none'a those problems.

GIGI
(timid)
I think it's cool that you shop in juniors.

DEVONNE
Why's that cool?

GIGI
Because you're like, older and you still shop young.

DEVONNE
(looks Gigi square in the eye)
Honey, I am young.
(a beat)
You work here or somethin'? 'Cuz you're sayin' all the wrong things.

GIGI
Oh, sorry. I'm just working here for the day. I'm wearing some new looks and walking around, talking to people. You like this dress? It's just came out.

DEVONNE

Yeah. That's super cute.
(keeps shopping)
Sounds like fun, walkin' around in
the new styles, talkin' to people.
How'd you get that gig?

GIGI

This guy I met, he's like an agent
I guess... he told me about it. I
like fashion, but I'm more into
make-up. I have a video channel
that's all about make-up. My friend
and I are trying to get into
modeling, you know?

Gigi has Devonne's attention. It's like a light bulb went
off.

DEVONNE

Make-up? So... like?

GIGI

We demo, like, 80s and 90s looks --
you know, like how to wear blue
eyeshadow... how to do a vamp
lip...

DEVONNE

I gotcha... 80s and 90s? That's
cool... what's this channel... I
want to check it out.

GIGI

It's called Beauty Club.

DEVONNE

Ah ok, why'd you pick 80s and 90s?

GIGI

I guess because it's so different
than now. I mean, everything was
really colorful in the 80s and then
everything got really somber in the
90s. So it's fun to go from, like
crimped hair and blue eyeshadow to
like, Jennifer Anniston hair and
smudgy black eyeliner. I don't,
it's just fun, I guess.

DEVONNE

You live here in the city?

GIGI
Yeah... Noe Valley.

Barbara approaches, interrupting.

BARBARA
Gigi. You gotta keep changing your outfits. Every few minutes, honey. And walking around.

GIGI
Oh ok. Sorry.
(to Devonne)
Gotta go. Nice meeting you.

DEVONNE
Nice talkin' to you.

Gigi walks off with Barbara, leaving Devonne alone. Devonne turns the conversation over in her head. She pulls out her phone and sends herself a message to check out Beauty Club. She's suddenly distracted, puts her selections back on the rack and leaves the store.

INT. GLASSBLOWING STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Rose enters the studio and puts her things away in her locker. Dale is rushing around, nervous and intense, packing a beautiful glass urn into a box.

DALE
Oh thank God you're here. I need to you run an errand. Right away, don't get settled in.

ROSE
Ok. What's going on?

Dale eases the urn into the box.

DALE
This goddamn urn. Took me forever to finish it and then I forgot she wanted a cookie foot on it! Then it had to anneal. I was supposed to have it at the funeral parlor two hours ago! The family is having a visitation right now and they want the urn there.
(wrestles with the urn)
Shit!

ROSE
Funeral parlor?

DALE
Rose. You know how to drive right?

ROSE
I have a learner's permit...

DALE
That's ok. You'll be fine. I can't
leave now... I have the aquarium
people meeting here any minute.

Dale hustles Rose out the studio, handing her the keys to his beater car and opening the passenger side to place the boxed urn on the floor.

DALE (CONT'D)
I need you to go to Harris' Funeral
Home up on... you know where it is.

ROSE
(stops, cautious)
Where my mom was?

DALE
You gonna be ok, honey? Your dad is
out picking up supplies we need for
another project. You're saving my
life.

ROSE
What am I supposed to do?

DALE
Just go to the front door and ring
the bell. Ask for Arnold, that's
the funeral director. The family
that bought it is Pendleton. Just
give it to Arnold and he will take
it from there. Go, Rosie. We're
very late with this.

Rose hastily gets into the car, starts the engine and cautiously backs out and heads for the funeral home. Dale waves to her from the driveway.

DALE (CONT'D)
Don't get pulled over!

EXT. HARRIS FUNERAL HOME PARKING LOT

Rose drives into the Harris Funeral Home parking lot. She gets out of the car, removes the boxed urn from the passenger seat and walks to the front door. She rings the bell. ARNOLD the funeral director, Black, age 50, flamboyant and meticulously dressed in dark suit and tie answers the door.

ROSE

Hi, Arnold.
 (bumbling for words,
 nervous)
 Um, we met before... my mom was...

ARNOLD

(forced politeness)
 Oh hi....
 (direct)
 Is that the Pendleton urn?

ROSE

Yeah.

ARNOLD

Well it's about time.

Arnold reaches for the urn, and is distracted by a breathless CO-WORKER, Caucasian, mid-thirties who needs his help.

CO-WORKER

Arnold, can you help with this?
 Urgent.

ARNOLD

(to Rose)
 Come in, please.

INT. HARRIS FUNERAL HOME FOYER

Rose steps into the funeral home foyer, still holding the boxed urn, which is growing heavy for her. Arnold and his co-worker are furiously talking off to the side. Charlotte, Jared's older sister, in dark dress and heels, chestnut hair loose around her shoulders, approaches, looking for the ladies room. She sees Rose teetering with the urn in her arms and smiles, tears welling in her eyes.

CHARLOTTE

You're from Dale's studio?

ROSE

Yeah.

Charlotte gets Arnold's attention.

CHARLOTTE

Is there a table she can use?

ARNOLD

(flummoxed, distracted)

Yes, I'm sorry. Yes, go ahead and go in the office. I'll be right with you. I'm being pulled away. My apologies.

ROSE

(uncomfortable)

Um, can I just leave this with you? I need to go back to work.

ARNOLD

Please just wait. I might need your help with it.

INT. HARRIS FUNERAL HOME ARRANGEMENT OFFICE

Rose goes into the office and puts the urn down on the desk. Jared walks into the office eyes wide and bewildered, looking for his sister. He sees Rose and gestures in a "who the hell is this?" kind of a way.

JARED

So, uh... Where's the urn?

CHARLOTTE

(calm, dabbing corners of her eyes)

Jared, it's right here.

JARED

Oh. Finally.

ROSE

Yeah, sorry about that. Dale needed a little extra time.

(pauses)

It's really beautiful. Dale's work is amazing.

CHARLOTTE

Can I see it?

ROSE

Uh, sure.

Rose gently removes the urn from its box and places it on the table. Charlotte and Jared are both silent for a moment.

CHARLOTTE

It's beautiful.

JARED

Be a lot more beautiful if dad were in it. Where the hell is Arnold? People are showin' up and we're in here... we should be out there.

ROSE

(quietly)

Do you have the ashes?

Jared and Charlotte both look at Rose.

JARED

Well, yeah.

ROSE

Do you want me to put them in the urn?

CHARLOTTE

Do you know how?

ROSE

Yeah. I mean, if you want me to do it, I can. And then I have to get back to work.

JARED

Um, I guess... I'll be back in a sec.

Jared leaves to retrieve his dad's ashes.

CHARLOTTE

Sorry about my brother. He's very impatient.

ROSE

No worries.

(a beat)

Sorry about your dad.

CHARLOTTE

Thank you.

Jared comes back, holding a cheap plastic urn that all cremated remains are held in before they go into something more suitable. He hands it to Rose.

ROSE
 (moment of sadness)
 This is the kind of urn my mom was
 in.

CHARLOTTE
 (quiet gasp)
 Oh my god. I'm so sorry...

Rose pulls Dale's car keys from her pocket. She wedges the key into the top of the urn and pops off the top. Slowly, she pulls the plastic bag holding the cremated remains from the cheap plastic urn. Charlotte looks down. Jared takes a seat. Rose removes the glass urn's intricate lid and places the plastic bag inside, jiggling the ashes gently to settle the bag inside the curves of Dale's masterpiece. She returns the lid to the glass urn, secures it, and then calmly hands it to Charlotte.

ROSE
 Here's your dad.

JARED
 (stands)
 Thank you... what's your name?

ROSE
 Rose.

JARED
 Thank you, Rose. I don't think I
 could have done that. Seems like a
 simple thing, but...

ROSE
 No worries.
 (a beat, smiles politely)
 Well, bye.

CHARLOTTE
 Bye. Thank you so much for your
 help.

ROSE exits the chapel.

EXT. HARRIS FUNERAL HOME PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Rose walks across the parking lot to the car. Jared comes running out after her.

JARED
 Hey.
 (slows, approaching her)
 (MORE)

JARED (CONT'D)

Thank you. We're all just... having a hard time, I guess. It was sort of unexpected.

ROSE

It usually is.

JARED

When did you lose your mom?

ROSE

About a year ago. She was cremated here, too.

JARED

I'm sorry.

ROSE

Thanks.

Jared pulls a money clip from his pocket and peels off a fifty dollar bill. He hands it to Rose.

JARED

Thanks for the delivery and for helping us out with... that...

Jared digs in his wallet for a business card.

JARED (CONT'D)

Here's my card. If there's a balance, Dale can email me. I'll handle any final payments.

ROSE

(surprised and pleased)

Ok. Um... thank you. I let Dale know.

Jared turns to leave.

JARED

You're welcome.

Rose stands in the parking lot, staring at the money in her hand. She reads the card: JARED PENDLETON, ACCENTUATE INVESTMENTS. A small smile crosses her face and she turns and walks to Dale's car.

ROSE

(quietly)

Rich guy.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. STEVE HAMLIN'S OFFICE LUNCHROOM - AFTERNOON

Gigi's father, STEVE HAMLIN, Caucasian, 45, is in his office lunchroom, getting coffee. His phone rings. It's his wife.

STEVE

Hey honey.

INT. GIGI'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

ANNA

(gaunt and wide-eyed)

Hi.

STEVE

(heard through Anna's
phone)

What's up?

ANNA

(looks at a letter in her
hand)

We just got a cease and desist
letter in the mail from some
cosmetics company called "OKAY
HOT."

INT. STEVE HAMLIN'S OFFICE LUNCHROOM

STEVE

What?

INT. GIGI'S APARTMENT

ANNA

Apparently Rose and Gigi are...

(reads from the letter)

"publicly maligning our product on
the Beauty Club video channel."

INT. STEVE HAMLIN'S OFFICE LUNCHROOM

STEVE

I thought they were doing... you
know, like, make-up demos.

INT. GIGI'S APARTMENT

ANNA

I think they are. But I guess they're being pretty critical too. I mean... whatever happened to freedom of speech?

INT. STEVE HAMLIN'S OFFICE LUNCHROOM

STEVE

Well, there might be a way to turn this around. But in the meantime, maybe she needs to take the channel down.

INT. GIGI'S APARTMENT

ANNA

(moans)

Oh my god... It's gonna be a bloodbath.

INT. GIGI'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Rose and Gigi are powdering and puckering for the camera.

GIGI

So I'm stepping out of the time machine, beauties.

ROSE

(dabbing on lipstick)

Finally getting my vamp on. So this is the look! Super pale blue eyeshadow, and dark lips. It's so 90s, but you can totally do this today.

GIGI

Yeah. I love blue eye shadow. I love your face, Rosie.

ROSE

Thanks, Geeg.

GIGI

(to the camera)

We gotta go now, clubbers! Next time we're gonna do Madonna on the show...

(MORE)

GIGI (CONT'D)

Madonna is not super popular
anymore but in the olden days
everyone wanted to be her! And her
make-up was sick!

(holds up picture of
Madonna in her 80s
heyday)

Girls laugh and wave bye, turn off the camera.

ROSE

I'm gonna find Madonna.

GIGI

Hey... A guy from OKAY HOT messaged
me today. Said he saw our show the
other day...

ROSE

(scoffs)

The one where we say not to wear
his stuff?

GIGI

Yeah. Then he ghosted me.

(a beat)

Weird.

Rose's phone rings. She grabs it, sees it says "Dad." She
answers, on edge.

ROSE

Hey Dad.

INT. ROSE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jack is standing in the kitchen, in front of the open, empty
refrigerator.

JACK

Come home, please.

INT. GIGI'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

ROSE

Why? I'm gonna spend the night.

INT. ROSE'S HOUSE

JACK

No, I need you home. Landlord's kickin' us out. We gotta pack the house.

INT. GIGI'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

ROSE

What? Where are we supposed to go?

JACK

We'll talk about it when you get home.

ROSE

Dad I have, like \$150. Will that help?

INT. ROSE'S HOUSE

Jack is visibly frustrated.

JACK

We're still short by a few hundred bucks and I gotta get some food for you girls.

(runs hands through hair)

Just please come home. I don't want to get into it on the phone.

ROSE

(disappointed, but merciful)

Ok.

JACK

Thank you.

Jack hangs up.

INT. GIGI'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

There is a knock at Gigi's bedroom door.

GIGI

Yeah?

STEVE

Gigi, can I come in?

GIGI

Yeah.

Steven and Anna, Gigi's parents step into the room, a united front. They have tense expressions and are not smiling.

STEVE

Hey Rosie.

ANNA

Gigi, we received a letter from a lawyer today, representing OKAY HOT? Have you heard of this?

GIGI

(cautious)

Uh, yeah... they make lipsticks. I have a couple.

ANNA

Have you talked about their product on your show?

GIGI

Yeah... why?

STEVE

What did you say?

GIGI

Uh... I think I said they're not great for, like... I don't know, certain circumstances.

ANNA

Jeanette, stop being vague. What did you say!

GIGI

I just said they're not great for, you know, if you're gonna, like, kiss someone.

STEVE

(incredulous)

Is there any lipstick that's good for kissing?

GIGI

Dad, I am not talking about this with you!

ANNA

(anger rising)

Jeanette, do not give your father attitude. We got a letter today from a lawyer at OKAY HOT. He said you're talking negatively about their product and you need to stop.

GIGI

What? Oh my god, I can say whatever I want!

ANNA

No. No, you cannot.

STEVEN

We need to talk about the content you're putting out there, girls.

GIGI

You guys can't tell us what to say!

ANNA

Take the channel down. Right now. Until we can make sure you're not getting yourself -- or us -- into more trouble.

GIGI

Mom! No!

ANNA

Now, Jeannette! Now. Or you will not see the light of day for a very long time. Do not test me.

GIGI

No! Mom!

ROSE

Anna, no!

ANNA

I love that you girls are so creative and have so much fun, but... clearly we need to think this through.

(turns to Rose)

Dandy... she would want me to do this. I know she would.

Tears well in Rose's eyes and she fidgets with her phone.

ROSE
 (firm, argumentative)
 She would want me to do what I'm
 doing. With Gigi. To try to get
 ahead and help my family!

ANNA
 (emotional)
 Would she be happy that lawyers are
 threatening to sue us? You girls
 need to have better judgement!

Rose's phone starts ringing again as her dad continues to try to reach her. Rose, shaking, gathers her things.

ROSE
 I have to go. My dad called and I
 need to get home.

ANNA
 Gigi. Take it down. Now!

Gigi, angry and tearful, logs in and takes down the video page while Rose leaves in a huff.

EXT. STREET - DUSK

Rose starts heading home, brushing away tears. Her phone rings--her dad is calling again. Annoyed and overwhelmed, she rejects the call and then stops and thinks for a moment. She digs Jared's business card out of her bag. She takes out her phone and dials his number.

JARED
 This is Jared.
 (through the phone)

Rose gets nervous and hangs up. She starts walking. Stops. Thinks. Dials his number again. We hear Jared's voice through the phone.

JARED (CONT'D)
 Hello?

ROSE
 Hi, Jared. It's Rose. From Dale's
 studio. I met you at Harris Funeral
 Home.

JARED
 Oh hey, Rose.

ROSE
Hey.
(long pause)

JARED
Hello?

ROSE
Un, yeah... I'm calling to let you know that you still owe some money on the urn.

JARED
Oh, ok.

ROSE
I'm at the studio if you want to drop it off.

JARED
Ok... I guess you want to settle up now?

ROSE
(sounding awkward, using an unfamiliar phrase "settle up")
Yeah, we can just settle up now. Since I'm at the studio, might as well...

JARED
What's the balance?

ROSE
Sorry?

JARED
How much do I owe you?

ROSE
Oh, yeah. You owe... \$350.

JARED
Ok. I have one thing to do and then I'll be by the studio. See you in about an hour.

ROSE
Ok. Thanks. See you.

INT. COFFEE SHOP EVENING

Devonne is at a coffee shop, looking through model photos, trying to find a new face for Ravage Me to show to Jared, so she can finally get her funding.

DEVONNE
 (talking to herself)
 Beauty Club. That what she said? Or
 was it Beauty Crew?

Devonne does a web search for "Beauty Club AND make-up video AND 80s" and gets a 404 error message. She keeps searching. Tries "Beauty Club AND make-up video AND 80s AND San Francisco." Nothing.

DEVONNE (CONT'D)
 (annoyed, disappointed)
 Goddamit.
 (sits back hard in the
 booth)
 So close yet so far.

INT. GLASSBLOWING STUDIO - NIGHT

Rose arrives at the studio and unlocks the door. She turns the lights on in Dale's small office and looks around, nervous. She's stolen plenty of things from stores, but what she is about to do is different. She is about to rip someone off -- someone who has been kind to her. She sits down and rifles through the office desk. She finds a receipt book and sets it in front of her, trying to look legit. She hears Jared open the studio door and announce himself.

JARED
 Hello?

ROSE
 Hi! I'm in here.

Jared's high end leather shoes echo on the cement floors.

JARED
 Hey.
 (a beat)
 Working late tonight, huh?

ROSE
 Yeah. Lots to do. Dale's been
 really busy.

JARED
 Yeah? Busy's good.

ROSE
(nervous)
Yeah...

JARED
The urn he made was really beautiful. I've been meaning to call him.

ROSE
Totally beautiful. I'll let him know you liked it.

JARED
(reaches into his pocket)
Well, I'm sure you want to get home. So, um how much did you say we owed you?

ROSE
Oh, yeah. That'll be \$350.

JARED
Three hundred and fifty? Does that include tax?

ROSE
Yeah.

JARED
You sure about that?

ROSE
Pretty sure?

JARED
Yeah?
(a beat)
Charlotte called when I was driving over here.

Rose gulps.

JARED (CONT'D)
She said she paid for the urn in full.
(pulls out his cell phone)
She texted me the receipt. Shows a zero balance. You sure you got the right account?

ROSE
Um, I think so?

Just then, Dale arrives.

DALE
 (looks confused)
 Hello. Rose? What are you doing here?
 (to Jared)
 Can I help you with something?

JARED
 Are you Dale?

DALE
 Yeah.

JARED
 (extends his hand)
 Jared Pendleton. You made my family an urn.

DALE
 Oh yes, of course.
 (a beat)
 My condolences.

JARED
 Thank you.

DALE
 I just talked with Charlotte today. Sorry things were running so late. Glass has a mind of its own, right? Can't be rushed!

JARED
 Thank you. Everything worked out.

The three stand in the office in awkward silence. Rose is mortified, caught in a lie in her boss's office.

DALE
 (hospitable)
 Would you like a tour?

JARED
 No, no. I was just in the neighborhood and thought I'd stop by and thank you personally. I saw Rose here and... we were just talking. But...
 (extends hand again)
 Nice to meet you, Dale. Thanks again. Goodbye.

(MORE)

JARED (CONT'D)
(to Rose)
Bye, Rose.

ROSE
Bye.

Jared leaves.

DALE
(relieved, to Rose)
Shit, I thought he was going to
give it to me for being so late
getting the urn over there!
(relieved laugh)
Rose, I'm going to work tomorrow?
Can you come over after school and
get everything ready for me?

ROSE
Yeah, sure. Um... I'll see you
tomorrow. I gotta go.

DALE
(puzzled)
Ok... See ya.

Rose gathers her things and quickly leaves.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Rose runs after Jared as he walks to his car. She calls after
him.

ROSE
Jared! Jared! Stop!

Jared turns and stops as she catches up.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Thanks for not... you know...
telling Dale. He totally would have
fired me.

JARED
What are you doing? You trying to
rip me off? You think I'm stupid?

ROSE
I'm sorry...

JARED
You seemed like a nice kid.

ROSE

I am...

JARED

Did someone put you up to it?

ROSE

No...

JARED

You on drugs or something?

Rose brushes away tears, tries to explain.

ROSE

No...

JARED

Then what the hell? Why you tryin'
to rip me off?

ROSE

I'm...

JARED

Yeah? You're what? What?

ROSE

(wide-eyed, emotional,
yelling)

I'm hungry!

(pauses, gulps, crying)

Ok? I'm... I'm hungry.

JARED

(cheeks flushed, eyes
concerned, questioning,
incredulous)

You're... hungry?

Rose nods, humiliated, tears streaming down her face. She takes a deep breath and searches for the words to explain her situation but can't. The two talk for a moment and Rose puts her face in her hands and sobs. Jared relaxes a bit, but remains serious. He approaches her and embraces her, consoling her. He holds Rose for a long time as she sobs into his chest.

After a few moments, Jared pulls away and speaks softly to her. We don't know what he says, but Rose hesitates, then nods. Jared takes Rose, still sobbing, around the shoulders and guides her to his car. He opens the door for her and she gets in.

Jared walks around the car and pauses for a moment, serious, as if reconsidering having a sobbing teenager in his car. We can almost read his thoughts. He is asking himself: What am I getting myself into? This girl clearly has problems. But he has problems, too -- everyone has problems. Why is he so drawn to her? He gets in, starts the car and drives away.

THE END