

SALEM ROGERS: MODEL OF THE YEAR 1998

"Pilot"

Written by  
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Amazon 3rd Rev. 3.18.14

INT. SOBER THOUGHTS REHAB CENTER - GREAT ROOM, PRESENT DAY

A posh Malibu resort-style rehab. A gentle ocean breeze blows through the serene, well-appointed space.

In the center of the room, 20 or so people sit in folding chairs facing a small stage with a podium and microphone. A large 'GOING OUT OF BUSINESS' banner hangs on the wall.

At the podium is **SALEM ROGERS**, mid-late 30's, statuesque, attractive in that, "What happened? You look like you used to be really attractive" kind of way. Long on self confidence, Salem's a perfect blend of arrogance and ignorance.

SALEM

Hi, I'm Salem and I'm an alcoholic.

GROUP

Hi, Sal-

SALEM

-I'm talking! It's been a long road, this road to recovery. Seems like just yesterday Dr. Skip was jamming that tube down my throat yelling, "Salem! How many Blackjacks did you shebang?!"

Standing in the back of the room wearing khakis, a lab coat and a moustache that won't quit is DR. SKIP, 40's. He's kind, patient and terrified of confrontation.

SALEM (CONT'D)

And now here I am, however long it's been later...

ANGRY VOICE (O.C.)

Ten Years! It's been TEN YEARS!!

SALEM

...Being *forced* to checkout of rehab. When Dr. Skip told me Sober Thoughts was closing down because some stupid Indians had demanded their stupid, sacred land back-

Dr. Skip nods intensely to the group to go along.

SALEM (CONT'D)

-my first thought was, "Indian givers" and my next one was, "I'm gonna go shebang some Blackjacks!". But thanks to my sponsor, Helene-

Salem gestures to her confused SPONSOR.

SPONSOR

My name is Karen.

SALEM

-and the superpowers given to me by the Lord of Lords, Jesus Christ, I won't shebang anything again. In fact, I started to understand what this rodeo's been about...

Surprised faces in the crowd.

SALEM (CONT'D)

You're all jealous of me.

Angry stares. Karen the Sponsor gets up and leaves.

SALEM (CONT'D)

And you have reason to be. Am I a Supermodel? Yes. Have I vomited on every continent? Twice. Was I flying in a gulf stream when I got HPV from John Stamos? Best Thanksgiving ever. But without the use of alcohol, the Lord and I find your scrutiny and envy unbearable. Sherm and OxyContin suppositories aren't my problem. YOU'RE my problem. You people with your, "My Dad left when I was 7" and "I have a demanding surgical practice". Please, my mother tried to get an abortion *in* the delivery room. I walked a runway during Bahrain Fashion Week wearing nothing but my bikini wax and a clear plastic burkah. And one time, I passed out at a dog track in Chinese Taipei, was declared dead by the local Jing-cha' and woke up as the Prize at a Competitive Hot Dog Eating contest.

Dr. Skip is visibly sweaty but still smiling and nodding.

SALEM (CONT'D)

But do I bitch like "Dr. Goldschlager" over there?

The ALCOHOLIC DR., 60s, shoots daggers at Salem.

SALEM (CONT'D)  
 Do I eat my weight in pop tarts  
 everyday like Shelly?

SHELLY, round, eating her pop tarts.

SALEM (CONT'D)  
 No, I'm an American. I pick myself  
 up off the ground, put my underwear  
 back on and say, "Fuck you,  
 assholes! I'll find my own way  
 home!"

A MAN seated in the crowd restrains the WOMAN next to him  
 from strangling Salem.

SALEM (CONT'D)  
 In closing, I'd like to say thank  
 you to Dr. Skip and his staff.  
 You're my family now...

A couple of Clinically Dressed People look scared.

SALEM (CONT'D)  
 ...unless my actual family turns  
 up. You may applaud now.

No one does.

SALEM (CONT'D)  
 (PISSED) May God have mercy on your  
 souls.

Salem angrily slaps the mic off it's stand.

SOBER THOUGHTS REHAB - MULTI PURPOSE ROOM, CONTINUOUS...

The crowd/angry mob breaks up. Dr. Skip slaps on a smile.

DR. SKIP  
 Thanks for sharing, Salem. Time to  
 start your new life.

As they walk...

SALEM  
 So, Skipper did you get me an  
 apartment somewhere, a hotel...?

EXT. SOBER THOUGHTS - VALET AREA, CONTINUOUS...

They exit to a circular drive. A valet, HECTOR, stands at the ready. Dr. Skip nods, Hector grabs some keys and runs off.

DR. SKIP

Salem, against my advice you declined to be placed in our Sober Living facility. I'm afraid that's all I can offer you.

Salem makes a disapproving fart noise.

DR. SKIP (CONT'D)

Yes, so you've said. We've tried repeatedly to contact your mother, your siblings, work associates but, uh, no one's ever called us back.

Salem pretends not to care. Then,

SALEM

Can't I just stay here until I marry well?

DR. SKIP

(DIRE) Salem the Indians were very specific that we all needed to be out by today.

Two passing Nurses giggle. Dr. Skip looks at them, they stop.

DR. SKIP (CONT'D)

(GENTLY) You're on your own now. Once you're settled I can check in on you but, do you have a plan?

SALEM

My grandmother Mary always said, "Plans are for the weak. And Canadian."

Hector pulls up in a filthy 1959 Cadillac convertible.

SALEM (CONT'D)

The Beast! She still runs?

DR. SKIP

Purrs like a kitten. Nobody's touched her since you checked in.

Salem gets in revealing a ridiculous pile of pill bottles, pipes and paraphernalia on the passenger seat.

DR. SKIP (CONT'D)  
 (GATHERING DRUGS) Damn it, Hector.

Hector helps. Their arms are filled with booze and drugs.

DR. SKIP (CONT'D)  
 Good luck, Salem. Remember, "One  
 day at a time".

SALEM  
 Right on, tampon.

She starts up 'The Beast', cranks up the radio and peels out.

DR. SKIP  
 Thank Christ.

EXT. THE BLUFFS IN SANTA MONICA, A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER

Salem is on the hood of her car eating Slim Jims and swigging Pellegrino. Miley Cyrus', 'The Climb' blares on the radio.

She flips through her modeling portfolio. The pictures are over the top ridiculous Salem nods and gasps at their beauty.

SALEM  
 (RE: PHOTOS) 'Atta girl.

She spots her Sober Thoughts admission papers crumpled behind one of the pictures. Name, D.O.B., Length of Stay.

SALEM (CONT'D)  
 (READING) Admitted May 19, 2004.  
 Patient was intoxicated, nude,  
 abusive.(SHE LAUGHS, THEN)  
 Responsible Party- Agatha Todd.

We see Agatha's signature, phone number and an old address covered with a new address. Salem racks her brain to try and remember who Agatha Todd is when...

SALEM (CONT'D)  
 RAGGIE!

INT. BARNES & NOBLE - SANTA MONICA PROMENADE, SIMULTANEOUS

Sitting on an easel is a poster-size book cover with a cute, bespectacled tween-age girl at a school dance, dancing happily by herself. The title reads 'Aggie Boyle is... Her Own BFF!' By Agatha Todd. LIVE READING TONIGHT!

Sitting nearby anxiously checking email on her phone is **AGATHA TODD**, a lumpier, 30's version of the girl in the poster. Agatha's almost cute in a nerdy, new age-y kind of way. A successful tween self-help author, Agatha's a perpetual underdog in need of more self help than anyone.

She sips something hot which she promptly spills on herself.

AGATHA

Damn it, not tonight.

Agatha cleans up then calms down using her trusty mantra.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

(SOTTO; BREATHING) I am a love-spreading difference maker. I'm a love-spreading difference maker.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Agatha!

That's Agatha's editor **DANA FISHER**, a steamroller in pearls and a sweater set.

DANA FISHER

We did it again! Another Aggie Boyle book on the shelves. Agatha, you're officially a brand! Who knew 11 year old girls needed self help books? Dana Fisher that's who!

Dana pulls out an e-cigarette and takes a long, deep drag.

AGATHA

Hi, Dana! How's my favorite editor? Was just checking my emails. Have you heard from Cash?

DANA FISHER

Cash Bannister? Everyday, he's my most important client- no offense. He's in Asia or some other hell hole promoting his new book. (THEN) Oh, Agatha, you're not still pining away for him are you? It was one night in Sedona.

Agatha lets that roll off her back.

AGATHA

Just please let him know I say, "Hello" and look forward to seeing him when he gets back.

Dana rolls her eyes and puffs her e-cig.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

Secondly, did you have a chance to look at my new book proposal? 'My Bully. My Friend. How to Bully Your Enemies Into Friendship!'

DANA FISHER

Agatha, you're Night Light Publishing's go-to for bullied and friend-less tweens who need to feel OK about being bullied and friendless, that's who you are. I can't have you write an adult self-helper about *being* a bully. It's completely off-brand!

AGATHA

I know but it's really about using patience and positive reinforcement to heal your bully so they'll stop bullying once and for all. It's not just self-help, it's US-help.

DANA FISHER

"US" help?

Agatha grabs Dana's arm enthusiastically.

AGATHA

Yes! It doesn't just help the *bullied* it transforms the *bully*! Dana, writing for tween girls is rewarding but this is my dream! Yes, it's a little outside the box-

DANA FISHER

Agatha, stay in your box.

That hits Agatha hard. Dana heads into the reading area when Barnes & Noble Asst. Manager, **RONALD**, 20's-30's walks up. Ronald's a sweet nerd who's in love with Agatha but knee deep in the Friend Zone.

RONALD

Hey Agatha, great turnout. It's time for the Meet N' Greet.

Ronald starts off, Agatha's still feeling the sting of Dana's feedback but no room for negativity!

AGATHA  
(SOTTO) I'm a love-spreading  
difference maker.

RONALD  
(CALLING TO HER) Come on!

Agatha catches up to Ronald.

AGATHA  
Ronald, the store looks beautiful.

RONALD  
Oh, thanks. Takes one to know one!

It's awkward. Ronald mentally punches himself. Agatha takes her seat at the signing table.

INT. BARNES & NOBLE - MEET N' GREET TABLE, LATER

Ronald's hurrying the line of Agatha's awkward tween age fans. Then an ANCIENTLY OLD WOMAN steps up. Agatha stands.

AGATHA  
(TO THE CROWD) I've always said  
these books are for girls of any  
age. Aggie and I believe Senior  
Citizens are the planet's most  
valuable natural resources!

The Ancient Woman goes to say something but hesitates.

AGATHA (CONT'D)  
No, please...

ANCIENT WOMAN  
You remind me of my son.

A nearby and obviously high B&N EMPLOYEE snickers but before Agatha can manage a response...

SALEM (O.C.)  
Your son must have had a very long  
torso and been one helluva woman.

Agatha knows that voice. It sends a chill down her spine.

SALEM (CONT'D)  
Hi, Raggie.

Agatha sees Salem for the first time in 10 years. She's shocked, confused, scared, a touch nauseated. Eventually,

AGATHA

Salem?! What are you doing here?!

SALEM

I'm out of Sober Thoughts and I came to see you.(THEN) You're dressed like the Chico's mannequin. You know that store's for the elderly, right?

AGATHA

How did you know I was here?

Salem holds up a flyer for Agatha's reading.

SALEM

(RE: FLYER) Was on your fridge.

AGATHA

You were in my house? How did you get in my house?

Salem just winks at her. Ronald approaches.

RONALD

Agatha, time to start the reading.

Agatha starts to pull herself together.

SALEM

(TO RONALD) You're not the boss of her. (TO AGATHA) I am.

AGATHA

Salem, I am not your assistant anymore. That was a long time ago.

SALEM

Raggie-

AGATHA

No, AGATHA.(DEEP BREATH) Salem, I don't know if your time in rehab led to any meaningful change in your life-

Salem snaps into a Slim Jim, sips an airplane bottle of rum.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

-But one thing I do know is that in the past 10 years my life has definitely changed.

(MORE)

AGATHA (CONT'D)

My books are in stores and schools  
across the country, I assist  
thousands of girls navigating their-

SALEM

You're an assistant to thousands of  
girls? Pfft.

Agatha's infuriated but stops herself.

AGATHA

Salem, why don't you come upstairs  
and see for yourself what it is  
I've been up to the last ten years.  
Then you can tell me if you think  
I'm still just an assistant.

Ronald ushers Agatha away leaving Salem alone, uncomfortable.  
She zeroes in on the high Employee from earlier.

SALEM

You.

They exchange knowing looks.

INT. BARNES & NOBLE - READING AREA, A LITTLE LATER.

It's a packed house. Ronald sits in a chair on the side of  
the small stage while Agatha stands at a podium reading.

IN ANOTHER PART OF THE STORE, an 'Employees Only' door opens  
releasing a huge plume of smoke, followed by Salem.

BACK AT THE READING, Agatha's at the podium. In the  
background Salem's coming up the escalator. She's lying face  
down on the hand rail. It slides her up, over and then down  
to the ground, taking her out of sight. She eventually stands  
up and makes her way over to the crowd.

AGATHA

(READING) Then, echoing from across  
the cafeteria, "YOU BLOW, RAGGIE!"

Salem's ears perk up. Even high, that sounds familiar.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

It's 7th grade bully, Harmony St.  
Song and her crew of populistas.

Salem grabs Agatha's book from a nearby rack and opens it.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

"Laugh all you want, Harmony!"  
 Aggie yelled. "But someday, when  
 you've become your most authentic  
 self you'll want to be my friend  
 and you know what the answer will  
 be? 'Yes!'" (CLOSES BOOK; BEAT) Thank-

SALEM

-YOU WROTE ABOUT ME, RAGGIE?!

Gasps! Salem marches to the stage. Ronald flags Security.

AGATHA

Salem...

DANA FISHER

(REALIZES) Salem Rogers?

Dana drags on her e-cigarette.

SALEM

You leave me to rot in a hospital  
 while you get rich writing books  
 about me?!

The crowd murmurs. Agatha knows it sounds bad.

AGATHA

(TO CROWD) No, it wasn't like that!  
 It's in Malibu, it has an infinity  
 pool! (TO SALEM) And the books  
 aren't about you, they're about me.

A tall, gangly, noodle of a SECURITY GUARD intervenes.

SECURITY GUARD

Ms. Todd, do you know this person?

SALEM

I'm her boss, string bean.

AGATHA

You are NOT my boss. I DON'T work  
 for you anymore and Harmony St.  
 Song could be based on anyone.

SALEM

(READS) Hey Raggie, what did you  
 do? Go to the dentist and have your  
 teeth YELLOWED? (TO AGATHA) I asked  
 you that in confidence!

Agatha's busted. Then,

SECURITY GUARD

Time to go-

SALEM

Pump your brakes, stick shift.

The Security Guard stares down Salem.

AGATHA

Salem you're being a bully, and it won't be tolerated. Please leave.

SALEM

Abandoning me again? Typical.

All eyes on Agatha and she feels it. Then,

SECURITY GUARD

Let's go, Ma'am.

SALEM

I'm not going anywhere! Last I checked this was America and Jesus died so we'd have the right to stand anywhere we goddamned please.

SECURITY GUARD

Ma'am you need to move now or-

SALEM

(IN HIS FACE) Or what, Lean Cuisine?! You'll-

The Security Guard shoots 2 barbed taser electrodes into Salem's neck. She collapses.

AGATHA

Salem!

Salem tries to talk but her tongue is in the way.

EXT. BARNES & NOBLE - PROMENADE, MOMENTS LATER

The Guard and Agatha help Salem out of the bookstore. Two taser projectiles dangle from her neck. Agatha's fans follow.

SALEM

(slurring)

Don't you know who I am? I'm Salem Rogers! I was voted Model of the Year 1998. Tell him, Raggie!

Agatha's using every ounce of willpower she has to stay calm.

AGATHA

I am a love-spreading difference  
maker. I am a love-spreading  
difference maker.

They pass the Chico's next door where an elderly, silver-haired mannequin is dressed in the exact outfit Agatha's wearing, right down to the tasteful scarf.

A large sign reads, 'Chico's Summer of Scarves Fashion Event Going On Now!' Salem looks at Agatha and laughs.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

Shut up!!!!

Gasps! Agatha's embarrassed. She goes into her Guru mode-Calm, dignified, white Oprah.

AGATHA (CONT'D (CONT'D)

(TO CROWD) I apologize. This  
situation calls for love not anger.

A ridiculously cute, cherub of a LITTLE GIRL, complete with speech impediment, walks up to Agatha.

LITTLE GIRL

You won't really abandon her will  
you, Ms. Todd?

Fans 'awww' and record everything with their phones.

AGATHA

(UNDER PRESSURE) Of course not.  
Salem, I apologize. Allow me to  
take you home.

SALEM

My stuff's already at your place.

AGATHA

(SMILING HARD) Wonderful.

Agatha bows and waves. Her fans applaud as they disperse.

INT. AGATHA'S PRIUS, MOMENTS LATER

AGATHA

The only place I'm taking you is  
Sober Thoughts.

SALEM

(BURP TALKS) I can't go back, Rags.

Agatha's disgusted.

SALEM (CONT'D)  
(REGULAR VOICE) The Indians  
demanded their land back from Dr.  
Skip and they shut it down.

AGATHA  
Beg your pardon?

SALEM  
The people there didn't understand  
me. They judged me for being pretty  
and skinny and they really hated  
the fact that I could still drink.

Agatha looks like she's watching a cat and dog make out.

SALEM (CONT'D)  
We're gonna go to my modeling  
agency, restart my career, get back  
the Victoria's Secret contract that  
WHORENADO Heidi Klum stole from me  
and live the privileged,  
consequence-free life beautiful  
white and light skinned black women  
are entitled to. And you get to  
help me.

AGATHA  
There are so many things wrong with  
you.

SALEM  
But nothing cosmetic.

AGATHA  
Salem, you're 37.

SALEM  
Next to you I look 27. That's why I  
need you by my side when we get  
there. Drive! As soon as Roberto  
knows I'm back he'll have me on the  
next flight to Paris.

Upon hearing that Agatha peels out and heads for...

EXT. STAR MODELS, LATER

Still in the Prius, Agatha checks her phone again. Nothing.  
She removes the taser barbs from Salem's neck.

SALEM  
Still hasn't called, huh?

AGATHA  
(BUSTED) What do you mean, who?

SALEM  
If I had to guess, some bi-curious  
Vegan you're chasing.

AGATHA  
Cash happens to be one of the  
foremost self-help innovators of  
our time.

Agatha gets a text. She races to read it but Salem grabs the phone first.

SALEM  
(READING) Thinking about you. Are  
you OK?

Agatha starts to light up. Cash has finally texted her back!

SALEM (CONT'D)  
Who's Ronald?

Disappointed.

AGATHA  
You met him at Barnes & Noble.

SALEM  
Oh right, that guy's a *total*  
Ronald. (SCROLLING) Why does he  
text you so much, Jesus-

Agatha snatches the phone back from Salem.

AGATHA  
Let's keep this about you- we've  
got to get you on that flight to  
Paris. (GURU MODE) Now whenever I'm  
trying to reach a goal I always  
"act as if" I have what I want.

Salem's confused.

AGATHA (CONT'D)  
Go in there and *act as if* you're a  
super model.

SALEM  
But I am a super model.

AGATHA  
(INTENSELY) Exactly.

INT. STAR MODELS, CONTINUOUS

Salem looks around the cramped waiting room. 14 year old bean poles as far as the eye can see. A look of concern crosses Salem's face but then it switches to her game face.

AGATHA  
What I could teach these girls  
about inner beauty. (TO GIRLS)  
Hello. Hi there. Who hurt you?

They stare blankly at Agatha.

SALEM  
Tell them we're here, Rags.

Annoyed, Agatha bites her lip and takes a deep breath.

AGATHA  
(SOTTO) Flight to Paris, flight to  
Paris. (TO RECEPTIONIST) Hi, we're  
here to see Roberto.

Salem stares down the teen models, the Bitchy Receptionist ignores Agatha. Agatha tries to meet the receptionists eyes.

AGATHA (CONT'D)  
Miss? Oh, I'm sorry, sir? We're  
here to see Roberto.

Still nothing. Salem's in a model-face face-off with a teen.

AGATHA (CONT'D)  
(GURU MODE) Sir, though I'm sure  
it's not your intention, I'm  
feeling minimized-

Salem can't listen to anymore of Agatha's poor me, self-help bullshit. She breaks out of the face-off.

SALEM  
Oh, fuck this.

Salem pushes past Agatha and the Bitchy Receptionist, barges into the bookers' bullpen and then right into Roberto's office but she does it like she's on a runway. Fierce walk with a turn in the middle to signal Agatha to join her and then a serious stomp right through Roberto's double doors.

INT. ROBERTO'S OFFICE, SIMULTANEOUS

A ridiculous room. Everything is clear. The desk, the couch, the shelves. Sitting in a clear office chair is **ROBERTO**, 50's-70's, long, white hair, two monocles instead of glasses, a shirt with the deepest V you've ever seen.

ROBERTO  
(ON PHONE) Coming in on the red  
eye, darling wouldn't miss  
it....yes, I'll have the  
check...French kiss!

He hangs up his clear phone.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)  
Hag.

He snorts a fat rail off his desk as Salem bursts in.

SALEM  
Hello, Bobby.

ROBERTO  
Holy Chanel, Salem Rogers?

Homely Agatha walks in, stands next to Salem, then...

ROBERTO (CONT'D)  
You look fantastic.

SALEM  
(RE: DRUGS) Haven't changed a bit.

ROBERTO  
It's Boniva. All the cocaine ate  
away at my bone density.(RE:  
AGATHA) What's that?

SALEM  
My assistant, Raggie-

AGATHA  
Former assistant, Agatha Todd. We  
met years ago.

ROBERTO  
Oh, yes. The one with the clean  
urine. Thanks, by the way.

Agatha clearly knew nothing about him using her urine.

AGATHA  
How did you get my...?

SALEM

I'm back, Bobby. You want to call Donatella or should I?

Roberto laughs. Salem doesn't see the humor.

ROBERTO

You're serious? You show up out of nowhere, old, and expect me to get you a job with Versace? They'd sooner hire Miss piss over there.

AGATHA

I am a motivational speaker and published self help author.

ROBERTO

Help yourself to some concealer.

Agatha hates this place.

SALEM

Bobby, it's time for Salem Rogers to make her comeback. If I have to do a couple smaller shows in Paris-

ROBERTO

Paris! I hope rehab will give you a refund because you're still high. The only runway you'll touch in Paris is at the airport.

SALEM

Fine, I'll do New York fashion week but that's as low as I go.

Roberto laughs again.

ROBERTO

You want a job? I need a headliner for the "Chico's Summer of Scarves" fashion event at the mall.

Agatha stifles a laugh, Salem stares her down.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)

Carol Alt was going to do it but she hurt herself roller blading. It'll be your swan song. Anything more's a pipe dream. It's all about starlets and "real people" now.

SALEM

Bobby I was Model of the Year 1998.  
I was a Victoria's Secret Angel  
until that WHORENADO Heidi Klum-

ROBERTO

Heidi nothing. Two days before your  
first shoot a judge sentenced you  
to jail or rehab. Own it.

AGATHA

(GURU MODE) Salem, headlining a  
mall fashion show may not rebuild  
your career but it's the start of  
rebuilding your self esteem so you  
can thrive as an independent woman.  
My first reading of an Aggie Boyle  
book was in a library to 3 people  
and now look at me!

ROBERTO

I'll pass.

SALEM

Why are you making this about you?

Agatha is speechless. Then,

SALEM (CONT'D)

Make the deal, Bobby.

Salem stomps out of the office. Agatha, enjoys knowing  
something she said made Salem change her mind. Good guru.

INT. STAR MODELS - HALLWAY, CONTINUOUS

As they leave Roberto's office, a voice calls from behind.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

It's Salem Rogers: *Parts* Model of  
the Year.

Salem recognizes that voice.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Didn't you die?

Salem turns around to see beautiful, evil, model-turned-  
agent, HOOKAH CARTWRIGHT, 30's-40's.

SALEM

A few times, didn't stick.

SALEM (CONT'D)

Hookah Cartwright.(RE: THE AGENCY)  
I see your transition to the dark  
side is complete.

HOOKAH

The modeling business isn't what it  
used to be, I had to adapt and now  
I'm the best agent Roberto has. And  
my number one priority is make sure  
you never work again.

Salem gets right in Hookah's face.

SALEM

You've got a lot of nerve talking  
to me after the crap you pulled.

HOOKAH

Me?!

SALEM

Yes, YOU! You stole my boyfriends  
for fun, greased my shoes before  
runway shows and you told every  
photographer and designer you  
worked with that my clitoris was  
really a tiny penis!

HOOKAH

That was YOU, Salem. That's what  
YOU did to ME!

It starts coming back to her.

SALEM

Touche'.

AGATHA

Salem, you have to apologize.

HOOKAH

Yeah, Salem, listen to your mother.

AGATHA

(TO HOOKAH) I'm on your side!

HOOKAH

I don't need some has been's  
assistant standing up for me unless  
it's to get coffee.

The Bitchy Receptionist walks past them.

BITCHY RECEPTIONIST  
(ORDERING) I'll take an iced double  
espresso.

SALEM  
Americano for me, Rags.

AGATHA  
You are all selfish, rude,-

SALEM  
No assistant of mine-!

Like a volcano erupting...

AGATHA  
I AM NOT YOUR ASSISTANT!

Salem has never seen Agatha like this before.

AGATHA (CONT'D)  
You spent 10 YEARS in rehab and  
haven't changed one bit. You're the  
same self-centered, arrogant bully  
you were when I actually was your  
assistant! Good luck with your  
modeling career, Salem. I'm sure  
Anne Klein can't wait to hire a 37  
year old, "Whorenado" who insults  
anyone in a 5 mile radius and can't  
spend 10 minutes in a bookstore  
without getting tazed. I AM DONE!

Agatha storms out. Then,

SALEM  
(INSULTED) Anne Klein?

EXT. STAR MODELS, CONTINUOUS

Agatha bursts onto the sidewalk. She's never lost her shit  
like that. She's furious yet exhilarated! Her phone rings.

AGATHA  
Hello!

INT. YOGA STUDIO, SIMULTANEOUS

Dana Fisher and her e-cigarette are in a yoga class.

DANA FISHER  
Agatha? You don't sound so good.

SPLIT SCREEN WITH AGATHA AND DANA

AGATHA

...Dana? I-

DANA FISHER

Who cares, I have news. Night Light is giving you the green light. Your "bully your bully" book is on!

The yoga teacher shushes Dana. She whips her the finger.

AGATHA

Really?! I can't believe it!

DANA FISHER

A first person account of you turning that Sasquatch Salem Rogers from your bully to your BFF. Talk about out of the box.

AGATHA

First person account? No, Dana-

DANA FISHER

The boys upstairs flipped for it! They're already talking talk shows, public appearances, you'll be glued at the hip. This could be your ticket to the bigs, Agatha. I'm talking Oprah level.

AGATHA

(IN AWE) Oprah?

DANA FISHER

At the very least Gayle.

AGATHA

But Dana, I can't write a book with Salem. There's no way. She's awful.

DANA FISHER

Agatha, let me make this perfectly clear: no Salem, no book.

AGATHA

But Dana-

Dana exits the yoga studio, knocking over a student.

DANA FISHER

Agatha, I went to bat for you! My  
ass is on the line here!

Agatha is silent. Then,

DANA FISHER (CONT'D)

Agatha, your methods work, right?

AGATHA

(MAYBE) Of course, yes.

DANA FISHER

Then don't worry. Once you've  
finished the book you'll never have  
to worry about Salem again. You'll  
be BFFs! You're a love-mongering  
game changer, remember?

AGATHA

Love-spreading difference maker.

DANA FISHER

Whatever, you can do it! Plus you  
have to. Congratulations, we did  
it!

Click. END SPLIT SCREEN. Agatha strangles her phone but then  
thinks about what Dana said. OK, maybe she can- ugh, what's  
that smell? Reveal Salem standing there, waving away a fart.

SALEM

(explaining)

Slim Jims.

Nope, she was right. Total nightmare.

EXT. AGATHA'S CONDO, THAT NIGHT

A beautiful beach front condo in Santa Monica.

INT. AGATHA'S CONDO - AGATHA'S BEDROOM, CONTINUOUS

Agatha, freshly showered with slicked back hair, is in her  
candlelit bedroom. A mash up of Enigma's 'Sadness Part 1' and  
whale song plays. An unseen man talks passionately.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Look at me. LOOK at me.

Agatha does.

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
 Good, now tell me what you want.

AGATHA  
 I want you, Cash.

MAN'S VOICE  
 Good, now say it again but just  
 with your eyes.

Agatha seductively eyeballs tan, toothy stud CASH BANNISTER but he's on TV in an infomercial. 'Master the Power of Eye Contact and Master Your Destiny!' is all over his set.

As it's about to get sexy-

SALEM (O.C.)  
 What the hell are you doing?

Reveal Salem in the bedroom doorway.

AGATHA  
 Salem! What?! I can't um- what?!

Agatha tries to turn off the TV but just makes it louder.

SALEM  
 That's the worst porn ever.

AGATHA  
 It's not porn, he's my... Just get  
 out! I'm going to bed!

SALEM  
 Going to bed? It's 9:00.

Agatha rolls over and closes her eyes.

AGATHA  
 Yeah, well I'm exhausted and don't  
 you have a rather important fashion  
 show tomorrow?

SALEM  
 Yes...

Agatha opens her eyes to see Salem nose to nose with her.

AGATHA  
 (STARTLED) Jesus, Salem-

SALEM  
 ...And I feel like celebrating!

AGATHA

No way.

SALEM

Come on, Grandma put your teeth in.  
I know a place.

AGATHA

Absolutely not! No offense but this  
has been the best and worst day of  
my life and I need to end it.

SALEM

By flicking your bean to an  
infomercial?

Agatha's disgusted.

SALEM (CONT'D)

A day like that needs to end with a  
bang. A real bang. Get dressed.

AGATHA

(USING MAJOR EYE CONTACT) NO!

INT. RUSTY'S BAR - SANTA MONICA PIER, LATER

Salem, hot in tight jeans and a loose low cut T-shirt, blows  
right past the BOUNCER. Agatha, looks like it's laundry day.

BOUNCER

Nuh-uh.

He points her to the cashier, a prematurely balding, short  
EAST INDIAN GUY who can't stop smiling at her. She plops down  
the money and goes in.

AT THE BAR - CONTINUOUS

Agatha pushes her way up to the bar. The BARTENDER pours  
Salem a shot.

BARTENDER

From Johnny. He's in the band.

JOHNNY is the fox at the end of the bar. Long hair, good  
body, perfect scruff. Salem eye fucks him a little bit.

SALEM

I need another one for my friend.

Agatha does a double take at the word "friend".

SALEM (CONT'D)  
 Drink this.

AGATHA  
 (SNIFFS) Ugh, what is it?

BARTENDER  
 151.

Agatha does the shot and almost chokes.

SALEM  
 'Atta girl. Feel better?

AGATHA  
 No!

The Bartender gives Agatha a water.

AGATHA (CONT'D)  
 Thank you.(THEN) So, I need to talk  
 to you about this book idea...

SALEM  
 Books are boring.(TO BARTENDER)  
 Send him one back and use this.

Salem licks around the rim of her shot glass. The bartender  
 fills it up and gives it to the guy. He drinks it down.

AGATHA  
 If I did that they'd call the  
 health department. You'll probably  
 get a song written about you.

SALEM  
 God gave us all balls, Rags. It's  
 up to us to use them. Like when you  
 did that shot a minute ago. Balls.

AGATHA  
 So you admit, I've changed.

SALEM  
 No, but I know a fighter when I see  
 one.

Agatha tries to hide that she's flattered.

AGATHA  
 You think I'm a fighter?

SALEM

Shit, yeah. I look at you, your life, your hairline and I think, 'Man if that was me I'd have killed myself a long time ago.' But not you. You're a fighter.

Agatha orders another shot.

SALEM (CONT'D)

So what's with your TV boyfriend?

Salem throws back a shot of 1800.

AGATHA

Maybe you should call your Sponsor?

SALEM

Changed her number.

AGATHA

You've probably heard of him, his name is Cash Bannister and he's not my boyfriend per se. He's a brilliant motivational speaker, teacher, life coach...

SALEM

Mr. Eye Contact.

AGATHA

Bingo.

Agatha does her shot.

SALEM

He came to Sober Thoughts once.

AGATHA

(TIPSY) He did? Well, I'm not surprised. He gets paid a lot of money, travels all over the world helping people unlock their potential. (REMEMBERING) Hey, what was that about the Indians-?

SALEM

You two bumping uglies?

AGATHA

Ugh, not that's it's any of your business but yes.

(MORE)

AGATHA (CONT'D)

Cash and I are on two different trajectories right now and being in a monogamous relationship together at this phase in our evolution would only cause stress on our connection and we don't want something minor like premature commitment to break up something that, with patience and deep understanding, could be a soul bonding experience.

The band starts up. They yell over it.

SALEM

He wants to bump other uglies.

AGATHA

We are BOTH free to see other people, I'm just not right now. We're not all 5'11" swimsuit models. I don't walk into a room and have guys buying me drinks.

SALEM

Oh, really?

Salem nods down the bar. Agatha sees the weird EAST INDIAN GUY who took her cover charge toasting and smiling at her.

BARTENDER

(TO AGATHA) This is for you.

He sets down a drink, Agatha is floored.

SALEM

Finally an Indian who's not a total dick.

Salem turns her attention to the stage and the Lead Singer who bought her the drinks. It's totally on.

INT. RUSTY'S - VIP ROOM/BACKSTAGE AREA, LATER

Salem and the Lead Singer are going at it on a table top while Agatha ferociously makes out with the EAST INDIAN GUY on the couch only stopping to do another shot.

INT. CHICO'S FLAGSHIP STORE - THE PROMENADE, NEXT DAY

The store bustles with employees. A bright-eyed Salem walks in, Agatha looks like she's been chewed up and spit out.

The snobby CHICO'S MANAGER, dressed as though she's *definitely* having a Chico's kind of day, barks orders at the employees and then confronts Salem.

CHICO'S MANAGER

Can't you read? We're closed for a special event until noon.

SALEM

I am the special event, belt buckle.

CHICO'S MANAGER self-consciously adjusts her large belt.

CHICO'S MANAGER

I don't know who you think you-

Coming from backstage is Salem's agent, Roberto. He's wearing a turban, a sarong and another navel tickling V neck.

ROBERTO

Salem, only an hour late. I'm impressed. Let's get you dressed.

As they head backstage...

SALEM

(TO MANAGER) Pellegrino. Now.

The CHICO'S MANAGER's blood boils. Agatha needs to throw up.

AGATHA

(WEAK) Can I use your bathroom?

CHICO'S - BACKSTAGE, A FEW MINUTES BEFORE THE SHOW.

Dressers and make up artists fawn over Salem. The other "models", more realistic versions of the Chico's woman, are lining up. Salem pulls Roberto aside...

SALEM

(RE: MODELS) What's all this mess?

ROBERTO

Salem, you're terrible. I told you, babe, it's real people these days.

SALEM

If I want to see fat people in scarves I'll go to Green Bay.

AGATHA

Salem, these women aren't fat.

Agatha hobbles her way over. Roberto gets called away.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

I wanted to wish you luck. Barely  
24 hours out of rehab and you've  
already mounted your comeback.  
Maybe you should write a book...

SALEM

You write it, I'll be on the cover.  
Any bats in the cave?

Salem tilts her head back so Agatha can look up her nose.

AGATHA

All clear.

CHICO'S MANAGER

OK, ladies!(TO SALEM) And you.  
(TO EVERYONE) This is it, Chico's  
biggest event of the year. All eyes  
are on us, let's make it count!

The Models cheer and scurry off, Salem does a final primp.

CHICO'S MANAGER (CONT'D)

I know it's been a while since you  
walked a runway. Just pretend it's  
a field sobriety test.

Off Salem's displeased look...

CHICO'S - FASHION SHOW, CONTINUOUS

The place is packed: VIP customers, Chico's President and  
CEO, media. Sitting near Roberto and Hookah is Agatha.  
Ronald, dressed in his B&N button down and name tag, squeezes  
through the crowd with two Jamba Juice.

AGATHA

(RE: JUICE) Thank you so much for  
this I'm dying. You won't get in  
trouble leaving the store will you?

RONALD

Perks of being the Assistant  
Manager, I get to come next door to  
Chico's whenever I want. Plus  
Salem's paying me \$50 to write down  
everything people-

AGATHA

-People say about her while she's  
on stage. That used to be my job.

RONALD

(BEAT)So, what happened last night?

Suddenly, the room goes dark, then Lights! Music!

SALEM IS ON THE RUNWAY, she dramatically removes her scarf while trying to simultaneously unbutton her jacket. A little rusty. She stomps down the runway and sees half the crowd is texting, one guy yawns. Salem has a rare moment of self doubt, then a look of determination as she heads...

CHICO'S - BACKSTAGE, CONTINUOUS

CHICO'S MANAGER

You're no Carol Alt.

SALEM

Ain't seen nothing yet, thumb ring.

Chico's Manager stews and fidgets with her thumb ring.

CHICO'S - FASHION SHOW, A LITTLE LATER

People politely watch the show. Hookah enjoys Salem's fall from grace while Roberto sleeps behind his sunglasses.

RONALD

No one's saying anything.

Then, in **SLOW MOTION**:

AGATHA

(DISTORTED) HOLY SH-

SALEM'S BACK ON THE RUNWAY only now completely naked but for a couple of scarves, her high heels and a fierce expression.

IN THE AUDIENCE faces of shock, anger, including CAROL ALT in a neck brace shaking her head in disbelief. A smug, evil smile spreads across Hookah's face as she films the whole thing with her phone.

ON THE RUNWAY, Salem starts her finale walk. Cameras flash like mad. Salem looks completely at home. **END SLOW MOTION**.

The Chico's Manager rushes out from backstage to see Salem's bare ass and loses her mind.

CHICO'S MANAGER  
You're ruining my show! Security!!

CHICO'S MANAGER jumps on the runway and tries to drag Salem off by her scarves. Salem effortlessly takes them off, causing the Manager to fall hard. The Other Models rush to help her up. Chico's Manager narrows her eyes at Salem.

**SLOW MOTION:** Salem basks in the glow of the spotlight until she looks down and sees Chico's Manager grabbing at her ankles. Salem wobbles but catches herself.

CHICO'S MANAGER (CONT'D)  
(DISTORTED) Security!!!

Salem does her final turn and sees the gangly Security Guard from the day before is right in front of her. He shoots two taser barbs right into her neck. **END SLOW MOTION.**

Salem shivers with electricity and falls off the runway and into the audience. Agatha is horrified. Hookah smiles.

INT. AGATHA'S CONDO, LATER

Again, Agatha removes taser barbs from Salem's neck. Ronald, on his laptop, sips a beer and Salem cuts cloth into strips.

SALEM  
(SERIOUS) Another one.

Ronald downs his beer, gives Salem the empty bottle. Reveal Salem's cutting Chico's scarves and putting them in empty bottles. A red gas can sits nearby. Molotov cocktails? Check.

Salem winces as Agatha tugs on the taser barb.

AGATHA  
Sorry.(THEN) Salem, this is what Aggie Boyle calls, "mistake-a-rific". When something you think is terrible turns out to be wonderful.

Salem takes a swig off her beer and keeps cutting.

AGATHA (CONT'D)  
Did you really want to get back in the modeling game? With all the Roberto's and Hookah's and superficial nonsense?

Salem is stone faced.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

Look, you don't need modeling you need to heal...

Agatha hesitates, Ronald nudges her.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

I'm gonna write this book about us, we'll dive into your past, find your family and see just how you ended up...like...this.

There's a knock at the door. Ronald answers to find a huge, ridiculous arrangement of flowers on the step.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

Oh my Goddess! No one's ever sent me flowers before...

RONALD

Um, they're for Salem.

SALEM

(TO AGATHA) Your streak is safe.

Agatha angrily rips out the barb, Salem howls.

AGATHA

(MEEKLY) I'm sorry.

RONALD

Agatha, if someone were going to send you flowers-?

SALEM

(RE: CARD) Read it.

RONALD

It just says, "Call me. French Kiss" and then a web address.

SALEM

Make the web work.

AGATHA

That's creepy! It's probably from those guys we brought back here last night. What was I thinking?

RONALD

You had guys here last night?

TMZ.com pops up and on the front page is, 'SHE'S BAAAAAACK!' and a vine of Salem, naked, walking on the runway and getting tazed, playing on a loop. They all stare at it until...

AGATHA

Salem, I'm so sorry. I know it feels humiliating right now but this too shall pass. Nobody will even see it. Ronald how many views are there?

RONALD

Like 60, no 65,000.

AGATHA

OK, it doesn't seem like it now but I promise, people will forget.

Salem stands. Agatha and Ronald get nervous.

SALEM

They fuckin' better not. This is mistake-a-rific.

Salem tries to hand Agatha her phone.

AGATHA

Not your assistant!

She hands it to Ronald, he accepts it.

RONALD

Who should I call?

It already rings on Speaker. Ronald holds it up for Salem.

SPLIT SCREEN OF SALEM AND ROBERTO

Roberto, in a ruffled robe, lays atop a clear, grand canopy bed. He finishes a bump of Boniva then rubs some on his gums.

ROBERTO

Salem, you're back. We're back. And Heidi better watch her back. You just took one step closer to Paris. Hookah will reach out tomorrow, E!'s all ready called. French Kiss!

END SPLIT SCREEN. There's a loaded beat before Salem lets out a victorious scream, that's then overlapped by the scream of our closing song, Wolfmother's, 'Dimension'. BLACK.

**THE BEGINNING.**