

# TRIPPING FORWARD

BY CHRIS FOGLEMAN  
AND  
MARCUS NASH

MANIA FILMS  
323-463-4665  
MCNASH@EARTHLINK.NET



TELEVISION SCREEN

A television program is running its opening credits.  
"FROM THE ACTORS MIND" is introduced.

INT. SOUND STAGE -- DAY

JIM ROSE, an older distinguished gentleman, sits at a round table and looks earnestly into the camera.

JIM ROSE

Hello, I'm Jim Rose and welcome to our show. My guest today, starring in his first feature film, The Chef Within, was just nominated for an Oscar as best actor. Today I will spend quality time with Ford Coleman.

The audience roars as FORD COLEMAN, an early 30's quirky-looking actor walks on stage and takes a seat across from Jim.

FORD

Thanks for having me Jim. It's awesome to be here.

JIM ROSE

Ford I would like to start by saying I loved the movie.

FORD

Thank you.

JIM ROSE

I loved your performance. I just loved it. I think you're so incredible, I'm at a loss for words.

FORD

(with humility)

I appreciate that, Jim. And to all you fans that have made this movie a hit I thank you from the bottom of my heart.

The audience roars.

GIRL FAN

I love you, Ford.

FORD

I love you too.



GIRL FAN 2  
I want to have your baby!

FORD  
Easy now.

Ford chuckles.

JIM ROSE  
What a wild ride your life has been.

FORD  
Yeah, it's been crazy. Hell, a year ago  
I couldn't land a single line on a TV  
show, let alone fuck supermodels.

Jim laughs.

JIM ROSE  
People must ask you how you went from  
being a kid in Indiana to becoming a  
world famous movie star. How did you do  
it?

FORD  
Well, Jim, when I moved here I equated  
myself to that of a mountain climber.  
And, I simply started climbing the  
mountain that would define the rest of my  
life.

JIM ROSE  
Wow, impressive. Well, you're definitely  
the Hollywood "it" guy right now, and  
when we return I want to talk to you  
about your incredible sex life. Sound  
good, Ford?

FORD  
Sounds great, Jim.

JIM ROSE  
(to camera)  
When we return I will go Inside the  
Actors mind of Ford Coleman.

The audience applauds as A PRODUCER comes on stage.

PRODUCER  
Okay, were back in two people.

A super hot MAKE-UP GIRL comes up to attend to Ford.



MAKE-UP GIRL

Mmmm, you look fine just the way you are.

FORD

You look pretty good too. You want a ride on the horse factor?

MAKE-UP GIRL

You bet.

Porn-funk music plays as Make-Up Girl throws away her make-up, rips off her blouse and jumps on Ford. They make out with Jim Rose's eyes glued to them.

MAKE-UP GIRL (CONT'D)

I bet you have a huge dick.

FORD

It's the horse factor.

MAKE-UP GIRL

I bet you have big bouncing balls to slap my ass with!

FORD

It's the horse factor.

Make-Up Girl has a quick climax, then goes down on Ford. Ford leans back, ready for enjoyment until -

CRASH!

CUT TO:

INT. FORD'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Ford is abruptly awakened by another crashing noise coming from somewhere else in his apartment.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Ford comes and sees the furniture moving. TRIPP, his alternative musician roommate, dressed in briefs and a robe, pops up from behind the couch, holding a SHOE BOX.

FORD

What are you doing?!

TRIPP

Hunting!



Tripp holds up the box and advances on an angry, hissing CAT which hides in the corner.

FORD

What the fuck is Phyllis' cat doing in here?

TRIPP

We're taking it ransom.

Tripp lunges at the cat, trying to trap it with the box. The cat bolts. Tripp scrambles after it, tearing through the furniture of the apartment.

FORD

You idiot! Phyllis is gonna flip out.

They hear a loud BANGING on the front door.

PHYLLIS

Open this door!

FORD

Oh, shit.

The cat yowls, then scurries under the couch. Tripp dives after it, knocking over the coffee table.

PHYLLIS

I know he's in there! I hear him!

TRIPP

Don't open it. When we take it hostage, she can't do shit to us.

FORD

You're fucking crazy.

Tripp dives under the couch. The cat hisses and scratches his face. Tripp jumps up, holding his cheek.

TRIPP

The fucker scratched me!

PHYLLIS

Open this door or I'm calling the police!

Ford sneaks to the door and looks out the peep hole.

In a distorted fish-eye, he sees PHYLLIS, a menacing toad-faced woman wearing a negligee and banging on the door.



TRIPP  
Don't open it.

Ford shoots an angry look at Tripp, who runs into the hallway to hide.

Ford opens the door with the chain on.

FORD  
Phyllis. Good morning...

PHYLLIS  
Where's Charlie?

FORD  
Under the couch...he must of come in through the window.

PHYLLIS  
Bullshit. Let me in!

She throws herself against the door, almost busting the chain.

FORD  
Okay, okay, relax!

Ford hurries to open the door. As soon as it's open Charlie bolts from under the couch and scurries out of the apartment.

PHYLLIS  
Charlie!

Phyllis tries to stop him but he runs down the hallway.

FORD  
Take care, Phyllis.

Ford starts to close the door, but Phyllis turns back and pushes it open in his face.

PHYLLIS  
You're two months late on rent! And you know what that means.

FORD  
Phyllis...please...

PHYLLIS  
Thin ice!

Phyllis points a finger in his face, then marches away.



Ford closes the door, then stares angrily at Tripp.

TRIPP

What?

FORD

Why do you got to fuck with her? She's just now forgetting about the incident with the toilet.

TRIPP

I was trying to even the playing field.

FORD

You dumbass. We're gonna get fucking evicted.

Tripp flops down on the couch.

TRIPP

Fuck that. She can't evict us.

FORD

She's the landlord.

Tripp takes a library card from the coffee table and starts scraping loose crumbs of cocaine into a line.

TRIPP

Listen, I know about this shit. It's almost impossible to evict someone. And besides, if she fucking tries, I'll sue the bitch.

FORD

Okay...

Ford grabs an ASTHMA INHALER from the table and takes a puff as Tripp snorts up the line.

TRIPP

Seriously.

FORD

I see you finished your eight ball.

TRIPP

Not quite.

Tripp licks the last of the coke off the table.

FORD

That's fucking gross.



TRIPP  
Just like a cup of coffee.

Ford heads for the kitchen.

FORD  
Tripp, we gotta figure out what to do  
about gettin' some fuckin' cash.

TRIPP  
I'm telling you, don't worry about it.  
We'll figure out some way to...  
(looks up at the TV)  
Hey look...your spot...

Tripp grabs the remote, turns up the TV. Ford just rolls  
his eyes and pours himself some cereal.

ON THE SCREEN - Ford acts in a handheld game commercial,  
which involves him getting shocked by a sadistic LITTLE  
GIRL.

Tripp chuckles.

TRIPP (CONT'D)  
I love that kid.

FORD  
Yeah, she's brilliant.

TRIPP  
Hey, let's check the mailbox for a  
residual.

FORD  
A check doesn't just appear when they  
play your commercial.

TRIPP  
I know. But you're due, I feel it.

Tripp grabs his keys and heads for the front door. Ford  
follows him, holding his bowl of cereal.

FORD  
They only run the spot on cable these  
days and that doesn't pay much.

Tripp checks to make sure the coast is clear, then goes  
out, followed by Ford.



EXT. FORD'S APARTMENT, PORCH -- DAY

At the mailboxes, Tripp flips through envelopes, while Ford looks over his shoulder.

TRIPP  
Come on baby-blue, come on baby-blue,  
daddy needs drugs...Bam!

FORD  
Fuck yeah.

Tripp holds up an envelope with a baby blue CHECK inside.  
He gives it to Ford and holds Ford's cereal bowl.

Ford eagerly rips it open and looks at the check.

FORD (CONT'D)  
Two hundred.

TRIPP  
Two hundred? That's it?

FORD  
It's enough for weed and cocktails.

TRIPP  
I want real drugs.

FORD  
Yeah, well I don't see you contributing.

TRIPP  
Hey, when I was on the label I bought the  
party favors.

FORD  
You got me there...

Ford heads back inside, Tripp follows.

FORD (CONT'D)  
I suppose the days of big checks are  
over, my friend.

TRIPP  
This fuckin' sucks...

FORD  
Yes, it does.  
(turning back to Tripp)  
(MORE)



FORD (CONT'D)

But, after my audition, as soon as I book this bitch, we are headin' straight for the bar, my promise.

TRIPP

Now you're talking.

INT. FORD'S CAR -- DAY

The CREDITS ROLL and upbeat rock plays as Ford's classic convertible drives through the streets of Hollywood.

Tripp lights a joint, passes it over Ford, who hits it as he drives.

Feeling fine, Tripp picks up a set of drumsticks and taps on the dashboard to the beat of the music.

TRIPP

Listen to this shit, my uncle just got caught fucking the baby-sitter, fourteen years old.

FORD

Boy or girl?

TRIPP

Girl.

FORD

Hot?

TRIPP

She's fourteen, she's gotta be.

They come to a stoplight where a BUM is begging for money. Ford gives him change without even looking at him, and the bum moves on.

FORD

That the same uncle that caught you fuckin' a pillow when you were twelve?

TRIPP

Same one.

FORD

Dude, you got a fucked up family.

TRIPP

(proudly)

Hell yeah.



Ford leans back as he drives, enjoying his morning high.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREET #1 -- DAY

Ford pulls into a spot and parks. He turns the engine off but leaves the keys in and stereo on. He pulls out some eye drops, puts a squirt in each eye.

TRIPP

Go get 'em Tiger.

Tripp reclines in his seat. Ford gets out with a headshot and heads up the street.

INT. CASTING LOBBY #1 -- DAY

Ford walks into a large lobby full of an eclectic group of actors waiting for their various auditions.

As Ford signs in, he overhears two pretty boy actors.

ACTOR BOY

My pilot got picked up. Thirteen weeks, WB. I'm stoked.

ACTOR BOY 2

Awesome.

Ford rolls his eyes and heads for a seat far away from them. After a moment, ARI, a hipster-geek sits next to him.

ARI

Ford Coleman. Good to see ya.

FORD

What up Ari?

ARI

Just trying to get famous, you know?  
Been masturbating like crazy lately. You  
got to love yourself 'cause in this  
business no one else will.

Ford ignores him.

ARI (CONT'D)

Five times a day the last four days. I  
got one in right before I came here.

Ford stares at Ari, mildly amused.



ARI (CONT'D)

I usually get one in around ten. Another in-between breakfast and lunch, another after lunch, then one before I go to bed. And, another in there somewhere. Man, I'm drained.

The casting door opens and JOE, a bitter casting director, comes out and reads from the sign-in sheet.

JOE

Ford Coleman.

FORD

You know, Ari, over masturbation leads to premature ejaculation and weak erections.

Ford gets up, puts on a big smile.

JOE

How's it going, Ford?

FORD

Just livin' the dream.

JOE

I hear you.

Ford follows Joe into the room.

INT. AUDITION ROOM #1 -- DAY

Ford comes in and Joe shuts the door. There is a camera set up and a metal TRASH CAN in the middle of the room.

JOE

We'll do a slate and then I'll go through the action.

Joe turns on the camera. We see Ford through the video monitor.

JOE (CONT'D)

Tell us your name.

FORD

Ford Coleman.

JOE

Profiles.



Ford turns to one side and then the another to show his profiles. The video is turned off.

JOE (CONT'D)

I need you to run in place for a few moments, get your heart rate up. I'll spray some water on your face for sweat. On action duck behind the trash can and look around in fear. Okay? So like widen your eyes and drop your jaw or something.

(demonstrating)

I don't know, you're the actor but keep it real.

Ford nods that he gets it.

JOE (CONT'D)

When I snap my fingers you jump up and look for a place to run. There's nowhere to go. Then I'm going to throw these beanbags at you. Duck the first one, let the second one hit you and then fall back against the wall. Then look up at the camera in fear like someone is about to slit your throat. Got it?

FORD

Yep.

JOE

All right here we go. Close your eyes.

Joe starts spraying water into Ford's face, and he keeps spraying as he answers his cell phone.

JOE (CONT'D)

Hey. Yeah. Chicken ultima, black beans...uh...spicy...large coke. Oh, and don't forget to get some pico-de-gallo.

Joe hangs up, then starts the camera. We see Ford through the monitor.

JOE (CONT'D)

Okay. Run in place!

Ford runs in place for an extended period.

JOE (CONT'D)

Action.



Ford ducks behind the trash can and peers around for a couple moments. Joe snaps his fingers. Ford finds him and stares nervously.

Ford looks for a place to go. He starts to dart one way and then another, but has no place to go.

He looks back toward camera where there is a beanbag flying at him. He avoids the first one and then is hit by the second one.

He falls back against the wall, looks at camera and gasps like his throat has been cut.

Joe laughs hysterically. The camera goes to black.

INT. CASTING LOBBY #1 -- DAY

Ford comes out of the audition room and immediately loses his smile. He passes Ari, who is telling another actor his masturbatory exploits.

As Ford heads for the exit, he makes a call on his cell. We SPLIT SCREEN with JENNIFER, Ford's fast talking agent, on the other end of the call.

FORD

Jennifer, it's Ford. Just got done with my audition.

JENNIFER

How'd it go?

FORD

Good.

JENNIFER

Glad to hear it.

FORD

Any features in the breakdowns for me?

JENNIFER

I'm always submitting you.

FORD

Alright.

JENNIFER

Onward through the fog.



FORD  
Until next time.

Ford hangs up and heads down the hall.

EXT. CASTING OFFICE -- DAY

As Ford leaves the building he runs into GWEN, a cute alternative actress. Ford lights up when he sees her.

FORD  
Hey, Gwen.

GWEN  
Hey...uh, Ford right?

FORD  
Yeah, that's right. How's it going?

GWEN  
Good. Good.

FORD  
You were in James's class.

GWEN  
Am in James's class. I still am.

FORD  
Yeah, I remember you from class. I always loved your work.

GWEN  
Really? Thanks.

FORD  
So, things good for you?

GWEN  
Happy to have an audition.

FORD  
Auditions are good. What are you reading for?

GWEN  
Douche commercial.

FORD  
Oh, great...



At the curb, Tripp screeches to a stop in the convertible and honks the horn.

                                GWEN  
Who's that?

                                FORD  
Nobody...

                                TRIPP  
Just get her number fancypants!

Tripp honks the horn again, Ford looks at him nervously.

                                GWEN  
Well, I should get to my audition.

                                FORD  
Alright, well, it was great seein' you.

Gwen heads inside. Ford looks after her, then goes to the car and gets in on the passenger side.

                                FORD (CONT'D)  
What the fuck man? Why do you got be stupid?

                                TRIPP  
Lighten up.

                                FORD  
That chick happens to be very cool.

                                TRIPP  
Come on, act like you got one. She's not all that.

                                FORD  
She is all that. She's cool and she's a great actress.

                                TRIPP  
You ever fucked her?

                                FORD  
No.

                                TRIPP  
You get her number?

                                FORD  
No.



TRIPP

So, why are we having this conversation?  
You, my friend, are going to fuck  
supermodels.

FORD

That's what I hear.

TRIPP

Alright, then - it's cocktail time!

Tripp hits the gas and peels away.

INT. BAR #1 -- DAY

Ford and Tripp are at the bar, beers and shots of whiskey  
in front of them. They pound the shots and Tripp talks  
to the BARTENDER.

TRIPP

Two more whiskeys, two beers and two  
shots of your worst tasting liquor.

BARTENDER

Fernet?

TRIPP

Bring it on.

The bartender goes to get the drinks.

TRIPP (CONT'D)

Okay, what about Beck?

FORD

He's not gay.

The bartender sets up shots. Ford and Tripp grab them.

TRIPP

Okay, Axl Rose? He had to get gay once  
or twice.

FORD

You fucking with me? Axl is hot, but  
he's not gay.

Ford and Tripp throw back shots, pick up the next ones.



INT. BAR BATHROOM -- DAY

Ford and Tripp stand at urinals, peeing, both of them good and drunk.

FORD

Struggling artists: day job or night job?

TRIPP

No brainer. Just sell drugs.

FORD

Let's pretend for a moment, shall we, that these particular artists are not willing to engage in felonious activities.

TRIPP

Alright, we shall.

FORD

Actors, like myself, should work night jobs so we can make auditions.

TRIPP

And musicians, like myself, day jobs so we can play gigs at night?

FORD

Exactly.

They shake, zip up and move to the sinks.

TRIPP

Not possible. Musicians party too hard. Can't get up.

FORD

Actors party too.

TRIPP

Not like musicians.

FORD

Actors party just as hard.

TRIPP

Name one talented, talented, musician who hasn't been strung out on heroin at one time or another.



FORD  
Big fucking deal. Actors do heroin too.

TRIPP  
But actors can't perform on heroin.  
Musicians can't perform without it.

FORD  
Actors could perform on it if they wanted to.

TRIPP  
This is all hypothetical anyway, 'cause jobs are only for house-proud douchebags who live in places like Woodland fuckin' Hills. Now, let's go someplace with ladies that are worthy of two rising stars like us.

Tripp puts an arm around Ford and they stagger out.

INT. BAR #2 -- DAY

The boys walk in the new bar and survey the room.  
There's nothing but old men and two very LARGE WOMEN.

FORD  
Oh boy...

TRIPP  
What? They're voluptuous.

FORD  
Meaning fat but with a cute face?

TRIPP  
Exactly.

FORD  
Great.

Ford heads for the bar. Tripp follows.

FORD (CONT'D)  
(to the bartender)  
Two shots of your cheapest schnapps.

As the bartender sets them up, Tripp leans over to talk to the Large Women.

TRIPP  
You ladies having a good day?



The women giggle.

Ford gets a call on his cell phone. He sobers up when he sees the number on the display.

FORD

Excuse me.

He walks away from the bar. He answers and we SPLIT SCREEN with JENNIFER in her office.

FORD (CONT'D)

Hello, Jennifer.

JENNIFER

Coleman. You didn't get the commercial.

FORD

Shit. Well, maybe it's best. I don't want to get pigeonholed in commercials, you know?

JENNIFER

Yeah, in the meantime be happy and don't smoke weed before noon.

FORD

You betcha.

JENNIFER

Onward through the fog.

FORD

Until next time.

Ford hangs up and we lose the split screen.

He heads back to the bar to find Tripp in a shoving match with ROD, a drunken guy in a wheelchair.

TRIPP

Hey, you don't know shit!

ROD

Opera rock is for fags!

TRIPP

Styx was one of the greatest bands that ever existed!

ROD

They sucked cock!



TRIPP  
Listen Cripple-boy, if you think just  
'cause you're in a fucking wheelchair I  
won't beat your ass, you are sorely  
mistaken.

ROD  
Bring it on faggot!

Tripp lunges at Rod, but Ford catches him just in time  
and holds him back.

FORD  
Easy killer!

TRIPP  
I'll destroy you!

Rod rams Tripp with his wheelchair, smashing his shin  
with the steel foot rest.

TRIPP (CONT'D)  
Ah, fuck!

Rod spins and wheels away as fast as he can.

Tripp breaks away from Ford and runs after him. He grabs  
the wheelchair and flips Rod to the ground. Terrified,  
Rod flails like a fish out of water.

ROD  
Fuckin' asshole, don't fuck with a guy in  
a wheelchair!

Just as Tripp is about to pummel him, a huge BOUNCER  
grabs Tripp by the throat and drags him from the bar.

EXT. BAR #2 -- DAY

The bouncer throws Tripp to the sidewalk. Ford stumbles  
out. The bouncer grabs him and throws him down as well.

FORD  
Hey! Unnecessary!

TRIPP  
Yeah!

FORD  
What the fuck did I do?

The bouncer goes back inside without a word.



TRIPP  
Fuckin' asshole.

FORD  
What's the matter with you, pickin' a  
fight with the physically challenged?

TRIPP  
That guy was a dick.

Tripp and Ford get up, using the wall for help. Tripp  
looks at the setting sun.

TRIPP (CONT'D)  
Shit, what time is it?

Ford pulls out his cell phone.

FORD  
Six-fifteen.

TRIPP  
Cool, I can still make that AA meeting.  
The twenty-one year old will be there.  
Huge tits.

FORD  
Dude, you shouldn't date sober chicks.  
Remember the last one?

TRIPP  
What?

FORD  
She was fucking crazy.

TRIPP  
Oh, yeah...she was.

FORD  
That's right.

TRIPP  
But, she fucked so good my left nut  
shriveled up like a dried-up grape.

FORD  
You mean a raisin?

TRIPP  
A raisin, yes.



FORD  
Suit yourself.

They do a drunk, brush off good-bye. Tripp stumbles away, then Ford stumbles off in the other direction.

INT. FORD'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

Sunlight streams past the curtains into the messy living room. Ford stumbles in, hung over.

IN THE KITCHEN

Ford looks through the cupboards for some food but only finds an empty bag of chips and a tube of Astroglide.

He grabs his keys and heads out the door.

INT. SUPERMARKET -- DAY

Ford pushes his cart slowly through the market. He comes around the corner then stops when he sees GWEN ahead of him in the aisle, putting a package of DEPENDS into her cart.

GWEN  
Hey...Ford.

FORD  
Hi.

She sees that he's looking at the Depends.

GWEN  
Oh, uhm, these aren't for me.

FORD  
Good...good for you...

GWEN  
Yeah, I'm continent myself. They're for my neighbor...she's old and, ya know...

FORD  
"Depends" on you?

GWEN  
Oh, that's bad.

FORD  
Yeah, terrible.



GWEN

I sometimes help her do her shopping.

FORD

That's cool. Funny running into you again.

GWEN

You're not stalking me are you?

FORD

No...but I will if you want.

GWEN

You live in the neighborhood?

FORD

Yeah, you?

GWEN

I live on Vermont, just across from Figaro.

FORD

Oh yeah, the big brick building.

GWEN

Yeah... Hey, I told James I saw you the other day and he asked if you were gonna come back to class.

FORD

Really?

GWEN

Yeah. You should come back.

FORD

You think?

GWEN

Definitely.

FORD

I figured James hates me.

GWEN

Nah, he's not a hating kind of guy.

FORD

Well, he got pretty pissed off when...he told me I sucked and I told him he sucked and I walked out.



GWEN  
I bet he'd love to see you. We'd all  
love to see you.

FORD  
(encouraged)  
Maybe I will come back.

GWEN  
Well, I better go...my neighbor's kinda  
waiting for me.

FORD  
Great seein' you.

GWEN  
You too.

Gwen gives him a shy smile and heads toward the checkout.

INT. FORD'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Ford enters, drops a bag of groceries on the counter.  
Tripp bursts in, full of excitement.

TRIPP  
Ford, my brother, welcome home! It's  
good to see you.

FORD  
Uh, you too.

TRIPP  
You know, you look good. You do.

FORD  
Well, thank you, Tripp. And, you  
certainly have a lot of sunshine up your  
ass today.

TRIPP  
Guess what?

FORD  
What?

TRIPP  
Guess.

Ford starts putting away the groceries.



FORD  
I don't know, just tell me.

TRIPP  
Dude, I have the perfect story for you,  
perfect.

Ford gives him a patronizing smile.

TRIPP (CONT'D)  
Okay, picture this. A down on their luck  
actor and rocker find the perfect way to  
turn around their lives forever!

Ford looks at him, he's heard this one before.

FORD  
I'm not selling blow.

TRIPP  
Wait, you have to hear the whole story.

FORD  
Doesn't matter, not doing it.

TRIPP  
But, this is the opportunity of a  
lifetime. Get this, we buy only from  
models and we sell only to models. Super  
models!

FORD  
No.

Ford grabs his wooden box, plops down on the couch.

TRIPP  
Just hear me out, please. There was this  
chick at the meeting who recognized me  
from the old band. She gets blow for  
free. A lot of it. She'll sell to us  
half price street value, then give us  
numbers of her model friends to go sell  
to. That's it. It's that easy.

FORD  
How does she get coke for free?

TRIPP  
How do you think? She's smoking hot.



FORD  
Look, we've been over this, selling blow  
is bad karma. And, it's a bad idea.

TRIPP  
She's giving me a client list of A-list  
models!

Ford lights his pipe and stares at him, unmoved.

TRIPP (CONT'D)  
Besides, if we don't get some cash soon,  
we're gonna get evicted.

FORD  
I thought you said we couldn't get  
evicted.

TRIPP  
What the fuck do I know? Come on, we'll  
do it once. Make some quick cash, meet  
some hot chicks then out. Just go with  
me to meet this chick, hear her out...

FORD  
And you need me to drive?

Tripp grins, knows he's got him.

TRIPP  
Exactly.

Ford's cell phone begins to ring.

FORD  
Excuse me.

Ford gets up, walks down the hall to his room and, as he  
answers, we split screen to JENNIFER in her office.

FORD (CONT'D)  
Hello, Jennifer.

JENNIFER  
Coleman, I came through. Film audition  
tomorrow at noon.

FORD  
Awesome.

Ford grabs a note pad and pen, then writes as she talks.



JENNIFER

It's a movie with Nicholas Cage. Role of Carl, a strung out band manager. You're going to 3850 Gardner. Check your Thomas Guide. I'll fax you the sides.

FORD

Cool. Thanks Jennifer.

JENNIFER

Onward through the fog.

FORD

Until next time.

Ford hangs up and we lose the split screen. He walks back into the living room, eyes wide and holding his cell phone like it's a holy relic.

TRIPP

What's up?

FORD

Movie audition...tomorrow. It's a Nick Cage picture.

TRIPP

Very cool. What's the role?

FORD

Carl, a burnt out band manager.

TRIPP

Nice.

FORD

Yeah, it's good. It's totally good. I'm fucking nervous...I'm already nervous. Look, my palms are sweating on me.

TRIPP

We should call Sweaty Steve.

FORD

Why would we call that crazy mother-fucker?

TRIPP

For psychedelics.

FORD

I'm not doing psychedelics.



TRIPP  
Band managers get burnt out on  
psychedelics.

FORD  
No man, I don't think so...

TRIPP  
What's to think about? You got to. You  
have no choice. You can't just act like  
a band manager, you gotta become a band  
manager.

Ford paces a moment, thinking.

FORD  
I'm not calling Sweaty Steve.

TRIPP  
Oh, poor choice. Poor choice. I know  
you. You'll be tense all night and then  
geek-out tomorrow. And a strung out band  
manager is anything but a fucking geek,  
believe you me.

Ford paces and wrings his sweaty hands while Tripp waits  
for his reply.

EXT. SWEATY STEVE'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

Ford and Tripp stand outside a sketchy building. Tripp  
looks at the intercom, while Ford anxiously holds a PAGE  
OF SIDES and silently mouths the lines of his audition.

Sweaty Steve answers the intercom with a British accent.

SWEATY STEVE (INTERCOM)  
Hello.

TRIPP  
Steve. It's Tripp and Ford.

The door buzzes and Tripp and Ford walk in.

INT. SWEATY STEVE'S APT -- DAY

The apartment is gay-geek, a combination of Madonna and  
Star Wars memorabilia. Tripp and Ford are right at home  
on the couch.



After a moment, Sweaty Steve emerges through a bead curtain. He's sweaty and glam with long pink hair. He sets beers in front of Ford and Tripp.

SWEATY STEVE  
There you are gentlemen.

TRIPP  
Thank you, Steve.

FORD  
Thanks.

Tripp and Ford take a swig, while Steve watches them and presses his fingertips together.

TRIPP  
So, you got anything going on?

SWEATY STEVE  
Indeed I do.

Steve takes a TIN BOX from a shelf and rattles the pills inside.

SWEATY STEVE (CONT'D)  
My boyfriend just brought them back from Belgium last night. It's called X Special KGB plus Yohimbee. It's an adventure in a pill.

FORD  
Have you tried it?

SWEATY STEVE  
Fuck no. But Derek took one after he got off the plane last night and today my ass is a wind tunnel. He fucked me like a cornered badger, then hid underneath the sink for three hours.

TRIPP  
Bottom line?

SWEATY STEVE  
Twenty each. Buy three, get one free.

FORD  
We'll take two.

TRIPP  
We'll take two apiece.



Tripp motions to Ford, who relents pulls cash out and throws it on the coffee table.

Sweaty Steve drops four pills on the table, then scoops up the money.

SWEATY STEVE

Thank you.

He takes the money back through the bead curtain.

TRIPP

Happy times.

Tripp throws both his pills back, then washes them down with beer. Steve pokes his head through the bead curtain.

SWEATY STEVE

If I were you, I'd just do one at home the first time to be safe. Who knows how it will affect you.

TRIPP

That's probably a good idea.

Ford shrugs then picks up two pills, tosses them in the air and catches them in his mouth.

CUT TO:

INT. STAR LANES -- EVENING -- DRUG MONTAGE

A merengue kicks in. Tripp grabs a bowling ball as it comes out of the return hole, then dances to the lane and rolls. As he turns back, Ford dances past him with a ball. They both pause and watch a hot WAITRESS walk by, before Ford continues dancing to the lane and rolls.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD AND HIGHLAND -- NIGHT

Ford and Tripp, still dancing, cruise through the courtyard full of glitzy/tacky shops. Ford spins and looks happily up at the ELEPHANT STATUES up above them.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD -- NIGHT

Ford's convertible turns the corner past a BLOW UP MAN, which sways hypnotically as its long arms shoot up in the air. Tripp laughs and flaps his arms.



INT. HOLLYWOOD PARTY -- NIGHT

Tripp, still waving his arms, dances into a crowded party in the hills, followed by Ford. All the people at the party sway to the same merengue beat.

As Ford looks at the beautiful people around him, he sees their faces warp and twist, making him unnerved.

Ford finds himself alone in the kitchen with a MIDDLE AGED WOMAN who leers and laughs at him.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN

You want some pie, sweetie? You want some?

Ford backs away from her.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN (CONT'D)

Have some fucking pie!

Suddenly, TIME JUMPS, popping him into different parts of the increasingly strange and frightening party.

Trying to figure out what's happening Ford looks around. Some of the party guests are wearing animal masks. Their voices and the music mix and distort.

Ford tries to enjoy the experience but continues to get more and more freaked out. He pushes himself backward through the guests, then runs to the front door and bumps into Tripp, who is paranoid, sweating and scared.

FORD

We got to get the fuck outta here.

TRIPP

Fuck yeah.

They run out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS ROAD -- NIGHT

As the world tilts and the trees breathe, Ford and Tripp hurry down the narrow, windy road.

TRIPP

This is totally fucked up, man.



FORD

No shit.

TRIPP

Oh, no. My balls.

Tripp grabs at his crotch but can't find his nuts.

TRIPP (CONT'D)

My balls! Where are my balls!?

FORD

Calm the fuck down.

Panicked, Tripp shoves his hand down his pants and finds them.

TRIPP

Oh thank god. They're here, right here.  
Okay...okay...

As they hustle down the street, Ford looks back and sees the BLOW UP MAN, weaving down the road after them.

FORD

Holy shit...

Ford starts hyperventilating. Tripp looks back, his hand still down his pants.

FORD (CONT'D)

Did you...did you...

TRIPP

Yes, I fuckin' saw it... Just stay calm,  
don't panic...

Ford grabs his asthma inhaler, takes a puff.

TRIPP (CONT'D)

Whatever you do just stay fucking -  
FUUUUCK!

Tripp takes off sprinting and disappears in the darkness.

Ford sprints after him, scared as hell. He trips and falls. The ground opens beneath him and, screaming, he falls through the earth.

CUT TO:



EXT. SUBURBAN YARD -- MORNING

Ford and Tripp land with a thud on the manicured grass. Moaning, they curl up in fetal positions and quiver. Behind them, a LAWN GNOME watches with an evil grin.

FADE TO:

INT. FORD'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

Ford slowly wakes up by peeling his face off the floor. He is dazed for a second. The apartment is an even bigger wreck than before.

He sees the CLOCK that reads 10:30 A.M.

FORD

Oh shit.

He runs and hits the wall, then stumbles down the hall.

EXT. FORD'S BUILDING -- DAY

Ford runs out of his building, semi-ready for his audition. He sees Tripp sleeping in the bushes, getting hosed down by Phyllis.

Ford ignores her and quickly tries to wake Tripp.

FORD

Tripp! Wake up!

TRIPP

I'm in the shower.

Ford gets sprayed by the hose and jumps aside.

FORD

Hey!

PHYLLIS

You faggots are late on rent, very late...

FORD

I know, Phyllis, I know. I swear we'll have everything settled up soon.



She pulls a piece of paper out of her pocket, throws it at Ford. He picks it up and sees that it's an EVICTION NOTICE.

PHYLLIS

You're hanging by a nail, son.

FORD

Yeah, well, I got to go.

PHYLLIS

A rusty nail!

She gets a crazy smile on her face. Scared, Ford runs to his car, gets in and peels out.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREET #2 -- DAY

Ford parks his car. He combs his wet hair and looks down at his wet, dirty clothing.

FORD

Shit.

He's about to freak out, but, instead, looks in his visor mirror and starts to coach himself.

FORD (CONT'D)

Okay, deep breath. You're fine baby.  
You're fine. Right here, right now.  
I've come for what's rightfully mine  
mother fuckers. Ford Coleman is here to  
rip this shit up bitches.

He slaps the mirror closed, gets out of the car.

INT. CASTING LOBBY #2 -- DAY

Ford walks in and signs in. A handful of other actors with looks similar to Ford's wait anxiously (one shadow boxes, one stands in a corner going over his lines, etc.)

Ford finds a seat. He takes several deep breaths trying to calm himself, but then spots a CLEAN CUT GUY sitting confidently across from him.

The guy looks Ford over, taking in his still damp shirt, then he stares him right in the eye and doesn't turn away.



Intimidated, Ford tries to ignore him, but finally can't take it. He jumps up and runs down the hall to THE BATHROOM.

Ford runs into a stall and pukes.

THE HALLWAY

Ford walks back toward the casting office, trying to dry his shirt with a paper towel.

KATHY, a casting director, comes out of the room.

KATHY  
Ford Coleman?

Ford nods and hurries down the hall.

FORD  
Right here.

KATHY  
How are you?

FORD  
Doing well. Thanks for the shot.

INT. AUDITION ROOM #2 -- DAY

Five television executives sits around a conference table, looking bored. Kathy enters the room with Ford.

KATHY  
Reading for the role of Carl is Ford Coleman.

Ford, sweating, nervously shakes hands with each of the executives.

FORD  
Hi...hello...nice to meet you...Ford Coleman...hi.

KATHY  
Whenever you're ready, Ford.

Ford takes a breath, barely able to remain calm, then suddenly turns to the executives and blurts out -

FORD  
Introducing Dead Pink!



The executives just stare at him.

KATHY

All right, thank you Ford.

FORD

Thank you.

Ford shakes everyone's hand again, while the executives shoot discreet looks to one other.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREET #2 -- DAY

Ford gets in his car and slams the door.

FORD

Why are you such an asshole!? Damnit.  
Hi, I'm Ford Coleman, I'm nervous and I  
want to shake all your hands with my  
clammy hands. Fuck, you know they don't  
like to shake hands unless you're a star.

He looks over and sees a PARKING TICKET on the  
windshield. Pissed, he gets up, leans over the  
windshield and snatches it, then looks across the street  
at a METER MAID.

FORD (CONT'D)

Hey, this meter's broken!

The Meter Maid nervously shoves a ticket under a car's  
wiper, then runs away.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK, PONY RIDE -- DAY

Three little kids bounce on top of ponies as they round a  
corner of the pony ring.

On the other side of the fence, Ford and Tripp stand next  
to two old ponies who look ready to retire.

FORD

I don't think she's here.

TRIPP

She'll be here. Just relax.

FORD

What's if it's a set-up?



TRIPP  
Jesus Christ.

FORD  
Something bad is going to happen.  
Something bad, I know it.

TRIPP  
You sound like Woody Allen. Shut the  
fuck up.

They look around; there's not a model in sight, only  
Mexican mothers and their children.

TRIPP (CONT'D)  
You want a snow cone?

FORD  
Sure.

Tripp goes to the snack counter window. Ford follows.

TRIPP  
Two grape snow cones.

FORD  
I want cherry.

TRIPP  
What's wrong with grape?

FORD  
(pissed)  
I want cherry.

TRIPP  
Okay, fine.

Tripp throws down a couple bucks, gets the cones and  
gives one to Ford.

Tripp suddenly becomes amazed with something in the  
distance. Ford turns and is equally amazed.

We see walking towards them in SLOW MOTION - BERLIN, an  
incredibly hot, leggy, supermodel. She's the sexiest  
woman ever and likes to show it.

Leaning on a car behind her is SALLY, a big fat mean-  
looking biker.

Berlin walks right up to the boys, fixes them with a  
smoldering look.



BERLIN  
You boys want to take a ride?

TRIPP  
You bet we do.

Berlin and Tripp smile flirtatiously, but Ford is staring nervously past them at Sally.

FORD  
Who's that?

BERLIN  
Oh, that's just my driver.

Sally pulls back his jacket to reveal a GUN stuck in his belt.

FORD  
He has a gun.

BERLIN  
Don't worry, he's gonna wait here. Come on.

Berlin saunters away. Tripp grabs Ford, pulls him along.

TRIPP  
Come on.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK, KIDDIE TRAIN -- DAY

Ford and Tripp sit squeezed together in one of the seats. Berlin leans over the seat back in front of them so that they get a great view of her tits.

BERLIN  
Vladdy gives me a kilo a month. That's ten thousand dollars worth. I only need half. I'll sell you the other half for five grand and you can sell it to my friends. You'll probably triple your money every month.

FORD  
Why don't you just sell it yourself and make all the money?

BERLIN  
Please. Do I look like a scab?



FORD

No, you don't.

TRIPP

She's not a scab, bro.

BERLIN

Just come up with five grand in the next couple weeks and we're in business. Oh, and once we start doing business, we can party some time.

The train stops. Berlin gets off, blows the boys a kiss and saunters away.

Ford and Tripp, along with all the young boys on the train, watch her ass as she walks away.

INT. FORD'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Ford is protecting his entertainment center.

TRIPP

We need that money!

FORD

We are not selling the home entertainment center. I bought it with my first residual.

TRIPP

Get out of the way!

FORD

We got two weeks, we'll think of something else.

TRIPP

Like what?

FORD

I don't know...phone sales?

TRIPP

What?

FORD

Telemarketing. It's gotta be easy, actors are always doing it. We'll work for a couple of weeks, then we're out.

Tripp shakes his head, then starts pacing.



TRIPP

I don't know, man, work...I don't know if it's a good idea, man...

FORD

It's all under the table. It won't even fuck up my unemployment.

Tripp stops pacing, stares at Ford.

TRIPP

Yeah...fuck. Alright, but I absolutely refuse to work more than two weeks.

FORD

Okay, fine.

Ford breathes a sigh of relief.

INT. TELEMARKETING OFFICE -- DAY

Ford and Tripp sit in a cubicle next to each other in the busy corporate office. They wear headsets and read from a script, trying to sell long distance.

KAZ, an older, angry Japanese man, stands over them watching their every word. Ford and Tripp are intimidated by his presence.

FORD

Your bill went up when you signed with us? I'm sure that was a mistake, sir. If you sign up again with me today I can promise you'll get a better deal. Okay, I tell you what, I'll speak to my supervisor and see if he can lower the rate that...

Kaz snatches the headset off Ford's head, throws it to the ground.

KAZ

We're not going lower! You gotta' make uh sell for the price on the script!

FORD

I'm trying.

KAZ

No, you say me, I gotta make a sell!



FORD  
I gotta make a sell!

KAZ  
I gotta make a sell!

FORD  
I gotta make a sell!

Tripp stares at the altercation, horrified.

KAZ  
Now, you try harder!

FORD  
Yes, sir.

Kaz turns his attention to Tripp, who quickly begins to speak into the headset.

TRIPP  
Oh, uh, yes, that's great...you'll take it. Awesome, that's just awesome. So, yes, I have you down here as, uh, Tom Brady at 1207 Patsummerall Drive in Utah. Okay, thank you very much, sir. Have a lovely day.

Tripp pretends to hang up, then smiles weakly at Kaz, who becomes manically excited and starts chuckling.

KAZ  
Tripp make uh sell to uh Mormon in Utah. I hate uh fucking Mormons.  
(patting his back)  
That's a good uh Tripp...very good! You fuck a Mormon good.

Kaz starts laughing hysterically. Ford and Tripp nervously laugh along with him.

EXT. TELEMARKETING BUILDING -- DAY

Ford and Tripp sit on a ledge eating fast food.

FORD  
Patsummerall Drive...unbelievable.

TRIPP  
Not bad, huh? But that guy's a crazy fucking bastard.  
(MORE)



TRIPP (CONT'D)

Dude, he's going to slit my throat when he finds out I faked it. I don't know if I can take this, man.

FORD

Two weeks. Come on, we can do this.

TRIPP

This sucks, man.

FORD

I know, but just make it through this first day, okay?

TRIPP

I don't know. I'm fucking frazzled. Let's split a hit of E.

FORD

You got a hit of E? Where'd you get that?

Tripp pulls his pocket inside out, revealing that it's covered with a slimy goo.

TRIPP

I got three hits. They went through the dryer, but they'll work.

FORD

That's disgusting.

TRIPP

Come on, lick my pocket. I'll stay if we both do E.

FORD

I'm not doing E. I got acting class tonight, and besides I'm not licking your fucking pocket.

TRIPP

Suit yourself.

Tripp pulls down his pants, starts licking his pocket.

FORD

Goddamnit.

Ford looks around to make sure no one sees Tripp.



INT. TELEMARKETING OFFICE -- DAY

Ford and Tripp are back on the phones.

FORD  
(reading from a script)  
We will give you more personalized  
attention. And, if you're not happy  
after thirty days we'll refund your money  
no questions asked...

Tripp suddenly starts moaning softly.

FORD (CONT'D)  
(into the phone)  
Uh, what's that? No, I assure you sir  
we're a refutable company...excuse  
me?...oh, what did I say?...  
(notices Tripp)  
...uhm, can you hold on a second?

Ford looks up at Tripp who starts rubbing his chest and  
rolling his neck.

TRIPP  
Oh yeah...it just hit me. Holy shit!

FORD  
What are you doing?

TRIPP  
Oh wow, downtown train baby. What do you  
do for money, honey?

Ford looks anxiously out of the cubicle. He sees Kaz  
coming angrily down the aisle toward them.

FORD  
Chill out, man.

TRIPP  
Why, my fickle friend, why?

Kaz pops into the cubicle, stares bug-eyed at Tripp.

KAZ  
What's wrong with you?

Tripp stretches out his arms.

TRIPP  
Hello, look who's here!



KAZ  
You on uh drugs?

TRIPP  
(jumping up)  
Just one drug bro.

Tripp advances seductively on Kaz, who is suddenly scared and backs away.

TRIPP (CONT'D)  
And may I tell you, my man, that you are  
a beautiful little man.

KAZ  
You no do drugs here! You uh fired!

TRIPP  
Fuck yeah, baby! Yeah!

Tripp jumps out into the aisle. Kaz runs back.

KAZ  
You leave now!

Tripp turns and yells over the cubicles.

TRIPP  
Hey, any chicks want to make out!

All the guys in the office just stare at him.

TRIPP (CONT'D)  
Oh yeah, never mind, you're just a bunch  
of dudes!

Tripp starts singing and dances toward the exit as everyone continues to stare.

When Tripp has finally danced out of the room, Kaz turns to Ford with a look of pure anger.

KAZ  
You better make uh sell! You got two  
hours 'til end of day. If you don't make  
a sell, you fired too!

Kaz storms away. Ford quivers, then nervously looks at his phone as if were a horrific monster.



INT. ACTING CLASS -- NIGHT

Several students sit around waiting for class to begin. Ford walks in. He heads to a back room where JAMES COMEY sits behind a desk, eating soup.

FORD

Hey, James.

JAMES

Well, look who it is, Ford Coleman. How you doing kiddo?

FORD

Oh, you know. Just trying to keep it all together.

JAMES

I see your commercial all the time. I love that little girl.

FORD

Yeah, she's funny. I wish I could book a film role.

JAMES

Well, commercials and films are very different. Very different!

FORD

Yeah, you're right.

JAMES

Of course I'm right.

FORD

I thought maybe if I could come back to class it might help.

JAMES

Of course it would. But, if I remember correctly, we didn't end on very good terms, did we?

FORD

Yeah. I'm sorry about that.

JAMES

No need to apologize. I liked the fire. You got good fire. Now, if you would just use that fire in your acting you might be able to get some film roles.



FORD  
You're probably right.

JAMES  
Of course I'm right! I'm exactly right.  
(takes a breath to calm down)  
I tell you what, you can sit in on class  
tonight but you can't act. You still owe  
me four hundred dollars.

FORD  
Thank you, James. I'll pay you  
everything I owe you I swear.

JAMES  
Welcome back, son.

James stands and gives Ford a firm hug, which makes Ford  
smile like a kid on his birthday.

EXT. ACTING CLASS -- NIGHT

The actors come out the door at the end of class. Ford  
pushes past the others, runs up the street to catch up  
with Gwen.

FORD  
Hey.

GWEN  
Hey.

FORD  
You were great tonight.

GWEN  
Thanks. How come you didn't do a scene?

FORD  
I owe James some money. I'm gonna sit  
out until I can pay him.

GWEN  
I understand. Quick- the heaviest object  
you've ever lifted?

FORD  
What?

GWEN  
Hurry. What's the heaviest object you  
ever lifted?



FORD

Umm, when I was in college I had a job loading freight at the airport and there was this little-ass box that I just kind of reached down and half-assed started picking up, but - aahh - it was so fucking heavy it threw my back out for a fucking month.

GWEN

(happy with his story)  
You got any plans this weekend?

FORD

No. Not really.

GWEN

I'll give you my number.

Ford is pleasantly amazed as Gwen reaches in her purse for pen and paper.

INT. FORD'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

The apartment is completely bare of any furniture. Ford walks in, thinking of Gwen, a big smile on his face.

FORD

Dude, this chick is so cool, she - what the fuck!?

Tripp, coked up and brushing his teeth, emerges from the hallway.

TRIPP

I went for it man. Fucking went for it.

FORD

What the fuck did you do?

TRIPP

I sold our shit and got the half kilo.

FORD

You fucking asshole. It was my shit!

TRIPP

Hey. Hey! Your mind is not seeing the big picture. This is a killer deal. And, you are going to thank me, man.



FORD  
I don't believe this...you sold my shit.

TRIPP  
Don't worry, man. We'll buy new shit.  
Upgrade. Berlin already gave us our  
first client. A model named Rio.  
Probably hot and ready to party. Huh?  
Living on the edge. Huh? Starving  
artist theory? Right?

Ford just leans on the counter, drops his head into his  
hands and groans.

EXT. RIO'S HOUSE -- DAY

Ford and Tripp ring the doorbell and wait. We hear loud  
techno music coming from inside. RIO, a condescending  
and flaming male model, opens the door.

RIO  
Ford and Tripp?

TRIPP  
That's us.

FORD  
Yeah, we're looking for Rio.

RIO  
Hello. I'm Rio.

FORD  
(disappointed)  
Oh.

RIO  
Well don't just stand there, Rain Man.  
Come in.

He waves them inside, gives a quick paranoid look up and  
down the street, then slams the door.

INT. RIO'S HOUSE -- DAY

Rio leads the boys into a gaudy living room of black  
marble and glass where CRYSTAL, a hot model, grooves to  
techno music while she flips through a magazine.

RIO  
Crystal, dees are da party suppliers.



Crystal sees Tripp and is immediately impressed.

CRYSTAL

Hello.

She gives Tripp an kiss on each cheek, then shakes Ford's hand without even looking at him.

RIO

We're going to do business. Back soon.

CRYSTAL

Ciao.

TRIPP

Ciao.

The boys follow Rio through the plush house to the kitchen. Tripp opens his coat to reveal many little bags of cocaine.

TRIPP (CONT'D)

How much you looking to spend?

RIO

Berlin tells me you have half a kilo.

TRIPP

I might.

RIO

So, I'll take it.

Rio pulls a huge wad of cash from a drawer.

TRIPP

Really?

FORD

The whole thing?

RIO

Yes, Rain Man.

FORD

Hey, you don't have to call me that...

Tripp holds up his hand to shut Ford up.

TRIPP

It's ten grand. You want it all now?



RIO

Yeah, this is gonna be a big party. I just booked a worldwide cologne layout.

TRIPP

Fuckin-A, man. That's great!

RIO

Thank you, Papi.

Ford just looks away, rolls his eyes.

CUT TO:

THE LIVING ROOM, A LITTLE LATER

The techno bumping, Tripp, Rio and Crystal groove to the music and do lines off a baby grand.

Ford awkwardly hangs out in the kitchen, waiting for them and looking through a very gay swimsuit calendar of Rio.

RIO

When I'm in Paris I read nihilists to clean America out of my mind.

CRYSTAL

You're such a poseur.

TRIPP

Well, he's a model, that's what he's paid to do!

Rio and Tripp laugh hysterically, as Ford timidly enters.

FORD

Hey, uh, Tripp, we gotta take off. You ready?

CRYSTAL

(to Tripp)

Oh, you have to go?

RIO

(to Ford)

What's your hurry, Rain Man?

FORD

We just have shit to do, okay?



RIO  
(to Tripp)  
You should stay and play, Papi. Stay for  
the party.

TRIPP  
I'm invited?

RIO  
Of course!

Tripp flashes Ford a coked-out smile.

TRIPP  
I think I'll stay.

CRYSTAL  
Alright!

FORD  
Okay, well, nice to meet you all. Enjoy  
your cocaine.

RIO  
Bye, Rain Man.

Ford starts to respond but instead swallows his anger and  
heads out the front door, while Rio giggles behind him.

EXT. CHINATOWN, SAIGON CENTER -- DAY

Ford follows Gwen down the sidewalk. He follows her into  
a covered market full of stalls selling plastic toys and  
all kinds of clothing.

GWEN  
Here it is.

FORD  
Wow. This is cool.

GWEN  
Yeah, most people just go to the tourist  
area, but this is the real deal.

They wind their way through merchants and past exotic  
shops, the only non-Chinese in the massive market.

FORD  
You know, I love this town. Just when  
you think you've seen it all you find a  
place like this.



GWEN

Yeah, LA's pretty great. I hated it when I first got here, but once you learn how to see under the glitter it gets a lot more interesting.

FORD

That's true. You definitely gotta find the good stuff...kinda make a city out of the city...

GWEN

And find the good people too, sift through all the assholes.

FORD

I hear you. But, you know, the only people I really hate here are meter maids.

GWEN

Yeah, they're the worst.

FORD

I got thirteen tickets the first three months I lived here.

GWEN

That sucks.

They walk in silence for a moment.

GWEN (CONT'D)

My ex boyfriend stole my car. Fucker was a cokehead.

FORD

That sucks.

GWEN

You don't do coke, do you?

FORD

No...I smoke weed.

GWEN

That's cool. People talking on cell phones and not paying attention while they're driving, that's annoying.



FORD

Yeah. I hate it when I let someone in,  
then I see they're on their cell phone  
and they don't even acknowledge me. No  
wave or nothing.

GWEN

You got to give the wave.

FORD

Gotta'.

GWEN

I like to role play during sex.

Ford stops walking, stares at her.

FORD

Oh yeah?

GWEN

Yeah. I like to act like I don't  
understand English, so my partner and I  
can't really communicate through words,  
just through our bodies.

FORD

That's...hot.

GWEN

I think so.

Gwen starts walking again. Turned on, Ford catches up,  
walks beside her.

GWEN (CONT'D)

What are you into?

FORD

A lot.

GWEN

Example?

FORD

I like chicks in Santa Claus lingerie.

GWEN

Hmmm, I could see that making for a merry  
Christmas.

They turn a corner and walk down a long aisle of highly  
stacked goods.



EXT. GWEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- EVENING

Ford parks outside Gwen's apartment building. They get out and he walks her to the door.

GWEN  
That was nice.

FORD  
Yes, it was.

GWEN  
Well, this is it.

FORD  
This is it.

She grabs Ford and starts making out with him. After a nice make out session, Ford looks at her in awe.

FORD (CONT'D)  
Damn, that was better than Thai iced tea.

Ford gives her another kiss. Afterwards, she observes him.

GWEN  
Has anyone ever called you awkwardly cute?

FORD  
I like to refer to myself as eclectically handsome.

GWEN  
I'd invite you up but we all know where that would lead to.

FORD  
Your room?

GWEN  
You're funny... I'd really like to make love to you.

FORD  
Okay.

GWEN  
But not tonight.

Ford's expression drops.



GWEN (CONT'D)

Did I get your hopes up?

FORD

Well, yeah.

GWEN

I'm sorry.

FORD

That's cool, it's better this way. Not going to stop me from trying, but it's better this way.

GWEN

See you later.

She gives him a quick kiss then heads into her building, leaving Ford staring after her.

INT. FORD'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Ford comes in to find Tripp, dressed only in '80s tennis shorts, playing tennis against a wall.

The apartment is bare, except for a lone plastic chair.

FORD

What up Tripper?

TRIPP

Working out.

FORD

Cool.

Ford gets his wooden box, sits in the plastic chair and packs his pipe.

TRIPP

Guess where we're going tomorrow?

FORD

Where?

TRIPP

The model mansion.

FORD

Never heard of it.



TRIPP

Berlin invited us to her place on the beach where she lives with a bunch of hot fucking chicks.

FORD

I don't want to go.

TRIPP

But, it's on the beach.

FORD

You go. Take my car. It's cool.

Tripp catches his tennis ball in mid-air, turns on Ford.

TRIPP

Are you kidding me? It's a mansion with supermodels living in it. Female supermodels.

FORD

I don't feel like it...I really like this Gwen chick.

TRIPP

You fucking her?

FORD

No, but...

TRIPP

Coleman. Come on, if you don't get some soon you're gonna forget what to do when and if you ever get with this chick.

FORD

I don't want to mess around with coke anymore. We did it once, that's it.

TRIPP

We gotta make one more sale so we can buy some new furniture, then that's it.

Ford thinks about it, conflicted.

TRIPP (CONT'D)

Come on...

Ford shakes his head.

TRIPP (CONT'D)

Come on...



FORD  
Shit, man. Shit! Fuck!...okay, one more, but just one.

TRIPP  
Yes.

FORD  
We're not staying long. We get the goods, then go. Understand?

TRIPP  
No problem, senor. No problemo!

Tripp serves the tennis ball into the wall.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY -- DAY

Top down and cool music on the stereo, Ford and Tripp take the scenic drive north along the beach.

EXT. MODEL MANSION -- DAY

Ford pulls up a driveway which winds up to a huge house set on a bluff overlooking the ocean.

FORD  
Holy shit.

TRIPP  
I told you mother-fucker.  
(jumping out)  
Come on, let's go!

FORD  
No, I'll wait here.

TRIPP  
What's the matter with you? Don't you want to fuck the cover of a magazine?

FORD  
Of course I do. But I told you, I'm dating and I want to stay loyal.

TRIPP  
Yeah, but don't you want to just come in and hang out for a little while?



FORD

No, just go make the deal. But don't fucking take forever, or I'll leave your ass.

TRIPP

Suit yourself.

Tripp heads up to the mansion.

INT. MODEL MANSION -- DAY

In the luxurious, tacky house, Berlin introduces Tripp to two hot models wearing thin sun dresses.

BERLIN

This is Sweden and this is Peru.

TRIPP

(shaking their hands)

Hello...nice to meet you.

BERLIN

Where's your friend? What's his name?

TRIPP

Ford. He's in the car.

SWEDEN

What?

PERU

Why?

TRIPP

Well ladies, Ford's feeling a little blue today and he said he wasn't in the mood to party with us.

BERLIN

That's too bad.

PERU

(disappointed)

Yeah...

TRIPP

I tried to get him to come up, but I don't think anyone could change his mind.

SWEDEN

Oh, I think we can persuade him.



PERU

Yeah.

Sweden and Peru toss their hair and head out the door.

EXT. MODEL MANSION -- DAY

Ford leans against his car and peacefully takes in the incredible view of the ocean until -

He sees a BLACK SEDAN with tinted windows cruise slowly past the bottom of the driveway.

Flustered by the sight of the sedan, Ford walks around his car, then suddenly stops and stares in awe as he sees in slow motion -

SWEDEN and PERU strutting straight toward him, their eyes smoldering, the sun kissing their tanned bodies.

The girls stop, coyly put their arms around one another.

SWEDEN

Hey, Ford.

He's too stunned to reply. Peru rubs her hand over her perfect stomach as she bats her eyes at him.

PERU

We want to party with you.

SWEDEN

Yeah, real, real bad.

Ford lets out a whimper like a hurt puppy as the camera spins ninety degrees.

INT. MODEL MANSION -- DAY

Peru's stomach has a fat line of coke on it. Pull back to reveal Ford on his knees in front of her. He leans down and snorts up the line.

Across from them, Tripp sits on a plush sofa. Ford lifts his head, a coked-out grin on his face, and Tripp shoots him with two thumbs up.

TRIPP

Just like a cup of coffee!



FORD

That's good.

The techno music bumping, Berlin and Sweden dance into the room. Berlin passes a mirrored tray to Tripp and he snorts up a huge line.

TRIPP

Oh yeah.

Berlin does a line.

BERLIN

Mmm...

Berlin pulls Peru up and they start dancing as Sweden does a line.

BERLIN (CONT'D)

I say we get in the hot tub!

TRIPP

Fuck yeah.

SWEDEN

The boys can rate our tits!

The girls run out of the room giggling. Ford and Tripp exchange excited smiles.

FORD

This is unreal.

TRIPP

My cock is about to explode.

FORD

Fuck yeah.

Tripp runs out after the girls, Ford follows.

EXT. MODEL MANSION, BACK DECK -- DAY

The fivesome is in the hot tub, the girls in skimpy bikinis. Peru and Sweden hold up their wet breasts.

PERU

Who do you think?

FORD

I don't know, those look like the best four tits I've ever seen.



TRIPP

We could probably judge better if you  
took your tops off.

Peru and Sweden giggle at one another.

SWEDEN

Okay.

Tripp puts his arm around Berlin and grins at her.  
Sweden and Peru start to take off their tops but then -

BERLIN

(to Tripp)

Wait, why don't we go take care of  
business first? Then we can concentrate  
on pleasure.

TRIPP

Good idea.

(to Ford)

Have fun.

Berlin and Tripp get out and go inside.

Alone with Peru and Sweden, Ford feels awkward. As they  
check him out, he smiles but doesn't know what to say.

SWEDEN

You're cute.

FORD

Thanks...so are you.

PERU

You ever been with two girls at once?

FORD

No. Can't say as I have.

SWEDEN

Would you like to be with two girls at  
once, Ford? Say us two?

FORD

Yes, I would. I definitely would.

INT. MODEL MANSION -- DAY

Dripping wet, Peru and Sweden run down the hall into the  
bedroom. After a moment Ford, wearing wet underwear,  
runs after them.



INT. MODEL MANSION, BEDROOM -- DAY

When Ford comes through the door, he sees Peru and Sweden topless in a huge bed.

Sweden gives him a "come hither" gesture, and Ford crawls up the bed like a stalking tiger.

When he gets up to the two girls, he hesitates, not knowing what to do next. Suddenly, Sweden and Peru embrace and make out, squeezing his head between their chests.

In heaven, Ford grins and kisses the breasts on either side of his face, until -

BAM!

He hears a gunshot from another part of the house. The girls pull apart.

PERU  
What was that?

FORD  
I didn't hear anything.

TRIPP (O.S.)  
You crazy bitch!

FORD  
Oh no...

Ford and the girls hear a smashing sound, then another gunshot.

SWEDEN  
Oh my god!

PERU  
Berlin!

The girls jump out of bed, rush to put on their tops.

FORD  
Wait, come back. I'm sure they'll be fine.

TRIPP (O.S.)  
FORD! Get the fuck out here!



The girls run out of the room. Ford groans, rolls out of the bed.

INT. MODEL MANSION, LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Ford joins Sweden and Peru, who cower at the entry to the massive living room.

Thirty feet away, Berlin crouches behind a couch, a huge silver .45 in her hands. She begins to stand when -

Across the room, Tripp pops up from behind the bar and whips a COCKTAIL GLASS at her. She ducks and it smashes on the wall behind her.

BERLIN

Asshole!

She jumps up and, closing her eyes, squeezes off a couple shots - BAM! BAM! - then ducks behind the couch again.

TRIPP

Bitch!

He pops up and whips two glasses in her general direction.

FORD

Tripp! What the fuck are you...

Berlin swings the gun in his general direction, fires a shot.

FORD (CONT'D)

Shit!

Ford jumps back. Peru and Sweden scream and run down the hall to the bedroom.

Tripp grabs a STACK OF GLASSES, sticks his head out from behind the bar.

TRIPP

Ford, she's crazy! Run for the door,  
I'll cover you!

He jumps up, starts throwing glass after glass at Berlin's couch.

Yelling the whole way, Ford bolts for the front door.



Berlin jumps up and, eyes closed, starts firing wildly through the house.

EXT. MODEL MANSION -- DAY

Ford sprints to the car, jumps in over the door and starts it up.

Tripp runs out the front door carrying a PAPER BAG.

TRIPP

Go, go, go!

Ford hits the gas. As the car peels out, Tripp runs and jumps in.

Berlin appears in the front door and this time takes aim. As Ford races down the driveway, she shoots and puts a bullet through the windshield.

INT. FORD'S CAR -- DAY

Ford and Tripp race down the PCH.

FORD

Holy shit!

TRIPP

That bitch is crazy.

FORD

I was about to fuck two supermodels.

TRIPP

What can I say, you're on a roll.

FORD

Goddamnit. What the fuck happened?

TRIPP

The bitch upped the price on me. She wanted to charge me seven.

FORD

The price is five. We only had five.

TRIPP

No shit, but I still got it.

Tripp pulls a HALF KILO out from a PAPER BAG at his feet.



FORD

But...why did she try to shoot you?

TRIPP

Probably 'cause I still have our cash.

He reaches into his shorts, pulls out a wet wad of BILLS, then stuffs them into the bag as well.

FORD

Whoa, what the fuck?

TRIPP

Hazard pay, man. Bitch pulls a gun, she loses her blow and I keep my dough.

FORD

Oh, no man. No. You should of left her with the money.

TRIPP

Fuck that. She took shots at me. That's worth five grand right there.

FORD

Dude...no...not good...

TRIPP

She gets the shit for free. Fuck her.

Suddenly, the shock of the experience hits Ford and he starts having an asthma attack.

FORD

Oh man...oh fuck...I don't have my inhaler...

TRIPP

You got to calm down.

Tripp sees a RESTAURANT up ahead.

TRIPP (CONT'D)

Pull in up here.

Ford swings the convertible in, parks.

INT. RESTAURANT -- DAY

Ford and Tripp are in a booth drinking beers. Ford's breathing has slowed but is still labored.



FORD  
Look man, I'll bring it back. That way  
we won't have any trouble.

TRIPP  
I ain't giving it back. Fuck that.

FORD  
(looks away and sighs)  
I was about to have sex with two  
supermodels.

TRIPP  
And the third supermodel was shooting at  
me. The mood's been killed.

Ford notices the BLACK SEDAN he saw earlier pull into the  
parking lot.

FORD  
Oh shit.

A middle aged tough-looking man, MACK, gets out. He  
walks into the restaurant, comes directly toward the boys  
table.

TRIPP  
(to Ford)  
What's wrong?

MACK  
Is one of you Ford Coleman?

TRIPP  
Maybe. Who are you?

Mack pulls out a BADGE, shows it to them.

MACK  
Mack Thomas, FBI.

TRIPP  
Oh, he's Ford Coleman.

MACK  
(to Ford)  
You were just parked in front of the  
residence at 5412 Willow Drive, am I  
correct?

FORD  
They weren't home.



MACK

You were there for two hours.

FORD

We just waited outside.

TRIPP

They're hot.

MACK

Well, those girls are a key link to a major drug and racketeering investigation I'm doing.

Ford and Tripp exchange a guilty glance.

MACK (CONT'D)

If you're smart you'll stay away from there. Remember this boys, it's easy to get into trouble, it's a bitch to get out of it. You got that Mr. Coleman?

FORD

Yes, sir.

TRIPP

He's got it, sir.

MACK

Good. I'll be watching you.

Mack heads out. Ford stares after him and starts to breathe heavy again.

FORD

Holy shit, the FBI...holy shit...

TRIPP

Calm down. We're fine.

FORD

He knows my name.

TRIPP

Relax.

FORD

He thinks we're drug dealers...

TRIPP

We are.



FORD  
I'm an actor!

TRIPP  
Easy now. He's not after us.

FORD  
We are never going to sell blow ever,  
ever again!

TRIPP  
Yeah, no duh.

FORD  
I go to acting classes. That's what I  
do. I go to class so that I'll get parts  
in movies and I won't go to prison and  
I...fuck, dude, ah fuck...

TRIPP  
Waitress, four more beers.

Tripp smiles cheerfully at Ford who drops his head into  
his hands in despair.

INT. FORD'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM -- EVENING

Still miserable, Ford stands in the shower. As the water  
beats down on his back, he softly talks to the wall.

FORD  
Jim, I always knew I'd be an actor. When  
I was growing up in Indiana, I was  
different from the other kids. And, I  
knew I had to get the fuck out of there.  
Even in my darkest times, I never let go  
of the dream...

Ford thinks about this awhile, gets on with his shower.

INT. ACTING CLASS -- NIGHT

James Comey stands alone on the stage, staring intensely  
out at his class. Ford and Gwen sit next to one another  
in the house of the black box theater.

JAMES  
I have moved mountains, with my teaching.  
I have reached down into piles of shit  
and lifted out angels with milky white  
wings, with my teaching.  
(MORE)



JAMES (CONT'D)  
(takes a deep breath)  
You need a teacher like me. You do.  
Because I will set you on the path to  
realism...if you let me.

James stands, walks dramatically forward.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Here's what I want you to do. You work  
fucking hard. You listen to me like I am  
the Lord God Almighty. And when you  
succeed, when you get filthy rich, when  
you are up there accepting your goddamn  
Oscar you thank me! Or least have me  
over to your mansion for a barbecue.

The actors chuckle.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
All right enough of my bullshit, let's  
get started. Ford, Gwen, get up here.

Ford and Gwen, holding pages from a scene, get up on  
stage, sit in chairs across from one another.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Now, I am so insightful that I can tell  
the future. For instance, Ford and Gwen  
here are about to become lovers.

GWEN  
Really?

JAMES  
But let's not dwell on that. Let's do  
this scene.

James stands to the side of the stage. The rest of the  
class looks on with interest.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Go ahead you guys, start when you're  
ready.

As they do the scene, Ford is nervous and reads too fast,  
while Gwen is solid and polished.

FORD  
I have to confess something. I lied to  
you.

GWEN  
About what?



FORD  
The fish you sold me. I didn't cook it.

GWEN  
Why not?

FORD  
I grew attached, gave it a name.

JAMES  
Okay, stop, stop.

Ford and Gwen set down their scripts, look to James.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
(to the class)  
They're not lovers yet, but they will be.  
As actors we need to focus our attention  
on the other person. We need to get over  
ourselves, we need to listen and observe  
the other person in the scene. Okay back  
to the top. Ford, what is she feeling?  
Anger?

FORD  
No.

JAMES  
Fear?

FORD  
No.

JAMES  
Sad, happy, anger, fear, love?

FORD  
Love?

JAMES  
Yes! She feels love for you. See the  
love in her eyes, slow down and talk to  
that. Don't worry about the dialogue.  
Okay, from the top.

Ford and Gwen both get a shy smile. Ford slows down and  
starts the scene over, dramatically improving.

FORD  
I have to confess something...I lied to  
you.



GWEN

About what?

FORD

The fish you sold me. I didn't cook it.

GWEN

Okay...why not?

FORD

I grew attached, gave it a name. It's in my freezer right now.

GWEN

What's it's name?

FORD

Dora...

GWEN

"Dora?"

FORD

It's my grandmother's name. The fish looks exactly like my grandma and I just couldn't bring myself to cook it.

Gwen starts laughing and the class starts to laugh along with her.

JAMES

That's it, better. Much better!

James, worked up, spins and addresses the class.

JAMES (CONT'D)

You're actors goddamnit! You don't get to be comfortable all the time. In fact you have to embrace being uncomfortable. You need to fall in love. You need to get embarrassed. You need to be vulnerable and scared and horny and angry and pissy! That's the good stuff! That's acting!

EXT. ACTING CLASS, STREET -- NIGHT

Ford and Gwen walk down the sidewalk.

FORD

That was a hell of a class.



GWEN  
Yeah, James was on fire.

FORD  
He kinda scared me.

GWEN  
Me too.

FORD  
Hey, I have to confess something.

GWEN  
Yeah, what's that?

FORD  
You're one of the coolest chicks I ever met.

GWEN  
Damn Ford, you make me all gooey inside.

FORD  
You do the same to me.

GWEN  
What am I going to do with you?

FORD  
Hopefully a lot.

Gwen grabs him by the belt, pulls him in and kisses him.

INT. GWEN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Ford and Gwen are making out hot and heavy on her couch.  
Ford starts unbuttoning her blouse until Gwen pulls away.

GWEN  
Hold on a second.

FORD  
Something wrong?

Gwen shakes her, stands. Ford looks up at her, worried.

GWEN  
Just give me a minute.

FORD  
Sure.



Gwen goes into her bedroom, closes the door.

FORD (CONT'D)

Ah, shit...

Ford gets up. Frustrated, he looks out the window.

A campy version of FELIZ NAVIDAD starts playing behind the bedroom door. Ford turns just as Gwen emerges in Santa lingerie.

GWEN

Merry Christmas.

Ford grins from ear to ear.

FORD

Merry Christmas indeed.

He takes her in his arms and gives her a passionate kiss.

EXT. FORD'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Ford pulls into the driveway and parks the convertible in back of his apartment building, the happiest man alive.

INT. FORD'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Tripp and CRYSTAL sit cross legged on the floor. He's doing a bump of coke while she puts lipstick and mascara on him.

CRYSTAL

Hold still.

Ford walks in the front door.

TRIPP

Hey, Ford!

FORD

Hey.

TRIPP

You remember Crystal, right, friend of Rio's?

FORD

Yeah.



CRYSTAL

Hi Ford.

FORD

How's it going?

CRYSTAL

Great.

TRIPP

She's gonna teach me to be a model.

Crystal laughs and Ford is about to reply when he sees a BIKER ON A HARLEY pull into the driveway and park in back.

FORD

Who's that?

Tripp and Crystal follow Ford into the kitchen where they all look out the window and see SALLY, his back to them as he parks his bike next to Ford's car.

FORD (CONT'D)

I think we know that guy.

TRIPP

Never seen him.

Sally unzips his pants and starts pissing on the convertible.

FORD

Hey!

Ford throws open the back door.

FORD (CONT'D)

What the fuck...

Without turning around, Sally whips out a pistol and aims it right between Ford's eyes. Ford freezes.

When he finishes pissing, Sally zips up, then turns to face Ford, who backs into the apartment.

Tripp and Crystal are stunned and watch wide-eyed as Sally backs all three of them into the living room.

SALLY

Which one of you assholes is called Tripp?



No one says a thing. Sally waves the gun over each one of them.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
Come on, who's Tripp? Vladdy has a message for you.

TRIPP  
He's not here.

SALLY  
Bullshit!

FORD  
Who are you?

Sally advances on Ford with the gun.

SALLY  
Fuck you, that's who I am. You Tripp?  
You think you can take other people's  
property? Huh, punk? Huh!

Ford cringes, backed up against the wall.

FORD  
I'm not Tripp!

TRIPP  
Tripp's not here.

Sally spins, cocks his gun and advances on Tripp.

SALLY  
Fuck you too! I'm gonna rip your balls  
off, you fuckin' punk!

Suddenly, Crystal does an incredibly fast kick to Sally's hand and sends the gun flying across the room.

Ford and Tripp look at her, impressed.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
Fuckin' bitch!

Sally lunges at her, swinging. Crystal blocks his punch, then hits him with two quick shots to his face.

Sally stumbles backward, stunned. Crystal casually addresses the boys who stare at her like deer in headlights.



CRYSTAL

You guys take off. I'll handle this.

FORD AND TRIPP

Okay.

Ford and Tripp rush out.

Sally grabs a chair and squares off with Crystal. She smiles and gives him the Matrix "bring it on" gesture with her hand.

INT. FORD'S CAR, GRIFFITH PARK HELIPAD -- NIGHT

Ford and Tripp sit in the convertible overlooking Hollywood, nervously smoking a bowl.

FORD

Shit man, all I want to do is act in movies and my real life is more like a fucking movie than anything else.

TRIPP

(taking a hit)

Life's an adventure.

FORD

What are we going to do? That guy was gonna kill us.

TRIPP

Crystal will handle him. She's a second degree black belt, dude. We're fine.

FORD

We're not fine you fucking fruitcake. That Vladdy guy is not gonna just conveniently forget about us. He's hard core. And, this Crystal chick ain't gonna' be around all the time.

TRIPP

(getting defensive)

Well, fuck man, I don't know. What do you want me to say, "I think we're gonna' die?"

FORD

No, fuck, I know we're not gonna die.

TRIPP

That's right, we're not gonna die.



They stare at the view for moment.

FORD  
I'm gonna' write a screenplay about all  
this shit and I'm gonna' play you.

TRIPP  
You can't play me.

FORD  
I can fucking play you. I can play you  
better than anyone.

TRIPP  
I want to play me.

FORD  
No, I'm playing you.

TRIPP  
Well, who's playing you?

FORD  
Brad Pitt.

Ford takes a hit and thinks about the glorious Mr. Pitt.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS -- MORNING

Night turns to early morning in the scenic hills.

EXT. FORD'S APARTMENT, PORCH -- MORNING

Ford and Tripp creep toward the door. Ford holds a tire  
iron and Tripp's mascara is running down his cheeks.  
They stop outside their door and whisper to one another.

TRIPP  
What are we gonna' do? Just rush in?

FORD  
Yes, we are. Or you could call that  
girl.

TRIPP  
I don't have her number.

FORD  
Of course you don't.



TRIPP

Dude, don't give me shit right now. I need to focus my faculties!

FORD

Alright, fine. Let's just do this.

TRIPP

Wait, what if it's a trap?

FORD

Well, we can't call the cops, can we?

TRIPP

Okay. On three.

FORD AND TRIPP

One...two...three.

INT. FORD'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Ford and Tripp rush in, yelling and ready to attack.

They stop when they see SALLY in the middle of the floor, bound, gagged and hog-tied.

FORD

Holy shit.

Sally struggles and mumbles under his duct-taped mouth.

Ford and Tripp walk tentatively up to him. Tripp pulls off a NOTE which is taped to Sally's forehead.

TRIPP

(reading)

"Tripp, you're a hell of a partier. Call me. Crystal."

(grinning at Ford)

Dude, she likes me.

FORD

Great. That's great. I'm really glad somebody likes you, but what the fuck are we going to do about him?

TRIPP

Oh...

Tripp stares down at Sally for a moment.



TRIPP (CONT'D)  
I say we kill him.

Tripp gives Sally a big kick. Sally groans and squirms.

FORD  
Hey, don't abuse him, you moron!

TRIPP  
Hey, he was gonna kill us.

FORD  
(to Sally)  
I'm sorry, sir. Don't worry. We're not going to kill you.

TRIPP  
Can I talk to you a minute? In private.

Tripp walks into the kitchen, Ford follows.

FORD  
What?

TRIPP  
You shouldn't talk that way around this guy. He'll think you're soft.

FORD  
Are you fucking kidding me? I am soft.

TRIPP  
Yeah, but you don't want him to know that. Now, I think we should kill him.

FORD  
That's fucking stupid.

TRIPP  
Why?

FORD  
Because then we'll be murderers, that's why.

TRIPP  
Alright, genius. Now that you've shot down my idea, what do you propose we do?

FORD  
I don't know, but I'm sure as hell not murdering the guy.  
(MORE)



FORD (CONT'D)  
We need to think about this. This is a  
major fucking situation, dude.

TRIPP  
You take your time. I'm gonna call  
Crystal.

Tripp starts to leave when he hears a cell phone ringing.  
He looks to Ford.

FORD  
It's not mine.

They walk back into the living room. The ringing is  
coming from Sally.

FORD (CONT'D)  
What do we do?

TRIPP  
Answer it.

Ford searches Sally. He finds the phone and answers it.

FORD  
Hello. He's tied up right now. This is  
Ford. Hi, Vladdy. I do know Tripp. I  
understand. I'm very sorry about that.  
It was really just a big misunderstanding  
that we've actually been looking for the  
right time to... Yes, sir. I understand.  
Yes, sir, and can I just say-Ford lowers  
the phone, hung up on.

TRIPP  
What'd he say?

FORD  
He wants Sally and he wants the coke. He  
said we got two hours.

TRIPP  
Sally? Who the fuck is Sally?

FORD  
Him.

TRIPP  
Him?

FORD  
Yes, him.



TRIPP  
(laughing)  
You gotta be fucking kidding. What the fuck kinda name is that?

FORD  
I don't know. Maybe it's long for Sal.

TRIPP  
That's the gayest name I've ever heard.  
(to Sally)  
You should change your name, dude, 'cause it's fuckin gay.

Furious, Sally struggles to get free to no avail.

FORD  
Would you forget about that? Vladdy wants him and the coke in two hours.

TRIPP  
Fuck that. Let him wait.

FORD  
What?

TRIPP  
Listen, Vladdy tried to have us killed, and personally I don't believe in rewarding bad behavior.

FORD  
You are fucking insane...

Tripp ignores him, grabs the cordless phone.

FORD (CONT'D)  
You're out of your mind.

TRIPP  
I'm calling Crystal.

Tripp heads toward his bedroom as he dials.

FORD  
Alright...okay... Alright okay...  
(to Sally)  
Sir, despite the fact that you came here to kill us, all is forgiven. We are going to make this all better. We are going to return you, safe and sound, okay?



Sally starts talking under his tape. Ford takes the tape from his mouth and Sally starts screaming...

SALLY

I'll take a mallet to your spine, you fuckin' fuck!

Ford quickly retapes Sally's mouth.

FORD

Okay. Not good. Fuck. This is a major fucking situation.

Ford finds his pipe. He hits it as he paces the room, trying to think. Tripp pops into the room, grinning and wiping the mascara and lipstick from his face.

TRIPP

I got a date!

FORD

You can't go on a date. We got a guy bound and gagged in our living room.

Tripp runs into the kitchen and opens a cupboard and pulls out the PAPER BAG.

TRIPP

We'll handle it tomorrow.

FORD

No, we'll handle it now.

Tripp does a quick bump, grabs some bills, then shoves the bag back in the cupboard.

TRIPP

(grabbing his keys)

I gotta go. She's picking me up at Boardners in ten.

FORD

No, you're helping me return this fucking guy. We only got two hours.

TRIPP

Sorry bro, duty calls.

FORD

Tripp!

Tripp winks at him, then slips out the door.



Pissed, Ford talks to Sally without looking at him.

FORD (CONT'D)

I don't believe this. What an asshole!  
What a selfish fuckin' prick...Can you  
believe this?

Ford looks down and sees a murderous look in the fat man's eyes. Rattled, Ford gingerly picks up a shirt and drops it on Sally's face, then he backs away slowly and takes another hit from his pipe.

CUT TO:

EXT. FORD'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Ford sticks his head out the back door. He looks around - no one. He throws the paper bag into the front seat of the convertible, opens the trunk and then runs back inside.

After a second, Ford drags Sally's hog-tied body outside, dropping him down two steps. On each one Sally groans.

FORD

Sorry. Sorry.

Ford drags Sally to the trunk. He heaves the big man's body toward the trunk but looses his grip and drops him.

Sally roars in pain from behind his taped mouth.

FORD (CONT'D)

Hey, this hurts me just as much as it  
hurts you.

Ford heaves again and rolls Sally into the trunk.

He closes it and leans against the car to rest, then sees GWEN come around the side of the building.

GWEN

Hi.

FORD

Hey.

GWEN

I just wanted to stop by and say hi.

The trunk suddenly shudders as Sally moves inside it.



GWEN (CONT'D)  
What was that?

FORD  
A...rabbit.

GWEN  
A rabbit?

FORD  
Yeah, it's a very bad rabbit. I'm taking  
it back to the pet store for a friend.

Gwen looks at him curiously, thinks he's joking.

GWEN  
Really...

Ford goes around to the driver's side, gets in the car.

FORD  
Yeah, in fact I'm kinda in a hurry. I  
gotta go.

Gwen walks to the passenger side, leans on the door.

GWEN  
Okay...

FORD  
I'll call you.

She looks down at the half open paper bag on the seat.

GWEN  
What you got there?

Ford just stares at her.

GWEN (CONT'D)  
Another rabbit?

When he doesn't answer, Gwen looks inside the bag.

FORD  
It's cocaine. It's a long story.

GWEN  
Jesus, you told me you didn't do coke.

FORD  
I don't.



GWEN

You lied to me.

(backing away)

You're just like every other Hollywood asshole, aren't you?

FORD

No, it's not the way it looks.

GWEN

Right...okay...fuck this.

Gwen starts walking away. Ford jumps out of the car.

FORD

Wait!

Gwen runs away. Ford starts after her until Phyllis pops out of her apartment.

PHYLLIS

What are you doing?

FORD

Shit!

With no choice, Ford jumps in the convertible and starts it up.

PHYLLIS

Your car smells like pee!

Ford backs the car up, then roars down the driveway. As he pulls onto the street, the trunk makes a loud thump.

FORD

Shut the fuck up!

EXT. SAN PEDRO PIER -- DAY

Giant CRANES lower cargo boxes on to a massive ship. Ford walks away from his car, through a deserted parking lot, holding the paper bag.

Ford heads toward a promenade, which is empty except for one man on a bench. VLADDY, a pleasant old Russian in a tasteful suit, watches the water as he eats a box of truffles.

Ford nervously walks up to him.



FORD  
Uhm...Vladdy?

VLADDY  
Yes. Have a seat.

Ford sits, sets the grocery bag between them.

VLADDY (CONT'D)  
You are Ford, yes?

FORD  
Right.

VLADDY  
Would you like a truffle?

FORD  
Uh, no thanks.

VLADDY  
They're very good and not expensive.  
From Trader Joe's. In Paris you would  
pay ten times as much for this truffle.

FORD  
Really?

VLADDY  
Yah, sure. You sure you don't want?

FORD  
Well, okay.

Ford takes a truffle, eats it.

VLADDY  
So, you have brought my stolen  
merchandise?

FORD  
Yes. I have most of it. And I have  
money for what's not here.

VLADDY  
That is good. And, where is Sally?

FORD  
In my car. In the trunk.



VLADDY

Good. That is good. Berlin, she tells me it was your friend Tripp who is the real naughty boy, not you. Is that correct?

FORD

That's correct. Yes. I want to give this back to you with my deepest apologies. I, I hope that you can find it in your heart, sir, to forgive both of us, so that we can be out of your hair forever, sir.

Vladdy smiles benevolently at Ford, putting him at ease.

VLADDY

That is what you want?

FORD

Yes, sir. That's right. I really don't want any trouble, sir.

VLADDY

I understand. This is nice of you. Very nice. But, unfortunately, what you are asking from me is not possible.

Ford hears the metallic click of a .45 cocking as a black gun barrel jams against his temple.

Vladdy carefully picks out another truffle, pops it in his mouth.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE -- DAY

Two, huge, ugly Russian GOONS drag Ford through the massive space.

They sit him down and bind his arms and feet to a chair.

Across from him, a huge shadow appears on the wall as Vladdy, holding an OVEN MITT, walks into the light an oil drum which has a blazing fire coming out of it.

FORD

Please, don't kill me.

Vladdy calmly observes Ford, as he slips on the mitt.



VLADDY

I won't kill you. But, I must teach you lesson. I have reputation to maintain. I will kill your friend, but you, I am only going to castrate you.

FORD

Oh, no...please no...

Vladdy pulls a POKER from the oil drum and looks at it's red hot tip.

VLADDY

Don't worry, after I cut you, I will cauterize you with the poker. It will close your wound but will also make pain you will not soon forget.

Vladdy puts the poker back in the oil drum, then nods at his goons, who yank Ford's pants down around his ankles.

FORD

Oh, fuck...

Vladdy reaches into his jacket and pulls out a large pair of SCISSORS.

Ford starts to hyperventilate.

FORD (CONT'D)

Oh shit! Oh, shit...

VLADDY

Don't worry, many people live a good life after castration. I saw a special on it on the History Channel.

FORD

But I just met a girl, and I think we might have a future together.

VLADDY

So, you will adopt.

Vladdy gently takes hold of Ford's nuts. He places the scissors and is just about to cut, when Ford's eyes go wide with terror and he yells.

Vladdy stops, looks curiously at him.

VLADDY (CONT'D)

Do that again.



FORD

What?

Vladdy moves in the scissors. Again, Ford yells.

Vladdy drops his nuts and steps back.

VLADDY

Vadavlosni! You are guy in commercial.  
The one with the little girl. Am I  
right?

FORD

Yes, that's right.

VLADDY

She is very good, very funny.

FORD

Oh, she's hilarious...

Ford and Vladdy share a laugh for a moment, then Vladdy addresses his goons.

VLADDY

Gag his mouth.

Goon #1 yanks Ford's head back. Goon #2 holds his jaw closed, duct-tapes his mouth.

Vladdy steps in, firmly grabs Ford's balls and is just about to snip when -

A SWAT OFFICER kicks down the door.

SWAT OFFICER

Freeze!

Suddenly, F.B.I. AGENTS and SWAT GUYS are everywhere, sprinting through the room, guns drawn and yelling.

AGENTS/OFFICERS

Down...get down...now!

They grab Vladdy and the goons, throw them down and cuff them.

An agent aims a pistol at Ford's face, then rips the tape off his mouth.

FORD

Ahhh.



The agent with the pistol backs off as MACK THOMAS strides through the room, straight toward Ford.

FORD (CONT'D)  
Oh, thank God you're here.

Mack cold cocks Ford. In SLOW MOTION, Ford and the chair fall to the ground.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

Ford sits behind a table, handcuffed, scared and looking up at two furious F.B.I. Agents.

The agents yell at Ford, but we don't hear them, only the high pitched buzzing in Ford's head and his breath as he starts to hyperventilate.

As Ford looks back and forth from one angry face to the other, we cut in closer and closer to the mouths of the yelling agents.

Ford's breath comes faster and faster and the buzzing noise increases and rises in pitch until finally Ford passes out. His head falls to the table and we -

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

In the dark room, Agent Mack opens the door, letting in the light from the hall. Ford wakes up and blinks when Mack flips on the lights.

MACK  
Mr. Coleman...

FORD  
Yes?

MACK  
You're a lucky man.

He opens the door wider and Jennifer walks in.

JENNIFER  
Hi, Ford.

Mack unlocks Ford's cuffs.



MACK  
We're not pressing charges against you...  
So, stay out of trouble.

FORD  
I will.

JENNIFER  
Thanks, Mack.

MACK  
My pleasure, Jen.  
(to Ford)  
Okay, you're free to go.

Ford and Jennifer quickly head out of the room.

INT. POLICE STATION -- DAY

Ford and Jennifer walk down the hall and into the lobby.

FORD  
Thank you so much.

JENNIFER  
Don't worry about it.

FORD  
You're the best, Jennifer. You really  
are. How'd you do it?

JENNIFER  
(showing him a headshot)  
The DA's daughter needs an agent. You  
need a ride home?

FORD  
No, I think a long walk would do me good.  
(after a beat)  
I don't know what to say.

JENNIFER  
Until next time.

FORD  
Onward through the fog.

Ford gives her a hug. He starts to leave.

JENNIFER  
Oh Coleman, I almost forgot. I got you a  
film audition.



FORD

Really?

Jennifer digs through her bag, pulls out some papers.

JENNIFER

(handing him the papers)

It's not for a few days, so work on the sides, okay?

FORD

Absolutely.

Ford nods, then goes out.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET -- DAY -- WALKING MONTAGE

As traffic rushes by, Ford walk down a series of sidewalks, deep in thought.

Ford passes the train tracks and a commuter train whizzes by behind him.

Ford, still deep in thought, turns a corner and walks down a more tranquil street in Los Feliz.

EXT. GWEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

Ford walks up to the front of the building. He looks up at Gwen's apartment and sees her through her open window.

When a tenant leaves the building, Ford runs, catches the door and goes inside.

INT. GWEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

Ford runs up the stairs to Gwen's floor. He knocks on her door, waits.

FORD

Gwen, it's me.

(he waits, gets no answer)

I gotta talk to you. I know you're in there. I saw you through the window.

IN THE APARTMENT

Gwen sits on the sofa, angrily listening but not making a sound.



## THE HALLWAY

Ford leans against the door.

FORD

Look, I just want to explain. You see, we were at this mansion with these chicks. My roommate was buying some coke, but I didn't do anything, I promise. What am I talking about, I'm lying - I did do coke, but it was the first time I did it in two years and all it did was remind me how much I don't like it. And, while I'm being completely honest, I might as well tell you I almost had sex with two supermodels. But, there was a misunderstanding and some gunshots, and instead of getting laid Tripp and I got chased by a crazy model with a big fucking gun.

## IN THE APARTMENT

Gwen leans forward on the couch, curious now.

## THE HALLWAY

FORD

So, anyway, we got out of there. And, after I got home from the incredible night I spent with you, this biker henchman guy comes to our place, trying to kill us. But, luckily this other model friend of Tripp's is a black belt and she kicked his ass and then tied him up. And then, I had to go return the biker henchman guy and the coke and that's when I ran into you.

## IN THE APARTMENT

Gwen is standing now, listening to every word from the other side of the door.

## THE HALLWAY

FORD

Anyway, the point is...is that I never meant to lie to you...and if you give me a chance I'll never do coke again. I promise.

(MORE)



FORD (CONT'D)  
(he takes a breath, listens  
but hears nothing)  
Well, I'll leave you alone now. But, if  
you're listening, I want you to know that  
I love you...I'm madly in love with you,  
Gwen...alright, goodbye.

Ford turns and walks away, trudges sadly down the stairs.

INT. FORD'S APARTMENT -- DAY

In his bedroom, Ford finishes packing a small SUITCASE  
which sits on his bed. He zips it up, then carries it  
out.

Ford comes into the living room to find Tripp, with a  
broken and taped-up nose, sitting on the plastic chair.

TRIPP  
Hey, Ford.

FORD  
Hey. What happened to your nose?

TRIPP  
Crystal and I had a little argument.

FORD  
Wow. Are you two all good now?

TRIPP  
Nah, that wasn't meant to last.

FORD  
Sorry to hear that.

TRIPP  
Chicks are just a roll of the dice.

FORD  
Yeah, well...I guess I'm out.

TRIPP  
That's all you're taking?

FORD  
(holding up the suitcase)  
Just my clothes and CD's.

Tripp nods, then gets up and walks over to him.

TRIPP  
Alright, I'm gonna miss you dawg.



FORD  
I'll miss you too.

TRIPP  
Listen, I'm really fucking sorry about everything.

FORD  
That's okay.

TRIPP  
No more blow for me, man... Just weed and pills... maybe some tablets. But that's it though.

FORD  
Cool. You should record some music again.

TRIPP  
Ahhh...yeah...

FORD  
Still probably got a couple songs in you.

TRIPP  
Maybe. You're still going to come back and see me from time to time, aren't you? We're still buds, right?

FORD  
Yeah, of course.

TRIPP  
I love you man.

FORD  
I love you too.

They give each other a hug, then Ford heads out the back.

EXT. FORD'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

Ford comes out the back door with the suitcase, then stops when he sees GWEN sitting on Sally's Harley, playing with his helmet.

GWEN  
Hey.

FORD  
Hey.



GWEN  
Your car smells like pee.

FORD  
I know. I gotta take of that.

GWEN  
Did you mean what you said at my door?  
The last part?

FORD  
Yes, absolutely.

GWEN  
Then, why don't you take me for a ride.

Ford grins from ear to ear.

EXT. ANGELES CREST -- DAY

Gwen wears a football helmet and Ford wears Sally's helmet. She holds on to his waist as he drives her up into the hills, once again the happiest man alive.

FADE TO:

EXT. STUDIO LOT -- MORNING

Alone in his car, Ford drives through the security gate. He parks, then looks in his rear-view.

FORD  
All right baby we can do this. This is  
what we've been waiting for. I got  
everything left. Right here, right now.  
I'm taking this mother fucker.

Full of confidence, he gets out and strides across the lot, holding his headshot.

INT. AUDITION LOBBY #3 -- DAY

Ford signs in amongst a small professional-looking crowd of actors. All the seats are taken, so Ford stands, quiet and focused.

An ANSTY ACTOR makes eye contact with him. At first Ford is flustered, but he doesn't back down from the stare-off. Eventually, ANTSY ACTOR grabs his stomach and runs from the room.



Ford grins, then sits in Antsy Actor's seat.

FADE TO:

INT. SOUNDSTAGE (DREAM SEQUENCE) -- DAY

Ford takes a seat across from Jim Rose.

JIM ROSE

So Ford, tell me, what were some of the lessons you had to learn along the way?

FORD

Well Jim, mostly I had to learn that dealing coke and trying to fuck supermodels is bad for your health.

Jim Rose and the audience laugh uproariously.

FORD (CONT'D)

But seriously, the whole time I've been in LA I've dreamed of becoming a movie star, and I guess I learned that it's better to just try to be an actor first.

The audience applauds. Jim Rose nods his head as he slowly BLURS OUT OF FOCUS AND DISAPPEARS.

INT. AUDITION LOBBY #3 -- DAY

As Ford comes out of his fantasy, the CASTING DIRECTOR looks down at him.

CASTING DIRECTOR

Ford?

FORD

Yeah.

CASTING DIRECTOR

We're ready for you.

Ford gets up, then follows her into -

INT. AUDITION ROOM #3 -- DAY

The casting director addresses three hip film execs who sit on a huge leather couch.



CASTING DIRECTOR

This is Ford.

Instead of shaking hands, Ford puts his hands in his pockets and just nods at them. They nod back.

The casting director starts the camera, then steps out from behind it.

CASTING DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Okay, slate your name and we'll get started.

CAMERA POV OF FORD

He looks confidently right into the lens.

FORD

Hi, I'm Ford Coleman.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END