

UP YOURS, BRIDGET JONES

aka BRIT IN LA: THE OBAMA YEARS

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Draft 2019

FADE THE HELL
IN

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - DAWN

Sunrise over the seediest part of Hollywood Boulevard. Under glorious palms and the iconic Hollywood sign, dive bars and litter nestle the STARS on the Walk of Fame.

A plastic bag wafts balletically in the breeze: clearly it should've been in "American Beauty".

The bag floats above garbage bins then down to the sidewalk. It finds a FOOT - bare. A second FOOT, in a heel, twitches.

A Brit VOICE, so upbeat its owner has to be in denial, narrates as the typed words of a diary TAP across the scene.

New Year's Day. On Hollywood Boulevard. Literally.

BRIT (V.O.)
Calories- 7,400 ...before I lost
count. Beers- 14. But American ones
with those great big frothy heads -
so not actually proper pints.

The bag works its way up LEGS and over an entire BODY, face down, splayed on the sidewalk.

BRIT (V.O.) (cont'd)
Cigarettes- 40. Must have lung
cancer. Illegals- no...ohhhh
(remembering)
Yes. Vomit - check.

A mess of blonde hair hangs over the curb. The head is raised briefly then sinks back down. OUCH!

BRIT (V.O.) (cont'd)
Eugh. Blows to head - one.
New Year's resolutions - utterly
fucked. So, up yours, Bridget Jones.
Who's the daddy now? Or mummy.

EXT. "BAR-F" - 6 HOURS AGO - NIGHT

BRIT REDWAY, 40-something, curvy with noticeable boobs, reels from a dive bar - a woman who's got a little lost somewhere along the way.

BRIT (V.O.)
 Last night I was mugged. It was
 actually quite scary.

Brit YELLS and waves with the beer bottle in her hand -

BRIT
 Happy New Year, Freddie!

A sad flickering neon sign reads "BARF". Clearly they forgot
 the space between the R and the F.

It CRACKLES and buzzes off, leaving Brit in near darkness.

Suddenly, a HOODED FIGURE appears behind her.

FREEZE FRAME.

BRIT (V.O.)
 Oh bollocks. If we're going to do
 this I s'pose I should begin honest.
 It actually went more like this -

The previous frames FAST REWIND back to:

The BAR-F door SLAMS shut again.

Brit YELLS Happy New Year, slugs on her beer bottle, then
 TRIPS over her own feet

In glorious SLO-MO she goes down, hands too busy saving her
 beer to break the fall and -

SMACK! Her head hits concrete.

EXT. THE SAME - DAWN

Again, a mess of blonde hair, a bloody forehead and a
 technicolour bruise as Brit nuzzles a Hollywood 'star'.

BRIT (V.O.)
 They say you have to hit rock bottom
 or end up in the gutter before you
 see the light. I just didn't think it
 would be quite so...literal.

One slitty eye clocks the beer, still in her hand, still
 full and still upright.

BRIT (V.O.) (cont'd)
 Hah! Never let it be said I don't
 have my priorities right.

A homeless man, DAVE, pokes her to see if she's alive.
 She looks like shit as she takes a swig of warm beer. EUGH!
 She sees her bag, grabs it, looks inside. It's empty.
 Brit GROANS painfully, lifts herself up and sees the star
 she has landed on - RENEE ZELLWEGER'S.

BRIT
 You HAVE to be kidding me!

Dave The Homeless settles next to her in the gutter.
 Dave offers her a cigarette. Brit takes it, grateful.
 Brit offers Dave her beer. He takes it, grateful.
 Dave swigs. Brit puffs.

BRIT (V.O.)
 Rock bottom had been achieved.

A beat, as a ray of sun sparkles brilliantly over her.

BRIT (V.O.) (cont'd)
 My name is Brit Redway and the person
 responsible for my - well,
everything, is in fact Renee
 Zellweger. No, really. Let me take
 you back a bit. Hang on.

INT. BRIT'S FLAT, LONDON - YEARS EARLIER - DAY

Framed POSTERS of theatre shows with Brit's name on them, an
 indie MOVIE POSTER and some TV MAGAZINES with Brit's face on
 them cover the walls of her toilet.

BRIT (V.O.)
 We had just arrived in the new
 millennium. We had mobile phones but
 no Facebook or Twatter - can you
 imagine?

Brit fluffs her hair in the mirror and walks to the lounge.

BRIT (V.O.) (cont'd)
 And, admittedly, my brilliant career
 start was somewhat scuppered by the
 near death of the UK film industry in
 the preceding decade. Not Renee's
 fault.

GULPING WINE and puffing on a cigarette, Brit sorts through old black and white PHOTOS from an ancient suitcase.

BRIT (V.O.) (cont'd)
 My dad also dropped dead, horribly young and unreasonably suddenly, at around this time which was... unfortunate.

The PHOTOS show BRIT'S DAD as a very young man, sitting on a classic motorcycle; and older, in a sharp 1960's suit and hat, like someone out of Mad Men.

BRIT (V.O.) (cont'd)
 But, you know, we'd never really got on- mostly due to the constant alcoholic haze that surrounded him. And he was right when he slurred that he'd be worth way more dead than alive, so, on the plus side, I became the owner of a beautiful thing.

EXT. BRIT'S FLAT, LONDON - NIGHT

A gorgeous classic Triumph Motorcycle gleams in the moonlight in a terraced street.

Brit, drunk and in pajamas, looks lovingly at it.

Then THROWS UP on it.

She GASPS. Impossible to say if it's a reaction to puke on bike, or a sudden moment of shocked grief.

INT. BRIT'S FLAT, LONDON - DAY

Another GASP. Followed by a joyful SQUEAL as Brit grips her phone to her ear and looks awestruck.

BRIT (V.O.)
 Nope. It was definitely Renee who fucked up my life.

INT. MARILYN'S OFFICE, WEST END - DAY

MARILYN, Brit's bitch-slapping top-of-her-game agent, drawls down the phone like a lioness after a meal of baby deer.

MARILYN
 -finally it's on, darling. 'Bridget
 Jones'. The film.

INT. BRIT'S FLAT, LONDON - DAY

BRIT
 (into phone)
 You're kidding me? That's my part.
 That's the part!

INTERCUT BETWEEN MARILYN AND BRIT

MARILYN
 We've always said you'd be the
 perfect Bridget and you are sweetie.

Brit dances to her bookshelf, lovingly pulls out a dog eared
 paperback and hugs *Bridget Jones's Diary* to her heart.

MARILYN (cont'd)
 You've got the funny, the look-

BRIT
 The boobs...she has big boobs-

MARILYN
 That little bit of extra weight -

Brit's face objects.

MARILYN (cont'd)
 And I'm sending the script over,
 you're being seen on Thursday.

BRIT
 Oh! Brilliant Marilyn! Brilliant,
 brilliant, brilliant!

Brit dances over to the wine rack and grabs a bottle.

INT. AUDITION ROOM - DAY

A CASTING DIRECTOR, a PRODUCER and some SUITS all smile as
 Brit auditions for them.

BRIT (O.C.)
 "...wine 3 glasses, cigarettes 23,
 weight - eugh. Must try harder."

They all LAUGH. Brit knows she just rocked the audition.

PRODUCER
(off colleague's nods)
Excellent, Brit. Thank you. We'll see
you at the screen tests.

BRIT
Oh. Thank you so much for seeing me!

She shakes hands with all of them and finally heads out.

The suits all look at each other.

CASTING DIRECTOR
She's great.

PRODUCER
Very 'Bridget'.

CASTING DIRECTOR
Very funny.

PRODUCER
And just a little bit fat.

SUIT
I think we've found our Bridget.

A beat. Then-

PRODUCER
But if we go for Colin we really need
another name.

CASTING DIRECTOR
We've got Hugh.

PRODUCER
Still think we need an A-list-

SUIT
-American? Yah, if we really want to
sell this bastard abroad...

PRODUCER
Gwyneth can do the accent.

They all start nodding in agreement.

SUIT
So can Nicole...

INT. BRIT'S FLAT, LONDON - DAY

Brit is engrossed, comparing the book with the script, lying on the floor, puffing on a cigarette. The old photos are scattered in the lid of the ancient suitcase.

Phone RINGS. She picks up.

BRIT
Hello, Bridget speaking!

Her face falls. She slumps back on the sofa, stunned.

BRIT (cont'd)
But...they said 'see you at the
screen-test!'

She listens for a sec, hangs up, then a giant SOB escapes.

She jumps up, kicks the suitcase and the photos fly.

INT. LONDON PUB - NIGHT

Brit, drunk as a skunk, unloads on JOHN and SALLY, her two oldest mates. She has a pint in one hand and another one already lined up.

JOHN
You really would have been perfect.

SALLY
Totally perfect.

JOHN
You've got the boobs-

SALLY
The funny-

JOHN
-the slightly chubby thing-

About to complain, instead Brit just nods grimly.

BRIT
And I'm actually fucking BRITISH!

She lights a cigarette off the end of the last one.

BRIT (cont'd)
You know who they've cast?

John and Sally both shake their heads.

BRIT (cont'd)
Renee fucking Zellweger!

She waves pint and cigarette around expansively.

BRIT (cont'd)
Renee fucking Zellweger!

SALLY
She's like a.. twig!

JOHN
She's a stick insect!

BRIT
She's a fucking twig of a yank of a
stick insect!

SALLY
Fucking bastards.

JOHN
Fucking bastards.

BRIT
Fucking bastards.

John and Sally glance at each other- best-friend concern.

BRIT (cont'd)
Sorry, I'll be alright in a bit. It's
fine. There'll be something else. It
was just that part, you know, it
woulda been the one...

She grins bravely and starts on her next pint.

INT. BRIT'S FLAT, LONDON - NIGHT

Brit, in pajamas-with-chimps, talks drunkenly to herself.

A suitably miserable ballad BLARES out.

BRIT
Beers-12; Wine-2 and a half bottles;
Cigarettes-45...Weight-fuck knows. So
up yours, Bridget Jones. You
puritannical lightweight. Beat that.

She picks up her glass of wine, holds it up - 'Cheers'.

EXT. LONDON, VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY/NIGHT

A SERIES OF SHOTS moving rapidly through the next decade.

- A LONDON STREET

The side of a building at night. Renee Zellweger beams out from a giant "Bridget Jones's Diary" film poster.

BRIT (V.O.)

So there you have it. The beginning of a catalogue of disasters that marked the backward momentum of my life both personal & professional. Cheers, Renee.

Brit throws stones alternately at Renee and up at a window.

BRIT (V.O.) (cont'd)

Since then I have not only let myself down once too often but just about everyone else in my life too. My best friend-

BRIT

(yelling at top of her voice)

Sal! SALLY!! I lost my keys!!!

An ELDERLY MAN opens the window, very annoyed.

BRIT (V.O.)

That's not her.

INT. A BEDROOM - DAY

Brit wakes up wincing with hangover -

BRIT (V.O.)

My boyfriend-

And looks with horror at the SLEEPING MALE FORM beside her.

BRIT (V.O.) (cont'd)

That's not him.

Further along, is a NAKED FEMALE, ANOTHER GUY...and a DOG.

INT. BRIT'S LOUNGE - DAY

BRIT (V.O.)

And my agent-

Brit whines into the phone:

BRIT

Johneee! My agent's shit, haven't had an audition in months. She says Reality TV has fucked up drama-

INT. MARILYN'S OFFICE - DAY

BRIT

(on the ansaphone)

-and...she's just rubbish!

Marilyn, monitoring her answer machine, picks up, seriously pissed off.

MARILYN

Time you moved on, I think, darling.

BRIT (V.O.)

That wasn't meant to be her.

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

Brit passes a massive "Bridget Jones's Diary 2 - The Edge Of Reason" poster. Renee beams out at her. Again.

BRIT (V.O.)

Until I was persona non grata on every front and I realized I could be 90 or dead before I got that part that would take me to America and a decent film career. So, at a stupidly advanced age, I sold my baby -

EXT. THE BIKE BARN MOTORCYCLE REPAIR SHOP - LONDON - DAY

Brit hops off her beautiful Triumph Bonneville bike, shakes hands with a GIANT HAIRY BIKER, and swaps keys for cash.

BRIT (V.O.)

-blew the proceeds on a lawyer and a work visa for people deemed to be 'extraordinarily' talented - shut-it,

Brit fights tears as her bike ROARS off with its new owner.

EXT. LAX, 2009 - DAY

BRIT (V.O.)
And decided to go anyway.

Loaded with suitcases, backpacks, messy and jet-lagged, Brit grins at a perfect azure sky where planes soar above LAX.

BRIT (V.O.) (cont'd)
Before I was officially all four F's.
Fat, failed, forty and fucked.

A pink 50's pick-up truck BEEPS. Brit grins and waves at HEIDI (44), its driver.

INT. HEIDI'S TRUCK - DAY

Heidi, the friend you like to have because she'll always be just that little bit older and little bit fatter, drives toward the Hollywood Hills, yakking a mile a minute.

HEIDI
I'm telling you, the industry sucks right now. Writers on strike, actors on strike, a recession going down that's trying to compete with the Crash of '29.

Brit looks up wistfully at the HOLLYWOOD SIGN.

BRIT (V.O.)
As usual, my timing was impeccable.

HEIDI
So, yeah, your timing's impeccable.

The car drives on as the sun sets prettily.

HEIDI (cont'd)
Welcome to La-La.

INT. HEIDI'S APT. L.A. - DAY

Brit wakes up on Heidi's couch, in a tiny 30's cottage, to find a cat on her head and another on her stomach.

BRIT (V.O.)

Heidi and I met years ago in London
when we were in an appalling play
together about Jack Kerouac -

Heidi, wearing a 1920's Chinese Kimono and head scarf
ensemble, shoves a giant mug of coffee into Brit's hands.

BRIT (V.O.) (cont'd)

But since she'd returned to her
native land, it seemed Heidi hadn't
done any acting but had become a
somewhat delusional...cat-lady.

The apartment is a mess, a gazillion VINTAGE DRESSES hang on
rails, interspersed with dozens of shipping boxes, cat
litter boxes and...cats.

HEIDI

So, I'm setting up my e-bay business
and once it's paying the bills I'll
be able to give up the coffee shop
nightmare job and the office
nightmare job, finish my screenplay
and start making films.

Brit blinks. And removes cat hair from the edge of her mug.

HEIDI (cont'd)

Now I just need a really snappy name
for the online store...

BRIT

So you're finding homes for moth
eaten old frocks and cats, right?

HEIDI

Right.

Brit SLURPS her coffee.

BRIT

Vintage Pussy?

HEIDI

Awesome.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHER'S STUDIOS - DAY

BRIT (V.O.)

And whilst Barack Obama made history
and Heidi went to work on her Vintage
Pussy, I hit the ground running. It
was like starting all over again. But
as an old person. New headshots...

A PHOTOGRAPHER snaps away at Brit in a studio.

Through the LENS of his camera, Brit poses and smiles.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Oh that's great. And again with the
cheeky smile. Great. You know, you
remind me of Renee Zellweger. In
Bridget Jones? When she was heavier?

FREEZE on the shot of Brit's face snarling at the comment.

BRIT (V.O.)

A new agent...

INT. FLASHY AGENTS OFFICE - DAY

All glass and a fuck-me view of Hollywood.

A FLIRTATIOUS AGENT with OVERLY WHITE TEETH, grins at Brit.

AGENT

You're smart and funny. Yeah, I think
I can make money outta you.

He stares unabashed at Brit's ample cleavage.

BRIT

I heard that Hollywood agents never
actually say 'no' to anyone. You say
stuff like 'keep in touch'. So, um,
will you actually tell me yes or no?

He ignores her and scrutinizes her resume.

AGENT

Wow, you did that Agatha Christie for
Warner Brothers? Hah. You don't look
old enough. How old are you?

Brit stares him down. He stares back - all the smile gone.

AGENT (cont'd)
You want a yes or no?

Brit looks uncertain. It's like Russian Roulette. She nods.

AGENT (cont'd)
Okay. No.

He flashes his teeth again.

AGENT (cont'd)
But keep in touch.

Brit looks confused.

INT. ANOTHER AGENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Brit opens the door onto disconcertingly dog-eared furnishings in swirling sun-bleached 70's design.

Freakier by far though: in a gloomy corner a frail, PALE FIGURE almost blends completely into faded fake-pine panels.

Brit's eyes flick over a food-stained sweater, blood-scabbed stubble, greasy comb-over on flaking scalp, and parchment skin over blue-veined knuckles.

The HAND clutches a mask over the face of DEATH! Eew! An oxygen cylinder makes a sinister HISSSS.

Brit shudders at the emaciated skull-face, then jumps as an overly PERKY MAN-BOY suddenly rockets up from behind a desk.

PERKY MAN-BOY
Brit?!

BRIT
AAhh! Ah, hi.

PERKY MAN-BOY
Well, aren't you just darling! Go through, take a seat. I'm Gary's assistant. He'll be right with you.

Brit glues a smile in place, squeezes through clutter, and tries not to stare at Emphysema Skeletor.

Perching on a threadbare covered dining chair, Brit looks at PHOTOS OF ACTORS on the wall. Corners curl over sun-bleached faded FACES from 30 years ago. It's creepy as fuck.

Brit looks down at the filthy glass topped desk. Pieces of SCRIPTURE and PRAYER CARDS lie relic-like under the glass.

Her eyes run over the Lord's Prayer. The walls. The door. Could she just run for it?

A SOUND like Darth Vader with bronchitis tells her it's too late. Emphysema Skeletor is approaching. Fuck, NO?! NO!! Emphysema Skeletor is GARY THE AGENT!

Brit's desperation ratchets into 5th as Gary begins the 6ft epic journey to his desk, at about 4 inches a minute.

Unable to watch, she feverishly scans the photos, dust covered books, then fixes on the-

JESUS WALL CLOCK. WTF?

Face beatific, the son of God's elegant fingers point straight up from one arm and a little to the right on the other. So, 1pm in heaven - and the Twilight Zone.

Brit locks eyes with Christ. The arm at 12 moves down to the 6, in a Motown dance move, to make it now 1.30.

A RATTLE of phlegm. Gary is finally at his desk.

GARY
You have any allergies?

Brit stares, stupefied, as Gary's shaky hand puts down a grubby 6x4 index card.

Struck dumb and glassy eyed, she shakes her head.

GARY (cont'd)
Good.

Gary GASPS showing a brown-toothed, gappy mouth.

GARY (cont'd)
Need to know you can work with animals.

Brit, hypnotized by the horror, follows Gary's gnarled hand and dirty claw-nails, scratching arthritic hieroglyphs.

GARY (cont'd)
Deanna Durbin. A lotta allergies.

He's seized by a PAROXYSM of COUGHING. Brit instinctively puts a hand over her mouth and nose.

Her eyes wander over the prayer that reads: "May God Give Me Strength.."

Jesus looks mournfully at her; fully crucified now with arms at 10 and 2, so he's fucked. Brit gives him a sympathetic look. Gary finally recovers.

GARY (cont'd)
 Nowadays it's all this casting
 online. Click, click, click. I'm old
 school. I'll pick up the phone and
 pitch you-

Unlikely, as he's out of breath again.

GARY (cont'd)
 You sing? Dance? Deanna? What a
 voice. But a lotta allergies....

The scene slowly FADES TO WHEEZE.

INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - DAY

Brit catapults out the door as PARAMEDICS appear. She points the way. And RUNS.

INT. RANDY'S APARTMENT, BRIT'S BEDROOM - DAY

RANDY, 68 going on 15, with no filter whatsoever, watches Brit's butt as she hauls a suitcases into her room.

BRIT (V.O.)
 Living with a retired pot-toking
 plastic surgeon with the libido of a
 15 year old, wasn't my 1st choice-

RANDY
 So Brit, I generally walk around the
 house naked. Oh, and I can get you a
 really good deal on anal bleaching.

Brit stares. WTF is that?!

BRIT (V.O.)
 -but the rent was really cheap.

Brit settles down for her 1st night, shoving a chair firmly under the handle of her bedroom door.

INT. POLISH AGENT'S OFFICE - DAY

BRIT (V.O.)
Eventually I had a mediocre agent,
neither sleazebag nor walking dead-

Brit shakes hands with KATYA, 60, outrageously theatrical demeanor and crazy Polish accent.

KATYA THE POLISH AGENT
Lookink forward to workink vich you
darlink.

Katya displays her full set of dazzling veneers.

EXT. DRIVEWAY OF A HOUSE/COAST ROAD - DAY

BRIT (V.O.)
A mediocre car that wasn't quite
dead..

A SWEET OLD COUPLE wave as Brit drives a 1992 Volvo away. As soon as she's gone, they high-five each other with relief.

BRIT (V.O.) (cont'd)
And wondered if I could make my more
than a mediocre mark before I was
dead.

Brit drives the beautiful coast of Malibu, Volvo backfiring.

BRIT (V.O.) (cont'd)
We didn't really speak much after I
discovered sarcasm, but my Dad always
said there was nothing worse than
mediocrity.

INT. FAMILY HOME - A LONG, LONG TIME AGO - DAY

DAD (about 35), in sharp skinny suit, skewy trilby and cigarette hanging, drunk as a skunk, dumps his briefcase and slumps into an easy chair.

An 8 YEAR OLD BRIT takes his hat off and chooses a comb from a tray of brushes, brill cream, Old Spice and hair oil.

Dad relaxes into the ritual as Brit combs from back to front until he has a ridiculous bouffant quiff.

FEDORA DAD
Remember, Boo, better to make a bad
impression than no bloody impression
at all.

8 Year Old Brit nods sagely.

BACK TO:

INT. BRIT'S CAR - DAY

Brit grins and SINGS along to a rock anthem at the top of
her lungs, giving it alternative lyrics.

BRIT
(singing)
I have a screen test, oh ye-ah!
Gotta screen test yeah, yeah, yeah-

Behind her, a spectacular sunset bathes a shimmering Pacific
in amethyst-peach and cloth-of-gold.

INT. "FOUND" AUDITION OFFICE - DAY

Brit sits with 3 other Brit actresses: a BRUNETTE, REDHEAD
and a tiny black girl, NANCY. All auditioning for FOUND!

We know it's FOUND! because of all the posters yelling
FOUND! and that it's a hit because they all scream HIT!

The women are checking each other out and pretending they
aren't. Brit grins in her people-pleasing way.

BRIT
So, just four of us left, then?

Nancy, younger than Brit and tiny, smiles back.

REDHEAD ACTRESS
How long have you been out here?

NANCY
(broad London)
Just got off the boat, innit.

BRIT
3 months. You?

REDHEAD ACTRESS
3 years. Are you union yet?

Both shake their heads. The Brunette pipes up.

BRUNETTE ACTRESS
Have you got green cards?

BRIT
No. An 01 visa.

NANCY
Same as that.

Redhead and Brunette look at them, weirdly sympathetic.

BRIT
What?

BRUNETTE
Nothing.

BRIT
What?!

REDHEAD
Well, it's just that I had the 01 visa and I got this great part on an NBC show. But then they wouldn't book me without a green card.

Brit and Nancy look sick.

BRUNETTE
Most of the big networks won't accept those visas anymore. There's some shady lawyers who aren't processing them properly-

NANCY
You're joking, yeah?

REDHEAD
Sorry. But, you know, it may be OK. Which lawyer did you use?

BRIT
Gerry-

NANCY
Ginelli?

BRIT
Ginelli?

They look at each other and then back to the others. Redhead looks even more sympathetic.

An enormous CASTING DIRECTOR appears - clearly an ex-actress who's really enjoying letting herself go.

CASTING DIRECTOR
Nancy? Brit?

She pulls them aside, shaking her head apologetically.

CASTING DIRECTOR (cont'd)
I'm so sorry we didn't realize you
girls don't have green cards....

Brit and Nancy, horrified. Brunette looks a tiny bit- smug.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Brit paces up and YELLS into her phone.

BRIT
I want my bloody money back, Gerry!
First your office turns out to be in
Hollywood, Florida and now you've
sold me a product that doesn't work!

EXT. POOL SIDE, FLORIDA - DAY

GERRY, all slicked back hair, gold jewellery and teeth, lies on a massage table, a wolfish throwback to Miami Vice.

A BIKINI CLAD BEAUTY pummels his pecs. Natch.

Even Gerry's voice is oily.

GERRY
I assure you, this is the first I've
heard about this, Brit.

CUT BETWEEN GERRY AND BRIT.

BRIT
Bullshit! This actress said it
happened two years ago!

Next to her, Nancy SOBS violently.

GERRY
Maybe one of my associates dealt with
her case....

BRIT

I don't care if a chimp dealt with her case. It's your firm, the buck stops with you.

Gerry yawns, clicks a finger and gets attention on his abs.

BRIT (cont'd)

I spent seven grand and 2 years getting this visa you complete and utter wanker!

Nancy lets out a WAIL.

NANCY

My mum gave me her retirement money!

Brit, horrified, pats Nancy ineffectually on the back.

GERRY

I'll tell you what, Brit, I'll put in your green card application for a very reduced rate...

BRIT

I wouldn't trust you with my library card application. I want a refund Gerry - or so help me God I'm gonna tell the authorities..

GERRY

Is that a threat? I wouldn't do that if I were you. I really wouldn't.

BRIT

Or what? What are you? Mafia?

SILENCE. She wobbles a bit. Fuck, could he be? She battles on, far less convincingly.

BRIT (cont'd)

Refund by the end of the week, Gerry. Or else! Gerry?

Gerry calmly hangs up and dives into the shimmering pool.

BRIT (cont'd)

Well. Hah. That told him.

Brit gives Nancy an ineffectual stroke on the arm.

BRIT (cont'd)

How near to retiring is your mum?

INT. BAR F - DAY

Brit sits with new buddy Nancy and Heidi - wearing a 1950's Lucy-look dress complete with crazy hat.

Heidi shows off her new fliers for 'Vintage Pussy'.

BRIT (V.O.)
So whilst Obama made history...

Packed with PEOPLE, the TV BLARES and CHEERS erupt as Obama is declared. They all down huge beers.

BRIT (V.O.) (cont'd)
-leading us Brits in LA to vainly
hope we may get something like the
free healthcare we were so used to in
our native land-

INT. POLE DANCING CLUB - NIGHT

BRIT (V.O.)
Nancy 'danced' to pay for a new
lawyer and allow her mum to pay her
winter heating bill-

Brit and Randy applaud as Nancy grits her teeth and girates on a pole.

BRIT (V.O.) (cont'd)
And me? I managed to get a couple of
non-union, non-green-card-requiring,
super low rent gigs...

Brit, excited, joins Nancy and Heidi (60's kaftan with turban) and launches into her best Southern accent.

BRIT
Hi y'all. Ahm goin' to Baton Rouge!

NANCY
You got it? Brilliant!

HEIDI
Got what? Which one? Was Renee up for
it?

Brit pokes a tongue at her - very funny.

NANCY
Huh?

HEIDI
 Brit went up for Bridget-

BRIT
 History, Heids. Nuff.

NANCY
 -Jones's Diary? Really? Oh my days,
 you woulda been perfect!

Brit SWIGS her beer and just out 'louds' them.

BRIT
 Ahm playin' the lead's sister - a
 Louisianan alcoholic.

HEIDI
 No acting required then.

Nancy LAUGHS. Brit tries to look like she doesn't get it.

INT. RANDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Brit comes home to find Randy and TWO SEPTUAGENARIANS, high as kites, toking on a giant hookah to strains of a SITAR, whilst Korean porn plays on the TV. Like you do.

BRIT
 Oh. Hey.

RANDY
 Hey Brit. Wanna try this Albanian?

BRIT
 Nah, not my thing. I got the part!

RANDY
 Coolio. Is there nudity?

BRIT
 I'm a woman telling her story at an
 AA meeting!

RANDY
 You think there's an exponential
 cosmic pattern emerging here?

Randy and his buds GIGGLE. Brit feigns confused. Again.

INT. IMMIGRATION LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

Brit's STINKING RICH NEW IMMIGRATION LAWYER, headshots of the now-famous whom she has helped, plastered all over the walls, hands her credit card back with a shake of her head.

BRIT (V.O.)
And so, another five grand later, I
got the damn green card.

Three credit cards are on the desk. Brit pulls out a 4th.

BRIT
Shit, sorry, try this one.

INT. RANDY'S APARTMENT- DAY

Brit rips open her mail in excitement as Randy tends to his marijuana plants and something cobalt blue, in test tubes.

BRIT (V.O.)
Which, FYI, is not green-

Revealing a WHITE card, PERMANENT RESIDENT stamped on it.

She fist pumps the air. Yes!

BRIT
Now we can play with the big boys!

RANDY
That's what we told 'em in Nam.

Brit looks at him, confused.

EXT. CAR PARK - DAY

In a vast empty car park TWO FIREMEN take a break with coffee and donuts and watch a group of WOMEN rehearsing.

BRIT (V.O.)
And me and Nance found a gaping loop
hole and managed to shoot our way
into the screen actors' guild, the
unfortunately named SAG-

Brit, butch in biker gear, Nancy in firefighter garb and Heidi, the hooker, are surrounded by a BALLERINA, CHEERLEADER, NUN, OLD LADY, NURSE, HEADMISTRESS, SQUAW-

BRIT (V.O.) (cont'd)
-by filming our own comedy web show.

NANCY
Shit! Brit! I forgot my helmet!

Brit mock bashes her head on a tripod. Heidi points.

HEIDI
Dare you to go and ask one of them!

Nancy grins and dashes across the parking lot.

BRIT
Nance, NO! I don't have a permit to-
But Nancy's already there.

BRIT (cont'd)
Shit. Going for a take soon people!

At the side of the lot an animated discussion ensues. On fireman is saying 'no way' to Nancy but the other, MIKE, black and rather beautiful, is clearly amused.

Dave The Homeless appears, sniffing round the snack table. Brit shoves a paper plate at him, tells him to help himself.

Mike the Fireman like this and hands his helmet to Nancy.

BRIT (cont'd)
Blimey! OK, everyone. In position!

BRIT (cont'd)
Roll camera and playback.

A cameraman weaves among them. It's Randy, having a ball.

RANDY
Speed.

The karaoke version of "Y-M-C-A" BLARES from a speaker and the group launch into a Village People-esque routine.

BRIT
(singing)
*Barack, though you're under the gun
Just remember, you are black and well
hung
And though we are all totally broke-*

ALL THE GIRLS
*We know it's Bush that fucked the
 economy!*

Mike the Fireman LAUGHS out loud. His grin is gorgeous.

In unison the girls make the shapes of: O-B-A-M-A.

ALL THE GIRLS (cont'd)
*Ya know we love you O-B-A-M-A!
 Ya know we want ya O-B-A-M-A-ay!
 Oh c'mon Barack, we're all great in
 the sack, we really need that free
 healthcare..*

FREEZE FRAME.

INT. BRIT'S CAR - DAY

Brit drives, cigarette out the window, humming the song.

BRIT (V.O.)
 And, despite all obstacles, things
 were looking up, until-

She glances in her rear view mirror. Does a double take.
 Peers into it again. Her eyes narrow - 'wtf?!'

Brit looks at the road, back to the mirror. Takes a hand off
 the wheel and PATS at her head. Again, she looks at the
 road, back to the mirror. And SQUINTS. Hard.

There, sticking up, is a single more WIRY HAIR. Her hand
 manages to isolate the hair and she yanks. She looks into
 her hand. Nothing. Road. Mirror.

She tries again; isolates, pulls. And stares downwards -

BRIT
 Nooooooooo!

Brit's YELP is drowned by the sudden SCREECH of tires. Her
 car swerves, breaks, careens, then SCRAPES down an entire
 row of parked cars with a sickening metal-on-metal SCREEECH!

HORNS blare. A SIREN instantly wails.

Steam oozes from the tangled mess that is her engine.

BRIT (cont'd)
 Fuck!

In Brit's wing mirror, a first responder walks toward her. A fireman. And it's Mike. He squats down to her level.

MIKE
You okay, ma'am?

Brit, utterly distraught, doesn't move.

MIKE (cont'd)
Oh. Hey. It's you. You OK? Brit?

NOTHING.

Brit doesn't recognize him as the 'guy who lent his hat'.

His big, brown eyes look at her, full of concern.

MIKE (cont'd)
Ma'am? Are you okay?

Brit's face cracks and she shakes her head in dismay.

Mike, concerned, opens the door and leans in. Brit stares at her shaking hand.

BRIT
It's a grey haaaaaiiiirrrrrr!

Mike relaxes. He nods with some deep understanding.

MIKE
You notice it in your rear-view?

Brit, mute with shock, NODS. Mike pats her shoulder. Brit lean into him and SOBS. Mike tries very hard not to laugh.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Brit stands, horror struck, in front of a DRONING JUDGE.

JUDGE
..guilty of reckless driving, costs of damages to 5 vehicles is \$9000 in excess of your insurance limit-

Brit's head swims, she looks like she might pass out. Her POV of the Judge goes BLURRY and his SPEECH distorts.

JUDGE (cont'd)
- you clearly face further financial fuckery, Miss Redway, I sentence you to 1422 hours of community service.

INT. BAR F - NIGHT

Heidi, in "Jackie-O-Chic", Nancy and Mike patiently listen to Brit's hiccuping, drunken morose shit.

BRIT
Oh God. I left it all too late!

NANCY
Is it the hair or the car now?

HEIDI
Hard to tell.

MIKE
She's probably still in shock.

NANCY
From the hair or the car?

MIKE
Hard to tell.

Brit downs her beer and starts on the next one.

MIKE (cont'd)
(making to go)
So, you ladies looking out for her?

They nod. Brit rants.

BRIT
I can fix things! I can overcome many obstacles! But I cannot, can NOT, fix the ageing process.

MIKE
She always drink like that?

They nod. Brit sways on her stool. Mike catches her.

BRIT
Woops. Heyyyy Mike The Fireman. So nice to me. Why? I'm facing financial fuckery. S'official. No money. No car. No car to go to auditions. To get jobs. To earn money. To get new car. To get to auditions. Which are non-existent right now anyway. 1422 hours. They own me. They own my ass.
(cheering up suddenly)
It'll be an experience. I'll be able to write about life on a chain gang.

MIKE
 Girl, you need to eat.

BRIT
 Not hungry. Have another beer, Mike.

MIKE
 You could use a plate of soul food.

BRIT
 You saying I'm soulless? I have plenty of soul. My soul will be fine tomorrow. It's just having a teeny weeny existential set back today.

Mike puts a card in her hand. Brit squints at it.

MIKE
 So you can at least get to all those non-existent auditions?
 (off her glassy stare)
 Benji can fix you up with a bike.

BRIT
 I used to have a Triumph-

MIKE
 For real? I ride. Which one?

BRIT
 Bonneville. Always wanted to learn how to pull it apart and put it back together. You know how to do that?
 (off his nod)
 Who taught you?

MIKE
 Pops.

Brit nods slowly, turns, signals for another drink.

MIKE (cont'd)
 Later, Brit. And take it easy.

BRIT
 Later, Mike The Fireman.

Mike looks thoughtful as he goes. Brit lifts the next beer.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAWN

Brit, in the gutter, as at the opening.

BRIT (V.O.)
So. All up to speed?

She puffs on a fag with Dave The Homeless.

Then limps off on one shoe down the road.

SUDDENLY she stops. And stares.

BRIT (V.O.) (cont'd)
And it was then, right at that
moment, completely ridiculous I know,
but I swear I saw...my Dad.

Trilby Dad, drunk as a skunk, stands on a corner, hat askew.
He raises a large scotch to her and slurs.

TRILBY DAD
Even the dog's a bitch.

Brit peers. Blinks. And he's gone. Spooked, she hurries on.

INT. BRIT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brit, sweating like a wrestler, tosses and turns in bed.

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - BRIT'S DREAM - DAY

Brit rides her motorcycle through a deserted landscape.

Far in the distance, a solitary tree stands by the roadside.

As Brit gets closer she sees another bike, in its shade.

She pulls over to find a biker, in his 20's, handsome with
hair like a young Elvis, familiar-but-not. He sits, very
easy, leaning against the wheel of a shiny 1950's NORTON.

An RAF uniform is under his leather. He looks up and breaks
into a dazzling smile. It's Dad, but now only 20 years old.

YOUNG DAD
Took your time.

BRIT
Sorry.

YOUNG DAD
(looking at her bike)
Got a bit of an oil leak there.

BRIT
Mmm. Dunno how to fix it.

BRIT (cont'd)
Dad? Wow. You're all-

BIKER DAD
Even I was young once, Boo.

And, right in front of her eyes, he vanishes.

INT. BRIT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brit wakes up and grabs for the lamp switch.

She leans on the edge of the bed, rattled, hair and T-shirt soaking wet.

The bruise on her forehead is a riot of colours and has developed into a stunning egg-shaped bump.

She ferrets around in the pocket of her jacket for cigarettes and lighter and pulls out the card.

She stares at it, confused. No memory of it. It reads:

Benji's Bicycle Upcycle

Randy appears, joint in hand, and looks at her head.

RANDY
Man, it's like your head grew another head.

BRIT
What day is it?

RANDY
Tuesday. I was just coming in to see if you had died.

She opens her big purple bag and stares at its emptiness.

BRIT
I lost all my stuff, huh?

RANDY
Don't remember?

Randy, ever nosy, picks up the Bicycle Upcycle card.

RANDY (cont'd)
Gonna get a bicycle?

BRIT
After I've got a new phone. A new
bank card. Cancelled the stolen...
cards! Oh shit shit shit!

She rushes to the phone, STOPS and sinks onto a sofa, dizzy.

RANDY
Your agent called to know why you
weren't answering e-mails or your
cell. Sounded like a fukin'
republican.

BRIT
What? What? Why didn't you wake me?

RANDY
I poured iced water over you.

BRIT
Oh God please tell me I haven't
missed a casting?

Randy starts dabbing at her forehead with a cotton ball and
antiseptic from a medicine box that saw time in Vietnam.

BRIT (cont'd)
Ow!!!

RANDY
It was this morning.

She WHISPERS pathetically.

BRIT
What was it for?

RANDY
A 3 year, 150 grand contract to be
the new face of Fresh and Easy.

BRIT
Please tell me you're kidding.

RANDY
And you had to look 'fresh' but not
'easy'. So. Uh "a fresh faced and
wholesome Renee Zellweger type" but
heavier like she was in-

BANG! Brit's head hits the table in despair. OUCH!

RANDY (cont'd)
I said you'd had an accident, told
'em what you looked like. They said
not to bother waking you.

BRIT
I know people are starving around the
world and being blown up and water
boarded but d'you think I was maybe
really bad in a past life?

Randy puts the first aid box away and starts on a joint.

RANDY
I ever tell you about Xian-He, the
beautiful hooker I knew in Saigon?
We'd done a few psychotropics...

Brit looks utterly forlorn as Randy rambles on.

EXT. T-MOBILE - DAY

Brit comes out of T-mobile with a tiny, crappy very un-smart
phone, muttering to herself.

BRIT
You've lost everyone's numbers so you
can't call anyone anyway.

A PEDESTRIAN gives her a wide berth. What with the egg-head
bruise and the talking out loud, she looks like a nutjob.

SUDDENLY she stops. And turns, ever so slowly.

Behind her stands Trilby Dad, cigarette wafting, leaning
against a wall like some guy in a Mickey Spillane novel.

Brit blinks. He's gone. She runs into a shop.

INT. BENJI'S BICYCLE UPCYCLE - CONTINUOUS

To be confronted with...the SOUND of COOL JAZZ FUNK -

- and a crazy-assed cavern of hundreds of bicycles and bits
of bodies of what were once, maybe, bicycles.

If the TOUR DE FRANCE took acid and rode into Aladdin's
cave, it would look like this.

New, used, shiny and rusty; racers, BMXs, shoppers and choppers. All stacked in rows, pegged on walls and dangling from the ceiling.

EYES watch through a thousand spokes. They belong to an absolute bear of a black dude. BENJI (45). His rich Jamaican voice seems to come from everywhere at once.

BENJI
See now. Irie?

Brit JUMPS. Peers into spokes. Benji LAUGHS- a warm rumble.

BENJI (cont'd)
I'm Benji. Welcome to-

BRIT
Benji's Bicycle Upcycle?

Brit pulls the card out of her pocket and stares at it.

BENJI
Where re-purposin's vital to the
livin' cycle an' which if careful can
re-cycle your life-cycle.

BRIT
Freaky. Really freaky.

Benji's huge bulk materializes through the bike carcasses.

BENJI
Man. What happened? Like your head
grew another head.

BRIT
Cheers.

BENJI
Lookin' for some wheels?

BRIT
You have no idea.

BENJI
Lookie round chile.

BRIT
I'm, um. Facing financial fuckery...

Benji looks at the card then smiles like he knows a secret.

BENJI
 Since ya holdin' de magic card I'ma
 let you take a lil' orphan chile-

Bewildered, Brit follows him through the shop to the back.

BRIT
 Orphan?

BENJI
 Mmm hmm. Them piknies no'ne wants.

He points to a sort of bike graveyard, littered with sad cannibalized creatures in need of homes.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS

Brit pedals her psychedelic half-Schwinn-half-low-rider freak-show orphan bicycle, like a demon.

It's an effort. She's puffing and wheezing and sweating.

She brakes to a stop outside a COMMUNITY SERVICES CENTER.

She comes out of the Center, grimly stuffing papers in her pocket, and gets back on the orphan-freak.

More CYCLING, under palms but now in a run down 'hood.

Brit pulls over, u- turns back and stops. A sign says:

BREAD OF HEAVEN RETIREMENT HOME

She takes the paperwork out and grimly heads inside.

INT. BREAD OF HEAVEN HOME, KITCHEN - DAY

Brit is handed an apron by an ENORMOUS ORDERLY, ELLIE. Gruff with a well hidden soft center and Southern twang.

She stares at Brit's egg-like lump and bruised face - now a Pollack-like brown, yellow, green & just a hint of mauve.

ELLIE THE ENORMOUS ORDERLY
 Ha. Like your head grew another head.

She sets Brit to scrubbing potatoes in the vast kitchen.

Through a hatch to the lounge, Brit can see ANCIENT RESIDENTS. Lethargy-in-easy-chairs, they all stare at Oprah or just into space.

POPS(80), frazzled grey 'fro and hearing aids, is one of them. Milk-bottle-lens glasses make his eyes huge and even sadder.

Brit, empathy button on HIGH, smiles, tries to catch his eye with a little wave. Pops doesn't respond.

EXT. "GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE" COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Brit rattles up on Franken-bike to 'Grounds For Divorce', coffee for smug HIPSTERS who adore the name's 'meta'-irony.

Brit PUFFS like a bastard and is sweating like a pig.

Strains of the OBAMA-YMCA-SONG come from a laptop where Nancy struggles with a an editing program.

NANCY

Bollocks!

BRIT

Going that well, huh?

NANCY

They told me it was as easy as Cut and Paste! I mean, maybe if I was 12-

Nancy notices Brit's 'vehicle' and then her head.

NANCY (cont'd)

Wow. What happened?

Heidi appears, apron tied around a 70's Maxi Dress and yellow platform boots, carrying mugs of coffee.

HEIDI

Oooh. Looks like your head grew another head.

BRIT

Enough!

HEIDI

(eyes narrowing)

Did you stay in BARF even though you said you were going home, get even more drunk and fall over?

BRIT

No.

Nancy and Heidi exchange a 'bullshit' look. Brit slumps.

FADE TO:

THE SAME - LATER

Heidi and Nancy stare, aghast, as Brit fesses up.

NANCY

...actually in the gutter?

BRIT

With Dave The Homeless and an entirely empty handbag.

HEIDI

You were fully clothed?

BRIT

'cept for one shoe.

Nancy and Heidi simultaneously SNORT.

BRIT (cont'd)

Shut up.

They begin to GIGGLE. Brit attempts to talk over it.

BRIT (cont'd)

I'm glad that the prospect of me being in debt for the rest of my natural life is of amusement to you.

The giggle becomes a GALE OF LAUGHTER. Brit starts to SHOUT.

BRIT (cont'd)

And that, despite having had a TV, theatre and even occasional movie, career, spanning more years than I care to say, I'm now facing, at a very advanced age, actually having to do a civilian job for the first time in my life; that despite all this-

The gale goes HURRICANE. Brit YELLS over it.

BRIT (cont'd)

You find it SO VERY FUCKING FUNNY!

Nancy has tears streaming down her face. Heidi gasps.

HEIDI
 Seriously, have you had an X-ray?

BRIT
 No! Because I can't afford to in this
 fucking country that does not have a
 free fucking health service!

NANCY
 Starfux has employee health care.

BRIT
 (interested)
 Really?

PAROXYSMS now and a touch of hysteria - of laughing so they
 don't cry, all three in a similar, pretty rocky, boat.

BRIT (cont'd)
 (to Heidi)
 Why don't you serve beer here?

HEIDI
 (gasping for breath)
 Probably because it's a coffee shop.
 And Erica-the-embittered bought it as
 the antidote to an alcoholic husband.

Nancy stabs at the laptop. It makes an unpromising WOOP!

BRIT
 Christ, I could kill a cocktail.

Heidi grabs Brit's cigarettes and lights it. Brit stares.

BRIT (cont'd)
 What are you doing? You haven't
 smoked for years!

HEIDI
 I gave up because I didn't wanna die
 young. Then last night, I was like,
 I'm actually too old to die young
 now, so I lit one up.

NANCY
 Yeah, it's like, even to be a has-
 been you have to have been. Ya know?
 I've still never been.

Brit smiles, rueful, unsure anymore what her category is.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - DAY

At a light, Brit sits on the cray-cray bike.

She waves to Dave The Homeless lifting a prize from the trash. He grins back, waves a floppy pizza box at her.

A FIRE TRUCK sidles up.

Brit looks nervously at it out of the corner of her bruise.

Mike's looking down on her. He grins, notices her bump and pulls a face - 'OUCH'.

BRIT
Don't.

MIKE
Wasn't gonna.

He looks at her transport.

MIKE (cont'd)
Benji fix you up with that thing?

BRIT
Wha-? How'd you know that?

MIKE
Knew you were wasted. How'd you get his card you think?

Brit thinks hard then looks suitably embarrassed.

BRIT
Course. Of. Course. Um. Thanks.

Lights change. The truck shifts off.

MIKE
Later Brit.

Brit doesn't move - a wistful smile as she watches him go.

BRIT
Later, Mike The Fireman.

INT. BREAD OF HEAVEN RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

Up to her armpits in dishes, Brit sees Pops again through the hatch, staring at nothing.

BRIT

What's the deal with him over there?

Ellie The Enormous Orderly follows her gaze.

ELLIE THE ENORMOUS ORDERLY

Him? That's Mr. Napoleon Morgan. He's pissed 'cos his eyes so bad he can't read no more, an' he a big reader. Just waits on his boys' visit every week. They real good boys but still - they busy livin'.

BRIT

What about talking books? Like recorded ones. On CDs or Audible?

ELLIE THE ENORMOUS ORDERLY

His hearin' ain't so hot neither - sez them earphones mess with his hearin' aids. An' he likes his magazines and his poems. That stuff don't come as talking books.

Brit heaves an industrial pot to the sink considering this.

ELLIE THE ENORMOUS ORDERLY (cont'd)

OK Missy. You done.

BRIT

Can I stay a bit? I might be able to offer a skill that's actually useful.

The Enormous Orderly looks doubtful.

ELLIE THE ENORMOUS ORDERLY

Yeah? You a cuttin' edge eye surgeon?

BRIT

No Ma'am. But I read. Really well.

ELLIE THE ENORMOUS ORDERLY

Like I say, his hearin' ain't so hot.

Brit takes off her apron and heads to the lounge, 'projecting' beautifully, all mock-theatrical.

BRIT

I can reach the back row of a 2000 seat West End theatre with a whisper.

Ellie watches as Brit approaches Pops. She squats down, speaks, then holds out her hand. Pops squints at her carefully then takes her hand and shakes.

Brit speaks some more, clear and slow but not shouting.

Pops grabs his cane and gets up. Physically shaky, the spirit of a teenager still lurks within him somewhere.

As she follows Pops, Brit winks at Ellie.

INT. BREAD OF HEAVEN HOME, POP'S ROOM - DAY

Brit stares with awe at shelves and shelves of books in Pops' small but organized room.

He taps on a pile of magazines and shuffles over to a chair. Brit picks up a magazine. Her eyes light up.

BRIT

Oh Mr Morgan, we are so gonna get on.

POPS

You gonna read to me, better call me Pops. Short for Napoleon.

Brit tries to work that out. Gives up.

Pops fiddles about in a small fridge, hands her a beer.

Brit opens the magazine, perches close to Pops and, happy as Larry, begins to read. Her voice is clear, projected and warmly resonant.

BRIT

(reading)

"Can You Ever Have Too Much Torque?
Ben Davies goes for a spin on the new
Ducati Superbike..."

The cover of a Motorcycle Magazine glints in the sunlight.

Pops rests his head back and listens. A slow smile spreads.

INT. BREAD OF HEAVEN RETIREMENT HOME- POP'S ROOM - DAY

It's dark outside. Ellie looks in to see:

Brit, in Pops' chair, still reading to him by the light of a bedside lamp. Pops, stretched on his bed, has nodded off.

Ellie almost smiles before disappearing.

Brit sees Pops is asleep, puts the mag down and creeps away.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - NIGHT

Brit cycles along a quiet road with few street lights.

Up ahead she sees a pool of STRONGER LIGHT.

And a lamp post, horribly bent. Almost double.

Beneath it is Young Dad, leaning against an old Norton, cigarette hanging from his mouth, oily hands unbolting a bent front fork.

He wears a biker jacket but the hat is perched on his head.

Brit squints, then screeches to a halt. What the fuck?

She looks around her. The street is totally deserted.

She looks back. He's still there. She gets off her bike.

YOUNG DAD

You're late.

As if hypnotized, she moves forward wheeling the bike.

BRIT

Sorry.

She looks at the bent lamp post and the bent bike.

BRIT (cont'd)

Wow. Did you do that?

He glances at her briefly, very casual.

YOUNG DAD

Mmm. Two broken ribs and a folded fork. I made my mark.

Brit stares as the lamp post morphs to become a straight modern one in a row of old fashioned ones.

YOUNG DAD (cont'd)

Never let it be said I didn't make my mark. Drink?

Biker Dad gets up and limps to a tool box full of beer. Brit shakes her head, dumbstruck.

She props Franken-bike against the tree and squats down by the bent fork. Biker Dad looks at her.

YOUNG DAD (cont'd)
Never got around to this did we? Put some pressure on that end for me and twist would you? Like you're-

BRIT
-opening a bottle of beer. Mmm. I know how to do that.

In the moonlight, the two of them work away, bits of bike and tools laid out all around them.

ELLIE THE ENORMOUS ORDERLY (O.C.)
Hey Missy! Missy!

INT. BREAD OF HEAVEN RETIREMENT HOME -POP'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ellie looms into Brit's face with a fierce WHISPER.

ELLIE THE ENORMOUS ORDERLY
You movin' in or what?

Brit half wakes, a big smile on her face.

BRIT
Just having a beer with the old man.

ELLIE THE ENORMOUS ORDERLY
No you ain't! You worn the man out.
Ain't you got a home to go to?

Brit looks out the window. It's dark. Half a dozen beers bottles are next to her. Pops is under the covers, asleep.

She puts the magazine down, confused.

BRIT
Sorry. Um. See you Thursday.

ELLIE THE ENORMOUS ORDERLY
Uh-huh. Only 1415 hours to go.

She laughs uproariously at her own joke and waddles away.

BRIT
You kill me, Ellie.

A VOICE comes from the bedclothes.

POPS
Tellin' me I got competition?

BRIT
What Pops?

POPS
You should maybe give that beer a rest. Which other old man you been having a beer with?

BRIT
Oh. No competition at all, Pops.

POPS
None? He must be dead then.

Brit tucks his cover in.

BRIT
Gotta go Pops.

POPS
He in the great bar in the sky, huh?

BRIT
Thursday. I'll take you clubbing.

As she goes-

POPS
I do a mean jive!

EXT. LOS ANGELES - STREETS - NIGHT

Back on her bike, Brit passes a hotel, RED CARPET out front.

CELEBS in designer wear totter from limos. PAPARAZZI swarm.

PHOTOGRAHER
Renee! Over here, Renee! Renee!

Brit grits her teeth and pedals faster.

- At a red traffic light she stops.

Out of the corner of her eye, Brit sees:

Trilby Dad, smoke wafting from his cigarette, leaning against a wall.

The light goes green.

A cacophany of HORNS and angry YELLING at her to drive.

Brit gives the drivers the finger and begins to pedal.

INT. BAR F - NIGHT

With Heidi and Nancy, Brit finishes a beer, thoughtful.

They are gathered round the Mac looking at the 'Obama-Song' video footage.

ON THE COMPUTER: The girls do the O-B-A-M-A arm moves.

It's looking good. Nancy grins, proud of her skills.

Brit stares at the bottle in her hand.

INT. RANDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Brit comes into her bathroom, very hungover, and throws up.

It isn't pretty. Neither's her forehead. Still.

She surveys her body: it's pale and flabby and...unhealthy.

She stares into the mirror. Long and hard. Decision time.

EXT. VARIOUS SHOTS AND LOCATIONS L.A. - DAY

- LA STREETS, Brit cycles.

- STARBUX, a grim Brit hands an application form in.

- GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE COFFEE SHOP, Brit, Heidi and Nancy work on the Obama Song edit.

- BAR-F, Brit, Heidi and Nancy at the bar. Nancy hands her a beer. With an enormous effort Brit passes it back.

- BREAD OF HEAVEN HOME, Brit reads to Pops, sipping coffee.

- BENJI'S BICYCLE AMBULANCE, Brit makes coffee whilst Benji adjusts her brakes.

- GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE COFFEE SHOP, Brit, Heidi and Nancy crowd round the laptop. Brit presses "UPLOAD TO YOUTUBE" and they high five each other as the OBAMA video goes live.

- LA STREETS, Brit cycles. She's looking browner, fitter, firmer. The nasty head bump and bruise has gone.

- BREAD OF HEAVEN HOME, Brit reads to all the residents in the lounge, Pops closest to her. She stands, acting out all the scenes with great energy.

Ellie looks almost impressed.

Out of the corner of her eye Brit sees Trilby Dad smoking and listening too. She ignores him and carries on with even more gusto.

- LA STREETS, Brit pulls away at some lights and her bicycle chain breaks.

BRIT

Shit!

EXT. 7/11 - NIGHT

Brit wheels her bike to the 7/11.

Sitting outside is Dave The Homeless.

SUDDENLY, he morphs into Dad and back again.

Brit, unnerved, takes out cigarettes, offers him one.

She lights his, then hers. Dave offers his can of beer.

Brit looks at it. Shakes her head.

Even Dave looks surprised.

DAVE THE HOMELESS GUY

You sick?

BRIT

I dunno, mate, I really dunno.

Brit puffs. Dave swigs.

The moon shines prettily.

Dave does a really loud BURP.

INT. BENJI'S BICYCLE UPCYCLE - DAY

Brit wheels her bike through the crazy shop.

BRIT

Benji?!

A voice comes from the back.

MIKE (O.C.)

He's not here. Can I-?

Mike appears, stops dead.

MIKE

Hey. How you doing?

Brit looks suspiciously at him.

BRIT

You following me?

MIKE

Now how would that work? You just walked in where I'm at.

Brit shrugs, suddenly embarrassed. Mike looks her over, appraising the change. Then her bike.

MIKE (cont'd)

Need a new chain, huh?

BRIT

You work here as well as save people?

Mike takes the bike off her and wheels it to the back.

Brit follows, bemused.

BRIT (cont'd)

Look, um, I'm financially challenged at the moment, what with the 19 grand bill, so I was gonna ask Benji if-

MIKE

It's cool. We'll find some old bits.

Brit looks at him, smiles, more embarrassed.

BRIT

Um, thanks. You're kind of embarrassingly nice. To me. And I have no idea why. I'll pay him back. You back. Whatever. Soon.

Mike puts the bike up on a stand and points to a bench.

MIKE
Wanna grab that oil over there?

Mike starts rifling through a box of rusty old chains. Brit turns to get the oil and sees:

A gorgeous old INDIAN MOTORCYCLE out in the yard.

BRIT
Whoa!

MIKE
You like?

BRIT
Is it yours?

MIKE
Mmm hmm.

Brit goes to it, strokes the enormous fat tank.

BRIT
Can I turn her over?

Mike nods. She lifts it upright and hops on.

MIKE
Looks good on you.

Brit jumps on the kickstart a couple times before the Indian ROARS to life. She grins at the sweet sound, revs it then lets it idle.

BENJI (O.C.)
Yo bro! I'm back.

Benji scowls at the engine noise and SHOUTS.

BENJI
Cho! Stop wi' dem fumes in my shop.

Brit cuts the engine. She looks from Benji to Mike.

BRIT
Was that 'bro' as in a black thing or bro as in bro?

BENJI
As in my kid bro. Sorta. Adopted style. Irie! Ya makin' me coffee, funny Brit-girl?

Brit hops off the bike, carefully leaning it back on its stand and goes to the filter machine, still looking from Mike to Benji, digesting the new info.

Benji eyeballs the motorcycle then Mike.

BENJI (cont'd)
Don't get her all loved-up over evil
when I'm gettin' her all green.

Brit puts grounds in the machine, flips it on, all ears.

MIKE
You get it to go with a windmill and
a solar panel, bro, I'll ride it.

Mike holds one end of the rusty chain and a wire brush out to Brit. She grabs it and starts brushing the chain down.

Mike nods. Benji hands Mike a pair of pliers and all three get on with the task at hand in companionable silence.

Benji head down, whistles softly.

BENJI
So, 1,422 hours, huh?

Brit stares at him, then Mike. He's been talking about her?

BENJI (cont'd)
Musta bin a muther of a grey hair..

Brit looks sideways at his poker face. Her lips twitch. She suddenly SNORTS.

All three crack up, still fiddling with the bike, as the SOUNDS of JAZZ FUNK waft round them.

INT. BREAD OF HEAVEN HOME, POP'S ROOM - DAY

Brit reads from an old book of Jamaican poems: *FLAME HEART* by Claude McKay. Pops is in his chair, a smile on his face.

BRIT
(reading)
*So much have I forgotten in ten years
So much in ten brief years! I have
forgot
What time the purple apples come to
juice-*

She STOPS abruptly, something resonating in the words. Pops picks it up, reciting by heart. His voice richly melodious.

POPS

*And what month brings the shy forget-me-not
I have forgot the special, startling season
Of the pimento's flowering and fruiting;*

Brit listens, intent and uncomfortable all at once.

POPS (cont'd)

*What time of year the ground doves brown the fields
And fill the noonday with their curious fluting.*

She scans Pop's photos in frames around the room.

A younger Pops, his arms around two TEENAGE BOY and a YOUNGER BOY, smiling, at a motorcycle rally.

Smoke wafts across the picture. Brit turns.

And BAM! Trilby Dad stands before her. She scrunches her eyes shut to try and block him out.

POPS (cont'd)

*I have forgotten much, but still remember
The poinsettia's red, blood-red in warm December.*

Suddenly, she's close to tears. Then shakes it off.

BRIT

You have a beautiful voice Pops.

POPS

You have a beautiful soul, girl.

BRIT

No I don't.

POPS

You my Reading Angel. You shine a light in my days; Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Mmm they light up.

Brit gulps. Hard.

BRIT
 Pops, do you believe in that great
 bar in the sky?

Ellie pokes her head in the door.

ELLIE THE ENORMOUS ORDERLY
 If I can just interrupt this little
 love affair, it's dinner time.

Pops gets up, painfully slowly. He wobbles. Brit holds an
 arm out to steady him. Pops mutters, annoyed with his body.

POPS
 Man, it sucks, getting old.

BRIT
 But...at least you got to old, Pops.

POPS
 "We cannot let regret shape our
 lives. That way madness lies".

He leans close and WHISPERS in her ear.

POP
 Talk to him.

BRIT
 (whispering back)
 He never speaks. The one in the dream
 speaks but not the one in the hat.

ELLIE THE ENORMOUS ORDERLY
 Will you two stop that? I like to
 know what kind o' mad I'm dealin'
 with.

Brit gives Pops a quick peck on the cheek.

BRIT
 See you Friday.

POPS
 Steady now, you know I have a crazy-
 ass crush on you.

Brit wells up, as Pops shuffles out. She whispers after him.

BRIT
 Me too.

INT. HEIDI'S APT. - DAY

A Kimono-clad Heidi works a laptop, strokes a cat on her lap and sews some 1920's feather headband all at once. Other felines crawl all over her vintage clothing collection.

Brit, dismayed, shows a baseball cap and apron with 'Starbux' logos on them to a ginning Nancy.

BRIT
Starfux gave me a job. Shit! Now I'm gonna have to actually do it!

NANCY
Welcome to my world, innit. When do you start?

BRIT
Tomorrow. 5 in the morning.

HEIDI
Ouch!

BRIT
Tell me something good. How many hits have we got?

Heidi shows her the laptop.

BRIT (cont'd)
Crap!

HEIDI
So, I asked the geek kid at the godawful coffee shop job and the genius at the godawful office job and they said we have to add better tag words. Go into that box there..

Brit taps obediently.

NANCY
And add sex.

BRIT
Sex?

HEIDI
Yep. 'Obama' then 'sex' then 'Democrat' then 'sex' then 'hot', 'sexy' 'politics'...

BRIT
OK. I get it. I get it.

HEIDI
He says we'll get the porn traffic
and tons of hits. And we need to do
the same for the channel name. Funny
Brit Chix is OK but-

NANCY
(to Heidi)
You're some German-Yank-Brit-Finnish
mongrel and-

BRIT
-it lacks the word sex. Right. I'll
have to think about that.

Brit's phone RINGS with the OBAMA/YMCA tune. She grabs it
and looks at the display.

BRIT (cont'd)
Fuck me, wonders will never cease.
It's my agent.
(into phone)
Hello?

INT. POLISH AGENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Katya intones theatrically into the phone.

KATYA THE POLISH AGENT
Darlink! I haff fabulous audition for
you! New comedy drama...dramedy.
Stupid phrase. Is sitcom that isn't
funny, right? But what do we care? Is
series regular, Brit. Big lead, big
chance. Jor perfect for it. They want
Renee Zellweger type, but much
fatter..

INT. HEIDI'S APT. - CONTINUOUS

Brit grabs a pen and paper and starts scribbling furiously.

BRIT
Tomorrow? Shit. What time? 3.40. Uh
huh. Burbank? Pages coming? OK. Got
it. Katya, I love ya. Thank you! Bye.

She hangs up and stares at Heidi and Nancy.

BRIT (cont'd)
How do you get from West LA to
Burbank on public transport?

HEIDI
(horrified)
You don't. Impossible. Really.

BRIT
What d'you mean?

Heidi taps on the laptop and turns it to her. Googlemaps shows a red line from West LA to Burbank. It's across the whole city from South West to North East.

BRIT (cont'd)
Fuck. Nance, can you gimme a ride?

NANCY
(apologetic)
I got an audition at 3 over this way.

BRIT
Shit! But that's great. What for?

NANCY
POLE! - the musical.

HEIDI
A musical about voting?

NANCY
No-

BRIT
An Eastern European thing?

NANCY
No, Pole! As in dancers!

BRIT
Well you'll rock that. OK. This has
to be possible.

She goes back to the laptop and taps, determined.

BRIT (cont'd)
Shit! 12 hours?

HEIDI
Told you. The public transport system
in LA is much the same as healthcare
insurance in the entire country.

(MORE)

HEIDI (cont'd)
 Non-existent for certain routes slash
 diseases. Barack of course is trying-

BRIT
 Oh shit! And it's Friday. Pops. OK
 gotta make this work. It's gotta be
 possible. I can do this.

Brit taps in more directions on Googlemaps. Heidi leans in.

HEIDI
 Four changes. Journey time 7 hours.

NANCY
 Fuck! Cab?

HEIDI
 Financial fuckery.

Brit grabs pen and paper and starts to make notes of times.

BRIT
 Can you stick a bike on the front of
any bus or just some?

A bald cat jumps onto the keyboard and nips her hand. Ow!

INT. RANDY'S APARTMENT- 4AM

The clock on the microwave reads 4am. Brit dashes around,
 gulping coffee, still dark outside.

Randy and Cronies are still up, toking. They wave at her.

RANDY
 No one's ever survived Santa Monica
 to Burbank without a car, ya know.

BRIT
 People came across the Rockies in
 frikin' covered wagons, Randy!

Brit stuffs headshot, resume, shoes, make up, another top,
 cigarettes into a backpack as she goes through her schedule.

BRIT (cont'd)
 OK. Finish at 9. Get to Pops by 10.
 11pm, cycle to bus 30. Noon. 30 to
 Downtown. 1pm onto Route 15. Cycle to
 route 205. Add 20. 2pm. 205 to
 Burbank. Add 15. 30 minutes for fuck-
 ups. 3pm arrive. OK Let's do this.

She pulls on the Starbux baseball cap and heaves the pack onto her back.

RANDY

I once went from Venice to Burbank.
Took 3 days. I was on the Merry
Prankster bus with Kesey at the time-

Bit takes a breath and goes.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE STARBUX - 4.00 AM

Still dark, Brit pedals up to a Starbux store and locks up her bike. She looks at the door grimly.

BRIT

Think of your head, the
hallucinations, the healthcare.

INT. STARBUX - DAY

Brit's gobsmacked face, as a WOMAN FULL OF BOTOX, rattles off her coffee order, face barely moving.

BOTOX WOMAN

Grande in a venti double cup half caf
extra shot 2 pump 180 degrees no foam
two equal soy chai no water.

Brit stares, eyes wide, utter incomprehension.

BRIT

I'm so sorry...could you...uh..?

ANOTHER CUSTOMER in a very long line, smiles.

ANOTHER CUSTOMER

Oh, I love that Australian accent!

Brit looks desperate.

EXT. STARBUX - DAWN

Brit paces, smoking a cigarette, still in 'uniform', on a break in the car park. She's holding a script.

TWO other STARBUX GUYS sit around too.

STARBUX GUY 1

I went back four times and they still didn't give me the part.

STARBUX GUY 2

Man that sucks. So, I'm writing this screenplay about a struggling actor in LA....

Brit's going over her lines with a spot-on American accent.

BRIT

"What's wrong Dad? Afraid Mom's gonna find out about Real Estate Rita?"

She gesticulates quotation marks in the air.

BRIT (cont'd)

"Thought I didn't know, huh? Some men have porn on their computers, you have condos!"

She relaxes - becomes herself.

BRIT (cont'd)

Boom Boom.

She looks at her watch, ditches the fag and heads inside.

EXT. STARBUX - DAY

Brit comes out, pack on her back and heads for her bike.

She suddenly STOPS and stares at the lamp post -

- just the lock and one wheel of her bike hangs from it.

Utter disbelief. She wheels round desperately looking for the perp.

BRIT

Oh no. No, no, no no no!

She strides up the street, gets to the 7/11.

Dave The Homeless sits on the curb, slurping beer.

BRIT (cont'd)

Hey Dave, you seen anyone walking off with half my bike?

DAVE THE HOMELESS
(shaking his head)

Bummer.

Brit tears her backpack off and grabs her mobile, jabbing at it furiously. She waits. Listens to the phone.

BRIT

Shit!

She looks at her watch, pacing desperately.

BRIT (cont'd)

Benji, it's Brit. S'pose you're not open yet, huh? My bike's been nicked - um, stolen, unbe-fucking-lievable, so, wanted to ask if I could borrow one? I could work some hours in your shop to pay? I have to get to Burbank today, huge audition...Look if you get this in the next 20 call me back. It's 9.10. Thanks a bunch.

She hangs up. Dials again whilst striding to a bus stop.

BRIT (cont'd)

Heids? Emergency. Bike's been nicked. Can I borrow yours?... Where are you? Where?... A what? Wait-

A bus appears. Brit RUNS to the bus stop, gets there-

And the bus sails on by to a stop further up the road.

BRIT (cont'd)

NO!!

She dumps the backpack down and starts fishing around in it.

BRIT (cont'd)

Hang on Heids. Need a pen. What the fuck is an Angel Wing class? Never mind. How do I get there?

INT. BUS - DAY

Brit on the bus, chewing at her fingers nervously.

Her cell RINGS - "O-B-A-M-A!" She jabs at it viciously.

BRIT
 Heids? Oh. Hey Mike...I know.
 Bastards. You at Benji's now? Shit.

She looks behind her, how far has she gone already?

BRIT (cont'd)
 Thanks so much but I'm on a bus going
 to get Heidi's bike. Probably take me
 longer to come back now. OK. Thanks.
 That's really kind of you. Yeah, OK
 I'll do that. Cheers Mike.

She hangs up and smiles despite herself. She presses 'save
 number' into her phone and taps in-

MIKE THE FIRE.

She squints up at a street sign. No idea where she is. She
 gets up and goes to the BUS DRIVER.

BRIT (cont'd)
 Hi. Sorry. Could you tell me when
 we're at La Cienega please?

The driver, all beer belly and sweat, chews on his gum.

DRIVER
 Passed it 5 minutes ago.

Brit stares at him. Unbelievable.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Brit leaps off the bus, heads for a crossing and dashes to
 the bus stop on the other side of the road.

Trilby Dad watches her. She rushes past him, snapping.

BRIT
 Not now! Go away!

She collapses on a bench to wait for another bus.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY

Brit flies off a bus and turns to get her bearings.

She can't see the street she wants. What she can see is a
 neon sign above a club that reads: "Live! Girls!"

A WOMAN WITH SHOPPING walks by. Brit goes up to her.

BRIT
Scuse me? Can you possibly tell me
which way Fountain is?

WOMAN WITH SHOPPING
Oh I just love your accent!

Brit grimaces and forces a smile.

WOMAN WITH SHOPPING (cont'd)
I've always wanted to visit
Australia.

BRIT
Fountain?

WOMAN WITH SHOPPING
Just up there to the right. Which
part are you from?

Brit, exasperated, goes into full-on Aussie accent and runs.

BRIT
Adelaide. Don't go. Loads a flies!

EXT./INT. HOLISTIC HEALING CENTER - DAY

Brit scans a board with names of classes like:
TANTRIC YOGA FOR THE INSECURE; HEALING FOR THE OUT OF WORK
ACTOR and finally - FIND YOUR ABS WITH ANGEL WINGS.

BRIT
Blimey!

She scoots along various corridors looking for the room.

A LOST LOOKING MAN can't seem to pluck up the courage to ask
OTHER PEOPLE a question. Brit looks at him as she passes-

BRIT (cont'd)
Self assertiveness? Back there. 402.

Brit stops at studio and gapes -

A DOZEN WOMEN balance on trapeze-like swings suspended from
the ceiling.

WIND CHIMES play - it's a grown-up jungle-gym on crack.

Heidi, in 70's style cheer leading gear, balances her ample weight precariously, whilst the TEACHER, arms raised like an angel in flight, prances around giving instructions.

Brit sees Heidi. She waves, trying to get her attention.

Heidi sees her, waves back, points to her bag at the side of the room, then begins to topple off her perch -

HEIDI

Aaaargh!!!

She lets go of her 'Angel Wing' swing and falls to the floor with a nasty THUD! Brit, appalled, rushes over to her.

The commotion makes other ANGEL WINGERS wobble on their ropes, until they are all falling off like flies.

THUD! THUD! THUD!

Brit, WAILING Angel-Wingers hitting the deck all around her, grimaces apologetically to the frantic Teacher.

EXT. HOLISTIC HEALTH CENTER - DAY

Brit helps a limping Heidi along the path towards a nice shiny-new pink bicycle.

BRIT

Sure you'll be okay?

HEIDI

Hated that teacher anyway. Bitch told me I needed stronger ropes. Just look after my new baby.

Heidi hands Brit the keys to her bike lock.

BRIT

Thanks, babe. Heids?

HEIDI

What?

BRIT

You ever seen, um, a ghost?

HEIDI

Sure.

BRIT

Really?

HEIDI

I have regular conversations with my Aunt Gruntshcen. And Moggins.

Brit is about to ask but just hugs her instead.

HEIDI (cont'd)

Knock 'em dead, Red. Not literally.

Behind Heidi Brit sees the strip club sign "Live!Girls!"

BRIT

Oh my God, that's it.

HEIDI

What?

BRIT

Change the name when you get home home! We're gonna be called 'Live!Sex!Girls!'

HEIDI

Awesome!

Heidi waves her pom poms as Brit pedals away.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Brit pedals like a demon.

She pulls up to yet another bus stop, sweating like a horse.

She looks at her watch, the bus timetable, her 'schedule'.

BRIT

Shit!

Defeated she pulls out her cell and dials.

BRIT (cont'd)

(into phone)

Hi there. It's Brit Redway. Listen, I have a big job interview and I'm running really late so could you tell Pops, Mr Morgan, I'm so sorry but I'll read to him tomorrow instead?

She LISTENS. Her face drops.

BRIT (cont'd)

What? When?

She looks around, the world suddenly spins, super fast.

Trilby Dad leans on a lamppost.

BRIT (cont'd)
But...he's gonna be okay, right?

Brit turns from Dad; her face hardens.

BRIT (cont'd)
Hello? You sure? Hello? I'm losing
you. Look, can you tell him I'm
there, soon as I'm done. Hello?

The signal's gone. Brit spins round, no idea where she's going. She mutters to herself viciously.

BRIT (cont'd)
NOT your problem, Brit! Not like he's
my Dad for God's sake! You have to
get work...not like he's gonna die-

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Brit flags a bus down. This one actually stops.

She wheels the pink bike to the rack at the front.

She looks at it. How the hell does it work?

She looks up at the DRIVER. He stares back at her. It's the same gum-chewing driver from earlier.

She leans the bike against herself and tries to pull the rack down. It doesn't budge.

The Driver starts SHOUTING instructions and making arm movements - but Brit's all flustered and can't get it.

She yanks at the rack again. Nothing.

The bike CLATTERS to the ground.

The driver, exasperated, heaves his gut out of his seat, gets off the bus and comes to do it for her, pulling a little lever that clearly says 'PULL'.

He looks at Brit like she is an utter idiot.

BRIT
Thanks. Sorry.

DRIVER

Try to tell me where you want to get off before we get there this time.

He gets back on and she follows, all humiliation.

INT. BUS - DAY

Brit tries to do something with her sweaty-wet hair whilst the bus rattles along.

She looks at her make-up bag then at her watch. No. Not yet.

She looks across at an OLD MAN opposite. He's shabby, with loads of bags.

SUDDENLY, he's her Dad but older now; 50 something, all bloated and bitter, a drink in his hand and slurring.

OLDER DAD

Want one for the road, Boo? We should have one for the road, don't you think? Don't gimme all that surly teenage crap! Have a drink!

Brit is rattled to hell but just as fast the Old Man with the bags is back.

BRIT

Have to get that health care.

Her cell BEEPS. It's a text. She reads, smiles.

ON THE PHONE SCREEN:

MIKE THE FIREMAN: On your way?

BRIT: Yes. Thx.

MIKE THE FIREMAN: In right direction?

Brit laughs out loud. Texts back.

BRIT: Y break habit of lifetime?

EXT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

The bus moves toward the skyscrapers of Downtown L.A.

INT. BUS - DAY

Brit struggles to do her make-up in a hand mirror without poking herself in the eye with the mascara brush, as the bus bounces. She mutters her lines to herself.

BRIT

"Think I wouldn't notice dad? Most men have porn on their laptop" - no 'computer' - " Most men have porn on their computer, you have condos!"

Her phone BEEPS. She drops her make-up all over the bus floor as she scrabbles to answer it.

ON THE PHONE SCREEN:

NANCY: Good luck! x

Brit smiles and types

BRIT: You 2 mate! x

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Brit wiggles Heidi's bike off the front bus rack. Now what? How do you put the rack back up and hold onto the bike?

She leans the bike against the curb, runs back to the rack.

She pushes it up - it won't go. Again. Nothing.

The same rigmarole, as the disgusted driver gets out and does it for her.

BRIT

Cheers.

DRIVER

Don't come back on my bus.

She picks up the bike and pedals off, fast.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY

Brit jumps off yet another bus and is confronted with RENEE ZELLWEGER, smiling at her from a poster of her latest film .

Brit looks and smiles back at her, all business. The bus pulls away behind her.

BRIT
Right, Renee, this is it. A cycle
ride, last bus, change clothes-

She freezes, horror on her face. And turns to see:

In SLOW MOTION:

Heidi's shiny new pink bike still on the bus rack as the bus
speeds down the road.

Brit RUNS. STOPS - it's useless. Her hands fly to her head.

She sinks to her knees on the sidewalk. A long, long moment
of despair.

BRIT (cont'd)
Nooooooooooooooooo!

She looks at her watch. No good. She lets out a half LAUGH,
half SOB - utterly, totally, defeated.

And there in front of her is - a bar.

She looks at it.

The bar looks back.

In the doorway Older Dad beckons to her with a cold beer.

INT. BAR - DAY

Brit has a bottle of beer in front of her. Still full.

She presses SEND on her phone.

On the next stool is Older Dad - scotch glass full.

The BARMAN stares as Brit talks to thin air.

BRIT
Go away!

Next to Older Dad is silent Trilby Dad, watching.

BRIT (cont'd)
Both of you!

She stares at the beer. Her hand grasps the bottle.

Her phone BEEPS. She looks at a TEXT.

ON THE PHONE SCREEN

NANCY: They said I was just like real pole dancer! Yours?

Brit TYPES.

BRIT: Well done! Tell you later :)

Brit's Dad raises his drink and Brit gives in.

BRIT (cont'd)

Cheers.

Brit puts the bottle to her lips.

A HAND pulls it away.

It's the young biker Dad. Cool as James Dean.

YOUNG DAD

You sure?

BRIT

Oh no. You can't change the rules like that! You are not here. You are only in the dreams.

YOUNG DAD

Think of it as an intervention.

BRIT

He-

(Trilby Dad)

-never speaks. And you are only in the dreams!

The Barman, watching with concern as Brit chats to thin air, speaks into a phone.

Brit puts the bottle back to her lips.

TRILBY DAD

Bull!

Brit spits the beer out in shock. He does speak!

YOUNG DAD

Oh here we go.

TRILBY DAD

Oh bugger off!

OLDER DAD

Oh come on now, let's all just have another drink!

YOUNG DAD

Your answer to everything.

Brit stares from one to the other to the third, it's the tennis match from hell.

BRIT

OK. Enough!

A FEMALE COP appears at the door, approaching with caution.

FEMALE COP

Ma'am? Do you need some assistance?

BRIT

Almost certainly but I don't have any health care.

FEMALE COP

Where do you live, ma'am?

Brit WHISPERS, trying not to look behind her.

BRIT

I'm not crazy but can you see anyone else here?

The Cop looks behind Brit. Shakes her head. Brit turns. There's nothing there.

FEMALE COP

Okay ma'am, where's home?

Brit thinks about it.

EXT. BREAD OF HEAVEN HOME -DAY

A cop car drops Brit outside Bread Of Heaven.

INT. BREAD OF HEAVEN HOME, POP'S ROOM - DAY

Brit walks into Pop's room to see him lying in bed with a bandage round his head.

BRIT

Bloody hell, didn't I tell you not to try that new hip hop move?

Pops smiles at the sound of her voice, starts to laugh but it clearly hurts his ribs.

BRIT (cont'd)
Whoa! Wasn't that funny. Hurting?

She moves close, takes his hand.

POPS
Not as much as when I crashed in '73
- dirt trials in Kingston, smashed my
leg to bits.

BRIT
Well that's a relief. I think.

Pops SNIFFS, suddenly alert.

POPS
You been for a beer without me,
Angel? Thought you were giving that a
break?

Brit squeezes his hand.

BRIT
I am. Wasn't even a sip. Tell me
about '73 again.

At the doorway a figure appears, unseen by them, and STOPS dead. It's Mike.

POPS
That was the one had Martha in a
tizz. Made me hang up my helmet.

BRIT
Don't give me that crap. She didn't
make you. You told me you did it
because you adored her and she loved
you so much she was scared stupid
you'd die on her. Right?

POPS
That's right. So I brought back a
couple Jamaican strays instead. Then
she went and died on me. Poetic.

BRIT
You got a razor blade in here, Pops?
I'm gonna have to slash my wrists if
you get any more mournful on me.

Mike watches, still as a stone.

Pops starts to LAUGH then GROAN, both pain and pleasure.

POPS

They were gonna tell you not to come,
all that needin' rest nonsense. But I
told 'em, like I told the boys: my
Reading Angel, she light up my days.

BRIT

Yeah yeah yeah. I've got wings and a
halo. So what's it gonna be Pops?

She goes to a shelf and scans the books and magazines. Mike
moves to Pops' side, eyes glued on Brit.

MIKE

Pops. This the Reading Angel, huh?

Brit spins round. They eye each other for a long moment.

BRIT

Mike The Fireman.

MIKE

Brit The Reading Angel.

POPS

You two know each other?

Mike stares at her, undeniably full-on enchanted.

MIKE

We getting there.

BRIT

Pops. Your Pops. Ha.

MIKE

Not quite. We kinda all adopted each
other, didn't we Pops?

POPS

They were runnin' wild an' I bribed
'em to read poetry and *Zen And the
Art Of Motorcycle Maintenance*.

BRIT

(also enchanted)
How'd you do that?

POPS
Told 'em I'd build them both a
motorcycle after we'd discussed the
books like intelligent human beings.

BRIT
Did you? Build them bikes?

POPS
Nope. I made them do it.

Mike suddenly looks at his watch.

MIKE
How come you're here and not in
Burbank, British-girl?

Brit cuts him off, finger to her lips, shaking her head.

MIKE (cont'd)
What happened?

BRIT
So what's it gonna be today, Pops?

Mike manhandles her to the hallway.

MIKE
'scuse us a moment, Pops.

BRIT
It's OK. Really. He kinda lights up
my life too.

MIKE
He's fine. What happened? No, tell me
after. Can you still get there?

BRIT
Doubtful. I-

MIKE
What did you come here for? To L.A?

She looks at him - maybe not even sure anymore.

BRIT
No one else would have me?

MIKE
What did you come here for?

BRIT
To try and make my measly mark.

MIKE
Pops, can you handle me being the Reading Angel today? I got 20 minutes before work. Your regular one has to be somewhere else real important.

Pops has caught all the nuances.

POPS
Angel? You got an interview? For acting stuff?

MIKE
Yeah. She does.

POPS
Then get the hell outta here. We can talk motorcycles and existential questions of the soul any day.

Mike looks bemused as he hustles Brit out the door.

POPS (cont'd)
He can't read like you but he'll do for today.

MIKE
You break my heart, Pops.
(to Brit)
Will they wait for you? Go! Call me when you're there. Or when you're done. Or whatever! Go!

He shuts the door on her. Pops has a big grin on his face.

MIKE (cont'd)
What?

POPS
Just thinking we could get the old Roadster out for the wedding.

Mike doesn't say a word.

But something makes him look out into the corridor again.

Brit stands there, dumbly.

MIKE
What?

BRIT
 Lost the bike. Heidi's brand new
 shiny pink bike. It's on the front of
 a bus. Somewhere. And I-

And here's Benji. All concern. Wheeling his bike.

BENJI
 How is he? Brit?!

MIKE
 (to Benji)
 Man, see this is why you need a car!
 I'm on shift. The Brit needs a ride.

He grabs Benji's bike, pushes it at Brit, stopping Benji
 before he can protest.

MIKE (cont'd)
This is the 'Reading Angel'.

Benji holds his hands up in total blessing to take his bike.

MIKE (cont'd)
 Can you get there now?

Brit looks at her watch. Maybe. Shit!

BRIT
 Do me a favour?

MIKE
 Name it.

She grabs her cell phone and throws it at Mike.

BRIT
 Take this, all the numbers are there.
 Call Nancy or Heidi, get one of them
 to call my agent, explain, buy me
 some time?

(to Benji)
 Sure you you don't mind me taking
 your baby, I already lost two today?

BENJI
 Cho. You the Reading Angel!

Both of them shove her on her way.

EXT. BURBANK STREETS - DAY

Brit, stressed to fuck now, cycles along the street, all wobbly on Benji's fancy racer and very hot and sweaty.

A near miss with a car - FUCK! She weaves wildly.

She stops at a corner, spins around, disoriented.

BRIT
Why are the sodding streets so
sodding long in this sodding country?
Why haven't I got a smart phone?

Ranting like a loon, to herself, she spies a PEDESTRIAN.

BRIT (cont'd)
Because you got pissed as a fart and
it was stolen that's why...

She waves at the Pedestrian -

BRIT (cont'd)
Excuse me?

-and promptly falls off the bike. The Pedestrian gives her a wide berth and hurries on. Brit YELLS after him.

BRIT (cont'd)
But I've got a really cute accent!

Ahead, Young Biker Dad appears under a sign that reads STUDIO CENTRAL. Brit squints at him and the sign.

BRIT (cont'd)
OK. Thanks.

She gets up, knees scratched and bleeding, hair all awry and moves to the building, hot and panting, and goes in, complete with bike.

BRIT (cont'd)
Can not lose Benji's bike too.

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

Pulling the script, a top, and some heels out of her backpack as she goes, Brit strides up to a desk.

BRIT
Has to be worst day of my life.

And STOPS short, frozen. Like she's just remembered something but can't quite think what.

A CASTING ASSISTANT on the desk stares at her. She looks like a human train wreck.

CASTING ASSISTANT
 Uh, Brit? Your agent called. Go straight through, they waited for you. Don't worry about changing.

The Assistant opens a door.

VERY BRIGHT LIGHTS shine out of it in a kind of Close Encounters way.

In a daze, clutching all her stuff, Brit walks into the light.

INT. TV STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Brit struggles to focus. She only sees:

A hazy glare in front of her. Vague FIGURES. The muted MUTTERS of a CASTING DIRECTOR and some SUITS filter through.

CASTING DIRECTOR
 -said you had car trouble. Wow! My gosh! You really did, didn't you? Are you OK to go straight for the scene?...script's in transition still...feel free to be loose with dialogue...improvise if you feel...

The lights seem to be even more blinding as the Casting Director's voice fades in and out. Brit reacts on autopilot.

And TIME SEEMS TO SLOW.

CASTING DIRECTOR (cont'd)
 (reading)
 I have no idea what you're talking about, Shelley.

BRIT
 What's wrong Dad? Afraid Mom's gonna find out about Real Estate Rita? Some men have porn on their computers, you have condos! What's wrong Dad?

And there he is. Dad. All three of him. Still arguing.

BRIT (cont'd)
Tell me this isn't happening someone.

TRILBY DAD
I never wanted to be a suit.

OLDER DAD
Just have a drink, forget about it.

Brit stares from Young Dad to Trilby to Older and back.

BRIT
You were an ace pilot..

YOUNG DAD
I crashed my bike-

OLDER DAD
-missed out on America. A shot at the
space program. Had to become a suit.

BRIT
You missed your chance. I've missed
mine.

YOUNG DAD
You're missing the point, sweetheart.

TRILBY DAD
Can't blame the crash for screwing
the rest of life up-

OLDER DAD
-I had a damn good go at it.

YOUNG DAD
You have to blame-

OLDER DAD
-the five pints I drank beforehand!

Brit's jaw drops as she looks from one to the other.

TRILBY DAD
So. Had to become a suit.

The angle shifts back and forth from Brit's conversation to
what the Casting Director sees.

BRIT
(smiling)
You looked good in a suit.

The Casting Director and Suits stare as Brit does an apparently improvised monologue.

BRIT (cont'd)
Can still smell the Old Spice.

Trilby Dad smiles.

BRIT (cont'd)
I used to play hairdressers. "What style would you like today, sir?"

OLDER DAD
Then you stopped speaking to me.

BRIT
Teenagers. What can you do?

Older Dad shakes his head, apologetic.

OLDER DAD
I said things that were- unnecessary.

BRIT
"Even the dog's a bitch."

Older Dad winces. But Brit's smiling, getting it now.

BRIT (cont'd)
You were permanently pissed.

OLDER DAD
And it pissed you off.

BRIT
S'okay. Did my bit too.

OLDER DAD
We're rather alike.

She watches as he swills his drink.

BRIT
Apparently we are very alike.

They both smile. Older Dad suddenly looks sober and serious.

The Suits in the room look impressed with her 'performance'.

OLDER DAD
Never found out how that audition went, did I? That week.
(MORE)

OLDER DAD (cont'd)
 The one you were so excited about.
 You know, the week I went.

Brit whispers as enlightenment dawns.

BRIT
 The actual worst day of my life.

QUICK FLASH TO:

INT. BRIDGET JONES AUDITION ROOM - DAY

The Bridget Jones audition room. Brit is not 'rocking it' as before. She looks decidedly shaky as the audition ends.

BRIT
 "...must try harder". Thanks.

She goes and the UK SUITS look at each other.

PRODUCER
 Did she seem a bit...sort of..drunk?

- And BACK TO L.A.

Brit speaks to Older Dad, full of a slow realization.

BRIT
 I drank for Olympic Gold for a week
 after the funeral and had the
 hangover from hell that day-

OLDER DAD
 Sorry. My timing was bloody awful.

BRIT
 (full of irony)
 Right. I mean, Jeeze Dad, couldn't
 you have arranged to snuff it at a
 better time for me?
 (very deliberate)
 I. Messed. It. Up.

Older Dad drinks his scotch. Brit watches the golden liquid.

BRIT (cont'd)
 Renee Zellweger played it. They
 needed an American A-lister to sell
 it. She was extraordinarily good.

IN THE ROOM - everyone now looks very confused.

Older Dad offers Brit a drink.

 OLDER DAD
Hair of the dog?

 BRIT
No thanks. Trying not to.

 OLDER DAD
Me too.

He winks at her, suddenly all charm. All 3 Dads now appear to merge together until only Older Dad remains.

 OLDER DAD (cont'd)
Cheers, Boo. Make your mark. Better to make a bad impression than-

Brit LAUGHS.

 BRIT
- than no sodding impression at all.

And as he sips, Older Dad also disappears.

Brit turns, 'epiphany' writ large on her face.

SILENCE as the assembled Suits all stare at her.

They all CLAP furiously.

FREEZE FRAME.

 BRIT (V.O.)
Oh, you didn't think it was gonna be that easy did you? Some wanky Hollywood happy ending? I get the job, make a mint, win an Oscar? Nah. Sorry. This is how it really went.

UN-FREEZE FRAME.

Brit blinks in the lights at the Casting Director and Suits.

She gasps. And EXHALES, as if for the first time in years. Relief, release, acceptance and a hint of joy.

 CASTING DIRECTOR
Wow. Really.. interesting.

SUIT
 (whispering loudly)
 She does know it's a comedy?

CASTING DIRECTOR
 So, Brit, you're actually Australian,
 aren't you?

Brit stares at them.

BRIT
 I'm terribly sorry but I think I have
 concussion. Or maybe a brain tumour.

She smiles and then just wanders out of the room.

EXT. L.A. STREET - DAY

Brit sits on a bench as the sun dies behind her.

The THROB and RUMBLE of a motorcycle grows louder.

Mike, on his Indian, ROARS up beside her.

She looks at him. A little glassy eyed and unfocussed.

Mike switches off, pulls his helmet off and goes to her.

MIKE
 Hey.

BRIT
 Hey, Mike The Fire. Come to save me?

MIKE
 Depends how bad it was. Do I need to?

Mike studies her. She looks weird, sounds weird.

MIKE (cont'd)
 It was that bad?

BRIT
 Think I need a shrink.

MIKE
 It was that bad?

She gets up, reels a little. He catches her, holds her up.

BRIT
 I've been speaking to my Dad.

MIKE
Is that bad?

BRIT
I've been seeing my Dad.

MIKE
Where?

BRIT
Everywhere.

MIKE
(more confused)
Where's he live?

BRIT
He's dead.

MIKE
Ah.

He pulls her into a tight hug. Brit hugs him back. Mike whispers, looking over her shoulder.

MIKE (cont'd)
Is he here now?

BRIT
No. I left him having a large malt
whisky in the casting room.

Mike's face says 'Oh Shit!'

MIKE
OK. C'mon, Reading Angel. Let's get
you to the doc.

BRIT
Haven't got any health care.

MIKE
We'll find a cheap one.

BRIT
Haven't got any money.

MIKE
We'll sell your body after.

He grabs his spare crash helmet, starts putting it on her.

BRIT
I lost Brit's brand new bike.

MIKE
We'll sell your body to the men at
the bus depot and get it back.

BRIT
Can I drive?

MIKE
No.

BRIT
I don't crash all the time!

MIKE
No.

BRIT
Why?

MIKE
You're seeing dead people!

BRIT
Fair point.

Mike kicks the old Indian over as Brit gets on the back.

MIKE
You on?

She puts her arms around him and sulks over his shoulder.

BRIT
Hate being pillion.

MIKE
'Cos you're a control freak.

BRIT
'Cos they come off way worse in a
smash.

MIKE
Not gonna be any smash.

BRIT
Is that like some fireman law I don't
know about?

MIKE

No, but I was taught to ride by a champion.

She smiles.

BRIT

Pops. He OK?

As they ride off down the street into palms and sunset...

MIKE

He's fine. So, funny-Brit, when did this seeing your Dad thing start?

BRIT

Dunno. Maybe since I hit my head.

MIKE

That was weeks ago, girl!

BRIT

Arrest me.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Renee Zellweger's cheery face smiles out from the front of a Celeb magazine.

Brit, flicks through it, nervously.

BRIT (V.O.)

So, Mike took me to a head doctor-

Mike sits next to her, an arm protectively round her shoulder. Possibly to stop her running.

Nancy and Heidi (full length Dior and feather boa) are there too. Nancy nudges Heidi, nods at Mike's arm round Brit.

And Randy's there too, chatting up a woman in the PHARMACY.

BRIT (V.O.) (cont'd)

She asked a bunch of questions, did some tests and told me voices, hallucinations and generally weird shit wasn't unusual after a blow to the head-

A DOCTOR beckons Brit. Mike pushes her up off the chair and Brit trails into a room, like a kid going to the Principal.

BRIT (V.O.) (cont'd)
 -or when you were de-toxing from
 alcohol.

The Doctor's door opens. Everyone looks up.

Brit comes out muttering - sheepish, annoyed and relieved.

BRIT
 Ridiculous. Stupid.

NANCY
 (grinning)
 Reckon she's okay, innit.

BRIT
 I have 3 months left to live.

RANDY
 Better start the party now.

Mike smiles at her, questioning.

BRIT
 You still here?

MIKE
 Not going anywhere.

He gets up and takes her hand firmly in his.

MIKE (cont'd)
 Not now I know who you really are.
 Gotta take care of the Reading Angel.

Nancy and Heidi look confused as they all troop to the exit.
 They leave Randy offering surgical deals and exchanging tips
 with the Pharmacist.

RANDY
 -great deal on vaginal rejuvenation.
 Lemme know. Did you know if you mix
 that with some ditriptythyolene you
 can get a really excellent high...

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Heidi's bike, pink and perfect, leans up against a railing.
 With Benji. Brit stares at it. Then at Benji. Then at Mike.

BRIT
 How the? Did you..?

BENJI
They call to me.

Brit hugs Mike. Then Benji. Then Mike again. Heidi looks very pleased with both the bike and Benji.

HEIDI
My baby! And who is this?

Benji grins back at her.

BENJI
Irie? A man who loves a woman with a non-motorized vehicle, get me?

It's clearly lust at first bike.

Suddenly, Nancy SQUEALS, holding her phone up high.

NANCY
Fuck me! I'm gonna be Patricia the Pole Dancer!

More SQUEALS as the girls congratulate her and hug more.

MIKE
Isn't she already a pole dancer?

NANCY
This is different. It's theatre.

HEIDI
Yeah. Now she's gonna be paid much less for doing the same thing but it's art.

They all walk, wheeling bikes, arms round each other.

BRIT
Shall we go see Pops?

MIKE
Do I have competition, British Girl?

BRIT
Excellent. You even sound the same.

INT. STARBUX - DAY

In an area with sofas, there is raucous LAUGHTER.

Nancy is showing some STARBUX WORKERS her computer screen.

The strains of the YMCA/OBAMA song can be heard.

STARBUX BOY
That is wild! Play it again! Hey
check this out guys. It's Brit!

Benji and Heidi are tete-a-tete over a coffee. Heidi wears a hat Lady GaGa would envy.

BENJI
Yeah, originally, I was gonna call it
The Village Bicycle.

HEIDI
What?

BENJI
My store.

HEIDI
After which village?

BENJI
After my ex. But den ya know, I saw
the light and I let it go...I
recycled the life cycle; let go of
the bitter, the blame you have great
eyes...

Heidi bats said eyes.

HEIDI
How do you feel about cats?

Mike's eyes follow Brit as she works.

Another STARBUX WORKER taps the orders into a register
whilst Brit writes furiously on the cups.

A CUSTOMER approaches. Baseball cap and shades, she's
unassuming.

STARBUX WORKER
Double shot grande latte?

The Customer In Shades smiles sweetly.

CUSTOMER IN SHADES
Yes. Thank you.

Brit writes on the cup, head down in concentration.

BRIT
And your name please?

CUSTOMER IN SHADES
Renee.

Brit writes the name.

STARBUX WORKER
Four dollars fifteen. Thanks, Renee.

As the Customer hands over money Brit looks up-

THE WORLD GOES INTO SLO-MO.

BRIT (V.O.)
And there it was. Out of all the
Starfux in all the world, she had to
walk into mine....

The Customer In Shades is RENEE ZELLWEGER. Herself.

Brit watches dumbly as Renee takes her change.

CUSTOMER IN SHADES/RENEE ZELLWEGER
Thank you so much.

Renee, sweet and cute, smiles warmly - and goes to wait in
line for her drink - just like the rest of humanity.

BRIT
Oh God, and she's really nice!

Nancy's computer suddenly BLARES out the 'Obama Song'.

BRIT AND THE GIRLS (O.C.)
*Barack, though you're under the gun,
Just remember, you are black and well
hung...*

Renee turns to see what it is.

ON THE COMPUTER the VIDEO PLAYS

BRIT AND THE GIRLS
*And 'though we are - all totally
broke We know it's Bush that fucked
the economy!*

All the Starbux Workers begin to do the arm movements as the
chorus kicks in.

BRIT AND THE GIRLS
You know we love you O- B- A- M- A!

Renee smiles. Then LAUGHS and moves in to get a closer look.

Brit stares, mouth open.

BRIT (V.O.)
So there you have it. Renee came, she saw, she tweeted. And suddenly we had a million hits and a spot at the Comedy Store. Cheers, Renee!

Brit sips on a smoothie and catches Mike looking at her: eyes twinkling and looking totally delicious.

Brit smiles back, rapt.

Mike beckons to her to follow him out of the store.

She goes as if hypnotized.

EXT. STARBUX - CONTINUOUS.

Dave The Homeless is guarding some crates.

MIKE
Got something for you. From Pops.

He turns her to look toward Dave and the crates.

MIKE (cont'd)
It's an Indian. Pops wants you to have it. But you gotta rebuild it.

Brit stares and sees a motorcycle frame and some forks sticking out of the crates.

BRIT
But I don't know how to-

MIKE
That's where I come in.

BRIT
Really? Really? You'd teach me?

Mike nods. Brit is ecstatic.

Mike pulls her in and kisses her, long and slow.

Behind them, Dave belches.

FADE THE HELL
OUT.

OVER END CREDITS:

The LIVE!SEX!GIRLS! sing and dance to THE OBAMA SONG.

HEIDI

*Hey man, so some said you were gay
And that you weren't from the US of A*

NANCY

And altho your middle name is Hussein

ALL THE GIRLS

We know you're not really muslim!

All in unison do the arm movements.

ALL THE GIRLS (cont'd)

Ya know we love ya O-B-A-M-A!

VARIOUS SHOTS OF:

ALL THE CAST sing and do the arm movements in their respective locations-

- Mike and his FIREMEN

ALL THE FIREFIGHTERS

(singing)

You know we need you

- Dave The Homeless outside 7/11...

DAVE THE HOMELESS GUY

O-B-A-M-Ay-A

- In London - Brit's best friends John and Sally

JOHN AND SALLY

Oh c'mon Barack!

- Randy and his old buddies

RANDY AND CO.

We're all great in the sack

- Pops and The Old Folks at the home

THE OLD FOLKS WITH POPS

We really need that cheap healthcare

- Gary The Agent, his oxygen tank and his Perky Assistant -

GARY AND PERKY ASSISTANT
O-B-A-M-A! Ya know we want you-

- Benji and Heidi amid bikes, cats and vintage clothes

BENJI AND BRIT
O-B-A-M-Ay-Ay!

- On THE LATE LATE SHOW the LIVE!SEX!GIRLS! perform-

BRIT AND THE GIRLS
*We wanna live in LA Without a big
bill to pay When we get sick or shot
in a drive by. O B-A-M-A!*

Brit steps forward and YELLS into the mic.

BRIT
Thank you, Renee! And Goodnight!

INSERT:

Brit In LA - #metoo #timesup - The Trump Years
- coming next.