

GO FOR ALAYNA

Written by

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An ICE PICK rests on the floor, underneath an unused prop bed frame. A hand reaches down to pick it up.

ALAYNA, black, creative type, late 20s, grips the ice pick in one hand as she weaves around set pieces and crew members. Clinging to her clipboard, she hands off the ice pick to one crew member, collects a script from another.

She stops at the craft services table, puts her stuff down. We see the title of the script: BASIC INSTINCT REBOOT - SHOOTING DRAFT 50.

She grabs a paper coffee cup, writes "Jim" on it with her sharpie. She begins to make a cup of coffee with painstaking specificity.

She finishes making the coffee just in time for JIM, white, late 30s, First AD "bro" with a headset a clipboard, to show up and take it, taking a sip.

JIM

You're learning well, young padawan.

ALAYNA

Have they finished the sweaty detective close-ups?

JIM

Yep. Setting up for Gemma. Clarence is driving me crazy.

ALAYNA

Didn't you say he was "the director of the century"?

JIM

Not anymore. Do you have that extra script?

She hands him BASIC INSTINCT REBOOT, revealing another script hiding beneath it on her clipboard - SPACE POET, by Alayna Preston. Jim picks up SPACE .

JIM (CONT'D)

(sarcastic)

Ah, ANOTHER script. SPACE POET! By Alayna Preston. Fascinating.

(serious)

Who is this for?

ALAYNA

No one.

JIM

I told you. Not on my set.

He hands it to her.

ALAYNA

It's the last day.

JIM

I saw this in Gemma's room last week, Alayna. I can't have you approaching the actors like this. I get it, she's bankable, she's dabbling in feminism, still looks hot in a space suit... But please. Don't embarrass me.

ALAYNA

OK, fine. But when can I meet this investor? I'm getting nervous.

JIM

Calm down. We haven't even wrapped yet.

ALAYNA

We wrap *tonight*. You promised, Jim.

JIM

Focus on this film, then you can make yours. I'll set up the meeting soon. Meanwhile, we need Gemma on set in ten.

He plunges his hand into a large bowl of chocolates and puts an unwieldy amount into his cargo pants pocket, walks off.

Two crew members follow him with questions. He stops, points at Alayna, they head toward her. Alayna looks at Jim in protest; he pounds his chest, throws her a peace sign, and walks over to chat with crew.

2

EXT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE GEMMA'S ROOM

2

Alayna stands outside Gemma's door, closes her eyes, whispering to herself, practicing.

ALAYNA

OK. Space Poet is a sci-fi fantasy adaptation of the 1965 epic poem by ... OK, so my grandmother had this manuscript... Space Poet is about... Oh fuck it.

She knocks on the door. Hears a faint "come in!"

3

INT. GEMMA'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

3

Alayna enters the trailer tentatively. A makeup artist, DAVE, blocks Alayna's view of GEMMA, white, 30s, star power, while doing her hair. Gemma wears a white turtleneck mini dress and a long, ornate robe.

GEMMA

(to makeup)

I never allow body doubles, actually. You can look at my contract. It's not an ego thing. I know that's what everyone's saying, but it's not. Women's bodies are not interchangeable.

(seeing Alayna)

How much longer, Alayna?

ALAYNA

Ten minutes.

GEMMA

(to Dave)

I'm ready for my sage.

Dave steps away to rummage for the sage and light it.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Right. Alayna, do you have any intel about this leg-cross scene? No one will talk to me about it.

ALAYNA

As far as I know they're still just re-making it shot for shot.

GEMMA

Of course they are. Clarence Fallick everyone. The director of the fucking century. Honestly. He'd better tell me what he plans to show.

Dave begins spreading sage around the room in awkward dance-like motions. He hovers over Gemma, spreading the smoke. Alayna moves to the other side of Gemma, places her script down on the counter in front of her.

ALAYNA

Gemma, I brought you a replacement copy of Space Poet.

GEMMA

Ohhhh right. I did sort of skim the other one before it disappeared... Thank you. So where's the funding coming from?

ALAYNA

Jim knows an investor.

GEMMA

Do you trust Jim?

Alayna nods hesitantly. Gemma winks at her. Dave tries covertly to get Alayna's attention, making deliberate eye contact, motioning with the sage.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

(to Alayna)

Is it based on anything?

Alayna tries to ignore Dave.

ALAYNA

My grandmother's manuscript from the sixties. She could never get it published, so I'm doing the film version, as an homage to her.

GEMMA

Amazing. Too many women artists never had their chance to shine. I love this. What's it about?

Dave gets more desperate, starts making faces, gesturing with his face, pointing at Gemma's legs.

ALAYNA

Well, it's an epic poem in which a factory worker journeys into space and returns with the secrets of the universe, only to discover that back on earth there are factions waiting to exploit them.

GEMMA

I can relate to that. Great. Let's talk.

Dave keeps pointing, distracting Alayna. Gemma turns to him.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Are you all right, Dave?

Dave nods. Alayna steals a glance at Gemma's legs. They're covered in hair.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Great. That's enough, thank you.

Dave puts out the sage and leaves, casting a look at Alayna. Gemma turns to Alayna, smiles.

ALAYNA

Gemma, actually, there's no rush. We could spare another fifteen minutes for you to finish up.

GEMMA

My hair's done.

ALAYNA

Right, hair. On your... head. Yes. But... your legs?

GEMMA

What about them?

ALAYNA

Do you want to - are they supposed to be -

GEMMA

This is my natural look. It's how I'd like to appear in the film.

ALAYNA

Okay... So this was discussed with Clarence, the producers -

GEMMA

All those patriarchs, yes. Honestly, fuck them.

ALAYNA

Yes. Of course. Fuck the patriarchy.

A beat.

ALAYNA (CONT'D)
So you're not shaving.

GEMMA
No.

ALAYNA
Great. Sit tight then.

4 EXT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE GEMMA'S ROOM

4

Alayna looks around frantically, grabs for her walkie talkie, just as Jim emerges from the lot. She rushes toward him.

JIM
Whoa there. Is Gemma ready?

ALAYNA
(whispering)
Jim, Remember how I kept telling you it was weird that Gemma wanted her legs covered all the time, even in the excessive sex scenes and -

JIM
"Excessive"? That's your opinion. But, no. I don't remember that.

ALAYNA
Bed sheets, stockings, pants suits?

JIM
I remember the pantsuits.

ALAYNA
Jim. She's not shaving.

JIM
Not shaving what?

ALAYNA
Her legs. It's probably been months.

JIM
Ugh. Wait, where else is she not shaving?

Alayna stares.

JIM (CONT'D)
Why didn't you flag this up sooner?

ALAYNA

I did. That's what I'm saying. I told you on many occasions. She must have been hiding it, and now she's refusing to shave.

JIM

No, she has to. Tell her she has to.

ALAYNA

She won't. It's her feminist thing.

JIM

But women's legs are smooth and shiny.

ALAYNA

Actually -

Jim puts his finger over her lips.

JIM

Buhbuhbubuh. Just get her to shave.

ALAYNA

I think you should get a body double.

JIM

No. Then Clarence will suspect something. He can't find out about this.

ALAYNA

Just say it's a precaution. You'll have a backup, and if Gemma finds out, she'll know she's replaceable. It's leverage.

JIM

No. Just get her to shave.

ALAYNA

Why me?

JIM

Because I have to go back to set and pretend everything is normal so that Clarence doesn't find out, and you have to use your feminine wiles and woman brain to reason with her and get her to shave.

(MORE)

JIM (CONT'D)
Isn't there some kind of sisterhood
angle you can work here?

Alayna rolls her eyes.

JIM (CONT'D)
Look, I've been nice enough to help
you with your little Space Party -

ALAYNA
Space Poet.

JIM
Whatever. We have a crisis, Alayna.
And you're distracted.

ALAYNA
I tried to tell you about this!
You're the one-

JIM
That's enough. This is on you. Get
her to shave.

He starts to walk away.

ALAYNA
(under her breath)
Bailing you out again.

He turns back.

JIM
Excuse me?

ALAYNA
Nothing.

He walks up to her.

JIM
Right. Exactly. Nothing. Now you
get her to shave, or you can forget
about your investor.

ALAYNA
What? Jim.

JIM
You owe me, Alayna. Get her shaved
and to set in ten minutes, or you
can forget about ever making your
film.

Alayna lingers for only a moment, then storms off toward the trailer. The makeup artist intercepts her, hands her shaving cream and a razor, and runs off. Alayna looks at them, shakes her head.

She knocks on Gemma's door. There's a long pause before a faint "come in."

5 INT. GEMMA'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

5

Alayna enters Gemma's trailer hesitantly, closing the door behind her. She holds the shaving cream and razor out of view. Gemma swivels in her chair, her legs crossed, proudly displayed in all of their hairy glory. It's reminiscent of Sharon Stone in *Basic Instinct*, but she's smiling. In her lap is Alayna's script.

GEMMA

I love it! I'm reading heavy feminist themes here. I've been dying for some roles that really reflect that side of me. Space Poet is perfect. She's so principled. What she represents-

ALAYNA

Um.

(awkward pause)

You see, my grandmother's story is autobiographical.

(waits for Gemma to get it)

I mean - she never went to space. But space poet is *her* in a way. So... I had you in mind for the...

Pause.

GEMMA

Sidekick?

JIM (O.S.)

(over walkie)

Jim for Alayna

ALAYNA

(into walkie)

Hold on, Jim.

ALAYNA (CONT'D)

(to Gemma)

It's a great role.

GEMMA
Less screen time.

ALAYNA
But she's a pilot. Like Han Solo.

GEMMA
Hmmm. Not sure that's going to
work. I really only do leads these
days. Nice little script though.

She places the script back onto the counter. She looks at Alayna through the mirror, waiting for her to leave.

GEMMA (CONT'D)
Do they need me now, or...

ALAYNA
Actually, Gemma, well, it's the leg
thing. Um, they want you to shave.

Gemma laughs, swivels back around in her chair.

GEMMA
Honestly, I don't see what their
problem is.

She places her foot up on the counter, exposing her legs.

GEMMA (CONT'D)
This is *real* female power. The
natural feminine state. Not some
sanitized male fantasy.

JIM (O.S.)
(over walkie)
Alayna.

ALAYNA
That's great. But actually -

GEMMA
You know, the sex as power thing -
it's funny. Men are really into it
when it's on screen and they decide
what it looks like. But as soon as
it's real, they're afraid of it.

JIM (O.S.)
(over walkie)
Jim. For. Alayna.

Annoyed, Alayna removes her headset from her ears.

ALAYNA

I get that. But actually, I wonder, would it not make more sense for you to shave? I mean for the character.

Gemma looks at Alayna, reading her.

GEMMA

Maybe Sharon Stone's version. Not mine.

ALAYNA

But isn't it in your contract that -

GEMMA

I'm sorry, who do you think you are?

Alayna is taken aback.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

This is unacceptable. You think you can come in here and tell me what to do?

ALAYNA

I just -

GEMMA

You offer me a *supporting role* and then tell me what I can and can't do with my body?

ALAYNA

Look, I'm just doing what I've been told.

Alayna places the shaving cream and razor on the counter.

GEMMA

Unbelievable. You pitched a feminist rebel heroine, and now you're (mocking) "just doing what you're told?" And for what? An investor?

Alayna folds her arms.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

I thought you'd be on my side. I'm taking a stand. You should be joining me, not cowering before the men.

Alayna slams her leg up on the counter, rolls up her trousers to reveal hairy legs.

ALAYNA

Few steps ahead of you, actually. It's not about sides. It's not about cowering. It's about gran's space poet, soaring through galaxies.

She puts her leg down.

ALAYNA (CONT'D)

You can keep your bougie little protest. There's a half naked Bond girl the next lot over. It's not going to stop. Meanwhile I'm trying to get my career off the ground. Come on, Gemma. Help me out. What would you do if you were me?

There's a pause, they face each other.

GEMMA

I'd stand up to my boss.

JIM (O.S.)

(over walkie)

Alayna we're moving forward with the plan.

GEMMA

What plan?

Gemma gets up. Leaves the room.

6 EXT. STUDIO LOT - DAY

6

Gemma rushes into the lot to behold her BODY DOUBLE, in the same white dress, as she rushes through the lot as fast as she can in stiletto heels. She intercepts her.

GEMMA

(to double)

And I gave you my Goop password.

Alayna watches at a distance as Gemma stomps toward craft services, while the body double retreats toward Jim. She grabs a pitcher of grapefruit juice, runs over to the body double, throws the juice all over her dress.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Is this a joke? A body double? Who did this?

A few crew members mumble "Jim."

JIM

No, I was just taking credit for it; it was definitely Alayna.

Gemma looks at Alayna. Walks up to her.

GEMMA

(to Alayna)

Nice try.

She heads back toward her room. Now Jim walks up to Alayna.

JIM

Fix this. Or you can forget about Space Pirate.

He walks away.

ALAYNA

Space Poet.

7 INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY

7

Alayna barges into Gemma's trailer. Gemma faces off with her, both fuming. Alayna looks at the shaving cream, then back to Gemma - she grabs the can and lunges at Gemma, grabbing for one of her legs.

She sprays the shaving cream while Gemma kicks her away wildly. Shaving cream flies all over the trailer as they fall to the ground, wrestling as Alayna tries to get hold of Gemma's legs. She nearly manages to cover one leg before Gemma kicks her off - Alayna falls to the side, exhausted. Gemma falls next to her. They lie flat on their backs.

Alayna turns her head to see her script, now covered in shaving cream. She grabs, tries to dramatically tear it, but it's too thick. She tries a few times. Gives up. Gemma grabs it, straightens it out, wipes the shaving cream off, hands it back to her gently.

ALAYNA

So much for the money.

GEMMA

You'll get the money... You just need strong talent attached. In your... lead role...?

ALAYNA

Gemma, the Scar-Jo thing is not a good look for you. You've got to be the pilot.

Gemma considers.

GEMMA

Can I at least save someone? Can I save space poet from the bounty hunters?

Beat.

ALAYNA

Fine.

Gemma extends her hand to Alayna. Without looking, Alayna takes her hand. They shake. There's a pause.

ALAYNA (CONT'D)

So do I, like, talk to your agent or-

GEMMA

I'll handle it.

There is a banging on the door. Alayna looks at Gemma.

ALAYNA

Are you camera ready?

8

EXT. CORRIDOR - DAY

8

Jim waits outside as Gemma emerges from her room, tipsy with glee, covered in shaving cream, followed by Alayna. Jim has a hard time looking at Gemma's legs.

GEMMA

See you on set.

She saunters off. Jim looks at Alayna, fuming.

JIM

You're done.

ALAYNA

Yeah. You're right, Jim. I am done.

She takes off her headset, hands it to him. She pounds her chest, throws him a peace sign, and walks off with Gemma, as if into the sunset. But really just off the set.

9

INT. SET - DAY

9

All we see is a bare white wall lit blue, with a single chair in front of it. Gemma walks into frame, still covered in shaving cream and with hairy legs. She sits in the chair, looks around, crosses her legs, assuming a pose.

GEMMA

Ready when you are.