

HARD

"SOFT"

Written by

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## TEASER

FADE IN.

MONTAGE:

Moments, clips, and images from '90s VHS tapes show a charming, bronzed, young stud -- MICKEY MANN, as porn video covers reveal -- who makes a series of on screen entrances from various pornos, accompanied by cheesy porn music and even cheesier porn pickup lines.

MICKEY

I'm your new doctor -- I'm going to take your temperature with a very special thermometer.

(cuts to new clip)

I'm the new repairman -- I'm here to service your pipes.

(cut to new clip)

I'm the pizza delivery guy -- Did someone order extra sausage?

Multiple shots of his orgasm face splice into the red carpet footage from the AVN award show, again and again, year after year. Each time the paparazzi lenses snap less and less frequently, and Mickey appears less and less jazzed.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

And the award for best male performer goes to --

The screen is split between four glowing men in tuxedos, one of which is Mickey, as they wait in the midst of a theater filled with PORN STARS. The MAN on stage hands the envelope to a mostly naked WOMAN.

WOMAN

Mike Horner!

Mickey claps and smiles as one of the other three men is kissed, hugged, and applauded by surrounding MEN and WOMEN. The losing process repeats itself, year after year, each time Mickey looks a bit less pleased to be there.

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

Buck Adams!  
John Dough!

For the last time, Mickey nods off, noticeably older, and not included in the split screen of four nominees.

WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
And the winner is -- Michael J.  
Cox!

The trashy yet fabulous PEOPLE in the theater erupt in  
applause and rise to their feet; all but Mickey.

**ACT ONE**

INT. PORN STUDIO, ON SET - DAY

Upon entering enormous, glass double doors adorned with the words "Jade Studios," we travel through the modern world of porn, following all sorts of sparkling flesh, metal, and silicone that comprise the various sets and areas found in a major porn studio.

INT. PORN STUDIO, ON SET - DAY

One such piece of flesh, a MAN's ass, struts through and off a set. It leaves behind an exhausted, sticky PORN ACTRESS and a CREW who flash obligatory smiles as he passes. JADE STONE, the 40-something, voluptuous red-head watches the man from a director's chair.

JADE

That's a wrap on today. Finally. Go home.

The crew disperses. A few members walk behind a naked FLUFFER, a defeated young girl who walks by zombie-like, swishing mouthwash.

CREW MEMBER

(to another crew member,  
motioning at fluffer)  
She should get a medal or  
somethin'.

BILLY SCOTT, a gentle, plump, horn-rimmed kid with an oozing attentiveness, pushes through the crew and scurries after the naked man, tripping once on a piece of equipment.

INT. PORN STUDIO, HALLWAY - DAY

The butt continues down a hallway decorated with portraits of porn stars and disappears into a doorway. A door with a gold plaque embellished with glittery letters reading "MICKEY MANN" slams shut as we catch the last fleeting glimpse of the man's pristine, tight ass.

INT. PORN STUDIO, MICKEY'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Mickey tiptoes over to the mirror, stands before it, and heaves a sigh of relief. A Viagra bottle sits on the counter in front of him. There's a KNOCK at the door. Mickey pulls the door open just a crack to reveal Billy's face.

BILLY

Hey, Mick. You were great today,  
just really, really great.

MICKEY

OK, Billy.

BILLY

I'm gonna get going then if you  
don't need me.

Mickey tries to close the door. Billy stops him.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Do you? Need me, I mean? Or like,  
do you want to talk, or anything,  
cause I could totally stick around.

MICKEY

I'm great, Billy.

BILLY

Sure, sure. Of course you are.  
'Cause you were fine today --  
great, like I said. And I'm  
definitely going to make sure you  
have a different fluffer next time.  
Emily has been half-assing it  
lately, for sure.

(leaning in)

I think she probably has some  
resentment since Ilana got casted  
after she fluffed James Peen that  
one time --

MICKEY

Okay, well have a good night, pal.

Mickey slaps Billy on the shoulder and closes the door in his  
face. A pair of BUSTY BABES walk by and give Billy sideways  
glances. He smiles goofily at them and points at the door.

INT. MICKEY'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Mickey heads back to the mirror. He observes and tugs on his  
beautiful, but clearly aging face first, the lower half of  
his body, and then sighs.

EXT. MICKEY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Mickey stands at the threshold of the front door with his Ray Bans on, a lunch bag in one hand and car keys in the other, as he looks through the large yet sparsely decorated home.

MICKEY

Three, two and a half, two...

SARAH, a bookish, flat-chested 13-year-old, emerges from her room with a full backpack in its place. She saunters towards her father, her face stuck in an open copy of *The Diary of Anne Frank*.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Ah, there she is.

SARAH

(smirking at him)

I hope you know that your counting serves no motivational purpose because I was already on my way out. Also, because I'm thirteen, not a toddler.

MICKEY

Wise ass.

She puts her head back in her book as she finishes her stroll, and then smirks when she reaches him.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

One!

He gives her a light "noogie." Mickey notices that she is wearing lipstick.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

When'd you start wearing this shit? What is that, lipstick? Where'd you get it?

SARAH

It's lip gloss. It was Mom's.

MICKEY

Whatever it is, wipe it off.

He gives her the lunch bag and walks out.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - MORNING

Mickey's red Nissan GTR pulls up to the curb behind a long line of cars, from which young TWEENS emerge with their backpacks and head across a beautifully landscaped courtyard.

INT./EXT. MICKEY'S CAR - MORNING

Mickey puts it in park and turns to a bare-lipped Sarah.

MICKEY  
Alright, kiddo.

Mickey watches her as she opens the door, gets out, grabs her backpack, and leans back in.

SARAH  
Dad, what time do you think you'll be done working at the gym today?

MICKEY  
Not sure, babe. There's money in the freezer for pizza.

SARAH  
Yeah, I know.

Sarah closes the door and disappears into the herd of tweens. Mickey watches her until she's no longer visible, then speeds off.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL, HALLWAY - DAY

BOYS and GIRLS, ranging from puny and metal-faced to awkward and pimply, bustle through the cheery, locker-lined hallway. Sarah spots ASHLEY HOFFMAN, who gossips with CLAIRE and JEMMA, two sparkle-faced, over-made nightmares of the same tween breed, as well as a couple of BOYS as attractive as 13 year-old boys can be.

BOBBY, the boy Sarah rests her gaze on, is among them. She tucks her book under her arm, gulps, and speeds up to them, slipping into the mini-crowd next to Ashley.

SARAH  
Hey, Ash.

Ashley smiles at her briefly. Claire, Jemma, and the boys merely glance.

CLAIRE

Like, no, Robby was totes looking at Jemma the whole time we were practicing. Admit it, Bobby, he def said something about her.

BOBBY

I'm not saying a word!

CLAIRE

(pulling out her iPhone)  
See! That's confirmation enough. He's way into you, Jem. I'm gonna make this happen, for definitely.

JEMMA

Oh my god, I can't even deal.

The girls giggle. Sarah joins in a bit late. There's a quiet pause as they all check their smart phones and Sarah gulps. She looks at Ashley and then at Bobby.

SARAH

So funny. So, did you guys --

CLAIRE

He's typing back!

BOBBY

If he asks, I had nothing to do with this.

JEMMA

Oh my God, what did you say? Let me see!

Claire plays keep-away with her phone with Jemma.

SARAH

So, wasn't the homework for Ms. Mulberry's class such a drag?

Beat.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I mean, the Holocaust, am I right? What are we, in fifth grade?

BOBBY

Oh crap, I knew I forgot something. Gotta go. Thanks, Sarah!

He flashes her a smile, which she returns awkwardly, and he sprints down the hall.

SARAH

Bye, Bobby!

Sarah beams to herself. Ashley, Jemma, and Claire glare at her. When Sarah realizes this, she quickly loses the grin.

The bell rings and the pack of three move down the hallway as Sarah trails behind.

INT. PORN STUDIO, JADE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jade sits at her desk on her computer and reviews footage of Mickey and the porn actress from yesterday's shoot. Mickey and the plastically enhanced blonde cease intercourse, and the actress falls back on the set couch, not enthused. Jade speeds up the footage.

She stops when she sees the fluffer from the day prior, Emily, run onset and face dive at Mickey's crotch. She fast-forwards again... and again... and the fluffer still works on him. While Jade speeds the footage up once more, she notices a moment where the fluffer lifts her head. She rewinds back to that moment and zooms in to see:

The fluffer lifts her head from Mickey's crotch and makes a face at the porn actress -- a wide-eyed expression that seems to say "really!?" The actress returns a look of pity.

Jade closes the window, opens her desk drawer and grabs an old VHS. A young, nude Mickey is featured on the cover intertwined with a different, porn-starry porn actress named Molly, her breasts out and her "O" face in effect.

INT. PORN STUDIO, HALLWAY - DAY

Mickey struts along, winking and smiling at naked passerby.

INTERCUT HALLWAY/JADE'S OFFICE

Jade pops the VHS into an old VCR that's hooked up to a very new flat screen television. With a glass of scotch beside her, she studies the video: A younger, studly Mickey jack rabbits with an enthusiasm unmatched by the recent footage.

As the moans of the retro porn continue (O.C.), present day Mickey is approached by a tablet-reading Billy. Mickey notices his shoe is untied, bends down to tie it, but is beat to the task by Billy. They continue down the hall.

Someone knocks and pushes open Jade's door. She jumps up and immediately shuts the TV off, then turns to see that it's JESSA, a younger version of herself.

JADE  
Jesus Christ, Jessa.

JESSA  
Sorry, should I come back?

JADE  
No, no. It's fine. Sit.

Jessa takes a seat and props an iPad up on her lap. Jade stands behind her desk and grazes her hand over the VHS cover.

JADE (CONT'D)  
Where are we with Missy M?

JESSA  
Her agent got back to us this morning. She's on board with everything, but he was complaining about the 8 AM call time.

JADE  
Why? Did you tell him that we do the girls' makeup here?

JESSA  
Yes, but he said and I quote  
(reading from the tablet)  
An 8 o'clock shoot would require my client to get up around 4:30 AM to receive an enema --

JADE  
No, we're not doing anal. Didn't you tell him that? This is just a preliminary trial shoot for a focus group. Tell him all she needs to do is shower -- not even.

Jessa types as Jade dictates.

JADE (CONT'D)  
Call him, don't email him, and tell him what I told you. I'd like to get this thing up and running.  
(picking up the VHS cover)  
Time seems to be of the essence.

Jade's door is ajar and her voice is audible from the hallway.

JESSA

Done and done. I'll get the confirmation on Missy and then I'll let Mickey know to be here at 8 AM on Thursday.

Mickey stops at the door upon hearing his name. He motions for Billy to scam -- he complies.

JESSA (CONT'D)

Speaking of Mickey, Rachel Cummings is locked in for the big shoot for Brazzers.com next week and I should remember...

(speaking slowly as she types each word)

To give Mickey the script.

JADE

No. Reach out to Dom Hardy for the lead. Shouldn't be an issue, he's worked with Brazzers before.

Jessa looks up at Jade a bit surprised.

JESSA

Did Mickey turn the role down?

Jade pours herself more scotch.

JESSA (CONT'D)

Ah, okay then.

JADE

What?

JESSA

Nothing.

Jade studies her as she sips.

JADE

I'm not firing him.

JESSA

Then what did he do?

JADE

You were there the other day. All day. That scene was basic.

(MORE)

JADE (CONT'D)

It shouldn't have taken more than four hours to get what we needed. And Emily fucking quit when we told her she'd be on set with him on Thursday.

Jessa laughs.

JESSA

Oh, that reminds me that I have to--  
(typing)  
Hire. New. Fluffers.

JADE

Don't get me wrong, I love him. Fuck, I created him. But for this specific production we need someone hot. In his prime.

Jade turns on the television and plays a clip from Mickey's past pornographic venture. Jessa watches the magnetic couple, awestruck.

Mickey cringes at the familiar moans.

JADE (CONT'D)

That right there, what Mickey had back then with Molly. We need that. In 2014.

Jade turns the television off and throws the remote down.

JADE (CONT'D)

And we need hits. Every male performer who's won the AVN over the past three years has worked with Rachel Cummings.

Mickey lights up.

JESSA

Alright. I'll contact Dom Hardy's agent right now.  
(rises)  
They were magic together, huh? Such a shame.

Jessa rises and moves towards the door.

Mickey tiptoes away and rounds the corner.

JADE

Yeah, well. That's why you stick with me.

Jade circles back around to her desk, sits, and puts her feet up.

JADE (CONT'D)  
 One more thing before you go. Just see if you can get Rod to be here Thursday morning. If not Rod, then Dale.

Jessa looks at Jade cockeyed.

JADE (CONT'D)  
 (defensively)  
 It's a live shoot. I'd just like to have someone on deck.

JESSA  
 Damn.

JADE  
 This is business, babe. You'll learn.

Jade puts the VHS cover back in the drawer and slams it shut.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Sarah sits attentively among a class of bored PEERS as MS. MULBERRY, a kindly and nerdy 30-something year-old, reads from *The Diary of Anne Frank*.

MS. MULBERRY  
 ...trying to find a way to become what I'd like to be and what I could be if...if only there were no other people in the world.

She closes the book in her hands and looks to the class.

MS. MULBERRY (CONT'D)  
 Now, you have to imagine: this is written by a girl your age. What other sorts of things do you think she could be grappling with?

An acne-faced, drool-monster named JEREMY raises his hand.

MS. MULBERRY (CONT'D)  
 Jeremy?

JEREMY

So, wait. Did she write the play,  
like, before or after the Nazis put  
her in a closet?

The class giggles. Jeremy gawks around.

MS. MULBERRY

Mr. Weiner, I suggest you re-read  
the introduction.

Jeremy flips through his book to no avail.

MS. MULBERRY (CONT'D)

Page one.

She turns again to the whole class. Sarah's hand is up.

MS. MULBERRY (CONT'D)

So what was going on here? Yes,  
Sarah.

SARAH

Well, not only was she suffering  
from the awful paranoia and  
claustrophobia from the situation  
itself, but I guess it's also a  
weird time in her life anyway.  
She's wants to grow up like nature  
wants her to, and she can't. Seems  
really frustrating on top of all  
the horrific stuff.

MS. MULBERRY

Yes, puberty, you guys! The first  
and weirdest existential crisis you  
have, and all while hiding because  
of who she is. And by the time the  
Nazis find her and her family --

JEREMY

(slamming his book down)  
Oh man they do find her? What'd  
they do to her?

SARAH

They said, tag, you're it!

The joke gets a few laughs from classmates, Bobby included.  
Ms. Mulberry continues her lecture. Bobby, who sits  
diagonally in front of Sarah, looks back at her.

BOBBY

*Psst.*

Sarah looks around a bit nervously and points to herself, miming "me?"

BOBBY (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Can I borrow your notes for the exam?

SARAH

I don't know if they're any good.

BOBBY

Yeah, okay. You're so smart. That's why I'm asking.

SARAH

If you say so.

BOBBY

I do!

SARAH

Okay! I'll give them to you after class.

BOBBY

Awesome! Thanks. Now say some more smart stuff.

He turns back toward the front of the class, leaving Sarah beaming at the back of his head.

SARAH

(too loudly)

I like when your face says stuff, though, too.

The nearest few tweens shoot her some confused glances and Bobby's attention remains on Ms. Mulberry. Sarah sinks into her seat and hides her face behind *The Diary of Anne Frank*.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL, GIRLS LOCKER ROOM - DAY

A flock of GIRLS mess with their hair and faces in locker mirrors as they change into their gym uniforms. Some do so discreetly with the ol' t-shirt trick (so as to not expose their bellies or training bras) while other girls, like Ashley, Claire, and Jemma proudly display their A and B cups. Claire retouches the lips of the elaborate face of makeup she wears and puts her big, pink makeup case inside of a larger cheerleading bag that she stuffs in her locker. She turns and watches Ashley.

CLAIRE

Your boobs are like so big, I'm  
like so jelly.

ASHLEY

(covering up a bit)

No stop it, seriously, yours are  
really big, too, and you know it.

Sarah, who is one of the more discreet changers, steals a  
glimpse of the matured physicality of Ashley.

CLAIRE

Ugh, you're just saying that. Does  
anyone have a tampon?

A sample of girls from all over the locker room gasp and  
stare. She looks at Sarah first, who is caught off-guard.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You probably don't.

Claire turns her attention towards the other girls and Ashley  
hands her a tampon. Sarah studies the interaction, observes  
herself, then finishes pulling her shirt over her training  
bra.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL, NEAR FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Sarah exits the school building with a mass of other STUDENTS  
and heads towards her bus. She notices the CHEERLEADERS  
heading out to the field in a giggly, bouncy clique. As she  
passes the bleachers, she searches through the football BOYS  
who wait by the sideline, and finds Bobby among them. The  
boys' eyes are glued to the cheerleaders as they ogle them  
and talk amongst themselves -- pointing, smiling, waving.  
It's an awkward flirt-fest and Sarah is the lone spectator.

Sarah zeroes in on Bobby.

SARAH

Hi, Bobby!

Her school bus roars over her voice. Sarah looks back at bus  
#13, then around her in embarrassment.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Hey, Bobby!

A FOOTBALL PLAYER who is not Bobby hears and squints in her  
direction, but Sarah scurries off. When she gets closer to  
her bus (#13) she looks back at Bobby and the cheerleaders,  
and then back at the open door of her bus.

The buses, including #13, pull away from the parking lot. Suddenly, Sarah is on the field. She approaches the cheer COACH.

INT. PORN STUDIO, MICKEY'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Mickey looks through his shelved archive of various old VHS covers, which feature himself and other porn actresses. He moves a few titles out of the way from the bottom shelf and reveals a separate box that has a label on it -- "Molly." He grabs the box, opens it, and thumbs through the titles. He stops on the title "After the Wedding...We Bang," on which he and Molly are parodies of husband and wife. Mickey caresses the image of her face.

INT. PORN STUDIO, HALLWAY - DAY

Mickey strides down the hall until he reaches Jade's door. He listens to the door for a moment, then knocks and pushes it open.

INT. PORN STUDIO, JADE'S OFFICE - DAY

Mickey enters. Jade, who works at her desk, greets him without stopping. Mickey takes a seat.

JADE  
Yeah, Mick?

MICKEY  
How's that guy you've been seeing.  
What's his name. Ben?

Beat.

MICKEY (CONT'D)  
Eh, you're too good for him.

She closes her laptop and studies him.

JADE  
What do you want?

MICKEY  
How long have we been friends?

JADE  
It's not personal, Mick. It was  
Brazzers' idea.

MICKEY

Look, I know I haven't exactly been on my game lately. I mean it always sucks around this time of year, but y'know, 10 years is a big one.

Beat.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

And Sarah's reaching that age now. She needs a mother and all that.

Jade glances at a framed picture on her desk of a beautiful red-headed young girl with an older woman, both share a striking resemblance to Jade.

JADE

Molly didn't die, Mickey.

MICKEY

It would have been easier if she had.

She sighs.

JADE

Sorry.

She reaches for his hands and holds them.

MICKEY

(softly)  
Give me the Brazzers shoot, Jade.

She rips her hands away and scoffs.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Come on. My legacy needs to be bigger than me and that fucking deadbeat. I've got to move past that shit. For my family. For the studio!

JADE

All of the sudden, huh?

MICKEY

Well, Sarah's coming out of her shell more these days. So that's less stress right there. My full focus will be on the performance.

JADE

Mickey --

MICKEY

Look, I don't forget my roots. You created the Mann, mama. I made you proud back in the day. Let me do that again.

JADE

Mickey, I don't --

MICKEY

Please, Jade.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

I don't know what else you want me to say. I need this.

She cringes. Mickey covers his face with his hands.

JADE

Fuck.

He peers at her through his hands.

MICKEY

Yeah?

He jolts to his feet. She rises and squares with him.

JADE

If my feminist porn trial tomorrow is successful, then maybe, maybe you get the role.

Mickey sticks his hand out and Jade shakes it.

MICKEY

I'll thank you in my AVN speech.

He grabs her face and lays a big smooch on each of her cheeks.

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO**

INT. PORN STUDIO - MORNING

Mickey, coffee in hand, strides alongside Billy, whose face is glued to his tablet.

BILLY

(reading)

Unfortunately we at Doc Johnson are already working with another porn star on a line of realistic dildos, and pursuing your line simultaneously would present a conflict of interest.

(looking at Mickey)

Y'know, the Doc Johnson's dongs get mixed reviews anyways. Too real.

Billy pushes his glasses up.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Their loss. Your penis would make a great toy.

Mickey flashes him a look.

MICKEY

I bet it's that fucking Hardy kid.

They turn a corner.

JADE (O.S.)

Mickey!

Mickey stops when he spots Jade and MISSY M, a plainly twenty-something year-old moving toward him. Mickey leans in to Billy.

MICKEY

(whispering)

What am I looking at?

Mickey looks Missy's body up and down as she walks through a sea of plastically enhanced, big-breasted, tiny-waisted, full-lipped PORN ACTRESSES. She's unlike any of them, comparably bland and chubby.

BILLY

Missy M., the Lena Dunham of the porn world, known best for her role as Hannah in the "Girls" parody, and here to manifest the feminist porn ideology of Ms. Jade --

MICKEY

Shut up.

JADE

(to Mickey)

This is our girl.

(to Missy)

Missy, meet Mickey Mann, one of our finest veterans here at Jade Studios.

MISSY

It's exciting to meet you.

Missy sticks her hand out for a shake. Mickey grabs it with two hands and squeezes.

MICKEY

You too, doll.

JADE

I was just giving her a tour of the studio.

MISSY

(to Mickey)

Everything's lovely. And I can't wait to get started on this project. I've always said the industry needs to focus its efforts toward mainstreaming more diverse representations of women.

MICKEY

Sure, sure.

Jade glares at him.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Diversity, yeah. Short, tall, fat, whatever.

MISSY

I'm sorry, you're probably really busy.

Jade puts her arm over Missy's shoulder and squeezes.

JADE

Oh, stop. This is why I hired you.  
 (to Mickey)  
 And you.

MICKEY

Why don't we go over a few things  
 before tomorrow? It should be a  
 pretty basic scene, right, Jade?

JADE

(to Missy)  
 It'll be very soft -- no anal. It's  
 just a run through for a focus  
 group.

MICKEY

Is there anything off-limits for  
 you, personally?

MISSY M.

You can get rough with me, but just  
 be careful around the left side of  
 my jaw. I just had a root canal and  
 still hurts like a bitch.

MICKEY

Duly noted.

MISSY

And you?

Mickey grins.

MICKEY

I'm sure you won't give me any  
 trouble.

He eyes her again and she folds her arms over her chest.

He winks at her and walks past. Billy bows once for each  
 woman and scurries off after Mickey.

Once out of earshot of the two women, Mickey sighs and leans  
 in to Billy.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

(quietly)  
 I'm gonna need a refill.

Billy reaches for his coffee cup, Mickey retracts it and  
 turns to stare at Billy.

MICKEY (CONT'D)  
Not the coffee.

Then it clicks. He nods and turns to leave.

MICKEY (CONT'D)  
Wait.

Mickey hands him his coffee cup.

MICKEY (CONT'D)  
Throw this out.

Billy grabs the cup and darts off in the opposite direction.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL, HALLWAY - DAY

Ashley turns a corner and walks up to Sarah, who smooths out and fusses with the blue and gold cheer pullover that she's wearing by her locker.

ASHLEY  
You can't even see the stains.

SARAH  
Really?

ASHLEY  
Really. Well, except for that one maybe.

She points at a mustard yellow smudge near on a blue part of the sweater's chest area, very, very near a similarly toned gold part. Sarah observes it.

SARAH  
Ah yes. That one's my favorite.

Sarah places a notebook on a shelf in her locker and closes the door. She walks with Ashley up to Claire and Jemma, who gather around Jemma's iPhone.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Hey, girls.

They flash her smiles and Ashley absorbs into their circle.

CLAIRE  
(to Jemma)  
Now send a winky face emoji.

JEMMA  
Oh my god, no way!

CLAIRE

Ugh, you're such a baby. Fine, then  
I'll do it.

Claire grabs the phone. Jemma giggles and watches her type.

Bobby passes with some other BOYS and notices the quartet of girls in their blue and gold. He does a double take on Sarah, a gesture she takes note of.

SARAH

Maybe you should send him the winky  
emoji that's also blowing a kiss.

They all look to Claire.

Beat.

CLAIRE

Yes, I like it. Send!

JEMMA

Oh my god!

The bell rings.

INT. MICKEY/SARAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sarah walks into the house, which is dark save for the light of one lamp that illuminates Mickey, who sits in a chair.

MICKEY

Get your ass over here. Now.

Sarah approaches him cautiously.

SARAH

Dad, I'm fine. I just took the late  
bus. I couldn't get on the --

MICKEY

No text. No call.

SARAH

Coach doesn't let us use our phones  
during practice.

MICKEY

Coach?

Sarah averts her eyes.

SARAH  
Coach Kelly. Of the cheer leading  
squad.

MICKEY  
Come again?

SARAH  
I joined cheer leading.

MICKEY  
What? No you didn't.

SARAH  
It's actually a great team building  
experience. And joining an after-  
school activity is a good tool for  
becoming a well-rounded student.  
Colleges actually look for this  
stuff.

(beat)  
Plus, it coincides with the  
objectives for Michelle Obama's  
let's move campaign.

She pulls out a thin packet of paper from her backpack.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
And I need you to sign this.

Mickey watches her squirm before he cracks a smile and grabs  
the papers.

MICKEY  
For Michelle Obama?

She giggles and nods.

MICKEY (CONT'D)  
I'll sign it, but you better be  
careful and check in with me or  
I'll take that damn phone away.

He signs it and hands the packet back to her.

MICKEY (CONT'D)  
And this better not get in the way  
of your studies.

SARAH  
This is me we're talking about.

Mickey watches her skip off to her bedroom.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL, FOOTBALL BLEACHERS - NIGHT

The stands are full of buzzing PARENTS, SIBLINGS, and other middle school KIDS. Mickey steps over other parents as he moves to an empty spot on the bleachers next to DONNA, a 40-something housewife in pastels and sparkles, and RICH HOFFMAN, a big, greasy executive type.

DONNA

Well hey there, neighbor!

Donna leans over Rich and kisses Mickey on the cheek; then he and Richard exchange a firm handshake.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Sarah and Ashley look so cute in their little uniforms together. Look at them. Rich, look at them.

Rich stares at the field, arms crossed, and grunts. Down on the field, Bobby and a few of the football players flirt with Ashley and the rest of the clique.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Ugh, they're growing up so fast. I can't stand it.

RICH

Look at this little fuck, what's he want?

DONNA

Aw, so what, who cares. They're young!

Mickey laughs at first, then notices that Sarah is among the girls who flirt with the boys.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Mick, I was surprised to see Sarah join the squad. I'm so happy to see her coming out of her shell.

RICH

Yeah, be careful with that. It's all starting, boy, let me tell you.

Mickey's eyes are stuck on Sarah as she coyly shifts around on her feet near the boys.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The girls and boys mingle as they walk to their parents, who wait at the edge of the parking lot.

ASHLEY

(to Sarah)

You just need some more practice,  
that's all. But it wasn't bad.

MICKEY

Good job, girls. Let's go, Sarah.  
I'm starving.

SARAH

A bunch of the others are going to  
the diner. Can we go, too?

MICKEY

Not tonight. Come on.

SARAH

You just said you were hungry.

Sarah pouts and glances at Bobby, who talks with his parents just paces away.

MICKEY

And then what did I say?

SARAH

But everyone is going!

Mickey grabs her by the hand.

MICKEY

(to Donna and Rich)

Goodnight, guys.

He rushes Sarah away from the crowd, and after realizing defeat, Sarah turns around and smiles her goodbye to her peers. The gesture is politely returned by some. Once out of earshot and near the car, Sarah rips her arm away from Mickey.

SARAH

What's wrong with you? Why would  
you embarrass me like that?

MICKEY

Don't you ever argue with me in  
front of people again, you hear me?

SARAH

All I did was ask you a question.  
You didn't have to grab me like a  
child.

MICKEY

If this is the type of shit you're  
learning from these cheerleaders,  
this talking back, then maybe you  
shouldn't be hanging around them  
anymore.

SARAH

If I had disobeyed you, I wouldn't  
be here right now would I?

Mickey gets into the car and SLAMS the door shut.

INT. PORN STUDIO, MICKEY'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Mickey sits in front of his television, which emits moaning  
sounds. His arm jacks up and down a few final times before he  
lets out a giant sigh, shuts the TV off, and throws the  
remote.

There's a knock at the door. Billy enters with a prescription  
bag. Mickey grabs it from him.

MICKEY

Thanks.

He motions for Billy to leave and Billy complies. Mickey  
pulls the Viagra bottle out from the bag.

INT. PORN STUDIO, HALLWAY - DAY

Missy trots down the hall toward Mickey's dressing room.  
Billy emerges from inside and closes the door behind him as  
she approaches. The door bounces slightly ajar.

BILLY

He's just getting ready for the  
trial. Should only be a couple  
minutes.

MISSY

I just wanted to say hi before we  
got to work.

He lingers for an awkward beat before he rushes away. Missy  
notices the open door, peeks in through the crack, and  
witnesses Mickey open a Viagra bottle and pop a few pills.

She backs away from the door and BUMPS into a MAN passing by, carrying a piece of equipment.

MISSY (CONT'D)

Ouch!

She pivots to see him.

MAN

Watch it, sweetheart.

She rubs her calf and turns back around to see Mickey in the hallway, closing the door behind him.

MISSY

I was just -- are you ready? For the shoot? The trial shoot, I mean?

MICKEY

Are you?

He points to her leg -- a line of blood trails down her calf. She wipes it away and follows Mickey down the hallway.

INT. PORN STUDIO, ON SET - DAY

A naked and sweaty Mickey and a naked and sticky Missy rise from the floor under a stripped down version of the on-set usuals: of lights, cameras, and CREW members. Billy holds robes for both, and they put them on.

INT. PORN STUDIO, FOCUS ROOM - DAY

This same image of the two porn stars appears on a large television screen in the dark room. Suddenly, the lights go on and reveal a sample of MEN, varying from well put-together to unsavory, who shift in audience-positioned chairs that face the television and a large, one-way mirror window.

INTERCUT WITH VIEWING ROOM

Mickey and Missy stroll into the small room where Jade and Jessa watch the men as they fill out questionnaires.

MICKEY

Not bad, huh?

JADE

(to Jessa)

You're up.

Jessa adjusts her blazer and struts out. Mickey and Missy take a seat and watch the discussion through the window.

JESSA

(to men)

What did you like best about the performance?

The men avert their eyes. One of the gentler looking men clears his throat.

MAN 1

I thought it was pretty sexy. They looked like they were having fun.

A few others "mhmm" and nod. Another man raises his hand.

MAN 2

Chick was kind of hot.

About 20% of the men give a variation of "yeah" in agreement. Jessa nods and types on her tablet.

MAN 3

I guess. If you like fat chicks. I couldn't really get off.

Another man perks up.

MAN 4

No tits. I think I speak for most men when I say we like big tits. Don't get me wrong, I still got off, but I hated myself during it.

A bunch of them snicker.

Missy turns to Jade and Mickey, aghast. Jade watches on, invested, taking notes, and Mickey swipes through his iPhone.

MAN 3

I bet they had the old guy in there 'cause nobody else wanted to fuck her.

Mickey snaps up from his iPhone and looks to Jade. The men laugh and Jessa peers back at the mirror, panicked.

MAN 4

Yeah, and actually, kudos to him for finishing the job.

A nerdy man who sits in the back raises his hand.

MAN 5

I thought it was great because,  
well, I like watching anything  
screw.

CUT TO:

INT. PORN STUDIO, VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jade beams at Mickey and Missy.

JADE

Congratulations!

Beat.

MISSY

What?

JADE

That was a 20% positive reaction.  
And that right there is our niche  
audience. It's a great start.

Mickey stands up and stretches.

MICKEY

Fantastic.

He struts out. Jade notices that Missy's unhappy and puts her  
arm around her shoulder.

JADE

Hey. Fuck those other guys. They  
don't matter.

MISSY

I know.

JADE

Seriously.

Missy smiles. Jade squeezes her cheek like an aunt, then  
slaps her lap.

JADE (CONT'D)

There ya go, babe. You keep your  
head up.

She gets up and leaves Missy alone. The focus room is finally  
empty. Missy leaves the viewing room, and upon passing the  
doorway to the focus room, she pauses, then enters.

She stands before the mirror window, opens her robe, cocks her head to the side and studies herself.

INT. PORN STUDIO, FRONT LOBBY - DAY

Missy pushes through huge, glass double doors with her head down, buttoning her jacket. She BUMPS into an attractive, middle-aged man in a suit named FRANK CRAGNOTTI, and drops her purse in the process. The enclosed items scatter and they both bend down to the floor.

MISSY

Shit!

FRANK

Let me help you with that.

MISSY

You don't have to.

He helps her gather her things.

FRANK

It's 50% my fault anyway, right?

They smile at each other -- he's extraordinarily handsome. Missy places the last item in her bag and they rise.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Don't I know you from something?

MISSY

Maybe. Probably not, though.

FRANK

No, I do. You're Missy M.

MISSY

Did we work together?

FRANK

Unfortunately not. I'm on the other side of things in this industry. The less fun side.

MISSY

Are you a producer?

FRANK

You could call me that.

Jade BUSTS through the glass doors and STOMPS over to Missy and Frank. He pulls out his wallet from his pocket.

MAN

Why don't I give you my card,  
Missy.

He hands her a card. Missy accepts it with a smile.

JADE

What the hell are you doing here,  
Frank? Don't you know by now that  
you're not going to find what  
you're looking for in my girls?

He backs away slowly.

FRANK

Nice meeting you, Missy. Lovely to  
see you, too, Jade, as always.

JADE

Go fuck yourself.

FRANK

I'll try my best.

He sweeps out through the exit.

JADE

Why were you talking to him?

MISSY

I don't know. We just bumped into  
each other.

JADE

What did he say to you? Did you  
sign anything?

MISSY

What? No. He just gave me his card.

JADE

Smooth.

Jade watches Missy as she studies Frank's card, smiling. Jade  
grabs it from her.

MISSY

Hey!

JADE

You don't need it.

MISSY

You're not my agent.

JADE

No, but if you want to continue to affiliate with my studio -- and trust me, you do -- you won't have anything to do with that man.

MISSY

Is he a competitor to your studio or something?

JADE

Oh no. He's nothing more than a pimp. But he's taken some of my best girls.

She puts her arm around Missy.

JADE (CONT'D)

So please. Stay far, far away. I need you.

She squeezes Missy, then releases, and marches back through the doors.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL, FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

The CHEERLEADERS sit in a circle. Some stretch while others relax, and One Direction songs play through their iPhone speakers. Sarah watches Claire by the bench as she takes her red makeup case out from her cheerleading bag and fixes her face. The boys warm up on the other half of the field, periodically getting close to where the girls stretch.

INTERCUT WITH FOOTBALL FIELD BLEACHERS

Mickey sits alone. PARENTS and KIDS are scattered across the bleachers. Rich Hoffman shows up alone, giddy, like a different person, hands him a soda, and sits next to him.

MICKEY

Thanks, man.

Rich takes a giant gulp of his soda.

RICH

It's bad enough that we gotta watch them get their asses kicked, you think they'd at least let us have a beer.

MICKEY

Amen.

The cheer COACH bends down to stretch, exposing cleavage.

RICH

At least we've got little miss  
cheer. Check out that rack. I'd  
love to --

He turns to Mickey.

RICH (CONT'D)

I should stop.

Mickey leans in.

MICKEY

I'd like to bury my face in them.

Mickey air motorboats with his mouth. They laugh.

Sarah notices that whenever Bobby gets close to the girls he makes eye contact with Ashley, and they both giggle or smile at each other.

RICH

She reminds me of this one porno  
girl I like. What's her name.  
Something Cummings.

Mickey stops laughing and takes a long, slow sip of his soda.

Claire, who joins the circle, also notices Ashley and Bobby flirting.

The football lands in the middle of the girls' circle and hits Sarah's foot. She freezes as Bobby runs toward them. Claire grabs the ball and shoves it into Ashley's hands.

CLAIRE

You give it to him!

ASHLEY

Me?

Bobby pokes her in the side.

BOBBY

(playfully)  
Give it here.

He tries to get the ball from her but she hold it away.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Fine! Play with us, then. You know  
how to throw it?

ASHLEY  
I don't think so.

SARAH  
I do!

A whistle blows and Bobby looks behind him at his teammates who start to huddle up. He turns back to Ashley and claps. She tosses it to him.

BOBBY  
We'll have to work on that.

As he runs off, a beaming Ashley, Claire, and Jemma explode in giggles. Sarah starts to back out of the circle.

CLAIRE  
Oh. Em. Gee. Ashley you totes have  
a crush on him!

Sarah freezes.

SARAH  
What?

ASHLEY  
No I don't.

CLAIRE  
Stop lying. You're so in love!

Rich leans in to Mickey.

RICH  
You ever watch it? Porn?

Mickey hesitates. Rich pats him on the back.

MICKEY  
Well --

RICH  
It's okay. It's not for everybody.  
But between you and me, when you go  
home, you should do a little  
Internet search for Cummings. Spelt  
the dirty way, y'know?

Mickey nods.

ASHLEY  
I mean, he is really cute.

CLAIRE

See! I'm gonna make this happen.

ASHLEY

Do you think he likes me?

CLAIRE

Duh! You're like the cutest girl here, practically.

COACH KELLY

I don't see you stretching, girls!

Sarah remains frozen, standing, as the girls all drop to the ground and stretch.

COACH KELLY (CONT'D)

You too, Mancini.

SARAH

I have to go to the bathroom.

She runs over to the bench where are the matching cheer bags rest, looks around, then grabs the one with Claire's name embroidered on it and scurries off.

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL, FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

The cheerleaders stand on the sideline in front of the bleachers *wooh!*-ing and *yeah!*-ing. Ashley notices something (O.S.), beyond the bleachers, taps Claire on the shoulder and points to it. Claire gets Jemma's attention and they all stare at it, jaws dropped.

Sarah emerges with a face full of messy, overdone, clownish-looking makeup, and the waist of her skirt is rolled, making it much shorter than before. She moves toward them with her head held high. Sweaty, padded FOOTBALL PLAYERS run the field in an atmosphere of whistles and screams.

As Sarah joins them, the other girls, one by one, regard her with glares and snickers.

INTERCUT FOOTBALL FIELD WITH BLEACHERS

Mickey squints at Sarah.

MICKEY

What the fuck?!

A REFEREE blows his whistle and waves his arms. The boys move off the field and the girls align themselves in rows, Sarah in the back.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)

And that's half-time, ladies and gentleman.

The "Booty Drop" song plays and the girls dance. COACH KELLY stands before the girls and snaps to the beat.

COACH KELLY

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight.

Sarah keeps up with the others and hits almost every dance move. She searches for Bobby by the sidelines, and notices that he watches the dance, but not her. She follows his eye-line to Ashley, who looks right back at Bobby as she dances with precision.

Sarah dances her way over to the front of the formation, where Ashley is, squeezes her way in, and positions herself between Bobby and Ashley's line of vision.

ASHLEY

What are you doing?

Compliant with the words of the song, the girls drop their booties to the ground, but when Sarah does it, she sticks her bum way out and SMACKS it.

Mickey jolts to his feet.

Out of sync with the others now, Sarah continues with her own sexed up version of the dance. Bobby's attention turns to the Gatorade cooler, where he fills his bottle up and drinks.

Ashley steps out in front of the group, and three other girls surround and lift her up into an air stunt. She strikes a pose. The bleachers go crazy and Bobby and Ashley beam at each other. Sarah takes note of this, then steps out from the formation, too.

COACH KELLY

Mancini, get back in formation!

Sarah surveys the crowd, then Bobby, who now sees her. She takes a deep breath, then attempts a round-off cartwheel in front of the ongoing stunt. While upside down, she prematurely hits the ground, and knocks into the legs of one of the girls who supports Ashley in the air.

All four girls of the stunt tumble into a pile on the ground. Coach Kelly cuts the music and the crowd's cheers and claps change to gasps and laughs.

Mickey pushes his way down through other PARENTS and reaches the aisle of the bleachers.

Coach Kelly helps the girls up and they rub the grass and dirt off their knees.

COACH KELLY (CONT'D)

Are you okay? What the hell's gotten into you?

Claire and Jemma rush to Ashley's side, and the clique glares at Sarah, who is the last to rise from the ground.

COACH KELLY (CONT'D)

I'm talking to you.

Sarah turns to face Coach Kelly, who recoils.

COACH KELLY (CONT'D)

What the hell did you do to your face? Go wash it off.

Sarah glances once more at Bobby, then runs off the field.

COACH KELLY (CONT'D)  
And unroll that skirt!

The other girls get back into formation.

COACH KELLY (CONT'D)  
Ready? Okay! One, two, three, four,  
five, six, seven, eight.

Mickey reaches the bottom of the bleachers and sees Bobby chase after Sarah.

BOBBY  
Sarah!

Sarah halts, wipes her eyes, and spins around. Bobby catches up to her.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
Are you okay?

SARAH  
I'm fine.

BOBBY  
That was crazy back there. I  
thought you were gonna land it.

He laughs. She stares at her feet.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
But, hey, I did want to talk to you  
alone about something while it's  
still halftime.

Mickey examines them from afar, arms crossed, getting closer.

SARAH  
Really? Me?

BOBBY  
Yeah, of course. So, here it is, I  
guess I'll just come right out and  
say it. I kind of have this crush --

SARAH  
Me too, Bobby. I knew the first  
time you talked to me in class that  
there was something there --

BOBBY

Wait, how'd you know I like Ashley?  
Did she say something about me?

SARAH

What?

BOBBY

That's so weird because I was gonna  
ask if you'd talk to her for me,  
y'know, 'cause you're the only one  
on the squad that's actually cool.

He mock-punches her shoulder.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

So would you?

Mickey appears and looms over Bobby.

MICKEY

What's going on over here, Sarah?

BOBBY

Is this your Dad? Hi, Mr. Mancini,  
I'm Bobby.

He puts his hand out.

SARAH

Nothing's happening, Dad.

MICKEY

You're damn right. Let's go.

Bobby retracts his hand and points to Sarah's leg.

BOBBY

Hey, I think you're bleeding.

They all notice the blood trickling down Sarah's leg, from  
under her skirt. Sarah gasps. The boy and the man regard her  
with different shades of confusion and discomfort.

SARAH

Uh, I cut myself! When I fell.

She runs away and Mickey follows.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mickey sits on the floor against the wall next to the girls' bathroom door. He observes a few maxi pads in his hands. He pushes the door open a crack.

MICKEY

(sickly sweet)

Sarah? Are you doing alright? Do you need anymore of these things?

SARAH

Close the door!

Mickey complies. A toilet flushes (O.S.) and Sarah emerges from the bathroom, face clean but puffy and red. She sits on the floor against the wall opposite her father and buries her face in her knees.

MICKEY

It was so nice of Claire's mom to let us have some of these.

SARAH

You don't have to talk about it! It happened. It's going to keep happening for like 45 more years.

Mickey places the pads on the ground.

MICKEY

What's going on with you?

SARAH

Dad!

MICKEY

No, not with that. With this whole thing. The cheering, the makeup? It's not you. What are you doing? Who is that boy?

SARAH

No one!

She cries.

SARAH (CONT'D)

And I'm no one.

MICKEY

What? Come on. You're someone. You're my favorite daughter.

SARAH  
I don't know who I am.

She tugs on her skirt.

MICKEY  
You're an intelligent, beautiful,  
young girl. Or woman.

SARAH  
I just wanted him to like me.

She looks up at her father, who gapes back.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Aren't you going to yell at me for  
that?

Mickey moves to her and puts his arm around her, and she sobs  
harder into his chest.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
I want to go home.

Mickey nods as he stares into the blank, adjacent wall.

INT. PORN STUDIO, HALLWAYS - DAY

Mickey trudges past ACTORS and CREW MEMBERS who buzz around  
him.

INT. PORN STUDIO, MICKEY'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Mickey SLAMS the door behind him, slumps back against the  
door and sighs.

He throws his keys and sunglasses onto his vanity and pulls  
open one of its drawers. He pulls out the Viagra bottle from  
inside of it, opens it, and puts the cap on the vanity. He  
pours two pills into his palm and sets the open bottle down  
on the vanity next to the cap.

There's a knock at the door. He places the pills in the cap.

BILLY (O.S.)  
Mickey it's just me.

Mickey opens the door and Billy enters with a huge grin on  
his face and hot coffee in his hand. Mickey points to the  
vanity and Billy sets the coffee down next to the Viagra.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Guess what?

MICKEY  
How's the set looking?

He sinks into a chair across the room and rubs his temples.

BILLY  
It looks great! Small, 'cause it's  
low budget. Super clean, though.  
But guess what?

Mickey starts to undress.

MICKEY  
It's gonna be fucking terrible.  
More people are gonna see it here  
live than anybody at home.

BILLY  
Well more important people, for  
sure.

Mickey finishes pulling his shirt over his head and pauses  
with it in his arms.

MICKEY  
What?

Billy giggles.

MICKEY (CONT'D)  
Spit it out.

BILLY  
So I saw him walk in but I didn't  
know who he was, but he definitely  
looked familiar or at least  
important because Jessa started  
giving him a tour of the studio, so  
I followed them --

MICKEY  
Billy!

BILLY  
He's a representative from the AVN  
committee! He's here.

Mickey jumps to his feet.

MICKEY  
You think?

Billy nods. Mickey puts his shirt back on, crosses the room to his vanity, and fixes his hair in the mirror.

MICKEY (CONT'D)  
He's in the building now?

BILLY  
Yeah! He's touring the studio.  
Should be coming this way actually.

MICKEY  
Then why am I here talking to you?

Mickey heads for the door.

BILLY  
Wait, I'm coming!

He goes to grab Mickey's coffee from the vanity and knocks over the Viagra bottle. Little blue pills spill all over the counter.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Darn it!

Billy collects the pills and funnels them back into the bottle. He notices the two pills in the cap, hesitates, then pours them in the bottle too.

He grabs the coffee and exits. The door slams (O.S.).

The Viagra bottle rests on the vanity counter with its cap screwed on.

INT. PORN STUDIO, HALLWAY - DAY

Mickey and Billy turn a corner and run into Jade, who leads LARRY GOLSTEIN, a leathery over-sixty who sports a classic porn-stache and visible chest hair.

JADE  
(to Larry)  
Ah, here he is, our very own Mickey Mann.  
(to Mickey)  
Mickey, meet --

MICKEY  
Larry Goldstein. No intro needed, sir, you're a true legend.

The two men shake hands. Larry guffaws and points to Mickey with his cigar.

LARRY

(to Jade)

This the kid? I like him.

(to Mickey)

Not much of a kid though. Must have one amazing cock.

BILLY

He does.

LARRY

Well let me tell ya, this old school, new school thing Jade's got set up with you and that Rachel Cummings -- I like it. Maybe I should get back in the game, huh?

He pokes Mickey on the chest and raises his eyebrows. Mickey looks to Jade, who nods back.

MICKEY

I'm happy to hear that, sir. It should be a fun shoot.

LARRY

You ever been nominated, Mickey?

MICKEY

For best actor? One time. But that was a while ago.

BILLY

"After the Wedding...We Bang," 1998 with Molly Cavalli.

Mickey glares at Billy.

LARRY

Ah, forgive me. I was heavy into the--

(presses his finger to his nostril and snorts)

in the 90s so all that shit's a blur. But I don't know, with the buzz around this Rachel Cummings broad, this just might be your year.

JADE

Alright. Don't give him too much of a boner just yet, we still need something to be there on set in --

(checks watch)

-- well, in just a few minutes.

LARRY

I think I'll stick around, if ya  
don't mind, doll.

JADE

You're always more than welcome to  
stay. Right this way.  
(whispers to Mickey)  
Don't fuck this up.

As Jade leads him past the two men, he hangs behind her,  
motions toward her ass and grabs the air around it. He checks  
Mickey and Billy's reactions -- they snicker.

LARRY

So what's this feminine porn, Jade?

JADE

Feminist, Larry.

LARRY

What's that, like dyke porn?

INT. PORN STUDIO, MICKEY'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Mickey rushes in, smiling to himself. He disrobes, grabs a  
bottle of oil from his vanity, and rubs it on his body. He  
briefly assesses himself in the mirror, grabs his robe and  
heads out the door.

The closed Viagra bottle sits on the vanity.

INT. PORN STUDIO, ON SET - DAY

Larry puffs his cigar in a chair next to Jade, who is the  
epicenter of a CREW that looks on to the set.

JADE

Action!

Mickey and Missy make out on a comfy looking couch that  
consumes a clean, tiny set. A CAMERAMAN moves around them as  
Missy travels down to Mickey's crotch. Mickey moans a few  
times, but then the only sound heard is the sloppy sucking  
(O.S.).

Beat.

Missy reemerges, takes a few breaths, and heads back down.

Beat.

Jade looks at Larry, who now observes his cigar.

JADE (CONT'D)

Cut!

Missy emerges and slumps back on the couch. Mickey rubs his arms and covers his crotch.

MICKEY

Can we get a little heat in here please? It's fucking freezing.

JADE

Where's the fluffer?

Billy pokes the ass of a spaced out FLUFFER and points to the set. She runs out to Mickey and nose dives at his crotch.

Beat. Sucking sounds. Everyone waits around too quietly.

After an awkward stretch, the fluffer emerges, gasping for air. She tries to dive back in but Mickey stops her, pushes her head away, and gets up, covering his crotch.

MICKEY

Can we get somebody in here who maybe knows how to give a decent blowjob?

MISSY

Could we get somebody in here who maybe has the ability to get a boner?

A few gasps emit from the crew. Mickey looks for Larry's reaction -- his wide eyes are on Jade, who covers her mouth, and glares at Mickey.

Mickey rips a blanket from the set, covers the bottom half of his body and storms off. Jade immediately follows him. Larry takes his phone from his pocket and busies himself with it. Missy rises, clutching a pillow that covers her torso.

INT. PORN STUDIO, HALLWAY - DAY

Jade chases Mickey just a pace behind.

JADE

Hey!

MICKEY

Not now, Jade.

JADE  
Yes, now. Right now.

She catches up to him and grabs his arm. He spins around.

JADE (CONT'D)  
What the fuck happened?

MICKEY  
I'm wondering the same thing. What  
the fuck is that shit out there,  
what kind of conditions are these?

JADE  
Conditions?

MICKEY  
I'm a fucking professional and I'm  
out there with amateurs.

Missy approaches fast.

MISSY  
Excuse me?

JADE  
Last time I checked your only job  
is to have sex with women in front  
of a camera. If you can't handle  
these conditions -- well then,  
we've got a bigger problem here,  
don't we.

MICKEY  
There's nothing wrong with me.

MISSY  
You sure about that?

MICKEY  
See that's what I'm talking about.  
What the fuck is that, Jade? You've  
got your--  
(air quotes)  
"feminist" girl power shit trying  
to embarrass the only man here?

MISSY  
You embarrassed yourself.

MICKEY  
I wasn't embarrassed. You think I  
feel bad 'cause I can't fuck  
someone like you?

MISSY

Oh, right, excuse me for having the audacity to expect you to be able to touch a disgusting cow like me.

(turns to Jade)

I'm sorry, these conditions aren't worth it.

She stomps off.

MISSY (CONT'D)

(yelling back)

I hope you find the perfect, plastic hole you need in order to get your dick hard again. In the meantime, up your Viagra dosage!

Jade stares at Mickey.

JADE

I don't know what I was thinking. You know, I went out on a limb for you because of who you are. But maybe you've forgotten who I am.

MICKEY

I'm not the one who just quit your precious project. I'm still --

JADE

Don't play me, Mickey. I created you. And I can destroy you. Get your shit together.

MICKEY

That bitch doesn't know what she's talking about. She just got her feelings hurt.

JADE

And to think, you're raising a daughter.

Jade stomps off down the hall. Mickey opens his mouth to respond, but stops.

INT. PORN STUDIO, BATHROOM - DAY

Missy locks the door behind her and BUSTS into one of the stalls. She dry heaves over the toilet, then crumbles to the ground, as she shakes and sobs.

INT. PORN STUDIO, MICKEY'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Mickey BUSTS through the door and over to his vanity. He stares at the Viagra bottle, then grabs it, opens it, and pours out all the pills on the counter. He counts them, pushing one at a time over to the right before he SLAMS his hand on the counter and pushes them all back into the bottle.

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

INT. PORN STUDIO, HALLWAY - DAY

Mickey stomps out of his dressing room with his sunglasses on and keys in hand. Jessa runs toward Mickey from the other end of the hallway and BARGES into Jade's office.

JESSA (O.S.)  
He's back!

JADE (O.S.)  
Who?

Mickey passes her office.

JESSA (O.S.)  
Frank Cragnotti!

Mickey halts.

INT. PORN STUDIO, JADE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mickey appears at the door.

MICKEY  
Did I just hear what I think I  
heard?  
(to Jade)  
When the fuck was he here before?

Jade rubs her temples.

JADE  
(to Jessa)  
Where is he?

MICKEY  
Why didn't you tell me he was here?

JESSA  
I saw him walk out with Missy just  
a minute ago.

Jade jumps out of her chair.

JADE  
Fuck.

Mickey is gone.

INT. PORN STUDIO, FRONT LOBBY - DAY

Mickey BURSTS through the glass double doors, runs through the lobby, and out the exit.

EXT. PORN STUDIO, PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Mickey scans the lot and spots Frank with Missy, who gets into his black BMW and shuts the door. He charges toward them. Frank leans on the roof of his car as he watches Mickey approach.

FRANK

Mickey.

Mickey grabs Frank by the lapel of his suit and pins him against his car.

MICKEY

You suicidal or somethin'?

FRANK

It's always nice to see an old friend.

Missy gets out of the car.

MISSY

What are you doing?

MICKEY

(to Missy)  
Get out of here.

FRANK

I just had this pressed, you know.

MICKEY

(to Missy)  
Go!

MISSY

Who are you, my father?

MICKEY

You don't know this creep.

She gets back into the car and slams the door shut.

FRANK

No one's forcing her to do anything.

Mickey jerks him against the car. Frankie grips Mickey's hands and struggles for release. Frank breaks free from Mickey's grip, smooths out his suit, and opens the car door. Mickey peers in to see Missy.

MICKEY

(to Missy)

Whatever happens to you with this creep, you're asking for it.

Frank laughs.

FRANK

That is rich. You know, I should thank you. You always do push the best girls right to me.

He gets in, closes the door, and pulls out.

Mickey strides back toward the building but stops in front of his own car. He watches the black BMW drive out of the parking lot.

INT. PORN STUDIO, NEAR SET - DAY

Mickey walks past the CREW he abandoned earlier, who glance at him as they disassemble the set and pack up their equipment. Jade is off to the side with Larry.

LARRY

I think I'm gonna head out, doll.

JADE

You know, this was really quite out of the ordinary for us.

He puffs his cigar and checks his phone.

JADE (CONT'D)

Mickey's been a bit under the weather lately, I think, and --

LARRY

Listen, I really do gotta get going.

JADE

Oh. Of course.

Mickey approaches them.

JADE (CONT'D)

You should come back next week for the Rachel Cummings shoot. We'd love to have you.

LARRY

Yeah, we'll see.

MICKEY

(to Larry)

Sorry to interrupt.

(to Jade)

I'll clean out my dressing room on the way out. Next week's gonna be long. Dom Hardy'll need it.

Both Larry and Jade give him confused looks.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

(to Larry)

Y'know, you have one bad day and your ass gets suspended. She runs a tight ship.

Larry puffs his cigar and raises an eyebrow at Jade.

JADE

That's right. I'll have Jessa get in contact with Billy when we're ready to have you back.

MICKEY

A real pleasure, sir.

Mickey shakes his hand, then dips out.

LARRY

Dom Hardy, huh?

Jade smiles.

INT. PORN STUDIO, MICKEY'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Mickey rummages through his things and shoves them into a duffle bag. He grabs handfuls of VHSs and DVDs at a time and throws them in. He gets to the box labeled "Molly" and stares at it.

Beat.

He grabs the box, throws it in his bag, then rushes out of the room.

EXT. PORN STUDIO, PARKING LOT

Mickey runs to his car, tears the door open, and gets in.

INT./EXT. MICKEY'S CAR - DAY

Mickey fumbles with his keys before he gets the right one in the ignition. Once he starts it, he peels out of the parking lot.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL, HALLWAY - DAY

Sarah turns a corner and spots Ashley and Bobby together perched by Ashley's locker.

She puts her head down and rushes past them to her locker about fifteen lockers down.

She opens it and switches out notebooks and books between her backpack and the locker. Bobby laughs (O.S.) and Sarah peers around her locker door.

Sarah watches as Bobby and Ashley chat, smile, and giggle. Then, Bobby reaches for Ashley's hand.

Sarah flinches. She glances down at the cheer sweater she's wearing before she rips it off and shoves it in her locker.

She grabs one last book, slams her locker shut, and continues down the hall in the opposite direction, reading.

INT./EXT. MICKEY'S CAR - DAY

Mickey drives slower now as he maneuvers a windy, upward moving road lined by trees. The road seems to get smaller and windier until it reaches a dead end -- the only place left to drive is the opening of a driveway, presumably long enough that the house is not yet in sight.

Mickey turns into the narrow driveway and follows it to an upscale, Spanish-style home.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE, PORN VALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Mickey's car pulls behind the black BMW. He gets out of the car, closes the door behind him, and marches to the front door.

Beside the massive door, there is a grid of buzzers, each beside a woman's first name in beautifully handwritten cursive: *Lulu, Monika, Cora, Raquel, Ahja, Valerie, Su*. The tiny slip of paper on which *Su* is written appears to be not totally pushed into the frame, revealing the letter "y" from another slip underneath.

Mickey pulls the tab of the *Su* paper out of its slot. The paper underneath is stained and reads *Molly* in faded ink.

He pulls the *Molly* paper out, slips it into his pocket, and replaces *Su*.

FRANK (O.C.)

Hey!

Mickey sees Frank through the front door and presses his body against the side of the house, so he's not visible from the inside.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE, PORN VALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Frank, whose shirt is wrinkled and unbuttoned and his tie a loose mess around his neck, walks through the foyer away from the front door. He approaches a zombie-like, twenty-something year-old BLONDE from behind and gropes her breasts.

FRANK

You're gonna share that with Daddy,  
right?

She lifts a small, mirrored tray of cocaine lines to his face and he snorts one.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE, PORN VALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Mickey sneaks down the front steps and moves around to the:

BACK OF HOUSE

He goes through the gate to the pool area, which features an array of mismatched outdoor furniture strewn around an empty pool.

As he makes his way closer to the back door, he sees Missy, who sits alone as she cries. When she sees him, she jolts to her feet.

MISSY

What are you doing here?

MICKEY

What did he do to you?

MISSY

Nothing. Why did you follow me?

MICKEY

You don't have to do this.

She laughs.

MISSY

What, you're here to save me? I'm not a victim.

MICKEY

Look, it might seem great now, but you've gotta believe me on this one. He's a dangerous dude.

MISSY

I know what I'm doing. My niche audience is best reached directly. It's business. My business.

MICKEY

It's gonna be hard to run the kinda business you want when you're fucking the same dirty animals for his drug money all the time. Is that the kind of life you want?

FRANK

Not every one of my girls has the same passion for that as Molly did, you know.

Frank appears from behind Mickey and stands near Missy. He puts a hand on her shoulder and she shakes it off.

FRANK (CONT'D)

God I miss her. Who's she fucking for a hit these days?

Mickey moves toward him, but Frank puts up a finger and motions to two huge bodyguards who emerge from behind Mickey. He stops. They close in tower and over him.

MICKEY

(to Missy)

I get it, okay? That shit today -- it had nothing to do with you. I know that sounds like bullshit, but I mean it. You're fine.

MISSY

I know I am.

MICKEY

Of course. That's not it, though.  
You're more than that. You're  
beautiful and smart. Too smart.

(points at Frank)

That guy and this whole thing isn't  
for someone like you.

MISSY

God, you have so many opinions  
about me today.

MICKEY

I know. But this is the only one  
that matters. You have to listen to  
me.

MISSY

Enough!

They stare at each other for a moment before Frank motions to  
the body guards. They encroach on Mickey.

MICKEY

You can stay here, but I'm asking  
you to please come with me.

SMASH CUT:

INT./EXT. MICKEY'S CAR - DAY

Mickey drives alone.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL, HALLWAY - DAY

As Sarah leaves the classroom, Bobby appears beside her. She  
regards him with a smile.

BOBBY

That was rough.

SARAH

Yeah.

BOBBY

Well, if you had a hard time then I  
know I failed.

Sarah averts her eyes.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
I'm sure you aced it.

Sarah give him a quick smile, then stops and opens her locker. Bobby stops, too.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
But hey, I wanted to say thanks for talking to Ashley.

Sarah exchanges books and notebooks between her locker and backpack.

SARAH  
Don't mention it. She hardly needed talking to.

BOBBY  
So I'll see you later at the game?

SARAH  
I quit.

BOBBY  
Bummer. Why?

Sarah shrugs.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
It's probably gonna be so boring then.

SARAH  
You're welcome.

BOBBY  
No, come on, I thought that cartwheel was hilarious!

SARAH  
I'm sure it was. And it wasn't embarrassing for me at all. Totally intentional.

He laughs. Ashley walks up to them, smiles at Sarah, then she and Bobby become entranced. After they greet each other they turn to Sarah.

BOBBY  
I'll catchya later, dude.

SARAH  
Yeah, see ya.

Sarah watches them walk off, then closes her locker and swings her backpack over her shoulder.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
(to herself)  
Hilarious. Huh.

INT. MICKEY/SARAH'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Mickey and Sarah eat at the kitchen table a well-prepared feast of steak, potatoes, and green beans.

MICKEY  
Do you like it?

SARAH  
Mhm, it's good. Are you sure you actually made it?

MICKEY  
You better get used to it, girl.

SARAH  
Did you get fired?

Mickey shovels a forkful into his mouth.

MICKEY  
What about you? Did you get kicked out of the plastics?

SARAH  
It's middle school. They can't kick you out of anything.

She pushes her food around.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
I quit. I think I'm entering my rebellious teen years.

MICKEY  
What about Michelle Obama?

SARAH  
She doesn't have to know.

MICKEY  
Well, let's get rid of the evidence then, shall we?

He grabs her backpack from the floor, pulls out the cheer sweater, and holds it up. He walks over to the garbage can and slam dunks it in.

SARAH

School property, Dad.

Mickey looks into the trash and back at Sarah.

He fishes the sweater out from the trash and hangs it nicely over the back of an empty chair. He walks behind where Sarah sits, rubs her head, then kisses it. He sits back down and the two continue to eat their food.

FADE OUT.