

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

The tension you're experiencing right now... Can you be open to the possibility that it's not about Lisbeth or Milan or what might or might not happen there?

KYLE

What else would it be about?

THERAPIST

It would be about what's happening right here. Between us.

She walks over and sits next to him, her voice smoky.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

And what we both know has to happen next.

She slips her hand inside his shirt, runs it over his chest. Wait a second - WHAT KIND OF THERAPY IS THIS? Kyle pulls her closer, rips her shirt open... and OFF this--

SCENE 1

INT. KYLE'S SCREENING ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON a huge FLAT SCREEN. We're watching EMILY COOLIDGE in mid-audition. Dimples and cleavage, a dangerous combination.

EMILY COOLIDGE

...You will respond. And the Agency will be waiting. It's foolproof.

The image FREEZES.

TERENCE (O.S.)

She's terrific. I've always liked her.

REVERSE ON: TERENCE HOFFMAN (40, handsome, polished even in casual clothes) and his wife DEANN (40, well-preserved beauty with a hint of creative flair). They're watching.

DEANN

It wasn't a great read.

TERENCE

Is the read really everything? She's got confidence and approachability. That's rare.

DEANN

And large breasts, which are not. Let's watch the last one.

*
*
*
*
*
*

Terence clicks a REMOTE. Megan appears on screen, looking a bit nervous as she slates her name.

MEGAN
Megan Morrison.

TERENCE
I don't know who this is.

DEANN
She's on a TV show. I met her at an NRDC function a few months ago. She's very smart. East coast.

TERENCE
Because everybody from the east coast is smart.

CASTING GUY (V.O.)
Okay... If you could have anybody else's life, whose would it be?

MEGAN
Amelia Earhardt.

CASTING GUY (V.O.)
What is the most dangerous thing you've ever done?

MEGAN
Hitch-hiked from Boston to Virginia Beach.

CASTING GUY (V.O.)
What is your greatest fear?

MEGAN
Maximum security prison.

She laughs, spontaneously. The image freezes again.

TERENCE
Yeesh.

DEANN
Don't do that. She's charming.

TERENCE
She's calculated. Like she's holding something back.

DEANN

That's nuance, sweetie. Trust me.
I've lived and breathed this script
for two years. What you don't get
about her is what the part demands.

TERENCE

Okay, you're the producer. I'm just
the poor slob looking out for the
Institute and Kyle's needs. But
hey, anything for the movie.

KYLE (O.S.)

Who's this?

They turn to see Kyle enter, looking at Megan.

TERENCE

Someone I'd encourage you both to
pass on.

KYLE

(winks at DeAnn)

Small boobs?

DEANN

Terence doesn't like how she
answered the three imperatives.

TERENCE

She's slippery. There's no room for
that in your life anymore, bud.

Kyle looks at her for a beat, intrigued.

KYLE

How's her read?

DEANN

We haven't watched it.

KYLE

Dude, you haven't seen her do the
scene?

TERENCE

My issue is not with her talent.

KYLE

It's two minutes. It's not going to
kill me, is it?

Terence sighs, shakes his head. Presses play on the remote.
ONSCREEN, Megan finishes her laugh...

And then something in the reflection catches his eye. A flash of BLUE... which suddenly disappears. He turns--

INT. KYLE'S BEDROOM - DAY

--and walks out to find a YOUNG CLEANING WOMAN, blue t-shirt and jeans, her back to us as she sprays cleaner on the sliding glass door leading out to the balcony.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Were you just watching me get dressed?

The cleaning woman doesn't turn around, just starts vigorously wiping down the glass. Kyle walks closer to her.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Hey. Look at me.

The cleaning woman finally turns... WAIT A SECOND -- she looks A LOT like the woman who gave Kyle his "therapy" session. In fact, it IS the same person. *

CLEANING WOMAN
I do your laundry. I fold your clothes, I make your bed. All day I touch your things. And I can't stop thinking about... touching you. I know it's wrong.

She puts her hand on his crotch and bites her lip.

CLEANING WOMAN (CONT'D)
But I can't help it.

She pulls herself closer. As Kyle closes his eyes, SMASH TO:

EXT. FRANKLIN AVENUE - DAY

The roar of a TRIUMPH MOTORCYCLE as Kyle, wearing a full-face helmet, turns onto Franklin from Beachwood, headed west. Two lanes of slow-moving traffic, so he speeds between them.

Ahead, a MERCEDES SUV has drifted toward the center. Kyle beeps his horn. The DRIVER is talking on her cell, oblivious. Kyle beeps again... no movement... so he picks up speed, and as he passes the Mercedes, slams his hand into the rearview mirror, breaking it off. Then he zooms away. *

SCENE 2

EXT. SMALL OFFICE COMPLEX - DAY

The home of Kyle's production company, Sovereign Films. Kyle rides in through the security gate and parks the motorcycle near the front door. Terence is waiting for him.

TERENCE

Still in love?
(off Kyle's look)
With the bike.

KYLE

Oh. Yeah. Best birthday present
ever, man. Runs like a dream.

TERENCE

Good. And how are you doing?

KYLE

I'm good.

Terence peers at him closely.

TERENCE

You sure? I don't know exactly what
I'm picking up from you right now,
but I wouldn't call it good.

Kyle hesitates. Gets to a more honest place.

KYLE

It's just the usual stuff.

Terence looks at him knowingly. Puts a hand on his shoulder.
Kyle's vulnerability comes to the surface.

TERENCE

We all have our stuff, dude. You
know it never goes away completely.
We just gotta manage it.

KYLE

I know.

Kyle exhales, self-regulating.

TERENCE

Is there something you need from
me? Because we can blow this off
right now. I'll get my bike, we can
go up to Angeles National and tear
it up.

KYLE

No. Thanks. I want to work.

Terence hardens, just a shade.

TERENCE

Okay. But you need to tell me
you're actually prepared to do it.
We're this close to something
extraordinary. There's no room for
mistakes.

KYLE

I know, Terence. I promise you, I'm
good.

Kyle gives Terence a bro-hug, and heads inside. As Terence
watches him, concerned, ~~he~~:

GRETCHEN (V.O.)

*...my job has been to know you
better than you know yourself. So I
could design the perfect way to
kill you.*

INT. AUDITION ROOM - DAY

Terence, DeAnn, the casting agent, and a few ND PRODUCER-
TYPES watch Kyle read with GRETCHEN DVORAK, a stunning
brunette. Ice queen.

GRETCHEN

*You will respond. And the agency
will be waiting. It. Is. Foolproof.*

Her eyes are locked with Kyle's. There is a beat.

KYLE

Wow. That was great.

GRETCHEN

Really? I was so nervous.

KYLE

I couldn't tell. All I was thinking
was "God, she's good." You're
really, really good. Thank you.

He gives her a big hug. Gretchen, in love, virtually floats
out of the room. When she's gone, Kyle's smile fades.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Who the hell was that supposed to
be?

CASTING GUY

Umm, Gretchen Dvor--

ACT FOUR

EXT. INSTITUTE FOR THE HIGHER MIND - DAY *

A TESLA drives through a security gate and enters a stunning
retreat perched on a bluff above the city. Manicured grass
and sustainable landscaping surrounds a beautiful modern
building. Clean lines, walls of glass. Peaceful. *

The Tesla stops in front of the main entrance. Terence gets
out, hands a waiting ATTENDANT his keys, and heads inside. *

INT. INSTITUTE FOR THE HIGHER MIND - DAY *

Terence enters an airy, atrium-like space. One entire wall is
a trickling fountain. An UNREASONABLY HANDSOME YOUNG MAN
sitting at the floating reception desk smiles. *

YOUNG MAN *

Hi Terence. *

Terence nods and keeps going. Gets a wave from a GROUP OF
PEOPLE gathered on a sectional couch. He waves and heads for
the stairs, passing a large group of WORKSHOP ATTENDEES
filtering out of a MEETING ROOM. As he mounts the stairs.. *

VOICE (O.S.) *

Mr. Hoffman? *

He turns to see one of the attendees, ALEXA, 19, approaching.
Beautiful and innocent. And boobs. He smiles. *

ALEXA *

I was hoping I could ask you a
question. *

He comes back down. Reads her name tag-- *

TERENCE *

Alexa Simmons. Are you enjoying the
workshop? *

ALEXA *

So much. I totally see how past
experience prevents us from
discovering our better selves...
But I feel like inexperience could
be a bigger obstacle for me. *

TERENCE *

Hmm. Where are you from, Alexa? *

Scene 3

ALEXA
Cedar Rapids.

TERENCE
I think it's time we said goodbye
to all that.

He carefully peels the name tag off her boo--, er, chest.

TERENCE (CONT'D)
How do you feel?

ALEXA
(blushing)
Lighter. Thank you.

TERENCE
Inexperience is a gift.

Terence smiles, turns... and sees DeAnn waiting for him at
the top of the stairs.

DEANN
She'll go to bed tonight dreaming
of you.

TERENCE
And sign up for the advanced
workshop by the morning.

Scene 4

INT. INSTITUTE - ADMINISTRATION AREA - DAY

Less serene. Cubicles with people on phones, graphic artists
working on promotional material, etc. Various LARGE PHOTOS OF
KYLE WEST on the walls. As DeAnn and Terence walk in--

DEANN
Well, sorry to pull you away from
the hard work of recruiting, but I
just got off the phone with you-
know-who's lawyer.

TERENCE
Great.

They walk into--

INT. TERENCE'S OFFICE - DAY

Sleek and expansive, with a huge window looking out over a
grassy area, where a group of twenty or so PEOPLE meditate.

DEANN

They're worried Kyle's going to do something inappropriate in Milan. They're going to leak Lisbeth's version of the breakup if he does.

TERENCE

I can't believe we let that woman put our nuts in a sling.

DEANN

Lisbeth is paranoid. Nothing's going to happen in Milan.

TERENCE

You sure? Kyle's not in a good place. He took that TV actress to Mexico after an audition and a taco.

DEANN

So?

TERENCE

So he's acting out again! He doesn't know anything about her. And he forgets his choices reflect on us.

DeAnn gives Terence a soothing rub on the shoulders.

TERENCE (CONT'D)

Maybe he also forgets I can ruin his life with a phone call.

DEANN

Maybe he knows you won't.

Terence shakes his head, frustrated. Cause she's right.

DEANN (CONT'D)

Can I just say, for the record? I think Megan Morrison is great.

TERENCE

I thought Lisbeth was great. That's not the point. I don't want to clean up another train wreck.

DEANN

Well then... let's make sure this one stays on the rails.

Off them, sharing a look--