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MONKEY DUST

by

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"MONKEY DUST"

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

A group of teenagers, plus a few adults who have refused to grow up, are gathered around a make-shift stage in a park, nestled in Montebello, California.

BUMBA, a girl in her late teens, is on stage, breaking to an electronic beat.

SMALL CROWD

(chants)

Go, girl, go! Bumba, you're hot.

The crowd begins breaking to the beat.

PHILLIP, a photographer in his 30's, is focused upon Bumba. He keeps snapping frame after frame of her.

The concert is coming to an end.

BUMBA

I hope you all had one hell of a time...we did.

She turns to the group.

BUMBA (CONT)

Right, boys?

SMALL CROWD

(Chants)

More...more...more...

Bumba comes off the Stage.

Phillip rushes towards her.

PHILLIP

Hey, girl! I need to talk to you.

BUMBA

What's up, dude?

PHILLIP

You got the looks of a model. Can you meet me at my studio for a private photo session?

BUMBA

Come on, dude. I've heard that line before.

PHILLIP

I'm for real. I'm not lookin' just to knock the boots with you.

BUMBA

Yeah, sure, dude.

PHILLIP

Here, take my card. If you change your mind, give me a call. You got the looks that'll make you famous.

Phillip hands Bumba his card.

MAIN TITLES BEGIN OVER

INT. PHILLIP'S APARTMENT - DAY

A home photo studio is located in the back of Phillip's run down apartment.

Bumba is sitting on a stool.

Phillip is prancing around her, taking frame after frame from all angles.

Bumba is a natural. She throws all kinds of different looks at him.

PHILLIP

You got what it takes, babe. Smile, you're on Candid Camera.

BUMBA

You're dating yourself, dude.

PHILLIP

I know, but that was reality TV before we had reality TV.

Bumba stands up and flips her hair back. The back lighting makes her hair glisten.

PHILLIP (CONT)

Keep it up. Give me a pout.

BUMBA

Like this?

She pooches out her lips and drops her head.

PHILLIP

Yeah, baby. You got it...beautiful!

EXT. GARMENT DISTRICT - DOWNTOWN L. A.

A black limousine is parked at the curbside of the entrance to the California Market Center.

A beat up old Chevy is seen pulling up. Bumba is driving the car.

She is looking at all the limousines dropping people off and rear ends one of the limousines.

BUMBA

Shit! I fuck just hit it.

PHILLIP

Daaaah. You sure did.

Bumba and Phillip get out of the car.

SHANE CHRISTENSEN, late 30's, steps out of the limousine.

Bumba walks up to Shane.

SHANE

Do you have a driver's license?

BUMBA

I've been drivin' since I was twelve,
mister.

Bumba is chewing gum, obnoxiously.

She makes a BUBBLE and POPS it in his face.

CHUCK, the limo driver, in his late 40's, steps out of the limo and walks over to Bumba.

CHUCK

Can we have your driver's license and
insurance card, Miss?

BUMBA

Yes, I'll have my assistant get it for
you, pronto.

She snaps her fingers.

Shane rolls his eyes.

SHANE

(to Chuck)

Something tells me she doesn't have
either. Call the cops.

BUMBA

(pleading)

No, no! I'll pay for the damage.
What's it gonna cost?

Phillip walks up to the three of them.

PHILLIP

My cousin owns a body shop. There's no
damage...it's no big deal. Here's my

card. Call me and I'll have it repaired.

SHANE

I'm not wasting anymore time here.
Take the card, Chuck.

Shane walks into the Market Center.

Chuck gets back in the limo and pulls away.

BUMBA

You saved my fuckin' ass, man. Thanks.

PHILLIP

Okay. Let's go get you a job.

BUMBA

Where we gonna park?

PHILLIP

There's parkin' around the corner.

Bumba pulls up to the automated ticket machine. She reaches out and grabs the parking ticket.

INT. MARKET CENTER - SAME DAY

Bumba and Phillip are seated in the lobby of the Market Center.

They are eating donuts and drinking coffee.

Several televisions are positioned around the room. Sean John fashions are being shown on the screen.

BUMBA

Look! That's P. Diddy's rags...from the ghetto to Paris.

PHILLIP

You know that guy you just hit, I know I've seen him before. I'm pretty sure he used to come to Roberto's house to score. He was some rich kid from Beverly Hills. All the rich kids would

come to Roberto's to score.

BUMBA

Who's Roberto?

PHILLIP

My cousin...the body man. It's a front for a chop shop he has in the back. I think that's why the limo guy let us off the hook...I think he recognized me. They used to call him Monkey Dust.

BUMBA

Why Monkey Dust?

PHILLIP

Come on girl. You've been around...angel dust, PCP. Ring a bell?

BUMBA

That shit's dangerous...What's he doin' here?

PHILLIP

I don't know. I've been here a lot...shooting the shows and I've never seen him.

BUMBA

So, he's one of the richies, huh?

PHILLIP

Yeah. His dad had my three cousins busted. Chewey was sixteen. He had to go to the Farm. Roberto and Chunk went to Chino...and ol' Gucci, himself, got off with just going to rehab. The limo guy's dad was friends with the DA. Our neighborhood became squeaky clean, 'cause the cops didn't let up for a couple of years. When Roberto got out, he said the place had turned into a tomb.

BUMBA

Maybe the limo guy's a model. He's

pretty cute.

PHILLIP

I can see drugs on him. He's still not clean.

BUMBA

Yeah...So, now what are we doing?

PHILLIP

We'll go to all the showrooms on the list, and hit some of the warehouses and sweat shops.

Phillip shows the list to Bumba.

PHILLIP (CONT)

We'll pass out your pics and try to see as many VIP's as possible.

BUMBA

This is kinda scary to me. I never done nothin' like this before. They're all gonna laugh at me. When I walk in, they'll go "the hood's here"...my boobs are too big, my ass is too big, and I'm too short...and what about the tats.

PHILLIP

You're gonna be a trend setter. You got what it takes...a bag full of charisma and perfect features...gorgeous hair.

LATER

Bumba and Phillip are at Happy Hour in the lobby of the Market Center.

Bumba takes a bite of a miniature wiener, wrapped in bacon, and sips on a beer.

BUMBA

I'm depressed man. Did you see the looks I was getting from all those stuck up bitches, sitting on thei

fuckin' thrones like they're some
fuckin' princesses.

PHILLIP

What the hell are you doing? You
shouldn't be drinking. You're gonna
get busted. See the security over
there looking at you?

BUMBA

Come on, Phillip. You're from the
hood. You know we've all been drinkin'
since we were ten.

PHILLIP

Yeah, but, not in public.

Bumba throws her portfolio down. Photos scatter everywhere.

BUMBA

You're makin' a fool of me, you jerk.

PHILLIP

Let's go. We'll come back tomorrow.

He picks up the portfolio and grabs Bumba's arm.

Bumba shakes his hand loose.

BUMBA

I'm not fuckin' comin' back here, ever
again.

They exit the Happy Hour.

EXT. BUMBA'S HOUSE - DAY

Phillip is BANGING on the DOOR.

Bumba opens the door. She sees Phillip standing there.

PHILLIP

Come on, babe, let's go.

BUMBA

Where?

PHILLIP

Back to the garment district. I still got a lot of names left on my list.

BUMBA

I told you, I'm not gonna go there no more. I'm not gonna be your clown.

Phillip takes a valium out of his pocket and hands it to Bumba.

PHILLIP

Take this. It'll calm you down.

BUMBA

A V? You're fuckin' weird, man.

She takes the pill from him and pops it in her mouth. She gives him a big smile.

INT. SHANE CHRISTENSEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Bumba and Phillip walk into the reception area of Shane Christensen's office.

BUMBA

Now, this is hot!

She points over to a two-piece leather ensemble.

BUMBA (CONT)

Nothing like the feel of leather against bare skin.

PHILLIP

Stop babbling. Look professional.

Bumba walks up to the SECRETARY, late 20's, and hands her an 8 X 10.

SECRETARY

Can I help you?

BUMBA

Yeah. Can I see the boss man?

Phillip interjects.

PHILLIP

We'd like to show him the portfolio.

SECRETARY

Mr. Christensen works by appointment, only. Leave your photos, and if he's interested, he'll contact you.

Phillip sweet talks the secretary.

PHILLIP

(to secretary)

You have the most beautiful eyes I've ever seen. I'd like to photograph you, some time.

Bumba gives a bored look and starts TAPPING her FINGERS on the desk.

BUMBA

Come on, dude, let's go.

Shane walks out of his office.

SHANE

What the hell are you two doing here?

Phillip and Bumba look surprised.

BUMBA

(nervously)

Oh, hi!

SHANE

Why are you here? We didn't call you.

PHILLIP

We wanted to see if you needed a model.

Bumba flips around and poses for Shane.

Shane looks her up and down.

BUMBA

Well, whatcha think?

SHANE

You must be joking. I don't hire models to work off car accident damages.

BUMBA

Hey, man, that was an accident... When I walked in here, I didn't know I'd see your sorry face.

SHANE

Let me see your pics.

Bumba hands Shane her portfolio. He skims through it and hands it back to her.

SHANE (CONT)

I think you have a unique look. I don't know whether I like it, but it is different.

BUMBA

Thanks for nothing.

She starts to walk out the door.

PHILLIP

Wait. He said he liked your look.

BUMBA

No, he didn't. He called it unuuuusual.

She looks at Shane.

SHANE

We might be able to use you. I'll let you know.

EXT. STREET

Bumba and Phillip cross the street to go back to the Market Center

INT. HALLWAY IN THE MARKET CENTER

Phillip and Bumba are seen walking up and down the halls, going in and out of showrooms. (No voices heard)

PHILLIP

There's some new gansta, hip-hop line on five. Maybe, we should make that our next stop.

BUMBA

Daaaah! Shit, dude, why didn't we go there sooner? They'll like me, don'tcha think?

PHILLIP

I'm just doing the tour. Taste varies. Everything is timing.

Phillip and Bumba are seen in Gangland Fashions. They are talking to the receptionist. (No voices heard)

Phillip and Bumba walk out of Gangland Fashions.

PHILLIP

Okay, let's call it quits. How about going to Happy Hour, again?

BUMBA

Yeahhhhh. I'm hungry and tired.

Bumba slips off her heels.

PHILLIP

What the hell are you doin'? Put your shoes back on.

BUMBA

Whatcha think you are, my father?

She blows a big BUBBLE and POPS it in in face.

PHILLIP

I'm your manager as of this minute, so
put your shoes back on.

BUMBA

Manager...Huh!

LOBBY

Phillip and Bumba enter the lobby. They go over to the
buffet.

BUMBA

Free grub...I'm piggin'.

Bumba grabs two small plates of appetizers.

PHILLIP

Bumba? Is that a gang name?

BUMBA

It's no gang name. My little sister
called me Bumba 'cause she couldn't
say Barbara.

PHILLIP

So, the name stuck? Cool.

BUMBA

My gang name is Batgirl, for your
information.

PHILLIP

Why Batgirl?

BUMBA

Boobs, ass and tatts.

Bumba grabs for a beer.

PHILLIP

No, beer!

She quickly guzzles it down.

INT. BUMBA'S HOUSE - DAY

The PHONE RINGS.

Bumba's roommate, ANNIE, mid-teens, answers the phone.

SECRETARY (O.S.)

Hi! Can I speak with
uuhhh...uuuhh...Bumba.

ANNIE

Sure. Who is it?

SECRETARY (O.S.)

It's LOL.

ANNIE

Bumba. Hurry. It's LOL.

BUMBA

Hi! It's me.

SECRETARY

Mr. Shane Christensen wants to see you
this afternoon...three thirty, his
office...be on time.

Bumba and Annie start jumping up and down.

BUMBA

Call Phillip. Tell him ol' Gucci
called. He'll get the message.

INT. LOL OFFICES - DAY

Phillip and Bumba stand in front of the secretary.

The secretary stands up and motions Phillip and Bumba to
follow her into Shane's office.

Shane is looking down at some fashion drawings.

SECRETARY

Miss...uh...Bumba is here.

SHANE

(to Bumba)

Always have your sidekick with you? He wasn't invited.

PHILLIP

Oh, I'm sorry, sir. I'll leave.

SHANE

Thanks, pal.

Phillip sheepishly walks out of Shane's office.

Shane looks at Bumba.

SHANE

Have a seat. I have a few questions.

BUMBA

Okay.

Bumba is looking around the flamboyant, overly-decorated office.

BUMBA (CONT)

This chills. Magazine covers, everywhere. Looks like my room...I got posters plastered all over, too.

SHANE

Like your room?...Okay, how old are you?

BUMBA

Eighteen.

SHANE

Have you had any modeling experience?

BUMBA

No. I'm a hip-hop, rapper. Phillip says I'm a natural model...especially in front of a camera. That's what Phillip says.

SHANE

Oh, boy!.. Okay. Fill out this application and be at my showroom in the Market Center...room 303 tomorrow. I'll see how you do in there. You must be on time. You'll be walking around in several of my leather fashions...modeling them for the buyers.

BUMBA

Sounds good. What time?

SHANE

Be there at eight, sharp. Sarah will show you the ropes.

Bumba rushes to the elevator.

ELEVATOR

Phillip is waiting for her.

BUMBA

I got the job, dude. Let's go celebrate.

INT. LOL SHOWROOM - DAY

SARAH, a woman in her early 40's, is sitting at a table when Bumba walks in.

BUMBA

Hi, dude. You're Sarah?

SARAH

That's what most people call me...So, you're Bumba?

BUMBA

Yeah.

SARAH

Okay, let's get to work. LOL is a high-ticket line. You must act like a

pro and cater to all the buyer's wishes. You offer them a seat, then coffee, and some snacks. You let them know Lots of Leather is the finest. You may need to model several outfits to keep them happy...and you must always smile.

BUMBA

Are you gonna be here with me?

SARAH

Yeah, most of the time.

PHONE RINGS

SARAH (CONT)

LOL Showroom.

SHANE (O.S.)

Hi! It's me. Is Bumba there?

SARAH

Yeah, she sure is. I'm filling her in.

SHANE (O.S.)

Let me talk to her.

Sarah hands Bumba the phone. Bumba looks shocked.

BUMBA

(to Sarah)

For me?

BUMBA (CONT)

(into receiver)

Hello.

SHANE (O.S.)

Hi! It's Shane.

BUMBA

Hi, Shane. What's up?

SHANE (O.S.)

Why don't you meet me at Club Rio,

tonight...say about eight.

BUMBA
(confused and hesitant)
...Why?

SHANE (O.S.)
I want to hear how your first day
went.

BUMBA
Yeah...okay.

INT. CLUB RIO - NIGHT

Bumba walks into the heavily, crowded night club. Club Rio has the atmosphere of Studio 54.

Bumba sees Shane sitting at a table with his entourage. Bumba walks up to the table.

BUMBA
(to Shane)
Hey, dude.

SHANE
Hi, girl. I'd like you to meet my
friends.

Shane points to SETZER, a gay man in his early 20's.

Setzer gives Bumba a disapproving look.

SETZER
Oh, my, my. Where did you find this
one, on California Singles? You
shouldn't be so possessed with this
internet dating service, Shane. Look
what it gets you.

SHANE
Be nice.

Shane introduces SHELLY, a girl in her early 20's.

SHANE

This is Shelly...my ex.

SHELLY

Nice to meet you, Bumba. Don't pay any attention to Setzer. He's just in one of his vicious moods. He's all bark and no bite.

Setzer gives a sideways look.

SHELLY (CONT)

(to Bumba)

Have a seat.

Bumba sits down at the table with the others.

BUMBA

(in awe)

Wowie, wow, wow! This is really a place. I recognize half the people in this room.

SETZER

(to Bumba)

You should do something with your hair, girlie.

SHANE

Setzer's a hairdresser at La Tage. He can fix you up.

BUMBA

What's wrong with my hair? It's totally in fashion.

SETZER

Maybe we can give her the JLo look. I totally adore her. When I grow up, I wanna be just like her. (he gives a laugh)

SHANE

You said the magic words, "grow up".

Shane looks at Bumba.

SHANE (CONT)

(to Bumba)

So, how much did you screw up today?

BUMBA

I'm a pro. I don't screw up.

SHANE

Yeah. That's what Sarah said. You two did a lot of volume for one day.

SHELLY

Here comes Paper Boy.

A seedy looking man, PAPER BOY, in his late twenties, sits down at the table and unrolls a handkerchief of pills.

PAPER BOY

Can I interest you in some of this?

SHANE

All you got is Jelly Babies?

PAPER BOY

Don't go rootsie, tootsie on me. Come on, bro, I need some money.

Paper Boy looks over at Bumba.

PAPER BOY (CONT)

Are you a lunchbox girl?

BUMBA

I'm eighteen...Used to be, but not no more. I'm clean, dude. I just take a V here and there and drink a beer, every once in a while.

PAPER BOY

Come on Shane...at least loan me a few bucks. I'm really down on my luck. Remember, who's always been there for you.

Paper Boy looks at Shane.

SHANE

Okay. Here's a nickel note. Now, get the hell out of my face.

Paper Boy nervously gets up to leave.

PAPER BOY

I'm sorry, man. I thought we were buddies.

Shane ignores him, completely.

SHANE

(to Bumba)

You wanna go ridin' in my limousine?

BUMBA

Sure, dude! Let's go.

Shane and Bumba leave Club Rio, arm in arm.

Setzer shakes his head in disgust.

INT. SHANE'S LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Bumba and Shane are in the backseat.

CHUCK

Where to, Shane?

SHANE

I want to go to Josh's. He's partying, tonight.

CHUCK

We're on our way.

Shane pulls Bumba over to him.

Bumba pulls away.

BUMBA

Whatcha doin', man?

SHANE

I just want you to feel something.

Shane pulls Bumba's hand to his lap.

SHANE (CONT)

Feel that, babe. Whatcha think?

Bumba jerks her hand away.

BUMBA

So you got a hardon. Big deal.

SHANE

What's your problem? You're not a lesbo, are you?

BUMBA

Take me back to my car, right now.

SHANE

Okay, I'll leave you alone...I want you to meet Josh. He's the photographer for Elle. I want his feedback. He'll know if you got the magic or not.

BUMBA

Okay. But stay over there, dude. I'm not kiddin'.

INT. JOSH'S ESTATE - NIGHT

Bumba and Shane walk into the lavish estate.

Bumba's eyes are becoming very wide.

BUMBA

Now, this is a pad. I could get into this type of livin'.

SHANE

You never know. If the right people like you, you could be callin' a place like this, home, in no time.

JOSH PARKER, 30's, walks up to Shane.

JOSH

Hi, Shane. Glad you could make it.

SHANE

I'd like to introduce you to Bumba,
one of my new models.

Josh puts his hand on Bumba's chin.

JOSH

Excellent symmetry. The jaw line is
perfect. The eyes have a very sexy,
girlish charm to them. I'd like to do
a test shot of you.

BUMBA

What's symmetry?

JOSH

You'd shoot good from all angles.

SHANE

So, who's here?

Bumba is looking around the room. She eyes the buffet
table.

BUMBA

Look at that spread. I'm starvin'.

JOSH

A pretty girl like you shouldn't be
thinkin' of food. I knew a pretty girl
once and she blew her career, 'cause
she got hungry.

Josh motions Bumba to sit down on the couch.

JOSH

Stay here. I'm gettin' my digital
camera.

Bumba, with her knees together and her legs out, sits on the couch with an anxious expression.

Josh comes back with his digital camera.

JOSH

Let me shoot a quick video, to get the feel.

Josh begins video taping Bumba. She has a big smile on her face.

JOSH (CONT)

Fabulous darling! We're from this moment on, officially workin' together.

Bumba turns to Shane and gives him a cocky smile. She blows a big BUBBLE and POPS it in his face.

BUMBA

(to Shane)

Ha! Ha!

SHANE

(nonchalantly)

Well, I never said you didn't have it.

INT. LOL SHOWROOM - DAY

Bumba walks in.

BUMBA

(to Sarah)

Josh may use me for the cover of a magazine. He said, "I'm his girl". I think that means I'll be on the cover of Elle.

SARAH

Josh Parker? Congratulations girl...Well, how did things go with Mister Christensen, himself?

BUMBA

He's a total male slut. At the party,

he took off with this girl and had sex in one of Josh's bedrooms. Everybody knew it. They were all opening the door and watchin' 'em.

SARAH

Yes, that is our Mister Christensen...up to his same ol' tricks. You say it was just one? That's unusual.

BUMBA

It was kinda my fault.

SARAH

Why?

BUMBA

'Cause I made him get a chubby.

SARAH

What's a chubby?

BUMBA

A hardon. That's what we call it in the hood.

SARAH

Don't flatter yourself, girl. Everyone gives Mister Christensen a uuhh...chubby. He's done men, women...anything that walks and talks attracts him. They call him the "snake", 'cause I guess it is long and skinny and strikes at anything that gets into its path.

BUMBA

He treated me real nice, after the party. He didn't try to hit on me or nothin'.

SARAH

That's a first. Oh, by the way, someone by the name of Angel called for you today. Who is he?

BUMBA

Oh, shit. That's my ex. He's always buggin' me. He won't accept that it's over between the two of us. He's a stalker.

SARAH

Men never leave.

BUMBA

He was actin' the part of a real fool. I just got sick of his kinky ways.

SARAH

Like what?

BUMBA

He lays around watchin' porno, all the time, except when he's on the net. He says he wants us to experiment. What made me get really pissed off was he said I had to lick peanut butter off his ass.

SARAH

Peanut butter? No Jelly? Well, it could be worse.

BUMBA

How? He hadn't showered. He stunk.

SARAH

Oh, that's sick!

BUMBA

But I got him good. I told him I had something that was even kinkier. I laid my head on his chest, pulled a wad of gum out of my mouth and rubbed it all over his chubby and hair. At first, he was ooing and awing, saying "oh, baby, keep it up", but, then the gum started pulling on his hair.

Sarah is laughing like crazy. Tears are streaming down her cheeks.

SARAH

Oh, that's wicked, Bumba.

BUMBA

I told him it was the new bikini wax turnon, and everyone was doin' it. He went into a rage. I went runnin' like hell.

SARAH

Oh, God. That's one funny story.

BUMBA

It really ticked him off, 'cause he had a date with some bimbo he'd hooked up with on the net.

SARAH

Oh, he's one of those date 'em and dump 'em dot commers.

BUMBA

I read his bio...total shit. He said he made a hundred thousand dollars a year. Pretty good for a car wash guy, huh? He put in there he was gettin' his BA in Computer Science. He never once mentioned that he was on probation. When you date Angel, you date half the Montebello PD. They're always watchin' him. They want to bust his ass. Next time, it'll be his third strike.

SARAH

A very interesting ex. Now he's on the net. The web is a play ground for all the men who wanna' be something. Just a click of the mouse and voila, they're Don Juan's.

BUMBA

In his bio he says he had his heart broken and needs true love. He never

stopped gettin' hits. He had a different girl every night. So, I said "cool, let them lick peanut butter off your stinky ass".

ANGEL, in his early 20's, walks through the door.

BUMBA

Speak of the devil.

ANGEL

Why? Ya talkin' about, me?

BUMBA

What the hell you doin' here?

ANGEL

I come to see ya, baby. So, you're too good for me now?

BUMBA

Angel, you know damn well, I broke up with you before I got this job.

ANGEL

(pleading)

Come on, baby. Come back to me. I've heard rumors you're out screwin' some guy in a limo.

BUMBA

Fuck you, man! That's not true. Shane is treatin' me fine. And for your information, he's not my boyfriend.

ANGEL

I just don't believe you, Bumba. You're lyin' to me. Damn it, stop the shit.

Angel SLAMS his fist on the table.

Security notices the angry, young man and enters the showroom.

SECURITY

What's all the loud talkin'?

ANGEL

Excuse me, Sirrrrr. I'm just takin' with my girl.

SECURITY

Is that true, miss?

BUMBA

Oh, he's upset.

SECURITY

(to Angel)

Well, maybe you should leave. Now!
Loud behavior is not permitted at the
Market Center.

Security GRABS Angel's arm to lead him out of the showroom.

ANGEL

You fuckin' fag. Don't touch me!

BUMBA

Just go, Angel. I'll give you a call.

ANGEL

Promise, babe?

BUMBA

Scouts honor.

Angel and the Security Guard exit the showroom.

SARAH

Wow! He was gettin' real mad. Lucky
security came along.

The PHONE RINGS.

BUMBA

LOL Showroom. Yes. Who's this?

JOSH (O.S.)

Your ticket to the cover of Elle
Magazine. I wanna do test shots on

you, next week. My secretary will let you know the exact place and time. Okay?

BUMBA

Oh, my god, you're for real.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Sarah and Bumba are eating dinner.

SARAH

How did the shoot go?

BUMBA

Absolutely fabulous, darling. He adores me. He says we're flying to Monaco and then Venice. He wants to shoot me in the gondolas. We're goin' through the channels of Venice. Then we may go to Paris to finish the shoot. I've never been outside of L.A.

SARAH

You're making me jealous. I'll be just stuck in the ol' showroom.

BUMBA

Is Shane gonna get a new model to replace me?

SARAH

Undoubtedly. Speaking of Shane, I noticed you two are getting closer and closer.

BUMBA

I guess so...never planned on this one. I've been with him every night for the last two weeks. I already feel jealous about my replacement.

SARAH

So, the relationship has become that heavy?

BUMBA

Might even call it love.

SARAH

Angel knew you were lying.

BUMBA

Yeah, we've been together since we were kids. He knows me.

SARAH

Go, girl, go. Shane's quite a catch. He's from a very wealthy family. His parents said they'd disown him and cut him out of their will if he didn't clean up his act and make something out of himself. That's what made him create LOL.

BUMBA

You know more about him than I do. Hope it's just family background.

SARAH

No need to worry about me and Shane...it's always been just pure business.

Bumba's CELL RINGS

Bumba answers it.

JOSH'S SECRETARY (O.S.)

Hi! Is this Bumba?

BUMBA

It sure is.

JOSH'S SECRETARY (O.S.)

Josh says you two will be flying to Monaco Saturday morning. So, start packing!

Bumba puts her hand over the receiver.

She screams to Sarah.

BUMBA

I'm on my way. It's real! I'm not
dreamin'. It's really happenin'.

Bumba takes her hand off the receiver.

She composes herself.

BUMBA (CONT)

Okay. Tell Josh I'm gonna start
packin' tonight.

JOSH'S SECRETARY (O.S.)

Remember...LAX...Saturday morning at
five a.m., flight number 707 from gate
thirty three.

Bumba's hands are shaking as she reaches for a pen in her
purse.

BUMBA

Flight number what? Okay.

Bumba hangs up her cell.

BUMBA (CONT)

Lucky I'm sittin' down. I feel faint.

EXT. NICE AIRSTRIP - DAY

A jumbo jet is seen landing on the airstrip in the French
Riviera.

INT. NICE AIRPORT

Passengers are exiting the jumbo jet.

Bumba, Josh and crew are getting off.

BUMBA

From Montebello to Monte Carlo...wild.
Bling, bling.

JOSH

Have you ever been to Europe?

BUMBA

Hell, no. Only in my dreams.

JOSH

Maybe, you can learn a little french.

BUMBA

I will if they speak ghetto French.

EXT. NICE AIRPORT

Josh waves a taxi down.

Bumba, Josh and Crew get in.

INT. TAXI - MOVING

TAXI DRIVER

A où?

ENGLISH SUBTITLE:

Where to?

JOSH

Monte Carlo Grand Hotel.

BUMBA

(to Taxi Driver)

We're livin' large.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Bumba and Josh walk into an exquisitely decorated room of the Monte Carlo Grand.

BUMBA

Homes and hideaways of the rich and famous. Check it out. This is bigger than my place in Montebello.

JOSH

I'll be staying here with you.

BUMBA

Why?

JOSH

'Cause the hotel was booked solid. I could only get two rooms and I don't want to stay in the same room as my crew.

Bumba gives a suspicious look.

BUMBA

Booked up? Right! I wasn't born yesterday.

JOSH

You have nothing to worry about. I'm gay.

BUMBA

(sarcastically)

Gay? Right.

JOSH

I mean it, I'm gay.

BUMBA

You don't act gay.

JOSH

Well, we don't all run around like screeching' queens. The last time I dated a girl was at my senior prom. Dad insisted on it.

BUMBA

What happened?

JOSH

She tried to kiss me...I almost had a nervous breakdown.

BUMBA

Yeah, you're gay.

EXT. EXOTIC GARDENS OF MONACO - DAY

Josh, Bumba and crew are getting ready for the photo shoot in one of Monaco's exotic gardens.

BUMBA

This is like a scene from a fairy tale...it's unreal.

Josh ignores her comment and motions her to get in front of the camera.

JOSH

Perfect.

The stylist is fixing Bumba's hair while the makeup artist is applying blush to her cheeks.

STYLIST

She's ready.

Josh starts shooting frame after frame, as Bumba goes into different poses. (No voices heard.)

Photo shoot ends.

JOSH

You're gonna be the next Grace Kelly.

BUMBA

Who? Nelly? That's a guy.

JOSH

No, Grace Kelly...as in Princess Grace of Monaco.

BUMBA

Can you fill me in on who's Grace Kelly, Princess of Monaco. Is this some fairy tale.

JOSH

Yeah, kinda. Grace was a famous Hollywood actress that married Prince Reinier and became royalty.

BUMBA

You mean I could be Princess Bumba of Monaco.

JOSH

You'd better change your name, if that happens.

BUMBA

Why? Princess Bumba is cool.

JOSH

Whatever.

Bumba flips off her heels and goes running into the garden. She starts dancing and picking flowers from the garden.

JOSH

Bumba! Stop that. What the hell are you doing?

BUMBA

I'm a butterfly... I'm a princess.

JOSH

You're insane.

BUMBA

Grandpa used to call me his little fairy princess. He let me pick all the flowers I wanted to.

Bumba continues dancing through the garden.

The CARETAKER, in his 80's, comes out shaking his finger at Bumba.

CARETAKER

Le jardin est sacré. Vous le détruisez...You terrible petite fille.

ENGLISH SUBTITLE:

The garden is sacred. You're destroying it...you awful little girl.

The caretaker starts running into the garden after her.

BUMBA

Run, run, run just as fast as you can.
You can't catch me I'm the gingerbread
girl.

She starts laughing as the caretaker stumbles and tries to
get her.

Josh also runs after her. He is on the other side of the
garden.

CARETAKER

La police, la police! J'appelle la
police!

ENGLISH SUBTITLE:

Police, police! I'm calling the
police!

JOSH

You screwed up bitch!

Bumba sits down on the grass. Josh stands above her.

JOSH (CONT)

I can't tolerate this. You're acting
like a two year old. I'll have your
contract cancelled.

BUMBA

Oh, darling. You know I'm too
valuable. I'm princess Bumba.

JOSH

Just go get in the car.

BUMBA

Chill, bro. It was just a few flowers.

INT. VENICIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Bumba and Josh are sitting at a table.

Bumba blows a big BUBBLE. It POPS and sticks to her face.

JOSH

My dear. We've been over this again and again. We're at one of the finest restaurants in Venice. Can you control yourself?

BUMBA

Yeah, I know, I know. I may be a model, but I'm not gonna be some stuck up bitch. Those are the girls I always hated.

Josh's CELL RINGS

JOSH

Hello?

SHANE (O.S.)

Hi! It's Shane.

JOSH

I can't hear you. Let me go outside.

EXT. VENICIAN RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Josh is holding the CELL to his ear as he walks outside.

SHANE (O.S.)

How's it goin'?

JOSH

I feel like I'm with the hood in Montebello, instead of Venice, Italy.

SHANE

Oh, it's that bad? I thought she'd become more sophisticated in that environment.

JOSH

She's so crude. We were in a museum

and she flipped off her heels and started blowing big bubbles. Everyone was looking at us. Then I pointed out the jewels on display in the case of the museum and she goes bling, bling. Then a Lamborghini passed us and she goes bling, bling, again. So I asked her if she was an alien and she called me a fuckin' weirdo. She's always using some hip-hop slang and I never know if she wants me to order her some drugs or toothpaste.

Shane laughs (O.S.)

JOSH (CONT)

All she keeps trying to order is tacos and nacho chips and King Cobra beer. She says red wine made her sick once, so she doesn't do it anymore. She said she thought she was pukeing blood. But, then she said she did drop acid with it. And she always says these things really loud in public, so everyone can hear.

SHANE (O.S.)

You're the one that wanted her. Symmetry and everything. Remember?

JOSH

A guy is allowed one mistake, isn't he? Anyways, she's your girlfriend. At least, I'm not personal with her.

SHANE (O.S.)

You'd better get back there with her.

JOSH

Right on, dude. Bling, bling.

INT. VENICIAN RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Josh walks back into the restaurant and sits down.

BUMBA

Who was that?

JOSH

A friend from the magazine. He wanted to know how the shoot was going...and when I'm sending him the film.

Josh picks up a glass of wine.

JOSH (CONT)

Should we talk a little girl talk?

BUMBA

Girl talk? Okay, why not.

JOSH

Who was before Shane?

BUMBA

Angel. He's a gang banger. He used to go in and out of juvy and jail all the time. I met him when I was thirteen. He's a few years older than me. I've always been givin' him the chubbies, way back when.

JOSH

You made him get fat...always cookin' for him?

BUMBA

No, ass hole! The chubbies are when it's big and hard and round and the balls are ready to burst with excitement.

Josh starts salivating.

JOSH

Go, on.

BUMBA

Then, about a year ago, he started watchin' all the internet porn and became real kinky. I walked out the door, when he wanted me to lick peanut

butter off his stinky ass.

Josh is squirming in his seat.

BUMBA (CONT)

Hell, you are a fag.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Bumba is shopping in a heavily crowded supermarket. She is getting looks from the other shoppers. They are whispering and pointing at her. She walks up to the check stand, looks down at the magazine rack and notices her picture on the cover of Elle.

INSERT - MAGAZINE COVER

Bumba picks up the magazine. A man walks up.

MAN

(excitedly)

That's you!

BUMBA

(conceitedly)

Yeah. It sure is.

MAN

Can I have your autograph?

BUMBA

My autograph? Yeah, sure.

She smiles and signs the piece of paper. Other shoppers start to crowd around her with pen and paper in hand.

INT. LOL SHOWROOM - DAY

Sarah is putting the new leather designs on display in the showroom.

The PHONE RINGS.

COSMO SECRETARY (O.S.)

Hi! This is Cosmo. Is Bumba there?

SARAH

No. She hasn't been in this week.
She's takin' a short vacation. She
needs to rest up after the shoot in
Europe.

COSMO SECRETARY (O.S.)

Can I reach her at home?

SARAH

Yeah. Let me get her number for you.

Bumba walks through the door.

BUMBA

I'm back.

Sarah puts the caller on hold.

SARAH

Cosmo's on the line. They say it's
urgent.

Bumba takes the phone.

BUMBA

It's Bumba. What's up?

COSMO SECRETARY (O.S.)

We need to see you. Cosmo wants you
for the cover.

BUMBA

Cool. When and where?

She takes out a note pad and pen and jots down the info.

She hangs up.

BUMBA (CONT)

Sarah, now Cosmo wants me. Am I hot or
am I hot?

SARAH

Shane called. He wants you to move

into his Malibu Estate... He said to tell you that Chuck will pick you up at your house, so get packed... Also, he said park shitty, shitty, bang, bang, he's gettin' you a new car.

BUMBA

I have to give up my car? Grandpa bought it for me when I was twelve. We used to go out to the junk yard and get parts for it... He'd always let me drive it when we got out in the boondocks.

SARAH

He said it's not good for your image to be tooling around in it.

BUMBA

It's my chitty, chitty, bang, bang. It's my magical little car. I have lots of good memories with it.

SARAH

Well a model's got to do what a model's got to do.

BUMBA

Image! Fuck him... I remember the night Angel was droppin' in a new distributor. P.D. was watchin' him. It didn't bother him, 'cause he said it wasn't the main cops.... So, then we took it for a test drive, and here comes the berries on my ass, just 'cause I had Angel in the car. I pulled over. The cop came up and told me to turn it off. I did and it let out a big ol' back fire that scared the holy, mother shit out of him. He pulled his gun on us. Then, he asked me for my D.L. but he was so fuckin' nervous, he didn't even notice it was a fake. He let us go.

SARAH

Lucky, huh?

BUMBA

Yeah. So me and Angel started singin'
"Bang, Bang, Chitty, Chitty, Bang,
Bang' and it became my car's name.

SARAH

You've really lived on the edge, huh
kid?

The PHONE RINGS.

Bumba picks it up.

BUMBA

LOL showroom!

PHILLIP (O.S.)

It's me, Bumba. I heard you're
becomin' real big. You won't forget to
mention that I discovered you? It's
been six months since we first went
showroom hopping.

BUMBA

Six months? God, the time has gone by
so quick. Don't worry, Phillip, I'll
let em' know about you.

PHILLIP (O.S.)

Why you still workin' the showroom?

BUMBA

Shane knows I'm drawin' business like
crazy... I'm famous, Phillip. His
sales have quadrupled. So, anyway,
gotta go.

Bumba hangs up the phone.

BUMBA (CONT)

That was Phillip. He feels all left
out.

SARAH

Rightfully so. He's the one to first

notice you and he did something about it.

BUMBA

Yeah, I know. Angel thinks I feel too good for him. Phillip thinks I have forgotten all about him and two girls I used to go to school with, walked by the showroom. I heard them say, "she's just a stuck up bitch, now" It's hard, Sarah. I love all my homies.

SARAH

Yeah, it's tough when you have to leave so much behind.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Bumba is riding in the back of Shane's limo. She hollers to Chuck.

BUMBA

Hey, man. I'm lonely back here. Can I come up front?

Chuck stops the limo and Bumba gets in the passenger seat.

BUMBA (CONT)

All my homies think I'm stuck up, now. What do you think?

CHUCK

I think you are the same smartass girl that rear ended us that day.

BUMBA

Thanks. I needed to hear that.

EXT. SHANE'S ESTATE - NIGHT

The limo pulls up. Bumba steps out.

Shane walks out of the house.

SHANE

Look over there.

Bumba looks over and sees her brand new Mercedes parked in the driveway.

BUMBA

Like Pink says, "I'll be looking
flashy in my Mercedes Benz".

They walk over to the Mercedes as the limo pulls away.

EXT. BANK OF LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

The limo pulls up. Chuck steps out and walks up to the ATM.

Chuck is withdrawing money out of the ATM.

A car pulls up beside the limo. ROBERTO, late 30's, is in the back seat, Angel is in the passenger seat and ENRIQUE, late teens, is driving the car.

Angel and Roberto are seen putting on hoods.

Chuck is walking back to the limo. He notices the car.

Angel jumps out.

ANGEL

Give me the keys, man.

CHUCK

Huh?

Roberto jumps out.

ROBERTO

You heard the man. Give him the
fuckin' key's.

Roberto hits Chuck on the back of the head Chuck falls to the ground, unconscious. Angel grabs the keys out of his hand.

Angel and Roberto get in the limo and start to drive away.

The limo comes to a SCREECHING HALT. Angel jumps out. He hollers to Roberto.

ANGEL

I thought you got the money, man.

He walks up to Chuck and grabs his wallet.

Angel walks back to the limo. Angel hollers to Enrique.

ANGEL

Go, man! Get the hell outta here.

Enrique speeds away.

INT. LIMO - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

ROBERTO

How much?

ANGEL

Looks like a couple a bills.

ROBERTO

Good, bro. We need it for gas!...
Let's get it to the shop.

INT. BODY SHOP - NIGHT

Roberto and Angel pull the limo into the shop.

ANGEL

Twirlers here?

ROBERTO

Yeah, I got him back.

TOOL TWIRLER, as he is known, is in his late 20's.

Angel walks up to him and shakes his hand.

ANGEL

Hey dog! Good to see you, man. How long you been back with R?

TOOL TWIRLER

Not long. My homie got busted. Closed up shop. So I had to get another job.

Roberto walks up.

ROBERTO

Yeah, this is what we like to call a job... Let's get to work.

The three men start disassembling the limo.

The Tool Twirler is flipping tools around like they are batons.

He makes it seem like stripping an automobile is a true art form.

ANGEL

(to Tool Twirler)

You're a mother fucker with that half inch. I ain't never seen nothin' like it....Now for the finishing touch.

Angel pulls a can of spray paint out of his jacket.

ANGEL (CONT)

To my little cutie.

He begins spray painting the limo with the words, "HO HOUSE ON WHEELS".

INT. SHANE'S ESTATE - NIGHT

Shane and Bumba are sleeping. The PHONE RINGS. Bumba reaches for the phone and picks it up.

SHANE

Damn it, Bumba. I told you not to answer it.

BUMBA

(ignoring Shane)

What?...Chuck?...When?...Oh, shit.

Bumba hangs up the phone.

SHANE

What's wrong, babe?

BUMBA

Chuck was robbed and his limo jacked.
It happened last night.

SHANE

Oh, shit. That means I have to drive
today. I hate LA traffic... How is he?

BUMBA

I guess he's okay. Small
bump...nothing major.

INT. LOL SHOWROOM - DAY

Sarah is looking through a fashion magazine. She stops on a
page and picks up the PHONE and DIALS it.

SARAH

Hi! Is this Fashions of Now? My name
is Sarah from LOL. You put the wrong
showroom number in our ad. We're not
paying for it.

Bumba walks in.

BUMBA

What's up, girl?

SARAH

They fucked a major ad. This is going
to hurt.

BUMBA

Now, watch your language, young lady.

Sarah laughs.

SARAH

We're switching roles.

BUMBA

Guess what? Chuck got robbed and his

limo jacked.

SARAH

You're kidding?

PHONE RINGS

Bumba picks it up.

BUMBA

LOL showroom.

SHANE (O.S.)

The cops just found the limo in Montebello. It's been stripped clean and they painted "Ho House On Wheels" along the side.

BUMBA

Oh, shit. I gotta go.

Bumba hangs up the phone.

BUMBA (CONT)

Sarah. The limo's been found in Montebello. I bet it's that jealous asshole, Angel, 'cause it had painted on it "Ho House on Wheels". You know how he accused me of doin' it with Shane in the limo.

SARAH

Are you going to the cops?

BUMBA

The cops? They only like me a little better than they do Angel. In some way, they'd say I was an accomplice.

The PHONE RINGS

BUMBA (CONT)

(to Sarah)

You take this call.

Sarah picks up the phone

SARAH

LOL showroom.

SHANE (O.S.)

The cops want to talk to Bumba about a party that was held last night at her old apartment. They said a lot of teens were busted for drinking and drugs. The lease is still under her name, and she is responsible for contributing to the delinquency of a minor.

SARAH

Holy shit! I'll tell her.

Sarah hangs up the phone.

SARAH (CONT)

Bad news, kid. I guess there was some teenage party at your old house. They say you're responsible for contributing to the delinquency of a minor.

BUMBA

Who says I'm responsible?

SARAH

The cops.

BUMBA

I saved Annie's life from the streets, and this is how I get thanked. Her parents kicked her out when she was just thirteen. She had no place to go, so I let her stay with me.

SARAH

You better get a hold of an attorney, right away.

BUMBA

I should have butted out, but it was sad...You know, since she's been

livin' with me, she studies. She says she wants to go to college and become a journalist.

SARAH

Well, If anything comes of this, I'm sure the courts will take that into account. You better get an attorney.

BUMBA

I gotta go. I wanna talk to Angel. I know he's behind the jackin'. Then I'm goin' to see Annie to find out what the hell she's up to. If anyone calls just tell 'em I died.

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sarah's CELL RINGS.

SARAH

Hi! Who is it?

SHANE (O.S.)

Have you seen Bumba? I can't find her anywhere.

SARAH

No. I haven't seen her in a week. She was pretty depressed. She was goin' to see Angel and Annie...and maybe, an attorney.

SHANE (O.S.)

Well, tell her when you see her, to get her ass home.

SARAH

You sound mad, Shane.

SHANE (O.S.)

You'd better believe it, I'm real mad. She's supposed to be back in New York for the Cosmo shoot. This is important to me and LOL. If she doesn't show, it will cost all of us. She's my model, a

fuckin' fortune rests on her.

SARAH

She was pretty screwed up, Shane.

INT. LOL SHOWROOM - DAY

Sarah is sitting reading the tabloids. Bumba is their major focus.

INSERT - HEADLINES

SUPER: BUMBA IS STILL INVOLVED WITH LOCAL GANGSTERS

SUPER: YOU CAN TAKE THE GIRL FROM THE HOOD, BUT YOU CAN'T TAKE THE HOOD FROM THE GIRL

SUPER: ELLE'S TOP MODEL IS CAUGHT AT TEEN PARTY

SUPER: NEW COSMO GIRL VANISHES

PHONE RINGS

SARAH

LOL Showroom.

BUMBA (O.S.)

Sarah, it's me. I'm afraid to come out of hiding. Have you read all the trash the tabloids are printing about me?

SARAH

Yeah. They're not gonna let up, so you might as well come back. Where you at?

BUMBA (O.S.)

Promise not to tell?

SARAH

Promise.

BUMBA (O.S.)

I'm in Encinitas, at a motel. I picked up a rental, and left my Mercedes in Chula Vista. Have they found it, yet?

SARAH

No, I don't think so.

BUMBA (O.S.)

I feel like a hunted animal. They're worse than the cops. How'd they find out about the peanut butter. That sucks. One headline reads "PEANUT BUTTER BUMBA FLEES".

SARAH

Forget the peanut butter. You got more than that to worry about. Shane's fuckin' mad. Cosmo wants to know where the hell you are. You were due there yesterday.

BUMBA (O.S.)

Tell Shane to fuck off. This is my life, not his.

SARAH

What should I tell Cosmo?

BUMBA (O.S.)

Tell them I've been sick and I'll be there in the next couple of days.

SARAH

Think they'll buy it?

BUMBA (O.S.)

They'll have to, if they want me.

INT. LAX - DAY

Bumba and Shane are in the Airport Bar.

SHANE

Josh told me that you were quite a handful, when you were in Europe.

BUMBA

Whatcha mean?

SHANE

He said you'd be real crude, at times. So, don't chew gum with your mouth open and pop bubbles in everyone's face. Also, try to talk English, not ghetto slang.

BUMBA

Shit, man, I'm not gonna go. If I can't be me, I'm just fuckin' not gonna go!

SHANE

(soft peddling Bumba)

Now, honey. I mean just try to leave some of your teen ways behind. It's worth it. Do you know how many models would die for the chance to be a Cosmo Cover girl?

BUMBA

Shane, come on. You know I've changed a lot. Hell, my homies can't believe it's me. They go "girl, what's matter with you. You seem so different". Sarah told me, "you can please some of the people some of the time, but you can't please all the people all the time".

SHANE

Just try to keep it cool. Don't blow a good thing for yourself.

Shane quickly changes the subject.

SHANE (CONT)

Are you goin' to miss me, babe.

BUMBA

Of course, I'll miss you. But, it's only gonna be for a week or two. I'll give you a call.

SHANE

You won't do anything I wouldn't do?

BUMBA

Well, then I guess I get to do about anything I want.

Shane laughs.

SHANE

Come on, I'm not that bad.

BUMBA

Like hell you're not. Remember to keep it in your pants.

SHANE

I'll be ready to explode by the time you get back.

BUMBA

Yeah. Fireworks in Malibu.

SHANE

Oh, that's your flight. Let's go, you Cosmo Cutie.

BUMBA

Oh, I like that.

Shane grabs her in his arms and kisses her, passionately.

SHANE

Try to be good. No bubble gum and talk Malibu.

BUMBA

I'll be good. I'm just worried about you.

Shane and Bumba walk to the boarding area.

Bumba is on the ramp, waving goodbye.

EXT. JFK AIRPORT - DAY

Jumbo jet lands.

Bumba exits the plane.

Paparazzi and news people are waiting.

Bumba stands at the top of the airplane's ramp. She waves "hi" and blows a big BUBBLE. It POPS all over her face. She gives a cute laugh.

NEWSCASTER

So, are all the stories true?

BUMBA

What stories? I don't know whatcha talkin' about, dude?

NEWSCASTER

Contributing.

BUMBA

I said, I don't know whatcha talkin' about.

Bumba blows another big BUBBLE. Again, it POPS all over her face. She pulls it off and shoves it back into her mouth.

BUMBA (CONT)

Why ya look so shocked, Mister Newsman? Haven't you ever seen someone chew gum before?

NEWSCASTER

Hey. Do that again. I want another photo of that.

BUMBA

Cool, man.

Bumba blows another bubble and so on.

BUMBA

That one was real big. It's my signature.

NEWSCASTER

"BUMBA BLOWS BIG BUBBLES FOR HER MANY FANS". I'm going to make that my main story.

Cosmo's limousine driver, PAUL, in his late '50's, is making his way to Bumba.

PAUL

Bumba, let's go.

Paul grabs her arm and rushes her through the crowd.

PAUL (CONT)

You're gettin' more attention than Twiggy used to.

Bumba starts hip-hopping and breaking along side of Paul.

BUMBA

(rapping)

...HE'S MY FANTASY BABY
DRIVES ME CRAZY
STARIN' AT ME
FROM THE MAGAZINE

PAUL

So, you're a rapper, too.

BUMBA

I'm everything.

I'M BAD, I'M MEAN
I DO DIRTY DEEDS
I SKIP SCHOOL
AND EAT ALL THE JUNK FOOD
I'M A HAZARD TO SOCIETY
GOT A LOT OF VARIETY
TO MY WILD WAYS
MY WILD, WILD, WILD WAYS

Cool lyrics, huh man?

Paul opens the door to the limo.

PAUL

Get in, girl.

INT. LIMO

Bumba gets into the back seat of the limo.

SAMUEL CHASE, the photographer from Cosmo, mid-30's, is in the back seat.

Samuel has on a pair of sun glasses.
He is sitting in the corner, looking very forbidden and mysterious.

BUMBA

(acting scared)

Hey, wait a minute, this ain't no kidnappin'?

SAMUEL

How come you so jumpy, girl? I'm your photographer.

BUMBA

'Cause you were sittin' there lookin' so weird, dude. You look more like a dealer than a photographer.

SAMUEL

Oh, the rumors are true. They said you'd be hard to deal with.

BUMBA

Who was talkin' shit about me?

PAUL

(interrupts)

Okay, where to Samuel?

SAMUEL

The Grand Hotel in the So Ho District.

INT. SAMUEL'S PHOTO STUDIO - DAY

Samuel's photo studio is completely barren.

BUMBA

This doesn't look very exciting to me.

It looks more like a jail cell, with
no bed or bars, but a lot bigger.

Samuel laughs.

SAMUEL

The props are all kept in another
room. My assistant goes gets 'em as I
need 'em.

BUMBA

I don't get it, but okay.

SAMUEL

We need to cover the tattoo on your
arm.

BUMBA

Oh, fuck, dude. Elle never made me
cover my tatts.

SAMUEL

It's just for this one shoot. It's a
leather, strapless gown. The tatts
would distract from its elegance.

Bumba heads for the door.

SAMUEL (CONT)

Where ya goin', girl?

BUMBA

I don't know. I'm just out of here,
'cause you're makin' me itch.

SAMUEL

Okay. okay...I'll just shoot you from
your left side. Then the tattoos will
be hard to see. But, think about it,
the tatt could look like a bug or dirt
on your arm.

BUMBA

Get the fuckin' makeup.

INT. GRAND HOTEL - DAY

Bumba is sound asleep.

The PHONE RINGS.

Bumba reaches for it and knocks a lamp onto the floor. Finally, she finds the phone and picks it up.

BUMBA

Who is it?

SHANE (O.S.)

How's it goin', babe? You chillin'?

BUMBA

I'm in a So Ho Hotel. It's unreal. I wish you were here with me. The bed is so big and bouncy.

SHANE (O.S.)

Oh, don't start gettin' me all hot. I'm being celibate just for you, baby.

BUMBA

Really? That's hard to believe, but it makes me happy.

SHANE (O.S.)

(singing)

IF IT MAKES YOU HAPPY
IT CAN'T BE THAT BAD.

BUMBA

I'm happy, but lonesome. I miss you a lot. Have you talked to Sarah?

SHANE (O.S.)

Yesterday. She said People Magazine and US wants to interview you. Business is boomin' 'cause of you.

BUMBA

I feel so important, but have a hard

time believin' it.

SHANE (O.S.)

It's real, babe. Gotta go now. Love ya.

BUMBA

Love ya, too. See you soon.

Bumba hangs up the phone.

She turns on the TV. The newscaster is reporting.

NEWSCASTER

Now to entertainment news. Bumba is here in New York City, with the world renown photographer, Samuel Chase, from Cosmo Magazine. Fans heard she was staying at the Grand Hotel in So Ho. About three hundred people were camped outside the hotel. Police attempted to make them leave. The crowd was on the verge of a riot, when someone hollered "you got the wrong hotel, dummies". The crowd has started dispersing, peacefully.

Bumba looks out of her hotel window. She sees the crowd dispersing.

She reaches for the phone.

BUMBA

Hi, Sarah? It's me.

SARAH (O.S.)

Hi, kid. How ya doin'?

BUMBA

Pretty good. I had to call and tell you what's happenin'. I have a lot of people who say they're my fans. They were camping outside where I'm stayin'.

SARAH (O.S.)

You get more famous by the minute. Be

careful, Bumba. Some fans can go real weird. Always remember how Lennon died.

BUMBA

Oh shit, Sarah. Don't scare me. I'm already feeling lonesome and lost, at times. I miss you and Shane and Angel and Annie and Phillip. I miss all my homies and Market Center friends.

SARAH (O.S.)

Come on, girl. Cheer up.

BUMBA

Yeah. I feel better since I talked to Shane. Talkin' with you is helpin', too. I never knew what a home town girl I was 'til now.

SARAH (O.S.)

Everyone is a stranger to themselves. So, when ya comin' home, gal.

BUMBA

Samuel is a total wacko about the shoot. He's a real perfectionist. He says we should be done in a week, but I'm not sure.

SARAH (O.S.)

So, we'll see you when we see you. Okay. Take it easy and enjoy yourself.

BUMBA

Bye, Sarah.

Bumba hangs up the phone.

She reaches in her purse for a valium. She walks to the bathroom, gets a glass of water to wash down the pill.

INT. JUMBO JET - NIGHT

Flight 303 from New York City to LAX is landing.

Bumba is sitting next to the window.

A foreign exchange student, in her late teens, is sitting next to her.

BUMBA

I'm home! I'm home!

STUDENT

(broken English)

You happy. You happy.

BUMBA

You better believe it.

INT. LAX - NIGHT

Sarah is there waiting to pickup Bumba.

She sees Bumba walking on the other side of the terminal.

SARAH

(hollering)

Bumba! Bumba!

BUMBA

Whatcha doin' here? I thought Shane was pickin' me up.

SARAH

No one can find him. He disappeared a few days ago.

BUMBA

Did you tell him I was comin' in tonight?

SARAH

No, 'cause we can't find him. Come on. We gotta hurry. The limo is waitin'.

BUMBA

Where's Chuck?

SARAH

He's in the limo. Come on, let's run.

Sarah and Bumba are running out of the terminal.

INT. LIMOUSINE - MOVING - NIGHT

Sarah and Bumba are in the back seat.

BUMBA

I wondered why he hadn't called me.
You don't think anything's wrong, do
you?

SARAH

There's something I have to tell you.
Shane was seen with another woman.

BUMBA

What? Who told you?

SARAH

Setzer. He said Shane and him went
club hoppin'. Shane picked someone up.
They took her home and Setzer said
they got quite cozy...Shane and Setzer
have been hangin' out together ever
since you left. They've been seen
everywhere.

BUMBA

I don't like him...he's trouble. He
feeds Shane all kinds of shit. I think
Shane wants to give up drugs but
Setzer keeps him goin'. I don't
believe a word he has to say. He's
probably just made it up about the
girl, so I would get pissed at Shane
and leave him. He's the type that
doesn't wanna see anyone happy.

SARAH

How would you feel, if it is true?

BUMBA

I don't know. I'm human and I do love
him...but, I also know what he's

like...and, if it is true, I'd probably say to myself, "Girl, you fucked up again. When you gonna learn?".

INT. SHANE'S ESTATE - NIGHT

Sarah and Bumba walk into the house.

The TELEVISION is BLASTING.

Bumba grabs the remote to turn it down. She looks down and notices a mirror with half snorted cocaine on it.

BUMBA

How many lines did they do?

Bumba hollers out.

BUMBA (CONT)

Shane?

No answer.

BUMBA (CONT)

It's kinda creepy in here.

SARAH

Yeah. I don't want to leave you by yourself. Why don't you stay at my place, tonight?

BUMBA

Yeah. Sounds good. Let me go upstairs and get a few things.

Bumba walks upstairs.

Sarah sits on the couch. She looks down at the cocaine mirror and shakes her head, no.

SARAH

(to herself)

Don't even think about it.

A SCREAM is heard (O.S.)

Sarah rushes upstairs.

BEDROOM

Bumba is standing over Shane's lifeless body. Foam is dripping from his mouth. His nose is covered in blood.

BUMBA

Fuck!

SARAH

Call the cops.

BUMBA

He's dead, isn't he? Jesus, he's dead.

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bumba and Sarah are in the living room.

Sarah walks over to the bar.

SARAH

Whatcha wanna drink?

BUMBA

Tequila on the rocks.

SARAH

There's no booze strong enough to erase this one.

BUMBA

I can't believe it. Phillip said he was big time on drugs in his teens. I thought he had become a recreational user...that's whatcha call it, isn't it?...recreational...?

SARAH

I thought so, too. I never saw him really strung out, but I'm no pro at detectin' drugs on someone.

BUMBA

Well, I am. I really think he was pretty clean. Phillip did say he could see drugs on him.

SARAH

I guess I'm out of a job. I don't know if I should go to the showroom in the morning or not.

BUMBA

Yeah, what are we gonna do? Bet there's gonna be a shit load of reporters just waitin' for us.

SARAH

Let's just take off for parts unknown.

BUMBA

No. We can't go. We'll have to wait 'til we find out when the funeral will be.

SARAH

It will probably take a while before they bury him...autopsy report, etc.

BUMBA

You think so?

SARAH

Yeah. There could even be a murder investigation...they'll have to determine whether he overdosed, was given some bad drugs, or even suicide.

BUMBA

Suicide? Oh, I don't think so...So, I guess we're on our way, but if you take me, there'll be no place to run to, baby, no place to hide. I'm famous, Sarah, and it's not that much fun. If you need some R and R to get your thoughts together, I'm a real no-no.

SARAH

I'll chance it. It's kinda been the three of us, you know. You need moral support and so do I.

BUMBA

You know, Sarah, there's a lot of similarity between the hood and the richies. I've known death from drugs, since I was young. You can get bad shit, no matter how rich you are...and I bet, Shane got some bad shit.

SARAH

Looks that way.

BUMBA

It was probably cut bad. Met a slinger, Paper Boy, when I was at Club Rio with Shane. He had a dirty ol' napkin full of some blacks that looked funny to me. He was kinda pissed off at Shane, since Shane refused to buy anything. Shane did snub him.

SARAH

Oh, yeah. Paper Boy's been around for a long time. He thinks he's close with his clientele.

BUMBA

That's right. He said to Shane, "I thought we were buddies". Shane could have pissed him off.

SARAH

Well, let's not think about what did it or who did it, let's just get the hell outta town.

Bumba reaches in her purse for a valium.

SARAH (CONT)

What the hell's that?

BUMBA

A "V".

SARAH

That's bad news when you've been guzzlin' tequilas, girl. Don't need another death.

BUMBA

I'm fucked! I need it.

SARAH

No you don't. We just gotta go. You know, my ex has his own plane. He could fly us into Mazatlan. He has a vacation home there. I'm sure we can do it without anyone knowin' it. I'm callin' him.

Sarah takes her cell out of her purse.

BOB (O.S.)

Hi! Who the fucks callin' this time of the morning?

SARAH

It's me.

BOB (O.S.)

Oh fuck, Sarah. I told you it's over.

SARAH

I know that. I just need a favor. Me and my friend need a vacation.

BOB (O.S.)

What's his name?

SARAH

It's not a guy. It's Bumba the famous Cosmo girl. She needs to get away in secret and I told her I got the man for the job.

BOB (O.S.)

Bumba? The sex kitten? Oh, hell yes. I'm at your service.

INT. LIMOUSINE - MOVING - NIGHT

Bumba and Sarah are in the back seat.

Chuck is driving.

Violent RAIN is POUNDING on the limo.

CHUCK

This is a freak storm. Santa Monica
Airport might be flooded. Take off
could be delayed.

Bumba is looking out the back window.

SARAH

Whatcha lookin' at?

BUMBA

I'm lookin' to see if we're bein'
tagged. Who's that behind us?

SARAH

Don't be so paranoid. I haven't seen
anything strange.

Bumba sits back and takes a sip of her drink.

BUMBA

What a night to be flyin'. Remember,
Ayala died in an airplane crash.

SARAH

Yeah, but she was just a singer, not a
model and singer. So, you have nothin'
to worry about.

Bumba gives a da look.

BUMBA

(sarcastically)

Oh, yeah! That's right. Now I feel
safe.

Sarah turns around and looks out the back window.

Bumba looks scared.

SARAH
Who's that?

BUMBA
What?

SARAH
(laughs)
Gotcha!

BUMBA
That's mean.

EXT. SANTA MONICA AIRPORT - NIGHT

The limo pulls up.

BOB, late 40's, is waiting in his SUV.

Chuck runs to the back of the limo with the umbrealla to let Bumba and Sarah out.

Bumba and Sarah, trying to shield themselves with one umbrella, walk up to Bob who is standing outside his SUV.

SARAH
(hollering)
Bumba, Bob.
Bob, Bumba.
Okay, enough introduction. Let's go!

The three run towards the plane.

BOB
(hollering)
This is gonna be one hell of a flight.
Just like I like 'em. It's a tropical
storm comin' from Baja. We'll be
flyin' straight into it. Whoopee!

SARAH
Okay, Evil Kenevil. Open the damn
door.

INT. AIRPLANE - CONTINUOUS

Bob, Bumba and Sarah are flipping rain off of themselves while gaining composure.

BUMBA

Do you think we should fly tonight?

BOB

Don't worry, little lady. You're in good hands with Captain Bob.

The plane starts down the runway.

AIRPLANE FLYING

Bumba is sitting there with her hand on her head.

BUMBA

I don't feel too good.

SARAH

Have you ever flown in a small aircraft, before?

BUMBA

No.

SARAH

Oh, oh!

The plane hits turbulence.

The storm is ROCKING the small plane back and forth. Echoing SOUNDS of THUNDER can be heard. (O.S.) Flashes of lightning are bursting through the windows.

BUMBA (CONT)

I wanna go back. I don't know if this is a very good idea.

Bumba rolls her head around. She looks as if she is ready to throw up.

BUMBA

Gimme a V.

SARAH

I don't think now's the time.

BUMBA

(demanding)

Yeah, now's the time. It's in my
purse.

Sarah reaches in Bumba's purse and finds the bottle of
pills and hands one to her.

Bumba pops it in her mouth.

SARAH

You need some water?

Bumba closes her eyes and lays her head back.

Bumba's CELL RINGS.

Sarah reaches into Bumba's purse and pulls out the cell.

SARAH

Hi! Who is it?

ANGEL (O.S.)

It's me, Angel. Where's my girl? I
just got the word her fuckin' lover
boy is dead.

SARAH

Angel, I can barely hear you. The
thunder is drownin' you out.

ANGEL (O.S.)

(screams)

I said, "where the fuck is Bumba".

SARAH

She took a Valium and passed out.

ANGEL (O.S.)

Ya drugin' my girl? Who else you two
with?

SARAH
I can barely hear you.

ANGEL (O.S.)
Where ya at?

SARAH
I'll have Bumba call you when she
wakes up.

ANGEL (O.S.)
I'll find her.

INT. VACATION HOME - MATZATLAN, MEXICO - NIGHT

KITCHEN

Bob is fixing dinner. Sarah is sitting at the breakfast
nook.

Bumba walks in.

SARAH
(to Bumba)
Angel called. He knows Shane is
dead...He wants to know where you
are...he didn't sound too happy.

BUMBA
Oh, shit! I can't deal with him right
now.

SARAH
I told him, I'll have you call him as
soon as you wake up.

Sarah changes subject.

SARAH (CONT)
Bob's a cook, too...not just our
getaway pilot.

BUMBA
A man that can cook? I never seen that

before.

SARAH

Yeah, he's Italian. They say that Italian men show their macho side this way.

BUMBA

Huh!

BOB

Don't be tellin' her that shit. I'm tryin' to make a good impression.

Sarah laughs.

SARAH

With that apron on?

BUMBA

We gotta get serious.

SARAH

I don't know what to do, now. I've always had dreams of startin' my own line. In college, I took fashion design, but, I couldn't get enough money to follow it through, so I just decided to become a rep.

BUMBA

What do you design?

SARAH

I work with cotton. My clothes are completely different from LOL. They are very casual.

BUMBA

I'm into Baby Phat's rags.

SARAH

Yeah, they got some cool jeans.

BUMBA

What'd ya say to us starting

somethin', together? I got the bucks.

Bob sits down.

He is oogling Bumba.

BOB

They'd buy anythin' you were sellin'.
Just attach that cute little face to
it and "Bam" it's sold.

SARAH

Can you control yourself? She may be
famous but she's just a human being,
like you and me. She's tryin' to deal
with the death of her ex.

Bob gives a sarcastic look.

BOB

I know she's a human being, but she's
not like you and me. You jealous,
Sarah?

Bumba starts chewing gum, frenetically. She blows a bubble.

SARAH

See what I mean? Now you have her all
upset.

BUMBA

I gotta name for our line...RUREADY.
It'll be a really cool hip-hop line.

SARAH

I haven't thought in terms of a hip-
hop line. I've always thought more
conventional.

BUMBA

Yeah, but that's what's sellin'. We
could make a fortune. I've got the
flare and dough and you got the know
how.

BOB

(to Bumba)
Yeah, baby, you definitely have me on
fire.

Sarah raises her eye brows.

SARAH
Don't pay any attention to him. He's a
sex maniac.

BUMBA
What guy isn't?

SARAH
Maybe we should start in on some
sketches, together?

BUMBA
Yeah, let's try it.

Bumba and Sarah start to walk out of the kitchen.

Bob sits there with his arms out.

BOB
What about me?

SARAH
We haven't figured out what to do with
you, so just sit there and be a good
boy, okay?

BOB
You make me feel like I'm your dog.

SARAH
You said it, I didn't.

EXT. VACATION HOME - MAZATLAN, MEXICO - DAY

Sarah and Bumba are sitting on beach chairs at Playa Sabalo
Beach.

BUMBA
It's so beautiful here. Listen to the

ocean. It was a perfect idea to come here.

SARAH

I love this place. I guess we escaped the press, so far. Cross your fingers.

BUMBA

I really needed this, Sarah. Thank you, I need to think about my life, now. I don't know if I really fit into the world of modeling. I'm thinkin' about just goin' home and doin' another album. I can even get my own label. I got the dough, now.

SARAH

But what about our line?

BUMBA

That's no problem. You'll be runnin' it. It won't get in the way of my singin'.

SARAH

You're lonesome for the ol' days, aren't you, gal?

BUMBA

Hell, yes. I had overnight success. I found out being famous can be lonesome. I just can't go anywhere I want, and just hang. Everything I do is being documented. These news people are like those damn photo enforcement cameras.

SARAH

So, you're giving up modeling?

BUMBA

Yeah, probably. I could even make the mistake of goin' back to Angel. We been together since we were kids.

SARAH

You better give that some thought. He seems very possessive of you.

BUMBA

Yeah, that's his way. All the guys in our neighborhood seem tougher than they really are. Underneath they are total pussy cats.

SARAH

If it's love girl, go for it.

BUMBA

Yeah, I think it is. We could settle down, get married and have two or three kids. I miss that, too...you know, not havin' any babies yet.

SARAH

Well, you're only nineteen. How come you never got pregnant? Sure sounds like you and Angel tried.

BUMBA

Okay. I'll tell you another secret. If you promise not to tell?

SARAH

Mums the word.

BUMBA

See, Angel was always wantin' a kid since he was about seventeen. He would never wear a rubber. He said that it was like takin' a shower with your clothes on.

SARAH

Well, that's one way of looking at it.

BUMBA

Grandpa said to me, "no teenage pregnancy, Bumba, and I mean it." So I went on the pill. I never told, Angel. It bothered him. He'd talk about Angel junior as if he was already here.

SARAH

So, ya goin' home kid? That's what it sounds like.

BUMBA

I really never left.

SARAH

You should always follow your heart. Can I ask you one personal question?

BUMBA

Sure. Shoot.

SARAH

Did you love Shane?

BUMBA

I don't think I'll ever know that answer...I felt like I did. I was thrust into a whole new world. I didn't know what was happening or who I was. It was like I got a divorce from Angel and was so used to having sex, and then Shane came along.

SARAH

Do you here what you're sounding like?

BUMBA

No. Whatcha mean?

SARAH

You sound so mature. You've really changed from that first day you walked into LOL.

INT. MAZATLAN BOUTIQUE - DAY

Bumba and Sarah are shopping.

Bumba looks down and sees they stock LOL fashions.

BUMBA

Shane's line is here?

SARAH

Yeah, it is.

BUMBA

Why didn't you tell me?...I wouldn't have come in. I don't wanna see it. It's too painful.

SARAH

I'm sorry. It's not my account. Those are samples someone bought from the showroom.

A man is seen walking past the window, looking in at Bumba.

BUMBA

Who's the dude spookin' us?

SARAH

I don't know. Probably just one of your fans.

BUMBA

Nobody's suppose to know I'm here. Anyway, most of my fans are pretty up front. They just come up to me and ask me for an autograph. This guy's actin' pretty creepy.

SARAH

Let's get outta here and see if we can ditch him.

Sarah and Bumba put their sunglasses on and walk out the door of the boutique.

EXT. MAZATLAN BOUTIQUE - CONTINUOUS

The man walks up to Sarah and Bumba and pulls out a camera. He starts shooting Bumba.

BUMBA

Hey dude, whatcha doin'? Get that

thing out of my face.

Bumba takes a magazine out of her purse and covers her face.

Sarah hails down a taxi and her and Bumba get in.

INT. TAXI - MOVING - DAY

Sarah looks out the back window.

SARAH

Shit! He's on our ass.

BUMBA

How'd he get a car so quick?

SARAH

Christ, I don't know! Let's get back to Bob's. We gotta get out of town.

EXT. VACATION HOME - MAZATLAN, MEXICO - DAY

Bob is sitting on the beach. He sees the taxi pull up.

Bumba jumps out of the taxi. Sarah follows.

The photographer pulls up and jumps out with camera in hand.

BUMBA

Who the hell are you? What do you want?

PHOTOGRAPHER

Just a few grand. That's what these pics will bring me.

Bob comes rushing over.

BOB

This is private property. Get the hell off. I'll have you arrested for trespassing.

Bob walks over to Bumba and puts his arm around her.

BOB (CONT)

Let's get you in the house.

The photographer starts rapid fire, capturing Bumba and Bob, together.

INT. VACATION HOME - MAZATLAN, MEXICO - CONTINUOUS

Bumba throws herself on the couch.

BUMBA

Shit! I felt safe here. I told you there was no place to run to baby, no place to hide.

SARAH

That cockroach ad, really stuck in your brain...(she laughs) Yep, our cover's been blown.

BUMBA

Might as well get back to L.A. Bob, can we fly in tonight?

BOB

Okay. I'll fire up the old "Sarah".

SARAH

I didn't know you named it after me. That's touching.

EXT. NEWSSTAND - DAY

Angel is seen standing at the news rack, looking through adult magazines. He pulls out the centerfold.

ANGEL

(to himself)

Damn!

Angel takes the magazine to the cashier. As he is standing there waiting to pay, he looks down and notices a tabloid with Bumba and Bob pasted on the cover.

INSERT TABLOID COVER.

ANGEL

What the fuck?

Angel takes out his cell and dials Bumba.

BUMBA (O.S.)

Hello.

ANGEL

Who the fuck is Bob?

BUMBA (O.S.)

What?

ANGEL

I said "who the fuck's Bob"?

BUMBA (O.S.)

That's Sarah's ex.

ANGEL

And you're his future? I knew you were shackin' up in Mexico.

Angel makes his voice become high to imitate Bumba's voice.

ANGEL

Oh, it's just me and Sarah. We're just gettin' away to...what did you call it?...oh, yeah, recoup our energies. How much energy did you recoup?

BUMBA (O.S.)

Take it easy man. How'd you find out.

Angel looks down at the rag.

ANGEL

I'm standin here lookin' at a cover of a magazine, and guess who's starrin' back at me?...Bumba and Bobby

BUMBA (O.S.)

That's shit. I told you how these rags print anythin' they want. They make it up, Angel.

ANGEL

How'd they get this nice little photo of you and Bobby, arm in arm.

BUMBA (O.S.)

He was protectin' me from this stalkin' paparazzi, dude, that took the photos, ass hole.

ANGEL

That's a good one.

BUMBA (O.S.)

I'll talk to you later.

Angel walks out of the newsstand, cursing in Spanish.

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bumba and Sarah are in the living room.

SARAH

I want you to stay with me 'til you can figure out where you wanna live.

BUMBA

Thanks.

SARAH

Anyway, we gots lots of things to plan about our new line.

BUMBA

I'd like to see those sketches we were working on.

Sarah goes over to her briefcase and pulls out the sketches. She hands them to Bumba.

BUMBA

Do you mind if I draw a couple of my

own.

SARAH

No.

Bumba starts sketching a frill type jean. She puts the frills in all different directions on the pants, purposely making them look out of place. She hands the sketch to Sarah.

INSERT - SKETCH

BUMBA

Whatcha think?

SARAH

This is fantastic. Have you taken any fashion design classes.

BUMBA

No.

SARAH

You have a natural talent, dude.

BUMBA

What did you say? I never thought you'd say the word, dude, to a girl.

SARAH

Well, I guess hangin' with my homie has rubbed off on me.

Bumba laughs.

PHONE RINGS

SARAH (CONT)

I'll get it.

(into the receiver)

Yeah...what?...Do you really mean it?

She hangs up the phone.

BUMBA

What's wrong?

SARAH

Those pieces of dog shit. They're not gonna let us go to Shane's funeral. They said it's going to be a private service...family only.

BUMBA

Why?

SARAH

'Cause they're a bunch of stuck up assholes, that's why.

BUMBA

I knew they thought I was a little piece of junk...but why you?

SARAH

Hell, I don't know. They're crazy, hard to get along with nerds.

BUMBA

What can we do about it? I think I have the right to go to my boyfriend's funeral...but, I guess I don't...Let's change the subject. I gotta call my attorney.

SARAH

He can't help you attend Shane's funeral. It's not a legal matter. It's their decision who comes and who doesn't.

BUMBA

I know that. I'm callin' him about the label I wanna start. He's been shoppin' the demo I made before I became a model.

Bumba takes out her cell and dials her attorney.

INT. LAW OFFICES - DAY

Bumba walks into the office of her attorney, MATTHEW GOULD, a man in his late 50's.

MATTHEW

Hi, Barbie Doll.

BUMBA

Why do you always call me that?

MATTHEW

'Cause you're just as cute as a bug's ear.

BUMBA

Bugs ear? Whatever.

MATTHEW

I've sent your demo out to all the majors. The feedback has been fantastic. Warner Brothers and J Records are biddin' on you.

BUMBA

Really?

MATTHEW

Yeah. Whoever is the highest bidder will get to back your label.

BUMBA

Man, dude. Everythin' I touch turns to gold. Bling, bling.

MATTHEW

Sure does.

BUMBA

You know what I wanna call it? BRAT Records.

MATTHEW

BRAT Records? That'll work. Why Brat?

BUMBA

Boobs, richies, ass and tatts.

Matthew laughs.

MATTHEW

This name definitely goes with your personality.

BUMBA

That's why I thought it up, dude. I'm doin' a concert in the park. Do ya wanna come? It's this Saturday.

MATTHEW

Sure, if I can make it. My schedule is pretty hectic.

BUMBA

It's the same place I used to do it. It's where I first met Phillip.

MATTHEW

Who's Phillip?

BUMBA

He's the guy that discovered me and turned me into a model...Okay, I guess I'm outta here. Hope you can make it.

MATTHEW

I'll give it my best shot.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

A crowd of people are gathered around Bumba, who is on stage, rapping.

The song comes to an end.

BUMBA

I'm so happy to be home. I love ya all, sooooo much.

CROWD

We love you. We love you.

Matthew is working his way to Bumba.

MATTHEW

I made it.

A limousine pulls up.

Bumba looks over at it to see who it is. She sees Josh and Sarah step out.

BUMBA

(into microphone)

Sarah! Josh!

Sarah and Josh have difficulty making their way to the stage.

BUMBA (CONT)

(into microphone)

Let 'em through!

Bumba comes off stage. She hugs Josh and then Sarah.

BUMBA (CONT)

(tearfully)

I'm so happy you could come. I'm in shock...never planned on seeing you, Josh.

JOSH

Bling, bling.

Josh blows a big BUBBLE and lets it POP all over his face.

Bumba is laughing and crying, all at the same time.

JOSH

I've been practicin'. Want me to pop another one?

BUMBA

Oh, you shit head. You're so crude. I made quite an impression on you, huh? Now, you're imitating me. That's fabulous darling, but you should learn a little self-control.

SARAH

How do you like my rags? I'm rockin'
the sporty look.

BUMBA

Oh, shit! That's the gangsta outfit I
designed. Cool, dude, cool. You're
officially a glam girl.

Angel comes walking towards the stage.

ANGEL

Ya come home!

BUMBA

Yeah, I'm home. It feels so good.

ANGEL

How about me and you, again?

Bumba starts to cry.

BUMBA

I was hopin' to hear that.

A skywriting plane is flying over head.

Angel, Bumba, Sarah and Josh look up.

The airplane is writing "I LOVE ANGEL"

ANGEL

What da hell does that mean?

BUMBA

It means, "I love Angel".

The CROWD ROARS

Angel and Bumba hold each other tight.

ANGEL

(hollers)

I got myself a super model.
(to Bumba) Does that mean I gotta give
up the net?

Bumba slugs his arm.

ANGEL (CONT)

Just jokin'.

Phillip comes walking up to Bumba and Angel.

PHILLIP

Hey, girl! You got the looks that'll
make you famous.

BUMBA

Come on dude, I've heard that line
before.

Angel, Bumba, Josh and Sarah all start laughing.

CROWD

One more song, Bumba!...pleeeeeease.

BUMBA

This is my latest. You are hearin' it
first.

"LYIN' AROUND IN MY BED
STARIN' AT HIS DIRTY HEAD
WISHIN' FOR A MIRACLE
I COULD BE ANGEL'S GIRL".

FADE OUT.

THE END