

I/E. B-ROLL OF QUINN SAUNDERS

Upbeat, royalty-free pop music plays while QUINN SAUNDERS (31, Botox blond in Balenciaga) mugs for the camera in B-roll of her driving in a lime convertible

QUINN (V.O.)
Some of you watching may already
know me. The rest of you are
clearly out of touch!

Quinn in fluffy boxing gloves, beating up a punching bag in slo-mo. Quinn standing on a Hollywood Hills mansion balcony, clinking glasses of champagne with identical women--

QUINN (V.O.)
My name is Quinn Saunders, and I'm
the hottest bitch on the hit show,
Unreal Estate (no offense, girls!).

--then screaming at the same women. Cut to Quinn driving on Fairfax Ave., past a billboard featuring her standing and six other Barbie women and two tough looking twin men in suits. Billboard reads "UNREAL ESTATE: You Won't Believe These Houses. Season 6, Coming to Netflix." Shot of Quinn smirking in oversized Prada shades.

QUINN (V.O.)
I moved to LA to pursue film and
TV, but as it turns out, I'm a
genius at selling houses. Now that
I've married rich, and gained fame
as a real estate agent and reality
star, I'm ready to return to my
dreams of becoming famous for
something totally different:
acting! This show is about *my* life,
as I try to get out of reality, and
into movies! Hope you brought your
shades--

Shot of Quinn in the backseat of a limo, among billowing white feathered fabric. She turns to camera, limo stops.

QUINN (CONT'D)
Stars shine bright.

She lowers her Versace sunglasses and steps out of the car into an adoring crowd. She's a column of glittering white body-conscious beaded silk charmeuse utterly blown out in silhouette from flashing lights. She lifts her arms, and the title of the show sparkles above her

SUPER: QUINNTESSENTIAL.

EXT. ACTING STUDIO - DAY

Sexy, fun pop music plays over shots of Los Angeles.

LYRICS

*I'm a hot girl, I'm a, I'm a hot
girl / Big bags, rag to riches in a
mini skirt / I'm a hot girl, hot
hot hot girl / Don't blink, made ya
think, yeah I'm known to flirt--*

Music fades. A sign outside a sun-filled studio reads,
"Acting Through Your Botox - Level 2."

JANICE (V.O.)

So the main focus here is gonna be
micro-expressions.

INT. ACTING STUDIO - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The inside of the studio is empty save for some fold out
chairs. Eight women sit in athletic gear, on the floor and
draped on the chairs. Lower third of "JANICE - Post-Procedure
Performance Specialist."

JANICE

If you're struggling to express an
emotion, overcompensating with an
extreme reaction is going to read
as disingenuous. All the audience
is seeing is the *effort*, and not
the *emotion*. Watch this. Erin,
scream in agony, like you just saw
your entire village burned to the
ground.

ERIN squeezes her face as best she can and shrieks, mostly
unmovingly.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Okay. Now *feel* anguish, and only
say it with your eyes.

ERIN stares blankly ahead. Everyone else in the class nods,
epiphanies all around.

JANICE (CONT'D)

See the difference there?

Quinn enters in black workout gear with Schiaparelli dimpled
gold accessories. She jingles as she walks. High pony.

QUINN
Good morning, everyone.

JANICE
It's 2PM.

Close-up of Quinn reacting as if it was a passive-aggressive comment. Conflict-building reality music, and cutting between Quinn and the student's face. The other students look at each other. Quinn takes in a breath. The music crescendos.

QUINN
Ok.

JANICE
Hi Quinn, just in time for an
exercise. Circle up!

The students all get up, Quinn sets her bag down on a piano in the corner of the room, it makes a discordant gong, and she joins the others in the circle.

JANICE (CONT'D)
You're all going to play the same
woman, speaking one word at a time
each, going around the circle. You
want a divorce. I'm your husband
Harold. Speak to me. Go.

She points.

STUDENT 1
I—

STUDENT 2
am—

STUDENT 3
not—

STUDENT 4
happy.

STUDENT 5
Why—

STUDENT 6
can't—

STUDENT 7
we—

STUDENT 8
ever—

It's Quinn's turn. She draws a blank. Everyone stares at her.

JANICE
(in character)
WHAT, Ellen?! Why can't we ever
what?!

QUINN
Uh—

JANICE
Finish your sentence!

It's unclear if Janice is in character, but she's getting angry.

QUINN
I don't know what to say!

JANICE
(furious)
You sound like an *idiot*! What are
you, dumb?! *What* are you trying to
tell me?!

Janice scoffs, laughs passive aggressively.

QUINN
Why are you laughing at me? Wait,
are you in character right now?

JANICE
Every time you talk to me, I want
to blow my fucking brains out.

STUDENT 1
If—

STUDENT 2
we—

QUINN
Wait, I didn't say my word yet.

There are street protests outside the window of the studio.

JANICE
I think you've said *enough*, you
damn bimbo!

QUINN
I'm sorry, I really can't tell if
you're in character right now, and
it's weirding me out.

STUDENT 1
Forget—

STUDENT 2
that—

STUDENT 3
I—

STUDENT 4
said—

STUDENT 5
anything.

STUDENT 6
I'm—

STUDENT 7
sorry—

STUDENT 8
Harold.

QUINN
(beat)
Ok.

JANICE
Excellent work everyone. Okay,
looks like we're—

QUINN (V.O.)
Wait, stop.

The show pauses.

INT. EDITOR'S ROOM - DAY.

Camera pulls out, the shot is on an editor's screen. Quinn is over his shoulder with a couple producers behind her, in a stuffy editing room. She's dressed down, in SAVAGE X FENTY.

QUINN
Sorry. I just look so stupid here.
Can we re-cut that?

EDITOR
To make you smarter?

QUINN
No, like. I don't know, give me a
word to say like the other girls.

LEX (32, casual snob producer) and ALEC (36, nearly identical but with different facial hair, producer) in.

LEX

I'm not sure you should be involved in the edit; it could turn this into like, I don't know, propaganda.

ALEC

Quinn, the point of this show is that it shows the real you.

QUINN

Okay, well like, that's not the real me; the real me *gets* it. I wasn't feeling myself that day. Like, I was off, so can we just re-cut it? And I said a lot of words, so just use one of those.

Alec fidgets. Lex rolls his eyes.

LEX

Yeah, sure. It's not that important of a scene, anyway.

EDITOR

Let me see what I can do.

He clicks around a bit.

INT. ACTING STUDIO - DAY

Smash cut back into the middle of the last scene in the acting studio.

STUDENT 5

Why—

STUDENT 6

can't—

STUDENT 7

we—

STUDENT 8

ever—

(choppy reality show editing)

QUINN

Laughing—

JANICE
Excellent—
STUDENT 1
Forget—
STUDENT 2
that—
STUDENT 3
I—
STUDENT 4
said—
QUINN
Sorry--
STUDENT 6
I'm—
QUINN
Weird—
STUDENT 8
Harold.
JANICE
Excellent—
QUINN
I'm—

Cut.

QUINN (CONT'D)
in character right now—

JANICE
Excellent—

EXT. ACTING STUDIO - DAY

Quinn exits, ponytail bouncing, in big sunglasses.

QUINN (V.O.)
Because I had been working so hard,
I decided to have some much needed
me-time at the spa, with Livonia,
my manager.

Pop music plays, spanning shots of Los Angeles: people getting gigantic coffees, Labradoodles getting blowouts, uniformed movers on the street hauling giant martini glasses.

LYRICS

*Don'tcha mess with me, I got my
dreams in sight / I'm not here to
rumble, you don't wanna start a
fight... I'm feeling CRAY-ZAY--*

EXT. SPA - DAY

Quinn enters the spa, and LIVONIA (A-list hot, perfect blowout, styled like an architectural digest model, makes Quinn look like a troll by comparison) is already there checking in. She turns around with a broad smile.

LIVONIA

Hiii, babe! How was acting class?!

LOWER THIRD: "Livonia Rust, Quinn's Manager." She hugs Quinn.

QUINN

It was n--

Choppy cut.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Great and--

Choppy cut.

QUINN (CONT'D)

I'm ready--

Sudden cut to Livonia.

LIVONIA

I booked us a whole thing, so let's
get relaxed, because I have some
fabulous news for you.

QUINN

(same cut as above)

I'm ready--

They walk into dressing rooms. Soothing, sexy music plays, B-roll of hot stones, lotus flowers, and jade rollers on bare skin. Cut to massage tables. Livonia and Quinn lay down in towels, "fresh faced" (only 45 mins of makeup). The faceless masseurs lay their hands on their backs and rub away, as the two face each other on their stomachs.

MASSEUR 1 (O.S.)
Haven't I seen you in movies?

QUINN
Haha, no, I haven't booked a role
quite yet!

MASSEUR 1 (O.S.)
Oh, sorry, I meant her.

Quinn smiles through her discomfort.

LIVONIA
Oh my gosh, no--I'm more behind the
scenes, to help my *stars* shine!

She gives a glimmering smile, puts out her hand and grabs
Quinn's for a moment. They smile at each other.

QUINN
So tell me about this opportunity
you mentioned? Please say it's
something for HBO.

LIVONIA
Well, not yet, but it just might
be, before long!

QUINN
Ooo, details! I'm so excited for my
first big role in scripted TV!

She loves doing exposition.

LIVONIA
Okay, so there's a little show on
right now called *Secession*--

QUINN
STOP!

Quinn shoots up. The masseur pushes her back down with a
thump.

QUINN (CONT'D)
Am I going to be on *Secession*?!

LIVONIA
Okay not quite. But they're having
a huge wrap party for season 3, at
the Beverly Hills Chateau this
weekend.

QUINN

Oh.

She gets a rough rub from the masseur.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Ow!

LIVONIA

And I think it would be a good idea for you to go, and meet some of the show-runners.

QUINN

Okay...

MASSEUR 2 (O.S.)

(to Quinn)

You're very tense.

QUINN

I've been working really hard.

LIVONIA

Oh my god, me, too. I feel like I'm on the clock 24/7.

MASSEUR 1 (O.S.)

(to Livonia)

You're not tense at all. Like massaging a ripe papaya.

LIVONIA

Wow, thank you!

Quinn tries to smile.

QUINN

I don't know, I don't really like those Hollywood parties. I feel like I've done a lot of schmoozing and I'm ready to just like, audition more, you know?

LIVONIA

Unfortunately, it's all about who you know. For better or for worse, this is the business side of show business.

(beat)

You do want to be an actress, right?

Tense music builds. Shots of Quinn looking pensive and spaced out intersperse with shots of Livonia looking inquisitive. Drums beat. A crescendo builds. Sharp strings, then quiet.

QUINN

(beat)

I mean, yeah.

LIVONIA

Oh my god, babe I was just kidding with you.

They both laugh. A woman approaches off screen.

FAN (O.S.)

Hi, sorry, can I get an autograph?
I'm just such a huge fan.

QUINN

Oh my gosh, of course!

Quinn starts to get up.

FAN (O.S.)

Oh, sorry. I meant her...

Livonia and Quinn look at each other awkwardly.

LIVONIA

I'm... I'm not a celebrity.

FAN

Oh my gosh. I thought you were,
from across the room. And I saw the
cameras, so...

LIVONIA

Well, she is! Quinn Saunders, from
the show *Unreal Estate*? This is
actually her show that we're
filming!

FAN

Oh. Ohhhh. Oh wow. I didn't even
realize it was you!

QUINN

Yeah! Haha, I'm making my own show
now, and sort of pivoting my career
away from re--

FAN

(interrupting)

You were such a bitch to Petra last season. She was going through the terrible loss of her step-uncle.

QUINN

I--

FAN

He died in a pirranha attack, and you didn't even care. Petra is so pure, and you're so manipulative.

QUINN

They gave me a really ungenerous edit.

FAN

You called her a conniving dumpster troll. She grew up on a boat--do you have any idea how hard that is?

Quinn rolls her eyes and takes in a deep breath to slander.

LIVONIA

(to the fan)

Hey, sorry to interrupt, I can tell you're super passionate! Since we're all here to relax, why don't I treat you to a facial to loosen up, huh?

FAN

(switching gears)

That is soooooo sweet. Wow. You're like, a total angel. Thank you. You should really act, by the way. So pretty.

LIVONIA

Oh my gosh, thank you--but I'm much more behind-the-scenes. I don't do well in front of cameras.

FAN

You're like, magnetic.

LIVONIA

That is so sweet! Thank y--

QUINN
 (interrupting)
 We're getting massages right now,
 just trying to relax a bit, so
 maybe you wouldn't mind going?

FAN
 Wow. Okay...

QUINN
 Bye.

The fan walks away, offended. Sigh. Beat.

LIVONIA
 Wow, looks like we have some PR
 work to do. But first, pedicures!

QUINN (O.S.)
 Much needed.

ALEC (O.S.)
 Hey, sorry. Quinn, can you say that
 again? We didn't get a shot of you
 saying it.

The camera focuses on Quinn.

QUINN
 Oh sure. Ahem.
 (beat)
 Much needed.

We pan over to behind the cameras, and there's an entire
 filming crew in the middle of this spa. ALEX, ALEC, and LEX,
 three basically identical producers, are looking at the
 recordings, whispering to camera guys, and coaching Quinn.

LEX
 Can you do a little more emphasis
 on "much?" Make it feel like you're
 more relieved.

QUINN
MUCH need--

ALEX
 Whoa! A little intense.

LEX
 Pull it way back.

QUINN
Much needed.

ALEC
 (to other producers)
 How's that?

ALEX
 It's fine, let's just move on.

Livonia gives a thumbs up. Quinn wonders what she did wrong.
 Upbeat pop music builds.

LYRICS
*Take a look at my rings / you like
 how they bling-bling? / I'm a total
 woman, the whole package, makin'
 stacks. / My love is ludicrous,
 ludicrous. Ludicrous, ludicrous...*

B-Roll of L.A., rich women pushing strollers with dogs in them, purses with dogs in them, dogs at the wheel of parked cars, dogs getting manicures. An exterior shot of Quinn's home in the Hollywood Hills. Lower third reads "Quinn & Curtis' Multi-Million Dollar Hollywood Hills Home."

INT. QUINN & CURTIS'S HOUSE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

CURTIS (55, with mid-life-crisis good looks, producer in early retirement) stands in the kitchen on a cell phone, with a small towel over his shoulder, sauteing chickpeas and cherry tomatoes. Quinn enters, sloughing her trash-bag-sized leather tote onto the counter. Lower third reads "Curtis: Semi-Retired Producer, Quinn's Husband of 8 months."

CURTIS
 (on phone)
 Listen I don't want to get involved
 with the guild--if they don't want
 their people shooting on an active
 volcano, we can just find locals.

He notices Quinn.

CURTIS (CONT'D)
 Dana, I gotta go. Don't get lava in
 your hair.

He sets his phone down.

CURTIS (CONT'D)
 Hey, how's it going?

QUINN
 (Exasperated)
 Like, hell, honestly.

CURTIS
I'm sorry to hear that--did you
accidentally eat soy?

He focuses on the pan, and flames snap up as he tosses the chickpeas.

QUINN
No, no. I was just with Livonia,
and she--

CURTIS
(interrupting)
She's gorgeous, isn't she?

QUINN
Umm... Yeah. Yeah she's great.
Anyway, she told me I need to go to
this party to network and--

CURTIS
Oh that's great! You love parties.

He grips her shoulder a bit, giving her a pat on the back like a little league player.

QUINN
When they're mine, I do. But I just
hate all this, ya know, networking
stuff.

She leans on the counter near the stove flirtatiously.

QUINN (CONT'D)
I mean, ya know, you're a
producerrrr...

CURTIS
Retired.

QUINN
A semi-retired producerrrrr, and I
don't know, don't you think you
could just like, shoe-whore me into
one of your friends movies?

CURTIS
You mean shoehorn?

QUINN
Ew, it's horn?

CURTIS
Quinn, I can't do that.

QUINN

This business is all about who you know, and I know youuu...

She bats her eyes flirtatiously.

QUINN (CONT'D)

And you're my hubby so, I think it just makes sense.

Curtis turns off the heat, and dumps the steaming mixture into a bowl.

CURTIS

Quinn, I can't risk my reputation like that. You know I want the best for you, but you don't have the right experience to skip to the finish line.

QUINN

I've been taking classes, I have experience in front of the camera, I look good in makeup, what else could you possibly expect of an actress?

He squeezes a lime over the dish. He takes a bite.

CURTIS

(beat)

You have cars, you have money, you have me, we eat sushi, we go to different islands. Why on earth do you want to be an actress, Quinn?

Dramatic sting. Tense reality show music plays over reaction shots between Curtis and Quinn. Thumping drums and strings crescendo then halt. Beat.

QUINN

So that I can be in movies.

CURTIS

I'm serious, Quinn. I know it looks glamorous or whatever, but it's hard work. And you don't need to work. So why bother?

Quinn pauses, taken aback.

QUINN

I... need more. I can't have my last thing be *Unreal Estate*.

CURTIS

What, and do some B movie and have that be your legacy instead?

He chomps on another spoonful.

QUINN

Curtis, I don't understand why you can't just get one of your producer buddies to put me in something. It doesn't even have to be a big role. I just need my foot on a door.

Curtis sighs.

CURTIS

It's foot in the door.

QUINN

That's what I said.

CURTIS

I don't know of any roles that umm... you'd be the right fit for.

QUINN

Fine. Well will you at least come to the party with me?

She sticks out her hand.

CURTIS

Umm. I gotta check some stuff first.

Really, really sad R&B music plays. Edited together shots of Quinn looking disappointed, Curtis's reactions, and the sun setting over LA.

LYRICS

*I don't know how much longer I can
play cruel games. / Ooo, I'm out,
I'm gone, I'm dead, alone, no more,
I'm not the same--*

Sun rises, cars zoom around, girls taking selfies next to car crashes. A sunny Melrose morning.

EXT. "ISAAC'S" - DAY

Exterior shot of discreet storefront on Melrose--"if you know, you know" type of joint. Lower third reads "Isaac's: Private A-List Celebrity Styling."

INT. ISAAC'S - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

DANIELLA BLANC-SLATE (30-ish... to 40-ish... expressionless friend of Quinn's with tense body language) sits in a plush over-designed chair, her glassy eyes looking straight ahead like she's in an interrogation. Lower third reads "Daniella Blanc-Slate: Real Estate Agent, Co-Star of *Unreal Estate*, and Quinn's BFFN (Best Friend For Now). Quinn steps out from behind a curtain in a dazzling, curve-hugging gold chainmail dress with sky-high gold heels. She stands before a mirror admiring herself. ISAAC (39, gelled coiff and popped collar) stands by, at service.

QUINN

Hmm what do we think?

DANIELLA

You look gorgeous. I love this color on you.

QUINN

I think I look better in platinum, than I do in gold.

DANIELLA

Totally, the color is so wrong.

Daniella nods assertively, totally unsure of herself.

QUINN

The shoes are cute though.

DANIELLA

Yeah, I was gonna say: the shoes are perfect.

QUINN

But do they say, "Hollywood Actress?"

She turns to Daniella, who holds back terror.

DANIELLA

Umm. I mean, I think...

Quinn stares.

DANIELLA (CONT'D)

Yes?

QUINN

No.

DANIELLA

Totally, that's what I meant: no.
They look like a plumber's shoe.
Totally wrong.

ISAAC

Let me go grab some other options--
I have some pieces that I think
will be *total perfection!*

QUINN

Thanks, babe.

He walks off. Quinn turns to Daniella.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Gay guys are so supportive!
(switches tone)
Unlike CURTIS.

She rolls her eyes.

DANIELLA

Wait, is Curtis gay?

QUINN

What?! Ew, no.

DANIELLA

You just said he's an unsupportive
gay guy, and now you're not--
something isn't adding up.

QUINN

That's not what I said.

Intense drama-building reality show drum music plays, cutting
between suspicious reaction shots of Quinn and Danielle.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFESSIONAL - N/A

Daniella faces the camera, sitting in a plush, red vinyl
chair, with an ornate beehive chignon and pink pantsuit
covered in bows. She's shocked.

DANIELLA

I was so shocked at Quinn's
reaction.

(MORE)

DANIELLA (CONT'D)
I'm always going to say what's on
my mind, so I decided to clear the
air.

CUT TO:

INT. ISAAC'S - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Drum music crescendos, then suddenly cuts.

DANIELLA
Oh... ok.

QUINN
He's just not like, being on my
team right now. And I need people
to be in my--

DANIELLA
In your ballpark.

QUINN
Exactly.

Isaac re-enters with a few options.

ISAAC
Okay so I pulled some fun
thinggggggs, but nothing too crazy.

The girls look over and smile with excitement.

LEX (O.S.)
What about something like that?

Quinn, Daniella, and Isaac look to the left of the camera. A
hand gestures out-of-focus to a wall at the back of the room.
Quinn looks over, and sees an opulent, layered, orange dress
with a long train.

QUINN
Oh wow.

ISAAC
Hmm, that's more of a... statement
look.

LEX
Right, but this is a big night for
Quinn. A huge opportunity. Don't
you think it would be good to be
making a statement?

QUINN

I mean... it's a pretty color, but it's kind of a lot.

LEX

You don't want to go unnoticed, right? It's a surefire way of standing out. You've never shied away from being attention-grabbing.

QUINN

Umm. Well, I--

LEX

I think you should be your *honest* self. And that honest self is fabulous, outrageous, and charming.

ISAAC

(dubious)

I'm worried that dress might be...

Sudden cut to a previous take.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

(excited)

--*total perfection!*

Quinn walks over to the dress and touches the gown, considering. She looks over at Daniella.

QUINN

What do you think?

All eyes on Daniella. Her worst nightmare.

DANIELLA

I... think it's...

Alex & Alec pipe in.

ALEX

Daniella, remember in the last season when Petra got married? What was the theme of their wedding again?

DANIELLA

Fairytale Forever Happiness.

ALEC

And remember after the blowout at the reception, where Quinn kicked Petra's bouquet into the... god, what's it called again?

DANIELLA

Gutter?

ALEC

Yes. Thank you.

Alex and Alec whisper and point at the cameras, a PA takes notes. The scene rewinds and resets a few lines back.

Quinn walks over to the dress and touches the gown, considering. She looks over at Daniella.

QUINN

What do you think?

All eyes on Daniella.

DANIELLA

I... think it's...

(choppy cut)

--utter?

(choppy cut)

Fairytale!

ISAAC

Total perfection.

DANIELLA

--for this

(choppy cut)

event.

Quinn ponders. Exciting music plays.

LYRICS

*A shadow in the wind is picking up
speed / I got my eyes on you,
because you know what I need / It's
a bolt of lightning, an electric
shock / I'm a woman on fire, and
I'm making it HOT HOT HOT HOT HOT
HOT HOT (woo!) HOT HOT HOT HOT HOT
HOT (WOO!) HOT HOT HOT HOT HOT HOT
(WOO!) HOT, I be making it HOT
(baby, WOO!).*

B-roll of the sunset strip at night: Spiderman poses with a couple tourists, three white limos in a car crash negotiating insurance papers, sweeping footage of glittering Hollywood Hills. A mansion. Lower third: Secession Wrap Party. The music continues as a black SUV pulls up. The backseat door opens and a strappy gold heel extends. Camera pans up to the beat of the music, revealing the miraculous and opulent, marigold column of Quinn. She climbs the steps and opens the door smiling. An out-of-focus red Solo cup in the foreground. Her visage melts as the door closes behind her. The camera swoops around to reveal the house party--women wearing jeans and sneakers coiled up on sofas. Dance music plays. People glance at her a bit confused, but mostly ignore her. Curtis is already there talking to a buddy, laughing. He sees Quinn, and speedwalks over to her, in shock.

CURTIS

Umm... hi, what the hell are you doing?

QUINN

I... wanted to make a statement?

She looks over at Lex. He gives a thumbs up.

CURTIS

This is exactly why... do you have something else you can change into?

QUINN

What, and re-enter the party? Everyone has already seen me.

CURTIS

It's a wrap party, not a red carpet.

Livonia walks over. She's very put together, but casual.

LIVONIA

Baaaaabe, you look so freaking gorgeous!

They hug, Quinn looks a bit more comforted.

QUINN

Thank you, but I'm fucking humiliated.

LIVONIA

Listen, you're larger than life, so it's only *right* that you would make an impact!

They laugh together.

LIVONIA (CONT'D)
Okay, I can't find the Network head
right now, but I want you to talk
to Michael, one of the writers.

Quinn perks up.

QUINN
Oh perfect. Where is he?

LIVONIA
Riiiiight over there.

She gestures to a man talking to another woman, who is dressed in a cream-colored two-piece bodycon dress. Nice, but not too nice. She turns over her shoulder to look towards Quinn and company. Shocking strings play. Lower third: "Petra Liams, Co-Star of *Unreal Estate*, Quinn's Rival." Reaction shots of Quinn and Petra.

QUINN
(to Livonia)
What. The. Fuck. Is she doing here?

LIVONIA
I'm going to introduce you, it'll
be fine, just relax. You got this.

Quinn steels herself and shuffles over.

LIVONIA (CONT'D)
Michael!! This is Quinn. I've been
dying for you to meet!

MICHAEL
Oh! Hello. That's quite a dress.

QUINN
Well, I never like to go halfway
with anything. I love to commit.

PETRA
(under breath)
Commit perjury.

QUINN
Hi, Petra. How's it going?

Quinn opens her arms for a hug. Petra puts a hand up.

PETRA
I'm fine.

Quinn puts her arms down.

LIVONIA

Quinn is a huuuuge fan of
Secession.

QUINN

Absolutely *loved* this season! I
think Alberto needs a new love
interest, though.

She smiles big.

MICHAEL

Funny you say that, Petra and I
were just discussing the same
thing.

QUINN

What a coincidence! It's like she
stole the thought right out of my
head. You're familiar with
stealing, right Petra?

PETRA

(petulant)

Are you talking about the house on
Grainer?? You botched your *own*
sale. You cussed out your client,
and lied to his wife about having
an affair to try to save face?!
What was I supposed to do, just let
the place sit another six months
before you found someone else to
tour it with? This is a serious
business, Quinn. Besides, that was
like, 2 years ago at this point.

QUINN

Yeah, I can't believe you're still
obsessed with it.

PETRA

Obsessed with it?! You brought it
up!

QUINN

I never, ever said those words.

MICHAEL

Looks like you ladies have a lot to
discuss! I'm going to go... say hi
to some of the guys.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Petra, it was a pleasure, we look forward to having you on new season!

PETRA

Nice to meet you, Michael.

She hugs him and gives him a kiss on the cheek, and a smiley wave goodbye. She smiles at Quinn. Quinn stares at her blankly. Pregnant tension. Even Livonia is shocked.

QUINN

You've gotta be kidding me. I need a fucking drink.

Quinn shuffles over to the corner of the room, her dress knocking over plastic cups on low tables. She takes a seat at an in-home bar, behind which a bartender tends to the shelves below the bar. He's about 50, wearing a tucked in button-down with red, yellow, and white stripes.

QUINN (CONT'D)

This place feels like a temple of bad taste.

BARTENDER

Huh?

QUINN

Gray walls? That velvet sectional? Those chunky side tables? It's like someone went shopping on Craigslist blindfolded, then died, then got resurrected by Jonathan Adler and stole every remaining set piece from Chandler's apartment on Friends.

BARTENDER

Oh wow.

QUINN

Anyway, lemme get a margarita, extra contreau.

BARTENDER

Uh--okay.

He seems offended, but begins making a drink. Quinn is confused by his reaction but shrugs it off. A couple people walk by.

GIRL 1
Oh my gosh, I love your dress!
Where did you just come from?!

QUINN
Hh? My house.

GIRL 1
Oh my god, you're hilarious. I hope
you had a fun night.

She gestures to the bartender.

GIRL 1 (CONT'D)
Eddie, I'm headed out--thank you so
much!

EDDIE
All good, have a safe night.

He hands a drink to Quinn, wipes off his hands, and gets
ready to walk away from the bar. Quinn takes a sip and spits
it out all over him.

QUINN
Jesus christ, I said extra
contreau, this tastes like Pine-
Sol!

He looks aghast.

EDDIE
You just... spat all over me.

QUINN
What the hell did you put in this?!

EDDIE
I don't know, that stuff.

He gestures to margarita mix and triple sec.

QUINN
Triple sec!? TRIPLE SEC?! What do I
look like, a prisoner of war?! Can
you just give me some tequila and
lime? I can't drink this poison.

EDDIE
Make your own fucking drink,
asshole.

QUINN

Excuse me!? Did you just call me an asshole??

EDDIE

Could you not hear me through the ruffles of that stupid fucking princess gown? Fuck. Off.

QUINN

Who do you think you're talking to, you fucking peanut? What are you? Like a thousand years old, trying to make a life for yourself at a HOUSE PARTY?! Look at you, you look like a clown secretary, and you can't even make a margarita--a drink designed so that even a third grader couldn't fuck it up. I shouldn't be surprised because your hairline looks like it retreated into infancy anyway. Speaking of which, better get you fitted for diapers because if I were you I'd be shitting myself in fear over my future, because no one will ever hire you as a bartender after *tonight!*

EDDIE

No one will hire me as a bartender ever, because I'm not a bartender.

QUINN

I'll say.

EDDIE

I'm the head of the network.

The entire room is looking at them in shock. Livonia walks up behind Quinn, and puts her hand on Quinn's shoulder, gently.

LIVONIA

Eddie, this is my client Quinn.
Quinn, this is Eddie.

EDDIE

I hope you've enjoyed the party.
Next time you come, I'll have better furniture. I promise.

He smiles. Quinn looks ready to throw up. Her eyes well up. She stands up and rushes towards the door, tripping over shoes left around the home, chair legs and cups.

CURTIS

Quinn! Quinn come here for a sec.

She ignores him and heads straight for the front door. The producers try to get ahold of her.

ALEX

Quinn! Slow down, slow down.

ALEC

Wait wait, don't take off your mic. Don't damage the mic.

LEX

Hold up, we need to get cameras outside!

QUINN

You fucking assholes, you set me up!

She swings open the giant double doors of the house, and walks out to where there was a driveway. But there's no driveway. It's a set. She's in a soundstage. Various crew members see her speedwalking, with the producers chasing after her, fumbling with their equipment.

ALEX

Quinn, you can't just leave. This is the whole point of the show.

ALEC

Quinn! Quinn wait a second.

(to Lex and Alec)

Are you getting this? We need to be getting this.

QUINN

You're all fucking demons. SATANIC ASSHOLES. MANIPULATIVE SOCIOPATHS.

She walks up to the double doors beneath an Exit sign.

LEX

Wait! Quinn, stop! This is documentary, this is what your fans want to see!

QUINN

IT'S NOT WHAT I WANT TO SEE! I WANT OT FUCKING DIE!

She pushes the doors open. Daylight does not break through. The doors open to another soundstage, with more crew members, more cameras, and more boom mics. She pushes through them towards an exit sign.

ALEC
 Quinn, tell us about what you're
 feeling right n--

QUINN
 (interrupting)
 You wanna know how I'm feeling? I'm
 feeling like you're FUCKING FIRED.

ALEC
 Quinn, calm down.

LEX
 You wanted us to film your
 life, this is your life.

QUINN
 It's not my goddamn life,
 shitheads. You ruined everything!
 The show is over; get it through
 your evil little goblin brains. Eat
 shit, and die the way you just
 watched my career die on your
 goddamn cameras.

She shoves a craft service table over and pushes another set
 of doors open. They open onto another set. More crew members.

LEX
 Quinn, wait, we can talk. We can
 edit this--

QUINN
 THERE'S NOTHING TO EDIT, BECAUSE
 THERE IS NO SHOW! LEAVE ME THE FUCK
 ALONE, YOU PSYCHOS!!!!

She pushes past another set of big doors, that open onto
 another soundstage. She runs as best she can, crying, pushing
 past door after door, a never-ending corridor of sets. Cut to
 black.

INT. QUINN & CURTIS'S HOUSE - DAY

Lonely music plays over quiet shots of Quinn and Curtis's
 cavernous mansion. Quinn sits on a deck, staring out over the
 Los Angeles skyline, under a blanket of smog. She cradles a
 mug with perfect latte art in it.

LYRICS
*I'm not sure where to go, oh no /
 All alone, on my own, oh oh oh /
 rest assured I'll be here / say a
 prayer, don't shed a tear --*

Quinn's phone buzzes. Livonia's name appears on the screen. She presses the reject button, and stirs her latte. The phone buzzes again. Livonia is calling again, but Quinn presses reject. She takes a sip of the latte and sets it down. The phone buzzes again. We see the phone with Livonia's name, and the latte art still intact. Quinn rolls her eyes and picks it up, putting it on speaker phone.

QUINN

Uh-huh?

LIVONIA (O.S.)

Quinn, I'm so sorry about last night.

QUINN

(sigh)

Livonia, I really don't think I can talk about this right n--

LIVONIA (O.S.)

But not that sorry.

QUINN

Excuse me?

LIVONIA (O.S.)

You booked.

Beat.

QUINN

What?

LIVONIA (O.S.)

Eddie was personally offended, but the writers and showrunners thought you were so captivating they're writing you into the next season.

QUINN

What?!

She knocks her latte over and stands up.

LIVONIA (O.S.)

Congratulations!!! But also this maybe isn't the best way to--

QUINN

THIS IS AMAZING! I'M FREAKING THE
FUCK OUT THANK YOU SO MUCH THANK
YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU!!!

(MORE)

QUINN (CONT'D)

Okay wait let's talk later, I have
to make a quick phone call.

LIVONIA (O.S.)

Okay sure, but just to let you know-

Quinn hangs up, presses some buttons and the phone rings on
the other end.

LEX (O.S.)

Hello?

QUINN

Lex? Hey. So umm, about that convo
we had last night on the way out--

End.