

HEALTH & WELLNESS

by

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CAA

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SUNRISE

over downtown Los Angeles... first commuters already hitting
the 110... cars zipping by an

OVERPASS

but we're moving beneath it... down... to a

TENT CITY

HOMELESS early risers waking... tumbleweed beards and red
eyes emerging from tents... stretching... a MUTT

BARKS like some dystopian rooster crowing and find a

STRAY CAT

spooked on a ledge... back arched... claws out... as a

CITY WORKER

reaches up with thick gloves... tiptoe on a ladder... calling
softly as he tries to coax it down and

behind him... ever so slowly...

JACQUELINE HEATH

emerges from the shadow of the underpass... from the thick
Los Angeles haze itself but we...

KEEP FOCUS on the worker, seeing Jacqueline only in the
background as she approaches below... concerned...

JACQUELINE

What are you doing to that cat?

His eyes stay on the cat... wooing it with kissy noises...

CITY WORKER

I'm D.A.C.C. I round them up.

JACQUELINE

Round them up for what?

CITY WORKER

Removal.

JACQUELINE

She'll be killed?

CITY WORKER
Probably yeah.

He's got food in his hand and slowly... the cat stalks over... sniffs the bait and... he GRABS it by the scruff and backs down the ladder... paying her no mind...

JACQUELINE
Sir, I'd like to adopt that cat.

CITY WORKER
You can't adopt a feral cat. It'll claw someone's eyes out.

JACQUELINE
I'd never forgive myself if that cat was exterminated. I insist.

CITY WORKER
"You insist?" Listen sister, I've seen one of these things blind a kid. You can't have the cat--

HE STOPS

seeing her for the first time... not was he was expecting...

she's severe... striking... early 30s... bulky fatigue jacket that could be retro chic or picked up under the bridge as

she smiles at him... and

the cat MEOWS...

CUT TO

Jacqueline carrying the cat...

Strolling atop the overpass... cat purring contentedly... morning sun high now... the beginning of a beautiful day as

she approaches her beat-up

HATCHBACK

and pops the trunk and... inside is a

CAGE FULL OF FERAL CATS

Mean, hissing, anxious claws ready to rip... she drops the new cat in...

Sounds of a FRENZIED CAT-FIGHT as she shuts the trunk and

CUT TO

K-TOWN PET STORE

The OWNER looking skeptically at the cage of sleeping cats... turns back to Jacqueline...

OWNER

Where you find these?

JACQUELINE

I am the selling agent for a highly regarded cat breeder, sir.

OWNER

They're drugged.

JACQUELINE

They're resting. Research shows that after undergoing trauma, like leaving their breeder's home for instance, cats often experience an adrenaline dump and then fall into a deep sleep state.

He shakes his head 'no'...

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

(beat)

My client is a motivated seller.

CUT TO

JACQUELINE counting small bills in her hatchback... still in the pet store parking lot as a

MASERATI

pulls up... a YUPPIE COUPLE gets out...

Jacqueline watches them... rolls down her window to eavesdrop... Jacqueline is curious about people...

The WOMAN is young, manicured... the MAN is older... eyeing the crumbling store front...

MAN

You're kidding.

WOMAN

Stop it. Jill got Bagel here.

Jacqueline still watching as they head in and

LATER

THE COUPLE emerges... get in their car... pull out...

Jacqueline starts her engine and we

FOLLOW THE MASERATI

driving west... towards the beautiful people... slums turning into golf courses... mansions...

Cruising MELROSE and it's high-end boutiques... stilettos in windowsills... thousand dollar handbags... and everywhere are

BILLBOARDS AND ADS

full of SMILING WOMEN... SEXY WOMEN... HAPPY WOMEN... explaining what to buy and how to look and who to be and

THE MASERATI pulls over... the WOMAN kisses her man and heads into a YOGA STUDIO and

JACQUELINE

is still watching from behind the wheel...

LATER

JACQUELINE wanders the block... taking in the wealth... Italian store names and espresso cups... and everywhere are

FIT PEOPLE IN SPANDEX

walking into ZUMBA...

walking out of PURE BARRE...

crammed into window-filled FITNESS STUDIOS...

sweating on display and

none of it is particularly fascinating to Jacqueline until... she passes an open door and her ears perk up at

MOANS OF PAIN

whimpers choked back and swallowed... the sounds of a torture chamber set to the thumping DANCE TRACK...

Jacqueline peers in the window and watches this

SPIN CLASS

bursting with the PERFECT BODIES OF WEST HOLLYWOOD... pushing and straining under the unblinking gaze of

THE INSTRUCTOR

a purebred in a sports bra... piston-legs pumping... bike RAISED above the others like a GOD QUEEN barking...

INSTRUCTOR

I need fighters now, only fighters.
Are you a fighter? Two-three-and--

Her voice rhythmic as the beat drops...

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Left. Right. Left. Right. Leave it.
All. Here. Now.

The acolytes peddle for their lives...

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Do not coast. In here, in life. Do.
Not. Coast. Maybe you're in a new
relationship, maybe you think you
can relax and "just be yourself".
Well Fuck. That. Noise. Jean.
Hands. At. Three. Go!

JEAN in the front bears down, pushes harder...

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

You're at war, Christie. War with
your body. War with yourself. And
you. Will. Win. Go!

CHRISTIE nods, blasts through the beat...

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Pick it up Alice. All the doubters,
all the haters, make them choke on
your dust in three. Two. One. Go--

The class bouncing, driven, shirts flying off, except...

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Alice. No, not again. Alice.

OVERWEIGHT ALICE struggles in the back... wants to hide...

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

You will not quit in my class,
Alice.

(MORE)

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Do you want to feel like nothing?
Do you want to *be nothing*? Alice?
Wait--

ALICE dismounts and... RUNS out of the room... dizzy,
humiliated... running all the way out to the STREET where

JACQUELINE

is watching her with great interest... as Alice slumps
against the wall... head in her hands...

BAWLING

thick, sad, mucus-filled sobs that make you want to look away
but make Jacqueline ravenous as...

Jacqueline peers back in... the Instructor pumping on...
driving the class... through pain, past weakness and...

Closer and CLOSER on JACQUELINE...

WONDER IN HER EYES

as the sobbing in the background SWELLS AND

SMASH TO

SPIN GYM OFFICE

JACQUELINE

I'm interested in leading a class.

THE MANAGER looks up from his magazine...

MANAGER

Umm. You one of Gina's friends?

JACQUELINE

Not currently, no, but if you could
provide Gina's contact info or even
facilitate an e-introduction, I
would love to get to know her over
a casual drink or a coffee.

MANAGER

Huh? Gina handles new trainers.

JACQUELINE

I'd like to explain how my unique
perspective and skill set could
benefit your operation.

MANAGER

You mean the gym? Well, like, do you have your ACSM? Your NSCA?

JACQUELINE

Unfortunately not with me. Possibly I left them in my apartment.

MANAGER

(beat)

Those are certifications. We can't hire trainers who aren't certified.

JACQUELINE

I'm sure I can procure credentials.

MANAGER

Maybe some sketchy gyms down towards Manhattan Beach, Hermosa, might hire you without certs... but really you should enroll, get a foundation, learn the basics.

JACQUELINE

I'd like you to reconsider.

MANAGER

You're not hearing me. You're a good looking chick but that doesn't mean you know shit about fitness. Let me explain some things to you...

He continues but now Jacqueline's staring at his NECK... his carotid artery

PUMPING

hot blood... *thump-thump*... starting to drown him out...

MANAGER (CONT'D)

...there's a science to this... musculature... anatomy... but you girls come in and....

She notices a LETTER OPENER on his desk... the BLADE gleaming... glorious...

THUMP-THUMP

louder and louder... as he drones on...

THUMP-THUMP

and on...

THUMP-THUMP

finally finishing...

MANAGER (CONT'D)

...which is the thing a lot of you
girls don't get. Understand?

SILENCE... Jacqueline looks up from the letter opener...

JACQUELINE

How far is Hermosa?

SMASH TO BLACK

BARBELLS RATTLING

and

FEET POUNDING TREADMILLS

and

WEIGHT STACKS

hoisted and dropped... hoisted and dropped... hoisted and
dropped... repetitions building into

RHYTHM

as

TITLE AND CREDITS

roll over more **WEIGHTS...** more **MACHINES...** more **NOISE...** the
soundtrack of the gym... new **EQUIPMENT** cutting in... adding
to the **SYMPHONY** and find

JACQUELINE

looking out across the gym floor like a lioness scanning the
plain as... we begin to hear her instruction in **VOICEOVER...**

JACQUELINE (V.O.)

We're just warming up now. Do you
know why warming up is critical?

Her body has been purified... sculpted to perfection by an
unknowable number of months and reps...

JACQUELINE (V.O.)

One, it reduces the risk for muscle
and connective tissues injuries.

Find her athletic shoulders... perfectly toned arms...

JACQUELINE (V.O.)

Two, it increases blood flow.

And those abs... *oh those abs...*

JACQUELINE (V.O.)

Three, it promotes sweating.
Sweating is good.

Skin-tight athleisure spandex... ponytail radiating carotene
under the buzzy overhead lights of this

HERMOSA BEACH GYM

and its outdated machines and dirty mirrors... a bush league
facility in the South Bay as

Jacqueline spots her

CLIENT

call him PUDGY PETER... checking in at the desk and

CUT TO

PUDGY PETER ON A TREADMILL

as we pick up her explanation to him...

JACQUELINE

And four, warming up-- Peter, hands
off the rails please, thank you.

PETER

This feels a little fast.

JACQUELINE

It's not.

She ratchets his treadmill up to a brisk jog...

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

Where was I? Right, the fourth and
most important reason for warming
up? It provides a chance for us to
chat.

(MORE)

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

To develop a bond, to learn about each other's goals and collaborate on strategies to achieve them. I want to empower you. No one should have to feel weak, or not in control, and--

PETER

I'm sorry I'm just not comfortable with this!

He steps off the treadmill...

Beat as Jacqueline stares at him...

DARK WAVES rolling and breaking behind her eyes... gym sounds DAMPENING in the background...

and then...

she smiles... sound floods back in...

JACQUELINE

That's okay. We're both just warming up, aren't we?

CUT TO

HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM

with mid-budget written all over it... signage for "FitCon Orientation" and find

JACQUELINE

sitting among a crowd of FITNESS PROFESSIONALS... at the front someone making an introduction and.... wild applause as a BEAR OF A MAN takes the floor...

SHAWN KELLEY (40s)

with the lean bulk, deep tan, and low-rent confidence that scream either "salesmen" or "pornstar"... receding, Axe-spiked hair that never left Phoenix... he takes the mic...

SHAWN

Look at this! Look at us! Look at you! You know, seven years ago, when I was in my early-twenties...

He mugs... crowd laughs...

SHAWN (CONT'D)

I had a dream. To bring the most innovative minds in fitness -- the winners -- together to collaborate on the future of health. And you know where we held that first conference? A backyard in Receda. Now I want you to look around. Seven years later and we are in Culver City's Hilton. Garden. Inn! That's you! And you! And you!

Applause... Shawn waits for them to settle...

SHAWN (CONT'D)

There are thirty-one thousand fitness clubs in the United States today. 50 million members. 22 billion in revenue last year... You know, there's a place called "the pinnacle." The top. I've been there. My time playing pro-football. The best of the best. The Arena Football League. I know what the pinnacle feels like. Do you? Do you know what it sounds like?

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK as he raps on the stool...

SHAWN (CONT'D)

It sounds like a knock at the door. An opportunity. And tomorrow that door is going to be opened for one of you. I'm proud to announce, here, exclusively, that the 7th Annual FitCon will be graced by my friends here, Ashley and Tom, from... wait for it... Reebok!

He motions to the two FITNESS BRAND REPS...

SHAWN (CONT'D)

And they won't just be there to watch. No, they'll be there looking for one new face, one new product, one new workout, to build their new LA gym behind! Your face, your fitness philosophy, your new gym!
(shouting above cheers)
The start of your fitness empire!

Thundering APPLAUSE and OFF JACQUELINE, eyes intense

CUT TO

NIGHT

as JACQUELINE climbs the steps of her stucco

APARTMENT COMPLEX

like human-cubbies with windows facing other human-cubbies
and... she scoops to pick up a

STACK OF MAGAZINES

outside her door and... begins to unlock an obsessive number
of DEADBOLTS and

INSIDE

it's DISTURBINGLY STARK...

Undecorated... barely furnished... as she passes a LAPTOP on
a bare desk... screen the only light source, glowing like a
window to the outside world and...

Jacqueline spreads open a PAMPHLET from the fitness
convention... finds a glossy PHOTO of a beaming trainer
leading a workout on stage and...

TEARS

it out... she turns now to the room's only accent... her

VISION BOARD

like a corkboard shrine to SUCCESS... push-pinned cut-outs of
SEXY PEOPLE, SEXY HOMES... fitness models and money... like a
collage of Vegas tourism ads...

She tacks up the new FitCon photo... steps back... admiring
the it in reverence... beat and... she

DIVES into a routine of flutter kicks, V-tucks, Russian
twists... eyes never leaving

the board's promise of a bigger and better life... stay on it
as her GRUNTS echo offscreen and

CUT TO

A BUSTLING EXPO CENTER

hosting "FitCon"... a FITNESS CIRCUS... equal parts freak
show and bazaar and... QUICK CUTS OF

- POWERLIFTERS wailing through a demonstration, veins bulging

- CROSFITTERS barking encouragement at each other
- HERBAL SUPPLEMENT and HEALTHY EATING BRANDS hawking root, vegetable, bar, smoothie and
- SHAWN KELLEY, the P.T. BARNUM of this bigtop... glad-handing with young trainers, dreamers, sponsors and

JACQUELINE

wanders the space... mesmerized... finally arriving at

REGISTRATION

as bleached blond REGISTRAR MIKE looks up from his clipboard...

JACQUELINE

Hello. I'm Jacqueline Heath,
founder of Heath Health.

MIKE

Hi! Let me just find you... Hmm, I
don't see you here.

JACQUELINE

Perhaps there's been a clerical
mistake? I spoke with Jeff.

MIKE

Jeff? There's no Jeff working here.

JACQUELINE

Then I haven't signed up yet.

MIKE

Oh. Okay. Well you're in luck, we
still have boothes available.

JACQUELINE

Excellent.

MIKE

They start at four thousand for the
weekend.

JACQUELINE

(beat)

After some consideration, I've
decided my dynamic program won't
best be showcased with a static
booth. So I'll simply skip that and
present to the reps on stage.

MIKE

Unfortunately, presentations are only for enrolled vendors, and enrollment includes a booth.

JACQUELINE

Let's innovate and find a solution.

MIKE

The solution is that booths start at four-thousand for the weekend.

An impasse... as the mood stiffens and

CUT TO

Jacqueline wandering past stations being set up... banners being stapled, samples placed... until she stops at an

EMPTY BOOTH

still vacant except for a taped for "ALPHA SUPPLEMENTS" and

CUT TO

PARKING LOT

as Jacqueline approaches a HULKING MAN rustling through the trunk of his GAUDY WHITE BMW...

JACQUELINE

You must be Alpha Supplements.

JOEY "SWOLLZ" pops his bald head up... likes what he sees...

JOEY

Hey now.

Joey's shirt reads "ALPHA"... has no sleeves...

JACQUELINE

I'm Jacqueline Heath, co-founder of Heath Health, and I have a proposition for you.

JOEY

Sure, sexy. You a presenter?

JACQUELINE

Well that's just the thing: due to a scheduling oversight I don't have a booth. Which is why I'd like to invite you to partner with me.

JOEY

Huh?

JACQUELINE

In exchange for your presenter pass, I'd like to offer you a generous equity stake, say 2%--

JOEY

No.

JACQUELINE

--in my company Heath Health, a--

JOEY

No.

JACQUELINE

You'll want to understand the product before making a decision.

JOEY

You can have my pass and my booth for six grand.

JACQUELINE

500 cash plus the 2% stake in Heath Health.

JOEY

Six grand.

JACQUELINE

500 plus a 10% stake.

Joey looks off to an ALLEY...

JOEY

Maybe make me a different offer. Back behind there.

JACQUELINE

(pause)

I understand your implication, and I'm aware that goods-for-services trades have always had a place in dynamic economies. But I'd need to--

JOEY

Yes or no? I'm not missing my turn for pussy.

OFF JACQUELINE once again smiling politely and

SMASH TO

A PRESENTER PASS

around Jacqueline's neck... she's FLUSHED... tucks some loose hair back into her ponytail... as she walks towards

SECURITY

and flashes the pass... she's ushered

BACKSTAGE

where TRAINERS psych-up in mirrors... repeat affirmations... get a pump going... as a WRANGLER spots her pass...

WRANGLER

"Alpha Supplements". I almost cut your spot. You're next.

She peers past the curtain to the STAGE... an INDIAN GODDESS gyrates to Hindi music... leading a crowd through her "BOLLYWOOD WORKOUT"... and then

Applause and... the wrangler gives Jacqueline the nod... she breathes deep... walks out into the stage's

BLINDING LIGHTS

which settle as she squints... coming into focus on the

JUDGES TABLE

where SHAWN sits with the REEBOK REPS... staring at her... waiting...

JACQUELINE

Hello. I'm Jacqueline Heath, founder of Heath Health.

SHAWN

Hi Jacqueline.

Silence... one Rep whispers something to Shawn... he nods...

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Well, you look great. Tell us what you're all about.

JACQUELINE

At Heath Health we believe that everybody, with any body, should--

She stops as REGISTRAR MIKE approaches Shawn... WHISPERS something in his ear... they both look up at Jacqueline...

SHAWN

I'm sorry, if you're not a registered presenter, I'll need you to step down.

Beat as she stares at MIKE... then walks backstage and

CUT TO

REGISTRATION

where Mike sits... playing with his phone... until he senses

JACQUELINE

leaning over his desk... uncomfortably close...

JACQUELINE

I'm astounded that you chose to bring up our miscommunication at that critical juncture. That would be like me using the "about us" section of the expo's site to trace your name and phone number to your house, and then visit you there at your most vulnerable moment.

MIKE tries to speak but nothing quite comes... she leaves and

CUT TO

PARKING LOT

as the last fitness soldiers trickle out into the

NIGHT

dark, eerie in the infinite lot and find

SHAWN

walking to his truck... climbing in... checks the mirror...

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

Hi.

HE JUMPS as she materializes outside his window...

SHAWN

Jacqueline, right?

JACQUELINE

Shawn. I remembered because it rhymes with "brawn." I'm here because I'd like your feedback.

SHAWN

Now's not a great time.

JACQUELINE

There's never a bad time for constructive feedback. It's critical for improving performance.

SHAWN

Listen, here's the good news: they're still looking. They didn't find the right person.

JACQUELINE

Perhaps you've just found her for them.

He studies her... breaking into a smile...

SHAWN

You... you may just have some hustle muscles. What's your following like on social?

JACQUELINE

I'm very private person.

SHAWN

Well that's a problem.

JACQUELINE

Being private?

SHAWN

Being a person. You're not selling a product. It's not 2009. In today's mobile/social world, you are the product. *Jacqueline the brand*. Understand?

JACQUELINE

I am the product.

SHAWN

I'm talking about *personal branding*. Embracing that special thing inside of you and building your brand up around that.

JACQUELINE
That thing inside of me.

The lot's dead quiet now... Shawn nods...

SHAWN
Can't wait to find out what that
is.

She nods... determined... goal-oriented as... Shawn rolls up
the window and

pulls away...

revealing...

JOEY'S EMPTY BMW

The last car parked in the lot... abandoned....

Jacqueline fishes

JOEY'S KEYS

out of her bag and

BEEP, unlocks it... gets in and pulls out into the night...

License plate reading "ALFA MLE"...

CUT TO

WEIGHTS RATTLING

and

CABLES SLIDING

up and down... up and down... the rhythm of the gym and

JACQUELINE

is evaluating herself in a MIRROR... muscles pumped...
perfect sheen... ready... as she holds up her

IPHONE

and positions herself with studied precision:

-- 3/4 ANGLE to the mirror --

-- HIP OUT, ARM SKINNY --

-- camera angled high to FLATTER BREASTS and--

CLICK

She opens her INSTAGRAM PROFILE...

BLANK

yearning for flesh...

Deep breath... finger hovering... and she

POSTS

her first selfie...

silence as she waits... agonizing seconds ticking and...

NOTHING

so Jacqueline hits the deck and begins her push-ups... hard and angry and

CUT TO

NIGHT

Jacqueline back in the MIRROR... drenched in sweat as...

she examines her arm... critical fingers probing her tricep... finding more

MEAT

than she'd like and she

PINCHES

the underarm hang

SQUEEZING

way too hard...

COLOR DRAINING from her skin... so tight it's about to BURST and

DING!

She turns... goes to the computer and sees

'ONE LIKE'

She stares at it... in awe...

Waiting for more but it's just silence... silence and

CUT TO

QUIET SUBURBAN HOUSE

Jacqueline walks up the brick pathway towards the door...
RINGS the doorbell and waits... inside the sounds of a

FATHER AND CHILD

playtime interrupted as... footsteps approach the door and

PUDGY PETER

swings it open... confused by this visitor on his doorstep...

PETER

Jacqueline?

JACQUELINE

Hi Peter. Can we talk?

He glances back inside... hearing his SON playing and

CUT TO

PETER'S LIVING ROOM

Jacqueline curiously observing Peter's son

JULES (4)

playing with BARBIES on the floor... oblivious to the
strangeness of this new woman... and then...

JULES

It's you!

He places his gloved BOXER BARBIE in Jacqueline's hands...
she stares at him... this strange, small person as

Peter returns from the kitchen with two glasses...

PETER

Sorry I've only got water.

JACQUELINE

That's fine. Mrs. Levinson away?

PETER

She's got a workshop in Reno.

JACQUELINE

Peter I'll be direct. I haven't seen you in the gym since our first session, and that irks me. It makes me feel a sense of failure, that I wasn't able to help you succeed.

PETER

Yeah, sorry about that...

JACQUELINE

Don't apologize for your weakness. It's part of who you are.

PETER

(beat)

Okay.

JACQUELINE

And it's what makes you the perfect person to take on this journey.

PETER

I don't understand.

JACQUELINE

I'm building my brand, Peter. Look.

She shows Peter her phone... he leans in to look and

STARTLES at

BREASTS... ASS... THIGHS

DRIPPING and BULGING out of spandex... JACQUELINE'S FLESH checker-boarded in endless photos scrolling down...

JULES

I want to see!

PETER

(immediate)

Go play upstairs.

Jules frowns... mopes up the stairs...

JACQUELINE

The thing is, I've been finding it difficult to gain engagement. And then I realized: my level of fitness may be too intimidating.

(MORE)

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

So I figured, what if part of my brand could be showing a client's transformation? Especially one who started off so weak and impotent.

PETER

How did you get my address again?

JACQUELINE

It was in the system, but what's important is that I'm offering you, Peter, my complete suite of services, free of charge. The opportunity to change your life and inspire others in the process. We could start tomorrow.

PETER

(pause)

Work's just crazy and... Jules needs me while Tess is gone so..

JACQUELINE

You and Mrs. Levinson don't have sex anymore, do you.

PETER

What?

JACQUELINE

Your son is around four, right? Statistically, sex falls off after year four of marriage. And the numbers only get more grim when one of the partners gains weight after marriage. I can see by that photo on your mantle that you have.

PETER

I...

JACQUELINE

Now imagine what Mrs. Levinson would say if she came home and you had dropped 20 pounds. Had more energy. More libido.

Peter laughs, picturing it... but...

PETER

Tess and I are okay, thanks. Honestly, I'm enjoying just being able to spend time with Jules.

JACQUELINE
Well what if you couldn't?

PETER
(beat)
Excuse me?

JACQUELINE
What if you didn't have your son.

Jacqueline gets up heads into his kitchen...

PETER
(calling after her)
What are you talking about? Excuse
me, where are you going? Hello?--

She swoops back in

SLAMS

a PEPSI BOTTLE down on the table... then BANG, an orange
soda... BANG, a sugary fruit juice...

JACQUELINE
You said you only had water.

He looks away guiltily...

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)
Peter, there are enough complex
sugars in that fridge to double,
triple your risk for deadly
conditions such as heart disease,
kidney disease, and diabetes. I'm
talking about years off your life.
So if not for your well-being...

She places something in his hand...

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)
Do it for Jules.

It's Jules' BARBIE... long beat... something hitting home...
finally he looks back up at her... touched and

FLASH!

An IPHONE FLASH blinding us, then settling to reveal

PETER POSING

in a

GYM LOCKER ROOM

where he stands... dumpy in an oversized t-shirt... as Jacqueline snaps more photos..

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

Now sideways.

He turns to profile and FLASH!... as she snaps again...

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

Now without the shirt.

PETER

I'd prefer not to.

JACQUELINE

It's not a gut, it's a time capsule. Jules will dig up this photo one day and be so proud.

PETER

A time capsule preserves things you want to remember.

JACQUELINE

Take your shirt off.

He obeys... ashamed... turning slowly to camera and

CUT TO

GYM FLOOR

as Peter struggles through PUSH-UPS... Jacqueline over him...

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

Four, five...

PETER

It hurts.

JACQUELINE

It can hurt. Eight, nine...

PETER

I'm in pain.

JACQUELINE

You can be in pain, you just can't be a bitch. Nine, ten... Every time you want to stop, think of him--

Jacqueline shows him a PICTURE OF JULES on her phone...

PETER

Did you snap that while I was in
the bathroom?

JACQUELINE

20 more. Keep thinking about Jules.
One, two....

Peter *shakes...* body overloaded... and he

VOMITS

violently... sputtering on hands and knees as the puddle
spreads and Jacqueline looks down... finally satisfied...

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

We're going to make you hard,
Peter. Powerful. How do you feel?

He coughs... recovering... looks up at her... overhead lights
cascading down behind her like a

SAVIOR'S HALO

and now there's a new look in his eyes... like a junkie
realizing the power of his first high...

PETER

I feel amazing.

as a thick STRING of saliva snaps from his mouth and

CUT TO

SHAWN KELLEY

parking his car on a BLUE HANDICAP CURB... hangs a HANDICAP
MEDALLION over the rearview mirror and steps out...

JACQUELINE

Mr. Kelley.

HE JUMPS...

SHAWN

Jesus. Jacqueline.

JACQUELINE

I hope it's okay that I stopped by.
This is your office, isn't it?

She motions at a bleak and crumbling OFFICE BUILDING...

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

I'd like to discuss my progress.

SHAWN

You should absolutely find someone to do that with. Just not me.

JACQUELINE

Studies say that mentoring can help reinforce your communication skills and leadership qualities, you know.

SHAWN

I already told you: go work on your brand. How'd you even find this address?

JACQUELINE

It was simple. I convinced the desk manager at the Marriott to give me the name of the corporation that registered the conference room, then looked up the tax records for that LLC and found the associated address. That, of course, led me to a hotel in Beverly Hills, which is where you must take meetings, so I questioned several valets, who tipped me to your car, which I followed back here, to what I assume must be your actual office. And as for my personal brand, I've had difficulty figuring out exactly what that special thing inside of me is. But I believe you'll find that's exactly what makes me appealing: I have the flexibility to lean into whatever you think the market will respond to. And I know that for a master such as yourself, there's nothing more exciting than unshaped clay.

He's staring at her in disbelief... and

CUT TO

FRAMED PHOTOS OF SHAWN

in various AFL jerseys throughout the 90s... his CREDENZA full of memorabilia... dusty trophies... Jacqueline takes in

HIS OFFICE

which looks like he never unpacked... clutter... boxes...
like he could move at a moment's notice if necessary as

SHAWN

sits behind a desk... finishes looking at her posts...

SHAWN

The client transformation is a good
start, and you look sexy as hell.
But that's also the problem.

JACQUELINE

But my followers are starting to--

SHAWN

Your followers are horny teenagers
in Russia. To get the attention of
a big fitness brand, you need to
get traction with the people who
buy their products like crack.

JACQUELINE

Sad people?

SHAWN

Women ages 25 to 40. They have
disposable income, and they'd spend
all of it, and their husband's too,
for an ass like yours. So your
photos need to sell that.

JACQUELINE

Sell my body?

SHAWN

Yes. And more. Sell a lifestyle.
Figure out what the demo wants and
live it. The cutesy home. Dogs
running around. Kids running
around. Give us *access*. Are you
seeing anyone?

JACQUELINE

Dating can be difficult when you're
so laser-focused on professional--

SHAWN

Find someone. Handsome but
attainable. Look happy. Domestic.
'Feminine, fun, fulfilled'...
that's you. And keep that ass
looking like a fucking watermelon.
'Health', understand?

Jacqueline nods...

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Show me you can move the needle and
I'll get you in front of Reebok.

JACQUELINE

I am going to scale walls for you.

SHAWN

I'm sure you are.

She gets up to go... Shawn leans back in his chair...

SHAWN (CONT'D)

So. You mentioned you're not seeing
anyone?

OFF JACQUELINE... without much room to maneuver and

CUT TO

SOCIAL MEDIA PHOTOS

on the accounts of hard-bodied pseudo-celebs, pushed-up
reality TV HOUSEWIVES, the latest-model Kardashian, as

JACQUELINE STUDIES

on her computer... alone in her dark apartment... face
pressed to the screen and

CUT TO

A TRENDY SALAD PLACE

which we saw in one of the social media star's posts as

JACQUELINE TAKES A SELFIE

in the same place... same angle..... and then back at

JACQUELINE'S APARTMENT

she hits

POST

and waits... silence again... but then

DING!

a like... only seconds before

DING!

another one and

DING!

a third and

DING!... DING!... DING!...

They start to come in RHYTHM now, a slow beat building as we

CUT TO

Jacqueline perusing HOMEWARE BLOGS...

DING!

Studying Pinterest...

DING!

New yoga pants, new selfies...

DING!

Watching BRAVO, LIFETIME, E!...

DING!

Courageous younger women on network dramas...

DING!

Outspoken older women on REAL HOUSEWIVES...

DING!

Jacqueline scribbling copious notes...

DING! DING!

An AMAZON PACKAGE arriving, Jacqueline unwrapping a new decorative VASE...

DING! DING!-DING! as the likes come faster, staccato and

More spandex, more mirrors...

DING!-DING!-DING!

More trashy TV...

DING!-DING!-DING!

More packages unwrapped...

DING!-DING!-DING!

More selfies, less clothing...

DING!-DING!-DING! DING!-DING!-DING! DING!-DING!-DING!

Jacqueline refreshes her feed... then again... then again...
likes building...

Jacqueline closing her eyes... the affirmation washing over
her... orgasmic... the likes blurring into a sustained note

DINNNNNNNNNNGGGGGGG

and SWELLING

louder

LOUDER

LOUDER--

SMASH TO

JACQUELINE'S APARTMENT

days later... now totally silent as she

opens an AMAZON PACKAGE and takes the new faux-antique
TRINKET to a decorative shelf... we see her apartment is now

TOTALLY DECKED OUT

with mass-produced wall-art and knick-knacks perfectly
placed... utterly pleasant and strikingly impersonal and

IDENTICAL

to the homeware blog photo and

she carefully positions the vase next to her stoneware owl-
shaped tealight holder... tasteful three-pack of mini
succulents... artisan deco bowl as the

DOORBELL RINGS

and she goes to the peephole... unlocks deadbolt one,
deadbolt two, deadbolt three... opens the door and

ALEX (30s)

stands nervously, hands in pockets... a nice guy who's drunk but is suddenly wishing he was a little drunker seeing...

ALEX
Jacqueline? Wow.

JACQUELINE
AT1018?

ALEX
Alex. Hi.
(beat)
Is this weird? This is weird.

She scans his physique... a little soft but he's handsome...

ALEX (CONT'D)
So... Should I come in?

JACQUELINE
I just want to take things slow.

ALEX
It's 3AM. You said to Uber over...

JACQUELINE
I want to make a connection.

ALEX
You said it was "thirsty thursday."

Beat...

JACQUELINE
Okay you can come in. But only so
that we can watch a movie or an
episode of television on-demand.

He's confused but not going to say no... follows her in...

ALEX
Wow. It looks like Pinterest
exploded in here.

JACQUELINE
I'll get us some wine.

She moves behind a KITCHENETTE and opens a CUPBOARD as
he takes the place in...

ALEX
What's this collage thing? Weird.

She stops... inside the cupboard are WINE GLASSES and a black, Sig Sauer

HANDGUN

her hand hovers...

ALEX (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Sorry, was that rude? I think it looks cool. I like art.

She chooses the wine glasses... joins Alex at the collage...

ALEX (CONT'D)
 Just all that exercise looks like torture to me, that's all.

JACQUELINE
 Actually, treadmills were originally used as instruments of torture in English prisons until they were banned for being "excessively cruel." Silly, right?

ALEX
 What?

JACQUELINE
 Anyway, you asked about my Vision Board. It's a tool for catalyzing the Law of Attraction.

ALEX
 Oh. Cool.

JACQUELINE
 It's fairly simple if you'd like to create your own.

ALEX
 I, umm...

JACQUELINE
 First, find pictures that represent or symbolize the experiences, feelings, or possessions you want to attract to your life. Second, spend at least 45 minutes a day visualizing in front of the board. Third, sleep! Simply let the board work its way into your subconscious and you'll wake each day with a vibrational impulse to achieve your goals and desires.

ALEX

Woah. It's like you were reading that off a website.

JACQUELINE

I find lots of great tips and lists online. You mentioned the site 'Pinterest'? Lately I've been getting a lot of home decor online too lately. With point and click ordering and same-day delivery it's never been easier.

ALEX

Point and click delivery... Sounds like how you got me here.

He laughs... she doesn't... he gulps his wine...

ALEX (CONT'D)

Sorry. I don't normally do this. Actually I've never done this.

JACQUELINE

Me neither.

ALEX

I only got on the app last week.

JACQUELINE

Me too.

ALEX

I just ended a long relation--

JACQUELINE

No ex's or politics on a first date.

ALEX

Ha, sorry. Advice you read online?

She sits down next to him...

JACQUELINE

I'd like to explain what I'm looking for in clear, concise language.

ALEX

Okay...

JACQUELINE

A driven person needs a partner. Someone with whom they can pool resources, share dreams, work alongside while divvying up parental and homemaking responsibilities, which are increasingly gender blind in modern relationships.

ALEX

Your text said "be inside me".

Beat...

JACQUELINE

Physical attraction is part of it. And while everyone moves at their own speed, we shouldn't be ashamed or embarrassed to test physical compatibility early on.

ALEX

Totally. Yes. I agree.

Alex gulps his wine... she's looking at him expectantly so he steels himself... leans in and...

JACQUELINE

(pulling back)

Wait. No. We shouldn't.

ALEX

Sorry. I thought you wanted-- I'm so confused. Maybe I should go--

JACQUELINE

Put your hand down my pants.

ALEX

What?!

She guides his hand in...

ALEX (CONT'D)

Umm... okay... Like this? Or more like--?

JACQUELINE

Just let it go limp.

ALEX

But then I'm not really doing anything--

JACQUELINE

Shut up.

ALEX

Sorry.

She uses his hand as a tool, roughly, breathing deeper...

JACQUELINE

I feel like there's a real connection here.

ALEX

Same, yeah.

JACQUELINE

I don't want to have walls up.

ALEX

Me too.

JACQUELINE

(climbing on top of him)

I know it's only our first one-on-one, but--

ALEX

Our what?

She puts her hand over his mouth... beginning to grind on him... eyes rolling back into her head...

JACQUELINE

I can tell you're here for the...
mmm... right... reasons...

She thrusts harder, breathing heavy as we MOVE TO

THE VISION BOARD

and see that it too has evolved... the fitness and wealth now overlaid with photos of ROMANCE... angelic FLOWER GIRLS... SMILING COUPLES with PERFECT TEETH and

we stay on the images -- family and fulfillment by way of Pier One -- as the sounds of GRUNTS grow louder and

CUT TO

A NOISY REC CENTER

full of KIDS yelling and playing... Jacqueline signing paperwork with an ADMINISTRATOR at the front desk... he then points her towards

LAURIE (50s)

a frazzled single foster mother... trying to keep her kids organized as she drops them off at the center and

CUT TO

Laurie walking with Jacqueline... shoveling candy into her mouth...

LAURIE

Skittles?

JACQUELINE

No. Thank you.

LAURIE

You volunteers are so great with the kids. I bring all seven of mine here. Good for them to meet other fosters, ya know?

JACQUELINE

Which one is mine?

LAURIE

Well my oldest, Olivia, just came to me out of the system a year ago. She's at the age where other girls can be mean. But you taking her out, talking to her, whatever you want to do together... just spending some time with a young woman like you might help get her some confidence.

OLIVIA (12) sits alone at the edge of the room, kicking her feet... definitely in an awkward phase... Jacqueline examines her... finally...

JACQUELINE

Do you have anything prettier?

Beat...

LAURIE

What?

JACQUELINE

Her clothes. Does she have a change of wardrobe?

LAURIE

Oh.

Laurie chuckles to herself... throws a handful of Skittles down the hatch and

CUT TO

JACQUELINE'S WORKOUT CLASS

PETER and a handful of new CLIENTS... Jacqueline barking...

JACQUELINE

Good, Peter! Higher, Grace! Those aren't love handles, they're lonely handles!

CUT TO

WOMEN'S SPORTS STORE

as Jacqueline walks out... followed by the girl

OLIVIA

in head to toe fitness wear... they walk down the sidewalk...

OLIVIA

I look weird.

JACQUELINE

You look great, and it's important to show that to the world. Smile.

Jacqueline SNAPS a selfie of them... they walk on...

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

Are you on social, Olivia?

OLIVIA

Yeah but I don't have a lot of followers like you or Gigi or Kendall or Jenna Capaldi--

JACQUELINE

Who's that? How many does she have?

OLIVIA

She's another girl at school.

JACQUELINE

Oh, okay.

OLIVIA

She gets like 20 likes on every post.

(MORE)

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I usually only get a couple, and Brittany and Sarah don't count 'cause they're my friends IRL and also I don't really post a lot...

JACQUELINE

Well your audience isn't going to growth-hack itself.

OLIVIA

I dunno, I guess... I don't really look good in pictures...

JACQUELINE

You're probably just saying that because girls' self-confidence takes a nosedive during ages 12 to 16. Show me.

Olivia sheepish... hands Jacqueline her PHONE...

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

(scrolling through)

No you're right, these aren't good.

She hands back the phone... Olivia pocketing it quickly... a beat as Jacqueline watches her... small, scared... then...

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

Wait. Why don't I show you how?

OLIVIA

Okay! Cool. Yeah.

JACQUELINE

You need to think about your profile like a story, or like a -- what's your favorite film? -- like a Mulan or Babe 2, Pig in the City--

OLIVIA

The Hunger Games.

JACQUELINE

Okay yes, fine, if that helps you contextualize. In the film, on the posters, how do they show the girl? Strong, right? Attractive. Powerful. They don't show her eating a bag of potato chips on the couch or slouching her way toward lower vertebrae problems.

Olivia sits up straight...

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)
 So try again. *Become her.* Wait. No.
 Turn 90 degrees. Yes, the sun
 behind you will accentuate your
 cheekbones.

Olivia holds up her phone... tentative but... *CLICK* she snaps
 the photo...

they review it together...

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)
 Better.

Olivia is exultant... Jacqueline takes out her own phone...

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)
 Now let's get one like that for my
 account.

CUT TO

JACQUELINE'S GROWING CLASS

A DOZEN CLIENTS now... Jacqueline marching through their
 ranks like a general... barking and yelling and

OLIVIA

watches from the back... diligently observing as Jacqueline
 berates a struggling woman and

CUT TO

SUGARFISH SUSHI

where JACQUELINE and ALEX sit in candlelight... he's more put
 together this time... as he tucks into a piece of SASHIMI...

ALEX
 I was surprised when you called.

JACQUELINE
 The secret is they heat the rice.
 It's a technique the chef learned
 in Osaka.

ALEX
 I just wasn't sure if you would.

JACQUELINE
 Well that may be a self-esteem
 issue with you, Alex.

ALEX

I mean, it's cool, I'm happy we're hanging out. I'm not really that kind of guy anyway. I was in a weird place.

JACQUELINE

A relationship means being okay with each other's weirdness.

ALEX

Yeah but we're not really--

JACQUELINE

(to passing waiter)

Can you take a picture of us?

Jacqueline poses as the waiter SNAPS a picture of them... she reviews it while Alex waits... finally...

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

How was work today?

ALEX

Do you even know what I do?

JACQUELINE

What do you do?

ALEX

I'm a--

CLICK

as she shoots a SUSHI PLATE the waiter sets down... turns back to Alex...

JACQUELINE

What were you saying?

ALEX

...I'm a graphic designer.

JACQUELINE

An entrepreneur, I knew it. We probably even have the same sign.

ALEX

Actually I'm in-house at this little mom and pop shop.

JACQUELINE

Building a client base until you're ready to break off. Smart.

ALEX

Nah, I can't see leaving. My hours are easy, gives me time to draw.

JACQUELINE

Oh, so you're planning a pivot?

ALEX

Huh?

ALEX (CONT'D)

To monetize your drawings. Create an e-tail platform to sell them?

ALEX (CONT'D)

Oh. Nope, drawing is just something I do for me.

Jacqueline doesn't understand... long beat...

ALEX (CONT'D)

And you? You're a trainer, right?

JACQUELINE

I'm an entrepreneur in the Health and Wellness sector. Training is part of that, but it's really about developing myself as a brand right now. I want my brand to grow with me while I grow as a person. For example, if I was to be in an exclusive relationship or even to one day -- say in the next nine to twelve months -- get engaged, my brand could produce content and products related to the fun, messy world of cohabitation. Then I could develop a Wedding Workout, a signature bridal line, fit-parent courses, etcetera. More sake?

ALEX

Please.

Alex throws back the whole shot and

CUT TO

PETER POSING AT THE LOCKERS

Noticeably svelter as Jacqueline's camera FLASHES and

CUT TO

A GOLDEN RETRIEVER

which Jacqueline holds by the leash... dropping OLIVIA off at the REC CENTER... as she gives him a goodbye hug...

OLIVIA

Such a mush! You promise you don't have to give him back to anyone?

JACQUELINE

No, he's a stray.

OLIVIA

But why does his collar have an address?

JACQUELINE

Laurie's here.

She SNAPS one more photo of Olivia and the dog... LAURIE approaches...

LAURIE

Olivia honey, I need to talk to Jacqueline for a minute.

Olivia exits... Laurie is uncomfortable...

LAURIE (CONT'D)

Jacqueline. Hi.

JACQUELINE

Hello.

LAURIE

So. Olivia showed me some of the photos you've been posting and... I'm not sure this is a good idea.

JACQUELINE

Because of her overbite?

LAURIE

Because she's 12. She's impressionable. Yesterday she got in a fight with a girl at school and called her a "sperm whale."

JACQUELINE

She's learning to assert herself.

LAURIE

I just don't think you're the right influence.

JACQUELINE

Olivia does.

LAURIE

Well Olivia's not in charge. And
neither are you.

Beat as Jacqueline stares at Laurie... just stares... and
then... turns and walks away...

LAURIE (CONT'D)

(calling after her)

Hey!

(Jacqueline crossing the
street)

You left your dog!

THE DOG wags its tail at Laurie's feet and

CUT TO

LATE NIGHT

Jacqueline outside a

MCDONALDS

watching with contempt through the window at a

FAT MAN eating a HAMBURGER

then staring at

CHUBBY KID SUCKING DOWN FRIES

Jacqueline disgusted as we get CLOSER and LOUDER on

MOUTHS CHEWING

and

STRAWS SLURPING

and

KETCHUP SQUIRTING

and

FAT GIGGLING

and finally she spots

LAURIE

walking out with an arm full of burgers... and Jacqueline
FOLLOWS HER

out into the night and

CUT TO

JACQUELINE'S FULL CLASS

PACKED now... clients sweating in unison... Jacqueline
leading harshly... and in the back...

OLIVIA WORKING OUT

trying to keep up with the adults and

CUT TO

SHAWN'S OFFICE

where he's studying Jacqueline's PHOTOS... the lifestyle...
Peter's transformation... as

JACQUELINE

sits with PETER... awaiting Shawn's judgement... finally

SHAWN

Jacqueline, I'm impressed.

JACQUELINE

I--

SHAWN

Impressed with myself, for
recognizing something in you. This
transformation is amazing.

JACQUELINE

Thank you.

PETER

Thank you.

She shoots Peter a look...

JACQUELINE

In six weeks I've acquired over
30,000 followers organically, using
content marketing to ensure that
engagement is at least two X
established averages for the
lifestyle fitness space.
My class was full every night last
week, and I've been carefully
documenting Peter's progress.

(MORE)

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)
Not only has he lost seventeen
pounds, but he's feeling more
confident, more energetic, more--

PETER
Powerful!

JACQUELINE
Don't interrupt me.

PETER
Sorry.

JACQUELINE
More powerful than ever before.

Shawn considers this... Jacqueline nods to Peter and he takes
his cue to leave them...

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)
So. You were going to set a meeting
with your contacts at Reebok.

SHAWN
You've got quite the memory.

JACQUELINE
Fiber-rich whole grains. When would
work best?

SHAWN
It could be a few weeks. In the
meantime, keep slimming him down
and we'll bring him along. And keep
showing us the lifestyle. The kids,
the pets, the home, it's working.

JACQUELINE
Thank you.

Jacqueline gets up to go...

SHAWN
Hold on.

JACQUELINE
(moving to the door)
I'm looking forward to our meeting
with Reebok.

SHAWN
We're not done yet.

JACQUELINE
Peter's waiting.

SHAWN
Peter can wait.

JACQUELINE
He's a valued client--

SHAWN
*I didn't make the Colorado Crush by
moving on weaker men's schedules.*

Jacqueline is silent... Shawn motions "sit"...

he goes to the credenza... picks a favorite football photo...
gently sets it down on the desk in front of her...

SHAWN (CONT'D)
You know the drill. No, don't look
at me...

as he starts walking around to the backside of her chair....

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Keep looking at the photo.

ON JACQUELINE... face stone... as we hear the sound of
RUBBING

aggressive, hateful friction bleeding in and

CUT TO

JACQUELINE'S APARTMENT

where we see the sound is from a pencil CIRCLING answers in a
COSMO MAGAZINE QUIZ

asking "*What Kind of Woman Are You?*"... answers circled more
and more obsessively as we scroll down the page as

Jacqueline absently circles an answer... over and over
again... the graphite RUBBING loudly... harder and harder and
harder until the page

TEARS

snapping Jacqueline out of it... and she places it on the
"finished pile" which is a

TOWERING STACK

of women's magazines... full of endless lists and tips and personality modifications and new looks for Fall and the

DOORBELL RINGS

and Jacqueline puts on a smile... she opens the door...

JACQUELINE

So glad you came over.

ALEX

Hey. Yeah. I have to be up early so I can't sleep over. Also my neck hurts, so be careful this time if you're going to climb up on my--

OLIVIA

Hey!

OLIVIA bounds into the room... Alex is speechless...

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Who are you?

ALEX

I'm Al--

JACQUELINE

He's my boyfriend. Alex, Olivia here is staying with me while her caretaker is in the hospital.

OLIVIA

She got in an accident.

Alex bends down to her... good with kids...

ALEX

Aww that's a bummer Olivia.

OLIVIA

No it's awesome, I like Jacqueline more.

He LAUGHS... immediately liking her...

ALEX

Well it's very cool of Jacqueline to hang out with you. You know I hang out twice a week with some kids your age at the Y.

OLIVIA

You do?

ALEX

Yup. I teach them art classes.
Here, I'll show you.

He begins to DRAW on a NAPKIN... Jacqueline takes out her phone and begins to photograph the scene and

LATER

OLIVIA SNORES on the couch... Alex and Jacqueline sip wine...

ALEX (CONT'D)

Is everything okay? With Olivia's...?

JACQUELINE

Foster mom. We'll see. She's not a healthy person. The youth program where I volunteer placed Olivia with me temporarily.

ALEX

Volunteer? I didn't realize you loved kids too. I'm... I'm really happy you felt comfortable sharing all this with me. It's really cool.

JACQUELINE

So share something with me.

ALEX

Like what?

JACQUELINE

You told me you just got out of a relationship.

ALEX

Umm...

JACQUELINE

Discussing past relationships can deepen a bond between partners.

ALEX

Yeah, I'm just not comfortable--

She places her hand on his thigh...

ALEX (CONT'D)

(immediate)
She cheated on me.

JACQUELINE

Tell me more.

ALEX

I dunno, you'll think I'm...

JACQUELINE

More.

He takes another sip of wine... his eyes are glassy...

ALEX

Yeah, well... The sad thing is that when it happened, I actually felt relieved. Not that I didn't love her, but... all these decisions, propose or break-up or whatever, it felt like they were all on me. And when she left it was like... she took that weight off of me.

JACQUELINE

Keep going.

ALEX

I know it's not healthy, letting life just happen to me like that, but... I dunno, do you get what I'm talking about?

JACQUELINE

Living passively. Which can include everything from letting dreams pass by to forgetting to charge your cellphone before bed.

He laughs... feeling like weirdly she understands him....

ALEX

This type of stuff... direction, I guess?-- It's always been an issue for me. My parents weren't really, like, present, you know? I never had anyone to push me and... Jesus, I'm sorry. I'm drunk. I'm blabbering.

But she's staring at him intensely... beat and...

JACQUELINE

I know exactly what you're talking about. And I want to help you.

CUT TO

FITNESS CLASS

where CLIENTS get settled... all oddly quiet... except

ALEX

Am I late?

Heads turn... like he's yelling at a tennis match...

NEIGHBOR

(nervous whisper)

You're fine. Just--

she hushes as

JACQUELINE

enters and everyone SNAPS TO ATTENTION... Jacqueline stalks silently through the mats... passing Alex...

ALEX

Hey!

She says nothing... takes her place at the front...

JACQUELINE

The word for the day is "agency".

They nod...

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

Owning your emotions, taking control of your actions, your workout, your life. Starting now.

MUSIC

thumps in and the clients HUSTLE to stations... get busy sweating... all experienced but

ALEX

is confused... trying to follow his neighbor as

JACQUELINE

weaves through, shark-like, speaking to all...

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

Maybe you can't control your diet.
Or you're scared to confront that
colleague in the office place.
Maybe you're disorganized.
Directionless.

Alex bops his head, *yes*, as the beat pumps, starting to feel it...

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

Maybe for you agency means being decisive in your relationships, instead of sitting in the passenger seat like a whiny little bitch.

Huh?, Alex lifts his head, but a

BUZZER

sounds and the class races to new stations... workout intensifying... Alex shakes it off... tries to keep up...

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

Agency. Pushing yourself instead of being pushed. Not being content to make your little doodles all day at a job you're afraid to leave.

Alex halts his BENCH PRESS, what *the fuck?*... but the

THE BAR

is heavy... dropping slowly... he tries to resist but... it's too much... depressing into his chest...

JACQUELINE

appears right above him...

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

You can do this. Imagine someone who's humiliated you. Degraded you. Don't let them weigh you down. Push them up! Visualize the man she ran off with. The man who took what was yours. The alpha to your weak, ineffectual beta...

The bar CUTTING into him now... he can't budge it... and...

SHE SAVES HIM

by lifting it back on the racks... then heads off to the next client without a second thought... but we

STAY ON ALEX

gasping, angry, humiliated, and

SMASH TO

THE SHOWER

as Alex braces under the spray... shaken... then

FREEZES

as he hears footsteps... he peaks out of the shower curtain... no one's there... and

CUT TO

Alex changing at his locker...

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

Hey.

HE JUMPS

then starts hastily pulling on his clothes, jaw set...

ALEX

This is the men's locker room.

JACQUELINE

You've been in here 25 minutes, they've all left. I thought maybe you needed help. Those box jumps can really shock the quads and-- Is something wrong? You're going to have to communicate with me if our relationship is going to--

ALEX

"Our relationship?!"

He SLAMS the locker closed... spins to her, furious...

ALEX (CONT'D)

Those things I told you were personal.

JACQUELINE

That's why they were motivating.

ALEX

They were humiliating.

He bounces on one foot, struggling to pull on his shoes...

JACQUELINE

Ah, okay. I understand.

ALEX

I'm glad to hear that--

JACQUELINE

This isn't really about me at all, this is a defense mechanism. Your body's natural resistance to change. Several things can trigger this: One, a sudden increase in--

ALEX

Shut up. *Shut. Up.*

He slings his bag over his shoulder...

ALEX (CONT'D)

This is absolutely about you. I don't like you. And believe it or not, I like me! Sometimes. And maybe I don't want to change. Maybe I don't want to be like...

He points an exasperated finger at her... *her perfect body, her fucking abs and... fuck it...*

he turns on his heel and marches out... and we stay on

JACQUELINE, face growing colder and colder and

SMASH TO

JACQUELINE'S CAR

horn blaring as she

BLASTS

down the 405... SMASHING the accelerator... a PHONE RINGING... finally going to voicemail...

PETER (VOICEMAIL GREETING)

Hi it's Peter, please leave a message.

JACQUELINE (LEAVING VOICEMAIL)

Peter you missed class today. Again. This is not appropriate behavior three days out from the most meaningful meeting of our lives. This is not how you respect yourself and your body. This is not how you show commitment to your future--

A minivan HONKS and she SWERVES... missing it by inches and

CUT TO

PETER'S YARD

where her car screeches to a stop, bumper jabbing a

BARBIE PLAYHOUSE

left on the edge of the lawn and Jacqueline

MARCHES

to the front door... BANGS... no answer and she goes around to the back door... tries the knob... it's open... and

CUT TO

PETER'S KITCHEN

as she steps in quietly...

scans left... scans right... her face falls... an

EMPTY BAG OF CHIPS

lies crumpled on the floor... she moves to hall and finds an

EMPTY COOKIE SLEEVE

and further up a

SPENT CANDY WRAPPER

Trash like a trail of weakness... which she follows to the

LIVING ROOM

with her teeth grinding as she rounds the corner and sees a

JUNK FOOD BONEYARD...

FAST FOOD bags and CANDY piled on side tables... SODA cans and CHINESE FOOD cartons littered across the rug and there's

PETER

asleep on the couch amidst the trash heap... lazy and undisturbed and Jacqueline's eyes darken in

DISGUST**RAGE**

as he snores like a pig and

SMASH TO

SUBURBAN ROADS

PETER

I'm sorry! *I'm sorry!*

as he runs... Jacqueline pushes his back... faster...

JACQUELINE

We're past apologies. We're past
excuses and the stories you tell
yourself about being weak. You are
strong. I made you strong. And I
will not have you disrespect...
yourself.

They round an outcrop of trees and look up...

PETER

Please. No.

Fear in Peter's eyes... reveal they're at the base of

STEEP FOOTHILLS

barren and mean and

CUT TO

- Peter STRAINING up the trail, really sweating

- THE HIGH SUN torture in his eyes

- Peter drenched, breathing, looking back and THERE'S
JACQUELINE, eyes grilling him, keeping pace and they go

HIGHER INTO THE FOOTHILLS

Where Peter stops, bent over, coughing, dizzy and

FALLS TO HIS KNEES

as the ground starts to bulge and distort... eyes watery,
mouth drooling...

JACQUELINE

Get up, Peter. I won't let you
quit.Peter looks skyward seeing nothing but SUN AND HILLS... *where
the fuck are they?...*

PETER

Why... why are you doing this?

She takes out her phone... shows him the photo of JULES...

JACQUELINE

Do you remember why you started?

PETER

Jules, I know, I know--

JACQUELINE

No you don't know. You don't know.
What it could be like. Abandoned.
Raised alone--

PETER

Huh? Jules isn't--

JACQUELINE

Bullied by the other girls--

PETER

What are you talking about?--

JACQUELINE

Being powerless and getting kicked
out of school and being made to
feel weak and worthless and having
to work the corner and be degraded
five times a night by disgusting
fat men in hotel rooms just to eat
and--

She stops... he gets it...

PETER

I'm sorry, Jacqueline.

And her eyes SNAP back to him...

JACQUELINE

I'm talking about Jules. *Jules*. Do
you understand me? Now get on your
fucking feet or I will take this
water bottle and leave you up here
to rot.

She lifts him roughly by the arm and pushes him on... towards
a steep face... he stumbles up... zombie like... as

JACQUELINE

watches him go... 20 yards... 40... 60... until HE STOPS and

CUT TO

Jacqueline clambering up... hearing faintly running water...
reaching him and seeing... the sound isn't water but

PETER PISSING HIMSELF

as a dark stain spreads on his shorts... except the liquid is

DARK BROWN

like tea, now dripping, now trickling down his leg as his
eyes roll back...

PETER

Ambulance...?

and he collapses...

She begins to pour water into his lips... check his pulse...
talking all the way through... clinical...

JACQUELINE

That is myoglobin in your urine.
Your muscles have ruptured and
blood is flowing into your body.
Interesting, I've never actually
seen Rhabdomyolysis up close.

(he's trying to speak)

What? No Peter, I can't call for
help. *Why?* Because someone less
familiar with your fitness regime,
or should I say *lack* of regime,
might think that I caused this,
when in fact-- quiet, just, *shhh* --
when in fact, *you* caused this. *How?*
Via your sedentary lifestyle, your
gluttonous fat consumption, and
your selfish attitude-- Peter, no--

(she pries open his
closing eyelids)

You're looking for an out again,
and it's important that you not be
conditioned to think that pain
equals rest. I want to make you
strong, Peter. I-- Peter?

He's dead...

Jacqueline rises...

Looks down at Peter's body... looks around but there's

NO ONE

for miles... beat and... without ceremony... she begins

STRETCHING

performing static lunges to loosen hip flexors, ankle pulls to prepare quads, toe-touches to engage glutes (holding, never bouncing) and all the while

PETER'S BODY

lies wet and heavy in the foreground...

finally she bends down... throws his arm over her shoulder... begins to LIFT him and

CUT TO

SHAWN'S OFFICE

Shawn paces behind his desk...

SHAWN

I don't understand.

JACQUELINE

He's no longer available to us.

SHAWN

I don't understand what that means.

JACQUELINE

Your questions betray a lack of trust in my decision-making.

But he's not listening anymore, buried in his phone...

SHAWN

If he's pussying out we'll just need to show them some of his weight loss photos that you've--
(stops scrolling)
Where are the pictures of Peter?

JACQUELINE

You're not hearing me. Peter is no longer a part of my brand. Peter has been disassociated.

Vague understanding starts to register on his face...

SHAWN

What have you done to--

JACQUELINE

I didn't do anything to him.

SHAWN

...to me, you stupid bitch! What did you to me?! Three days from the meeting and you pull this shit?! My reputation is on the line. Maybe I was wrong about you, maybe you're not a brand ambassador. Maybe you're just another tight ass in yoga pants.

Jacqueline is gripping her armrest so tight it CREAKS...

SHAWN (CONT'D)

That's the problem with all of you. You get a little attention for your tits and then you start thinking you have a business mind and--

CRACK

as the cheap armrest RIPS OFF in Jacqueline's hand...

SHAWN (CONT'D)

I'm e-mailing them to cancel the meeting. And I'm billing you for the chair.

CUT TO

BARBELLS RATTLING

and

FEET POUNDING TREADMILL

angry and intense and aggressively rhythmic and

CUT TO

JACQUELINE IN THE MIRROR

pinching together a

TINY ROLL

of flesh on her stomach... just skin, really, as she starts

SQUEEZING

so hard her knuckles whiten and

so hard her hand starts to shake and

BLOOD begins to pool and drip and

JACQUELINE'S GAZE

is still perfectly cold and

CUT TO

DUSK

as Jacqueline sits on a PARK BENCH across the street from
SHAWN'S OFFICE

waiting... and later it's

NIGHT

and SHAWN exits... heads toward his car... oblivious...
searching for his keys in his pocket... his briefcase...
seconds tick and he's totally alone in the lot but...
he finds his keys... unlocks the car... drives away and

JACQUELINE

is still on the bench... waiting for him to leave... then she
heads for the building and

CUT TO

HALLWAY

in the dark building where... Jacqueline goes to Shawn's
door... tests the lock... bends down to work it and

CUT TO

SHAWN'S OFFICE

as Jacqueline sits at his COMPUTER... keyboard RATTLING and

CUT TO

SUNRISE

over

REEBOK HEADQUARTERS

a gleaming testament to the \$80 billion fitness industry...
towering glass and steel, cold and hard and modern and heels

CLACK

against the polished floor as Jacqueline walks up the

ENTRANCE HALL

with **BANNERS** of the biggest faces in sport and fitness and

LATER

Jacqueline sits in the waiting area.. leafing through promo magazines... sculpted bodies... sex and sports...

ASSISTANT (O.S.)

Jacqueline?.

THE ASSISTANT could have stepped right from the pages and

CUT TO

Glass offices full of **FIT YOUNG PEOPLE**... the **ASSISTANT** leading Jacqueline and making small talk and finally they arrive at a **DOOR**... he knocks and opens it into a

CORNER OFFICE

that's chic and bossy and befitting the woman sitting inside

KAREN COLE

who's earned her place as VP of marketing and you'd better not forget it... with her short blonde bob and fitted white pantsuit and smile that says "damn straight I'm 50"...

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

Karen, Jacqueline Heath is here.

KAREN

And did you offer her a juice?

ASSISTANT

Ms. Heath said she didn't want--

KAREN

Thank you.

He nods... small... exits...

KAREN (CONT'D)

Jacqueline! Please, come in. Sit.

JACQUELINE

Thank you.

KAREN

It's wonderful to meet. So sorry to hear Shawn isn't feeling well.

JACQUEILNE

Unfortunately the venereal infection he contracted seems to have spread. Don't worry though, I'm ready to lead you through all aspects of Heath Health myself.

KAREN

Well aren't you something.

JACQUELINE

I believe that failing to prepare is preparing to fail, Karen.

KAREN

I agree.

JACQUELINE

This mindset has helped me create value throughout my professional history, several examples being--

KAREN

Jacqueline, please. This isn't a job interview.

JACQUELINE

It isn't?

KAREN

I just want to get a sense of what you're all about. Your goals.

JACQUELINE

Currently my goal is be the face of your new gym.

KAREN

Of course. But why you? What makes you different? How would a Reebok by Jacqueline Heath fitness center feel? *What is your brand?*

JACQUELINE

It's my lifestyle. Feminine, fun, fulfilled. I call it 'The Three F's' and I-- Is something wrong?

Karen is disappointed...

KAREN

I get that your posts are going for that. But I don't see it.

JACQUELINE

Perhaps I can lead you through some visualization exercises.

KAREN

You're selling "cute" and "happy", but it doesn't fit. Perhaps you need a little more time to figure what you're all about. Let's try again when Shawn is feeling better.

She goes to the door, inviting Jacqueline to leave but...

JACQUELINE

I cut Shawn out.

KAREN

(stopping)
Excuse me?

JACQUELINE

I broke into his office, logged onto his computer, and reset this meeting without him. The branding confusion you mentioned, that was Shawn's influence, his attempt to 'soften' my image. Truthfully, I sometimes think that he wants to domesticate my brand. To make me a wife or a mother. A *male* fantasy. But I've done my homework on you, Karen, on your rise from the backroom to the boardroom, and I think that if anyone could understand a strong, female brand, it would be you.

Karen doesn't say anything for a long time... then...

KAREN

Aggressive. That's what you are.

JACQUELINE

Aggressive.

KAREN

Fierce. Independent. You don't need a man, you don't need anyone.

JACQUELINE

I'm strong enough on my own.

Karen studies Jacqueline... it's a perfect fit and Karen knows it... and

CUT TO

SHAWN'S OFFICE

as he enters in the morning... flips the light and sees

HIS FOOTBALL PHOTO

is propped up on the middle of his desk... *what the?--*

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

Good morning Shawn.

SHAWN

(jumping)

Jesus.

She sits on the credenza... admiring the other photos...

SHAWN (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

JACQUELINE

Redecorating. That one's your favorite, right?

Shawn's young mug stares back at him from the desk...

SHAWN

How did you get in?

JACQUELINE

You know your problem, Shawn? You're visualizing the wrong things with these photos. Things you've already done. The past. My vision board, in contrast, catalyzes the law of attraction by focusing on *the future*. Things I'll be doing.

SHAWN

If I had a dime for every crazy bitch who got obsessed with me and--

JACQUELINE

Like the new fitness center I'm opening with Reebok.

SHAWN

(beat)

What the fuck are you talking about?

JACQUELINE

Karen Cole and I interfaced.

SHAWN

I cancelled the meeting.

JACQUELINE

Then you emailed and reset it from this very computer. Or someone did.

SHAWN

Bullshit.

JACQUELINE

Sure. It's not like anyone could get in here without you, right?

Shawn stares at her... long beat and...

SHAWN

You little cunt.

HE CHARGES

pinning her up against the wall... as she pries at his fingers around her neck...

SHAWN (CONT'D)

First I'm going to call Karen and explain everything. Then I'm going to fucking punish you.

He drops her in a heap... she gasps for breath as... he picks up his office phone and dials...

JACQUELINE

You could. If you want to explain how Karen's favorite new brand ambassador worked around you and impressed the entire sponsorship team after you said she "wasn't ready." Then, after highlighting your colossally bad judgement, you'd have to explain why you're letting a personal quarrel get in the way of their million dollar business decision. Yes, let it ring, it's only your single strongest brand relationship.

(MORE)

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

And then of course there are those photos you made me take.

Shawn stops dead... trapped... he hangs up the phone...

SHAWN

Okay, okay. We've both made mistakes. The important thing now is that we move forward.

JACQUELINE

There is no "we".

SHAWN

Press is critical pre-launch, and with my connections, I can get you--

JACQUELINE

They have people to handle that.

SHAWN

But on the local scene--

JACQUELINE

Shawn. We no longer have a symbiotic business relationship.

Shawn leans over his desk and closes his eyes... defeated...

SHAWN

Please delete the photos. And go.

JACQUELINE

I will. But first I need to come clean: I'm not here to redecorate. I'm here to thank you for inspiring me to be my best self, and to return the favor.

SHAWN

What do you want?

JACQUELINE

To show you who's in charge.

She looks over the memorabilia... zeroes in on a TROPHY...

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

(reading off it)

"The J. Lewis Special Teams Playmaker of the Year Award, 1998".

Shawn's eyes SHOOT OPEN in dreadful recognition... as she approaches with it... a sharply angled

12-INCH BATON

of rough, gold-painted plastic...

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

No, don't look at me. Look at the photo.

CUT TO

A MASSIVE WRAP OF JACQUELINE

unfurling from the roof of the

REEBOK GYM CONSTRUCTION SITE

as Jacqueline, Karen and SUITS look on proudly... WORKERS secure it around the building shell and

CUT TO

A HARD HAT TOUR

through the gutted industrial space... a CONTRACTOR explaining what's going where and Jacqueline spies a

BLUEPRINT

open on a sawhorse and no one notices as she SNATCHES it and

CUT TO

JACQUELINE'S APARTMENT

where she's piously PLANKING at night, eyes fixed ever up at

HER VISION BOARD

which has GROWN... metastasized up the entire wall... GYM BLUEPRINT now in the center... spidering skyward towards

photos of OPRAH and SANDBERG and other

FEMALE TITANS

of art and industry, strong executives, strong pantsuits...

OLIVIA

I want to work out with you!

Olivia breaks the spell... plops down... Jacqueline annoyed as Olivia now takes out her phone and poses for a SELFIE--

JACQUELINE

STOP!

Olivia recoils... scared...

OLIVIA

But... but I just wanted to...?

Tears welling... Jacqueline leans down to her...

JACQUELINE

Do you know what "re-branding" means, Olivia? I'm explaining this to you because you've been showing such maturity lately and-- here, no, don't use your hand, use the tissue, thank you-- You're making so much progress on your own journey that I think you'll be able to understand: strategic goals can change. And sometimes we have to shift an established image, or project a different side of ourself, to suit new circumstances. For example, I'm no longer projecting the side of myself that involves you. Because I'm leaning into being fierce and independent. Understand?

OLIVIA

(sniffling)

Not really.

JACQUELINE

No more pictures.

as Olivia nods... still hurt and confused and

CUT TO

CAFE GRATITUDE

where Jacqueline sits at a corner table... backed by a wall of colorful AFFIRMATIONS declaring "I am Dynamic!", "I am Present!", etc... she sees a YOUNG WOMAN enter and waves over

MORGAN BAILEY (30s)

confident, professional, fast-rising senior editor at Conde Nast...

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

Morgan?

MORGAN

Jacqueline. Great to meet you.

JACQUELINE

That top is so cute.

MORGAN

Oh, thanks.

She sits...

JACQUELINE

How cute is this place?

Jacqueline is artificially bouncy... like she read "cute" was a word woman use with each other...

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

The menu items are named different affirmations, like "Vivacious" or "Extraordinary." And when ordering, you're asked to preface your choice with "I am" instead of "I'll have." So when ordering you might say "I am Vivacious," or "I am Extraordinary."

Morgan smiles politely...

MORGAN

Thanks for agreeing to meet.

JACQUELINE

I've read some of your many bylines. I'm so impressed that you hold a a staff position with the Conde Nast publishing family, given the rise of "permalancers" in online journalism today.

MORGAN

I'm glad we're sitting down.

JACQUELINE

And I'm glad we've been able to connect interpersonally and get comfortable before the interview.

Okay... Morgan takes out a pen and notebook...

MORGAN

Mind if I take notes?

JACQUELINE

Of course not. I'm so excited to be featured.

MORGAN

Before we start I should tell you I'm not 100% sure there's a story here yet. I'm still exploring.

JACQUELINE

Exploring my story?

MORGAN

Yes, and--

JACQUELINE

It's one of strength and independence. "*One Woman's Climb Up the Mountain.*"

MORGAN

Excuse me?

JACQUELINE

That's just one idea I had for a title. You don't have to use that exactly, but it should give you a sense of the article's shape.

Morgan raises a hand to stop her...

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm sorry. You probably want to start with the gym opening. Of course. I'm not an expert like you, but I've read about the necessity of a "timely hook" for an article's "lede". I've even thought about what your "nut graph" might look like, and think that a description of my message to women could be perfect. So maybe that's what you want to ask me about first?

MORGAN

Actually no.

JACQUELINE

No?

MORGAN

I want to ask you about Peter Glenn.

Jacqueline freezes... Morgan taps her pen... seconds tick...

JACQUELINE
Really cute rings by the way.

MORGAN
Thank you. So?

JACQUELINE
Yes?

MORGAN
Peter. You were his trainer?

JACQUELINE
Oh. Yes. Not for months though.

MORGAN
(checking her notes)
Hmm... his wife said his last
payment to you was three weeks ago?

JACQUELINE
Oh that could be correct, yes.

MORGAN
Jacqueline, I'm so sorry to tell
you this but... did you know that
Peter was found dead?

JACQUELINE
Oh. Oh my goodness.

MORGAN
I'm sorry. This must be a lot.

JACQUELINE
Yes.

MORGAN
What are you feeling?

JACQUELINE
Several strong, consuming emotions.

MORGAN
Can you talk me through what they
are?

JACQUELINE
Just all the normal ones a person
in this situation would feel.

MORGAN

So to be clear, you hadn't heard?

JACQUELINE

No. Peter had stopped his sessions so I figured he had fallen back into old habits. Disappointing.

MORGAN

And... heartbreaking, right?

JACQUELINE

Yes. Just terrible. Should we take a peek at the menu?

MORGAN

They think he died of a cardiac problem related to over-exercise. What do you think about that?

JACQUELINE

If you're hungry, the blackened tempah is delicious and it's on me.

MORGAN

Jacqueline?

Jacqueline puts down the menu...

JACQUELINE

I was under the impression your article was about my gym opening.

MORGAN

I apologize, I should have been more clear.

JACQUELINE

This feels like some sort of interrogation.

MORGAN

Not an interrogation.

JACQUELINE

But you're not here to profile me.

Morgan puts her pen down...

MORGAN

Peter isn't the first case, nationwide I mean, of death from over-training.

(MORE)

MORGAN (CONT'D)

This kind of accident is becoming more and more common as intense workouts like CrossFit grow... Add to that the spread of body dysmorphia, that women diagnosed as such are 45 times more likely to commit suicide than the rest of the population... And the way social media is pushing this sort of compulsive body fetization further than ever... I mean, "waist trainers?" "Thigh gaps?" It's all a little disturbing, don't you think? The article I'm exploring would be a trend story about our collective obsession with fitness. For balance I need a trainer's perspective, so I thought: why not go right to Peter's?

Jacqueline studies her closely... long beat and...

JACQUELINE

Morgan, you're absolutely right. There *is* an unhealthy obsession for some people. Sick people. Peter was obsessed. Insecure. Possibly from some childhood sexual trauma. Actually you should look into that. I tried to limit him, but he must have been working out on the side.

MORGAN

So you're saying *he* was the one working himself too hard?

JACQUELINE

I provide a positive push, I don't bear down on tear-downs.

MORGAN

Would your clients agree?

JACQUELINE

Absolutely.

MORGAN

So then you wouldn't mind if I reached out to...

(searching her notes)

Alex Tomlinson?

Long beat... a woman shouts "I am glorious!" at another table... finally...

JACQUELINE

Can you remind me who that is?

MORGAN

You don't remember? Someone who maybe had a bad experience?

JACQUELINE

I can't recall. Perhaps you can tell me what you know?

MORGAN

He posted a particularly harsh review online.

JACQUELINE

That doesn't sound right. Maybe you're reading it out of context?

MORGAN

(reading from her phone)

"I feel it is my responsibility to warn the world about Jacqueline Heath. Stay away from this trainer" -- that last part he underlined and italicized-- "Jacqueline is monstrous, and anyone who doesn't share her twisted value system is mocked, humiliated, subjected to--"

JACQUELINE

Alex. Of course.

MORGAN

You remember him now?

JACQUELINE

Yes.

MORGAN

Great, because there's more.

(reading)

"She's created a culture of fear and shame... fixating on clients with low self-esteem... bragged to me multiple times about one 'success' story I'll just call 'Poor Peter', who she seems to be particularly cruel to..."

(beat)

He must be talking about Peter Glenn, no?

JACQUELINE

Alex has a lot of free time. Which he ought to be spending on personal and career goals.

MORGAN

Regardless, it sounds like he wouldn't agree that your methods are healthy. Particularly in Peter's case.

JACQUELINE

Alex is mistaken.

MORGAN

Would you mind if I spoke with him?

JACQUELINE

Do you need my permission to speak with him?

MORGAN

No.

JACQUELINE

I wouldn't mind at all.

MORGAN

Fantastic.

JACQUELINE

I'll even put you in touch. This is important and I want to be helpful.

A long beat as the two size each other up...

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

So we'll save the tempeh for next time then.

CUT TO

ALEX'S VENICE BUNGALOW

where he's SKETCHING... his happy-place... working on a

BUSTY FEMALE SUPERVILLAIN

with her mighty war hammer raised above a defeated SUPERHERO... about to strike the killer blow and we notice

her hair, her face are... FAMILIAR... and

on the wall behind him are sketches of the same anatomically gifted VILLAIN in various states of undress and a

SHAPE BLURS

by the window... Alex looks up... goes to the view...

A HOMELESS MAN ambles along the alley... a DRUNK KID stumbles back from the boardwalk... nothing abnormal and...

BANG BANG BANG

His heart jumps at the knock... he goes to the peephole...

Shit... he paces and

BANG BANG BANG

the knock comes again... he hurriedly closes a portfolio cover over the sketch... steels himself and opens the door...

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

Hello.

ALEX

Hi.

JACQUELINE

Can I come in?

He hesitates... invites her in...

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

I think there may be something wrong with your voicemail service.

ALEX

I didn't call you back because I didn't want to talk.

JACQUELINE

I understand you're angry but--
What are these?

She's noticed the SUPERVILLIAN SKETCHES pinned to the wall and we now see how clearly they resemble her...

Alex steps in front of them...

ALEX

I'm busy. Why are you here?

JACQUELINE

To apologize.

ALEX

Fine. I forgive you. That it?

JACQUELINE

And to ask that you take down your negative review of me.

ALEX

Of course you want something.

JACQUELINE

A journalist will contact you, and I need you to retract your review. And to not mention Peter Glenn.

ALEX

No.

JACQUELINE

Excuse me?

ALEX

If that review keeps just one person from being abused by you, it's worth it.

Jacqueline stares at him...

JACQUELINE

I'll be right back.

She exits... beat and...

He starts snatching his sketches off the wall... sliding them into his portfolio...

Jacqueline walks back in with

OLIVIA

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

Tell him what we talked about, Olivia.

ALEX

(to Jacqueline)

Was she just sitting in the car?

OLIVIA

Jacqueline says everyone makes mistakes and we should forgive people.

ALEX

Oh. Well, see it's complicated,
because sometimes grown-ups--

JACQUELINE

(to Olivia)

Keep going.

OLIVIA

And that if things go good with her
new gym she won't be stressed and
will be with me more and be more,
umm...

(struggling over wording)

....'present' for me. And she says
it's important to be present for
kids or they'll grow up and just
sit around all day and cry like
lazy little bi--

JACQUELINE

Thank you Olivia, that's good.

Long beat as Alex studies them... Olivia staring up at
Jacqueline in adoration... his heart hurting... finally...

ALEX

I'll take down the review.

JACQUELINE

And the journalist?

ALEX

I don't want to be the cause of
anything bad.

JACQUELINE

So you'll explain you were
frustrated with yourself and you
weren't being fair, yes?

ALEX

Just promise me you'll go easier on
people, okay?

JACQUELINE

I promise. Let's go, Olivia.

Alex watches them leave... out the window he sees Jacqueline
leading her into the car... Olivia fussing... Jacqueline
frustrated, scolding... trying to get her in the car and

CUT TO

THE REEBOK GYM

really coming together as PAINTERS finish the last coat...
primary construction over... EQUIPMENT being moved in...

JACQUELINE signs PAPERWORK... Karen's ASSISTANT gathering
pages as she signs...

ASSISTANT

Karen wanted to know how the
interview went?

JACQUELINE

We'll see.

ASSISTANT

She says national press is
critical.

JACQUELINE

I'm aware.

ASSISTANT

And that for the brand to scale--

JACQUELINE

Is that all?

He's small... exits... A WORKER butts in...

WORKER

Ms. Jacqueline? There's a man
outside for you.

CUT TO

THE SIDEWALK

where Jacqueline emerges to find ALEX...

ALEX

I tried to peek in but it's all
taped up. Maybe a VIP tour for a
old time's sake?

JACQUELINE

I can connect you with sales once
we open.

ALEX

Ha. Right. Well. I just wanted to
tell you that Morgan from Conde
Nast called. I told her she was
barking up the wrong tree.

JACQUELINE

Thank you.

She heads for the door...

ALEX

Wait. There's something else...

JACQUELINE

I can't offer you a discount.

ALEX

No it's not that. I take it
Olivia's guardian is still sick?

JACQUELINE

Actually, she's relocated.

ALEX

What? To where?

JACQUELINE

Portugal.

ALEX

Oh. Okay, anyway, I noticed the
other day that you seemed a little,
umm... overwhelmed... with Olivia.
I know you're super busy now so I
figured... maybe I could help? Give
you some pointers. With her I mean.
To keep things manageable.

JACQUELINE

We are not compatible romantically.

ALEX

I'm not-- That stuff I told you
about my parents, it's important to
me. Olivia is a great kid and I
just want to help.

JACQUELINE

I need to focus on the opening.

ALEX

Exactly! Think about it this way:
the more I can help with her, the
more time you'll have for this.
You'll be more... efficient.

A WORKER pokes his head out...

WORKER

The vendor say you need to pick a
tile or he leaves.

Alex cocks his head, see?... OFF JACQUELINE, considering his
offer and

CUT TO

PACIFIC HIGHWAY FOOT BRIDGE

where Jacqueline, Olivia, and Alex stretch

40 FEET

above the busy highway... cars RACING by below...

ALEX

I was thinking more like the mall.

OLIVIA

Yes!

JACQUELINE

The mall won't boost your low
social engagement, will it?

Olivia pouts... walks to the far end... Alex smiles...

ALEX

The kids I teach usually spend half
the time sniffing the markers...
What they want and what we want
them to do, it's a balance, right?

He hoists one leg up the railing to stretch... cars BLURRING
by below... Jacqueline looks at him....

JACQUELINE

Balance is important.

ALEX

Deep down they want boundaries, but
she's going to test you.

JACQUELINE

I'm looking forward to more of your
thoughts on this.

She steps toward him... Alex's eyes still on the speedway...

ALEX

It's not like I'm an expert or anything... I mean there's no one right way...

Another step toward him... arms-distance away...

ALEX (CONT'D)

What I'm trying to say is...

She clocks his weight... the bounce on his toes... as a

SEMI

speeds below in a giant blue of metal and...

ALEX (CONT'D)

You're going to be great.

She stops herself... looks at him curiously... trying to process the genuine compliment and

CUT TO

VENICE BOARDWALK

as the three of them cool down from the jog... walking past tattooed faces... mangy beards... and all look away when

JACQUELINE

makes eye contact... like they recognize a meaner dog and... they pass an

ICE CREAM STAND

OLIVIA

I'm starving.

JACQUELINE

We've talked about saturated fats.

OLIVIA

I don't care. I want a Chipwich.

JACQUELINE

Don't do this now.

OLIVIA

Why can't I have a chipwich?!
You're being a total bitch--

ALEX

Hey Olivia?

Alex slides in between them...

ALEX (CONT'D)

How about instead of ice cream, we do something really awesome?

She quiets as he points up the coast to... to the

SANTA MONICA FERRIS WHEEL

OLIVIA

I don't think I like heights.

ALEX

Can I tell you a secret? I'm scared of heights too. But if Jacqueline says it's okay, maybe we can face our fears together? You know... we can push ourselves.

He winks at Jacqueline... and she's standing

TOTALLY STILL

with some strange new look on her face... almost like...
FONDNESS... but then her phone

BUZZES

JACQUELINE

(picking up)

Hello.

(beat)

Yes, I can.

(beat)

Perfect. I'll be there.

She grabs Olivia by the hand...

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

Time to go.

OLIVIA

Alex just said we could go on ferris wheel.

JACQUELINE

Yes but now I've been called into a meeting, so we need to adapt.

OLIVIA

You suck.

JACQUELINE
That's not accurate.

ALEX
You know, you could go to your
meeting and leave us to hang until
you're done?

JACQUELINE
Why would you do that?

ALEX
It'd be fun. We could get dinner--
healthy dinner!-- and then hit the
ferris wheel. I really don't mind.

OFF JACQUELINE... again looking at him like she's unused to
kindness and

CUT TO

JACQUELINE

watching Alex and Olivia from afar as she gets into her
car... they're playing, adorable... Jacqueline scans

THE BOARDWALK

her eyes lingering on two

TEENAGE SWEETHEARTS

making out on a bench... gross and beautiful young love...
then she spots a

MIDDLE AGED COUPLE

laughing as an ARTIST sketches their son... happy family and

JACQUELINE

looks like she's starting to OVERLOAD... wires crossed...
hand moving instinctively to pull at her

STOMACH

to pinch at her "fat"... but then she

STOPS HERSELF

and climbs into the car... and

CUT TO

THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS

where Jacqueline pulls up to a GATE... notes the security cameras as it begins to OPEN and

CUT TO

KAREN'S HOUSE

Jacqueline enters through the open front door... the place smells like lavender and money... sexy lines... bougie music floating in surround sound...

She runs her hand along marble edges... high thread-counts... spots Karen through glass doors and joins her out on...

THE TERRACE

where Karen is lording over an A-List view... sounds of the lesser beings below barely audible up here...

Karen notes Jacqueline's manila folder, begins to pour two glasses of wine...

KAREN

Leave the paperwork on the daybed--
no, not the modular chaise, the
daybed. Thank you. How was the
interview?

JACQUELINE

It went fine.

KAREN

When's the publish date? We'll want
to see a draft beforehand of
course. This an Edmond Vatan
Sancerre by the way, so savor it.
To a big opening.

They cheers... beat as Jacqueline steadies...

JACQUELINE

I killed the article.

KAREN

Excuse me?

JACQUELINE

I didn't like the editorial
direction.

KAREN

I see. Anything in particular that made you uncomfortable?

JACQUELINE

I thought it would run contrary to my brand. Our brand.

KAREN

I'll speak with communications, they'll line up another outlet.

JACQUELINE

I've been thinking we might try a quieter, soft opening.

KAREN

Why would you want that?

JACQUELINE

It allows time to test and tweak our concept. To figure things out.

Karen studies her over the rim of her glass...

KAREN

"Soft" openings and "quiet" product launches... those days are over. There is no quiet anymore. Every brand, every person, every post and repost and comment makes a sound. And if you can't talk above the noise, you won't have a voice. Without press we will wither and die. I put my faith in you because I thought you understood that.

JACQUELINE

I do.

KAREN

You *did*, but something's different.

JACQUELINE

No, I am fully engaged.

KAREN

Pre-opening jitters? No, you're not the type. And I know it's not a better offer.

She looks deeper into Jacqueline... seeing...

KAREN (CONT'D)

You're not-- You're not letting something *personal* threaten this, are you? Oh Jesus, tell me it's not a man. Jacqueline? No. A *MAN*?!

Her shout echoes down the valley... Karen calms herself... smooths a crease in her pant...

KAREN (CONT'D)

I want to show you something.

CUT TO

DARKNESS

and then

LIGHTS SLAM ON

in sequence... illuminating

RACK AFTER RACK

in Karen's

WINE ROOM

KAREN (CONT'D)

I started collecting around the time I made VP. I've got nearly a thousand bottles now.

She leads Jacqueline down an aisle... pulls a bottle...

KAREN (CONT'D)

This is a twelve-hundred dollar Reisling I won at auction in Rheingau.

She pulls another...

KAREN (CONT'D)

A 1962 Bordeaux -- that's a *right* bank Bordeaux -- for two thousand. And this...

She moves to a PRIZE BOTTLE set off from the others...

KAREN (CONT'D)

This is a 2007 Chateau Haute-Brion Premier Grand Cru Classe. Broker averages currently at fifty-two hundred dollars.

(MORE)

KAREN (CONT'D)

The region's grape seeds were sowed two-thousand years ago by Bituriges Vivisci tribesmen, the vineyard's bottles were first imported to this country in 1787 by Thomas Jefferson. This wine was coveted by powerful men... priced by powerful men... And now it's mine.

She cradles it with reverence...

KAREN (CONT'D)

Do you want to know what it is to be a successful woman in this country? Do you want to see what empowerment really looks like?

Beat... and she

SMASHES

it against the wall... thousand dollar streaks bleeding down to the floor...

KAREN (CONT'D)

Taking what you want, tossing what you want, destroying what you want. Never reliant on anyone or anything. *That's* empowerment. And you're so close! But if you'd rather choose to be, what, a girlfriend? A housewife? To pump out babies... give away your power... well then you're erasing yourself. In which case you might as well speed up the process.

She bends to the smashed bottle and picks up a jagged

SHARD

which she places in Jacqueline's hand... guiding it gently to Jacqueline's naked wrist and

she leaves... Jacqueline alone... staring down at her

VEINS PULSING

CUT TO

THE SANTA MONICA PIER

crawling with TOURISTS... SINGERS pushing self-cut CDs... rides and games and towering above them all is the

FERRIS WHEEL

where Alex and Olivia are half-way up their slow ascent... gazing out at the night view...

ALEX

Up that way is Malibu, and back there is Venice, where I live.

OLIVIA

How far is Mexico?

ALEX

Umm, about four hours that way. Why?

OLIVIA

That's where Laurie moved. Tulum, Mexico.

ALEX

(beat)
I thought Portugal?

OLIVIA

Jacqueline says Laurie doesn't have self-control, and you need self-control to raise a kid like me. There she is.

DOWN BELOW... JACQUELINE has returned... waiting for them... Alex looks at OLIVIA... concerned... as the wheel begins to lower them...

ALEX

Hey Olivia? We only have a couple of minutes until we're down, and I wanted to ask you something.

OLIVIA

Cool.

ALEX

Besides heights... is there anything else you're afraid of?

She looks off...

ALEX (CONT'D)

Don't want to tell me? Well I brought you something. Maybe this will help.

He unfolds a piece of PAPER... it's CARTOON OLIVIA, posed as a strong SUPERHERO GIRL...

ALEX (CONT'D)

It's you! Obviously. Because you're brave, right? Like, even if it's scary to tell me something, you can do it, because that's what brave, cool people do. And then we can get help. But you need to tell me, so that we can tell people that can help. Do you understand?

Olivia says nothing... they're halfway down now...

ALEX (CONT'D)

Olivia, please. I don't know when we're going to get another chance to talk just the two of us.

She fidgets... they're nearly down, closer and closer...

ALEX (CONT'D)

(no time)

Olivia: are you scared of her? Has she hurt you?

Finally she looks at him... about to answer but

THE CAR LURCHES

and stops... they're back on the ground... Jacqueline greets them and

CUT TO

PIER PARKING LOT

Olivia runs up ahead as Jacqueline and Alex walk towards their cars... pregnant silence... finally...

ALEX (CONT'D)

There's something I need to ask you about.

JACQUELINE

You're concerned about Olivia.

ALEX

How did you--?

JACQUELINE

I understand completely.

ALEX

You do? Oh, I mean, good. I'm worried that--

OLIVIA

(running up)

What are you talking about?

JACQUELINE

Adult things.

ALEX

Can we talk privately? Tomorrow?

JACQUELINE

Okay. Stop by the gym.

ALEX

Sure.

She moves toward the car door and stops...

JACQUELINE

I don't blame you for your concern. My priorities have been confused. But I'm starting to reevaluate what matters, and I have you to thank you for that.

A beat as she looks at him... almost romantic... almost

GENUINE

and then she gets in the car and they drive away... Alex watching them go and

CUT TO

JACQUELINE'S APARTMENT

Dark hours of the morning and who know's how long she's been staring at her

VISION WALL

and its independent lionesses of global sport and commerce...

as she ponders... her face unreadable...

finally she goes it... tentative... reaches for a photo of a pants-suit superstar and

TEARS

the photo down...

A beat to make sure she's still breathing... and then she takes down another photo... then another... and another... something like a smile... like CONTENTMENT... spreading on her face as the wall comes down and

CUT TO

NIGHT

at the

REEBOK GYM

as Alex parks... rehearsing in the rearview mirror...

ALEX

...an unsafe environment-- no, unhealthy environment-- for Olivia, and this isn't personal but...

He stops as his gaze drifts... noticing the gym is

EMPTY

and the lights off... totally quiet...

He exits and crosses the street... seeing as he approaches that the front door is SLIT OPEN... with a

NOTE

taped to it...

he reaches for it... unfolding it and seeing

CARTOON OLIVIA

Beat as he stares at it... panic starting to fire through his body and... mind racing through the implications and a

GIRL SCREAMS

seizing up his chest... he peers inside... then gets smart and takes out his phone to dial 911... but...

ALEX (CONT'D)

FUCK!

the phone is blinking

"BATTERY 0%"

He smacks himself with it, *stupid stupid stupid...* peers back in... total darkness... thinks about it... long beat and...

ALEX (CONT'D)

No.

He marches back to his car and

CUT TO

INSIDE HIS PARKED CAR

as Alex looks down at the CARTOON...

he rips it into pieces... sprinkles them out the window...
No... No... No *fucking way* and

he starts the ignition... puts the car in drive...

But...

ALEX (CONT'D)

(small)

Fuck.

he can't do it... can't leave...

as he shifts back to park... turns the engine off and

CUT TO

THE GYM

as Alex steps inside and sees it's

PITCH BLACK

so he props the door, dim outside light half illuminating the

CAVERNOUS FITNESS CENTER

Big, beautiful, nearly finished, full of equipment and he

PUSHES

slowly forward... past aisles of TREADMILLS...
STAIRCLIMBERS... fighting himself with every step....

into a WEIGHT area, tip toeing forward and

MOVEMENT

from the corner of his eye and HE SPINS

but's just his reflection in the weight room's mirrors... he exhales and

ANOTHER SCREAM

SPINS HIM back around... looks up to the second floor...

feels his heart... beating out of his fucking chest and... he grabs a 12LB DUMBBELL... tests the weight... then heads for stairs but

RED LIGHTS SLAM ON

startling him as the gym materializes around him in

MILIARY CRIMSON

bootcamp-style, and a thumping

BEAT

blasts in through speakers... throbbingly loud... and

Alex grips the dumbbell with white knuckles, begins to walk up the stairs as the music

PULSES

so loud he can't hear his own footsteps as... he moves to the

LANDING

and stops... *can't do this... can't go further...* and

JACQUELINE (O.S.)
Push through it, Alex.

HE SPINS

but she's not behind him... she's not in front of him...

JACQUELINE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It's gut-check time.

as he realizes she's

EVERYWHERE

voice piping in through SPEAKERS strung around the gym and

CUT TO

JACQUELINE'S LIPS

in SUPER CLOSE-UP as she adjusts her wireless MIC... too close to see where she is except that it's a

DARK ROOM

with a BANK OF VIDEO SCREENS fed by the gym's SECURITY CAMERAS... and

JACQUELINE

studies pixilated Alex gripping the rail, paralyzed...

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

(into the mic)

One foot in front of the other. Dig in, you can do it. She needs you.

CUT TO

GYM FLOOR

where Alex is holding back tears, trying to will himself up the stairs...

JACQUELINE (SPEAKERS) (CONT'D)

It's time to be a man, Alex.

The TEARS begin to stream down his face, but still he clutches the railing, stuck...

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

You are a good person. You don't want her to feel any more pain.

He begins to nod... psyching himself up, and he

LETS GO

of the railing and takes a first step up the stairs... then another... and another and in

THE DARK ROOM

Jacqueline is beaming... watching as he plods upwards... motivated....

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

Yes! That's it! Just a few more steps and you're up! Three, two, one!

She reaches for the mic's ON/OFF BUTTON and

CUT TO

THE SECOND FLOOR

where Alex hears the *KSHHH* of the audio feed cutting out and then... silence again...

He stands at the top of the stairway, taking in the

PERSONAL TRAINING FLOOR

Diabolical instruments of fitness not for the faint of heart:

- BATTLE ROPES, KETTLE BELLS with menacing gargoyle heads...
- SLEDGE HAMMERS leaning against giant TIRES...
- A cruel, Bane-looking TRAINING MASK made for oxygen-deprivation...

He lingers on the mask... creeps...

OLIVIA (O.S.)

Alex? Hello? Can you hear me?

It's muffled... far away... coming from behind an UNFINISHED DOOR marked with the gym's final

"CONSTRUCTION AREA"

and softly... Alex puts down the barbell and picks up a

SLEDGE HAMMER

before pushing quietly through the door... into an

UNFINISHED HALLWAY

where he stops dead... nearly dropping the hammer... gaze fixed upward at a

NIGHTMARISH CANOPY OF JACQUELINE'S VISION BOARD

covered in

THOUSANDS OF PHOTOS AND CUT-OUTS

crawling up the walls and creeping over the curved hallway ceiling...

A monstrous hodgepodge stretching all the way down the corridor... lit eerily by a string of CONSTRUCTION LIGHTS...

OLIVIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hello? Alex?

She's calling from behind a door at the end of the hallway...

He holds the sledgehammer tight, pushing down the hall,
eyeing the COLLAGE as he goes...

At first the MONEY, the ARCHITECTURE, the BUSINESSWOMEN, the
FREAK FITNESS BODIES...

He moves further and these are increasingly interspersed with
PORNOGRAPHY, ROUGH SEX... the wall becoming FLESHIER...

Further still and he grimaces at images of VIOLENCE, PAIN,
MEDIEVAL TORTURE...

Historical sketches of BODIES ON THE RACK, sitting in agony
on the pointed JUDAS CRADLE...

Next to modern day FITNESS IMPLEMENTS of pain, EXERCISERS
roaring as they BENCH PRESS, wailing through workouts...

A patchwork of AGONY, SUCCESS, PAIN, GAIN, MUSCLE and SINEW
stretched to the breaking point and

Alex reaches the door...

readying himself and... he KICKS it open into the

LOCKER ROOM

full of HOLES and IRON BEAMS... still under construction...
MIRRORS, SAWHORSES and TOOLS strewn everywhere...

OLIVIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hello?

He moves toward her voice... turns the corner around a bank
of LOCKERS and sees Olivia is

BOUND TO A CHAIR

by extension chords in the middle of the

SHOWER ROOM

and they lock eyes... she's terrified...

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
She said this was the best place to
make a mess.

Alex looks around and sees... faucet heads... TUBS OF BLEACH... *holy shit...*

Olivia's EYES GO WIDE and he FREEZES as...

JACQUELINE steps out of the shadows with the SIG pointed at his face...

JACQUELINE
Put this over your head.

She slides a swath of plastic construction SHEETING towards him...

ALEX
Please. Just relax. It's me.

JACQUELINE
Shut up.

ALEX
Whatever happened to you, whatever made you like this, we can--

JACQUELINE
"Made me like this?"

She darts towards him and

JAMS

the gun against his EYE... he shuts it tightly... praying...

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)
Who has the power here?

ALEX
Oh god. You do. You have the power.

JACQUELINE
But you're still talking about what someone "made" me? Did you ever consider that nobody "made" me? That I have agency? That I do what I like, not what men tell me? Now put this over your fucking head.

She shoves the plastic sheet into his chest...

ALEX
No, no, sorry, I didn't mean it like that, I just meant...

He looks at Olivia... at Jacqueline... mind spinning...
desperate... and then...

AN IDEA

and he turns back to Jacqueline... breathes deep...

ALEX (CONT'D)

I just meant... I like you.

She stops dead... like she's been shot...

ALEX (CONT'D)

And not "Jacqueline the brand".
You, just how you are. You like me
too, I saw it at the beach. And I
know that scares you, but I also
know your warmth, your...
humanity... that's more powerful
than any "brand", isn't it?

A beat as this settles... Jacqueline almost frozen...
stepping back... the gun lowering to her side... and... he
sees his chance and

LUNGES

wrestling for the gun... both of them

LURCHING

right past Olivia who sticks her foot out to trip and they go

CRASHING

into the tile, concussion-hard and

THE GUN

clatters down into a pit of exposed piping... Alex dazed...
seeing stars... finally lifts his head up and

JACQUELINE'S VANISHED

without a trace... he races to Olivia... as he unties her...

OLIVIA

She went back the way you came in.

ALEX

Do you have a phone?

OLIVIA

It's in her office.

ALEX

Okay, I want you to leave through the back. Tell the first adult you see to call 911.

OLIVIA

Where are you going?

ALEX

To make sure she can't follow you.

OLIVIA

Wait!

He pauses... like she's going to reveal something huge...

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Did you mean it? When you said you liked her?

He looks at her... still innocent in the face of this...

ALEX

No. Now go.

She heads for the back exit... as he moves back into the

HALLWAY

and edges slowly toward the personal training area but

THE LIGHTS SLAM OFF

and he stops... just a thin sliver of dawn sunlight poking under the door...

He opens it slowly and steps into the

PERSONAL TRAINING AREA

Moves forward, scanning, passing a wall rack, noticing...

Is something different?

An EMPTY HOOK where the mask hung... *strange*, as he presses forward and...

JACQUELINE CHARGES

grunting like a beast through the evil

TRAINING MASK

strapped to her face and she lifts the

SLEDGEHAMMER

high and Alex

LEAPS

out of the way just as the hammer

SHATTERS

a mirror into a million pieces... and screams with rage,
crazed as Alex

SCRAMBLES

on his hands and knees, frantically crab-walking backwards...
kicking **MEDICINE BALLS** and **EQUIPMENT** into her path but

she's too agile, dodging and jumping... standing over him and
she raises the hammer again and it

SLAMS

down in between his legs... he's scooted back just barely
enough and the impact

SHOCKWAVES

up her hands... making her drop the hammer as he

KICKS

at her knees... scrambling backward but she rises,
relentless, as he **CRAWLS** for the staircase and...

She **POUNCES** on his back...

WRAPPING a battlerope around his neck, once, twice, three
times...

Pulling back, choking him...

SQUEEZING

tighter... face wild... feral... Alex turning white, blood-
flow slowing to his brain...

his hand searches the floor... desperate... finding

A GLASS SHARD

which he grabs and

STABS

into her GUT...

she staggers back... Alex coughing, dizzy, tries to peel himself up as

she looks down in disbelief at the ragged GASH in her stomach...

Turns to a mirror, prodding at the ugly fissure where her perfect abs were...

JACQUELINE

They'll never look the same.

She turns to Alex...

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

THEY'LL NEVER LOOK THE SAME!

SHE TACKLES HIM

onto a

WEIGHT BENCH

and grabs the BAR above him...

PRESSING

it down into his neck...

Salivating as she stands over him, screaming... Alex fighting the bar, STRUGGLING against the pressure on his neck...

A BENCH PRESS for his life but

gravity's on her side, body weight pushing the bar down... Alex GURGLING, struggling as his throat begins to INDENT...

Jacqueline raises the barbell, just inches, a reprieve... a window as he

GASPS

for air... and then she

SLAMS

it back down with all her weight and

IMPLODES

his windpipe with a final sickening

CRUNCH...

She rises, watching as he clutches at his throat... dying...

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)
I weigh a hundred and fifteen
pounds, and you couldn't even get
one rep.

Pathetic...

She turns back to the mirror and pulls at her stomach,
assessing the damage as he writhes in the background...

PHONE OPERATOR (O.S.)
911, what is your emergency?

Jacqueline SPINS... OLIVIA is holding up her

SEQUINED IPHONE

with 911 on speaker... Jacqueline slowly removes her mask...

PHONE OPERATOR (CONT'D)
Hello? Can you hear me? Are you in
danger? Please be advised that we
are requesting your location from
your network provider and sending a
unit out to...

JACQUELINE
What are you doing.

She takes a step toward Olivia but... Olivia raises her other
hand... training THE SIG on Jacqueline...

OLIVIA
I'm strong too now.

Jacqueline looks down at Olivia... eyes filling with
understanding... maybe even... pride?... as we hear

OPERATOR SQUAWK over the phone and

CUT TO

'THE TODAY SHOW' BROADCAST

The familiar Today Show THEME... the yellow lettering... this
is THE BIG TIME as...

TWO ANCHORS invite us back from commercial...

GEORGE

Welcome back. Robyn, this next story is difficult to hear.

ROBYN

But so important. Danger, fear, and ultimately, the triumph of the human spirit. Today's own Lisa D'Cruz has the exclusive. Lisa?

CUT TO

CORRESPONDENT LISA D'CRUZ

who is poised, sincere, seemingly unencumbered by pounds of costume jewelry as she gets "go" signal from a CAMERAMAN...

LISA

Thank you, George.

PRODUCERS and CREW watch... we'll cut from the BROADCAST on the monitor to the LIVE filming as needed...

LISA (CONT'D)

If you live in Los Angeles you may have already caught wind of the harrowing tale about a rising fitness star and a vicious, crazed fan. But today she's ready to share her remarkable story with the whole country on her first national interview. Jacqueline, thank you for joining us.

JACQUELINE in the guest seat... calm and measured once again...

JACQUELINE

Thank you, Lisa.

LISA

A month ago you're on the verge of opening a new gym, about to become the face of a major fitness brand, and just weeks before the grand opening... you're attacked. Take us back there.

JACQUELINE

It's difficult for me...

LISA

I'm sure. Maybe you can try to--

JACQUELINE

Our new state of the art facility was set to open and a client I'd trained briefly requested a tour.

LISA

But he wasn't just any client, was he?

JACQUELINE

Later the police would tell me that his apartment was littered with... drawings... of me. Fantasies.

LISA

So you invite him, and?

JACQUELINE

He attacks me.

LISA

And there's no one to help. No alarms. No security cameras.

JACQUELINE

We learned later that he disabled the cameras before entering.

LISA

In that moment, what went through your mind?

JACQUELINE

All the things any normal person would feel. Doubt. Fear. Panic.

LISA

But you did something many 'normal' people wouldn't, didn't you? You decided to fight. And somehow you were able to overpower him.

JACQUELINE

I believe that you should never be powerless. So strength is a priority for myself and my clients. Fitness literally saved my life.

LISA

And not just your life, right?

Lisa cues a PRODUCER... who pushes OLIVIA on stage...

LISA (CONT'D)
Olivia, who I'm told you've
officially adopted--?

JACQUELINE
The papers went through last week.

LISA
--she was right there, witnessing
the entire fight. Thank you for
joining us, Olivia.

OLIVIA
You're welcome, Lisa. I think this
is an important story to share.

Olivia is poised, self-assured... Lisa smiles...

LISA
Well aren't you a confident young
lady? You must get that from
Jacqueline, huh?

OLIVIA
She's a model for women everywhere.

LISA
What does it mean to hear her say
that, Jacqueline?

JACQUELINE
I'm so proud that she understands
how important it is to find what's
special about you -- even the
things that you might be scared for
others to know -- and to have the
strength to embrace those things
and show them to the world. That's
what finding yourself, your own
personal brand, is all about.

Jacqueline and Olivia reach for each others hands... a
genuine connection...

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)
I want Olivia, and other young
people who look up to me to realize
that my story is about adversity.
And that for me -- for all of you --
your adversity is your advantage.

LISA
"Your adversity is your advantage."
That's become a mantra for you.

JACQUELINE

It's scrawled all across my gym.
Which opens today at 7660 Wilshire.

LISA

And I'm told it's also the name of
your new fitness video?

JACQUELINE

Cross-platform interactive wellness
experience.

A PRODUCER signals Lisa it's time to wrap up...

LISA

Before we go: tell us, what's next
for Jacqueline Heath?

JACQUELINE

Spreading self-improvement.

LISA

Oh come on! Give us the details.
Podcast? Clothing line? Reality
show?!

JACQUELINE

Yes. I want to help shape people at
every stage of their lives. On
social and mobile and on TV.

The show's jaunty outro music cuts to SILENCE as Jacqueline
finds camera one...

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

I want to be in their homes.
I want to teach their children.

SMASH TO BLACK

THE END