

**A PICTURE OF US**

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A BOY sits on the floor, packs a hiking bag. A GIRL sits on the bed, looking through a photo album. She wipes tears away.

GIRL

This is a nice picture of you.  
You were such a different person  
back then.

BOY

Yeah, I know. That's why I love  
photos. When you look at a picture,  
it's as though that moment in time  
comes alive within itself. All  
those thoughts, feelings and  
emotions. It's like... a moment  
frozen in time. I guess all our  
memories are just moments frozen  
in time.

GIRL

Yeah, but not all memories are  
worth holding onto, right?

BOY

Maybe.

The girl moves to him, sits beside him on the floor.

GIRL

What about a picture of us?

Their faces move closer together, about to kiss. The boy  
pulls up abruptly.

THROUGH A MONITOR:

The girl has blood trickling from her nose. She looks at  
him, confused.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

CUT! Fucking Jesus...

INT. MOVIE SET (BEDROOM) - DAY

The crew sighs. The DIRECTOR tears off his earphones,  
throws them down, turns to the 1st AD.

DIRECTOR

First she turns up late and now  
this! SOMEONE CLEAN HER UP.

He storms off the set.

The MALE ACTOR shoots the FEMALE ACTRESS a look. He shakes his head in disgust before walking off.

Still confused, the actress puts her hand to her nose. She withdraws her now-bloodstained hand. This is MAYELLEN KELLY, 24, stunningly beautiful.

She takes a deep breath and looks down, allowing her long strawberry-blonde hair to hide her from the realities of her world.

A MAKEUP ARTIST rushes towards her.

Watching from the scrimmages is DIELE PERIERA (24), naturally beautiful and teddy-bear cuddly. Her face falls, she bites her bottom lip. She looks up at May, helpless.

Dielle's snaps out of it, turns, flips open a cell phone. She dials a number.

DIELE

Shit.

Dielle hangs up. A woman in a business suit, MAY'S AGENT, walks by, demanding Dielle's attention. Dielle rolls her eyes and follows her outside.

EXT. STUDIO LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Dielle and May's Agent stand off.

AGENT

How long's she been back on the gear?

DIELE

A few weeks.

AGENT

Why wasn't I told?

DIELE

Because it's none of your business.

AGENT

What? None of -- she IS my business!

DIELE

Look, I'll deal with it. She's just a little unsettled at the moment.

AGENT

Why, what's happened?

DIELLE  
Nothing. Just... Someone's come  
back into her life.

AGENT  
Who?

DIELLE  
(firmer)  
It's none of your business.

AGENT  
Do you realize how fucking hard it  
was for me to get her this role?  
Once this gets around it'll be  
close to impossible to find her  
work! I've got three projects  
lined up for her and I don't want  
her to fuck it up for me!

DIELLE  
She doesn't need any more projects  
just yet. She needs to get her  
life back on track--

AGENT  
How would you know what she needs?

DIELLE  
Because unlike you, I don't just  
see her as a business! You and  
everyone else don't give a shit,  
all you see is a ship slowly sinking  
and you're trying to cash in before  
it goes down. Who you think's  
going to have to pick up the pieces  
at the end of it all? You?

The agent turns and walks away. Dielle takes out her cell  
phone, re-dials. No answer, she hangs up.

INT. LIMO - LATER (MOVING)

May and Dielle sit in the back of a limo.

DIELLE  
May, we need to talk about rehab.

MAY  
Dee... Seriously? Not now. Did  
you get onto Brian?

DIELLE  
Um, nah, I didn't. He's not  
answering.

MAY

Hmm. Are you calling from my phone?

Dielle nods, digs into her handbag, retrieves a cell phone and hands it to May.

MAY (CONT'D)

Try him on yours.

Dielle reaches for her phone, then stops. She looks up at May, caught in two minds.

MAY (CONT'D)

Please?

Dielle reluctantly dials. The phone rings.

DIELLE

If he doesn't answer yours, he's not going to...

BRIAN (O.S.)

(confused)

Hello?

Dielle freezes. Then she hangs up.

DIELLE

No answer.

Dielle's eyes scan over names typed on a sheet of paper.

DIELLE (CONT'D)

Is this all of the guest list?  
It's important you don't get too drunk tonight, okay? Especially with this list. People will be watching--

MAY

Dee... Relax.

DIELLE

Who's looking after Moran? Have we found a sitter?

MAY

It's not like we're not going to be there! Try him one more time.

DIELLE

Just text him, May.

May picks up her cell and starts typing at text message.

INT. ART STUDIO - AFTERNOON

Dark and spacious. Incomplete paintings lean against the otherwise bare walls. In the corner - a lonely easel surrounded only by a few paint tins and dirty brushes.

BRIAN KELLY, 27, sits in front of the nearly-finished, realistic painting of a night sky filled with stars.

He throws the paint brush down, puts his paint-covered hands into his pocket and carefully extracts his mobile.

He sees "Message from May" and puts it back in his pocket.

He picks up the paint brush, looks at the canvas for a moment. Finished? No. He streaks the brush lightly across the canvas, leaving a subtle trail of white paint. A shooting star. It's perfect.

He throws the brush down, gets up, crosses over to a sink.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS GALLERY

A ritzy storefront gallery. More than a dozen paintings hang on the wall, all with very expensive price tags. JULIE, 22, a perky sales assistant, shows an ELDERLY COUPLE a painting. She excuses herself and jogs up the stairs.

INT. ART STUDIO

Brian wipes his hands dry. Julie walks in and closes the door behind her. Instantly, her eyes fall on the giant portrait of the night sky.

JULIE

First day back and there's already customers downstairs asking about you.

BRIAN

Who are they? What are they interested in?

JULIE

Ah, they want a landscape. And they must know you, 'cos they asked about how your holiday was.

Julie gazes at his new painting like it's a real starry sky.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Wish I could afford to take a one year holiday.

BRIAN

Well, with the amount of money I  
pay you...

Brian picks up his wallet and keys and walks towards her.

JULIE

Money's not what I was talking  
about. Some of us have  
responsibilities.

She smiles at Brian as he gently ushers her out the door.  
He takes it in good humor.

BRIAN

I'm going home for the day. Lock  
up, and don't leave before five.

JULIE

Can I leave at quarter to? I need  
to pick up Jamie, and after school  
care closes at five thirty.

BRIAN

Why's he at after school care?  
What's Donny doing?

JULIE

Donny left me, Brian.

BRIAN

Shit... When did this happen?

JULIE

Two months ago.

BRIAN

Are you okay?

(She nods)

What about for money? Alright. As  
soon as these two leave, lock up.

EXT. MAY'S HOLLYWOOD MANSION, DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

A line up of limousines and sports cars waiting to drive  
through the gates.

EXT. BACK YARD, ENTERTAINMENT AREA - LATER

Around a massive pool, complete with a waterfall and Bali  
huts, the PARTY is in full swing. Loud rap music blasts.  
Some guests swim, some dance, some make out in the garden.

May works the room. She glides effortlessly through the  
crowd of guests, flirting, stopping for brief chats, sipping  
drinks. May settles into a conversation, sips a new drink.  
Dielle grabs May, pulls her aside.

DIELLE

How many's that?

MAY

Only a few. Chill, Dee. When was the last time we got drunk together?

May forces her cocktail up to Dielle's mouth. Dielle gently palms it away.

DIELLE

Moran's hiding underneath a table.

MAY

What? Why?

DIELLE

She wants you to tuck her in.

May glances at her watch.

MAY

Okay. He hasn't turned up yet.

DIELLE

I haven't been able to get him.

MAY

Try him again.

DIELLE

May, he's not coming.

May sculls her drink before she stumbles towards the caterers' table.

MAY

Moran. Honey? Come out. Please? For me. Moran? Moran? I know you're under there.

No reply. A few guests glare at May as if she's had too many. May glares back at them until they turn away. She reluctantly drops down on her hands and knees and crawls.

MAY (CONT'D)

Moran, you're in so much trouble, young lady.

May looks up to see Moran's face filled with tears.

MAY (CONT'D)

Awww, what's wrong, baby? What happened?

MORAN

You're acting different! And Brian still hasn't come.

MAY

This is part of Momma's work, baby. See, come here.

May lifts the table cloth and peeks out at the festivities.

MAY (CONT'D)

This is how grown-ups play. None of this is real, Bacha. It's just Mommy's work.

May lets the table cloth drop, they're alone again. May pulls Moran close, rubs her nose back and forth against Moran's. She does it until Moran smiles.

MAY (CONT'D)

This is real.

Moran smiles. May plants a kiss on her cheek.

EXT. STREETS, OUTSIDE MAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A black Hummer pulls up to the curb. Brian sits behind the wheel, composes himself. Nearby, the PAPARAZZI huddle around the front gate, snapping away as guests enter.

INT. MORAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

May tucks Moran into bed, kisses her forehead. Almost asleep, Moran's eyes flicker open.

MORAN

Momma. I love you.

MAY

I love you too, Bacha. Go to sleep now.

MORAN

If Brian comes, can you tell him to wake me up?

May nods, leaves.

EXT. BACK YARD - ENTERTAINMENT AREA - NIGHT

Dielle stands on the fringes by herself. Something catches her eye.

Brian, underdressed for the occasion, sifts his way through the crowd. He charges towards the house with a painting in one hand and a giant fluffy teddy-bear in the other. Dielle follows.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM

Brian stands on a couch, hangs his painting on the wall. It's the shooting star he did earlier.

Dielle enters, stares at Brian as if he's a ghost. Brian steps down from the couch. Then he sees her.

Dielle takes him in, she looks up at the painting. Then back into his eyes, fighting off tears. Brian doesn't know where to look.

BRIAN

What are you doing here?

DIELLE

I'm May's P.A., again.

BRIAN

Since when...?

DIELLE

Nine months now.

BRIAN

How?

DIELLE

I was driving past the Kelly's house and saw a car. So I thought I'd stop and see who it was.

BRIAN

And she convinced you to come back?

Dielle looks down.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

What, everything's forgiven and forgotten? Just like that.

DIELLE

Does that bother you?

BRIAN

That's bullshit. Why you doing this, Dee?

DIELLE

She needs help, Brian. There's a really good unorthodox rehab--

BRIAN

Dee, why are you doing this?

DIELLE

She needs help!

BRIAN

No, Dee. Answer me. Why are YOU here?

DIELLE

Because somewhere beneath all her bullshit is my best friend. The real May. The girl we both love.

BRIAN

That girl's long gone!

DIELLE

We can get her back. Help me, convince her to go to rehab.

BRIAN

She needs to want to go.

DIELLE

This is an unorthodox one, there's a real chance--

BRIAN

It's a waste of time.

DIELLE

Do you know how serious this is?

BRIAN

Serious? It's a big fucking joke! This whole situation's... Where is she?

DIELLE

Upstairs. In Moran's room.

The last line painfully hangs in the air. They hold each other's gaze, stretching the moment out.

INT. BATHROOM

May does a line of cocaine. She lays out another one, snorts it up. She looks up at herself in the mirror, adjusts her nose.

INT. MORAN'S BEDROOM

Brian sits on Moran's bed. He smells her hair, kisses her on the forehead and places the giant teddy bear beside her.

He gently traces the contours of her face with his finger. He softly blows on her eyelids. They flutter open.

Her eyes adjust and she smiles, ear to ear. She throws her arms up around his neck. Brian is a little surprised and taken aback. He nervously cuddles her back.

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