

BRIE LARSON & THE 20,000 ETHER NFT

By

J. Ronald Jenkins

Based on a Myriad of Troll Comments and Other Online
Harassment

2022

INT. GROCERY STORE - LOS ANGELES - DAY

Tabloids feature photos of Brie being loaded into an ambulance as the cover story captioned: "Disaster at Brie's House", "Captain Marvel SLASHED!" and "Who Cut the Cheese?"

INT. UPSCALE HOME IN THE HILLS - KITCHEN - UNDISCLOSED

EMTs pull a lithe, casually-dressed BLONDE from a pool of her own blood. Her boyfriend stares.

KODY (VO)
And to think this all started because
she wouldn't smile.

Deliriously, she smiles at him.

EXT. UPSCALE HOME IN THE HILLS - OUTSIDE - A YEAR LATER

A BRUNETTE friend arrives and hugs the now husky Blonde.

BLONDE
(sobbing)
I think I killed someone.

The Brunette abruptly lets go of her and backs away slowly.

INT. MADAM TUSSAUDS HOUSE OF WAX - LAS VEGAS - LATER THAT DAY

Snorting and gargling ring out. A loogie is spit onto the encasement of Captain Marvel's figure and oozes down.

PARKING GARAGE

ALISON BRIE walks to a Nissan Z and sees the Blonde dozing in back.

AWAY FROM THE CAR

and her sleeping friend, she takes a phone call.

ALISON (BRUNETTE)
Kody. I don't fuck around. We had the
plan in place. The moment she
remembers: information, confirmation,
affirmation, confrontation.

KODY (OS)
What plan?!

ALISON
The plan that's helping you out! Look,
this shit goes back 15 years!

KODY (OS)
Calm down! Besides, the guys can only
get there so fast. Ya gotta kill time.

ALISON
Time is not the only thing I can kill.

INT. NISSAN Z - I-15 - LATER

ALISON driving. Her Blonde friend is now awake.

ALISON
You can't quit instinct.

BLONDE (OS)
And my instinct is acting, right?

ALISON
Documentaries often go unwatched and
reality shows quickly get cancelled-

BLONDE (OS)
Along with the relationship featured.

ALISON
..because they involve actors trying
to be themselves - a total trainwreck.

BLONDE (OS)
I was myself when I was on talk shows.

ALISON
More like pitchman for the project.

BLONDE (OS)
Craig Ferguson's show was different.

ALISON
And Craig Ferguson ain't on TV no
more. The acting life is nonstop
performance. Sacrifices are thrust
onto you from youth for an elegant
veneer that taxes the psyche.

BLONDE (OS)
What philosopher are you quoting?

ALISON
Kody. I said I'd look out for him.
He's outta rehab, really doing better
this time. He wants his scripts back.

BLONDE
Back from who?

ALISON
(under her breath)
Precisely.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LAS VEGAS - UNSPECIFIED DAY

They park, exit and march towards a motel under renovation.

KODY (VO)
One taught me how to demand fairness.
The other taught me how to deal with
unfairness. The latter of those
lessons is more important. I wish I
knew that a long time ago.

UPSTAIRS

At a door, Alison rings.

ALISON
Pull no punches and finish the job.

A slender thirty-something BLERD (Black nerd) answers. The
husky Blonde darts in and tackles him. Alison leans in the
doorway, smirking at the one-sided melee.

INT. STAGE - BANQUET HALL - NIGHT, 2023

A spotlight splashes a tuxedoed SPEAKER holding a trophy and
a sophisticated crowd's attention.

STAGE RIGHT

A sleek leg peaks through a slit in a ritzy gown as the
Blonde stares at two geeky foreign TEENS in Marvel t-shirts.

SPEAKER (OS)
.. let's do it again real soon.

BLONDE
Nice shirt.

The Speaker exits to applause and meets with BRIE LARSON
talking to the Teens. Their English is rough.

TEEN #1
Grazie. Thank you!

She sees Captain Marvel on this kid's shirt.

BRIE (BLONDE)
 (pointing on shirt)
 I like this chick. Want her autograph?

She scribbles with a felt pen onto his sleeve.

SPEAKER
 (to Brie)
 Babe, we did it!

BRIE
 (to the Speaker)
 Did what? Oh! You won! Congrats.

SPEAKER
 You missed my speech?

TEEN #1
 (to Brie)
 Your hand's writing is nice, but
 you're no draw-er?

BRIE
 No. I am Captain Marvel. From the
 movies, or movie if you just saw one.

The other Teen points to characters on his shirt.

TEEN #2
 Is.. you?

BRIE
 Ms. Marvel. Close, but no Captain.

TEEN #2
 Is you?

BRIE
 That's Yelena Belova.

He points again.

BRIE
 Jane Foster? Do I look like I have
 cancer?

One nods "yes".

SPEAKER
 Maybe you kids would like a selfie.

TEEN #1
 Yea! Selfie, of course!

They pose and snap as Brie gives an awkwardly phony smile.

SPEAKER

There ya go! The Indie Comic Arts
Convention is tomorrow in this place.

TEEN #2

Grazie! Get well, Ms. Marvel! Ciao!

BRIE

Captain!

INT. UNDISCLOSED - SAME

An Asian man (late 20s) meets the Blerd and hands him a USB.

KODY

I wanna see how committed she is to
the unfairness lesson.

BLERD

How well does she know you?

KODY

Not much. She doesn't care to. I spy
on her, but I can't facilitate any
interest.

BLERD

But they meet regularly? I mean
they're friends, right?

KODY

They've got a Goku-Vegeta dynamic-

BLERD

Alison is the Vegeta.

KODY

She called it! They cross paths.

INT. PRIVATE JET - LATER THAT NIGHT

Biff ogles his trophy. Brie watches his speech on her phone.

BRIE

Forgetting someone?

SPEAKER

Ahem, low profile?

BRIE

Biff, we're Instagram official as of

two years ago.

 BIFF (SPEAKER)
Yours or mine?

 BRIE
Does it matter?

 BIFF
People think I use you. You're a big deal.

 BRIE
Those kids walked by me at first and didn't really recognize me later.

 BIFF
Or you were on your phone and they didn't wanna bother you.

 BRIE
How sad is it that comic geeks can't tell Captain Marvel from Adam?

 BIFF
From.. Atom Eve?

 BRIE
No. "From Adam"!

 BIFF
Black Adam?

She sighs. Her phone vibrates. She answers.

 BRIE
At least the trolls know me.

INT. UNDISCLOSED - SAME

 KODY
Selling scripts during a strike is like treason. Brie knew she could skirt the backlash as a singer.

 BLERD
She did you a favor? I know those types. Still coulda gave you credit.

 KODY
Writing for a music video? Credit from that couldn't buy a Pepsi. "Kota Isuzu" never popped up anywhere

relevant.

BLERD

At least you're cool with
Schmerhorn.

KODY

I thought only I called her that!

INT. BIFF'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

A pajamaed Biff and Brie partake in their nighttime routine.

BRIE

They care enough to critique my work,
I should see theirs.

BIFF

Lifeless coward misogynists don't care
about you.

BRIE

In a weird way, they do.

BIFF

Like armpit fetishists? Conspiracy
nuts who think you're a robot? Can't
forget those adult baby diaper lovers.
Those are not fans.

BRIE

That's another issue: fandoms.
Taylor's got Swifties, BTS has an
army, Beyonce is Queen Bey-

BIFF

Music's diff- Oh, you did do music!

BRIE

People don't fight for me. I shouldn't
have to shutdown trolls, say that I'm
not triggered, then explain how I'm
not walking back earlier statements
only to deal with blowback from each
ensuing interview-

BIFF

You don't need external validation.
You.. are enough.

BRIE

(sarcastically)
You're right. I don't even need you..

(licks and wiggles her fingers)
since I have these.

She peels back the covers and digs her hand down underneath.

BIFF
(interrupting)
Okay, there is some need for others.
But you're special. You moved a
billion dollars in one project-

BRIE
A thousand.. million!

BIFF
And the Oscar.

BRIE
Best Lead Actress!

BIFF
Best Lead Actress.

BRIE
It's not about accolades. Michael
Jordan has six titles: more than Bird,
or Magic. Then there's Robert Horry.
He has seven! But why be Horry when
you can be his Airness?

BIFF
How you know so much about basketball?

BRIE
I was playing NBA JAM on set of
Captain Marvel. Clark Gregg was like,
"MJ's not in this game". I was like
"prove it". Anyway, I was the Bulls,
he was the Rockets and he said that
guy's got more rings than Jordan.

Her phone vibrates. Biff reads it.

BIFF
Speaking of court-

INT. ARBITRATION ROOM - LOS ANGELES - DAY

A stout bespectacled middle aged ATTORNEY reads a notepad.
He's flanked by a familiar lanky, sharp-dressed BLERD. Kody
rounds out the defense.

ATTORNEY
My client, the Tessaract Syndicate,
has offered the plaintiff
opportunities to assume the rights and

privileges of the token's ownership.
 Technological attributes allow for
 collections, which this property is...

Brie, her AGENT, her agency's LAWYER and an ARBITRATOR
 whisper amid the legalese.

BRIE

They're not all lawyers. I know him
 (pointing at Handsome guy)
 from Chippen- Nevermind.

ARBITRATOR

He is. I can't judge. I stripped my
 way through college.

AGENT

Their dream team is a wet dream.

LAWYER

Any idea how this NFT was made?

INT. HOSPITAL - DURING 2023 ACTOR'S STRIKE

Brie in Captain Marvel attire hands a familiar USB to a sick
 FAN. The Fan rises and smiles.

BRIE

So, this is what you were waiting for?

INT. ARBITRATION ROOM - LOS ANGELES

BRIE

No clue.

Brie's Lawyer nods and cuts off the defense Attorney.

LAWYER

Spare the drivel. We get it - you
 passed the bar. As did I, eventually.
 We're not here for a share. My client
 is everything the NFT alludes to. All
 that she is belongs to her. All that
 she does belongs to the studios-

Her Agent clears her throat.

LAWYER

After their cut.. and market revenues.

ATTORNEY

Y'all really wanna lose it all?

Brie's team laughs. Then Brie awkwardly laughs.

BRIE

Funny. What are we laughing at?

LAWYER

Small time representation. It's time to hand the bastard his open asshole on a silver platter.

AGENT

Ray, I just had lunch.

RAY (LAWYER)

This late?

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

On the stand, Brie stares at Attorney #2, the Blerd, cross examines. He stares right back, leaning on the stand.

STENOGRAPHER

Defense: "Is your name Brie Larson"?
Plaintiff answers: "Yeah." Defense:
"Once again: Is your name Brie
Larson?" Plaintiff: "It is. You want
an autograph?"

BLERD

Hilarious. I would like to remind you that you are under oath.

BRIE

(beat)

Oh shit! Blonde moment. Actually, it's not. It's not Brie Larson. Sorry guys!

BLERD

What is it?

BRIE

Dude, we're like majoring in the minor here. Brianne.. long for Brie. S., for (mispronounced) Sidonie.

BLERD

(phonetically correct)

Sidonie.

BRIE

Oh! Last name (mispronounced)

Desaulniers. I'm butchering that too?

BLERD

In regards to likeness, did you wake up like this?

BRIE

Of course not. Makeup, hair, this bra, my contacts. I'm a whole 'nother person. That's the goal of acting, you have to be different from yours-

Ray from his table waves for her to stop.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Ray begins his prosecution.

RAY

Bullying-

ATTORNEY

Objection: Relevance.

JUDGE

Sustained.

RAY

Really?! Quarters? Sidebar? Approach?

Ray and the defense Attorney approach the bench, whispering.

RAY

Elaborate.

JUDGE

Mr. Drescher, have you read the case?

RAY

My client got triggered over some online trolling - don't tell her I said that, it would make her really pissy, which explains why she's triggered- um, strike that.

JUDGE

Ray, stop letting your girlfriend steal your ADD medication. Mr. Herschiser, if you please?

HERSCHISER (ATTORNEY)

Your party filed suit on grounds of copyright infringement.

RAY

That's it?

HERSCHISER

Since you ain't read your documents, you didn't realize that your client is gonna suffer from major consequences seeing that the evidence would show proof of strikebreaking activity. A separate matter. So, even if you win-

Judge giggles.

HERSCHISER

..ya ain't gon' get paid.

INT. SEVENTH FLAG STUDIOS - BOARDROOM - LATER

Brie, Ray and Tori meet with Interim Chairwoman RAVEN Carmichael in her brash minimalist war room overlooking Century City. Raven leers out the window while listening.

BRIE

Streisand effect? What's Barbra Streisand gotta do with me?!

RAY

She's a really good actress-

TORI (AGENT)

Ray?!

RAY

..like Brie is! But, the ramifications of this case is more concerning.

BRIE

How?!

RAY

I'm trying to finish the Wikipedia article about it.

TORI

I can't believe you'd settle to buy back her identity.

RAVEN

Her identity is her business.

BRIE

(to Raven)

No shit - respectfully. Anyway, with

this being my hub, maybe you can find better legal representation?

RAVEN

You've never worked on our projects.

BRIE

I did a Nissan commercial here.

RAVEN

A voiceover before we moved in.

BRIE

Wrong! Offscreen.

RAY

Ladies, if we go-ahead and appeal, we can gag the specifics to protect Brie allowing her uninterrupted work.

TORI

An appeal with you? We've sunk too much cash for you to lose again.

RAY

I don't get paid when I lose.

TORI

So, how do I get my fix if- Nothing.

RAVEN

Your brand is one of empowerment. But buying your digital assets would commodify talent, which spits in the face of the union. Performers are people, not products.

RAY

They're also psychosocial phenomenons.

RAVEN

If I buy your NFT, I own you. Meaning I can give you your right to yourself, or keep it, own your persona and profit off of it into perpetuity.

BRIE

You wouldn't actually do-

RAVEN

Imagine the patriarchy owning and doing anything with a starlet's image.

TORI
Kinky! I mean, gross.

RAVEN
And legal, but a frowned upon show of weakness. The Guild will sink the studio if I even risk it. Any effort on my part would make things worse.

BRIE
This is my fight. Mrs. Carmichael, I am going to fix this, just bear with-

RAVEN
Chairwoman Carmichael! My husband isn't gonna slide back in and take this position from me.

Tori laughs.

INT. WALT DISNEY STUDIOS - LATER

Brie bangs on Bob Iger's door. No answer.

BRIE
Don't make me fly to Florida! Eww. Florida. I am desperate.

INT. UNIVERSAL STUDIOS - SET OF FAST & FURIOUS - LATER

Brie sneaks on set and speaks with producer FELIX Reitzes.

BRIE
Everything's a go? Vin got in shape?

FELIX
Kinda. There's a reason why the budget is triple what it was last time.

BRIE
Damn. We went back in time for that.

FELIX
And we won't go forward for this one.

BRIE
I don't like the way you said "we".

FELIX
Studio heads aren't gonna cast you.

BRIE
Hello? Contract!

FELIX

Null and void the moment you lost.
Legally I can't grant you access here.

BRIE

The case was gag ordered! And if it
was my call I wouldn't have sued.

FELIX

Word got out. You shoulda registered
your stage name to avoid all this.

BRIE

I might be able to change it.

FELIX

We'll get hit by way of your likeness.
Much of the marketing involves your
name and face - it's too costly.

BRIE

I'll get work done. Rollover the
contract and grandfather in the
changes. Really, who predicted this?

VIN Diesel pops up from behind a green screen.

VIN

I did. Why'd you think I took extra
time getting back on set?

BRIE

You were binging ice cream sandwiches
and getting lipo?

VIN

Cute. Real cute.

BRIE

Like those cartoons you voice when the
HGH is in short supply. Stop stealing
roles from Maurice LaMarche. He
deserves better!

VIN

Hilarious. She oughta do comedy.

Vin walks off.

FELIX

No need to take this out on
colleagues! And fatshaming? C'mon.

BRIE

I'm just negging him! Like I'd wanna bang Steven Seagal, Jr. You gotta tell me something other than I'm shit outta luck with work.

FELIX

You're shit outta luck with work. The studios don't wanna pay ransom on top of your earnings. Kid, I'm sorry.

BRIE

20,000 Ether can't be hard to scrounge up. We can salvage this!

FELIX

This Ether stuff is worth around 1200 bucks apiece. It's too risky of an investment for the execs. I barely know where you can get it.

INT. PARALAX AGENCY HQ - LATER

A bored emo SECRETARY sits at a desk, ignoring a mass email. She takes notes to an AUDIOBOOK playing in her ear buds.

AUDIOBOOK (OS)

..in fact, opportunities arise when you least expect them. If you can gauge how you'll react when they happen, you can develop a plan of action. Imagine, what would you do if your hero walked right through the door and needed you to help them? How would you respond?

Secretary sighs and taps her pencil. Brie barges in, head on a swivel. Secretary rips out her earbuds.

BRIE

Ladyface - how are ya? Where's Tori?

SECRETARY

Oh! Umm, wow.. you're Brie Larson!

BRIE

(melancholic laugh)
Long story, sweetheart.

SECRETARY

I have a long story, not too long. I've been inspired to-

BRIE

Beautiful! I need money. Moolah, scratch, yams, duckets, scrilla.. I can't pay for parking. The card went in and - I'm losing my shit here!

DEL (SECRETARY)

That's why I'm here. The name's Del.

BRIE

Great. Listen Bell, if you see Tori, tell her I'm waiting in the garage.

DEL

Yeah, I saw her-

BRIE

Hey, can you spare a 20 for parking? I don't carry small bills and my card is compromised because of the ruling.

Del hesitatingly pulls out her wallet and a \$20 bill.

DEL

I was hoping-

Brie takes the bill and darts off back outside.

BRIE

Thanks, I'll pay you back kid!

Del sits down dejected, reinserts her earbuds, and lays her head on the desk. Beside her is a Captain Marvel poster.

AUDIOBOOK (OS)

..and don't blow it because the likelihood is you'll be left thinking of this poisonous axiom-

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - MIDTOWN LA - EVENING

ZANE

..never meet your heroes, girly. Spoiler: they become villains.

DEL

She wasn't villainous; she was in distress. She took my gas money!

ZANE

She's probably on coke.
(beat)
She earned it.

INT. PARALAX AGENCY HQ - THE NEXT DAY

Del - more focused and suited - neatens her workspace. She gazes into her phone, at a photo of her and the Blerd.

INT. APARTMENT - TEXAS - ABOUT A YEAR BEFORE

Del livestreams while speedrunning Marvel's The Avengers.

DEL

Guys, I've blown the fuck outta my PB.

BEDROOM

JR vlogs himself.

JR (BLERD)

Folks, we're about to go viral!

He exits the bedroom, races past Del and yanks her game's power cord at the last second. She screams morbidly.

JR

We need to talk.

DEL

JR?! What the actual fuck?

JR

You went out with Jeremiah but blew me off from our date?

DEL

It was a convention and he needed to keep a stalker at bay!

JR

Oldest trick in the book. Still don't explain what you did for Jermaine.

DEL

The massage? Dude has a bad back!

JR

And a foot fetish.

DEL

I didn't know, and you shoulda told me before I walked on him barefoot.

JR

I didn't think you'd volunteer, since you never offer to rub my shoulders

whenever I mention how tense I am.

DEL
You never asked.

JR
I shouldn't have to.

DEL
Am I your employee or your girlfriend?

JR
Are you qualified at either?

INT. PARALAX AGENCY HQ - DAY

Del's reminiscing ends with Tori barking orders for Brie.

TORI
Print the following items, please! Try
to keep them in order as read:
passport, frequent flyer's card, IRS
forms, pass to Chippendales-

BRIE
Thunder Down Under.

DEL
Some of this isn't legal, I think.

TORI
She's new.

BRIE
I need Aussie asses in my face!

TORI
Also, get copies of her car insurance,
in case Nissan tries something funny.

Tori turns to leave with Brie.

DEL
Hey, what about that twenty?

BRIE
Shit. The money! Okay, I need ether.

INT. PERFORMANCE ARTISTS GUILD HQ - SAME

A union REP and his ASSISTANT meet Brie, Tori and Ray.

RAY

Studios are too chickenshit to be trusted. They've compromised the sanctity of every performer in town.

REP

As expected. What do you want from me?

RAY

A committee meeting, a walkout, maybe some picketing. Hey, those topless chick protestors are always fun.

REP

For one actress?

RAY

She is a billion dollar actress.

REP

The industry moved 100 billion during a plague while she took the year off. Yet you want us to shut it all down again because she was doxed in a not-so-humiliating fashion?

RAY

Hmm, when you put it like that-

BRIE

Ray!

TORI

(staring a hole into Ray)
Stay focused!

RAY

(to Tori)
Focused? You ate all my Adderall.

TORI

(to Ray)
No, I had the greenish yellow-
(to Rep)
Mr. Bohannon. A man of your status has a multitude of resources at your disposal. Perhaps a call to-

BOHANNON (REP)

Adam Schiff isn't granting me more CIA kills. They'd come in handy about now.

INT. PARALAX AGENCY HQ - LATER

Del hands items to Tori. Brie passes them for the elevator.

DEL
Passport.

TORI
Perfect!
(to Brie)
I recommend Aruba this time of year.

DEL
Her frequent flyer's card.

TORI
..on United! I would've settled for Spirit, but spare no expense.

DEL
Thunder Down Under AND Chippendales.
I'm working on a Magic City card.

TORI
I am so jealous.

DEL
And ether.

BRIE
Oh my god - you got it?!

Brie approaches Del who presents a jar of diethyl ether.

DEL
My roommate was talking about drugs. I was like, "Brie's straight edge!" But this? I never heard of anyone huffing ether, but I still got it, which makes me an enabler. So, as a fan--

Brie struggles dispose the bottle, then rebags it, stomps it flat and chucks it in.

TORI
Mazel Tov!

BRIE
(grabbing Del)
Why are you teasing me? I need ether money! Crypto! Maybe some dogecoin.

DEL

Wow, you're touching me! Why dogecoin?

BRIE

Shibas are cute, like fluffy,
poundcake wolves.

DEL

No, you're thinking of chows.

TORI

(to Brie)

Just relax. Think of chow-shiba mixed
puppies, and breathe.

Fumes from the vapor escape. The ladies get woozy.

DEL

Or not. That bottle had a warning to-

They all drop in unison.

EXT. PARALAX AGENCY - LATER

Brie, Tori and Del among other occupants watch Hazmat clean.

BRIE

I really lost it in there.

DEL

You've been through the ringer lately.
I was hoping to help and not intrude.

BRIE

No, Kel - I meant my Thunder Down
Under pass. I left it inside.

TORI

Think that's bad? I left my shrooms.

Tori and Del seek the shrooms. Brie's phone dings. She reads
a text: "Sry for taking u2 cleaners.. We can play ball unless
you wanna lose your shirt again. Black Mustang in the Hills"

EXT. EMPTY HILLSIDE - LAUREL CANYON - EVENING

JR leans on his rental, a black Mustang. Brie pulls up and
parks on the shoulder. She gets out and storms up to him.

BRIE

Where the fuck you get off stealing my
identity and asking me to play ball?!

JR
What identity?

BRIE
Mine, asshole.

JR
For the record, it ain't yours. And
it's the image and likeness for sale.

BRIE
Don't talk to me like that! You're no
lawyer and this isn't court!

JR
But it is a marketplace. I'll cut you
a discount if you stop bullying me.

BRIE
Bullying you?! You got jokes. You
wanna launch a career off of my back?
Motherfucker, do you know who I am?!

JR
Do you?

BRIE
Brie fuckin' Larson! Oscar-winner,
billion dollars in one go, fast, lean
and frightening. Total package.

JR
Don't tell me. Tell them.
(points to the skyline)
They forgot. That's why I'm selling
Brie Larson for 20000 ether. They're
locking you out. I'm nobody. You were
their everything.

BRIE
Were?!

JR
Not your fault, or mine for that
matter. Anonymity's good for a star
with a low-profile, and an introvert,
like me. We got so much in common.

BRIE
The fuck you say.

JR
Hot, savvy millennials in their prime,

in killer shape, a touch of foot fungus, same rank on the progressive stack, and we're learning guitar.

BRIE
Guitar proficient. And you're just-
Who the fuck are you, anyway?!

JR
RiRi Williams.
(beat)
Invincible Ironman #8. Riri was
desperate for adversity to overcome in
her hero's journey. You'd be a perfect
adversary.

BRIE
What the fuck are you talking about?

JR
Wow, you really don't know comics.
When you went after White dudes they
got mobilized, empowered by the fact
that they live rent free in that big
ass head of yours. For equity's sake,
you owe me that real estate.

BRIE
Hold on. That's what this is about?
All this for a 5 year grudge?!

JR
And how long have you hated Trump?
Anyhoo, A Wrinkle in Time did not
fail. Disney got greedy. Defending art
only presumes its futility, i.e., you
made it fail. You owe Ava an apology.

BRIE
Get the fuck outta my face, outta my
town and outta my head!

JR
Nice try, John Malkovich.

She flips him off and heads for her car. He waves. She flips
him off again through her window.

INT. BRIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Brie stews. Her phone chimes. JR's text: "Word on the street
says you're appealing. Great! The price is now 25000 ether."

Another text: "But I do feel bad for programming your voice to make racist rants among other lewd acts. So, 24,999?"

BRIE

He is one innovative motherfucker.

INT. BRIE'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Brie jams on her guitar. The door opens as Biff enters.

BIFF

A familiar riff - stressed AF chords.
How did it go with the union babe?

She palm mutes and removes the strap.

BRIE

They were less helpful, like they didn't care. Maybe they never did.
It's over. All my work's gone.

BIFF

At this point, we can-

BRIE

Don't. Just, don't. This troll is the least of my problems.

BIFF

I'm gonna pay these guys a visit-

BRIE

They. Don't. Care! I tried making sense of this and I realize, in music, when I obsessed about the art, my career went nowhere. I got ahead if I did what the bigwigs did: give no fucks. I don't like that. I don't do apathy. I don't like careless people.

She takes the guitar by the neck and smashes the axe.

BIFF

You are so not gonna like the present I ordered for your birthday.

She groans and stammers back into the house.

ACT II

INT. APARTMENT - TEXAS - ABOUT A MONTH LATER

The in-absentia defendants, The Tesseract Syndicate, convene.

Three members, known as the Jeremys, scowl at JR. They include: JEREMIAH - prepper-type Brit; JERMAINE - hood-centric White prep; and the GERMAN - a Black Army Brat.

JR

I don't know why the fuck y'all staring. It's impolite.

JERMAINE

To be fair, you started it.

JR

Because you got that goofy ass looking grille in your mouth, fool.

JERMAINE

Man, it's my ice. I gotta stay fresh.

JEREMIAH

The color's fading.

JERMAINE

It's not; The diamonds are fake, but platinum don't fade.

JEREMIAH

No the red from the blood staining it.

Jermaine removes his bloody grille and licks his gums.

GERMAN

There's Orajel behind the mirror.

Jermaine heads for the bathroom.

GERMAN

As long as we got the NFT, we're staring at a list of real threats.

JR

Dude, we won. Ain't no threats unless we make them.

JEREMIAH

So, why did you call the lawyer again?

GERMAN

It's not cheap to file suit.

JR

Strategy. Hollywood's a goldmine.
20,000 ether is nothing to them.

JEREMIAH

Not to us. Add the 5 grand you spent
on the trip, this win isn't so big. If
we sell to the Prague trader, we split
5 million.

JR

You ain't thinking big. Brie's team
could buy the damn thing outright and
let us spend ourselves back to the
poor house, except with shiny crap
cutting up all of our mouths.

JERMAINE (OS)

I heard that!

GERMAN

Globalist megalomaniacal oligarchs
don't play games.

JR

On Wall Street alone, they make
billions playing make-believe. I'm
sure the showbiz barons would like to
be entertained for once.

GERMAN

Between hacks, leaks, system crashes,
market crashes - it's too risky.

JEREMIAH

And none of that's the worst. They
could have us killed.

Jermaine re-enters from the bathroom.

JR

You say that about everything.

GERMAN

It's true, you do.

JEREMIAH

Remember, how we got swatted?

JERMAINE

Oh that. I was in debt to some narcos.
Next thing, the feds roll up, blitz
the fuckers, then give us a talking
to. The viewers loved that story.
Three of the best shows we made.

GERMAN

You fought Hollywood twice and lost.
Now you got a lawsuit win under your
belt. That's as good as it gets. Sell
before they break us.

JR

They will break first, and that'll be
the moment they realize there's
something more valuable than money.

JEREMIAH

You think you can break them?

JR

By using their best weapon against em.

INT. BRIE'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

Brie does yoga. Biff calls a COUGAR of a woman. INTERCUT

BIFF

I appreciate the help you're offering.
It'll make a huge difference, Mrs.-

BB (COUGAR)

Call me BB, darling.

BIFF

Whatever you like, BB! How's the
weather up there this time of year?

BB

The kinda weather where the ranch
hands'll keep their shirts on all day.
If you are a welterweight or lesser,
keep a coat on ya. If your lady friend
is like me during the dust bowl, a
petticoat with a apron over her gown.

BIFF

She's a little too new age for that.

EXT. BRIE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - SAME

Biff, with script in hand, lovetaps Brie in downward dog.

BIFF
I've got it!

BRIE
(breaking her pose)
You got another thing coming if you interrupt my destressing session.

BIFF
What's to stress about?

BRIE
I haven't worked in six weeks!

BIFF
Exactly.

BRIE
Well, I sang karaoke three weeks ago.
It's on my imDb.

BIFF
You'd post that but you won't skim a script that's right up your alley?

BRIE
(sarcastic)
Oh, save me, Mr. Director boyfriend!

BIFF
Okay. There's a woman named Brie Larson living in Aberdeen, South Dakota. If she testifies that "Brie Larson" isn't a fictitious label legally up for grabs, but a real person's name, then you'd be clear to acquire the token and resume work.

BRIE
An appeal?

BIFF
If she can't testify maybe she can sign her identity rights to you.

BRIE
I got a text about making an appeal.

BIFF
What did Ray say?

BRIE
Actually it was a guy from the other

party who wants me to "play ball".

 BIFF
You won't be seeing him.

 BRIE
..Again.
 (beat)
I thought I could take him. I f not I
could get a baseball bat or a golf
club to beat the shit outta him-

Biff is stunned frozen with his mouth agape.

 BRIE
Ya never saw Casino?!
 (beat)
I'm gonna check the mail.

FRONT YARD BY MAILBOX

She pulls out a few letters, one from the IRS.

 BRIE
Motherfucker!

KITCHEN

Brie sat stonefaced as her bae finished reading the document.

 BIFF
Because of the ruling, your attempt to
shelter your assets is on hold since
Uncle Sam wants to-

 BRIE
Eat me alive! I'm headed to the pen.
They're gonna sue me, make me settle
and still serve time. I can already
see my name, misspelled in the photo-

 BIFF
There's no need to worry-

 BRIE
Wait! A misspelled name? An extra 'S'
and I should be free and clear right?

Biff laughs. She shoots him a confused look.

EXT. "MS. LARSSON'S" HOUSE - SANTA CLARITA - LATER

Inside a cozy home, a mom - early 40s - answers the

FRONT DOOR

BRIE
Hi. Are you Brie Larsson?

MS. LARSSON
I.. was.

EXT. BRIE'S CAR - AROUND THE CORNER - 10 MINUTES LATER

They sit in the Z, parked at a park.

MS. LARSSON
I was gonna get around to tell your
agent once I found some contact info.

BRIE
You did porn? Big deal.

MS. LARSSON
It kinda is. I can't let my kids find
out. Or my church. Or the PTO.

BRIE
Quite the involved parent for a porn
star.

MS. LARSSON
Ex-porn star.

BRIE
Ex. Yes.. as in triple X.

MS. LARSSON
I had to join the PTO because I teach.

BRIE
What the fuck?! Okay, not my problem.

MS. LARSSON
You came out here for a reason.

BRIE
I have a few issues with my identity
being gifted against my will.

MS. LARSSON
Shit. How much do you want?

BRIE
You teach. You don't make money.

MS LARSSON
 Earn. We don't earn money.
 (beat)
 I teach grammar.

BRIE
 Stop busting balls - that's your old
 job. I just want a name. I'll settle
 for the version you didn't use.

MS. LARSSON
 Well, here's a list of them.

Brie gapes at the list of aliases on "Ms. Larsson's" phone:
 "Brie Larsson, Bree Larson, Bree Larsson, Brie Larsin, Brie
 Larsyn, Breigh Larson, Brie Larsen, Bree Larsen.."

INT. BRIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - EVENING

Brie watches "Bree Larsson" in Faptain Marvel.

BIFF
 Grammar? Explains her spelling range.

BRIE
 Everyone's fucking me over.

BIFF
 You're not alone. Mariah Carey has to
 deal with Mary Carey, or more like the
 other way around.

A loud monstrous sound bursts from the video.

BRIE
 Wow. Her vagina is a flerken.

BIFF
 Why would her- Oh! It's a pussy joke!
 It's clever. I guess it's why she kept
 saying Gooch, instead of Goose.

She swipes the remote back and switches the channel.

BRIE
 Goddammit! I gotta change my name
 before you ride across the valley to
 bang Mrs. Abernathy.

BIFF
 I wouldn't- Abernathy? Really?

BRIE

She's a total supermom now. I actually envy her. Teacher.. mom.. wife.

Biff shows intrigue.

INT. COUNTY HALL - MARRIAGE LICENSE OFFICE

Brie and Biff await their turn in line.

BRIE

"Brie Larson-Couk" sounds like I fry bacon at a grease trap, but it'll do.

BIFF

No. "Brie Couk" says fine dining.

BRIE

..if I knew how to cook cheese. I need "Brie" and "Larson" back-to-back! Hey, you wanna take my name?

BIFF

Biff Larson?

BRIE

Not Larson. My actual last name.

BIFF

This is about yours, not mine. And fuck no! I'm a feminist, but.. shit.

BRIE

You don't like my real name or do you just not know how to pronounce it?

BIFF

You don't know how to pronounce it.

BRIE

I don't speak French.

BIFF

Me neither! You should ask your folks.

BRIE

Is missing a daughter's wedding one of those things families freak out about?

BIFF

I thought you told your mom at least.

BRIE

How? "Hey Ma, drop everything, book a redeye to Santa Monica to watch me and a fuckboy sign some paperwork"?

BIFF

Paperwork? It comes with a honeymoon.

BRIE

Paris?

(beat)

Vegas, Texas, France. It's all good.

BIFF

At least I dressed appropriately.

BRIE

I can't wear white today, of all days. Fourth time in two years. Fuck this!

BIFF

Babe, I know we have problems-

BRIE

No, we don't problems. I have problems. Some wedding. No family, no plans - just excuses. Pathetic.

BIFF

It's okay.

BRIE

It's not! This is not me, or how I do things. I'm cheating you out of the real me if I married you now.

BIFF

I'll take any version I can get.

BRIE

And be disappointed?!

BIFF

For you, not in you. That sounded bad.

BRIE

You don't date me to boost your career, so why should I marry you to save mine? I gotta save myself.

An SENIOR couple walk by.

SENIOR WIFE
How cute? Saving herself for marriage.

BRIE
The ship sailed on that a while ago.

SENIOR HUSBAND
Well, hers could never float.

His Wife pops him.

INT. CASA DEL ZANE - THE NEXT MORNING

Del's phone rings. She wakes, stretches and reaches from her sofa after 5 or 6 rings.

DEL
(yawns)
What?

Brie with beads of sweat on her face. INTERCUT with Del.

BRIE
Mel, it's Brie Lars-umm.. actress
formerly known as.. me. It's me!

DEL
(clears throat)
Oh! My, Ms. Lars-uh... Des-all-neyers?
Is this an invitation to go jogging?

We see Brie taking a schvitz.

BRIE
Jogging? PopSugar and their bullshit.
I need documents for a name change.

DEL
Can do. I'm just fighting traff-

Dial tone. Del tosses her phone. Zane awakens beside her in a head-to-foot position on the pullout sofa.

ZANE
"The Devil Wears Prada" the reboot.
Starring you, sweet cheeks!

He taps her cheek with his foot. She grimaces.

INT. PARALAX AGENCY HQ - DAYBREAK

Del prints files as Tori exits a storage closet semi-dressed.

DEL
Good morning, Ms. Pulaski. Did Brie
tell you about the name change?

TORI
(surprised)
Yeah! Which Brie are we talking about?

DEL
Larson.

TORI
Oh! Matter of fact, I'll take these to
her myself.

DEL
She said she'd come to pick these up.
I woke up super early for this!

TORI
Sacrifice, kid! There's lots to learn.

Tori buttons and takes off with the files. Del shuts down the
copier as Ray exits the closet, half-dressed. Del sees him.

RAY
(stunned)
Gas prices! My commute is a bitch
driving home and back, so.. sleepover!

DEL
You were driving a bitch, alright.

EXT. SANTA MONICA - OUTSIDE OF PARALAX OFFICE - NOON

Tori meets Brie and hands over the paperwork.

TORI
Hot off the presses, m'lady.

Brie sees blood specks on a sheet and Tori's nostril.

BRIE
A tip: adderall isn't coke. Don't ask.

TORI
How did the passport interview go?

BRIE
Perfect. Now I just need photos.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - SANTA MONICA - DAY

Brie stands before a store ASSOCIATE setting his camera.

ASSOCIATE

Ms. Heard, if you could take one step back it should remove the shadow.

AMBER (OS)

Stop right there!

AMBER HEARD calmly approaches with sister WHITNEY in tow.

WHITNEY

The audacity!

BRIE

This is humbling. A couple of fans seeking an autograph. Just when I thought I wasn't famous anymore.

AMBER

I'm about to make you famous, bitch!

BRIE

By comparison? Because you haven't made anything worthy of note lately, other than an ass of yourself.

AMBER

And yet you wanna steal my name?

BRIE

I do charity. Unlike you.

AMBER

You wanna get cut?!

BRIE

Bitch, I am cut! Seriously, I am severely dehydrated. I was gonna pick up some Gatorades on sale after this-

WHITNEY

We came to- Gatorade's on sale? Where?

AMBER

I'm here to settle business so I can settle some debt.

BRIE

I can help you pay that restitution.

AMBER

That's the very thing that tipped me off about this bullshit.

WHITNEY

Yeah. We don't need your pity.

BRIE

This ain't got shit to do with you.

AMBER

Don't talk to my sister like that!

BRIE

Fine. I'll say worse.

(to Whitney)

Open an OnlyFans - oh right, you have no fans. Except for vampires who think Emma Watson got bit by one of them.

AMBER

I never bit my sis-

(pulls Brie's face back to her)

Look at me when I'm talking to you, bitch! You got one chance to explain why I shouldn't kick your ass all over this store right now.

BRIE

(beat)

To be honest, I've had a rough go of things. My dog stepped on a bee.

(beat)

Amber chokes Brie. Brie stomps Amber's foot to break the hold and they twist as they struggle. Whitney grabs Brie's wallet from a table and brings it to the

ATM UP FRONT

Whitney punches keys as Amber punches Brie

IN THE AISLES

Brie swings, misses, ends up in a headlock, switches, shoves Amber into a wall but Amber bounces off and kicks Brie.

AMBER

Whit! The fuck are you doing up there?

WHITNEY

Guessing Brie's PIN! What's her birthday?

AMBER
Just look at her ID!

WHITNEY
Oh, yeah. Right!

Brie kips up, blocks two strikes and scorpion kicks Amber into a display. Brie stumbles down a toy aisle and spots action figures. Captain Marvel's costs \$14.99; Mera \$19.99. Brie swaps the tags.

BRIE
Better.

Amber tackles Brie and grabs her by her hair.

AMBER
It's a collector's item! That's why it's worth more.

Amber slaps her. Brie grabs hold of Amber.

BRIE
Because you got fired, dumbass!

Brie sprays her in the eye with bug spray. Amber stammers to the drinks to douse her face. Brie spots Whitney stuck in line at the ATM, and then turns back to Amber who hops in the

FREEZER

and shuts the door behind as Brie slams face-first.

BACK ROOM

Brie looks for Amber who head scissors her into the employee break room, where another associate watches stunned. A microwave dings as it shuts off.

AMBER
Wanna get burned?

Amber grabs the TV dinner inside and gets disappointed by its lukewarm temperature.

AMBER
Dude, use the popcorn setting. That's after you punch holes in the plastic.

Brie sneaks up behind her and shoves the dish into her face.

BRIE
It's hot on the inside!

She drags Amber to the freezer, scraping her face across a frosted wall.

AMBER

You know, this is actually a relief.

Amber lowblows her from behind with her leg, slams Brie against the wall and works her torso with punch after punch.

AMBER

Wow, those abs really are rock hard.

BRIE

That's my spine.

AMBER

(disgusted)

Oh, girl-

Brie surprises Amber with a headbutt and grabs her.

CUT TO

FRONT CHECKSTAND

Whitney tries buying gift cards with Brie's credit card.

ASSOCIATE #3

No Aquaman, but we got Captain Marvel.

WHITNEY

Can I get \$500 on three of those?

IN THE AISLES

Amber's body flies through and shatters a freezer door. Brie walks through, approaches and stands over Amber.

BRIE

That's for the lawyer you fucked over.

Whitney slaps Brie with a frozen pizza, picks up Amber but grabs the store's PA phone.

WHITNEY

(on the PA phone)

Price check on a jackass!

Amber yanks Whitney as they stumble to exit.

WHITNEY

It's a badass line from a movie.

AMBER

No! You stole it from wrestling.

INT. BIFF'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Brie is bandaged and iced on the couch as Biff screams.

BIFF

You got in a fight with Amber Heard?!
How the hell did this happen?

BRIE

Duh: Amber Heard. But I kicked ass.

BIFF

I can't believe it.

BRIE

It's online. "Worldstar!"

BIFF

You are losing your mind.

BRIE

Another guy screamed "Toasty". He
shoulda screamed "Frosty". It's a
convenience store, cops don't
prosecute anything there.

BIFF

Brie-

BRIE

Shoplifting's basically legal, so why
not a fight? Although I totally forgot
the Gatorade. Man, am I parched.

BIFF

(in her face)
Shut the fuck up!

KITCHEN

He sees their pictures as he makes an icepack. He calms down.

BIFF

Babe, I'm sorry-

He turns back and sees Brie standing pants-less.

BRIE
They got wet.. from urine.. mostly.

OUTSIDE

He marches out. She follows, still pants-less.

BRIE
Babe, don't leave. Things are a bit
out of hand, but it's under control.

He gets in to his Corvette.

BIFF
Doesn't look like it.

BRIE
Honestly, it does look kinda bad-
(car cranks)
Biff, come back.

BIFF
I will. It's my house.

He pulls off. Landscapers next-door watch. Brie sees them.

BRIE
You heard him! He'll be back. I'm
irresistible!

The crew resumes working.

BRIE
(throwing and altering her voice)
Nice ass!
(back to her normal voice)
Hey! I'm not a piece of meat, ya know!

She struts sexually, then jolts and limps back inside.

INT. CASA DEL ZANE - THE NEXT WEEK

Del at her makeshift stationary writes a letter to Brie.

MONTAGE OF BRIE NURSING HER WOUNDS, RAY SPILLING COFFEE ON
PAPERWORK, BRIE PLAYING A BRIE V. AMBER FIGHTING GAME, TORI
SNORTING ADDERALL, BRIE DOING YOGA AND DOUBLING OVER IN PAIN.

DEL (VO)
Dear Brie. If words could suffice,
please indulge my message. All
throughout the decade since I became
aware of your existence, you burned a

passionate spirit of lively motivation
and creative zeal into my soul.

DEL (VO)

You've filled me with a bohemian-like
sense of wonder, a thorough
perspective of high aspiration,
profound experiences of strong will
and rugged determination.

DEL (VO)

These gifts among others brought me to
LA. The universe brought me close
enough to gaze upon your visage with
quiet glee and rapture.

DEL (VO)

I'm in pain by empathy and sympathy of
your current struggles and challenges.
My faults intensify the suffering.
Perhaps, I am a harbinger of futility
and hardship.

DEL (VO)

And so, I've made the excruciatingly
tough decision to resign. Hopefully,
Tori's new hire will be the miracle
worker needed. With love, your biggest
fan, Adelaide LaChapelle.

Del signs the second sheet of the letter. Zane scares her
from over her shoulder.

ZANE

Making a will?

INT. PARALAX AGENCY HQ - THE NEXT DAY

Del slips a page under Ms. Pulaski's office door. Tori
appears behind Del and scares her.

TORI

How would you like a raise?

DEL

Holy shit! Twice in a row!

TORI

If you don't want one- Nah, I gotta
bribe you. You saw too much yesterday.
How's an extra 5 an hour sound?

DEL
Dollars?

TORI
Fuck! Okay, 5 extra dollars. You know how to negotiate, kid. And you kept your clothes on during.

They shake hands. Del wipes hers and keeps the second page.

EXT. CEMETARY - ABERDEEN, SOUTH DAKOTA

Simple FOLK adorned in black surround a grave marked "Brie Larson 1927 - 2023". Among them, Biff in expensive garb.

PRIEST
She knew what giving meant. Her fondest memories were from wartime. Restoring our wounded heroes, gave her great wisdom.

Quietly, Brie arrives, also in black. Biff smiles at her.

PRIEST
A soldier asked, what's the use of healing only to be hurt again? Another answered saying "the process of healing is one manifestation of love". "Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter into the joy of your Lord!"

MONTAGE of Brie and Biff chatting with these Folk.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - ABERDEEN TOWN SQUARE - LATER

Biff and Brie break ice over cups of joe.

BIFF
What letter?

BRIE
You humble motherfucker, you. The first few paragraphs were some New Age-y spiel about how I motivate your creative zeal and bohemian wonder.

BIFF
I use phrases like that?

BRIE
And you took blame for my issues. Nice, but very untrue.

BIFF
Really untrue.

BRIE
You, good sir, are in no way
whatsoever a harbinger of futility.

BIFF
I can't imagine claiming to be one.

BRIE
Good, because you never should.
(kiss)
Biff, this coffee wasn't vegan?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - ABERDEEN TOWN SQUARE - LATER

Biff watches entertainment news about Brie who is in the
BATHROOM

BRIE
(in pain)
Almost as bad as Ozempic!

She washes her hands. Her phone chimes. JR: "UR on TV! UR famous again. If u want, I can sue em for this footage."

She calls him. INTERCUT

JR
Bonjour!

BRIE
You sack of liquid queef!

JR
Queef can be liquid or are you under
that much pressure?

BRIE
I'm going to find you and murder you!

BIFF (OS)
Is everything alright in there, Brie?

JR
That's your dude? Were y'all fuckin'?

BRIE
I'm gonna be fucking you real soon.
Ass, face and pussy. I'll carve one on
you and get medieval.

Biff beats on the bathroom door.

BIFF (OS)
Brie, what the hell's going on?!

JR
You need to update your references.

JR records his online show. The other Jeremys laugh.

FULL SCREEN OF JR'S SET: MIC, COMICS SHELF, NERD RELICS, ETC.

JERMAINE (OS)
It's hard not to quote Pulp Fiction.

OUTSIDE HER HOTEL'S BATHROOM DOOR

Brie sidesteps Biff as she leaves.

BRIE
(to JR)
What the fuck's so funny, you hyena?

JR
We're trying to get an exclusive live scoop. You're the talk of the town after the Amber Heard incident.

BIFF
Brie, give me the phone!

BRIE
(to Biff)
Shut up!

JR
The crew's all here! Wanna say hi?!

GERMAN (OS)
Howz it goin', Brie?

JERMAINE (OS)
Hey! What's happennin' wichu, girl?!

JEREMIAH (OS)
Good evening, Miss De-sall-neyers. Is that how you pronounce it?

BRIE
You fucking cunts!

A FOURWAY SPLIT SCREEN WITH EACH OF THE GUYS' SIMILAR SETS.

JEREMIAH

I like her! I really like her now!

Their laughter continues while Brie sees herself on TV.

BRIE

(to Biff)

That's me? They're talking about me.
These guys are on TV talking about me!

BIFF

It's ET! Calm down! Drop the phone!

She grabs the remote, he snatches the phone, hangs up and throws it to the wall. It ricochets to the bed. She dives to it, redials, but Biff dives and grabs her.

BRIE

No, no! Let me talk to 'em! I gotta get some things off my chest.

BIFF

No, you listen! This is what he's doing to you. This is what he wants.

BRIE

Then, I'll give it to him! Let me go!

BIFF

No. He's trolling! You need to control yourself or I'm gonna have to control you, whether you want to or not.

A hotel ATTENDANT enters pumping a shotgun. They freeze.

INT. RAY'S OFFICE - DOWNTOWN LA - DAY

The couple meet with Ray as he paces and massages his brow.

BRIE

This is not what anyone thinks it is.
Biff was helping me.

BIFF

I would never do that. I mean, I would help, and I did, but I wouldn't sexually.. consent was assum-

RAY

Don't finish that thought! People think I say stupid shit. If you smooth things over with the lodge, this'll blow over like it never happe-

BRIE
Because it didn't!

RAY
I believe you. It's my job to. But you
gotta get them to believe too.

BIFF
It's hard to explain trolling and
online harassment to an 80 year old
rural couple and their wanna be
gunslinger 60 year old son.

BRIE
And the resulting emotional breakdown
from that and food poisoning.

RAY
Where in San Diego were you guys?

BIFF
SD - as in South Dakota.

RAY
Shit, I need to start over.

He tosses aside a stack of papers.

EXT. SECLUDED PARKING LOT - DENTON, TEXAS - NIGHTS LATER

The Tesseract Syndicate holds an emergency meeting.

GERMAN
Were any of you followed here?

JERMAINE
At that corner store past the college,
two hawks circled me like I was a hen
or something. Bro, I can't get killed
for grubbing on a corn dog.

GERMAN
Birds don't count.

JEREMIAH
I once saw a stork bum some crisps
from a bodega back in the UK. It
always took the most expensive brand.
So, maybe birds can count.

JR
Minute one: birds.

GERMAN

This meeting is your fault.

JR

Moi?

GERMAN

Yes, you. That charade you pulled on stream is gonna get us deplatformed.

JR

The little charade you damn near pissed your pants laughing at?

GERMAN

Something sus went down. Count me out.

JEREMIAH

We could edit around that segment.

GERMAN

Not good enough. We're taking it down.

JR

I'll post it and pull some revenue.

GERMAN

No way. You'll just put it in that NFT that you still haven't sold.

JERMAINE

Damn bro! Put the shit on layaway.

JR

Bad business. Matter of fact, if I drop the price, the damn thing becomes that much more accessible.. which is why it's now 27500 Ether.

JEREMIAH

You are aware that each price increase raises the listing fee, right?

JR

Worth it! Our lawyer knows how to turn it into a tax write-off. It is art.

GERMAN

I like to troll, but you've gone too far! If she got.. violated, it's over.

JR

If she was, a feminist mob woulda

already put our heads on spikes. Any other issues while we're face to face?

GERMAN

How's Del?

JR

Good. And I'm sure Brie is fine too.

Jeremiah and the German head to their cars and leave.

JERMAINE

Yo, homie. Since I had your back, you can cut me in on the revenue, right?

JR smiles, pats Jermaine's head and leaves. A bird squawks.

INT. PARALAX AGENCY HQ - DAY

Del shuffles paper, spots Biff and makes a bee-line for him. He extends his hand.

BIFF

Hi, I'm Biff.

DEL

Don't fucking - You know what you did.

BIFF

I found out you wrote that letter to her. I thought you'd like to formally meet her since you're a huge fan.

DEL

She read it?

BIFF

She thought I wrote it. I can't take credit for that. You should.

DEL

Well, I can't get her to notice me.

BIFF

She's quiet and busy. She keeps her guard up, but things have chipped away at her armor. I wanna see her shine again and fan support goes a long way.

DEL

She doesn't take time for fans.

BIFF

(whispering)

She visited a dying fan in the hospital, dressed as Captain Marvel and even shared with the girl a director's cut of The Marvels.

DEL

(whispering)

That's the Brie I stan. Why are we whispering?

BIFF

(whispering)

It was against strike rules.

(checks his phone)

Aww, my producers need me in Koreatown. Me and Brie took the Z. I can't leave her without her ride.

DEL

I can drive you. My place is close by.

BIFF

I'll spot you some gas money.

He hands her a \$20 bill. Del smiles.

UPSTAIRS GLASS OFFICE

Brie meets her manager, RENE, who, dressed like a guru, is watering her banzai garden on the terrace.

RENE

The source of your issues comes from a pierced ethereal plane, through which came rains of a relatively new toxin.

BRIE

I'm wading through the sewage of modern bullshit - got it. I got bills and a partner allergic to drama. You gotta give me some real advice!

RENE

First, you must question your frame of mind: What is good and why?

BRIE

Are there any wrong answers?

Rene shakes her head: "no".

BRIE

Pass!

RENE

How is your public relations crew?

BRIE

Hard to say. I've been rotating different freelancers since the Crystal Award.

RENE

What have you done to not make things worse?

BRIE

I haven't committed a mass shooting yet. With a thousand every year, I'm tempted by the FOMO.

RENE

Hard to get notoriety in a crowded field. Trolls are best handled in person. Find this JR guy, humanize him, meet him at his level - no violence, at least keep it far away.

BRIE

He's dodgy; maybe he masks his number.

RENE

Then wait for him to call. In the meantime, it would behoove you to invest in your spiritual health. Come do yoga with me and my goats.

BRIE

That's not my cup of tea.

RENE

You do yoga. Don't you like my goats?

BRIE

They're not the problem, although that one's pissing in your coy pond.

RENE

LeBron! We don't do that in front of company. Stop eating the Bansi, Tom!

Rene tends to the goats on the terrace. Brie leaves.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - "CASA DEL ZANE" - LATER

Del pulls up to her RV with Biff in tow.

DEL
My roommate's real estate.

INSIDE

Zane cleans as the two enter.

DEL
You really shouldn't see this. It's
not like a mansion rented for Cribs.

ZANE
Ha! Cribs. Somebody's old.

Zane turns to see Biff right as he follows Del inside.

ZANE
(horny)
Hello? Who's the guy friend?

DEL
A client's friend. Keep mopping.

BIFF
Man, you put this together yourself?

ZANE
Yeah, I get my sweat on 6 days a week.

DEL
The truck, not your bod, softserve!

BIFF
We can use something like this on set.
Condensing more into each trailer
means one or two fewer. More savings.

Del grabs her letter and a Captain Marvel bracelet.

ZANE
Much of this junk is hers. I'm partial
to the production end. My financial
connections prove it.

BIFF
I'm producing a surfing documentary.

ZANE
Uh-oh, sharks. Cancel it.

BIFF

There aren't any sharks in Salinas..
this time of year.

ZANE

That's what the survivors say, with
their one arm, two years later.

BIFF

How did you know about that interview?

Zane's jaw drops.

BIFF

I'm shitting ya! Dude has no arms.

INT. BIFF'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAYS LATER

Brie's notepad: "Step 1 - contact JR [last name unknown]"

BRIE

Who the fuck is this guy?

She searches "JR Brie Larson sucks". A list of his videos
pop-up. He's often wearing a shirt that reads "FIRE SUSAN".

MONTAGE:

First, JR reviews Captain Marvel. INTERCUT

INT. JR'S STUDIO APARTMENT/STUDIO - VARIOUS

JR

..it was just a cash grab and it's
presentation did little to debunk that
claim. Half the film is about not
knowing your enemy, a strong message
that flew over the producers' heads.

JR

..they accuse half of humanity of hate
because we hold the ladies to the same
standard: a thing called, "equality!"

JR

When corporations shovel millions to
mass produce anything - movies,
comics, games, water, guns, tampons -
then yes, it is for everyone! Burly
biker dude and cute BIPOC girl alike.

She clicks a recent video comparing her to Amber Heard.

JR

She single-handedly ended the MeToo movement. For that alone, Amber gets my respect.

GERMAN

Yeah but, her acting still sucks.

JR

No, it doesn't. She fooled half the world for 5 years. That's the very definition of good acting.

JERMAINE

Well, her feet are nicer but she might kick me. Actually, I'd like that.

She clicks on a video about her.

JR

I was gonna cut her some slack, then came the Barbie movie-

GERMAN

She wasn't in that movie!

JR

No, but the message of the film lines up with what Brie said in 2018. So, in a way, she really did ruin my life.

END MONTAGE

Biff pops up behind Brie and taps her awake.

BIFF

It's 3 AM. I thought you'd be in bed.

BRIE

Same to you. At least I was here.

BIFF

I had work. People need me.

BRIE

Ouch! Throw that in my face, will ya?

He plops Del's Captain Marvel bracelet on the table.

BIFF

Okay. How's that? Del left it, so I may as well return it with a little something extra. She'd appreciate it.

BRIE

You were out this late with a fangirl?

BIFF

Yeah, Del - the secretary at Paralax.
The one with the sexy Mr. T. look.

BRIE

That's kinda redundant. Mr. T is sexy.
(beat)
You don't think so?

BIFF

Look, you wanted people who care: she
cares. Plus, I wasn't gonna bring a
girl home this late at night-

BRIE

Yeah. It is late. At night.

Biff sees JR on the screen.

BIFF

Your troll? Explains the attitude. Why
are you watching that loser?

BRIE

I'm bored, alone, and planning on
meeting him again.

BIFF

No, you're not. We've been over this.
One call from that asshole put you in
a state of rage I've never seen.

BRIE

You've never seen Room?

BIFF

Fuck the Hollywood shit, for once.

BRIE

Look who's talking rage! Hollywood
shit worked well for you. It got you
an award, that Corvette and me!

BIFF

You're not an object. You're a person.

BRIE

Then treat me like one! Let me handle
my problems myself and confront that
fuck nugget myself!

BIFF

Funny how you say that in my house.

Brie closes her laptop and heads to leave. Biff stops her.

BIFF

Please just stay. I don't want you doing anything you might regret.

BRIE

Ok. I won't see him, or leave. Two wins. Or three, since I coulda had you cancelled for the San Diego stuff.

BIFF

You mean South Dakota.

BRIE

Who gives a shit?! You wanna ban me from seeing that JR asshole? Fine! Stop seeing this secretary girl!

BIFF

Brie, I hired her on the set.

BRIE

Then unhire her! She's using you.

BIFF

Well yeah. I'm a Hollywood director.

BRIE

I could use you. Seriously, what does she have that I don't?

INT. MAN OVERBOARD - SANTA BARBARA - (BEGIN FLASHBACK)

Filming for Biff's surfing documentary wrapped 30 minutes before as Del and Biff talk, over a fine seafood meal.

DEL

It's Zane's place. We're not friends, but his friend hooked me up. I needed a place to start fresh.

BIFF

Who's his friend?

DEL

Some kid actor who fell off - the Asian kid from "Radio Free Kody".

BIFF
Which one? Kody?

DEL
The star of the show! The character was a tech genius not a washed up weirdo. My ex is a tech genius but way more unlikeable. And he knows Kody.

BIFF
He does? How?

DEL
He loved the show. He invited him to his podcast just to sing his praises.

BIFF
Fan appreciation is a good thing. I got a soft spot for that show since Brie was on it.

DEL
I've never seen those episodes.

BIFF
She had a three episode guest stint as a popstar: like Envy Adams before Envy Adams, and with more 2000s hair.

DEL
I remember other Brie as a regular cast member. They credited her as Ali Schermerhorn back then.

BIFF
Why did she change it?

DEL
Brie was late to set one day, so Alison stood in for wardrobe. The wardrobe director was a foreign chick who was kinda confused. When she got promoted to director, the name stuck.

BIFF
How'd you know all this?

DEL
My ex. The less about him, the better.

END FLASHBACK

INT. BIFF'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

BRIE
So, did ya fuck her?!

INT. CALABASAS MANSION - LATER THAT WEEK

Brie googles: "signs your boyfriend is cheating" while sitting with EMMA Stone and JENNIFER Lawrence. Their kids play in the background.

Top search result: "#1 You search for 'signs your boyfriend is cheating' on Google." Brie facepalms.

JENNIFER
(to Brie)
..that reminds me. I'm heading to NYC again - late night circuit! If you can babysit, it would be a huge favor.

EMMA
Do some Captain Marvel cosplay. The kids'll love it, like old times.

BRIE
Old times? It's just a few years ago.

JENNIFER
Anything pre-Covid is another era.

EMMA
(to Jennifer)
For real! I had a bad case of tinnitus. Good thing I had very few speaking lines. Color me conspiracist, but that vaccine-

The ladies yammer and ignore Brie as their kids play.

MONTAGE: INTERCUT OF BRIE ON THE COUCH, VISITING WITH ALISON, VISITING RENE IN HER OFFICE, WORKING OUT, AND IN A SAUNA.

ALISON'S HOUSE

Alison rolls her eyes while pounding a drink.

BRIE
Old times.

ALISON
Like when you helped stash Kody's writings during the last strike?

BRIE
I wish it was the old days, even
though I'm not stuck in the past-

ALISON
Are you even listening? The kid's been
in the dumps since then!

BRIE
I've gotta move forward!

ALISON
Then what the hell are you here for?

RENE (VO)
They're boys. All boys are simple.

RENE'S OFFICE

RENE
It's like that first boyfriend you've
ever had: he'd neg you, you'd stare,
awkward kiss happens-

Rene mimics French kissing. Goat bleats.

RENE
Don't get frisky with me! I'm a freak,
but I ain't that freaky.
(mouths out "call me")

GARAGE GYM

Brie spars with her TRAINER as he wears mitts.

TRAINER
Great speed. Popping on every one-
(ducking an extra hook)
Ok! Let's avoid collateral damage.

BRIE
I got insurance.

SAUNA

Brie's phone: "0 messages".

BACK ON THE COUCH IN THE CALABASAS VILLA

Brie scrolls to a photo of herself. She taps it. Sex noises.

JENNIFER
Brie! What the fuck?!

Brie drops her phone. Loud moans continue to blast out.

EMMA

Are you watching porn around our kids?

JENNIFER

What the hell is wrong with you?!

EMMA

Are you, like, not well?

BRIE

No! I am.. un-

(beat)

..not... un.. well-?

JENNIFER

Cut the goddamn video off already!

Brie leaves. She returns to watching the video as she goes.

INT. BIFF'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Brie leers from behind window curtains at Biff and Del.

INTERCUT WITH BIFF AND DEL OUTSIDE

BRIE

(to herself)

Folded arms?! Showing off the gainz!

(ducking as Biff turns and points)

Do not bring her in here! Fire her.

Fire her. Fire her.

Biff turns back to Del. Del laughs.

BRIE

"Hey, homewrecker, lovely weather
we're having today - you're fired!"
How hard is that?!

He turns and jogs inside. Brie bolts for the couch and curls up with a magazine. Biff enters.

BIFF

Spying on us?

BRIE

Hmm- What? You left?

BIFF

Gotta tell Del she's not needed.

BRIE
Or wanted. Taking your sweet time?

BIFF
Yeah, I don't wanna throw off your
busy schedule. But she brought a gift.

He places a fancy, old-fashioned letter-opener on the table.

BRIE
Cute.

BIFF
Like you used to be, Karen.

He pats her head and leaves. Brie frowns.

OUTSIDE

He tells Del with a handshake, hug and forehead kiss.

INT. BRIE'S HOUSE - GARAGE - LATER THAT WEEK

Brie's TRAINER pulls her up from push-ups. She's purple.

TRAINER
Follow instruction. I'm liable for
your well-being.

BRIE
My body, my choice.

TRAINER
Is that your body is collecting in a
puddle in the corner, Alex Mack?

BRIE
You're lucky we're not boxing today.

TRAINER
Same to you. Especially after you
pissed blood during leg lifts.

He hands her free weights for squats. She drops them.

BRIE
Get on me.

He's puzzled.

BRIE
Get on my fucking back!

He straddles his jacked legs wrapped around her tiny waist.

TRAINER
I don't think your ready for this.

BRIE
Count, Yoda.

She descends and rises.

TRAINER
You're shaking and your form is off.

BRIE
What's after one?

She descends and rises repeatedly.

TRAINER
A stroke, since you're clammy as hell.
(hears her joints pop)
And a torn ligament!

BRIE
Let my chiropractor handle that.

TRAINER
No! Stop it!

BRIE
We got 46 more of these, asshole!

TRAINER
That's it. You left me no choice.

He applies a sleeper hold. She fades and falls.

INT. BRIE'S HOUSE - GARAGE - EVENING

She wakes alone, sore, still in sweat-soaked workout gear. She peels her skin off the mat, stands, crumples back down, rises again to a few steps and folds over like the "Fall of Man", landing in the milky puddle in the corner.

BRIE
This isn't sweat.

INT. BRIE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Brie sits in a bubbly tub as Biff dumps bath mix.

BRIE
This isn't the Sesame Street one.

BIFF

Like that's formulated for Rhabdo.

BRIE

Less water, please. You don't want me to drown, do ya?

He shoots an angry, sinister look and leaves.

BEDROOM

A pissed-off Biff lies in bed as Brie crawls in.

BIFF

What am I gonna do with you?

BRIE

Anything. Oh, you're mad. The fun kinda mad? Ugh, just made it worse.

INT. BIFF'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Brie kicks ass in Fortnite. The game abruptly crashes. Isolated, she searches and watches videos about the "glitch".

RYAN (OS)

Remember when I played Brie Larson's character on Fortnite? Well, no more. Servers shutdown access to her character to avoid infringement. Even modders have been blocked from accessing her character...

JEFF (OS)

The unsung hero/heroine/heroin of Marvel, Brie Larson, is gone, leaving Marvel no one to hide behind when they fail. Can Marvel kick the habit and go cold turkey?

GEEKYSPARKLES (OS)

Too bad for her that that's her legacy. She's the chick who deflects misogyny even where it doesn't exist.

KNEON (OS)

The hero Hollywood deserves, but still can't save the day. Sums her up to a tee.

ERIC (OS)

The important stuff impacting society is keeping stars from running their

mouths. With the bread and circuses gone, the elites are scared. Brie's experiencing that fear firsthand now.

Her phone vibrates.

EXT. ROADSIDE STOP - OPEN ROAD - EVENING

JR leans on a Mustang in a loose gravel lot as she arrives.

INSIDE THE DINER

They sit across a booth over appetizers.

BRIE

How's life as a misogynist troll?

JR

Woman-hatred? Hate requires respect-
(Brie fumes)
..when they earn it. Calm down.

BRIE

What series of hoops we gotta jump through to be granted the privilege?

JR

You should know what it is. Then, be patient and listen. After that, have an open-mind to reciprocate the other's behavior on their terms.

BRIE

I ordered a garden salad, but instead I get a word salad of mansplaining.

JR

You asked for it. I read your body language.

BRIE

You must be a speed reader.

JR

No. There wasn't much to read.

BRIE

You asked me to play ball. I refuse. But I'm dying to know: why me?

He sips his drink until it visibly annoys her.

JR
Poor Ms. Desaulniers.
(phonetically correct)

She mouths out his pronunciation of her name.

JR
(interrupting)
I like to fuck with people. It's
cheap, it's fun; it makes life worth
living. Entertainment used to be that.

BRIE
How do I fit into that equation?

JR
You're human in a society with far too
few of them. The more human you are
the better you are for trolling. Your
fame is a bonus since it shields me,
given how you're the privileged one.

BRIE
Total asshole move, bro.

JR
Everything's an asshole move when the
smallest iota of misbehavior puts
someone in the doghouse.

BRIE
This is the part where you teach me
about cancel culture?

She takes a sip.

JR
No, it's where you zone out. At least
you paid some attention. And that
accountability tag that you gaslight
with in response - horseshit! You only
whip it out after we bring this up.

BRIE
It's still an accountability issue.

JR
Y'all are just fragile. You think
you're perfect, so we must be losers.

BRIE
How are you guys winners, then?

JR

We should pose no threat to you perfect people, but here we are: living rent-free in your heads.

BRIE

It's not like we ever attacked you.

JR

Lawsuit aside, a dozen colleagues had their web access dropped by their ISPs, eight were doxed - including me. Four friends lost their jobs-

BRIE

(interrupting)

Good.

JR

..allowing them more time to troll y'all. Two were spat on by PETA, a girl had her puppy dognapped, also numerous rape threats, one involving the dog. Three dudes got SWATted: one guy twice and another lost a toenail, yet still has nicer feet than yours.

BRIE

(beat)

Who hurt you?

INT. MALL FOOD COURT - TEXAS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Del and JR, both in Barbie pink, face each other across a booth over ice cream and a smoothie.

DEL

Yeah, it's a little misandryist, but it's a female-centered IP.

JR

If I'm in the bacon business, then I should be Islamophobic and anti-Semitic in order to hype my customer base, since Muslims and Jews cannot impact my bottom line.

DEL

What?

JR

They don't eat bacon, do they?

DEL
That is different.

JR
How?

DEL
I don't have to explain.

JR
Because you can't or because you're entitled?

DEL
I am an ally! And you're an asshole!

JR
You are what you eat. No, wait I haven't eaten yours yet!

Del slaps the shit outta him.

END FLASHBACK

INT. ROADSIDE STOP - OPEN ROAD

JR finishes his tale as he and Brie finish their meal.

JR
She hurt her hand in the process and had to step away from gaming. I didn't think she'd step away from my empire. Maybe she can get an acting gig.

BRIE
Nothing's promised in this industry. I didn't think I'd be out of work-

JR
..like thousands of good cops due to your guilt, while you made propaganda for the Military-Industrial Complex that kills innocent people every six seconds as opposed to every six weeks.

BRIE
That's not even, that's beyond- Look, I'm just an actress-

JR
Someone who lies for a living, but believes their bullshit is gospel.

BRIE

You do not know how to talk to women!

JR

Maybe women don't know how to listen.
I literally just told you my spouse
abused me - physically assaulted me!
And what do you do? Pivot to your
problems.

BRIE

You're just trying to piss me off.

JR

After baring my soul and treating you
to a complimentary dinner?!
(whistles to waitress)
La fille!

BRIE

No thanks, asshole. I got this.

He pulls cash wad, slapping down \$300. Brie reaches her
clutch, sees a \$20 bill and little else. WAITRESS arrives.

JR

Pay up, socialist!

WAITRESS

Hey! Oh my god! You're Brie Larson-

JR

A would-be dine-and-dasher.

BRIE

I'm paying this girl!

WAITRESS

Is this your boyfriend?

BRIE

Oh, god no!

WAITRESS

He's like a young Sam Jackson.

JR

The path of the righteous man is beset
on all sides by the inequities of the
selfish and the tyranny of evil men.
I'm not selfish or evil so I'm too
high status for her.

WAITRESS

That's not in the Bible either.

JR

Check out the big brain on..

(checks her nametag)

Naomi!

BRIE

You got a pen, Naomi?

NAOMI (WAITRESS)

Sure!

She hands Brie a pen. Brie autographs a receipt. JR takes it.

JR

No, you don't. This autograph is my property. It's been scanned into the NFT, compiled with photos, videos and AI composites of her voice. I own it all. I call the shots.

BRIE

I'm giving her the most valuable thing on this table and that's that!

JR

(to Brie)

Fair enough.

(to Naomi)

It'll cost you \$300.

NAOMI

You're kidding? So, you mean-

JR slides his three hundred dollar bills back to himself.

NAOMI

I pay rent in a couple of days.

JR

Isn't it a wonderful place to live?

NAOMI

I'll take the money!

JR tosses the bills back onto the table.

NAOMI

(to Brie)

Sorry.

BRIE

Don't be. I'll be right back.

Brie leaves, heading for her car in the

PARKING LOT

JR follows.

JR

FYI: I gave the girl your chicken scratch. It beats trashing it.

Naomi waves from the window, smiling with autograph in hand.

BRIE

You have some nerve dangling money in front of people like that!

JR

Is that what you think about when you're on the red carpet draped in diamonds and designer fashion?

BRIE

Those are rentals.

He pulls a package wrapped in thick plastic from his Mustang.

JR

Well, here's something you can keep.

He hands her the package. She struggles to open it.

BRIE

You're in quite the giving mood. Giving people a pain in the ass.

She reaches into her glove compartment for her letter opener.

JR

Good thing you don't have one.

He holds it as she slices the wrapping near his finger. He winces and doubles over.

JR

Son of a bitch! The fuck was that?!

BRIE

Oh my god! Dude. I'm so sorry! It was an accident.

JR

It felt like an axe. It went through my nailbed! Ah, the bone.

BRIE

It's a new letter opener. Oh my god - let me get somebody in there to-

JR

Kiss my boo-boo and make it all better. Holy shit. Look at your face!

(laughing)

An Oscar-winner bought my bullshit. You may as well buy my screenplay.

Pissed off, Brie pants. JR extends his arm and taps her nose.

JR

Boop! Funny. It's not plastic.

BRIE

Neither is this.

She drives the letter opener into his chest and yanks it out. He taps his shirt revealing a stream of blood underneath.

INT. BIFF'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Brie rushes in, turns and sees Biff waiting, arms folded.

BIFF

You saw him again didn't you?

BRIE

Who are you talk-?

BIFF

Guess!

BRIE

President Obama.

He grimaces.

BRIE

Fine. President Trump.

BIFF

You wanna hang with bullies, maybe I'll become one and leak personal info to the tabloids. You seem to respond well to trolling.

BRIE
Alright! I saw him.

BIFF
After I specifically forbid you to.

BRIE
We had a fucking dinner date. Or
"fourthmeal" - I don't know what
hipsters are calling it these days!

BIFF
Give me your phone.

BRIE
You don't own me. We're not married!

BIFF
Because you walked out- Give it here!

BRIE
You don't control me, Biff.

BIFF
You can't even control yourself. Now
give me your goddamn phone!

She pulls her phone and the knife out of her pockets.

BRIE
You want this? You want this so bad?!

BIFF
(horrorified)
Brie.

He backs away from her. She scratches her phone.

BRIE
Shame on you for cutting me off from
the outside world! But hey, no one's
calling!
(stabs phone)
There. Now you can't have it.

BIFF
(concerned)
Oh, Brie. Oh my god. Oh my god!

BRIE
Sure, I can't use it either. But
nobody fucking cares. Except JR - I
matter to him. And I don't know why!

She fades and follows Biff to the
KITCHEN

He runs water and grabs paper towels while phoning 911.

BRIE
Why is the room spinning? A mudslide?

BIFF
(on phone)
..Palisades. She's bleeding out..! No,
it's still in! Get the fuck over here!

BRIE
Shit. My phone. Babe, where's my-

She sees the knife in the phone and her hemorrhaging hand.
The skewered phone records video of her fainting.

ACT III

INT. LIVING ROOM - FRANCO'S HOUSE - NEARLY A YEAR LATER

DAVE FRANCO has a gaming session with Brie. Alison cooks.

BRIE

Boom! Killed that fucker! Ya know what that means? Give it to me!

DAVE

It wasn't official. We didn't shake.

BRIE

No, we fisted. That counts.

DAVE

You got bragging rights-

BRIE

And a hundred bucks.

DAVE

Not on me, right now. I can Venmo.

BRIE

What's your phone number?

ALISON (OS)

Do not give her your phone number!

DAVE

Damn, babe. You jealous or something?

Alison approaches him. Brie leaves.

ALISON

(ominously)

What did you say?

DAVE

Nothing.

Brie reenters with a glass cylinder.

BRIE

How about you give me this bong?

ALISON

Put that down! That's his dick pump!

Alison snatches it from her.

BRIE
Holy shit - I smoked outta that!

DAVE
How'd it taste?

Brie leaves. Alison gets in his face.

ALISON
You're on thin ice, manlet. Bad enough
I gotta babysit her. She is beneath
me. But if I catch you beneath her-

DAVE
At her size, I ought to be on top-

ALISON
Shut up! Rizz her up some more, I'll
give you a handcrafted vasectomy.

KITCHEN

Alison enters. Brie, at the fridge, chugs an entire blender's
worth of cake batter and pats her gut after.

BRIE
Not as good as skinny feels, cuz it
tastes better. Now ya only owe me \$50.

A FEW HOURS LATER

The gaming session continues as Alison bakes, again.

BRIE (OS)
See that shit? Nothing like me.

DAVE (OS)
It's a generic Captain Marvel because
they never signed any of you MCU guys.

BRIE (OS)
Yeah, my agent sucks.

DAVE (OS)
Alison's got the same agent.

BRIE (OS)
Point proven.

Alison, pissed at this, snorts to loogie onto the edibles but
swallows as Biff enters. She chases it down with whiskey.

DAVE (OS)
Nuh uh. She's doing Star Wars.

BRIE (OS)
Speaking of that - Alison, where the fuck are the space cakes?!

ALISON
(to Brie)
This ain't a bakery!
(to Biff)
Or a fuckin' halfway house.

BIFF
She needs human interaction.

ALISON
That's your job!

Alison swigs again.

BIFF
I had prior commitments and she needed to heal. Since you guys are friends-

ALISON
She ate batter I was making for a Food Network show! Get a prescription, and get your bitch some downers.

BIFF
Weed's safer. Pills are more dang-

ALISON
(mocking)
I'm Biff Couk. I'm a scientologist!

BIFF
I just don't want her to OD.

BRIE (OS)
(to Alison)
The weed's for the crook in his neck!

DAVE (OS)
(to Brie)
What happened to his neck?

BRIE (OS)
(to Dave)
He was eating me out.

BIFF
 (to Alison)
 Her stomach gets in the way.

She tosses him a Ziploc bag of weed.

ALISON
 That's all I've got for today.
 (swigs whiskey)
 Go away now.

INT. KITCHEN - BRIE'S HOUSE

Ray packs his paperwork to leave as Biff tries to calm him.

RAY
 She thinks I'm a quitter? The gall!

BIFF
 Well, aren't you quitting?

RAY
 Yeah. Because she's a scab. I can say
 it now that she's not acting anymore.

Rene enters.

RENE
 What makes you say that?

Ray points through the window, to Brie in the pool.

RENE
 Did she get stung by bees?

RAY
 I wish. A settlement like that would
 put my kid in a better law school than
 my alma-mater. Brie, as she is now,
 can avoid likeness infringement
 issues, but residuals from her past
 works would have to be relinquished.

RENE
 Please tell me she's in a fatsuit!

BIFF
 While swimming?

RENE
 Yeah, it's not woke. Very problematic.

BIFF

Not as bad as your fatshaming.

RAY

She'll get better at it. You guys hear a tuba?

OUTSIDE

Traditional Mexican music plays. Brie flaunts her engorged, profusely corpulent, zaftig figure in skimpy two piece as a LABORER from the neighbors' Lawn Crew shows his daughter's gymnastic routine on his phone. Biff and Rene approach.

BRIE

Your four year old landed a hands-free cartwheel? Wow!

LABORER

I know. She's gonna be amazing.

BRIE

No, amigo, she is amazing! I've tried that in the pool and I can't hit it.

RENE

Good god.

(to Laborer)

Is that fresh Bermuda grass clippings?

LABORER

Si, senora.

RENE

My goats would love that. I can't let them eat my banzai. How much is this?

LABORER

That depends. How many other movie stars do you know need lawn care?

RENE

Business savvy - I like you!

Rene and the Laborer wander onto the neighbor's property.

BRIE

(groping Biff)

Speaking of grass, where is that bag?

BIFF

Pot and pools don't mix.

BRIE
 I'm not a kid! I'm a grown ass woman!
 (cannonballs into pool)
 And, you let me drink in here.

BIFF
 You get mad when you gotta skim leaves
 out the water. You can use your bong.

BRIE
 (laughing)
 That was no bong, buddy! Come back.

Biff heads indoors. Brie exits the pool and follows him

INDOORS

jiggling as she saunters to the fridge to grab a beer. She closes it and reveals Emma standing stonefaced.

EMMA
 Hey Brie! You got.. ass implants?

Brie spins around to her friend.

BRIE
 Emily?! These are everywhere implants.

EXT. BRIE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - SAME

Poolside, Brie, still in bikini, stretches out in full splendor, tablet handy, checking emails. Emma sits by her.

EMMA
 You ghosted, so I emailed. I guess
 your phone was-

BRIE
 Destroyed. For the life of me, I can't
 recall how. It had a hole in it.

EMMA
 Weird. I was busy. I kept thinking
 "I'll run into Brie soon," which
 didn't happen. Last time we talked-

BRIE
 Was the porn situation.

Brie pulls a joint out of her top, fires it and takes a drag.

EMMA
 I know I came down hard on ya, but-

BRIE
I wasn't focused. I wasn't myself.

EMMA
You smoke now?

BRIE
This is weed.

EMMA
I know. Can I get a hit?

Brie perks her eyebrows and passes the joint. Emma coughs.

BRIE
Lungs failing ya?

EMMA
No, it's just been a while. With the kid, I don't get to do this as much.

JENNIFER (OS)
(from indoors)
Hey, are you ready yet?!

BRIE
Shit, Jen's been here the whole time?

EMMA
Yeah, I thought this was gonna be a quick chat before the shindig.

Jennifer walks over.

BRIE
What shindig?

EMMA
The one I told Other Brie about. She wasn't going, and neither were you.

JENNIFER
Yeah, for some reason when I texted-
(actually noticing Brie)
Gah-dayum!

Emma drops her jaw and stares at Jen.

JENNIFER
I'll be in the car.
(leaves and returns)
Can I have this? I think I need this.

She takes Brie's joint and leaves.

EXT. CARMICHAEL'S BACKYARD - DAY - LATER

A fancy compound hosts a casual gathering of industry types. A banner above reads "WELCOME HOME STEVE".

Jen and Emma chill under a canopy as Raven and her CEO husband STEVE - veneer-grinned silver fox - handshake both.

STEVE

Great to see you again, Jen. Keep in touch with us. Maybe this decade won't be a total loss for your career, kid.

JENNIFER

(withholding anger)
I'll do that indeed.

Emma grabs him.

EMMA

Mr. Carmichael! It's such a pleasure.

STEVE

America's favorite redhead - Emma Stone. You gotta work on winning those overseas markets. If you dyed your hair brown, that'd be wonderful.

EMMA

Noted. But that directing opportunity-

He turns away, ignoring her, and approaches Brie.

STEVE

As I live and breathe. Rebel - you're back! Classic Rebel Wilson.

(turns to Raven)

See, honey? I knew she wasn't gonna keep it off. Good thing she didn't. We may be able to greenlight that Pitch Perfect spinoff after all.

(to Brie)

How'd you like that Rebel?

BRIE

(Aussie accent)

Umm, yeah. Totally lookin' forward to it, mate! It'd be awesome. Yay!

STEVE

Awesome! Can you handle a pay cut?

BRIE

(Aussie accent)

Oh no! Fewer dollary-dooos is surely gonna put a dingo in my.. trousers.

STEVE

She's funny! She is hilarious. An actress playing hardball. Funny stuff!

He saunters on as Raven shakes her head.

JENNIFER

Am I still high or is Brie actually Rebel Wilson?

BRIE

Just wingin' it. I'm no comedian.

AMY SCHUMER walks up behind them, gives an ambush hug. They're left awkwardly anxious by her suffocating presence.

AMY

How's it going, babes?! My besties in one spot.

JENNIFER

Speak of the devil.

EMMA

Amy, we didn't think you'd be here.

AMY

C'mon. Drinks, dudes in suits, Quaaludes; I had to crash-
(staring at Brie)
Brie?!

Brie waves at Amy.

JENNIFER

Or Rebel, apparently.

AMY

As in, "Larson"?

Amy looks Brie up and down taking in all of her.

BRIE

So, technically since I lost the case-

Amy laughs.

EMMA
 (whispers to Jennifer)
 How is she the one laughing?

AMY
 I'm stunned.

JENNIFER
 Yeah, she's looks stunning.

EMMA
 More like inspiring? Confident?

AMY
 None of that lame ass feelings
 bullshit. This is different.

BRIE
 So, I-

Amy places a finger over Brie's lips.

AMY
 Don't talk. I've never even imagined..
 (staring)
 ..all of this. Gimme some love!

Amy hugs Brie, spins her.

AMY
 (mouthing silently)
 You see this ass?! I'm gonna grab it.

She moves her hands to Brie's shelf ass just as Brie lets go.

BRIE
 Okay. That's a lot of love.

AMY
 A whole lotta juicy, succulent love.

BRIE
 Getting hives from the awkwardness.

JENNIFER
 You wanna wind down with something
 strong, Amy?

AMY
 An eye opener for Brie is on me. We
 gon' get turnt up.

BRIE

Pass! I'm already stoned and buzzed.

AMY

You ain't a lightweight no more.

CENTER PATIO

At the makeshift stage, Steve taps a mic to short feedback.

STEVE

Ladies, gentlemen, zirs: Daddy's home!

Guests applaud.

STEVE

Thank you. And so- thank you. No, no, no. There will be time for that at the end, I promise. Thank you.

He eggs on more applause. His wife, Raven, rolls her eyes.

STEVE

Over the - thank you. Over the winter in a stone mason prison cell, I was captive not only in the physical realm but also in spirit. This realization put me on equal level with the monks locked up beside me...

AT THE LADIES' CANOPY

INTERCUT with Steve's speech from CENTER PATIO

BRIE

Imprisoned? For what?

EMMA

Trespassing in China. He was gonna climb Everest.

AMY

Hey Brie, didn't you climb Everest?

BRIE

(cringing)

Yeah.

AMY

Did you take that fuckboy of yours?

BRIE

He gets vertigo.

AMY

While climbing this mountain?

Amy pats Brie's gut.

JENNIFER

He's more of a spelunker.

Brie pounds the table and shoots her a death stare.

JENNIFER

It's a compliment. I'm so jealous!

STEVE

..with regard to acquisitions. Deep negotiations with Biff Couk to launch his arthouse studio as a boutique arm of our conglomerate has emboldened Seventh Flag in distributing in-depth documentaries and VR releases..

BRIE

What?!

EMMA

Maybe Biff can get me a directing gig.

STEVE

..other options will invite athletes into a plethora of future projects, luring them into investing in us. Currently, Danica Patrick is pursuing an ad campaign with Nissan...

JENNIFER

Brie, don't you do Nissan commercials?

Brie pounds a drink empty. Amy replaces it with a fresh one.

STEVE

..with this in mind, we can leverage our way to reacquiring licenses sold to various NFT "pirates" - for lack of a better word - and the fates of our films' characters and their actors-

BRIE

They're gonna pay those twerps?

STEVE

In closing: we're revving up our engines for supercharged revenue. Our stockholders will be very happy and

only 53 people will lose work this year, by far the best number of the Big 6. So, round of applause for that!

An awkward applause rings out.

INT. CARMICHAEL'S ESTATE - EVENING

The crowd breaks off into circles. Biff awaits Steve. Brie weaves through the crowd. Amy gropes her tit and honks while passing by. Brie grimaces and reaches Biff.

BRIE

Biff? What the hell's going on? You're selling out your passion project. Your freedom is on the line!

BIFF

You're not seeing the whole pic-

STEVE

Biff! How are things? How's Brie?

BIFF

She's right here.

STEVE

Oh, you mean Rebel?

BIFF

Yeah, she's a rebel, sparking my independent streak... Hold on.

She pulls him aside.

BRIE

So much for the studio. You got three projects going. What the fuck?

BIFF

The Salinas Chronicles went through a long post-production since you fired Del. Your "accident" pushed back the Lake Mead documentary and shelved our war movie. We're in the red.

BRIE

You coulda told me. If money was-

BIFF

I'm not taking your money. It's humiliating.

BRIE
Biff, I'm always available-

BIFF
Because you've got nothing going on!
Wanna help? Stop embarrassing me.

He walks off with Steve to continue business.

HALLWAY

Brie bumps into a very pregnant Tori. The two ladies stare.

TORI
I can say the rumors were wrong.

BRIE
They said I gained only 40 pounds?

TORI
No! That you transitioned to a guy
named Brian.

BRIE
Would that have worked to secure my
identity? Damn. Too late.

TORI
All I know is, Other Brie called Ray
when she heard about the NFT thinking
someone stole her identity. Turned out
it was yours. Talk about dodging a
bullet. Anyway, got any cocaine?

BRIE
Tori, you gotta be nine and seven-
eighths of a month preggers!

TORI
You didn't answer the question.

BRIE
No!

TORI
I'm saving for after labor. I'm gonna
melt it down Elvis-style and mainline
right there in delivery.

BRIE
Oh, your doctor's gonna shoot you up
in the delivery room?

TORI

He owes me after botching my tubal ligation. Nine months cold turkey is like 10 years too many.

BRIE

All this for Ray? I thought you just fucked him for his meds.

TORI

I did! It was cute seeing him struggle in court, but he can provide when I'm not downing his medicine cabinet. And Other Brie hooked us up. Did she tell you about Star Wars?

BRIE

Dave did, but didn't elaborate.

TORI

She got the role you were penciled-in for. Principal starts next week in Bora Bora.

BATHROOM

Brie stares at Bora Bora scented air freshener. Amy emerges behind her.

AMY

Tough crowd?

BRIE

I'm the crowd. Everyone's acting, playing coy about me getting fat.

AMY

"Getting"?! Earth to Brie.

BRIE

Reveling in the schadenfreude, are we?

AMY

I prefer to call it foreplay.

BRIE

Last I checked, you're not gay.

AMY

Last I checked, you weren't cloaked in cheesecake daring me to bite.

BRIE
What do you want?

AMY
A motorboat.

BRIE
You wanna tit-fuck me?!

AMY
No, I wanted to go boat racing. But since you brought it up, why would I not wanna mash my face into those heaving milk melons? Think of it as your tits face-fucking me.

BRIE
My tits have been through enough hell.

AMY
Bras been chaffing ya? I can lubricate! You'll love it. It'll put a smile on that chubby face of yours.

She grabs and wobbled Brie's cheeks like a baby.

BRIE
My face is chubby?! My face-

Amy boops Brie's nose.

MIRROR - A MINUTE LATER

Brie washes her hands and arm. Amy cries on the shower floor.

BRIE
Bet you won't be telling those god-awful pussy jokes anymore.

INT. NISSAN Z - NIGHT

Party's over. Biff enters the Z. Brie stares at her hands.

BIFF
Sorry about everything. No deal.. yet. Why are you staring at your hands?

BRIE
Amy tried to rape me, so I fisted her.

BIFF
She still does th-
(Brie gazes)

Word gets around. I thought she only did that to guys.

BRIE

Not anymore to anyone. And I'm not cooking. These hands'll just order pizza.

INT. BRIE'S HOUSE - VARIOUS - MORNING

Alison scours Brie's closets and garage. The sauna is packed with junk: container with fanmail, photos, random memorabilia from former projects, and a cardboard box labeled "Evidence".

Inside is a stack of red stained paper. Hidden within is the skewered phone and the knife. Alison drops it and leaves.

INT. CASA DEL ZANE - SAME

Del enters, swaps T-shirts from one gig hustle to another.

ZANE

When are you gonna give this up?

DEL

When I can afford to move out. How's it legal to park an RV in a garage?

ZANE

My grampa owns this building. He won't let me live in any of the rooms.

DEL

Why not?

ZANE

Cuz I'm gay and he hates me. Can't wait for him to die. Getting close!

DEL

But you said he's gay too?

ZANE

And jealous af. Not my fault his assistant is nice to me. But he's a total nerd. He gifted me a USB.

DEL

What's on it?

ZANE

Something called ether.

DEL
 (intense)
 What?! How much?!

INT. BRIE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

Alison watches Brie playing Zelda.

ALISON
 You fisted Amy?!

BRIE
 It's why I need space cakes - to chill
 the fuck out.

ALISON
 We all wanted to punch Amy in the-

BRIE
 Ugh! And Amber! Some indie programmer
 made a game of it. It was fun, but
 that still didn't explain the scar.

Brie raises her hand and stares at it.

ALISON
 Maybe you got wasted while role
 playing as Link.
 (as Link)
 Well, excu-use me Princess! I just got
 back from the fishtrap taking down
 disgruntled ogres and all you have is
 a damn feather?!

BRIE
 (mimicking Zelda sound effect)
 Me when Biff hits the g-spot.

ALISON
 What'll you hear when he sells the
 studio?

BRIE
 Let's not get into brass tacks on-

Brie almost slams her controller as her character is killed.

ALISON
 A guy in DC finished the game in the
 time you've been stuck on this level.

BRIE
 He can suck my dick.

ALISON
..while beating the game probably.

BRIE
You can suck my dick, too.

ALISON
Fine! Spread those hams, Bill!

Alison pulls her hair back kneels to Brie's lap mocking head.

BRIE
Your Dave's proxy? Your head is warm.

ALISON
(sucking noises)
Oh, Brie! Your dick's so rigid and
veiny. Ugh, it's like rotini al dente!

BRIE
Yeah, you better use those teeth!

ALISON
Speaking of pasta, my Dad was in-

BRIE
Whoa, whoa, whoa. Whoa!

ALISON
What? Did you cum?

BRIE
The fuck?! You can't go from sucking
dick to talking about your Dad!

ALISON
We switched topics to pasta-

BRIE
You were giving me head!

ALISON
Not for real! Good thing you quit
acting. You take shit too seriously.

BRIE
What's that supposed to mean?!

ALISON
Ms. method actress has no off switch.
You starved for Room only to lose more
weight after. Then came Captain Butch
Cut and her feminazi spiel. Damn scab.

BRIE
Is being a bitch a part of your Star Wars character?

ALISON
Yes! And I knew you were gonna bug me about that role. Trying to leak info?

BRIE
I'm not leaking shit!

ALISON
The NFT proved otherwise.
(sarcastic)
Oh well, it's not like you're a fat angry geek playing games in a basement all day, spreading rumors for clout all night.

Brie plops back down in her seat.

ALISON
Which isn't exactly a bad thing. You got your own place, and you get laid.

BRIE
And I have friends.

Brie pats Alison on the knee. Alison removes her hand.

ALISON
Yeah. Sure you do.

BRIE
But you in an action flick: hard sell.

ALISON
I have range!

Biff shouts from upstairs.

BIFF (OS)
Babe! You might wanna see this!

UPSTAIRS - KITCHEN

Biff presents Brie a USB.

BIFF
Ten thousand ether. A sex tape could fetch another twenty grand.

ALISON

I got a nightvision cam you can use.

BIFF

This plus 15 thousand ether for my studio, we can set up installments-

BRIE

(fuming)

Do not sell your company.

BIFF

My company! Are you making a comeback?

BRIE

Comeback? How?

BIFF

You look different, nullifying the likeness issue. Your real name can clear you.

BRIE

You're oversimplifying it! They want Brie Larson. They barely wanted her before all this. Think they'll pay \$20 million for a fat version with a weird name?

BIFF

Curvy.. and that's a lowball estimate.

BRIE

You don't wanna sponge off of me.

BIFF

Well, this wouldn't be you sponging off of me, that's for sure.

BRIE

So, I'm a sponge now?!

ALISON

(mocking)

Mom, dad - stop fighting. You're scarring me for life.

BRIE

Assuming I get my career back and it's anywhere near as successful-

Alison giggles in mockery.

BRIE
-what's the chance of you starting
another studio?

ALISON
In this economy? Shit! Plus, the
trolls get paid. You're sacrificing
your biz for those assholes.

BIFF
I'm willing to do anything!

ALISON
Beta male says "what?"

BIFF
Huh?

BRIE
How did you even get this?

BIFF
Del-
(failing to stop himself)

ALISON
Dell.. Computer? Del Taco? Del the
Funky Homosapien?

Through the window Brie sees Del's car in the driveway.

FRONT DOOR

Del awaits, Brie answers. Del's eyes light up.

DEL
Wow! It's been a while. I finally got-
(catching the USB)
This is for you. You need this.

BRIE
I'm needy? And you know just what I
need? How opportunistic.

DEL
I lost my job because of you.

BRIE
Actually two. Remember when Biff had
to dismiss you from the documentary?

Brie points to herself as Biff emerges behind Brie.

DEL
 (broken)
 I idolized you!

BRIE
 Bad decision making. Grow out of it.

DEL
 You've grown.. into a fucking bitch!

BRIE
 I made no promises, but I agree with
 the fucking part.

Del heads for her car, Biff follows.

BIFF
 (to Brie)
 I can't believe you.
 (to Del)
 Kid! Look, she's obviously not
 herself. This is all one big
 misunderstanding.

DEL
 When is she gonna finally understand?
 It's been a year! One helluva year!

BIFF
 I know things look unfair right now-

DEL
 Because it is unfair! How the fuck
 else does this look? You think this is
 the way to treat people? Well, do you?

BIFF
 I don't.

DEL
 She does. You gotta reevaluate the
 people in your life. Anyone else
 woulda left sooner. I wish I did.

BIFF
 Del, she's my fiancée.

DEL
 You are what you eat. You wanted
 status? Go choke on that bitch.

Del drives off. Biff returns to the front door. It's locked.
 He knocks. Alison answers.

ALISON
Oh! It's you. You didn't leave with
your girlfriend?

BIFF
I'm just trying to smooth things over.

ALISON
(yelling to Brie)
Brie, your sex toy is talking!

BRIE (OS)
I'm working on my comeback! He's not
needed!

ALISON
She didn't need you to get her career
started, so no FOMO.

She slams the door shut. He kicks it.

ALISON (OS)
We have a doorbell, fuckboy!

EXT. LOS ANGELES - VARIOUS - NIGHT

MONTAGE

Brie, Alison, Dave, Rene, the Lawn Care Laborer and Mrs.
Larsson embark on a night of debauchery to take the edge off.

KARAOKE

Brie sings her heart out to a crowd of tourists.

IN AND OUT/FIVE GUYS

They eat Five Guys/In and Out food at opposite joints.

DIVE BAR

Drinks. Dave is the designated driver.

HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD

Brie flashes the Disney Store and unwittingly the TMZ tour
bus. Brie wants a new look from a tattoo parlor and salon.

THE MIRACLE MILE

Brie helps Dave break into Seth Rogen's car to get his Air
Jordan's.

SANTA CLARITA

A now drunken Mrs. Larsson gets dropped off. She's rudely reminded that it's a school night.

INGLEWOOD CEMETARY

Laborer lays a rose for his deceased wife. Him and Rene stay since his house is nearby. Dave wipes drool from Alison's chin as she sleeps.

EXT. BIFF'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brie exits Dave's car.

BRIE

Tell Alison, good night!

INSIDE - BEDROOM

Biff lies awake. Brie enters with her head partly shaved, donning a tight black t-shirt with (over)exposed midriff, chunky sandals, spike collar, knuckle gloves, channeling Del.

BRIE (OS)

(as Del)

Sweet digs! This place is like the Bomb.com if it was bought out by Google during the "Don't be evil" era.

(gasps)

4K TV! Maybe Dragon Ball Z or X games is on right now! Or maybe AEW.

BIFF

(laughing)

Del?

BRIE

(as Del)

I just realize all my fave shows have random letters in the title.

She grabs the remote, and surfs through the guide.

BRIE

(as Del)

See? This is how you know you're in a grownup's house: a clean remote! My friends keep Cheeto dust on theirs. It's a good deterrent to people grabbing your shit, though.

BIFF

Look! A Brie Larson movie marathon.

She jumps into bed.

BRIE

(as Del)

OMG! This is my jam. Unicorn Store -
the most underrated movie ev-ar!

BIFF

It might be. A great actress becomes a
great director.

BRIE

(as Del)

Totes - She's the GOAT!

BIFF

It sucks if that meant you couldn't
see her on screen though.

BRIE

(as Del)

She could do both. She's a boss bitch!
I would need a whole case load of
Adderall to pull that off. But of
course her agent would steal some.

BIFF

Really?

BRIE

(as Del)

Dude, she's banging Brie's lawyer to
score his meds. It's like all of Pete
Davidson's relationships. I got tea!

INT. BIFF'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Biff wakes alone and sighs.

BATHROOM

He pisses, glances out the window and sees Brie doing yoga.
He smiles as she handstands. His piss changes sounds as the
stream hits ceramic, wood, then tile, causing him to snap to.

KITCHEN

Steamy water streams for tea during her routine.

He brings two mugs through the back door, but she's gone. He

frowns, sighs and reenters almost knocking over Alison.

ALISON

Dude! Watch where you're going!

BIFF

In my own house?!

ALISON

You'd be liable for scalding me.

(to Brie)

What the hell do you see in this guy?

BRIE

He eats a mean pussy.

ALISON

Yeah. That'll do it.

BIFF

Brie, I thought you left, twice.

BRIE

Almost.

BIFF

About yesterday, the day before, for triggering you, kicking your door, ignoring you - I'm sorry. I, we needed Brie back. I saw her doing yoga. I saw her acting skills last night-

ALISON

Never thought a guy would appreciate a fake orgasm.

BIFF

My Brie is back, plus a little extra.

BRIE

When were you gonna tell me-
(tearing up; pointing to her scar)
about stabbing that guy? How could you let me forget while you dug-

BIFF

To keep you safe. I thought you were dying. I would do anything to make that moment cease to exist. I even hired a PI-

BRIE

I was never in danger!

BIFF

Because you defended yourself!

BRIE

From who? Trolls? Me? You can't save me. Even if you could, I deserve-

BIFF

You didn't deserve any of that. You did nothing wrong. I know you.

BRIE

You know me? Am I a murderer?

BIFF

No.

BRIE

Then why did you hide this from me?

BIFF

It's a disaster to reopen this. Don't even be tempted to feel guilty.

BRIE

But I do feel guilty. Something happened and it was my fault.

BIFF

No. It's my fault. Punish me.

BRIE

Okay. I'm leaving.

She drops a Ziploc of the shredded up USB and exits.

ALISON

Damn, homie. That totally backfired.

Alison leaves.

INT. NISSAN Z - I-15 - HOURS LATER

Alison drives with Brie in shotgun.

ALISON

Did you give him back his ring?

BRIE

Umm, it's.. stuck.

ALISON

How convenient.

INT. FREMONT MOTEL - DAY

Brie's ring blasts JR's face as Alison watches. He falls.

ALISON

You have a size advantage - use it!

JR

I see why Chrissy Metz called you a bitch!

Brie sits atop him choking him with her thighs. He taps.

ALISON

This ain't UFC, asshole.

He fades.

LATER

JR is still out, tied in a chair. Alison hands Brie a bat.

ALISON

The heat can kill the asshole slowly enough to leave evidence, so if you play ball, you can get away with it. You tried killing him twice. With your ace attorney, Ol' Sparky waits.

Brie assumes the stance but can't bring herself to swing. She hands the bat to Alison, who knocks Brie out with it.

INT. FREMONT MOTEL - LATER

Brie awakes, tied in another chair beside JR who's still out. Alison stares a hole through her with a .45 in hand.

ALISON

Violence is never the answer, except under fascism. We've rapidly devolved into an authoritarian state. Agent Orange, AI, studio execs and other brainless scum accelerated thin-

BRIE

I'm loopy...can't follow big words.

ALISON

We're stars. But in a totalitarian regime, there's only one star - el generalissimo. Everyone else is just a faceless comrade-

BRIE
Can you dumb it down a little?

ALISON
(pointing)
Him - internet star! You - movie star!
Me - TV star!

BRIE
No, you're not-

ALISON
..and proud of it! Like real artists,
we're flexible. We know our place.

BRIE
Isn't it the same?

ALISON
When a TV show gets cancelled, we roll
with the punches and move on. When a
movie gets cancelled, you fuckers have
a shitfit of epic proportions.

BRIE
Well, what about streams?

ALISON
You mean the reason people think a
movie is a 4 hour pity party in 6
installments? Still beats the 2 hour
in-theater commercials that get
greenlit for more if they hawk enough
crap to overgrown children.

BRIE
Or they get remade in 5 years.

ALISON
If I was a movie star, I wouldn't know
what the fuck I do for a living other
than whore myself to the whims of
careless spendthrifts.

BRIE
You didn't have to go there.

ALISON
He did. It triggered you. Pathetic. A
few missteps broke you. I loved seeing
you roll around in your own filth - it
even got kinky for a hot second - but
then it sickened me. I gotta end you.

BRIE

How?! Why?

ALISON

By ending trolling. Great start beating that jackoff. Your existential suffering will fade as your career and your freedom ends. I'm putting the kibosh on NFTs and this crypto shit at the same damn time. It's just mercy.

JR moans as he stirs awake.

JR

I hated that movie.

ALISON

Get in line, asshole.

JR

What's happening?

BRIE

Alison Brie is gonna kill us!

ALISON

Actually, Brie Larson might kill you, which is fair. You got to cash in on her while she was worth a damn.

BRIE

Alison. Jealousy?! I don't want Dave.

ALISON

Neither do I, ya scab! You went behind everyone's back to send a movie-

BRIE

For a fan who couldn't live to see it!

ALISON

Wrong! 2008. Kody's scripts? The ones you directed into shorts for your reel? But thanks for admitting guilt.

BRIE

(cringing)

I totally forgot! How's he doing?

JR

About as well as that sick kid.. they're both alive.

ALISON

That's worse! You screwed up by falling for the "help, I'm dying" act.

BRIE

The kid can act.. better than you.

Alison backhands Brie.

ALISON

When I get back, you're finished.

Alison leaves.

BRIE

Sorry, I tried to kill you, twice.

JR

Not everyone can be Alec Baldwin. Speaking of which, why are ya fat now?

BRIE

It's oddly familiar. My heart rate's high, I sweat and breathe hard, and lift heavy, like a 24/7 workout.

JR

When you get too far out of your comfort zone, the only remaining discomfort is.. comfort.

BRIE

And pot brownies. How'd ya know the girl?

JR

When she recovered she sold the USB you gave her to pay the bills. Kody gave her 200 ether, then I gave him 201. And you didn't ghost her. Her phone was bricked. And Kody was at arbitration. Didn't recognize him?

BRIE

He strips. That would've been awkward.

JR

That's got nothing to do with me. Nor the hate. I only hate how you were used. Corporate wokeism, feminism, that cringey-ass Youtube channel-

BRIE

Can you narrow things down a bit?

JR

You're better than that shit. You're no industry avatar for progressivist she-geeks. You got real value proven by people's envy: mine and Schermerhorn's.

BRIE

Alison fooled me.

JR

Haters seethe in silence until you're vulnerable; downside to the high life.

BRIE

Like privilege? Jealous people?

JR

You felt guilty being a one-percenter so you projected the guilt onto "lesser" people. You weaponized your life, career and art while barely enjoying any of it.

BRIE

Dude - look at me! Doesn't it look like I've been enjoying life lately?!

JR

Yeah, now! Thanks to me. Before that, you had little appreciation for your existence. Entertainment is not a weapon. It's meant to be a toy - the best kind of teaching tool. You took what's meant for fun and made it a weapon.

BRIE

Women in film were getting shat on by dudebros! What did ya expect from me?!

JR

The same thing you do when women and gay men shit on women; nothing. Or laugh a small, fake laugh.

BRIE

Ava DuVernay deserves better.

JR

She didn't snap into a violent rage like you. And she's a director! She survived disparity and thrives with that scar tissue. Whiteknighting isn't needed. All you got from disparity was a glamorous life.

BRIE

(gloomy)

Yeah. I'm privileged.

JR

Not a bad thing. That's why guilt can't erase privilege. The losers who whine about it are the bad guys, even if they're on easy street too. I'm just jealous. Jealousy is a natural motivator.

BRIE

Why'd you pick on me?

JR

You're a pick-me girl that they whored out as content in a socio-political psy-op. You had a respectable personality, but the industry taxidermied you, propped you on an armature of a smug, lifeless droid. Trolling reminds you of your humanity.

BRIE

Taxidermy?!

JR

Not as bad as what happened to the Negro of Banyoles, but same concept.

BRIE

Me and Alison stopped by Madame Tussauds on the way over-

JR

(phonetically correct French)

Madame Tussauds.

BRIE

Her envy is obvious now. So is my fall from Captain Marvel to a bloated, emo-

JR

Quit bitchin'! Everyone changes.

BRIE
Yeah, you grew a cool mustache-

JR
(French pronunciation)
Moustache.

BRIE
Stop saying shit weird!

EXT. REID INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Alison waits for Jermaine, Jeremiah and the German. Jermaine opens the passenger door and gazes into her face.

JERMAINE
Oh my god, it's really you - Aya Cash!

Alison is freezes in disbelief as the boys hop in.

GERMAN
Wrong one. And close the door you're letting the AC out.

JEREMIAH
This is the one you called a poor man's Kristin Bell.

ALISON
Sit your ass down or get ran over.

Jermaine sits down.

JERMAINE
I usually have a foolproof mnemonic for remembering actresses.

GERMAN
Yeah - staring at their feet!

INT. FREMONT MOTEL - DAY

JR
You're acting isn't bad, although I never watched much of you-

BRIE
You stole my identity and you barely know me?!

JR
Bought it. It's not like I can be unbiased given our history. You're

good, not Audra McDonald good.

BRIE

According to you, I didn't give Captain Marvel a lot of life.

JR

Cuz you are Danvers: too spunky for your own good, fell into LA sometime in the 90s to take on stupid and petty challenges without knowing your enemies or your allies. You don't even know who you are.

BRIE

Excuse me?

JR

Gabourey Sidibe spoke about her time as a phone sex operator. A caller asked her to roleplay a Black chick, she had difficulty fulfilling the request.

BRIE

Was it a stereotype he wanted?

JR

They always do. It makes it easier. The point is: you can't pretend to be who you are. She can't act like a Black chick because she is one. Being yourself is rarely the goal.

BRIE

Everyone says "just be yourself."

JR

Actors are the exception, but they shy away from actually performing because of woke culture. Meanwhile, regular people kill themselves to be what they're not. No wonder why imposter syndrome is an epidemic today.

BRIE

You're saying I'm a superhero?

JR

You have a secret identity, you're rich and you kick ass. You're basically Batman, except you actually are a fascist since you use your

powers to punch down and divide. But you are able to bring people together despite being introverted. Without that, you'd be a supervillain.

EXT. LUXOR RESORT PARKING GARAGE - DAY

The Jeremys take pictures and video as they exit the resort. Alison stands afar during a call to Kody. INTERCUT

ALISON

No! We had a detour because they wanted to see some stupid ass arcade-

KODY

ESports Arena. Detours are great distractions. Do anything that doesn't let them ask questions. But take pictures, please!

ALISON

Hey man, this is the reason why I don't wanna have kids.

KODY

You'd make a great mom. You're like a mother figure to me-

ALISON

Big sister. Can the emo shit and listen out for me. Gotta go! Bye!

Jermaine arrives behind her with a large box in a tiny bag.

JERMAINE

Hey! We got you a gift.

ALISON

Is it shoes?

JERMAINE

Uh, it's a surprise. Open it.

She opens it and unveils gladiator sandals.

ALISON

(unsurprised)

Wow. You really shouldn't have.

JERMAINE

Try 'em on! See if they fit-

ALISON
In your ass?!

INT. FREMONT MOTEL - DAY

BRIE
You're a psychologist all of a sudden?

JR
Psychiatrist.. there's a difference.

BRIE
I can't appropriate foreign cultures.
So, I cringe over Basmati Blues.

JR
Like all artists, you're insecure. You
use an esoteric medium to communicate
because you lack the confidence to
talk to normies on their level.

BRIE
Kinda like how you don't have the
confidence to talk to women on our
level. So, you troll, whereas I act.

JR
Now you're listening. And ya sing too.

INT. NISSAN Z - INTERSTATE 15 - LATER

Alison sits shotgun, legs on the dash and gladiators on
display as Jeremiah drives in a traffic jam.

ALISON
Comfy as hell. Thanks a bunch, weirdo.

JERMAINE
Told ya she'd like 'em. Now, untie me!

Jermaine in the back is tied with his hands behind his back.

GERMAN
And let you jerk off in a rental? Nah!

JEREMIAH
We have a bad reputation for rentals.
Remember when JR returned his Mustang?

GERMAN
We shoulda fired his ass way sooner.

JEREMIAH

What is he up to these days?

GERMAN

I texted him three weeks ago: no answer. I wouldn't be shocked if somebody killed him.

Alison laughs.

JEREMIAH

What's so funny?

ALISON

"Poor man's Kristen Bell." I'd never fuck Dax Shepard... again.

INT. FREMONT MOTEL - DAY

BRIE

Are you a virgin?

JR grimaces at her.

JR

Instead of compensating real value, sex - like most modern currency - is granted at whim to those who already get too much of it, which parallels modern finance and is disrespectful in practice. Socialists like you should be able to see that, but you don't.

BRIE

I gotta know if I need a blood test. I stabbed myself after stabbing you.

JR

I took ivermectin during Covid.

EXT. FREMONT MOTEL - PARKING LOT - EVENING

In the upstairs walkway, Alison leads the boys to the room.

JEREMIAH

I promise we'll be consummate professionals, although this motel is far more ratchet than the rental.

Alison opens the door, shoves the boys

INSIDE

, slams it behind her and draws her guns.

ALISON
Don't scream, don't holler or this
place becomes a Ukrainian orphanage.

GERMAN
Too soon.

ALISON
Shut up, dick sauce.

JR
Good one.

GERMAN
JR? You're alive?!

ALISON
For now.

JERMAINE
Did your tablet blow up again?!

ALISON
An exploding tablet?

BRIE
An exploding tablet?

JEREMIAH
He was charging it in his rental, then
(explosion noise)
shard of glass to the chest.

Brie stares dumbfounded, relieved at this lie they bought.

JERMAINE
JR, why'd you piss off Alison Brie?!

JEREMIAH
Must've defrauded her into directing a
porno. I mean, seriously, that is one
hot plump bird he casted!
(to Brie)
Lass, who are you? You look familiar.

BRIE
Brienne Sidonie Desaulniers.

JERMAINE
Who?

GERMAN
Brie Larson, ya dumbfucks!

JEREMIAH

My chubby chaser senses were tingling.
Hollywood FUPA! I must have it!

JERMAINE

Dude, you're drooling. Chill!

JEREMIAH

If you help make this possible, I'll
let you do stuff to her feet during.

JERMAINE

Deal.

BRIE

Alison, start shooting please.

ALISON

You wanted attention.

BRIE

I don't consent!

JERMAINE

We'll help you escape if you do.
(an infrared laser dots his skull)
Nevermind!

The Jeremys sit huddled. Alison points another pistol at JR.

ALISON

(to JR and the Jeremys)
Here's the deal: you comply, you live.
Sell the NFT, now!

GERMAN

We don't have the password.

JR

Quelle surprise.

ALISON

(to JR)
You know it?

JR

I know someone who does. It's gonna
cost you.

ALISON

Brie? You got your checkbook?

INT. SAM'S TOWN - EVENING

A glum Del vapes at a video poker machine. Brie sits by her.

BRIE

Sorry for firing you, for doubting you
and for being a bitch.

(looks at hand)

And for not remembering your name,
Del. Hollywood's a hurtful place, but-

DEL

You had to write my name on your hand?

BRIE

It's a tattoo to cover the scar.

DEL

That is the most-

BRIE

Yeah, I know. I had a whole speech-

DEL

Shut the fuck up and let me finish.

Brie "zips" her lips.

DEL

That is the most gangsta ass shit I
could ask for. JR would never do that.

BRIE

He's got 87 thousand dollars to give
you. I dunno what for. Maybe some
gangsta ass shit. Actually, it's 87
thousand and twenty.

Brie hands her a \$20 chip. They leave.

DEL

How'd you find me?

BRIE

You have my earbuds. Keep 'em.

INT. FREMONT MOTEL - NIGHT

The ladies enter the dark room. JR still tied. Alison springs
from behind the door with both guns cocked. Del is petrified
as the light switches on.

JR
Surprise!

DEL
Is this a joke?

ALISON
Fuck around and find out.

DEL
Is this a porn shoot?

JEREMIAH (OS)
Told ya!

ALISON
No. Just shoot. That is, if you don't
give me the password.

DEL
(to Brie)
Now you're trying to get me killed?

BRIE
Get mad at her! She's got guns!

DEL
You shoulda called the police!

BRIE
Umm, ACAB.
(beat)
And I got hit in the head really hard.

ALISON
Outta the bed, stooges.

The guys crawl from under the bed. German's pants are soaked.

DEL
Guys? What the fuck is going on?

JR
We'll laugh about it in the future.

DEL
We have no future, JR. Nice mustache.

JR
Thanks, but I just need the present.
Marry me.

ALL

What?!

BRIE

We're dead. Sorry, kid!

DEL

You bring me to a standoff with Great Value Anna Kendrick?

ALISON

You're lucky I like Walmart.

JR

You said if we took things seriously, something's wrong. Well, something's very wrong.

DEL

Lemme guess: something's wrong. Except the 'stache.

JR

I'll give you eighty seven thousand dollars if you say yes.

DEL

You can't buy love, JR.

JR

A million.

DEL

Sold. Yes.

JERMAINE

Del and the Million Dollar Mustache Ride is a go!

GERMAN

Great name for porn and a snuff film.

JR

(to Alison)

The password is: Basmati Blues.

Brie (fake) faints.

JEREMIAH

Oh my god, she jiggles!

ALISON

Stooges, to the laptop.

Alison shoves the boys JR's computer. Brie sneaks to attach ear buds to Alison's gladiators, then crawls under the bed.

GERMAN

Trading hours in Prague are- eww!
CelebArmpits.com? Nigga, you gross.

JR

You're one to talk. You were stalking
Asha Hadley for two years.

GERMAN

She appreciated the Astros tickets.
Besides, bodybuilders don't live long.

They access the site, enter the password as Del embraces a still tied-up JR. Alison keeps everyone at gunpoint while checking her phone.

JEREMIAH

Alright! He's online!

JERMAINE

We tagged him for the sale. It won't
go through until-

A ding goes off inside the room, from Alison's phone.

ALISON

I accept. And the feds are coming.

GERMAN

Explain.

ALISON

You stole evidence, impersonated your
friend online, made a high price sale
to an undocumented foreign national
for an item whose license forbids
resell to a third party-

JEREMIAH

In English, please?

ALISON

You thought you survived a Swatting
before? It ain't shit compared to what
the SEC's gonna do in 3.. 2.. 1-

Boots march up the hallway, to and through the door. A half-dozen CLARK COUNTY OFFICERS apprehend The Jeremys. Alison taps one on the shoulder.

ALISON
Brown shirts?! This is a federal
incident. Where are the agents?

OFFICER #1
We got reports of extreme speeding and
reckless driving involving an actress
named Brie in a yellow sports car.

OFFICER #2
And it's parked downstairs. Are these
men accomplices?

ALISON
Pfft. I'll say.

OFFICER #1
And your name is-

JR
Schermerhorn.

ALISON
Don't call me Schermerhorn. It's
Alison Brie!

OFFICER #1
We got a suspect!

JR and Del watch as Alison dashes out of the motel, down the
hallway, hops a gate and races towards Fremont.

EXT. FREMONT MOTEL - SAME

Brie crawls out from under the bed and stands beside JR and
Del as they watch the foot chase from the balcony.

JR
(to Brie)
Care to give chase, superhero?

DEL
Big titty problems.

BRIE
I may have to walkback my defund-the-
police drivel, especially if my car's
still downstairs.

JR
Good. Drive us to the chapel.

DEL

Why? Cuz I was just fuckin'-

Brie and JR stare silently. Then Del smiles and JR laughs.

BRIE

You assholes deserve each other.

EXT. FREMONT MOTEL - PARKING LOT - LATER

Brie's Z is still parked.

JR

I guess you owe them a donation.

She pulls a door. Locked. She sees her keys inside.

BRIE

Don't cash that check anytime soon.
Vin Diesel was gonna teach me how to
hotwire until I pissed him off. Karma
takes no vacations.

The Z chirps open. She turns to see Biff with a spare fob.

INT. A LITTLE WHITE CHAPEL ON THE STRIP - NIGHT

Del and JR get hitched as Brie and Biff sit in a pew.

BIFF

What happened to him?

BRIE

Love hurts.

BIFF

Steve hooked me up. I got on his jet
to fly here once I realized-

BRIE

You tracked my phone?

BIFF

After everything, how can I not?

BRIE

He doesn't fire up the jet for any
reason. You sold the studio?

BIFF

Just a script you wrote. I got the
whole thing reprinted because of the
red ink-

He hands her a copy. She stares at him.

BIFF

I guess I need a tetanus shot. Anyway, I thought it'd be right up Steve's alley. He said Felix can option it if he could attach you. But legally-

BRIE

Fuck the courts. We can do it!

Del and JR kiss. Brie kisses Biff. Brie's phone vibrates.

BRIE

Let me warm up the Z.

EXT. A LITTLE WHITE CHAPEL ON THE STRIP - AFTER

The Z pulls off. Up ahead, a petite brunette runs into the street, gets hit by the Z and flips over it. It's Alison. Brie exits the car.

BRIE

(feigning concern)

Alison! You couldn't catch an Uber?

ALISON

Shitty rating. Who hit me?

Biff races over. Brie points at him.

ALISON

I shoulda known. Clumsy bastard!

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - DAY - MONTHS LATER

A wedding reception is in full swing. Gustavo - the Laborer and his new bride Rene share the first dance. AVA DUVERNAY takes a photo of the couple. Brie taps her shoulder.

BRIE

It's long overdue, but I'm sorry. I feel bad for putting myself in your shoes, trying to represent you by proxy without letting you and your work speak for yourself. And itself.

AVA

Is this about us wearing the same outfit? It's obviously a coincidence.

BRIE

No-

AVA

Good, because this looks good on you.

BRIE

It's the curves. Anyway, your work's more than just a means to engage in a powder keg of distractive cultural clashes, so I wanna make that up by-

AVA

Introducing me to a young, hungry filmmaker in need of a compatible mentor? I met Del already. I like her script. And I would make it but I need a producer-

Raven and Del pop in out of the blue.

RAVEN

Right here!

AVA

Wow. That's fast. Isn't Seventh Flag Studios under a major restructuring?

RAVEN

Yeah. When Steve was detained in China, I used a few loopholes to shelter the corporation under my name exclusively.

AVA

How did you do that?

DEL

We minted it into an NFT.

The three Sistas walk off to discuss business.

BRIE

(to herself)

Now, that's empowerment.

JR

Depends on the box office.

BRIE

Well, you punched it up.

JR

And you punched me up. Handling criticism is easy when you've handled worse.

BRIE
Why would Del invite you here?

JR
(handing her a letter)
Better question: why would
Schermerhorn invite you to Nevada?

INT. MADAM TUSSAUDS HOUSE OF WAX - LAS VEGAS - DAY

A wax figure of Alison in a prison jumpsuit with
"Schermerhorn" stitched on the chest, stands next to Brie's
Captain Marvel wax figure.