

"THE CAST"

During an event at the Wilshire, a director unveils his leading lady.

First, over BLACK...

The SOUNDS of a busy city.

Faint, unfocused images of flashing neon and pastel lights, a busy city street slowly coming into focus -- Los Angeles.

EXT. WILSHIRE BLVD - LOS ANGELES -- TWILIGHT

A car, a Toyota Prius (UBER decal on the windshield) silently pulling toward us, coming to a stop alongside the sleek Hotel Wilshire. The glitz and sophisticated trickling in.

INT. TOYOTA PRIUS -- WILSHIRE BLVD -- CONTINUOUS

The UBER DRIVER (20s, kind eyes) parks the car, records the ride and turns over his shoulder to three college aged girls; KATY, JEN and ALEX, all scrunched together in the backseat.

UBER DRIVER

Is there some kind of event
happening here? I've been dropping
off girls just like ya'll all
night.

Jen and Katy, both wannabe stars, pay no mind to the driver, all their attention focused on the compact mirrors raised before their done up faces.

The driver's eyes move over to Alex, a vastly different person from her friends, staring out the window pensively.

Alex's somber demeanor gives the driver pause, his eyes locked on her... and then Jen loudly blots her red lips.

JEN

Goddamn I look dangerous.

She shuts her compact mirror, tucks it inside her purse.

JEN (CONT'D)

Ready ladies?

KATY

Let's do this.

Jen opens the door and a fine spread of legs begin sliding across the seat. Alex, the last of the trio, throws a "save me" look to the driver on her way out.

INT. HALL, HOTEL WILSHIRE -- MOMENTS LATER

The DOORS on a crammed elevator slowly drawing closed, then a SOUND builds, a furious clatter of high heels and giggles...

JEN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Hold that door.

...as the girls come scurrying over, catching the elevator and squeezing their slim figures inside. Off Alex, wanting to be anywhere but here...

FADE UP TO:

EXT. THE ROOF -- WILSHIRE HOTEL -- MOMENTS LATER

A crowded rooftop BAR. Soft ambient light washing over fire pits, wooden tables and a dipping pool framed in by cabanas.

The group from the elevator coming up the left side walkway as we pull out to an overall breathtaking view of this atmospheric night set under the stars.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF THE ROOF -- NIGHT (HOURS LATER)

Music thumping now. People seen dancing from above, taking down free champagne. A MAN moving through the mix of lovely ladies, feeling on their soft skin, erotically rubbing his nose across their perfumed necks. Alex in the corner taking this in with her arms protectively folded across her chest.

INT. BATHROOM -- THE ROOF -- SAME

A WOMAN in a tight form fitting dress stands before the mirror touching up her makeup. She turns over her shoulder at the SOUND of drawn out sniffs echoing out from a stall.

PUSHING THROUGH INTO A STALL

Jen and Katy, approaching wrecked, are on their knees sniffing a line of cocaine off the toilet seat.

Katy comes up rubbing her nose as Jen goes down hard on the second line.

KATY
Easy girl.

Jen resurfaces, her nose draped in cocaine. She snorts out a chuckle, cocaine powder shoots into the air. Katy laughs, the cocaine high giving both friends a case of the giggles.

EXT. THE ROOF -- NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

The girls step out of the bathroom as Alex comes over with a strange, borderline unsettling look on her face.

ALEX
Where the hell have ya'll been?

Jen ignores Alex and enters into an off beat gyration to the music thumping. Katy looking at Alex with glazed eyes.

KATY
Doesn't look like you're having
fun. What's wrong?

A feeling starting to creep over Alex.

ALEX
Something's off here.

KATY
Whaddya mean off?

Alex suddenly spotting something beyond Katy. She nods.

ALEX
Look.

Reverse with Katy, turning over her shoulder to Jen, by the bar with the MAN now. She's holding out her arm for him to run his nose along.

ALEX (CONT'D)
He's been doing that all night.

Katy looking on apathetically, taking it for what it is.

KATY
He's the director. Y'know how the
Hollywood types are.

ALEX
I know. It's just...

KATY
Plus this is a casting party,
remember? Maybe that's how he
chooses who he wants. Shit, I hope
he sniffs my arm here soon.

Alex looking on as the MAN checks the tautness of Jen's skin. Jen smiling, drinking up every bit of the attention.

Suddenly, a tall, towering OBJECT draped in a white sheet is wheeled out from the back and brought over to the MAN.

KATY (CONT'D)
Wonder what that is...

A buzz picks up as the entire female crowd moves toward the mysterious object. Suspicion building behind Alex's eyes.

Meanwhile, outside...

EXT. HOTEL WILSHIRE -- SAME

Several MEN in black tactical gear slide into the hotel, the doorman stepping inside after, peeking out as he closes and locks the doors.

Pull back from the hotel, traveling smoothly across a fairly empty Wilshire Blvd to the same Toyota Prius parked curbside. The window is down, our same Uber driver staring out, witnessing the lights on all floors of the hotel black out. Track up with his gaze to the event still happening on the rooftop.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

First and foremost, I want to thank you all for coming. Such a lovely crowd we have here tonight.

EXT. THE ROOF -- SAME

The MAN(30's, a film director, extremely polished, drink in hand) stands beside the draped object, smiling handsomely.

FILM DIRECTOR

Now, as you all know, I have been on a relentless quest, a hunt if you will, for the perfect female to play the lead in my upcoming film.

INTERCUT WITH ELEVATOR

Doors spread open as the men slip on gas masks and slide out.

BACK TO THE EVENT

FILM DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

And while you were enjoying each others company, I was watching you.

The director eyeing Jen, she returning a dreamy gaze. Alex shaking her head to her friends naiveté.

FILM DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

So, without further adieu, it is time to announce which one of you here will star as the leading lady in my next film.

The girls waiting anxiously. Alex looking around. The men creeping up on the party unseen like navy seals in the night.

The director sets his drink aside and pulls the sheet on the object to reveal a PLASTER CAST OF A NAKED WOMAN. *Oohs* from the crowd as all gazes set on the perfectly sculpted figure.

JEN

I'd kill for tits like hers.

A feeling creeping up on Alex, looking again, this time spotting the men in black positioned by the exits...

ALEX

What the--

On cue, a sudden HISSING sound emerges. The crowd of girls look up as misters release a thick toxic vapor into the air.

Alex holds her breath, covers her nose, notices the director strap on a gas mask and retreat back into the shadows.

A panic now. Girls screaming, shouting, a mad scramble for the exits, all coming up short, dropping like flies...

Alex, hand cupped over her nose, looks for Katy and Jen, no longer at her side, now splayed out on the floor, passed out.

And the gas starting to get to Alex now, growing dizzy, losing balance, legs like jello, she spills to the floor.

ALEX'S (POV) -- unfocused chaotic images, a man wearing a gas mask converging on her as she drifts off and we FADE OUT.

ALEX'S (POV) -- a faint hazy image, a vague face growing clearer, the kind eyes of the Uber driver emerge. He smiles.

Alex starts to sit up but is grounded by a terrible headache.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(moaning)

Where am I? What happened?

The driver's expression grows serious as we reverse on the muckraking crowd taking in this grotesque crime scene.

FADE UP TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP -- SAME

Track over the messy scene: FORENSIC SCIENTISTS pouring in, weaving through the men in black lying dead by the entrance, combing through the bodies of the girls, all with their skin peeled off. Glimpse Jen and Katy, looking like 'body world exhibits, their skin, along with the skin of nearly every girl here, slapped on the plaster cast. And the director nowhere to be found. -- **THE END.**