

# HOLLYWOOD ARMS

Screenplay  
by

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please **CLICK THE CONTACT BUTTON** and leave your info. Thank you.)

FADE IN:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

Off in the distance, a coyote cries a bedtime story. The moon hangs inside a partly cloudy sky overlooking Hollywood. Thick clouds drift over the moon, slowly suffocating it.

INT. BRAD AND JIMMY'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Around a formal set table, two African American couples (30's), KAY and GEE GEE - low key and simple, BRAD and JIMMY - sophisticated and refined, chat it up over the last bites of dessert. A devoured slice of Chocolate Grand Marnier.

BRAD

I'd say, all in all, people are pretty small and petty. Comes from ego and audacity.

JIMMY

That's why showing desperation in Tinseltown is hazardous to your career.

BRAD

And health.

JIMMY

Yes, you don't have to have a pot to piss in.

BRAD

Just pretend to have a window to throw it out and you'll be admired.

KAY

Perception is the reality obscured.

GEE GEE

It's those mentalities that have these fake ass insecure folks pulling their leased Beamers and Lexus' into apartments they call home.

BRAD

Renting is foolish.

Gee Gee bites her lip, a sign to Kay she's past ready to go. The ladies stand, revealing Gee's pregnancy. Eight months.

KAY

Well guys, we better get going.

GEE GEE

Dinner, especially dessert, was delish. Thank you.

JIMMY

Thin layers of chocolate mousse and chocolate chiffon cake soaked in Grand Marnier syrup with a touch of orange marmalade. It was nothing.

They hug and say good-byes. Brad gives Kay a folded paper.

BRAD

The job's yours if you want it. Just go to this website and send your resume.

JIMMY

Tell them I--

BRAD

We.

The men swap coy glances.

JIMMY

We referred you. They'll call.

Kay nods. Gee Gee rolls her eyes displeased as Brad puts his hand lightly against her belly. Rubbing, assessing like a fortune teller. Gee pulls away.

BRAD

It's a girl.

JIMMY

Congratulations.

The men clap. Gee turns to Kay, now clamping down on her lip.

KAY

Okay, we gotta go. Take it easy.

The ladies leave.

EXT. BRAD AND JIMMY'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The guys wave Kay and Gee Gee off. They climb into their '93 red Nissan Sentra. A tight squeeze for Gee Gee.

INT/EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Kay backs out of the driveway. Gee Gee reclines her seat.

GEE GEE

I don't like them. Bad vibes.

KAY

They're okay... Once you crack through the thin layers of chocolate mousse and chiffon pretensions.

GEE GEE

Soaked in ego and audacity with a touch of get the hell out of our faces with that Hollywood bullshit before we kick your asses.

They laugh. Driving. Sharing a moment of fun. A beat.

KAY

We need the money.

GEE GEE

It's not always about money.

KAY

It is when rent's due and...

Kay touches Gee's stomach. Gee strokes Kay's dreadlocks.

GEE GEE

Kay, don't use our family as an excuse to do what you said you'd never do.

KAY

I said a lot of things when I first got into this crazy business.

GEE GEE

That you obviously didn't mean.

KAY

I was young and arrogant then. Thought I had the world by the balls 'til I discovered it was really a bitch of a cunt.

GEE GEE

Now you're a cynical and desperate filmmaker. So you turn to shooting porno?

KAY

More than one way to rob a bank.  
And it's a nude musical. Maybe  
amoral. But kind'a adventurous, I  
think.

GEE GEE

So is the Islamic Jihad, but are  
you going to join?

KAY

A gig is a gig. This isn't war.

Gee shoots a hot-eyed stare at Kay.

KAY

Gee, you saw how Brad and Jimmy  
were living. That could be us. It  
should be us!

Their glances reveal it will be a long drive home.

INT. KAY AND GEE GEE'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sparse decor. Sofa. TV. Bed. A two seat dinner table.  
Production gear in the corner. Gee and Kay dress for bed.

GEE GEE

What about the student film gig?

KAY

Low pay may as well be no pay.

GEE GEE

It's enough to get us through to  
next month.

KAY

Fuck just making it through! We  
been pissing and shitting Ramen  
Noodles for the past seven years.  
It's time for us to start living  
like adults. We'll clear ten grand  
just for renting our gear to  
production. On top of my flat rate.

GEE GEE

I'd rather you be flipping burgers.

KAY

And we would be homeless!

GEE GEE

Question. Does anything go against your moral compass? Would you want your kids to see that exploitative garbage?!

KAY

You said a question. Singular. That was two. So it's plural. I mean technically speaking, baby.

Kay removes Gee's shoes and rubs her swollen feet. Silence.

KAY

Okay, I won't direct anything. We'll just rent out the gear.

GEE GEE

Question. Is integrity flexible?

KAY

What?

GEE GEE

You heard me.

KAY

(pauses, sighs)

Maybe. It can be. Sometimes. With blind eyes, yeah. I guess.

GEE GEE

There's no degree to which one sells out. You do it or you don't.

KAY

I'm trying to compromise here.

GEE GEE

And that's the fucking problem!

Gee crosses to the closet area, Kay trailing.

GEE GEE

Nobody can believe in you more than you do yourself.

KAY

Gee, this is our house with the picket fence and dog to match.

GEE GEE

You're not renting our gear that I charged on my Visa to support a trashy X-rated musical pretending to be real theater. Kay, it is not art. And it's not you... Or us!

They hop in bed.

GEE GEE

When you graduated from A.F.I., you told me you wanted to make films with provocative perspectives on life. We could've stayed in Atlanta, if all you wanted to do was shoot ass and titties fucking.

KAY

(jokingly)

Not like we haven't had practice.

Gee Gee isn't amused.

GEE GEE

Niches are carved, not bought. Today it's a gig. Tomorrow it's your soul.

Gee rolls over, leaving Kay to marinate in truth.

INT. PANAVISION HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Kay eagerly gives her resume to a RECEPTIONIST.

KAY

Good Morning. My name is Kaylene Wolf. Like to know, are you hiring?

RECEPTIONIST

Sorry. No openings at this time.

INT. FOX STUDIOS - GUARD'S STATION - DAY

Optimistic, Kay gives her resume to the SECURITY GUARD.

SECURITY GUARD

We'll keep your resume on file.

Kay leaves. The guard files her resume in the trash can.

INT. KODAK - HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Manager gives a dejected Kay her resume back.

MANAGER

Try back with us in say six months.

EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF A PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON

Peeved, Kay crumbles and hurls resumes into the atmosphere.

PARKING ATTENDANT (O.S.)

It's all about conservation.

Kay turns and spots a stylishly dressed PARKING ATTENDANT in his early 60's, checking cars into a pay lot, watching her.

PARKING ATTENDANT

You know He gives us just enough energy to make it to the light. It's on us if we choose to waste our steps on uneducated bullshit.

Kay locks an odd stare with the attendant.

PARKING ATTENDANT

Beware of the charlatans and smoke blowers. They lurk everywhere.

He slices his index finger across his neck. Kay walks off uncomfortable. She looks back. He is watching. Creepy.

INT. THRIFT STORE - EVENING

Kay rummages through used clothes, shopping. She looks up and sees Brad and Jimmy prancing by outside. Tries to duck. Too late. The guys sashay into the store and cross to her.

KAY

(fronting, upbeat)  
Hey, fellas. What's up?

JIMMY

Just came from that new Thai restaurant down the street.

BRAD

Yummy.

JIMMY

What are you doing in here?

Brad sniffs the air, smugly observing homeless shoppers.

KAY

Um, just... picking up wardrobe for a video shoot tomorrow, you know.

BRAD

Earning pennies I bet. Good Lord, it stinks in here. Let's go, baby.

JIMMY

Kay, you got a little one coming soon. Girlfriend, you need to be making some real money.

BRAD

Go to the site. Email your resume. Stop playing.

Hugs and kisses swapped. Kay watches them leave, laughing. What pride she has left has been swallowed by embarrassment. Kay sifts the rack and finds an old denim dress. Price: \$4.

INT. KAY AND GEE GEE'S STUDIO APARTMENT - DESK AREA - DAY

Kay job surfs the net. Gee Gee, sporting her \$4 dress, brings over Kay's lunch. Ramen Noodles and Saltine Crackers.

KAY

It's nothing worse than knowing what you want to do for a living and not being able to do it because it costs an arm and a leg to produce a fucking movie. I'm just tired of the Hollywood expectations not adding up. It sucks.

GEE GEE

Welcome to life.

KAY

I love you so much.

GEE GEE

And I love you.

Gee Gee becomes teary eyed.

KAY

What's wrong?

GEE GEE

Just keep your line in the water,  
baby, you'll hook a fish. Trust me.

Gee leaves, one last glance. Door closes. Kay eyes a Post-it. On it, the contact info for the student film gig. She picks up the phone, about to dial. Her eyes sway to a stack of unpaid bills. She hangs up, hurls the phone at the wall.

KAY

Fuck a fish, we need a check.

Kay unfolds the paper Brad gave her. Fixates on the website. Eyes the calendar. Today is FEB. 1ST. FEB. 28TH is CIRCLED as BABY DUE DATE. She doodles story boards on a pad. Thinking.

Decision made. She types, "WWW.IVANSLIST.COM" and CLICKS, "PRODUCTION GIGS." Assesses links, then CLICKS.

A WARNING DISCLAIMER FLASHES on the screen. Two choices: DECLINE or AGREE. Without reading, Kay clicks the box, "I AGREE." The ad reads, "SEEKING DIRECTOR WITH GEAR FOR PORNO MUSICAL. SEND RESUME TO: LIVE@HOLLYWOODARMS.COM."

Kay attaches her resume. Types Brad and Jimmy's name in the "referred by" box. She hits SEND. Then eats her lunch.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Kay walks the neighborhood in an artistic trance. Assessing and critiquing every person's face, every object she passes. Her mind wandering, dreaming, envisioning. At the speed of light. A beautiful, brilliant creative process comes to life.

INT. KAY AND GEE'S STUDIO APARTMENT - DESK AREA - DAY

Kay sips beer and tallies bills. Depressing. She looks at their BABY'S ULTRASOUND PHOTO. Smiles. Phone RINGS.

KAY

Hello. This is she... Yes, I do!  
I'm on my way!

Kay loads video and audio equipment on a dolly and races out.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD ARMS - DAY

Weeping willow trees droop sadly over a Gothic styled complex. Kay moves slowly along a canopy covered walkway. The GROUNDS KEEPER, 60's, a lanky man in dingy jean overalls, meticulously trims a hedge.

KAY

Hey, Mister. You know where I can find Ivan?

Kay wheels her dolly toward the entrance.

GROUNDS KEEPER

Go up to the fourth floor.

The Grounds Keeper turns, revealing an eerie resemblance to the Parking Lot Attendant, only now dressed down.

GROUNDS KEEPER

Make a right off the elevator. You'll find him in the last office on the left.

KAY

I know you. The other day. On Hollywood Blvd. The bit about conservation and charlatans.

GROUNDS KEEPER

Pray for discernment and...

He plucks a green leaf from the hedge. Gives it to Kay.

GROUNDS KEEPER

Enjoy the melanin while it lasts.

She walks to the entrance, looks back, he's gone. The door CREEKS open on its own, as if summoning her. She obliges.

INT. HOLLYWOOD ARMS - FOYER AREA - DAY

High vaulted chandelier ceilings. Art Deco flamboyance. Kay is mesmerized by ancient carvings on the walls. She dials.

KAY

(into cell)

Hey Gee, I uh, well, I know you gon' be mad, but baby please, just listen. I had to make an executive decision. For our future. Trust me. I took the job. I love you. Don't be mad. Please call me. Bye.

Kay hangs up as a HOT FLASH OF LIGHT EXPLODES in her face. She flinches, annoyed. Eyes partially blinded.

KAY

What the hell was that?

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