

# "Chris"

23.

Paige pulls a LOCKBOX from under the passenger seat, unlocks it, and removes a CONTAINER with the Dope Girls logo. Takes out a vial of PEPPER SPRAY. Clips it on to her belt. She turns off the affirmations. Takes a breath.

PAIGE

I have finally moved on.

Se1

EXT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT HALLWAY - EVENING

Paige rings the bell. The door opens to reveal an AVERAGE LOOKING GUY (20's) eating from a bag of chips. He brushes some crumbs off his shirt.

PAIGE

I'm here from Dope Girls.

CHRIS

Cool. I'm Chris. So... how does this work?

Paige notices something over his shoulder. Hanging on his wall, is a FRAMED POSTER -- of a #softs3rve graffiti MELTED ICE CREAM CONE. Paige blinks. Swallows...

CHRIS (cont'd)

Do I give you the cash first...?

Paige BURSTS INTO TEARS. The guy looks like he doesn't know what to do as Paige just sobs at his door.

- END

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Jordan is led down the hall to a large DOORWAY, manned by a BURLY SECURITY GUARD.

SECURITY GUARD

I'm gonna need to search your bag.

She opens her bag for him. After a quick look inside...

SECURITY GUARD (cont'd)

Follow me.

He opens the door and leads Jordan inside. She looks excited.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Paige is now sitting on Chris' couch, holding a roll of toilet paper, wiping at her eyes and nose.

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Start-

# "Chris"

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JORDAN  
Really?

SKELETON  
I'm an award winning director.

TURKEY  
Trust her. She's right about everything.

Jordan flips the camera around and smiles. CLICK!

INT. HOLLYWOOD HOUSE - NIGHT

Chris stretches out in bed. Paige puts her shirt back on. He smiles at her.

CHRIS  
You were great.

PAIGE  
Oh. Thanks...  
(awkwardly)  
You too!

Chris gazes at her for a moment, as if he'd like to say something else -- then looks away.

CHRIS  
Uh, you have a square, right? So I  
can use my credit card?

PAIGE  
Oh. Right. Actually, we prefer cash  
for charges under \$50.

CHRIS  
I thought the kush was \$45.

PAIGE  
It is.

CHRIS  
But what about the sex?

PAIGE  
What?

CHRIS  
How much for the sex?

PAIGE  
I -- I don't charge for sex! I'm  
not a hooker!

start.

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CHRIS  
Very funny.

PAIGE  
Why would you think that?! I was  
just crying on your couch!

CHRIS  
I figured you were making a choice.  
You know, some pros give you the  
"girlfriend experience", others are  
hardcore doms... I figured you were  
going for like a "heartbroken-sad-  
sack" kinda thing? I mean, the  
crying was sorta fake, and you  
obviously made up the story about  
Mister Softee...

PAIGE  
(quietly)  
Softs3rve.

CHRIS  
(confused)  
The Weeder LA review says you "go  
the extra mile". What else would  
that mean?

PAIGE  
Dammit, Jordan...

CHRIS  
Wait. So you're not a sex worker?  
So I just pay for the weed? The sex  
is free?

PAIGE  
Dammit, Jordan!

**-END**

EXT. HYPERION AVENUE - MORNING

Jordan and Paige (with Daniel Day Lewis on a leash) wait in  
another long LINE OF HIPSTERS. Everyone in line is holding  
their own PLATES and UTENSILS.

JORDAN  
Why the hell do we have to bring  
our own plates?

PAIGE  
It's a green experience. So they  
don't have to wash anything.

**3/3**