

**FAMOUS**

By

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. LIMBO SET

FRED, 25, nerd, intense, nervous and GENEVA, 24, beautiful and composed sit as they speak to an off screen COUNSELOR.

GENEVA

Okay, I'll start. I'm Geneva--

FRED

And I'm Fred...

GENEVA

I guess we're here because I happen to be famous--

FRED

And I'm not. That's okay, I'm not.

INT. SOUND BOOTH/KISS FM

MUSIC CUE: LET GO by Geneva

Geneva and JOJO WRIGHT bounce to the music. Next to Geneva is MARK, 25, smug, white, wearing corporate casual. Fred proudly watches from the adjoining lounge area.

JOJO

The number one record in the country for the fourth week in a row, that's *LET GO*. I'm JoJo Wright hanging with the beautiful and scintillating Geneva. So Geneva, I understand you auditioned for American Idol and didn't get picked. No wonder that show is going off the air.

GENEVA

I'm just thankful for YouTube.

JOJO

So *Let Go*-- it's got a pretty strong message. Who exactly is it for? A boyfriend on the way out? If so I know a lot of guys who'd like to apply for the position.

During the above Mark furiously punches out a text.

GENEVA  
Well, actually--

Geneva's phone vibrates. She looks. The text from Mark reads: No boyfriend. Geneva takes it in, then:

GENEVA (CONT'D)  
Oh, they can apply because there's definitely no boyfriend.

We see Fred throws up his arms and his mouth "What the fuck!"

EXT. KISS FM - DAY

Geneva, Mark and a pissed off Fred exit the radio station.

FRED  
No boyfriend, huh?!

GENEVA  
If my fans know I have a boyfriend they won't feel like they can fantasize about me.

FRED  
That's not true. You think I don't fantasize about Beyonce?

Suddenly they're swarmed by a horde of PAPARAZZI YELLING.

FRED (CONT'D)  
C'mon, back up. No pictures.

MARK  
Chill Fred, there's no such thing as bad paparazzi.

Mark hands Geneva's purse to Fred as she poses diva-like for the paparazzi. In a blink Mark and Geneva make a mad dash to a nearby car. Fred fights through paparazzi as they drive away leaving him on the curb holding Geneva's bag.

FRED  
Geneva! Geneva!

FREEZE FRAME as we:

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. LIMBO SET

FRED

When did we meet? Wow, I was substitute teaching at Dorsey High. It was--

GENEVA

September 4, 2015, 8:33 in the morning, 97 degrees and 85% humidity.

FRED

What?

GENEVA

I remember because I was having a great hair day until I stepped outside.

EXT. DORSEY HIGH - MORNING

Fred curses at his green '92 Volvo Station Wagon's flat tire.

GENEVA (O.C.)

Do you need help?

Fred looks up to see a Geneva dressed like a nerdy senior.

FRED

I'm good. You better get to class.

GENEVA

No, you better get to class, young man. I'm a teacher.

FRED

You're a teacher? Me too.

They both chuckle, then Fred hands Geneva his crowbar.

FRED (CONT'D)

Yeah, sure I could use some help.

INT. LIMBO SET

FRED

And that's how it started.

GENEVA

Yeah, things were perfect back then... until my career started taking off.

FRED

Look, I know where this is going. I've always supported Geneva and her career...

EXT. DORSEY HIGH

Fred and Geneva run to his green Volvo station wagon through a crowd of students and teachers holding signs that read "Geneva you're our American Idol, Good Luck Geneva", etc. They wave goodbye, hop in the car and pull away.

INT. LOBBY/ARENA THEATER, HOUSTON - DAY

Geneva and Fred are sitting, waiting along with the other Idol hopefuls. A P.A. suddenly appears with a clipboard.

P.A.

Geneva!

Geneva bolts up.

GENEVA

That's me! That's me!

Suddenly she's overcome with a hiccup attack.

FRED

What's wrong?

She hiccups as she speaks.

GENEVA

Whenever I get nervous I get the hiccups. I can't believe this happening.

FRED

Look at me, just breath.

She continues to hiccup out of control.

FRED (CONT'D)  
Okay, grab your nose.

He grabs his nose.

FRED (CONT'D)  
Now grab your leg with your other  
hand... and bark like a dog.

Fred hops around barking like a dog.

GENEVA  
What are you doing? You look  
ridiculous.

Geneva begins to laugh. Fred stops.

FRED  
Making your hiccups go away.

Geneva realizes her hiccups have stopped. She gives Fred a  
great big hug and a kiss.

FRED (CONT'D)  
You better go before they call  
somebody else.

Geneva crosses away behind the P.A.

INT. LOBBY/ARENA THEATER, HOUSTON - 10 MINUTES LATER

Geneva exits the multi-purpose room in tears. A camera crew  
captures the sad moment as she collapses into Fred's arms.

GENEVA  
They didn't pick me.

FRED  
What happen?

GENEVA  
J-Lo said I was a low rent her.

FRED  
Forget them. You're amazing. This  
is just a funny little story to  
tell when you make it big. And I  
got somebody that can make that  
happen. Remember my friend from  
college who's staying with me?  
Well, he just started at APA and  
he's a big time agent.

INT. LIMBO SET

FRED  
I'm the reason why she has a record  
deal. I introduced her to her  
manager, Mark.

INT. FRED'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

A disheveled Mark is asleep on the sofa. Empty alcohol  
bottles and beer cans are strewn everywhere.

FRED  
Mark, wake up. Wake up!

Mark opens his eyes. He's obviously groggy.

MARK  
What? Leave me alone. I told you  
my Nana's going to wire me some  
money tomorrow.

FRED  
Man you say that everyday. Get  
your ass up, my girl is here.  
Geneva, remember?

Mark looks up to see Geneva standing in the dimly lit room.

FRED (CONT'D)  
(to Geneva)  
Go ahead babe, do your thing.

Geneva starts to sing a soulful rendition of "*I PUT A SPELL  
ON YOU*" by Nina Simone.

Mark is blown over by her voice. Fred leans into Mark.

FRED (CONT'D)  
Hey, this is your ticket out of the  
mail room and off my couch. And I  
still want that money from your  
Nana.

INT. LIMBO SET

FRED  
I've been by Geneva's side every  
step of the way, until she started  
changing.

GENEVA

I have not changed. He's the one that's changed. Ever since I got a record deal he's been acting weird.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A Kia with a large pink moustache on the grill pulls over to the curb. Fred, wearing a blazer and carrying a briefcase hops in the front seat.

INT. BRANDON'S KIA - MOVING

BRANDON, 25, muscular, ad-libs greetings with Fred.

BRANDON

So she left you on the curb, huh?

FRED

Who told you?

BRANDON

Who told me? My momma did.

FRED

Your momma?

BRANDON

Yeah, she tells me everything. She said you were in People Magazine.

Brandon hands Fred a People Magazine. We see a photo of Fred clutching Geneva's purse.

FRED

No, it's not like that. You know what they say, there's no such thing as bad paparazzi.

BRANDON

Can your bro bro give you a little advice before Geneva starts the countdown and dumps your broke ass?

FRED

Yeah, go ahead. What you got?



BRANDON

Put everything in your name. Then you change her birth control pills to sugar pills and you get her pregnant.

FRED

Now you wildin'. What you on, that Lean?

BRANDON

I'm just sayin', before your girl goes all the way Hollywood on you.

FRED

Brandon, you know Geneva. You know she ain't like that.

BRANDON

All I know is she's famous and fame will change anybody. Hell, it would change me. You think I would be riding around in a Kia, with a pink moustache on my grill driving your broke ass to work? No, I'd be in a black on black Bugatti with a fine ass Brazilian honey in a thong behind the wheel.

EXT. DORSEY HIGH - DAY

Fred exits Brandon's Kia.

FRED

Aren't you coming in?

BRANDON

No, my first class isn't until third period. I gotta keep making that money.

Brandon speeds off blasting his MUSIC as Fred crosses to the school.

INT. LIMBO SET

GENEVA

Look, Fred. I know having a successful woman can be a bit threatening...

FRED  
I'm not threatened by your success.

INT. CLASSROOM/DORSEY HIGH - DAY

Fred walks unnoticed into a crowded classroom filled with ROWDY STUDENTS. He crosses to the teacher's desk.

FRED  
Good morning, students.

No response. The kids are all huddled in the back around ANTWON, a muscular 17 year old. Fred walks over to them.

ANTWON  
Damn, the things I would do to that!

Fred maneuvers to get a peek. Geneva's MUSIC VIDEO plays on Antwon' cell phone.

ANTWON (CONT'D)  
Yo, I would get her butt-ass naked.

INT. HALLWAY/DORSEY HIGH - MOMENTS LATER

Fred and Antwon tumble out of the classroom, fighting. The students are cheering them on.

GENEVA (V.O.)  
I mean, what teacher gets into a fight with their student?

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE/DORSEY HIGH - LATER

Fred and Antwon are sitting. The school principal, MARVIN, a 52 year old imposing black man, hovers above them.

MARVIN  
This type of behavior will not be tolerated at Dorsey High. Am I making myself clear, Antwon?

ANTWON  
Yes sir.

MARVIN  
Okay, get out of here.

Antwon quickly exits the office. Fred is upset.

FRED

You're not going to suspend him?  
He attacked me!

MARVIN

He's the starting linebacker for  
our football team. Not gonna  
happen. I'll suspend you first.  
So you want to tell me what's going  
on?

FRED

Nothing. Everything's okay.

MARVIN

You and Geneva still getting along?  
I know having a successful woman  
like her can be threatening--

FRED

I'm not threatened.

MARVIN

You're a substitute teacher making  
twenty-thousand a year, of course  
you are. Look, if you come on here  
full-time - I've been saving a spot  
for you - it might buy you some  
respect.

Fred crosses to the door.

FRED

Can't do it, I'm a writer.

MARVIN

Can you write a check for your  
rent, car note, light bill?

FRED

All the same, I'm going to pass.  
Thank you, Dad.

Fred exits.

MARVIN

I told you, don't call me that at  
work.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. LIMBO SET

FRED

First of all she's not even that successful. She's got a minor little hit with about fifteen thousand downloads. If I was threatened by you Geneva, on a scale of one to ten, I say it would be about a three.

GENEVA

It was seven point six million downloads.

FRED

Okay, a four.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO

Geneva, wearing very sexy and very skimpy lingerie, is on a large red bed in a provocative pose.

Fred enters the studio, making his way thru the CREW and pass Mark as he watches the sexy scene play out.

FRED

Geneva!

Geneva sees Fred and breaks from the photo shoot.

GENEVA

Hey, babe.

They hug.

FRED

What's going on? Who are all these people?

SHAWN, 28, white, tall, thin, very stylish approaches.

SHAWN

Hi, I'm Shawn, Geneva's stylist. And judging by the Warby Parkers you must be Fred.

MILAN and PARIS, 24 year old identical twin hair and makeup artists approach.

MILAN

I'm Milan.

PARIS

I'm Paris.

MILAN

And we're the Glam Squad

PARIS (CONT'D)

And we're the Glam Squad!

FRED

The what?

(then)

Babe, what's going on?

GENEVA

Isn't it exciting? Mark got me a feature in Complex Magazine. I'm their "new girl on the block."

FRED

More like their "new ho."

INT. LIMBO SET

GENEVA

See what I'm dealing with?

FRED

You're not the only one dealing with things in this relationship.

GENEVA

What are you talking about?

FRED

Taco Tuesday!

GENEVA

Oh, my god...

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO

FRED

So what's so important that you couldn't tell me over the phone?

GENEVA

Taylor Swift dropped out of the VMAs at the last minute and they asked me to perform in her place!

Geneva giddily hugs Fred again.

FRED

Great. Let's go celebrate. It's Taco Tuesday.

GENEVA

I can't. After this I've got to meet with the VMA producers. Then I've got rehearsal with Jessica--

FRED

Whoa... What about Taco Tuesday?

GENEVA

Babe, did you hear me? I've got things to do.

FRED

So you're just going to break our Taco Tuesday tradition?

GENEVA

You really don't think I'm going to miss an opportunity to perform at the VMAs because of your stupid Taco Tuesday?

FRED

Oh, so it's my taco night. Is that it? I invented it?

Mark crosses to Fred, gently grabbing him.

MARK

C'mon, Fred. Relax.

Fred pulls away.

FRED

Stay out of this, Mark.

(then)

Okay, Geneva, fine. You go have your career, you know with all your people, and I'll go get my tacos. 'Cause you and everyone here can kiss my ass. Glam Squad!

Fred pulls down his pants, shows his ass and storms away.

GENEVA  
Oh, Fred. You're so immature!

INT. LIMBO SET

FRED  
Okay, now you want to psycho  
analyze me?

GENEVA  
Well, we are in a counseling  
session.

FRED  
Fine, let's analyze you.

INT. REHEARSAL HALL - AFTERNOON

JESSICA, 24, Latina, spirited, beautiful, athletic is  
overseeing Geneva's rehearsal with FOUR extremely well built  
MALE DANCERS when Fred and Brandon enter. Fred waves.

FRED  
Geneva!

GENEVA  
Hey, babe!

BRANDON  
Wassup G!

Jessica ad-libs greetings to Fred while giving him a hug.

JESSICA  
Perfect timing. You're going to  
really like this.

Brandon goes to hug Jessica. She stops him.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
You still driving for Lyft?

BRANDON  
(proud)  
You know it. Just got a new Kia.

JESSICA  
Boy, bye.

Jessica turns, leaving Brandon hanging, and crosses away.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Geneva, you ready?

Geneva nods as Jessica stands by the boom box.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Alright, guys. Full out. Five,  
six, seven, eight!

MUSIC CUE: TBD

Geneva and the male dancers perform an ultra sexy routine that has Brandon smiling and bouncing to the beat while Fred goes from smiles to frowns as the choreography becomes more and more provocative.

FRED'S POV

SLOW MOTION as the dancers grope Geneva's private parts and she returns the favor. Fred imagines hearing her orgasmic grunts and sighs.

Finally it's too much. Fred walks out of the dance studio.

Geneva finishes to wild applause from Brandon and Jessica.

BRANDON  
You did that, G! You did that!

Brandon goes to give Jessica a congratulatory hug and she blocks him as Geneva searches for Fred.

GENEVA  
Where's Fred?

Brandon and Jessica turn and look. No Fred.

BRANDON  
Fred! Fred! He's gotta be here  
somewhere. I hope he didn't take  
the Kia. I'm still working.

Brandon crosses away to search for Fred as we hold on Geneva's concerned face.



INT. LIMBO SET - DAY

FRED

What was I suppose to say? I really enjoyed watching three guys feel all over my girl's ass and tits?

GENEVA

You always said I didn't have any ass or tits!

FRED

Well they found them!

GENEVA

How would he feel if I left one of his school plays?

FRED

No, babe. That's different.

GENEVA

No, it's not different. It's exactly the same thing. I would never do that to him. And, believe me... I've wanted to.

FRED

Well, I'm sorry I walked out on your little "Thot Show."

GENEVA

See? This is why the relationship is stuck. Not moving forward!

FRED

Oh, so it's stuck now? Like I drove the car into a ditch all by my self.

GENEVA

Well, you never take directions from me.

INT. AUDITORIUM/DORSEY HIGH - EVENING

CURTAINS CLOSED. ON STAGE: Fred is rushing his STUDENTS who are about to perform his musical spoof called FINDING THE WIZ. He pokes his head out of the curtains. Geneva is sitting front and center, texting. Fred waves. Geneva smiles and waves back then returns to her texting.

INT. AUDITORIUM/DORSEY HIGH - TWO HOURS LATER

CHANTEL WILLIAMS, 16, a pretty, heavy set black girl dressed like an infant Dorothy and holding a baby bottle, closes her eyes and clicks her heels three times.

CHANTEL

There's no place like my crib.

There's no place like my crib.

(singing)

WHEN I THINK OF MY CRIB. I THINK  
OF A PLACE WHERE THERE'S...

IN THE WINGS

Fred is coaching as he sings along with Chantel.

IN THE AUDIENCE

Geneva's cell phone buzzes. It's Mark. She quickly picks up. Beside her sits an unkempt Transgender woman, MISS TINA, who is in tears watching the show.

GENEVA

(into phone)

Hello?

Miss Tina nudges her.

MISS TINA

Shh!

Chantel holds a long high pitch soulful note.

MISS TINA (CONT'D)

Sang it girl!!!

Geneva covers her phone and exits the theater.

INT. HALLWAY/DORSEY HIGH - LATER THAT EVENING

Fred finds Geneva surrounded by her star struck former STUDENTS, taking selfies.

STUDENT 1

So Ms. G, how about some free  
concert tickets for your former  
students?

Fred grabs Geneva by the arm.

FRED  
I don't get free tickets and I'm  
her boyfriend.

Fred pulls her away. The kids react.

FRED (CONT'D)  
So how did you like the show?

GENEVA  
It was great, honey!

They hug. Geneva hands him some flowers.

FRED  
Did you cry when the Lion  
accidently ate Toto?

GENEVA  
I was in tears.

FRED  
That's surprising. Because the  
Lion didn't eat Toto.  
(then)  
Damn, Geneva, I wrote this play for  
you.

GENEVA  
I said I liked it.

Geneva sees that Fred is hurt. She kisses him.

GENEVA (CONT'D)  
Sorry. Mark has been blowing me up  
all night about VMA stuff--

Her phone buzzes.

GENEVA (CONT'D)  
That's him again. I've gotta take  
this.

Geneva steps away to answer the phone as ASHLEY, 25, blonde,  
pretty, quirky with a bubbly personality approaches.

ASHLEY  
Oh my god, Freddy that was amazing!

Ashley impulsively hugs Fred. Geneva clicks off her phone as  
Fred self consciously pries himself from Ashley's clutches.

FRED

Oh babe, this is Ashley. She's the new choir director. She replaced-- I mean, she came after you. I told you about her?

GENEVA

No.

Ashley eagerly grabs Geneva's hand and shakes it.

ASHLEY

I'm so happy to finally meet you. My students can't stop talking about you. The bar you set is like way up here. And I love your song.

Ashley sings Geneva's song better than Geneva.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

I KEEP RUNNING IN MY DREAMS  
LET GO, LET GO!

FRED

She's great, isn't she?

Geneva flashes a fake smile and grunts.

FRED (CONT'D)

I couldn't have done the play without Ashley. She designed the set, wardrobe, even braided hair.

ASHLEY

I even did Goddess Locs.

Ashley and Fred share a laugh. Geneva turns to Fred.

GENEVA

Look, "Freddy," I have to go.

FRED

I thought you were staying for the cast party? I told the kids--

GENEVA

Next time, I promise.

Geneva kisses Fred, gives Ashley a dirty look and walks away.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. LIMBO SET

FRED

The problem with this relationship is that Geneva puts everything and everybody before us. The only thing she gives a damn about is her career.

GENEVA

That's not true.

INT. SOHO CLUB - NIGHT

Mark and Geneva are sitting at a table in the restaurant. Mark is ordering from a WAITER.

MARK

I'll take the rib eye medium well with the steamed spinach, no bread.  
(then)  
What do you want, Geneva?

GENEVA

I'm okay.

MARK

You sure? The food is excellent.

GENEVA

No thanks, Fred's making me dinner.

MARK

I guess you have to do something if you're not kicking in on the rent.

GENEVA

Did your Nana ever send Fred that rent money?

Mark frowns as the waiter collects the menus and crosses away.

MARK

Wow, I see you're in one of your moods so I'll get right to it.

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

Look, Geneva, I don't think it's a good idea to bring Fred to the VMAs.

GENEVA

I can't do that, Mark.

MARK

Hear me out. You walk the red carpet with him and the paparazzi will tear him apart. The minute they find out he's the substitute teacher boyfriend it will be over.

GENEVA

I don't care.

MARK

He can't handle it, Gen. You saw how he acted at the photo shoot. Be smart. Leave him at home.

GENEVA

You don't get it Mark, if he's not there I can't do it?

MARK

What do you mean you can't do it?

GENEVA

I need Fred. He makes me laugh.

MARK

Hello, Dave Chappelle is hosting the VMA's. You'll be laughing all damn night.

Geneva just stares at Mark.

MARK (CONT'D)

Well, apparently I don't make you laugh. Fine, have it your way.

GENEVA

I always do, Mark.

Geneva stands and crosses away.

INT. STAGE/MICROSOFT THEATER

Geneva leads a blindfolded Fred onto the stage.

FRED

Okay Geneva, this is kind of creepy. What are we doing?

GENEVA

Relax. You're about to find out.

Geneva removes his blindfold. We see that they're standing on a huge stage before an empty house. Fred takes it all in.

FRED

Where the hell are we? Is this--

GENEVA

Yep, the VMAs. Isn't it amazing?

FRED

It's friggin' incredible.

GENEVA

I just wanted to share it with you. And to let you know, that I can't do it without you. I need you here tomorrow, babe.

She seals her request with a long passionate kiss.

FRED

I don't know. Maybe.

Geneva kisses Fred again, pulling him down out of frame.

FRED (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Geneva, I don't think we should do this-- Okay, I'll be here.

INT. - LIMBO SET

FRED

Yeah, that was sweet and all, but when it came down to it, you did do it without me.

EXT. MICROSOFT THEATER - AFTERNOON

The MTV Video Music Awards are in full effect. The sexy Red carpet is packed with CELEBRITIES and their feisty PUBLICISTS. A MERCEDES-BENZ SPRINTER pulls up. Geneva, Fred and Jessica get out. Fred is wearing a leather Kanye "man dress" over leggings. Fred is clearly uncomfortable.

FRED  
(to Geneva)  
You're sure Kanye designed this?

GENEVA  
Stop being silly. You look great.

Mark approaches Geneva and gives her a hug and a kiss.

MARK  
Geneva, we need to get you on the red carpet quick. Wow, you look incredible.

FRED  
What's up, Mark?

MARK  
Fred.

Mark looks Fred over.

MARK (CONT'D)  
Fred, you look... uh... very fashion forward.

FRED  
This was Geneva's idea.

MARK  
Look, do you mind if we get some pictures of Geneva by herself?

Before Fred can answer, Mark takes Geneva by the arm and walks her over to THE WEEKND.

MARK (CONT'D)  
Mr. Weeknd, do you mind taking a picture with my new artist, Geneva? She has the hottest single out right now.

THE WEEKND  
Not possible, I have the hottest single out now.

GENEVA  
No you don't. I knocked you off the charts a month ago.

He looks to see who Geneva is.



THE WEEKND

Damn, I see why. Let's take these photos girl.

ANGLE ON FRED

As he watches Geneva and The Weeknd, arms around each other, posing for the paparazzi.

Fred, upset, makes his way over to Geneva.

FRED

Cool hair, bro!

THE WEEKND

Nice dress, ho.

Fred squeezes in between them for the picture.

FRED

Excuse me, but this is my girl.

GENEVA

Fred, what are you doing?

FRED

I'm just trying to get in the picture. You got a problem with that?

Suddenly two very large BODYGUARDS approach Fred.

BODYGUARD #1

Excuse me sir could you please step aside?

They grab Fred before he can answer. As Fred struggles:

FRED

Hey man, why don't you get off me.  
I said get off me, man!  
(yelling)  
GENEVA!

Fred escapes briefly and is quickly recaptured by the Bodyguards who put him in a choke hold as paparazzi flashes go off.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. LIMBO SET

FRED

Well, I didn't need you to dress me up like a Barbie doll and bring me to the red carpet to get my ass kicked.

GENEVA

Well, if you weren't so insecure none of that would have ever happened.

FRED

Well, if you cared about me, none of that would have ever happened.

GENEVA

Really? You want to go there? Because I can play this game too.

INT. EL CHOLO'S - NIGHT

El Cholo's is an authentic Mexican eatery. Fred is sitting with a huge basket of chips and salsa in front of him. A MARIACHI BAND is performing like rock stars. Fred points at his bowl of salsa.

FRED

You see this salsa? That's how my heart looks now... Crushed, like a bowl of tomatoes.

(then)

Do you know I drove twenty-three hours to Houston just so she could audition for American Idol? And when they didn't pick her, guess who drove her back? Not Ryan Seacrest, it was me!

We then reveal he is talking to Ashley.

ASHLEY

That's because you care Freddy.

FRED  
You damn right, but nobody cares  
about me.

ASHLEY  
That's not true, what about your  
students?

FRED  
Did I ever tell you I didn't want  
to be a teacher?

ASHLEY  
You don't mean that.

FRED  
The hell I don't. I wanna be July  
Wilson, wait a minute, August  
Wilson. TEQUILA!!!

THE WAITRESS brings over a tray of tequila. Fred grabs a  
shot and throws it back. He looks up at the TV.

ON TELEVISION

Geneva is performing with her dancers.

FRED (CONT'D)  
Look at her. She'd rather be doing  
that than being here with me on  
Taco Tuesday.

ASHLEY  
Freddy it's Sunday.

FRED  
There's no such thing as Taco  
Sunday.

Fred raises his arm to get the attention of the waitress.

FRED (CONT'D)  
(yelling)  
MORE TEQUILA!!

Ashley pulls his arm down.

ASHLEY  
You've had enough. Here's an idea.  
Why don't we turn it into Salsa  
Sunday?

Ashley grabs Fred and they hit the dance floor.

INT. BACKSTAGE/MICROSOFT THEATER - SAME TIME

Geneva walks off stage with her DANCERS. They ad-lib congratulations as they hug. Mark and Jessica meet them.

JESSICA  
OMG! You did that, honey!

MARK  
I have great news! The Weeknd said he wants to do a track with you and if you're interested, Netflix and chill.

JESSICA  
I'm interested.

MARK  
Geneva?

Suddenly Geneva starts hiccuping out of control.

MARK (CONT'D)  
Are you okay? Get her some water!

GENEVA  
I'm sorry, I gotta go.

Geneva runs from the backstage area.

INT. EL CHOLO'S - NIGHT

Fred and Ashley are salsa dancing, moving perfectly in sync.

FRED  
I mean how do I compete with The Weeknd? Everybody loves Saturday and Sunday. I'm nothing but a stinking Wednesday, I'm "hump day."

ASHLEY  
Stop talking like that, you're amazing.

Ashley spins Fred and dips him. They have a moment just as Geneva enters.

GENEVA  
Fred!

Fred sees Geneva. He straightens up.

FRED

Babe!

GENEVA

Don't "babe" me. Really? This is what's going on?

FRED

What are you doing here? Is the The Weeknd over?

GENEVA

No, but it seems like we are.

Geneva turns to leave. Ashley grabs her arm.

ASHLEY

Wait a minute Geneva, this is not what it looks like.

GENEVA

Bitch, don't touch me.

Geneva turns and swings on Ashley. Fred shoves Ashley out of the way and Geneva hits him in the jaw, knocking him out cold. Fred falls to the ground motionless.

GENEVA (CONT'D)

Fred!

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - ANGLE ON TV

TMZ reports on Geneva getting into a bar fight. We see video of Geneva and Fred exiting El Cholo's.

A bruised Fred is on the bed watching.

FRED

Damn, those TMZ camera dudes pop up everywhere. This is not good.

GENEVA

There's no such thing as bad publicity.

FRED

Unless you got knocked out by your girl while wearing a dress.

Geneva brings over a bottle of Gatorade and Advil.

GENEVA  
I'm sorry, babe.

FRED  
About hitting me or making me wear  
the dress?

GENEVA  
Hitting you. You look cute in that  
dress.

Handing him Advil.

GENEVA (CONT'D)  
Take this. You'll feel better.

He takes the Advil and washes it down with the Gatorade.

FRED  
Yo, I need to ask you a question.  
You really think the VMA's was more  
important than our Taco Tuesdays?

GENEVA  
I don't know what you're talking  
about.

FRED  
Come on, babe. You know. Remember  
the night we met, and we knew then  
it was right, and we said nothing  
would ever come between us and Taco  
Tuesday-- that it would be our  
tradition no matter what.

GENEVA  
If I remember correctly, we had  
about ten shots before we came up  
with that.

FRED  
Well if you weren't playing hard to  
get it would've only been two  
shots.

GENEVA  
And, then we would've never  
committed ourselves to each other.

FRED  
That's why Taco Tuesdays is so  
important, babe.

Geneva smiles, pushes Fred back on to the bed and straddles  
him.

GENEVA  
Let's start a new tradition  
tonight.

She whispers in his ear.

FRED  
Oh, girl. You so nasty.

Geneva leans in and kisses him passionately.

INT. LIMBO SET - DAY

FRED  
Can we survive the famous thing? In  
our relationship?

Fred looks at Geneva.

FRED (CONT'D)  
I don't know. What do you think,  
babe?

GENEVA  
I hope so...

She grabs his hand.

FRED  
I guess we'll wait and see...

FADE OUT:

THE END

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