STANLEY

How do you feel about these people?
(class)

JIM

Nice people.

EILEEN

I think you're jealous. Poor thing.

STANLEY

Well, let's try something not so nice. I'd like you to ruffle a few feathers around here. Know what I mean --?

JIM

You mean do a Hostility Exercise?

EILEEN

It's not my fault you don't have what it takes.

STANLEY

I mean take off your Good Conduct Medal and call it like you see it. No novocaine. Okay --?

JIM

But I'm not bugged at anyone, Stanley.

EILEEN

Why take your frustrations out on me? It's not my fault you had to settle for this shit!
(rises, storms OFF)

STANLEY

(undaunted/pokerfaced)
Do not sell yourself short, tiger. Pick your shots and fire-at-will. And you two --
(Pam/Matthew)
-- stay where you are and go to work.

EXT. THE WORKSHOP STREET - NIGHT

Eileen crosses street to limo - the rear door opens - the TV can be heard - Isaiah exits limo to street - holds the door open for Eileen. He then enters limo, front door.

INT. LIMO

Eileen sits into SHOT, Mary Ellen turns off the TV,

MARY ELLEN

Is that a wrap?

EILEEN

No.

MARY ELLEN

Did you tell him?
EILEEN
I got pissed-off. Mary Ellen - take a

good look at me - a real good look --

(face-to-face)

-- Can you see me - who I am - what I

am? Can you see me --?

(takes her time)

-- I am a skillful, highly-trained acting

instrument. I have the talent and ability

to become an extremely important actress.

MARY ELLEN
Amen, sugar! From your lips to God's ears!

EILEEN
I do not have to keep taking off my bra in

low budget independents. I could have class.

MARY ELLEN
Class?? You are loaded with class.

EILEEN
We are not getting by on my class.

MARY ELLEN
Getting by?? This is our third starring role.

Eileen. Top billing. And on our next one a

piece of the action - DVD's - cable - foreign

distribution. You're a star, sugar! A star!

A bankable, bona fide movie star!

EILEEN
I'm a puppet. A naked puppet, Mary Ellen -

dangling in front of the camera. Don't

you think I'm better than that --?

Look, sugar --

MARY ELLEN

EILEEN
Don't you --? Don't you --?

MARY ELLEN
Eileen, we had to get our foot in the door.

EILEEN
It's not my foot we got in the door. Why

not put my ability in the door?

MARY ELLEN
Ability?? What the hell has ability got
to do with anything? Ya gotta give 'em

something, sugar. Something they can sell
tickets with.
EILEEN:
Like these -- ?
(tits)
-- Sell tickets with these -- ? I'm gonna cry.
(does so)

MARY ELLEN
Eileen. You are a very beautiful, young
film star with the world at your feet.
You're a name, sugar. A name.

EILEEN
I'm a name.
(tears streaming down)

MARY ELLEN
And don't you even forget it.

EILEEN
A naked puppet with a name,
(rests her head on
Mary Ellen's shoulder)
See that funky, little place, Mary Ellen -- ?
(looks OFF at Workshop)
-- No strings on me over there,

MARY ELLEN
(aloud to herself)
Stanley. Stanley Constantine.

EILEEN
I'm going back in.
(pulls herself together).
My last class and the son-of-a-bitch
won't even let me on the fucking stage.

MARY ELLEN
(deep in thought)
Stanley. Stanley, Stanley, Stanley.
Bring him out here to me, sugar.

EILEEN
Why? What for -- ?

MARY ELLEN
Mary Ellen wants to talk to him.

EILEEN
She never wanted to talk to him before. Why now -- ?

MARY ELLEN
Do as I say, Eileen, or do you want me to
have Isaiah bring him out?

EILEEN
You're not gonna hurt him are you?
MARY ELLEN
Mary Ellen has an idea, Isaiah.

An enormous fist now reaches into SHOT with a lighter - sets fire to Mary Ellen's cigarette - and when the smoke clears - WE are

INT. THE WORKSHOP (WORK IN PROGRESS)

Pam/Matthew (sofa) and Jim (a caged animal) cannot rise to the occasion

STANLEY
What are you doing, Matthew?

MATTHEW
I'm re-creating a smell. Sun tan oil smell. And the sandy feeling of a wet beach towel.

STANLEY
That - Pam - is a girl. You - Matthew - are a boy. More academic there is no need to be.

MATTHEW
But I'm trying to re-create stuff to pique a sexual response, Stanley.

STANLEY
Pam - I repeat - is a girl - a lascivious, lusty, female animal I have foolishly placed at your ungrateful fingertips so it would be deeply appreciated if you would quit coming on like a wet beach towel. And Jim --

Eileen enters, goes to a seat.

STANLEY
(continuing)
-- I see where you are, tiger, and you're a lot closer than you think.

JIM
It's no use, Stanley, I get right up to the kink and that's it.

IRV (the class mascot) is 18, fuzzy and chunky.

IRV
Attention, sport fans. The mighty warrior from the playing fields of America is about to punt.

STANLEY
Pam, would you come here a minute?

She rises, moves down, snuggles her awesome body atop Stanley. He whispers intimately into her ear, then 'remembers' Jim.