

SAMANTHA

4 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

--because it's ON A TV before a big table, where sit: Angel,
SIMON (50s, hot-headed label President), **SAMANTHA** (29,
scheming Head of Publicity), **SHORTY** (30s, goofy Business
Manager). **Mia** sits close beside Angel.

CHYRON: 3 MONTHS EARLIER

Angel blindly signs CONTRACTS Shorty slides across the table.

SIMON (O.S.)

It just isn't working!

Simon, pissed, tosses the REMOTE, having paused the clip.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Are you listening to me, Angel??

ANGEL

Yes, Simon. You were telling me how
bad the early numbers look for my
song that I poured my soul into.

SIMON

(ignoring his sarcasm)

This song has to be a hit. Your
career and my entire label are on the line.

ANGEL

(SLAPS the table)

Everything's on the line Simon! Not
just for you and me, but for Shorty. For Mia.

INSERT: under the table, Angel and Mia entwine their fingers.

SHORTY

A brother is deep in student debt!

Samantha slides in A HEADSHOT of NOVAH (20s, Angel's suave,
flashy rival). She taps the photo with her TURQUOISE NAILS. *

SAMANTHA

Angel: You need to keep up with
young artists like Novah. He's
plugged in; relevant--

SIMON

Samantha, honey. Daddy's talking.

SAMANTHA

(ignoring him; moving toward Angel)
This is your last chance for
success. Unless you want people to
scroll past you, you need to go
viral. Attention is currency. You
need to give them a scandal.

MIA

What kind of scandal...?

She locks eyes with him s*x*1*. She SITS IN ANGEL'S LAP!

WRAPS HIS HANDS AROUND HER WAIST.

SAMANTHA

How about a **s*x tape?**

Angel and Mia are STUNNED... WT*? With her?

ANGEL

Just so I'm clear: you want me to
make a s*x tape -- with you?!

SHORTY

(stands up, grinning)

I'll do it! I volunteer--!

Samantha looks serious but then CACKLES, covering.

SAMANTHA

(faking)

No! Don't be silly.

She climbs off Angel's lap. Tucks Mia's hair behind her ear.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Unless you want to do it. I know
how you love being the **backup?**

Mia BLUSHES. Guilty? Angel PUSHES back his chair to STAND--

ANGEL

I'm not f*ck*ng anyone to save my
career! Call me when you have a real plan.

He storms out with Shorty and Mia. Samantha looks out the open door, sees Mia in the hallway. SNEERS, as an idea hits.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

*If Angel won't make a scandal, I'll
make one...*

30 INT. PARTY VENUE - STAGE

Samantha stares up at the livestream COMMENTS: **WOMEN
SHOULDN'T BE CEOS! HER FATHER RAISED A WH*R*!** She CRIES.

ANGEL

You sang a song of m*rd*r,
Samantha. The notes have been in
front of me this whole time; I just
had to put them in the right order.

INVESTORS are leaving, so she SHOUTS into the mic, flailing--

SAMANTHA

WAIT! HEAR ME OUT! My whole life, I
only got asked what time my legs
are open, or told I'm too pretty to
be smart. Do you know how it felt
for my own father to not believe in
my potential? But I got the job
done anyway! Who cares if a few
people d*ed?!? As long as you ALL
get rich! I DID MY JOB!!!

ANGEL

The police care if people d*e! *

Angel gives Sanchez a NOD. Sanchez nods back, finally
believing Angel -- and approaches Samantha with the CUFFS:

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Samantha Grove, you're under arrest

for the m*rd*r of four people!

She WRESTLES the cops as they try to cuff her. Just then,
Shorty arrives in the crowd, in time to see Samantha unravel.

SAMANTHA

I did exactly what a man would do
to succeed: whatever it takes!
THAT'S NOT A CR*ME!! IT'S AMERICA!!

Angel blocks their path.

ANGEL

Wait! Before you take her away:
there's something I need.

(to Samantha)

I want Mia's phone!

SAMANTHA

I don't have it.

Samantha smirks evilly as Angel PATS around Samantha's hip
pockets. Checks her purse. No sign of Mia's phone.