

Role: CHELSEA

7.

OTHELLO

Well, it seems they're enjoying an early dinner. Were the twins able to verify the numbers?

INT. LACEY'S MERCEDES -- DAY (D1)

Lacey's car sits idle.

LACEY

A little over \$100,000, and that's just from the ones we know of.

OTHELLO (O.S.)

(over phone)

In a year? That's impressive.

INTERCUT with Othello's vintage car

LACEY (O.S.)

That's too much. And now Senator Young? What the hell ever happened to professional courtesy?

OTHELLO

These are different times, momma bear. Are we a go or what?

A moment of silence.

LACEY (O.S.)

Go.

END INTERCUT as the call disconnects and we stay with Lacey. She's deep in thought, but snaps out of it with the sound and reflection of large gates opening.

She pulls her car through a large chain-linked, maximum security gate and passes a sign which reads, "SOCAL WOMEN'S CORRECTIONAL FACILITY".

INT. HOTEL SUITE -- NIGHT (N2)

A luxurious space. The floor to ceiling windows overlook the lights of Los Angeles.

Chelsea's nude form rides John like a pro. Crazy, even. John flips her onto her back and thrusts her ankles above her head, as he takes the lead.

LATER

John stands before a window and ties his robe closed. He admires his reflection more than the view.

LACE

FYI

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Role: CHELSEA

SC1

START →

JOHN

Gotta hand it to you, lil lady, you're definitely worth your weight in gold. That thing you did with your fingers... goddamn, girl. I was told one an hour, so that's six grand. Hell, I've spent more for less.

Sniffles get his attention.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What is it?

Behind him in the bed Chelsea lies beneath the covers. John sits beside her.

CHELSEA

I'm sorry.

JOHN

I hurt you, didn't I? In my defense, I did try to warn you. You know, some women just aren't used to the size of my--

Chelsea sobs.

CHELSEA

It's not that...forget it. It's no one else's problem.

JOHN

Well, I'm a problem solver. Pretty damn good at it, if I do say so myself.

CHELSEA

Look...we had such a good night--

JOHN

No offense, sweetie, but I have a busy morning to prep for. Now what is it?

CHELSEA

They've had me working sixteen-hour days for the past six months, and for what? I barely make out with five percent when I do a hundred percent of the work. Five fucking percent! I'm good at what I do, you said so yourself, but I can't keep this up.

(MORE)

LACE

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CHELSEA (CONT'D)

I just wanted to pay my tuition,
but now my grades are tanking,
there's back rent, this bill, that
bill...I don't know what to do. But
I'm *not* going back to Oklahoma. No
way.

She sobs harder, loud enough to make John uncomfortable. He
grabs his wallet from a suit jacket, which has a small
American flag pin on its lapel. He pulls out a wad of cash.

JOHN

Hey...no...shh. Look, what if I
throw in an extra grand? It'll be
our little secret.

CHELSEA

If they ever found out--

JOHN

It's in both of our best interests
to keep you local. It seems I'm a
little short on cash, though.

Chelsea already has her phone out with a credit card reader
attachment.

CHELSEA

It'll appear as DLC Enterprises on
your statement. I'll take the extra
in cash, if you don't mind.

John looks at her. Uneasy. She snuffles and wipes the tears
from her eyes, allowing the sheet to exposing her. John can't
take his eyes off her as he hands her a grand and swipes his
card.

Chelsea waits for a confirmation to appear on her phone
screen.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Thank you so much.

JOHN

Perks of the job, darling.

←END

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY -- NIGHT (N2)

Chelsea glides down the hallway with a confident smirk. She
taps a few buttons on her phone and it reveals John's credit
card info, his address, and his available balance -- which is
in the hundred thousands.

LACE

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