

INT. COFFEE SHOP

Lance sits at a table. Audrey enters.

LANCE

Look at you! Gorgeous as always.

He jumps up and gives her a quick hug and that fake-European-come-Hollywood air-kiss on each cheek.

AUDREY

You look good, too.

LANCE

I know, but sitting next to you
it's gonna be like I'm the
invisible man.

Courtesy laughter from both.

AUDREY

You're way too nice. Speaking of
which, thank you for the flowers.
Mom is doing well.

LANCE

Honey I've had a cyst removed
before, it's no picnic.

AUDREY

So... I assume you have news for
me?

LANCE

You assume correctly. And let me
preface this by saying, I adore
every single note, every melody,
every nuance to what you wrote.
It's the best thing you've done!
You are a musical genius. I loved
it.

AUDREY

You love everything I do. What did
Brian say?

LANCE

Well... he. He thinks--

AUDREY

He hated it, right?

LANCE

Hmmmm... hate is probably not the right word. Actually, I made a note of what he said.

He pulls out his phone.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Quote: "It made me want to drive a red hot skewer into my eardrum. It's so tone deaf as to what is going on that I'm not sure she has the right film. Does she, Lance, you fairy fucking princess, does she have the right film?" I assured him that yes, Audrey has the right film.

Audrey sits in silence. Seething.

LANCE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, sweetheart.

AUDREY

I can't do this again. I just can't. You and I both know that he's going to make me run through three or four complete rewrites of the entire score.

LANCE

I know, I know. You just have to buckle down and get it done.

AUDREY

No. I have three different offers, and you told me it was gonna be different this time.

LANCE

You think I don't know about every one of those projects? Artis Campbell? Not exactly a name or a paycheck to write home about--

Audrey interrupts.

AUDREY

Tell him that he can get somebody else to finish the score to his stupid movie. I quit.

LANCE

But honey, you can't... you're under contract.

AUDREY

I don't care.

LANCE

His lawyers are way bigger than anybody you could afford. You have to care.

AUDREY

Are you on his side?

LANCE

Sugarpants, he signs my paychecks. When it comes to paying my rent and keeping me in that beautiful three series, I don't choose sides. I choose Lance.

AUDREY

No. You just chose sides and now you're the one who's going to have to go tell him that he can find somebody else. I won't be his whipping girl anymore.

Audrey gets up to exit.

LANCE

I'll fight for you. Do what I can, but, I suggest you lawyer up.

AUDREY

No. You won't fight for me. Because you're every bit as fake as that stupid spray tan you're wearing. Screw you, screw him, I quit. I'm gonna go form a band and write songs about what terrible people you are.

She spins and exits. Lance sits in silence, then...

LANCE

This is not a spray tan.