

GETTING REAL
By
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FADE IN

EXT. ENTRANCE FOREST LAWN - DAY

Several white stretch limos drive slowly into the cemetery.

EXT. FOREST LAWN/GRAVESIDE FUNERAL SERVICE - DAY -
CONTINUOUS

Attractive well maintained, forty year old CANDACE EDWARDS sobs deeply. She wears a white suit and a white brimmed hat with a white veil.

A bulldog named DADDY'S GIRL sits panting by her white shoes. The dog wears a LARGE JEWELLED COLLAR.

CANDACE
(looks at coffin)
Oh Michael.

The white coffin is expensive with a single RED ROSE resting on the top. Next to it is a blown up picture on a gold stand. White roses surround the picture.

The picture is of Candace, MICHAEL EDWARDS and Daddy's Girl. Michael wears a tuxedo. Candace wears a white gown and black boa. Daddy's Girl sits between them and wears a black boa and a tiny white hat.

Candace's son JEFFERY EDWARDS stands in back of her chair. He looks at her like she is a drama queen. He bends and whispers into her ear.

JEFFERY
Mother-

The PASTOR starts a prayer.

ONE YEAR LATER

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS, CA - NIGHT

Overview of a two acre estate. A sign on the street reads:
BEVERLY HILLS NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH.

EXT. EDWARDS MANSION/PATIO-POOL AREA - DAY

A formal attire party in progress. A band plays soft jazz as couple's dance. A large buffet table with an ice sculpture of a bulldog rests in the center of exotic foods. A huge banner reads: JEWELRY FOR DOG COLLARS FUNDRAISER.

Daddy's Girl tries desperately to get up to the food.

Several poodles and other well maintained dogs wander about. They all have people attitudes and wear LARGE JEWELLED COLLARS.

EXT. EDWARDS MANSION/PATIO - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Candace wears an exquisite gown with a jeweled choker necklace that matches the dog's collar. She sits at a table with JENNIFER, thirty eight years old. She is dressed in a basic black gown. Attractive, yet earthy.

JENNIFER

(studies the guests)

Nice party.

CANDACE

I can't begin to explain how difficult it is to coordinate a fundraiser of this magnitude.

Jennifer's eyes twinkle mischievously as she watches the guests. Seated with them is PATRICIA, an older woman who has too tight skin from a face lift.

PATRICIA

(hiccups)

Excuse me? Where is the servant? I need another drink.

DOUGLAS CHARLESTON is in his late forties and sophisticated looking. He sits by Patricia and HE SPEAKS WITH A BRITISH ACCENT. He bites his thumbnail, checks to see if anyone is watching, then SPITS it at Daddy's Girl.

Daddy's Girl turns up her nose at him and TROTS away. Douglas laughs at Patricia as she turns her champagne glass upside down and shakes it. She looks at him indignantly.

PATRICIA

What do you find to be so humorous
counselor?

DOUGLAS

You're a real hot peach love. I'll go
fetch you another drink.

Patricia grins like a cat and waves as Douglas moves to the
bar.

CANDACE

(to Jennifer)

Do you know that there are a hundred
people here?

Candace is remarkably proud of herself, expects
acknowledgement from Jennifer who looks bored and says
nothing. Candace raises her eyebrows and gives a
persistent look to Jennifer.

CANDACE (CONT'D)

Well?

JENNIFER

It's a lovely party.

(watches the dogs prance)

I'm certain that the world will be a
better place when every dog wears a collar
with precious stones.

Douglas moves back to the table and places two glasses of
champagne in front of Patricia. Confused, she studies the
glasses.

PATRICIA

Two? Why two?

She lifts one glass and drinks the champagne quickly.
Immediately, raises the second drink as her friends watch
with deliberate attention.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

I'm not prepared to waste per-perfectly
good booz-champagne.

Candace turns her attention back to Jennifer.

CANDACE

Are you being snide?

JENNIFER

Look, it's a great party. Let's just
leave it at that.

Candace pouts.

Patricia finishes her drink. Escalated to very drunk, she
SQUINTS her eyes and focuses on Douglas who is biting his
other thumbnail. She stands quickly, one shoe slips off—
she trips.

PATRICIA

(to Douglas)

I need to dance now.

DOUGLAS

(to Candace)

Like Macarthur, I shall return.

(looks at Patricia)

Hopefully.

He slips his arm around her waist as they float to the
dance floor.

Candace stares questionably at Jennifer.

JENNIFER

I just feel that you could do more
To help humans, okay?

CANDACE

Oh?

JENNIFER

There are many people in this world
who could use a helping hand.

Candace adjusts her hairdo, looks uncomfortable.

CANDACE

Oh for heaven's sake, what's wrong with
caring for animals?

JENNIFER

Nothing, but people need help too.

CANDACE

Why would I want to help strangers?

Jennifer rolls her eyes.

CANDACE (CONT'D)

So, who are you? The second coming of Mary Tyler Moore because you dish out slop in a homeless shelter?

JENNIFER

The band is wonderful.

Jennifer stands.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

I'm going to cut in and have a dance with Douglas.

Candace watches her friend with contempt. Mustering all of her arrogance, she stands, tosses her head back and slips into her gracious persona as she mingles with her guests.

EXT. EAST LA/UNDER FREEWAY OVERPASS - NIGHT

A community of HOMELESS PEOPLE interact.

Everyone is dirty and disheveled except for thirty five year old SCARLETT who stands out. Despite her worn, wrinkled clothes, she is refined. She applies lipstick and puckers.

MATTIE, an older woman has an IRISH BROGUE and a missing front tooth.

MATTIE

You're a lovely lady. The likes of
You don't belong here.

Scarlett shrugs her shoulders.

SCARLETT

(looks around)
Who does?